



of movement and dwelling



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This publication is issued in conjunction with the exhibition *of movement and dwelling*
Trinity Square Video, Toronto
13 January to 11 March 2017

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A Kind Of Loud Roar
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Ни страны, ни погоста/Neither Country Nor Graveyard
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His house
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Published by
Trinity Square Video
401 Richmond Street West, suite 121
Toronto, ON M5V 3A8
www.trinitysquarevideo.com

This publication was made with the generous support of the Ontario Arts Council's
Culturally Diverse Curatorial Projects grant.



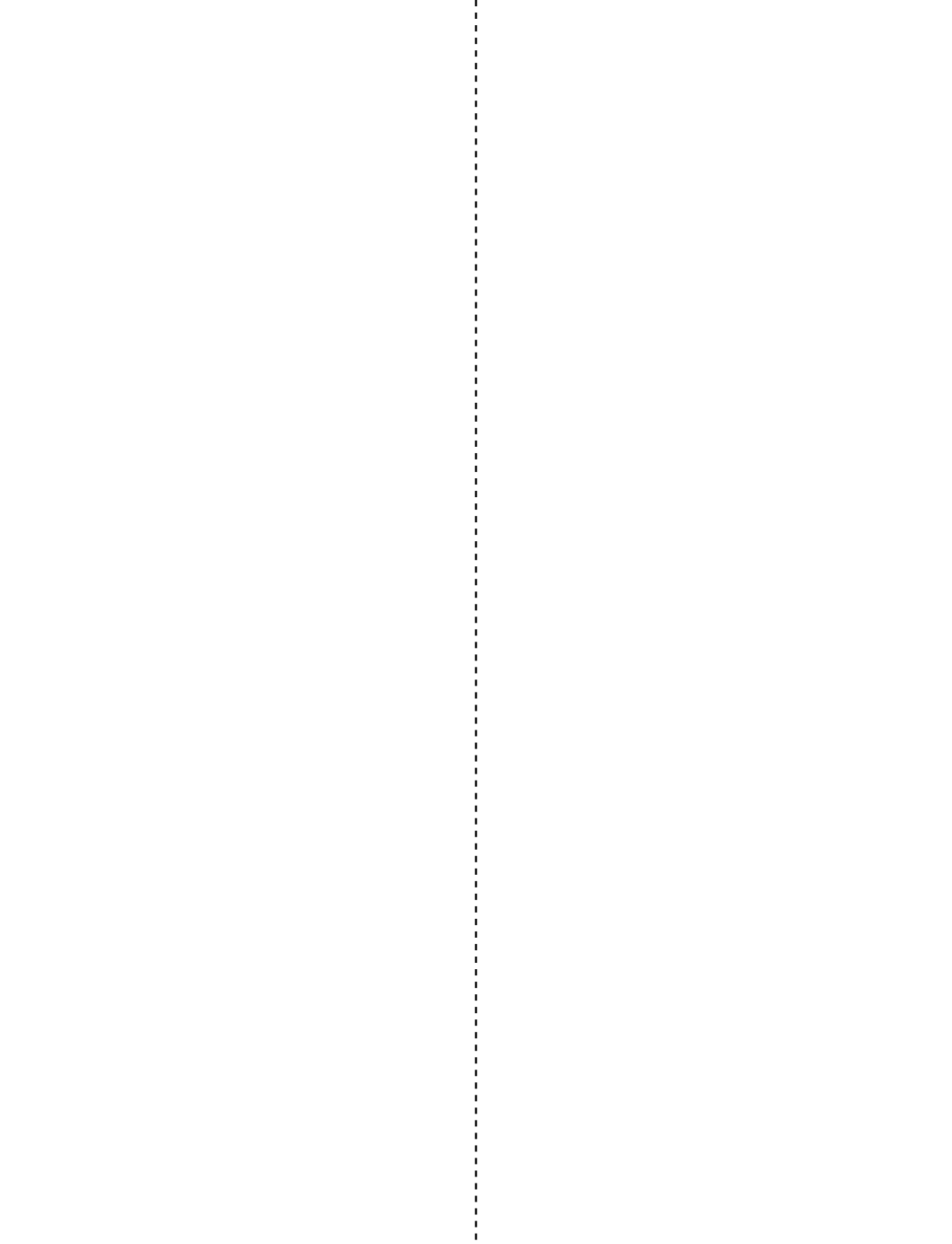
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of movement and dwelling

“Man’s relation
to locations, and
through locations
to spaces, inheres in
his dwelling.”

—Martin Heidegger,
“Building Dwelling
Thinking” (1951)

“Movement” and “dwelling” are two terms that activate discordant meanings: where one speaks to mobility, the other speaks to rootedness. And yet, these terms can be brought together under the logic that those forced to migrate ultimately seek stability and settlement. In *Place and Placelessness* (1976), geographer Edward Relph contends that “Home is the foundation of our identity as individuals and as members of a community, the dwelling place of being.”¹ His words underscore the twofold meaning of “dwelling” as both residing in a location and lingering in thought. A home is more than a physical structure used for the bounding and occupying of space: its construction and habitation are invested with social and symbolic meaning. Our identities are shaped by the places in which we live. Just as we inhabit a place, it inhabits us.

We tend to think of mass migration as a transnational occurrence. It is often codified through a lens of multiculturalism, which foregrounds the retention of cultural heritage within the host territory. This perspective can, at times, mask the structures of power that stratify individuals as either citizen, immigrant, migrant or refugee. This exhibition—*of movement and dwelling*—looks beyond multicultural rhetoric by examining how the conditions that enable and limit the mass movement of people are structurally created and maintained. Expressed across the collected artworks is the desire to consider both the visible and invisible architectures that shape the place called home—as an affective framework, built structure and governed state.

Home extends beyond the bounding walls that describe a building, and the ideologies that inform the wider socio-political space of societies and nations are implicitly inscribed on these (and other) built forms. State governance and planning departments impose conditions on the organization of space, property ownership, habitation and the flow of people within and through territorial borders. The artworks in *of movement and dwelling* consider the idea of home through the experience of migration to reveal the political, economic and territorial forces that determine and regulate any person’s precarity or rootedness in any place.

As a collective, Parastoo Anoushahpour, Faraz Anoushahpour and Ryan Ferko are engaged in a sustained research project examining the Saint Lawrence Seaway and Power Project and its impact on the so called Lost Villages near Cornwall, Ontario. In the 1950s several towns along the north shore of the river were forced to relocate due to the construction of a hydroelectric dam and consequent flooding of the area. Homes were moved, land expropriated, highways and even railway lines were diverted north of the inundation site. The larger scope of this body of work is compelling because here, within Canadian borders, is a case of mass displacement (of settled colonial communities) prompted by an unnatural disaster designed and enacted by policy and progress.²

The collective’s work, *A Kind Of Loud Roar* (2017), considers yet another unnatural disaster in the Lost Villages narrative—when the fires burned before the flood.

Between the evacuation and inundation, six family dwellings, a two-storey school and the community hall located in the flood zone were burned to the ground by the Fire Section of the National Research Council's Division of Building Research. The final images of the Lost Villages were ultimately documented by the National Film Board (NFB) in an archival film titled *St. Lawrence Burns No. 1-8* (1958), which accompanied a scientific report on this controlled experiment. The burns investigated methods of surviving fire and the mechanics of how fire could spread from one location to another. Anoushahpour, Anoushahpour and Ferko intervene with the NFB's mute archival footage using creative sound design and audio re-enactments, tempering the reductive, empirical gaze of the camera with the poetic dimension of their script. As the fires rage through a dwelling, a stopwatch in the frame times the duration of destruction. This timepiece serves as a conceptual basis for the artwork's narration, which conjures the absent figure of Heidegger to confront the rational imperative of technological progress—pushing forward with neither care nor concern for its impact on the people who once lived their lives in these dwellings.

In a deeply personal piece called, *Ни страны, ни погоста/Neither Country Nor Graveyard* (2017), Felix Kalmenson engages in the act of recreating memory. Kalmenson's two-channel installation negotiates his migration from Leningrad, USSR and his return 27 years later to Saint Petersburg, Russia through a re-filming of his family's departure video. Stripped of their citizenship with no

guarantee of return, the original video documents his family's last moments in their homeland visiting main tourist sites, while Kalmenson's faithful recreation observes a city that transitioned in their absence. Although the gilded palaces and monuments have barely changed, the people with their cameras and cell phones, the cars and the tour buses, mark the passing of time. "Memory here is an industry," Kalmenson observes as he revisits the sites of his birth land.³ Despite the significant expense of the original departure video, costing the equivalent of one month's salary, its quality appears blurred and hazy in contrast to the clarity of Kalmenson's more recent recording.

Too young to remember St. Petersburg in Soviet times, the artist relies on testimony from family members to navigate his return: "As much as this is home I must remember that this is, as my father told me, a city built of bone, a graveyard of slaves and workers. It is also a place that up until my grandmother's generation had quotas on how many bodies with my ethnicity were allowed to enter. Which criminalized our movements and gave us names to manage our bodies. It is a place that still today criminalizes aspects of my identity."⁴ The artist's identity as Jewish and queer marks him as other in the land of his birth. His body and those of his family members, which are so present in the original, are notably absent in the recreation. Here, Kalmenson's presence is felt as a documentarian and a witness.

Kalmenson's words resonate with a statement made by artist Tings Chak. In an email correspondence during the

development of this exhibition, Chak wrote, “My friend, Léopold Lambert, always says, ‘architecture is violence on bodies.’ From the open air prison of Gaza, the border fence of Ceuta, the secure housing unit of maximum security prisons, to the gendered toilet stall, no space is neutral, but serves the function of containment, exclusion and violence on bodies.”⁵ Informed by the conflicting values of her architectural training and activist work, much of Chak’s artistic practice considers the ethical dimensions of architectural design by exposing structures used to oppress migrant communities.

Chak’s installation, *His house* (2011–2017), builds on an earlier body of research about the Chinese indentured workers who built the Canadian Pacific Railway. Of the 17 000 who migrated, up to a third of them died during the construction of the line. Once the railway was complete, however, the Chinese Immigration Act imposed a periodically increasing head tax on Chinese immigrants such that by 1923 a complete moratorium on Chinese immigration replaced the fees. The inspiration for Chak’s work comes from a turn of the century archival photograph of a Chinese railway worker standing in front of a wooden shack labeled “His house.” Her installation describes an imagined architectural draft of his home with black masking tape on a gallery wall, accompanied by written and drawn artifacts. Rendered at human scale, the diagram exposes the modest footprint of such a humble dwelling, and the documents are a testament to the fraught conception of “home” for the

Chinese migrant worker. In *His house*, Chak engages in a deep reflection of the precarity of his living conditions, which in turn speaks to the desirability of his cheap labour yet undesirability of his racialized body in the enduring nation building project of Canada.

The artworks in *of movement and dwelling* present an architectural trace of mobility—the visible evidence of the place left behind or the structure too large to be carried with the migrant. Drawn from archives and historical narratives both public and personal, the tension between the found and the constructed rests in the absent inhabitants of these dwelling places. It is by considering their presence that these artists engage in a poetic articulation of the abstract structures that conditioned their movements.

—Farah Yusuf

¹ Edward Relph, *Place and Placelessness* (London: Pion, 1976): 39.

² The Power Project was a joint effort between the federal governments of Canada and the United States involving power authorities and seaway corporations on both sides of the border. In order to harness natural energy as a means of benefitting both countries, the governments and utility providers preempted input from the affected communities and violated long-standing treaties with the Mohawks of Akwesasne and Kahnawake.

³ Felix Kalmenson, correspondence with the author, 2016.

⁴ Felix Kalmenson, correspondence with the author, 2016.

⁵ Tings Chak, correspondence with the author, 2016.

“On Dancing”
by Ellyn Walker



Movement is an endless dance, akin to how freedom is “a constant struggle,” as activist-scholar Angela Y. Davis describes.¹ They are dependent on each other: to move is to negotiate one’s autonomy—or lack thereof—in space. The artworks within the exhibition of *movement and dwelling* connect around detailed investigations of movement related to migration and relocation, in particular, the ways in which settler-colonial scenarios of resettlement come at the expense of others’ lives, freedoms and senses of belonging. Civil rights leader Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. famously once said, “Injustice anywhere is a threat to justice everywhere.”² His declaration resounds as true, even 55 years later, as Western governance and the settler state continue to bolster primacy based on racial hierarchies and legal orders that activist-journalist Harsha Walia locates in the image of the border. In her interpretation, the border “delineates and reproduces territorial, political, economic, cultural and social control.”³ However, there are two sides to every border, and at its threshold are many, many in-betweens.

Tings Chak, Felix Kalmenson, and the collective of Faraz Anoushahpour, Parastoo Anoushahpour and Ryan Ferko contribute works that demonstrate the complexity and complicity at stake in moving through space, what King describes as an “inescapable network of mutuality”⁴ that renders us always *in relation to*. Using personal, familial and local archives, the artists present alternative images of movement and dwelling that underscore these concepts’ dissonant realities related to economic, political, territorial and cultural systems of power. By drawing from

archives as sites of cultural memory the artworks call attention to absences in the historical record and, in doing so, resonate with writer-poet M. NourbeSe Philip’s assertion that “absence is deceptive and is really a presence,”⁵ albeit a hidden one.

The collective’s video, *A Kind Of Loud Roar* (2017), tells parts of a multifaceted story of a place called Aultsville, a settler town that would go on to become one of Ontario’s so-called Lost Villages, depopulated and permanently submerged in the creation of the St. Lawrence Seaway. The video presents an abstracted (and at times, opaque) double-narrative in which a town becomes re-located and at the same time de-located, reminding us of the fact that settlement, like all forms of movement, is merely provisional. Before flooding took place in 1958, the National Research Council of Canada’s Division of Building Research enacted a scientific study on the effects of fires on houses to determine the most accurate information on occupancy survival rates. This included removing all of the original furnishings and replacing them with large masses to precise detail and measurement, and heating the houses for a week prior to the burn. These efforts to translate lived experience into measurable units are unsettling. Documented at the time by the National Film Board of Canada, the collective uses silent archival footage of the burn and interrupts it through subtle script and sound design. A clock intermittently appears onscreen as a timer that continuously resets. The visual spectacle of inferno allows for various affective responses to occur, as viewers become witness to an actual scene in which a real person’s house burns down.

Although Aultsville's former inhabitants had their families and belongings relocated to other nearby communities, the memories of the lives lived there remained in place. Land settlement in the area goes back thousands of years, with various Indigenous groups moving and settling according to the region's waterways and treaty alliances, including, most recently, the Mohawk nation of Akwesasne. The histories of who has called these places home are obscured through cyclical and layered processes of clearing away, leaving behind, returning to and from, and also building upon. These actions are based on political and economic motivations that underscore movement as a structure of relations, none of which are benign.

Since space is in actuality something shared, as implied by the fact that we are all Treaty People here on the land(s) known as Turtle Island, we exist within a relational reality that can never fully be divided. While the Canadian nation has not honoured treaty obligations in a mutually responsible way, nor has it welcomed, included or protected all people who now make their lives within its state borders, it has nevertheless become a place where people from all over the world come to make their lives. Chak's installation *His house* (2011–2017) reminds us of the immeasurable contributions Chinese people have made to this country, with the first group of Chinese migrant workers arriving at the Victoria Harbour in British Columbia in 1859. Used as indentured labour to build the Canadian Pacific Railway, many Chinese labourers died during its construction, while others experienced great hardships. One such obstacle to building a life in Canada was a head tax placed on Chinese immigrants by the federal government; this

was followed by a complete embargo of Chinese immigration in 1923. The archival photograph Chak's piece is based on portrays a Chinese railway worker standing in front of his humble sleeping shack, making explicit the ways in which racism, precarity and poverty go hand-in-hand.

Kalmenson's work in *of movement and dwelling* falls outside of the geographic scope discussed thus far, but its narrative of departure and return is not dissimilar: stories of migration show us ways in which many people have arrived in different places, such as settlers in Canada. Kalmenson's two-channel installation *Ни страны, ни погоста / Neither Country Nor Graveyard* (2017) is set in St. Petersburg, Russia/ Leningrad, USSR, where the artist revisits his experience of emigration as a young child with his family in the late 1980s, and his subsequent return 27 years later from his new home in Canada. He does so by juxtaposing his family's original departure video with its contemporary re-creation, made upon Kalmenson's return, where he re-stages the fleeting street scenes of St. Petersburg/Leningrad. Kalmenson uses oral history from his mother to interrupt the touristic gaze of the videos; his mother's words are intermittently captioned on screen and offer intimate information about day-to-day life under the socialist state. By presenting the two videos side-by-side, time (and technology) reveal a city greatly transformed by the fall of the Soviet Union and an individual's increasingly distanced vantage point—from child to adult, and from inhabitant to visitor.

Curator Farah Yusuf describes her desire behind putting these works in conversation:

the artworks present an architectural trace of mobility—the visible evidence of the place left behind or the structure too large to be carried with the migrant.⁶ In this way, the works reveal the operations and limits of infrastructure(s) that simultaneously construct and control how we move through our lives. In the artists' projects, the highway, the street and the railway each elicit various kinds of movement related to settlerhood and settlement. Anthropologist Tim Ingold explains this interaction as follows: "lives are led not inside places but through, around, to and from them, [and] from and to places elsewhere."⁷ As such, movement involves what writer Sylvia Wynter deems "being human as praxis," where living is understood as something that is "a verb, as alterable, as relational."⁸ We can also think of movement as "life-sustaining,"⁹ as activist-writer Audre Lorde suggests, embedding us in new relations and environs, and with those, generating new responsibilities. In this way, the dance of movement and freedom refuses fixing, having to be redrawn and reworked in previously unimagined forms. This is evidenced by the powerful round dances that have taken place across Turtle Island since the beginning of the Idle No More movement, where people of different backgrounds and relationships to place dance hand-in-hand. The dance is an inclusive metaphor: available to all as a set of movements, akin to the ongoing struggle(s) for freedom, in which we each play a part.

—Ellyn Walker is a writer and curator based in Toronto. Her work focuses on art and intersectionality. She is currently a PhD student in the Cultural Studies program at Queen's University.

¹ Angela Y. Davis, *Freedom is a constant struggle: Ferguson, Palestine, and the Foundations of a Movement* (Chicago: Haymarket Books, 2016).

² Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., *Letter from the Birmingham Jail* (Toronto: HarperCollins Canada, 1994), 1.

³ Harsha Wallia, *Undoing Border Imperialism* (Chico: AK Press, 2013), 12.

⁴ King, *Letter from the Birmingham Jail*, 1.

⁵ M. NourbeSe Philip, *FRONTIERS: Essays and Writings on Racism and Culture* (Stratford: The Mercury Press, 1992), 11.

⁶ Farah Yusuf, *Movement/Dwelling* curatorial statement (Toronto: Trinity Square Video, 2017).

⁷ Tim Ingold, "Against Space: Place, Movement, Knowledge," in *Boundless Worlds: An Anthropological Approach to Movement*, ed. Peter Wynn Kirby (New York: Berghahn Books, 2008), 33.

⁸ McKittrick, Sylvia Wynter: *On Being Human as Praxis* (Chapel Hill: Duke University Press, 2015), 7-8.

⁹ Audre Lorde, *Sister Outsider: Essays & Speeches by Audre Lorde* (Berkeley: Crossing Press, 1984), 11.

**Tings Chak, *His house*
(2011-2017)**

“There are spirits, or at least little genii, which have seen to it that for the collector ... ownership is the most intimate relationship one can have to objects. Not that they come alive in him; it is he who lives in them. So I have erected one of his dwellings, with books as the building stones, before you, and now he is going to disappear inside, as is only fitting.”

—Walter Benjamin,
“Unpacking My
Library” (1968)

"I have always yearned to go to Gold Mountain.
 But instead it is hell, full of hardships.
 I was detained in a prison and tears rolled down my cheeks.
 My wife at home is longing for my letter,
 Who can foretell when I will be able to return home?
 I cannot sleep because my heart is filled with hate. When I think of the foreign barbarians my anger will rise sky high.
 They put me in jail and make me suffer this misery. I will moan until the early days of dawn,
 But who will console me here."
 —Carved on a cell wall of the Immigration Detention Hospital, Victoria, B.C. in 1919.

He appeared to me some years ago, and has haunted me ever since.

A rocky hill. A British Columbian landscape. A stifled smile, sun-squinted eyes. The shadow of the photographer cast onto him and the white man at his side, a comfortable distance away—perhaps an employer, perhaps a missionary coming to save him. On the other side of him is a wooden shack. "His house" is handwritten on the photograph.

I will moan until the early days of dawn.

In all my searching, I have never found a photograph like this: the early Chinese migrant is at its centre—presumably a former railway worker, like the thousands left to their own defenses when their labour was no longer needed, no longer exploitable. Yet they were unable to return home.

Home.
Return home.

Little is known about the lives of early Chinese migrants. Little is recorded. These ghosts of pasts forgotten were never the protagonist, the subject of their lives.

But. *His house.*

In the Chinese mind, a house means nothing without a family. A house without a family—generations of kin—is not a home. A house whose character isn't built from the birth, life, death, struggles, aspirations and dreams of your blood and flesh, can never be a home.

His house
 Is
 Not
 A
 Home.

The Chinese coolie wasn't a sojourner. He didn't wander the seas and lands in search of adventure. He wasn't searching for anything grander than survival.

But he is a figure that was introduced by Empire in the transition from slavery to freedom.
 From African slave labour to "free" indentured labour.
 From mercantilism to free trade and the emergence of liberalism.
 But he was unfree in every sense: as a wage slave, as a political non-subject, as a person with no freedom of mobility.

Indentured labour.
 Peonage.

Voluntary servitude.
 Involuntary servitude.
 Coolie.

Britain passed the Slave Trade Act in 1807, ostensibly marking the road towards abolition. That same year, Fortitude set sail from Bengal to Trinidad carrying a cargo of Chinese indentured workers, dispatched secretly and captained by Kenneth MacQueen. The *free labour* of indentureship had begun.

Over the course of the 20th century, tens of millions of Asian coolies were exported to the all corners of the world. Many never went home. Many never could return *home*. The Asian indentured worker was strategically introduced, constructed as a racial barrier between Black slaves and the colonial ruling class. Between rebellion and capitalist ambitions. Between Black revolution and imperialist expansion.

His exploitation, dispossession and colonization became the basis for which the white Western world's liberty was built.

He haunts still. His spectre dwells, still. In every cotton textile. In every cup of sugary tea. In every railway crossing.

I
will
moan
until
the
early
days
of
dawn.

I was born in the Crown colony of Hong Kong—a home of sorts. It was established in

1842, at the end of the imperialist First Opium War and quickly became the centre of export of Chinese indentured workers for the next half a century.

The first group of Chinese migrant workers docked at the harbour of Victoria, British Columbia in 1859. They travelled the many day journey from Hong Kong—the British colonial outpost central to the expansion of Empire—organized by Chinese and U.S. shipping industry capitalists. Within a few short years, there were thousands of Chinese people in British Columbia, with a female to male ratio of 35:1000.

Floating hells. This is what the Chinese workers called the coolie ships, outfitted like the slave ships. Iron grates. Hatchways. Armed guards. Walled off quarters.

Out of 736 voyages from China, 68 uprisings were recorded by one historian. In October 1858, the *Flora Temple* ran into a reef when the Chinese workers organized a rebellion. All 850 mutineers died.

I
will
moan
until
the
early
days
of
dawn.

We
 Are
 Not
 A
 Docile
 People.

Over the four years of construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway, there were over 17 000 Chinese migrant workers brought to Canada, most of whom came directly from the Guangdong province.

Prime Minister Sir John A. Macdonald said, "Either you must have this labour or you cannot have the railway." The railway was the desperate definitive nation building project, the ties that bound the settler-colonial project together from coast to coast.

During the 12 May 1882 debate of the House of Commons, he said: "At present it is simply a question of alternatives—either you must have this [Chinese] labour or you cannot have the railway [...] but it is a matter of so great importance that it will engage our attention to discover how far we can admit Chinese labour without introducing a permanent evil to the country by allowing to come into it, in some respects, an inferior race, and at all events, a foreign and alien race."

A permanent evil. An inferior race. A foreign and alien race.

It is estimated that nearly a third of them died.

August 13 [1880]—a Chinese drilling on the ledge of a bluff near Alexandra bar is killed when a stone falls above and knocks him off
August 19—A log rolls over an embankment and crushes a Chinese to death at the foot of a slope

September 4—A Chinese killed by a rock slide
September 7—A boat upsets in the Fraser and a Chinese is drowned.

September 11—A Chinese is smothered to death in an earth cave-in
Yet, in that last week—on September 9—the Sentinel proudly announced that "there have been no deaths since the 15th of June." Clearly, it did not count the Chinese.
Source unknown.

They say for every mile of the Canadian Pacific Railway, lies the body, the blood, the sweat of one Chinese migrant worker. Every tie laid, every mile travelled, every train whistle blow, is haunted.

*I
 will
 moan
 until
 the
 early
 days
 of
 dawn.*

Chinese people have been arriving for 150 years, they have been arriving since the beginning of the settler-colonial project, they have been arriving forever, constantly arriving, never arrived. The (im)migrant, immanent outsider.

Where
 Is
 This
 Home
 He
 Can
 Return
 To

Craigellachie story.

**Parastoo Anoushahpour, Faraz
Anoushahpour and Ryan Ferko,
A Kind Of Loud Roar (2017)**



Film still, *St. Lawrence Burns, No. 1-8.*
Directed by Donald Brittain, 1958.



Film still, *St. Lawrence Burns, No. 1-8.*
Directed by Donald Brittain, 1958.

Heidegger is a fat man on the roof of a building on fire. He is wearing a yellow coat with a white line that goes all the way across the back. Heidegger is standing on the edge of the roof looking down. Heidegger is a firefighter covered in smoke. He looks back, down, he is gone. Darkness follows, sirens in the distance. We run towards him with our cameras. We capture the last few seconds of Heidegger on the roof.

TIME LAPSE

- F. for authenticity or inauthenticity
- F. for being-guilty
- F. for the call of conscience

- F. for care
- F. for death
- F. for freedom of choice
- F. for oneself
- F. for possibilities
- F. for one's ownmost potentiality-for-Being
- F. for repetition



Film still, *St. Lawrence Burns, No. 1-8.*
Directed by Donald Brittain, 1958.

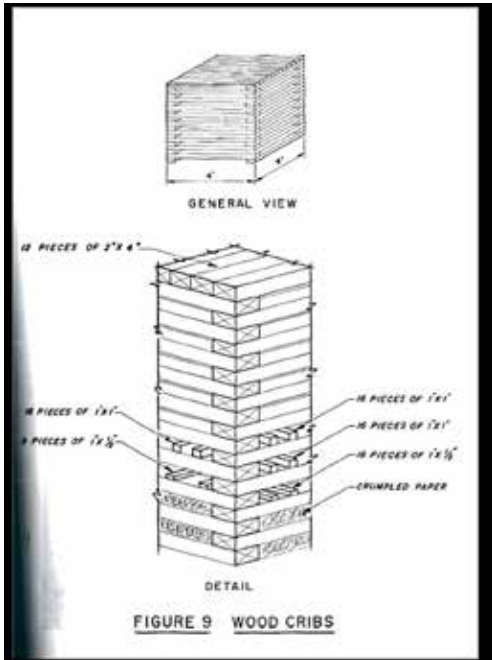
TIME LAPSE

- H. of being with one another
- H. of empathy
- H. of the word
- H. of equipment, work, culture, ideas
- H. of literature
- H. of philosophy
- H. of the present
- H. of problems
- H. of the sciences of men, society and state
- H. of the spirit
- H. of the uncovering of the word
- H. of the word
- H. of the word
- H. of what-has-been-there

The interior finishes in the six dwellings were to be modified where necessary so that three would have relatively incombustible linings throughout the ground floor and the stairway leading to the upper floor, while the other three would have relatively combustible linings installed in similar locations. No modifications were to be made to the linings of the two larger structures, the school and community hall, although it would be necessary to remove the upper floors of both in order to study ventilation rates for large single compartments.

The fire load in each of the six dwellings was to consist of two cribs formed from various sizes of wood, arranged in a standard pattern and placed in the largest ground floor room. The test fire load is used in this instance to create the combustible material to be added, replacing that usually found in a dwelling in the form of furnishings. The fire load in the school and community hall was to be formed of the combustible flooring removed from the upper floors, and those upper floor joists which were left in place for support.

As all the buildings would be vacant for some time, it was decided to supply them with some form of heating for at least one week prior to their being burned.

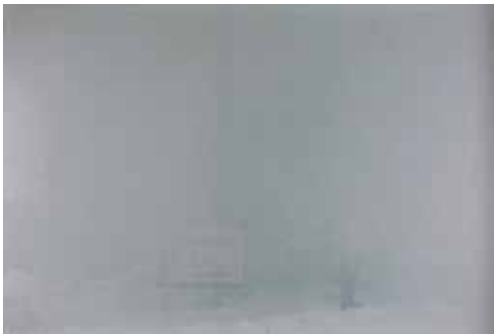


G. W. Shorter, *St. Lawrence Burns General Report* (Ottawa: National Research Council Canada, 1959).

TIME LAPSE

The "I"
 The "I" as subject
 The "I" as the who
 The abstract "I"
 The isolated "I"
 The pure "I"
 The worldless "I"
 I-here
 I-hood
 I-thing
 The "I am"
 I am-as-having-been
 I am concerned
 I take action
 I think
 The givenness of the "I"
 The not-I
 Saying "I"
 Descartes on the "I"
 Hegel on the "I"
 Humboldt on the "I"
 Kant on the "I"
 The "I" and the self

Time laps



**Felix Kalmenson, Ни страны, ни
погоста/ Neither Country Nor Graveyard
(2017)**

[Video was the Goodbye, because in '89 to leave we had to give up Soviet citizenship (I had to pay for that an equivalent of, say, \$10 000).

Usually, after that, people were not welcome or even allowed to visit Soviet Union.

Nobody could imagine what will happen in just a couple of years..."]

[How do you feel there?

6/20, 10:12 AM

Good

Feels kinda crazy

I like it thi8

Though

Just went to kazan church

Now here

Also look familiar?

The bus from kronstadt drops me off right in front of our old building!

6/20, 10:16 AM

I don't know this building

Yes, Kazan church is beautiful

6/20, 10:17 AM

What do u mean

This is the building you said was our house

Near chornya rechka

It's the one I showed you on google

The one in my film

6/20, 10:18 AM

Really, it looked very different then

It was in s developing suburbs nothing around

I will ask Eva if she remembers]



What the hell does it even mean that I come from here; that I was born here? I think it is the feeling that I had in Riga when, looking at a particular bridge at twilight, I felt an unexpected affinity for that landscape— something I totally did not understand until coming to a bridge just like it here, under the same climatic conditions. I came to realize it was this place that was heavy in mine, my mother's, my father's, and both my grandparents hearts.

They all carried that place to me in skin. An amber slit metastasizing into a premonition, an emission, a present, then and now, through until the end of cities and the people who hold them for others.

We are the leavers.

There were those who stayed to rebuild.

I turned around and saw the stone ledge where in a video I saw myself walk on and then be carried away from. This stone, perhaps indifferent to flesh, became itself fleshly.

But even this is cadaverous as my father tells me. A city made of bone. An empire imagined and rendered in bodies.

“Felix will be here Pantomiming with birches.” A phrase my phone suggests poetically.

As much as this is home I must remember that this is as my father told me, a city built of bone, a graveyard of slaves and workers. It is also a place that up until my grandmother’s generation had quotas on how many bodies with my ethnicity were allowed to enter. The quotas criminalized our movements and gave us names to manage our bodies. It is a place that still today criminalizes aspects of my identity, and if I was to be honest and upfront about who I am I would surely face violence.

To call this place beautiful is to call death itself beautiful.

This place—it’s winters—it’s toxic masculinity—has made me at least the third generation to directly experience trauma. Histories compressing brows into furrows, fingers into fists; mouths and genitals that take all that is before them that is not for them to take. It has broken our limbs to take the shape of circles so as to roll endlessly into the next who bears our names.

Where did this trauma-intergenerational begin? With the second temple? The exile? Which exile? The pogroms? The civil war? The holocaust? The Soviet state? Its collapse? And with it all that was told and known, however vile.



Yesterday as I was sitting on the banks of the Peter fortress looking out at the fork of the river, I spoke with my mom on the phone. She said this was her favorite spot... so many synchronicities. I put the speaker to the shore so she could hear the waves and over the phone she recited one of her favourite poems, *Neither Country Nor Graveyard*, which was written in dedication to this spot. The poet Joseph Brodsky was in his time jailed for 'parasitism,' which means he didn't have a steady job and moved from occupation to occupation. She says I would surely have been in jail in soviet times. Hearing her voice over the phone layered with the sound of the Baltic waves lapping at my feet was incredibly moving.



BIOGRAPHIES



Parastoo Anoushahpour, Faraz Anoushahpour and Ryan Ferko have worked in collaboration since 2013. Often working in relation to specific sites, their projects explore collaboration as a way to upset the authority of a singular narrator. Currently based in Toronto, recent film and installation work has been shown at Projections (New York Film Festival), Wavelengths (Toronto International Film Festival), International Film Festival Rotterdam, Internationale Kurzfilmtage Oberhausen (Germany), Portland International Film Festival, Media City Festival (Windsor/Detroit), Experimenta (Bangalore), Crossroads Festival (San Francisco), ZK/U Centre for Art & Urbanistics (Berlin) and Gallery 44 Centre for Contemporary Photography (Toronto).

Tings Chak is a Hong Kong-born and Toronto-based multidisciplinary artist and migrant justice organizer whose work draws inspiration from anti-colonial, anti-racist and anti-capitalist struggles. Trained in architecture, she was awarded the Kuwabara-Jackman Thesis Gold Medal for her research on the immigration detention centres, which culminated in the 2014 graphic novel, *Undocumented: The Architecture of Migrant Detention*. This book explores the politics of architectural design and representation in mass incarceration. Her work has been exhibited, presented and published across North America, Europe and Hong Kong.

Felix Kalmenson is a Russian-born artist, with a practice in installation and video. His work is concerned with the mediation of histories and contemporary narratives by political, institutional and corporate bodies examining how innovations in the field of communication and technology serve to redefine publicness, sovereignty and power.

Farah Yusuf is an independent curator and writer based in Toronto. She holds an MA in Experimental Digital Media from the University of Waterloo and a BFA in Criticism and Curatorial Practices at OCAD University where she was the recipient of the Curatorial Practice Medal and Governor General's Academic Medal. Past curatorial projects include *Eutopia* at the Textile Museum of Canada, *Corpus Lucida: 12th Annual Emerging Artist Exhibition* at InterAccess Media Art Centre, *Babel on Rosetta Stone* at Gallery 1313 and *Future Forward* at OCADU for Scotiabank Nuit Blanche in 2011. Her writing has appeared in *C Magazine*.

A KIND OF LOUD ROAR



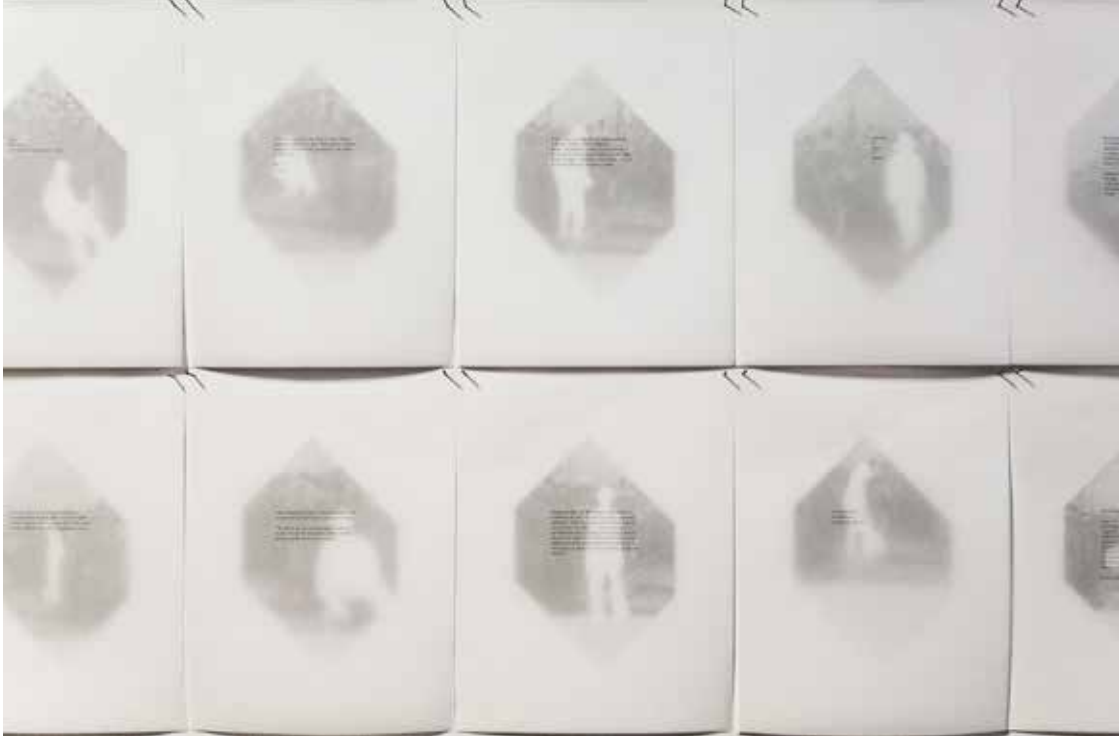


Parastoo Anoushahpour, Faraz Anoushahpour and Ryan Ferko
A Kind Of Loud Roar (2017)
Installation views
Photos: Yuula Benivolski



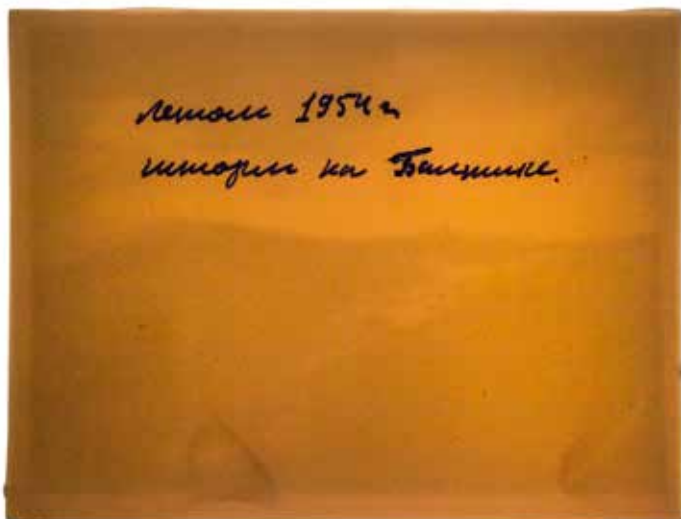
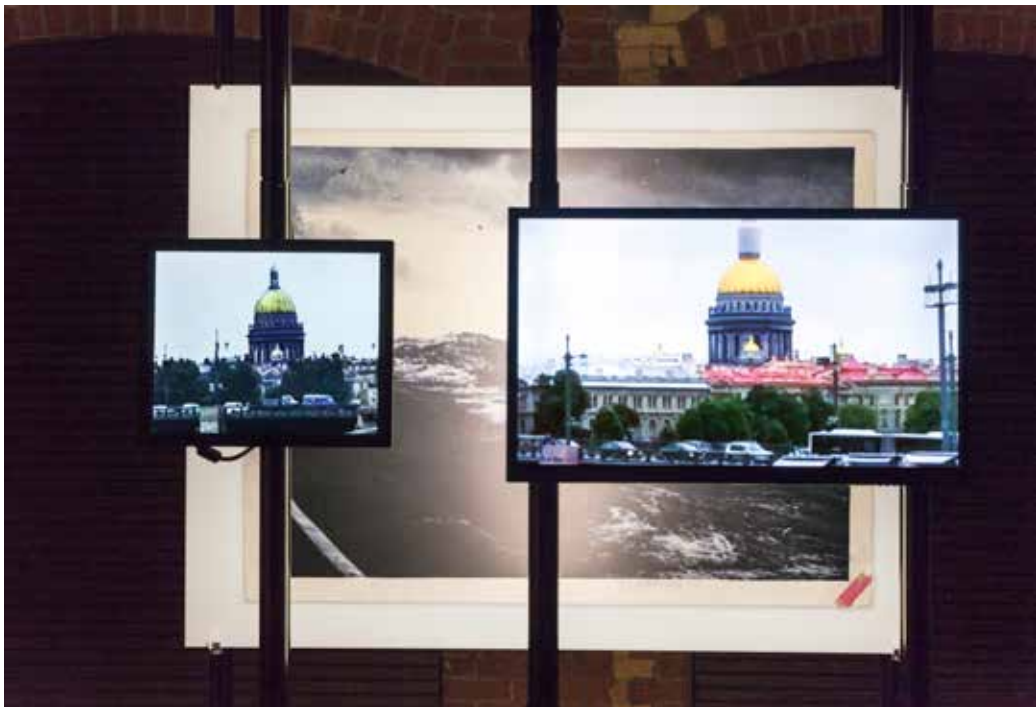


His house
Is
Not
A
Home.



Tings Chak
His house (2011–2017)
 Installation views
 Photos: Yuula Benivolksi





Felix Kalmenson, (russian text)
*Ни страны, ни погоста/
Neither Country Nor Graveyard*
Installation views
Photos: Yuula Benivolski

