

think

NOT

START

An annual collaboration between students from MA Culture, Criticism and Curation & MA Graphic Communication Design at Central Saint Martins, University of the Arts London.

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think as START

Re-think, Re-act, Re-start

When you pick up this issue of UQ and see the year of its production – 2020 – your mind will automatically situate it in a particular context. At the time of this issue's completion, words such as "unprecedented" have become cliché, not worthy of expression or repetition. Yet our situation – and the making of UQ8 – are indeed unprecedented and need to be acknowledged. It is from the complexity and novelty of this time that we were able to generate our new mindset and our title of "Re-".

The prefix "Re-" stands for the reflective and regenerative attitude that we aim to inspire in our readers. Even though "Re-" may give a sense of repetition and circularity, we use it as a tool for reflection and criticality, encouraging constant regeneration. Starting from the concept and rationale of a manifesto, this publication assumes a dual identity of being both a product of its time and an ageless reflection on all times of struggle and instability. The sections of UQ8 – Rethink, React, Restart – form the three stages of a creative and critical process of transformation. Similar to the thought process of the Dada manifesto, this issue first reflects on the current state or mindset in Rethink, analyses the developments arising from new thoughts and processes in React, and proposes a new way of being and acting in Restart.

The contributions occupying our pages reflect a range of perspectives, attitudes, preoccupations and industries. From global struggles of migration and public healthcare to artistic expressions and personal meditations on grief, all of this year's contributions embody within them the deeply human and humane instincts for survival and regeneration, on whatever scale that may be. UQ8 provides a space for others to inspire and be inspired, to serve not as an arbiter but as a facilitator for change and growth.

In line with our own collaborative process, we offer a democratic space for reflection and conversation that will encourage others to see the interconnectedness between people, thoughts and practices. UQ8 is not a didactic entity; our pages are a record, a stage, a playground, an outlook, a confession. We hope that this issue and the restorative and metamorphic message contained within it will inspire others to maintain hope and the courage to persevere and achieve, no matter the circumstance.

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THE END!

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Beautiful Future— Ahmet Güntan



Translated by Ahmet Güntan and Yasemin Varlık

GÜZEL GELECEK

Masumun savunmaya ihtiyacı yok,
dik dur, dik otur, ne bekliyorsun,
güzel uyku, temiz su, bir kalıp sabun,
o gün uyanıp, yüzümü yıkayacağım.

Bir gelecek var, güzel gelecek,
yüz yıl sonra tam bugün gelecek,
en iyi kaçış vazifeyi yüklenmekmiş,
kim görür, kim görmez ben bilmiyorum.

Bütün istediğim bir kalıp sabun,
kısa saç, temiz yüz, meleyen koyun,
karanlığı değil, aydınlığı kör edici,
birazı kalır bunların, çoğu gidici.

@ahmet_guntan

BEAUTIFUL FUTURE

The innocent needs no defence,
stand tall, sit up, what are you waiting for,
beautiful sleep, clean water, a bar of soap,
that day I'll wake up, I'll wash my face.
There's this future, the beautiful future,
a century later, it will come right on this day,
the easiest getaway is to shoulder the duty,
who will see it, who won't, I don't know.
All I ever want is a bar of soap,
short hair, clean face, a bathing sheep,
its light is blinding, not its dark,
few of those will stay, the rest are goners.

It's Nice That intro— Francisco Laranjo

Editors' Note

Graphic designer Francisco Laranjo shouts out to the trends in the graphic design industry.

We republished the *First Things First Manifesto* numerous times with decreasing effect. We made post-it notes the symbol of design thinking, elevating it to a meaningless term used by businesses across different sectors.

We made stretched typefaces cool, maximalism hot and anti-design hip again. We're specialists in presenting variations of the past and selling them as novelty. So, we fetishised vaporwave, repackaged it via MTV and turned it mainstream. We made Trendlist happen and created an app to speed up the styling process. We spread Mr Keedy's *Global Style* – the beautiful miracle of replicating generic styles regardless of context and to much applause across the design press. We insist on the existence of 'neutral reporting'. Graphic design has been instrumental in the rise of capitalism and neoliberalism. The design press should be responsible for their selection criteria. They maintain the status quo. This reminder comes as no surprise: all design magazines are political magazines.

We gave out hundreds of pencils with different hierarchies, rubbed shoulders with every year's *New Blood* and kept business as usual. We celebrate all things design with self-praise and nothing but good intentions: good design is – predominantly – just good business. And it's this race for fame and awards, for 'young guns' and the coolest designers under-30, that we happily feed. Entrenched competitiveness defines the culture of design, nurtured by supportive ♥♥ on every social media network. Design is now sold and marketed as a science of winning,

with a variety of image filters – from 'curated' feeds of designers' lifestyles, to schools that claim to give necessary skills to be a graphic designer within six months, or world-renowned universities displaying their rank as badges of honour, year after year. Design education is now ranking warfare.

Over the years, we lost interest in eBooks and embraced our love for print. So we successfully funded and reprinted dozens of classic 1960s corporate branding guidelines on Kickstarter, feeding our nostalgia for modernism. We relentlessly publish multiple *How-to* and *A-Guide-to* books on a yearly basis. As designers, we adore to be sold instructions, brief stories, case-studies, curiosities, or – even better – tips: they're shorter. Annually, we welcome the Pantone Colour of the Year™ – a prime example of the superficial advertising technique the design industry employs. Popular design is colourful entertainment. We're the champions of anti-intellectualism: design is grids and parameters. As well as typography and calligraphy and, occasionally, Shepard Fairey's posters. Major bookshops are dominated by giant publishers, coffee table books and categorised readings for the generic designer. Writing is a waste of time and not what design is all about, unless it's to praise one's work – then it's fine.

Since this wasn't enough, we made RISO printing trendy. We made *It's Nice That* the ubiquitous authority in PR spin. We like to keep everyone happy and informed of what's hip and flashy in less than 300 words. We helped people affected by natural disasters with minimalist posters. We founded dozens of design summer schools and sold expensive tourism as design education. Universities are slow in changing curricula to challenge current political and social contexts, largely functioning on

The drive to gleefully whitewash complex issues with absurdly simple (but graphically stunning) 'solutions' is constantly received by design with open arms. It focuses on the individual, in a carefully packaged universal formula that can be marketed and thrive on a

modesofcriticism.org



Illustration by Eleanor Stanton

Love and Loss— Asmita Sood

@asmitasood

I've always known that I share something special with my grandmother. As a child, I couldn't quite put my finger on what it was. Was she my best friend? I already had one in school. Was she my soulmate? I'd heard of the concept of souls and the popular mythology surrounding it. What are soulmates and do souls even exist? It always puzzled me, but I didn't feel the need to spend too long thinking about it; I could always just cuddle my grandmother instead. We cuddled a lot; because my mother worked, for a long time my grandmother looked after me during the day. Some of my earliest memories are coming home from school, looking for her and being loved by her.

I've been trying hard to find all I can remember and commit it to memory. Since we lost her a few months ago, memories have become a precious commodity, and with the linear run of time, they are increasingly in short supply. I've been holding onto stories I can remember and stories I'm being told by our family.

A few days before her passing, I remember listening to accounts of COVID-19 victims by their family members on the news. Someone spoke of waiting six days for their loved one's dead body, which had been preserved in a freezer; waiting to hold a funeral; waiting. Listening, I felt a pang of sadness for the speaker. It sounded like a terrible thing to be going through and I sympathised, as I'm sure most people listening would. But I could only truly begin to understand what they might have felt when I couldn't say goodbye to my own grandmother.

She was 91 when she passed away. We had known for years that she was ill. Arguably, we had an adequate amount of time to prepare for this inevitability. Yet her death came as a shock to me. Across oceans and locked-down in a hibernating city, I couldn't believe it finally happened.

But deeper down, what I truly struggled in coming to terms with, was the absence of a goodbye. It felt utterly wrong. I watched my grandmother get cremated over FaceTime. It almost felt like sacrilege, like I was participating in a violation of genuine meaning. It felt too much, like technology and human craft had invaded a space really not meant for them.

When someone you love dearly passes away, I realise now, they don't automatically become a corpse, they remain a person, even if their vital organs don't function anymore. Watching her soft face disappear under logs of wood, I felt concern. Surely, those logs were too heavy? I wasn't in denial – her death registered with me as soon as I read the text message from home that she had passed away. But under the firewood on my phone screen, she was still my grandmother, and her face was still too soft to be crumpled like that. I felt sympathy for the people whose stories I heard that night. How painful it must have been to be robbed of a dignified last goodbye. How important that moment is, and sadly, what a luxury it has become. I knew that there was no other way I could've been part of saying goodbye to my grandmother. Even though it felt wrong, I appreciate that I got to see her, albeit through a screen, for the last time.

There is little that hasn't been said about the ongoing pandemic. For a relatively novel virus, descriptions such as "the new normal" already feel like tired clichés. It's been an odd, difficult time, and every day brings fresh stories of devastation and death. Charting my grief on this seemingly endless map of suffering is a sad, yet strangely fulfilling feeling. The day that USA's COVID-19 deaths surpassed 100,000, the *New York Times* carried the names and descriptions of 1,000 people lost to the virus on its front page. I did not know any of those

“Since we lost her a few months ago, memories have become a precious commodity, and with the linear run of time, they are increasingly in short supply.”



people but reading the few words written about each of them, I felt a sense of personal loss. Maybe I saw my own grief reflected in the world or maybe I was merely projecting it. Nevertheless, I experienced a sense of the magnitude of what we have collectively experienced in the last few months.

I love my grandmother in a language that I'm still learning. I might never be able to spell out exactly what she means for me. Every day is a new experience in navigating her loss. She's gone, but she's also here with me. Sometimes I'm able to remind myself that she's still around, in my thoughts, in the love we share and the memories we made. I look down at my arms and I'm reminded that through the factor of genetics, I inherited parts of her physical existence. I relish when I'm told by others that I look like her – she's in me. It's wonderful to look at photos of us I hadn't seen before and make a new memory. But at other times, it feels as if she's slipping through my fingers. I fear for a time when I won't have these memories anymore. I fear for when I won't miss her with all my being.

I also felt a sense of immense gratitude. Amid all the destruction, both personal and beyond, I feel grateful to be alive. I do not merely appreciate that I'm lucky to escape the catastrophic fallout from this pandemic. Instead, even with this terrible sadness, I'm grateful just to have more time to live. These conflicting emotions somehow exist together, and maybe that's a process – a gift that comes from living in the time of a pandemic.





This is why we don't know how
to "friendship"—
Lauer

Editors' Note

Lauer is a Polish pop singer-songwriter and producer. I know Lauer because we both work in a vintage store in London. Back then, I don't know that she's a musician, but she has always been a genuinely dear friend to me since I met her. I remember when I first joined the team, she was always the one who came to check on me during work. And I secretly noticed that she always danced with her favorite song played in the shop, 'Never Let You Down' by Rick Astley. Every time she danced to it, the scene just reminded me of Disney musicals.

Because of the pandemic, our shop had to close in mid-March, and after a three-month lock-down, we could finally see each other in real life in mid-June after the shop reopened. At this time, I had no hesitation to invite her over for dinner just for a small get-together, and that night for the first time I heard her playing her latest song, 'Lately', which she composed during the quarantine.

'Lately' was her first single released in 2020. To her, it's a song about a re-evaluation of the existing friendships she has and had. Hopefully, the people who hear the song can feel the colour blue, pink and yellow in the air, a bright melody but somehow puzzled emotion. She hopes that her song could tell true stories and also encourage people to accept who they are and love others and be true to themselves. And this piece of writing is Lauer's thoughts behind composing, which is true and heartfelt to me.

Zihan Zhou





During the pandemic, you begin to understand more why it is important to talk to your family and friends. You don't know when you will see them again, you want to have a glimpse of them every now and then.

I went through a lot of old memories during the lockdown. It made me rewind a lot of situations that happened between me and my really best friend of that time. Knowing that they are no longer in my life as "best people" but as "someone I used to know", I started to ask myself the question "Why do people have to go?" And there are few answers that I came across – they go because we drift apart; they go because there was no real connection between us; they go because they want to escape, etc. I had two situations during this time where two of my friends just "left the building". I was asking myself "but why? I was a good friend, wasn't I?" That "wasn't I" part was coming back like an echo, I started going through everything we have done together and I noticed that we have never been fully honest with each other. While we grew close it never was 100%.

There are three particular things that happened in this situation and I believe we all struggle with handling them to some extent and these are a scale, frames, and tags. Okay, but what do these three things have in common with friendship issues? If you think about their purpose it might be a little bit clearer but let me explain again what we use them for.

In the shop I work in, we use scales to determine the price by the weight of the item, the heavier the item the higher the price – meaning that heavy items are more valuable. This is what scales do. Tags determine the origin of the item, its materials and the price by the value of the item in many currencies. The frames are in a slightly different category than

the other two. We use frames to exhibit pictures that we like or maybe we think others might find pretty. Sometimes people give us framed pictures, right?

Do you see where I'm going? Not yet? You see, tags and scales are heavily connected. Tags are the things/skills or features that we as individuals obtain. It's a skill like drawing, cooking, or something like being out-going or well-organized, it's something that has a value and that value differs depending on people. Somebody might think that having a great management skill is unbelievably valuable just like a Chanel limited edition bag, somebody else might think it's just a regular bag from the street market. We are all full of things like this, right? What do we do next then? We want to know our value with all these things on (just imagine that all your features and skills are clothes and accessories and you wear them all at once, it would be pretty heavy wouldn't it?). So we stand on the scale to check it, but to be able to do that we need another person to compare the prices. And this is a very common thing for us human beings to do. We compare ourselves to each other. We've existed for thousands of years on this planet yet we still don't understand that we are all humans no matter what we do, what we wear, how we look like – we are all the same. And as much as I compared us to items that can be sold, we are not for sale, and we don't have to worry about our price because it would be the same for each of us. Comparing yourself to your friends or others is just digging your own grave. You won't like them more because of that, moreover, you will like them and yourself less because of that. Don't do that. We are all diamonds but we go through the shaping process in different times in our life so how can we compare a diamond that is already shaped to the one that is not? We can't.

So what about the frames? We often tend to put ourselves or others in frames. We get to know one side of a person and then we frame it like a picture. For us this person will be always like in the picture. But what happens if the person acts differently in other circumstances? We are shocked, maybe we don't like it, maybe we tell them something similar to "I wasn't expecting that from you". We tend to not accept the fact that there are many "us" inside us and each and every one of them is a piece of a puzzle that completes us. Sometimes because of that lack of understanding, we don't have a balance and we tend to act how other people expect us to act.

But the fact is that your age doesn't matter when it comes to friendship or love. If they think you're an arsehole maybe it's because they saw it once or twice and they put a frame on it, and you accepted it (you don't have to do that). If you cry because you feel sad it doesn't mean you're always sad, it means you're a human and you go through changes and moods. One of my friends recently told me that for most of her life she was scared to be herself because she thought people would find her boring and all of them would just leave her. So she learned how to use her extroverted side and she tossed out her old self. She would find herself laughing with people in the corridor after the lecture but five minutes later she would cry in the bathroom because she wasn't feeling happy that day. Nobody knew she cried because she quickly got her act together and put on a fake smile.

Let me tell you what I told her – Nothing is more important than your mental health. Many friends and connections are not worth years of torturing yourself just because of people's opinions. Don't put yourself in the frames because you will limit yourself one way

or another, and you'll make it harder for people who really care about you to understand and help you. Be yourself no matter if you're introverted or extroverted – neither of these is wrong. We all have a bit of both and need to find the balance between them, and also understand that some people balance them differently from us.

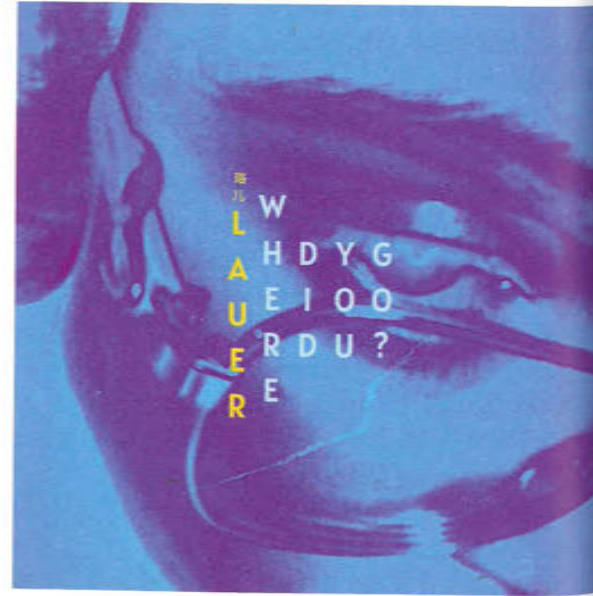
So before you disappear ask yourself what exactly is important for me? The person or my value compared to them? Try to look from their perspective, understand them, and talk to them honestly. True friendship should be building you both (or more) up, not tearing you down.

@lauerkav





“But the fact is that your age doesn’t matter when it comes to friendship or love.”



“Don’t put yourself in the frames because you will limit yourself one way or another”



State of Play— Jennifer Jones & Lucy Davidson



Interview by Liza Kupreeva

On 20 March 2020 the theatre industry in the UK closed its doors to the public. As with other hospitality and leisure industries, this sudden erasure of readily available theatre experience forced us to confront its fragility. Theatre closures are not just a blow to the public's cultural life, but effectively an interruption of thousands of careers, livelihoods and lifestyles. As various theatre practitioners were barred from pursuing their calling, the space created by their absence became permeated with questions of theatre's future, both physical and ideological. This interview explores some of the reflections, hopes, concerns and wishes that currently inhabit the backstage by looking through the eyes of the emerging generation of theatre practitioners.

On a mid-September evening in London, I conducted an informal interview with Jennifer Jones and Lucy Davidson to gain their perspective into the current state of play. Jennifer (Jen) has recently completed an MA in Creative Producing at Mountview Academy of Theatre Arts. Previously, she has worked with Improbable Theatre and VAULT Festival. Her recent producer credits include sell-out outdoor scratch night *Patch Plays* (Tide Tables, September 2020), sell-out run of Paprichoo's *Her Romeo* (Bedlam Theatre, January 2020) and sell-out solo performer showcase *Solo2020* (Katzpace, January 2020). Assistant producer credits include *Tumours* (Soho Theatre, November 2019).

Lucy is a writer and director living in London. She recently completed an MA in Text and Performance at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art (RADA) and is also a member of the National Youth Theatre and a Traverse Theatre Young Writer. Her directing credits include *When The Rain Stops Falling* (Bedlam Theatre, February 2019), which won the Edinburgh University Play Award and her writing credits include *Mothers* (RADA, March 2020). She has worked with BBC Radio 3 Drama and Bullion Productions and her short play *Rent* was selected by playwright James Graham to be developed later this year by the National Youth Theatre.

What does theatre mean to you? And what would you say constitutes successful theatre?

Jen: I feel very lame saying this, but it's just telling a good story very well, isn't it? It's using the stuff that you have available in the theatre to tell a story in an interesting way to get people thinking.

Lucy: There are studies where they have demonstrated that audiences' heartbeats sync when they are watching a performance that is compelling and engaging. So I think that it is exactly what you've said; telling a story in a way that is compelling and makes people feel that there is some kind of universal human experience, which makes people feel more seen and less alone, and confronts things we find difficult to talk about.

Jen: I think that with online theatre, the biggest obstacle you have is that people don't have that communal feeling, which is the main point about going to the theatre, going with a friend and then talking to them about it afterwards. I don't know, how do you work, when you lose that instant connection with the people in the room? [pause] It's so different!

Lucy: Not to immediately mention Phoebe Waller-Bridge, but to mention Phoebe Waller-Bridge and Vicky Jones, when they did their scratch nights, with their theatre company DryWrite, they always used to say that they hoped that their audience would spend more time in the bar afterwards debating what they've seen, than actually seeing the whole performance itself. Which I think encapsulates what you are talking about.

Jen: That comment is so interesting because a question that we frequently encounter is how do you stop theatre becoming a bit of an echo-chamber? Because people are expressing the thoughts that are popular, and actually, as you say Lucy, it is interesting theatre that gets people talking and is challenging.

Lucy: Hopefully people disagree...

Jen: Yes! You want people to come out of a theatre experience feeling like they haven't been spoon-fed the message.

Do you think that with things being more online now – and technically being more connected with a variety of different

audiences and not just people sitting in a particular theatre space at any one time – it is helping with this conversation or is it a bit of hindrance, because you are simultaneously part of a wider network while also being isolated in your own bedroom on your computer?

Jen: That is so true, because you can't recreate the feeling of being in a room with someone else while being on Zoom. I don't know how many Zoom plays you guys have sat in on but it's all the same!

Lucy: It's good on people for doing them, but I think that that's the problem. [pause] For me, so much of what is so great about going to the theatre is the whole atmosphere – feeling like you are there to see and talk about something and overhear other people's comments. Whereas when you are on Zoom, there is no one to turn to, and when you disconnect, you are left staring at your reflection in the blank screen of your laptop. Theatre is very important to many people, but I think that it's also important to remember that for many people theatre isn't that accessible, so actually things like NT

Live might be people's only means to experience theatre. It's probably been a good lesson for the theatre industry: how should we do better, and how can we be more accessible in the future?

Jen: Exactly, and even in the way we work, having production meetings on Zoom right until the show. That removes the whole geographical issues with London being the centre of theatre-land.

Do you think that the situation generated by Covid-19, in regards to remote working and especially many people losing their jobs and not being able to live in London, will impact the London theatre scene in a sense that it would become more diluted and spread out a bit more all over the country?

Jen: I think that what we will see is a lot more touring theatre, because especially in the immediate future it is easier to do.

Lucy: I also feel that, actually, deconstructing the idea of London as the only theatre location in the UK is a good thing. James Graham, the playwright behind *Quiz* and *This House* and various other

famous plays, has a real issue – which I actually agree with – with the term regional theatre, because he says, “Anything that isn’t in London is called regional theatre”. Which is crazy given that there are more people outside London than in London, so why is it that if you are in London, everything outside is somehow “on the fringe”? I guess it (unfortunately) often comes down to where money is concentrated, but it would be exciting if “remote” communities were more supported in their theatre-making, and more money were put into what we call regional theatre.

Jen: The National Theatre for the whole country is on the Southbank in London and can only be accessed by people who are in London, and surely it should be something that everyone can get to, and not just as a digital theatre, but with more emphasis on touring. Why is it in this one building?

Lucy: It’s a chicken and egg thing, because if someone were to say to me, “Off you go then. You move right now to somewhere which is not London”, I would say, “But theatreland is mostly

in London!”. And I thus recognise my privilege and the perpetuation of the problem.

Jen: Yes, London is somewhere everyone from university came to, but there are so many theatres all over the country that are brilliant!

Now that people are being forced to move to different cities, how are they adapting, if at all?

Jen: My plan is to come back to London as soon as I can [laughs]. I think this will mean that venues like the Liverpool Everyman will get more people through the doors and maybe more funding, but there is probably not a lot of funding to go around.

Lucy: The truthful answer is that I really don’t know yet. The one thing about theatre, and the creative arts, is that the more obstacles are put in the way (to some level) the more creativity tends to triumph. Of course, this is only true to an extent, but the point is that the people in creative industries are incredibly resourceful, creative, collaborative, open, generous, innovative. And that despite all the awful stuff that’s happening, arty people tend to find a way.

Jen: I think what applies here is the phrase “necessity is the mother of invention”, and that people will still find ways to create work. Of course, when COVID-19 was very bad, everyone was doing a Zoom play, but now you can see that Mischief Theatre Company (who do *The Play That Goes Wrong*), doing a lot of outdoor performances in order to stick to the Covid-19 guidelines. People are also rehearsing at a social distance so I am seeing more people starting to go back to work and it feels like the doors are slowly opening.

Would you say that the people within the theatre industry and their current attitude are a hindrance to their own success?

Lucy: It’s like a miserable echo-chamber. One thing we have been talking about this evening is how great it is to have other people in a similar situation. It can never be overstated, the value of feeling that there are other people who are struggling. In lockdown I certainly struggled to be creative. I do seem to like the phrase chicken and egg, but I do think that it is chicken and egg, because if you do feel pessimistic about

the future and what’s happening, alongside more concrete financial and health worries, it is difficult to feel motivated and creative, although this does contradict what we have just talked about.

Jen: A lot of people on my MA course are now going off and doing their own work, because you are not going to get a job at a big venue. I think this speaks of the adaptability in this time, but also this might be the opportunity for people who are not part of theatre companies to put on their own work, because they have the time to think about it. So maybe there is a silver lining in there.

Do you think that the narratives that we see played out on stage will change due to the current situation and the larger self-reliance on the part of theatre practitioners? Do you think particular stories will emerge or be explored more than before?

Lucy: I certainly think that COVID-19 and lockdown had been a time for lots of people to step back and think about how theatre should emerge after this and see this as an opportunity to do better, and to think about the voices we

should be hearing and the kind of voices we should be prioritising. This goes hand in hand with politics and the distribution of money and I would hope that people are not just paying lip service to how we can do better, and how we can improve accessibility and diversity, which is long overdue in theatre.

Jen: And the green element as well. The problem of lots of paper fliers at festivals that are not actually needed and which you can scan instead...

Lucy: Ultimately theatre is one of the first reactions to the world around us and the way that things are. There has already been a play with Ralph Fiennes, directed by Nicholas Hytner and written by David Hare called *Beat the Devil* about COVID-19. However, people did roll their eyes a bit because these are all established white men. [pause] But it's difficult, because it does inevitably put bums on seats, seeing Voldemort in a play.

Jen: In the commercial sector, I think we are going to find a lot of safe bets. Disney Theatrical announced that there is going to be a tour of Disney's *Beauty and the Beast*, which is something

easy and what people will go and see. But actually, the exciting stuff will be at Edinburgh Fringe 2021.

Lucy: Covid: The Musical.

Jen: Nooooo! I am so worried about that.

Lucy: You know, we are very, very privileged to be in the theatre industry and actually for most people theatre is the pantomime, it's a once per year thing. It's an amazing cash injection for the industry to have these safe bets that go on tour and make lots of money.

Jen: That's not to criticise the safe bets, because at the end of the day companies need money because they would have been so financially gutted.

During your time in lockdown when you were finishing off your degrees, what did you miss the most, the people you work with or the institutional support?

Lucy: 100% the people. Obviously, it is very nice when you are with people who are like-minded and you have the task at hand which is inevitably set by the institution. I miss being in the building and interacting with people from all walks of

theatre life. I derive my energy from people and being creative with others, having mental reassurance and building on other people's ideas, and it's incredibly difficult and isolating when you don't have that...

Jen: At the end of the day theatre is a communal activity and that is why we like it. It's the moment before the curtain goes up, there is something so glorious about it.

Lucy: That's why people love theatre so much. It's obviously not for the money, but for the creativity and community.

Any last words?

Jen: Invest in new talent!

Lucy: Hire us!

LinkedIn: Jennifer Jones

@luce_davidson



Green, Orange and Pink— Zihan Zhou

32



Re-think

Photography of Manon Wilson by Zihan Zhou (14 August 2020)

Human body is an independent energetic field,
which is always in dynamic balance.
Every inch of skin, every piece of organ and
every period of emotion has its own will.
Here and now, when the physical boundary
of human beings is forced to be narrowed,
these wills, chaotic and scattered around,
are gradually emerging relatively clearly.

人的身体是一个独立的能量场域，时刻处于动态平衡。
每一寸肌肤、每一件器官、每一段情绪都有各自独立的意志。
此时此刻，当人的物理边界被迫缩小，
这些身体中潜伏着的，肆意且无序的意志，
也相对更加清晰的浮现出来了。

33



Re-think

Where are these wills going?
Perhaps the complexity of human's internal energy is
composed of the dynamic interaction of numerous wills;
Human body is an important medium for me to perceive these
intangible wills;
They were translated by a synesthesia trigger in my head;
And finally they merge together and form into a sharp external
energy that embodies in colours;
This is the way that I perceive the purest state of human.

身体的意志去了哪里？
我想，人内在的能量之复杂，
便是由无数种意志的能量交互构成；
而人，正是让我感知这无形意志的媒介，
它们继而被通感所转化，
最后成为一股对外显现的色彩能量。
这便是我眼中最纯粹的“人”。

2020

8

UNKNOWN
QUANTITIES

The girl in front of me, just like the dewy bud of a spring tree,
green is her base colour;
Curiosity of hers shows orange, intense, brave but not dazzling;
In between green and orange is pink, which is gentle and firm;
Pink, is her flesh and blood.

眼前的她，是春天的树芽，
青青嫩嫩，绿色是她的底色；
好奇心是她的橘色，
绚丽、勇敢，不刺眼；
而在绿与橘之间，
是温柔而坚定的粉色，
粉色，是她的血与肉。

34



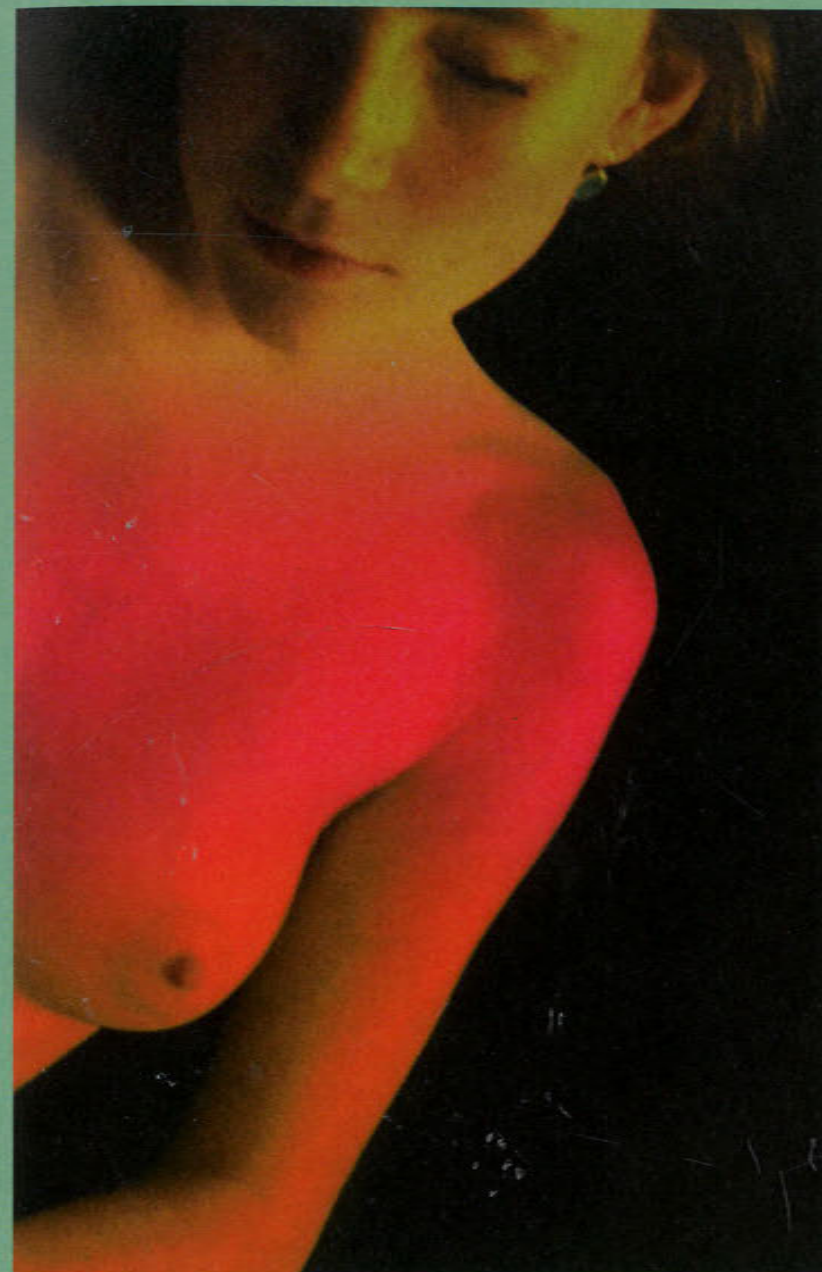
It was an ephemeral encounter, and she was about to leave London;
We met again in a recovering world;
Her green, orange and pink, intensely flowing around, still.

我们短暂相识一场，她即将离开伦敦；
我们相见于一场漫长的世界战疫之后，
她的绿，与橘，与粉，仍在我眼前流动。

Re-think

ZIHAN ZHOU / GREEN, ORANGE AND PINK

35



Re-think

Re-think

○ 36

UNKNOWN QUANTITIES ○ 2020



Re-think

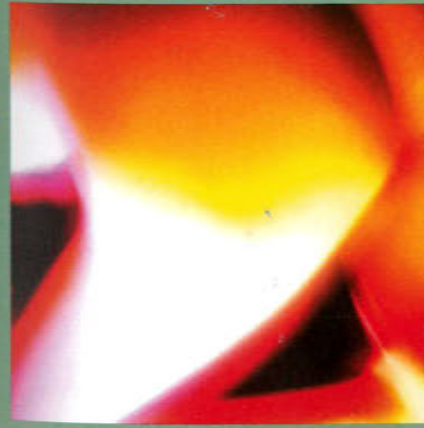
○ 37

ZIHAN ZHOU / GREEN, ORANGE AND PINK





Re-think



Re-think

Giancarlos Kunhardt



Amargo

Lince Rebelo

Mathilda Della Torre

Mira Mookerjee

Manjie

Liza Kupreeva

42



Re-act



GIANCARLOS
KUNHARDT

Photography

In Serendipity II, photographer Giancarlos Kunhardt attempts to explore a refreshing expression of gender identity and Black queer experience. This adventure of image production takes a form of personal and fantastical anecdote to spark a conversation on questions like: What is gender? How must it perform? What does it mean to perform it within a Black queer body, especially during the times we live in? In the context of exploring these questions, this series creates an escapade, a fervent space to be seen, and to bring the Black body into focus.

Hanwen Liu

giancarlosk.com



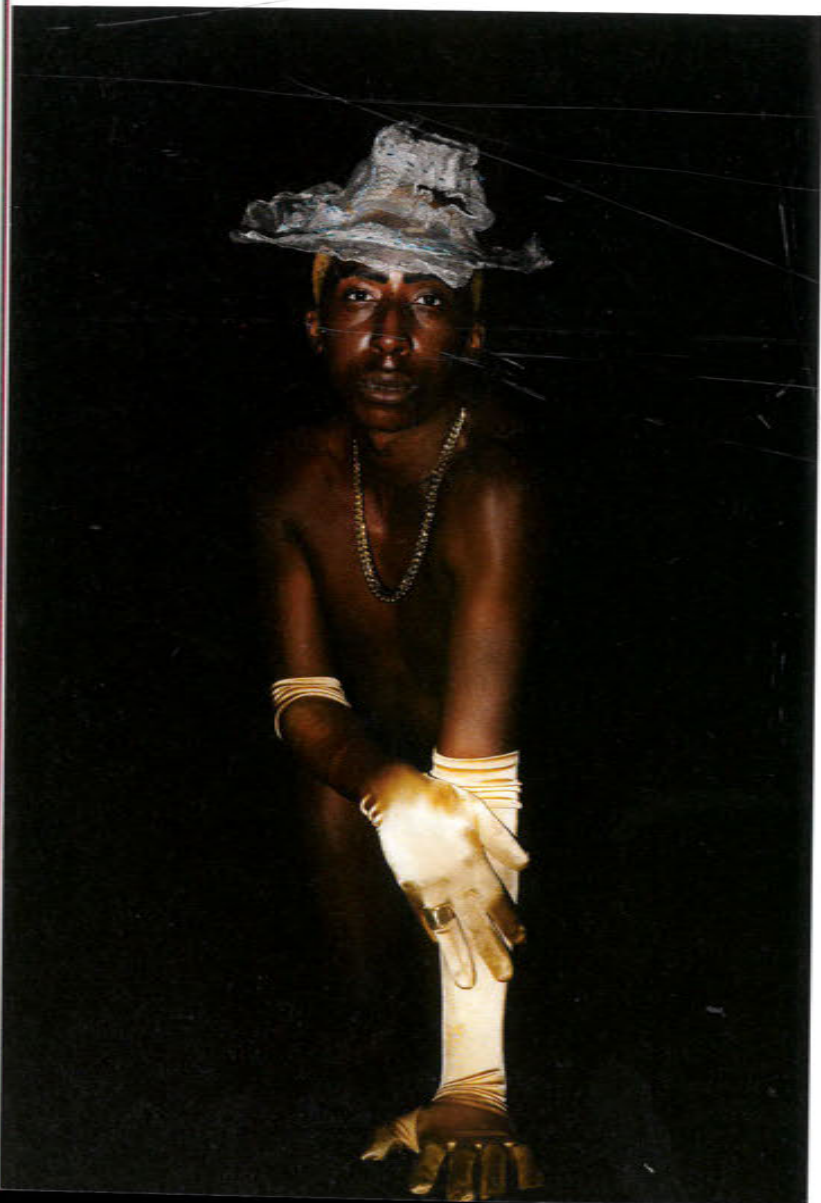
@giancarlosk_

43



Re-act

Photographer: Giancarlo Kunhardt @giancarlo_kunhardt
 Stylist: Barrington Smith @be_elect
 Assistant Stylist: Doquan Hines @uptowndq
 Wardrobe: Edwin Thompson @theophilio
 Jewellery: stylist's own
 Hat: Marjani @MarjaniMarjaniMarjani
 Make Up: Helen Franco @helenista
 Hair: Sean Bennett @uhmmwhat
 Set Design: Kwame Agyapon @Saturdaythe12









PRIDE MONTH 2020//DAYS OF PRIDE

Illustration

LINCE REBELO

I went to my first Pride Parade in 2015, and since then, I always felt different about June. I was nervous about going. I was afraid that people would notice me and that I would feel lost among so many colours. However, what I did not expect was that I would feel great. Going to Porto's Pride Parade gave me a feeling that I belong and that it is safe for me to exist. I now go to the parades because I want people to feel the same as I did. I want young and old queers to see me and feel secure and safe because I am there with them, marching by their side.

During Pride Month 2020, parades all over the world were cancelled because of the pandemic. However, June remained the month

of freedom, happiness and colours. Although we couldn't celebrate in the streets, I felt like we should still be together somehow. The LGBTQIA+ narratives have always been difficult to convey. In the past couple of decades, the mainstream culture has adopted some diversity in the types of stories portrayed, but there is still a lack of narratives that are not white, cis or heterosexual. In Portugal, considering we went through a strict dictatorship not that long ago, it is often difficult for our LGBTQIA+ community to connect with Portuguese culture, since we lack diverse representation in the stories we choose to pass on and perpetuate.

With that in mind and out of the need to celebrate

2020's Pride, I made an open call in order to collect stories of pride, parades, coming outs, first kisses and other formative moments from Portuguese and international queers. I wanted to celebrate one story per day by sharing it with an illustration on Instagram. The response was incredible. I got more stories than I needed and was able to develop a project that is dear to people, celebrates diversity and reclaims Pride through social media.



@lince_rebelo



Lince

When I was in preparatory school, I met a boy who was very calm, a little shy and had the most beautiful dark curls. His name was Luís. He was almost my opposite and, maybe because of that, he caught my attention. I used to hang out more with girls, as boys always looked too agitated and made me feel uncomfortable, but with Luís things were different. He used to sit next to me in class and with time we became friends.

I felt that I liked Luís in a "strange" way. I liked him more than I liked other people and I couldn't understand why. When I asked my dad why I felt this way he told me that it was because we were really good friends. We were in fact really good friends, but for some reason that answer wasn't enough for me.

Once I got him some yellow wildflowers that grow in the winter and offered him a bouquet. He was confused and asked me why I would want to offer him flowers if he wasn't a girl. I said something like "I want to give you flowers because I like you". We continued to be good friends until the end of preparatory school and after that we went our separate ways. He was my first love.



In the summer of 2019, I went camping with my ex-boyfriend in the south of England. On our second day we decided to go to an isolated beach near the camping site and take drugs. We were naked the whole day, catching the sun rays in complete ecstasy. I remember being in the water with him, tangled in him and feeling like we were queer nymphs. At that moment, alone, we were the only love story in the world. Under the sun, bathing in the Atlantic just as I was born into this world: naked and queer. I felt so powerful and loved.



Francisco



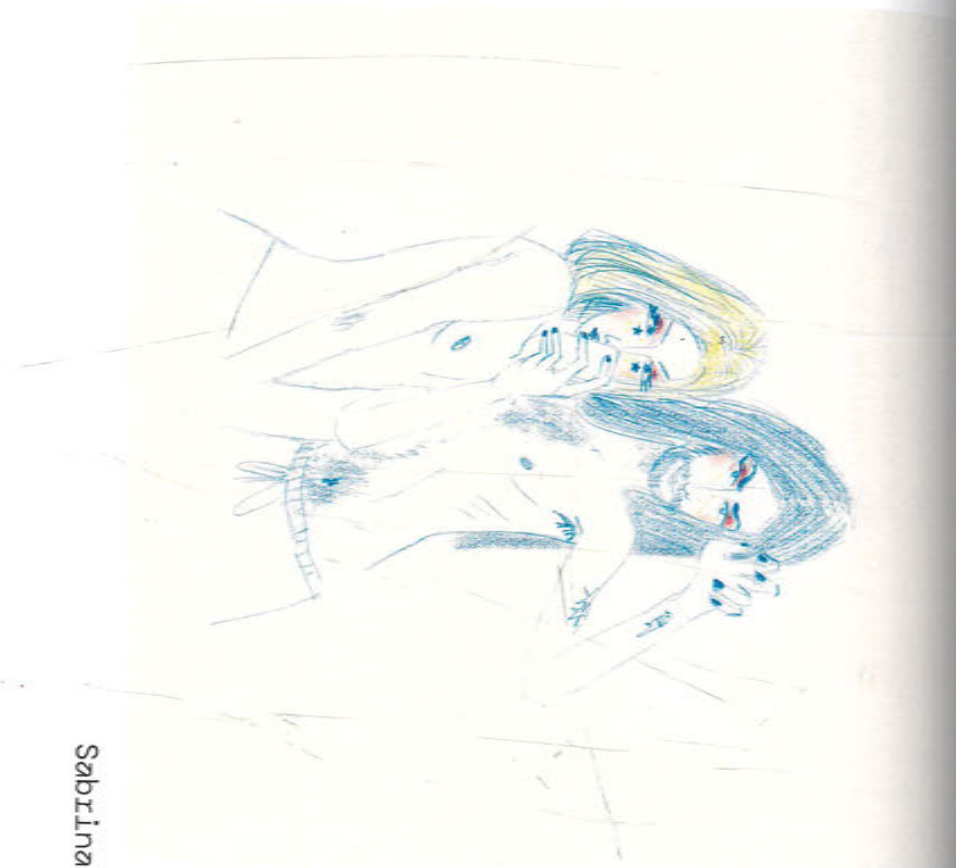
Last summer I went to the first Pride parade in Porto I've ever been to. I'd always felt nervous to go in my own country as it can be very overwhelming and crowded in London and I'm quite anxious in huge crowds. Being in Porto at the right time with the right people finally gave me the motivation to go.

I wasn't sure what to expect being at a Pride parade in another country; I've always enjoyed Porto when I visited. My friend and partner were very reassuring about it and I knew it would be a new experience. We joined the parade from the beginning, and it was amazing – I felt safe and welcome. The general vibe was really happy, and I appreciated being a part of the parade, especially being able to hold my boyfriend's hand through the whole walk and experiencing our first Pride together in his country. Experiencing Pride in Porto gave me confidence and a new appreciation for being part of the LGBTQIA+ community, definitely one of the happiest memories of 2019!



Stuart

When I was younger, I used to despise men who wore makeup. I used to see it as a joke, something only clowns would do, and I couldn't see it as an expression of identity. Even though my younger self liked to paint his face, I would get grossed out when some other men did it – certainly a consequence of internalised homophobia and toxic masculinity. When I was 19, I met a drag queen and got more interested in makeup. It took a while to educate myself about drag, to know it's herstory and to appreciate everyone's effort in that artform. I now explore myself in drag as a political and identity statement. I don't want to see another boy grossed out by seeing a man wearing makeup.



Søbrina

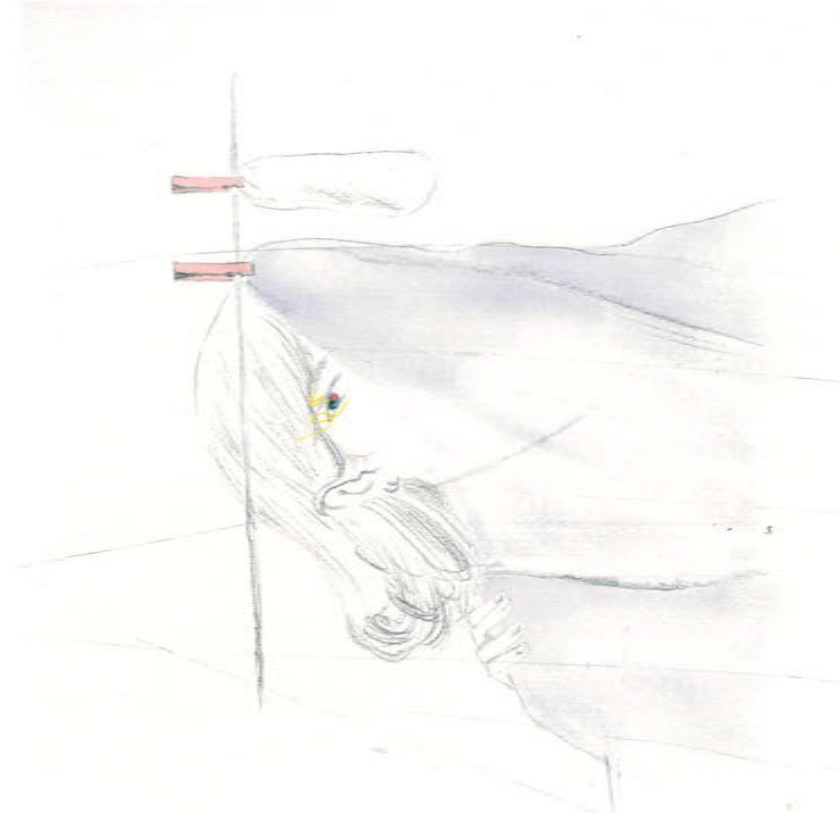
I have my dad's eyes, which had also been my grandmother's – passed on through generations.

They are that kind of blue eyes that can turn green and grey when the weather is cloudy. If you look me deep in the eyes you can see that all of those colours are always there. The iris has traces of blue, green and grey. Near the pupil you can even see a soft brown that smooths the transition.

Our eyes – I said once to my dad – are heterochromatic. That's the term when eyes have multiple colours.

Sure – said he, cut and dried. He always says this when the topic doesn't interest him.

And that heterochromatic – I continued – is the only hetero thing about me.



Inês



In that summer, August was especially hot and dry. After a morning at the beach I was resting in my bed. The heat made me tired and weirdly horny. I was scrolling through my Grindr to get some sleep when a beautiful boy texted me. After some plain conversation and the usual exchange of pictures we agreed on meeting at a nudist beach at the end of the day. Even though I was excited about it, I thought about ghosting him. Finally, I managed to sleep a little. I left my family at a beach nearby, saying to them that I needed to use the nearest bathroom. I hesitated. I hesitated again. I yielded. My desire couldn't wait any longer and my body couldn't rest. My lover was far away, isolated from everyone. I saw his blue umbrella and ran to him as if he was the only source of water capable of quenching my thirst. We met

and finally I got undressed. I sat next to him on his towel and we hugged. We kissed, we cuddled, we explored each other's bodies. His body was warm and salty. I felt amazing, I was burning with desire! I felt my erection rubbing on him and we quickly became one. We established a physical connection in the most intimate way. Unfortunately, I was interrupted by a call. My family wanted to know where I was. I told them in a rush that I went for a walk, hung up the phone and reconnected with my lover. An explosion of desire, heat, tenderness, and lust took over us. After that release of love and sex we bathed together in the ocean. The coldness of the water and light breeze of the wind marked the end of our meeting. We hugged one last time and kissing by the last rays of the sun we said our goodbye.



I met him on a Tuesday at a coffee shop. I was smoking and looking at him at a distance, and in silence. I wanted him to like me. By 2pm he showed me his city where I was just a passer-by. We bought two glasses of wine, rosé since it was summer, and went to his house. I smoked his weed, drank his wine and slept in his bed. Three nights.

When I came home, I wasn't the same. I missed him so much that I convinced him to stay with me and my friends the next weekend. I've never introduced a boy to my friends. He was nervous but managed to relax. He smoked my weed, he drank my wine and slept in my bed. Three nights.

Three nights more and I would return to his house. It didn't take long for him to call me his boyfriend. I can never forget the morning of 13 February: the hangover, the cats sleeping on the bed – I loved him so much. I was 25 years old and he was my first boyfriend. I wanted to thank him, for showing me it was possible, I couldn't imagine that I would be so happy. I didn't use to believe in drugs like love.

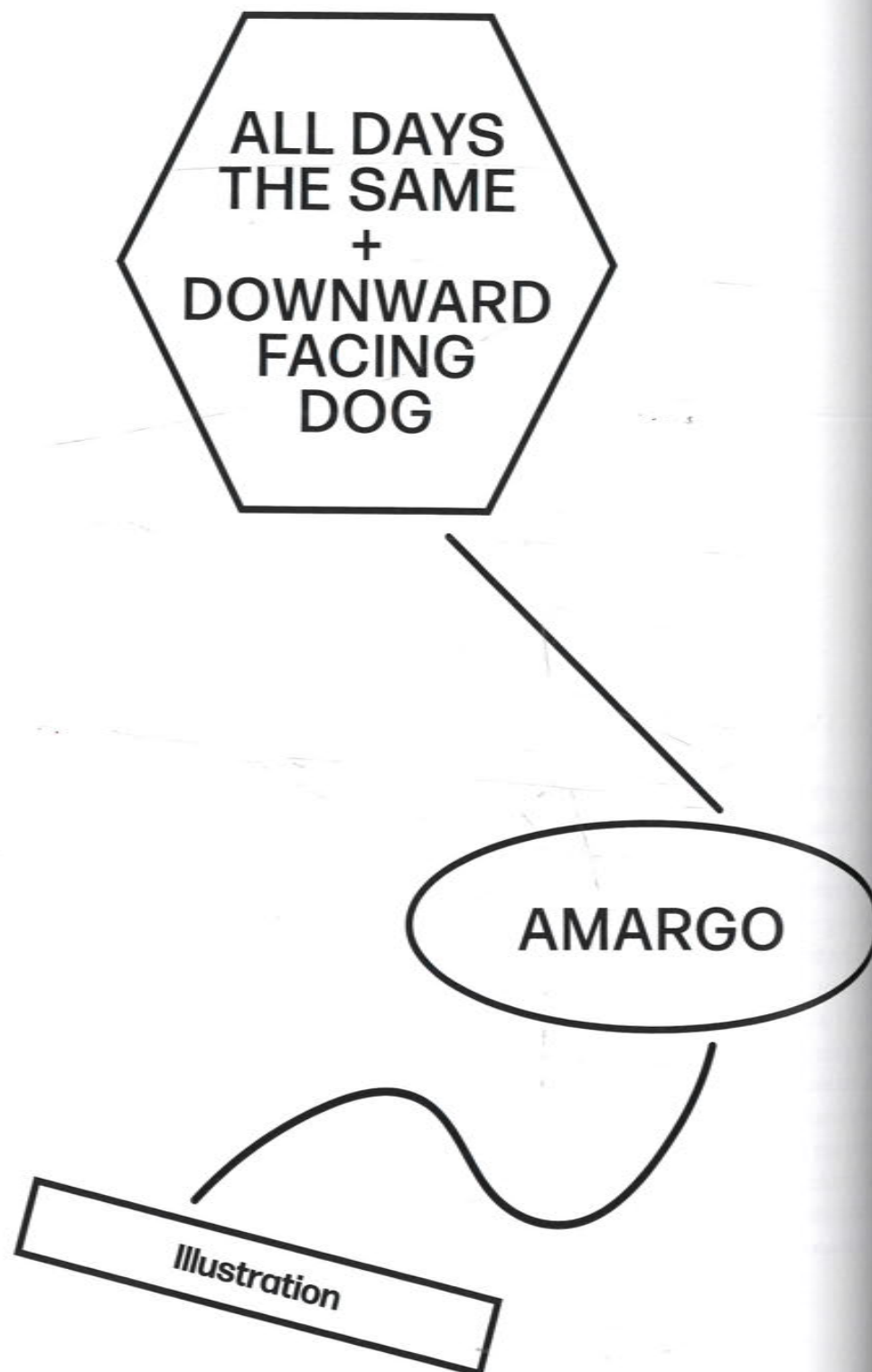
This world has a certain way of chewing every hope out of us. Especially those who live outside the standards of normality. I always knew we deserved more. I loved and lived with so many of us. I pray that everyone can love someone as I love him. He, who takes me to the bathroom and dresses me with hope again.



I always felt that my expression and gender identity didn't match with the "female" expectations that my body and society imposed. I've always been X, the tomboy; X, who would play football with the boys; X, who faked not to have breasts; X, who would walk topless through the house, wishing to walk the same way on the beach.

The first time I felt my identity validated was when my girlfriend asked me about which pronouns I preferred. Since she's American*, she asked me if I wanted her to refer to me as they/them (frequently used by non-binary people). I didn't know what to think about it, but the truth is that I felt increased liberty and safety to express myself and how I wanted to be perceived. I thought about it for a while and came to the conclusion that those are my pronouns: they/them. For so long I've been in denial about the feminine and masculine performance, I now realise that I belong to a spectrum. This is who I am, I'm someone who doesn't feel like a woman or a man: I just feel like myself.

* V is Portuguese, and the Portuguese language is extremely binary. There are no neutral pronouns in Portuguese, when you talk about a person, animal or object you always specify a gender (female or male) in the terms you use.



all days the same
- April 2020

This illustration/comic board was done as an assignment for a module about Ornament, part of my Visual Communication MA at Konstfack in Stockholm. Never have I ever thought about ornament as a way of expressing the "joy in work". In today's context - where most of the products we consume are mass-produced in factories by minimum-wage workers, or worse - "real" ornament has become more and more rare. Not necessarily because it has become luxurious and only available to a few, but because there is no time or headspace that allows people to make things that take time.

In April, a month into lockdown, time was plentiful. I tried to incorporate ornament into my storytelling process as well as into my own daily routine in order to artificially manufacture "joy". This comic was the product of looking at my boring quarantine life with ornamental lenses, making it pretty, eye-grabbing and full of narratives. By taking my time in drawing out patterns and swirls while hopefully having fun in the process, I sought to rediscover the joy in working and existing.



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→ i try to keep active. i still don't know how to do the 'DOWNWARDS FALING DOG'

DAY 3

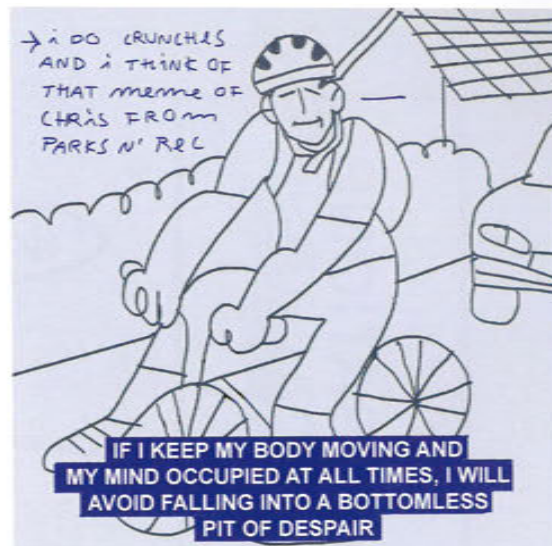


downward facing dog
- March 2020

This little Instagram comic was drawn on my third day of quarantine: wow! so long ago! It is bittersweet to look back at the initial collective mindset a few months into pandemic and remember how - despite the insecurity and fear - people were trying to make the most of their time in isolation: the "baking focaccia and doing yoga" times. It felt like a weirdly positive time, compared to right now.

Many artists were making art about their routines and mental states and I got inspired to do the same. It was also important for me to find a way to distinguish my days from one another since they all felt the same. I wanted to be able to work on a comic every day, but of course I only did this one and left it at that.

→ i DO CRUNCHES AND i THINK OF THAT MEME OF CHRIS FROM PARKS N' REE



IF I KEEP MY BODY MOVING AND MY MIND OCCUPIED AT ALL TIMES, I WILL AVOID FALLING INTO A BOTTOMLESS PIT OF DESPAIR

→ OH YA i END UP REWATCHING THAT SHOW FOR THE 3RD TIME BECAUSE my WORM BRAIN CAN'T FOCUS ON my MMA PROJECT



AND STILL GO TO BED AT NIGHT AND SLEEP 8HRS



be grateful for the bad people and the hardship...

THE YOGA LADY ZDAY WOULDN'T SHUT UP

...because they let you become who you are now!

(i GET PRECARIOUS WORKERS ARE SO GRATEFUL FOR THEIR SHITTY BOSSES AND LANDLORDS RN)

Re-act

Re-act

CONVERSATIONS FROM CALAIS

@conversationsfromcalais

@mathildadellatorre

MATHILDA DELLA TORRE

Visual Essay

You came over looking the happiest I had ever seen you. I asked you how you were doing and you said good, because you felt the tonight was going to be the night. It was going to be the night when all this was worth it. The night when you would run and you would get on a ferry and the police wouldn't see you and you would make it to the UK.

You asked me if I could get you a paper, a pen and a flashlight. I said I could try and asked why you needed these things. You said because you were going to write a book about how it was like being a refugee in Europe. You said you would write it here in Calais and then publish it when you made it to the UK. I said I couldn't wait to read it.

You told me in Iran the pomegranates were sweeter and the flowers brighter. You drew a rose and wrote it in Farsi. So I taught you how to say the colours in French. You said that we lived in a sad drawing like some nightmare. I said it helped me not to forget. You said me and your favourite colour, but that Iran had lost all its colour.

You asked me if the world knew this was happening. If the world knew you were here, if the world knew your tent was taken from you almost every night, if the world knew the police was spraying tear gas on you almost every day, if the world knew this was living hell. And all I could do was whisper yes, yes the world knew.

You were helping me pick up the trash around the camp, when you saw the police drive by and said the police was no good. I replied that you were right, that the police was not protecting you, that the police was no good. You were only nine years old.

You asked me how I was doing and I said I didn't want to go back to the UK tomorrow but that I had to. You laughed at me and said that we lived in a strange world, because reaching the UK was all you had ever wanted.

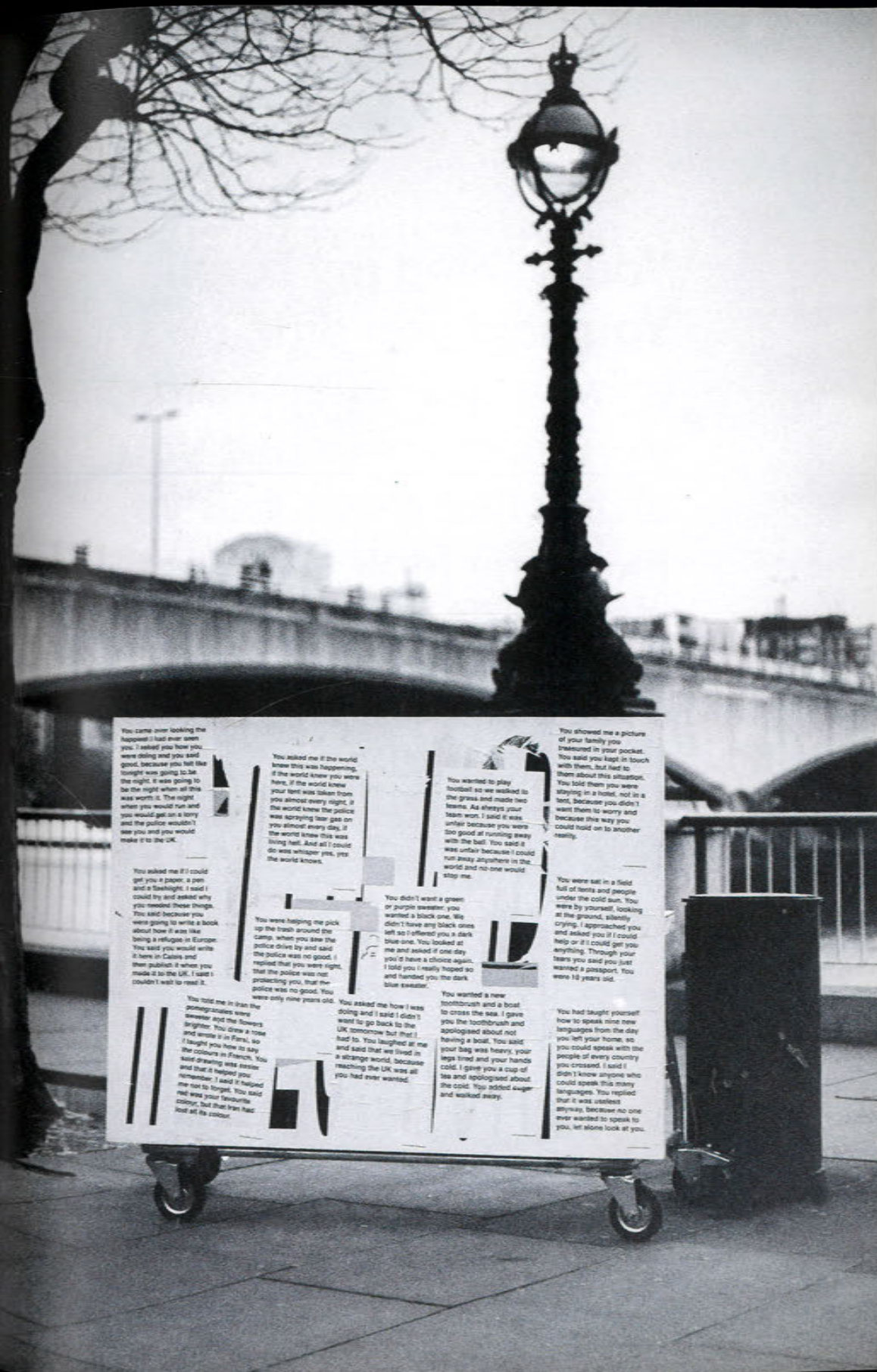
You didn't want a green or purple sweater, you wanted a black one. We didn't have any black ones left so I offered you a dark blue one. You looked at me and asked if one day you'd have a choice again. I told you I really hoped so and handed you the dark blue sweater.

You wanted a new toothbrush and a boat to cross the sea. I gave you the toothbrush and apologized about not having a boat. You said your bag was heavy, your legs tired and your hands cold. I gave you a cup of tea and apologized about the cold. You added sugar and walked away.

You showed me a picture of your family you treasured in your pocket. You said you kept it with them, but had to leave them about this situation. You told them you were staying in a hotel, not in a tent, because you didn't want them to worry and because this way you could hold on to another reality.

You were sat in a field full of tents and people under the cold sun. You were by yourself, looking at the ground, silently crying. I approached you and asked you if I could help or if I could get you anything. Through your tears you said you just wanted a passport. You were 16 years old.

You had taught yourself how to speak nine new languages from the day you left your home, so you could speak with the people of every country you crossed. I said I didn't know anyone who could speak this many languages. You replied that it was useless anyway, because no one ever wanted to speak to you, let alone look at you.





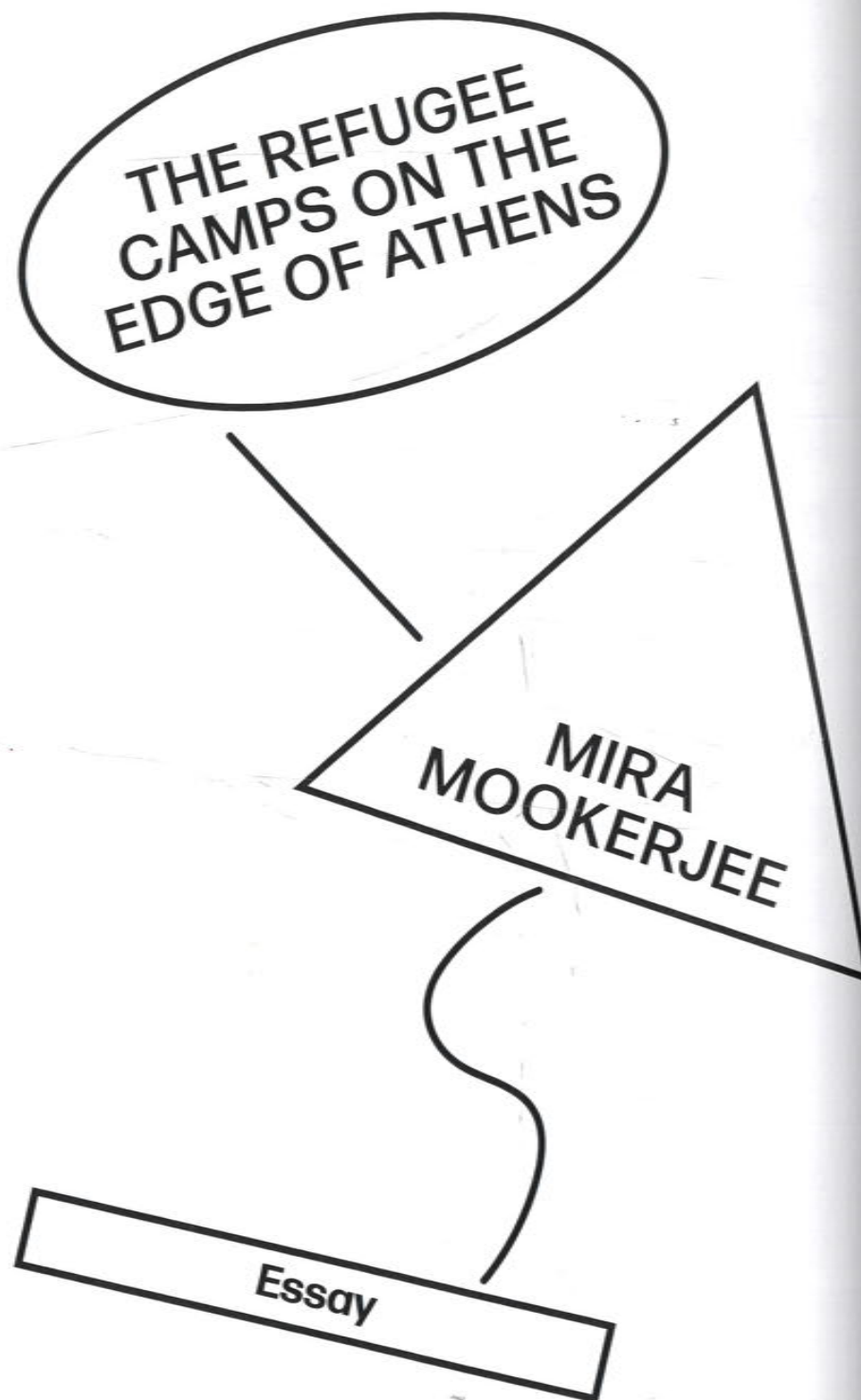
You wanted my beanie. You said you didn't want to wear the ones from the donations because you didn't like them, but you liked the look of mine. After a while, I gave up and handed you my beanie. I asked you to promise you would wear it and you smiled back at me.

@conversationsfromcalais



You didn't want a green or purple sweater, you wanted a black one. We didn't have any black ones left so I offered you a dark blue one. You looked at me and asked if one day you'd have a choice again. I told you I really hoped so and handed you the dark blue sweater.

@conversationsfromcalais



(All names have been changed).
I'm sitting on a patch of AstroTurf beside Zahab. She cannot be more than seven years old. Together, we are reading a book called Imagine. I point at the words that are written on the first page.

"What does this say?" I ask her,

"Just before you fall asleep, imagine that clouds look just like sheep," she reads,

"Very good," I congratulate her, "And who is this?" I ask, pointing at a rosy-cheeked blonde boy propped up in bed and looking out of his window,

"Baby!" She says looking up at me,

"Excellent!"

We turn the page, "And what does this say?" I ask,

"Imagine thin, imagine fat"

"Great!" I say. "Do you know what this is?" I ask, pointing at a picture. She looks up at me confused.

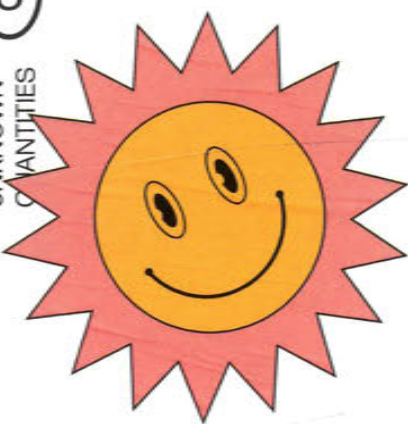
"Worm" I say,

She watches the shapes my lips make, "Worm" she repeats, before turning the page. I follow the text with my finger as she reads,

"Imagine old, imagine new," she says,

"Very good! And what is this?" I ask, pointing at an old thatched building.

"House!" She answers, grinning and pointing to a group of tents that are sat to our right, "like this!"



English is not Zahab's first language. Nor is it her second or third. At the age of seven she can recognise three different alphabets: her native Persian, Greek script and Latin alphabet. She is one individual in a generation of children who have escaped war-torn countries and places where their lives were at risk; who have travelled by boat and vehicle, been smuggled across borders and travelled through continents in search of safety, only to be raised in tents. I ask Zahab if she wants to take a break from reading. She shakes her head and turns the page.

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We are at a camp in Oinofyta, an hour and a half drive from Athens. It is one of the many camps that are sat on the outskirts of Greece's capital. The majority of Oinofyta's residents live in the camp's main building. These people are predominantly Kurdish, escaping from Turkey, Iraq and Iran. Some of these people have lived in Oinofyta for over ten months and it's unlikely that this is the first, or only, camp they have lived in.

A new group of refugees, originally from Afghanistan, have recently arrived on mainland Greece. Three lines of white tents belonging to the International Organisation for Migration (IOM) now sit outside Oinofyta's main building to house the new arrivals. It's June and the weather has already reached 35 degrees. A thin layer of fabric hangs above the tents to hide them from the Greek summer sun. Many new mothers and young children are living inside these boiling tents; the main building does not have the space or the facilities to support the new arrivals. According to a 2018 *Are You Serious* article, in November 2017 Oinofyta was closed "because it didn't meet the standards of the European Commission's department in charge of humanitarian aid". It has now reopened, but barely any changes have been made to improve the camp's conditions.

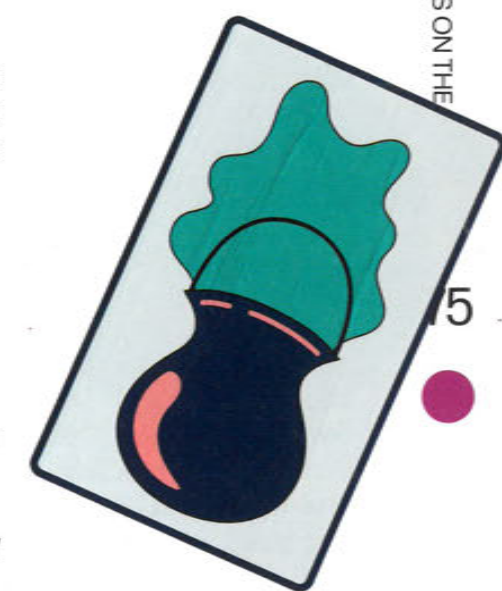
Re-act

Prior to Europe closing its borders, approved asylum seekers would stay in Greece for a short time before

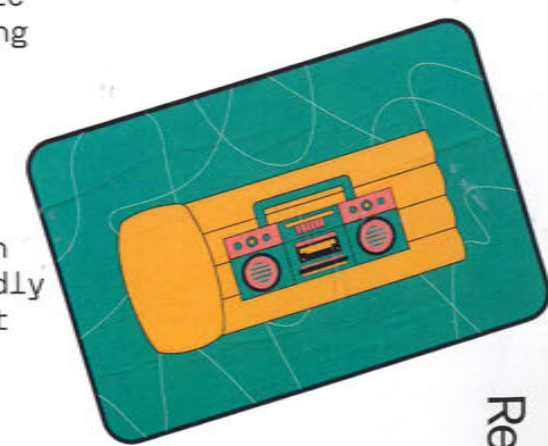
being relocated to a more stable European country. However, since the closure of EU borders this is no longer the case. Refugees are now forced to remain in the country in which they were first registered. In Greece, even under a refugee status, individuals are now stripped of housing support and cash cards, meaning they become reliant on Greece's heavily depleted public services. Consequently, registered refugees are facing homelessness.

Due to Greece's economic crash in 2008, the country has very few jobs. Athens's native population is decreasing as a result of this. As mentioned in the *World Population Review* this year, many Greek people are either returning back to family homes outside the capital or moving abroad. Walking through Athens illustrates this. The capital is littered with empty buildings, shops and flats. These empty buildings create a stark contrast the city's growing homeless population, with the migrants as the worst affected stratum. To gain any financial support from the government, a record of paid taxes must be shown, a record those newly arrived into Greece do not have. Young men make up the majority of the homeless population, but there are also women and children living on the city streets.

We leave Oinofyta and drive for 30 minutes to another IOM-run refugee camp, Malakassa. The sun is beginning to set when we reach the camp. Children run up excitedly to welcome us and residents greet us with smiles. A child covered in chocolate thrusts a toy cat into my hands. Soft Arabic music floats from a speaker located in the camp's supply shop. Malakassa is overflowing; people are living



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Re-act

in thin, one-off camping tents inside large shipping containers. However, space inside the shipping containers has recently run out, forcing people to set up outside.

Samira is a new arrival at Malakassa. She tells me that she would like to learn English. I go through the alphabet with her and help her memorise the script. She is a fast learner and is soon able to match the sounds with the letters that I point to at random. The sounds she struggles with, such as "W", she translates into Farsi and writes beside the letter.

There is very little language support offered to adult refugees and getting a job in Greece without knowledge of the language is incredibly difficult. A *Public Radio International* (PRI) article written by Deepa Fernandes tells the story of Khaterreh Mohamadian, who lives in Greece as a legal refugee. According to Deepa, she "spent countless days looking for her own apartment, and for a stable, decent paying job. But not speaking Greek, it's been almost impossible. She eventually found a job at an Iranian restaurant because she could do it without the [Greek] language". But despite "working 12 hour shifts, seven days a week", the owner was only paying her one euro per hour. Although at 3.94 euros per hour, Greek minimum wage is one of the lowest in Europe, this is almost quadruple what Mohamadian was earning. The lack of governmental support means even legal refugees in Greece are forced into exploitative employment.

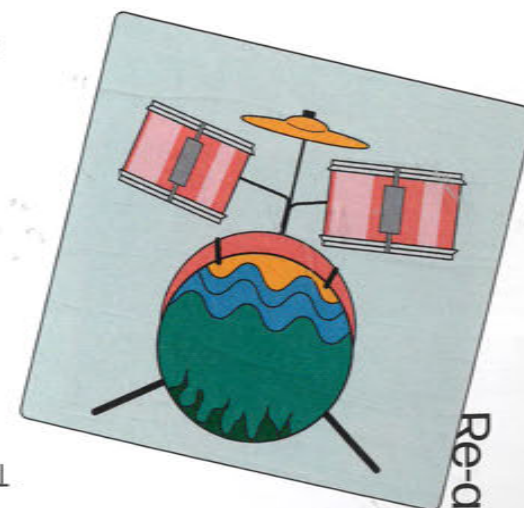
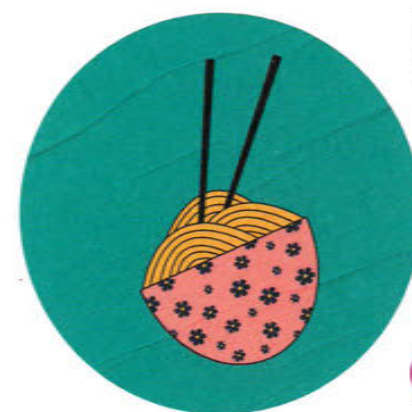
Greek natives are divided on how the government should be dealing with the refugee crisis. Back in Exarcheia, an anarchist region in Athens, large protests in solidarity with refugees are a common occurrence. Protesters walk with gas masks in their hands or worn around their necks, as police often set off tear gas to stop these marches. Other locals treat refugees with disdain and do not see their wellbeing as a problem that Greece should be burdened with. Arguably, there is no direct reason why Greece should solely



bear the full responsibility for the refugee crisis. However, these vulnerable individuals deserve support, yet nothing is being done to improve their current situation. In fact, things are getting worse. Greece has recently announced plans to close three of the largest island refugee camps and to relocate the camps' 20,000 inhabitants to mainland facilities. Campaigners have likened these facilities to detention centres.

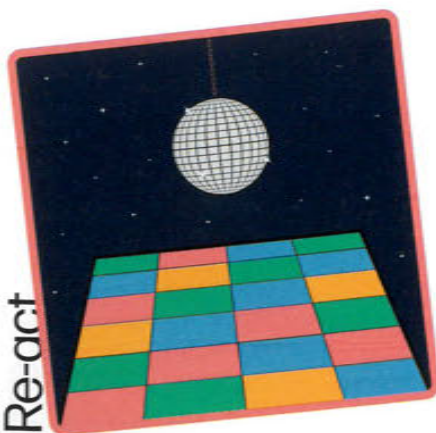
During my last week in Greece I travelled back to Oinofyta. The air is so hot and humid that it weighs down on your limbs. The sun bounces off the books' white pages, causing us to squint as we read. A smiling cheeky eyed boy calls "teacher, teacher" and beckons me to where the new kitchen has been built. A few students stand sniggering with plastic bottles of water, spray me and erupt into laughter. The boy laughs and offers me a bottle full of water from their kitchen hose, which I spray back at them as they giggle and run away. We give up on the day's lesson as the rest of the session turns into a water fight. There are many familiar faces racing around and hiding behind the few trees left at the camp site, but there is no sign of Zahab. Whether she simply missed that session, had been moved on to another camp, or had miraculously made it out of Greece and into another European country, I can't be sure.

There are systemic problems that need addressing in order to provide refugees with the support they deserve, but if you are not in the position to enable large-scale change, you can still get involved. If you are able to travel to Greece, there are many charity organisations to get involved



with. Many of these charities are in desperate need of Farsi, Arabic, Kurmanji, Sorani, Turkish, Urdu, French and Bengali speakers. Most rely on independent funding. If you have the means, you can donate financially, or by giving necessary materials that keep these charities running. You can also help in your home country by employing refugees, volunteering with local organisations, offering to host refugees and asylum seekers, protesting, lobbying your government, or (if you are a student) lobbying your university to provide grants for refugees.

It's due to a political, historical and frankly fascist context that these vulnerable people continue to be neglected. In Greece, I've seen people try to build homes and communities within the harsh environment of refugee camps, only to have them destroyed by the structures that are in place to "handle" the refugee crisis. For a generation of children to grow up in tents in a country that has the means to support them is a disgrace. We live in a system that permits people to continue living in these inhumane environments without the necessary aid or support. Challenging and changing this system is therefore crucial in order to give refugees the safety, shelter and stability that all humans deserve.



With massive thanks to Jahid
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in *Azeema* magazine with editing by
Evar Hussayni)

See page 128 for links and sources.

@miramookerjee



Poems by Mira Mookerjee

Whisper me the rhythm of the sea,
Where memories lie and old things hide
That only deep dreams can free

Head free from thought
Body moving to the beat
Fingers flirt with the air
Feeling music in your feet
Your teeth are piano keys
Your body a bass,
Your hips twist melodies
Translating sound waves.

MIRA MOOKERJEE / THE REFUGEE CAMPS ON THE
EDGE OF ATHENS

Out the speaker's spirals
A large orange sun,
Honey glaze
And crushes cardamom.
In rippling waves
Dusted gold,
Long exhalations of
Liquid smoke,
It's music that floats,
Music that floats.

Ethiopia, Japan, Italy, Thailand,
From Bangladesh to Budapest,
Russia to Iran,
We travel the world inside your saucepan.
You can place tastes of magic on my tongue
As I watch your hands dance spells
Above a bubbling cauldron.

Re-act



THE WHITE TRILOGY: RECOVERY

MANJIE

Performance Art

Translated by Zihan Zhou

'Recovery' is an interactive performance artwork with children. I rebuilt the room that I lived in for 17 years in the centre of a local square allowing more than 50 children to interact in it. They drew with white paint at will, without any instructions from me. Finally, it was restored to a vast whiteness in the sun, which shows a white world as the point of origin like mother and fetus.

“归真”，是一个和儿童互动的行为艺术作品，我把我住了17年的房间，搬到政府广场，让超过50个儿童参与，用白色的颜料随意的涂画，不给任何指示，也不做任何干涉，最后在儿童的玩耍间，杂乱的房屋在阳光下恢复成一片寓意母胎中的茫茫白色。

I think that in this world children can be the subject of a "white state" in a certain way. My understanding of white comes from Malevich's suprematism. To me, white represents suprematism, it is boundless and symbolises the power of purity and ultimate. I let the children express themselves and paint with pure innocence. Because only when children do not know that they are recovering a damaged complexity, can people resonate with their own innocent childhood. It is this kind of innocence and freedom that can move and heal people's hearts. The space which I built - including walls and furniture - can be considered a miniature world. The bed is the main subject, while also carrying a sexual connotation for me, implying a relationship between us.

我认为，在这个世界上，孩子在某种角度上可以是“白状态”的主体。而我对白色的理解来源于Malevich的至上主义（suprematism），对我来说白色至上，它仿佛无边无际，象征极致的力量，也是纯洁的力量。所以我让孩子来表达，用纯粹的天真去涂画。因为只有当孩子们并不知道自己在恢复一个被破坏的复杂的东西，才让人能够联想到自己的童年，也正是这样我们无法再做到的天真无邪与无忧无虑，才最得以感动与治愈人的心灵。而我以及我所搭建的这个环境（包括墙，床，家具等等），可以说是每个人拥有的一个小小的世界缩影。其中床是主体，床在此环境中透露出与“性”的相关联性，而我与床之间便产生了一种隐晦且微妙的关系。

The white paint randomly sprayed by the children is a medium to convey information to the outside world, is a kind of unmodified expression. I got myself involved in the action - sitting in bed, trying to calm myself down, endeavouring to get into a primitive state. I even fell asleep because of sunstroke suffered during the two-day experiment. When I woke



up, everything around me was almost white, and the whiteness was dazzling in the sun. For a moment, I even thought that I really was back to an original state.

孩子们肆意挥洒的白色颜料，只是他们向外界传递信息的一种媒介，一种毫无修饰的表达。我让自己参与其中，坐在床上，我试图让自己的心情平静下来，试图进入一种最原始的状态。我甚至在这为期两天的过程中因为中暑沉睡了。当我醒来时周围已经接近全白，阳光下白得刺眼，有那么一瞬间我甚至以为自己真的回到未曾走进世界的那个原始的状态。

I finished this performance in reverse. At the moment of completion, the work was presented in an almost all-white state. In this process, what the audience witnessed was that the children's



laughter finally covered up the chaos, obscurity and complexity of the "sex" symbolised by the bed. I hoped that it would deliver a healing message, that although the real world is chaotic, we are actually able to 'recover' at a very young age.

我以一种反方向的形式完成这次行为艺术表演，在最后完成时刻，作品以极近全白展现，这个过程中观众看到的其实是儿童用欢笑最终掩盖混乱，以及床的所象征的“性”的隐晦性与复杂性。我希望这能产生一种疗愈的效果，现实世界就算

混沌，但我们其实在很小的时候就有“归真”的力量了。

'Recovery' is the third chapter of *The White Trilogy*, which is a series of performance artwork regarding child sexual abuse. The first chapter is 'Attention'. It is a performance in which men from different walks of life dance in the square with white children's stockings on their hands, in order to attract the public's attention to the issue of child sexual



abuse. It also implies that criminals are often hidden in the crowd of ordinary people; The second chapter is 'Dyeing' which is an installation work. Taking children's stockings as a metaphor, the stockings are put into the washing machine and washed with various coloured adult clothes, eventually binding together in colour. As the audience watches the performance, the washing machine runs continuously, implying that society acts as such a dyeing vat for children. The last chapter, 'Recovery', appeals for people's attention on the psychological health of traumatised children.



“归真”同时也是我的“白色三部曲”作品中的终篇，是一个关注儿童性侵问题的行为艺术作品：第一章为“注意”，是一个行为表演，通过让不同行业的男性在广场，手上套着白色儿童长袜扭摆跳舞，以此来吸引大众关注儿童的性侵问题，这也意味着往往罪犯也就是隐藏在这些看似普通的正常人群里；第二部分是“染色”，这是一个装置作品，以儿童的长袜为隐喻，将长袜放进洗衣机，并混合着成人衣物里洗出来变成的各种颜色装订到一起。观看作品时洗衣机会一直运转，这也寓意社会便是这样的染缸。最后则是“归真”这一部分，呼吁人们关注受伤后心灵的重建。

I hope that the re-evaluating message of the work of 'Recovery' will enable the viewers to have a greater yearning for restoring the order out of chaos, and that it will inspire them with the power of innocence.

我希望重新对“归真”这个作品的审视，会使观看作品的人对恢复混沌的秩序拥有更大的向往，同时也能再次受到纯真力量的鼓舞。

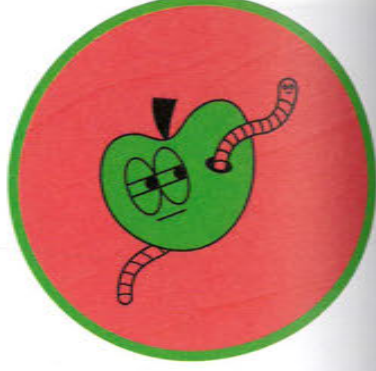
@965_madge



LOOKING FORWARD,
LOOKING BACK

LIZA KUPREEVA

Review



What do you do if the most important part of your art school experience, and the possible launching pad of your career, is not to be? This question became the uncomfortable reality for thousands of arts graduates across the UK as their graduate showcases were either suspended, postponed or hurriedly moved online due to a pandemic. Sounds like a horror film, doesn't it? With clouds of uncertainty and general post-graduation malaise covering the horizons of future employment, these graduates were forced to adapt and adopt new ways of developing their practice. Many of these future creative practitioners, either lacking in, or frustrated by institutional support, took the beginnings of their careers in their own hands, reforming the practice of a graduate showcase.

In Scotland, the graduates of the Edinburgh College of Art (ECA) responded to the inadequate graduate showcase provided by the university by creating their own online platform, Alt.D. This collective of artists and creative practitioners celebrates, promotes and supports the work of their peers, with the main stress of the initiative on the democratic process which the graduates felt was lacking in their institutional setting that utilised them "only in a performative dimension". As such, Alt.D is entirely conceived, developed and run by ECA graduates for current - and future - ECA graduates.

The showcase exists as both an online and an Instagram space. The most striking feature of this online exhibition is the egalitarian and multidisciplinary way in which the work is presented, as the various "rooms" are divided by theme rather than course. Hence, work by Fine Art practitioners sits alongside that of musicians, architects and fashion designers, allied together through shared concerns and approaches. This is radically different from the usual institutional approach, which dictates the viewer experience by enforcing a separation between the different practices and levels of experience. The virtual showcase is also commemorated in physical form by a zine-as-exhibition catalogue, available to pre-order from the website. It is also stressed that the zine is produced in a sustainable and environmentally conscious way, with the profit from its sales serving to fund the future

alumni collective, a testament to the project's forward-thinking approach.

The specialness of Alt_D lies in the way it celebrates graduate work in terms of its process rather than outcome. By acknowledging the challenging nature of artistic practice and the precariousness of arts institutions, it creates a space where graduates are able to display and discuss their work despite maybe not arriving at a final outcome such as a finished final piece - the traditional hallmark of successful art school education. Hence, the website and the journal/blog section act as a studio-space where work-in-progress and dissertation drafts sit alongside more polished, show-ready pieces, creating an egalitarian environment of mutual appreciation and support. It is through this collective space that the ECA graduates are preparing to enter the world - by their own efforts and on their own terms.

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Meanwhile in London, graduates from several leading London art schools participated in a physical exhibition at the Saatchi Gallery with the support of Kristin Hjellegjerde Gallery, titled *London Grads Now*. As the word "now" in the title indicates, this showcase reflected the urgency, adaptability and vitality of emerging practitioners. This exhibition was not designed to focus on the pandemic, nor should it be remembered as its victim. Instead, it served as a testament to the collaborative and versatile spirit of the next generation of artists and creative practitioners, an indication of things to come and the urgency of future voices that flourish even in - and sometimes because of - adversity.

The exhibition sprawled out over seven rooms allowing the visitors to walk through what is essentially a condensed version of each school's graduate show. Most of the rooms, bar the one belonging to Central Saint Martins(CSM), were curated by artists and lecturers rather than curation students, thereby hinting at the spontaneity of an artist's workshop and the usual cacophony of degree shows despite being confined to a more prescriptive "white-cube" space. The narrative that emerged throughout this show was not unilateral; instead it presented a dialogue, a choir of voices, that speak, unrestrained, of the

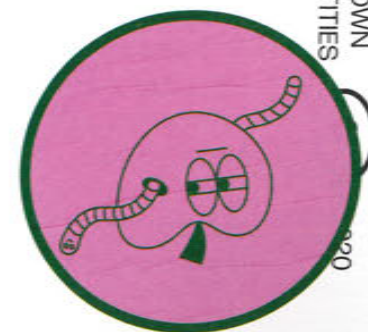
matters that preoccupy them. Whether lamenting the past, navigating the now or building for the future, these stories of individual people caught up in institutional disorder and global upheaval maintain their distinctiveness.

As with the Edinburgh cohort, some of the graduates were unable to prepare a final piece as their time in the studio was brutally interrupted. Nevertheless, the work that ended up on display was not merely the product of necessity and circumstance. In fact, it acquired a more personal and meditative feeling, embodying a rawness and honesty that is frequently lacking in pieces prepared for art school crits and big public shows. This was especially evident in the CSM room that benefitted from that delicate curatorial touch which brought out the united spirit of the institution while allowing space for individual meditation.

It may seem a cliché, but now more than ever the emerging generation of arts graduates is placed along the precarious boundary between the past and the future. The situation caused by the pandemic revealed not only the structural and ideological fragility of institutions, but the very frailty of human relationships and personal sense of identity. When life is disrupted, distorted and moved increasingly indoors or online, how can we maintain our sense of purpose, creativity and connection to others? As these graduate showcases suggest, it is not by merely reflecting on the past, but mainly by looking forward towards the future, together.

London Grads Now participating universities: Royal College of Art; UCL; Slade School of Art; Goldsmiths; University of London; UAL; Chelsea College of Arts; UAL; Wimbledon College of Arts; UAL; Camberwell College of Arts; UAL; Central Saint Martins.

@lizakupreeva



91

Sally Yang

Piraye Yurttaş Beim

START

Aslı Toraman



Maximilian Benner

Jo Rüssmann

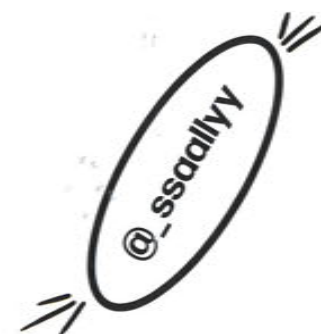
SALLY WANG PLANT COMPOSITION

Before the pandemic, I led a busy city life. I took for granted the ability to meet friends, go shopping and eat out in central London. I would say that I was more of a city person than a nature lover. Although I never consciously thought about the implications of the lockdown, I adapted to the new situation quickly and rather well. Since I am pretty much a homebody and as most of my work is digital, I transitioned smoothly from a life that is social to a life of isolation. I even thought that this lockdown period would be a good opportunity for me to be bold and explore unfamiliar creative mediums. The lack of available time was no longer an issue and so could no longer serve as an excuse - I now had plenty of time and felt optimistic about my perspectives.

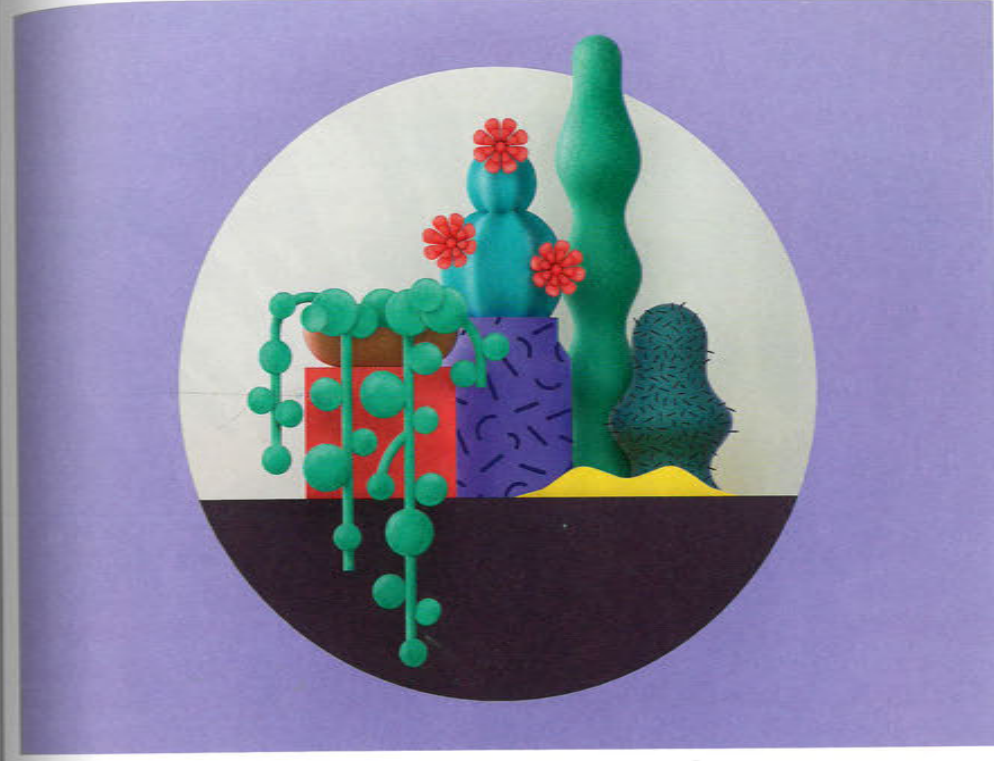
However, as days went by, my productivity suffered. I needed a break from staring at a digital screen all day long. I started by looking out of the windows of my flat and going to parks which were outside my usual comfort zone of central London. I began to notice how the colour of leaves would change, and this gave me a sense of peace and relaxation during a confusing time. I also grew perilla in my room and looked forward to the leaves growing and increasing in size. Those natural influences changed my daily routine during lockdown, and as it turned out, I found my heart lay more in nature and parks than in the city centre. I also realised that nature helped with my mental health and sense of isolation during lockdown.

After falling in love with nature, I turned my mind to drawing plants as a form of meditation and image exploration while practising the new

medium. My mind was full of different types of flora as I began creating digital plants. I would make basic shapes and add effects, such as bending, twisting and tapering. In the meantime, I improvised with these effects to create diverse forms. It was like growing plants from seeds in a digital space. While some shapes were unexpected, other effects produced well-developed outcomes. The purpose of this exploration was not only a self-guided meditation, but also an experiment in digital space and virtual shape of plants. From this experiment I could also see how, if we are to spend more time connecting and building new types of digital environments in adverse situations such as this pandemic, the boundaries between the real world and the digital space could begin to fade. Hence, my new artistic practice will direct my future work, which will explore how the psychical world could be translated to, and reconstructed in, a virtual environment.







PIRAYE BEIM YURT TAS BLACK LIVES MATTER

Editors' Note

In this turbulent time, some issues are magnified. The George Floyd tragic incident and the COVID-19 pandemic together bring minority group health issues into the spotlight. Dr Piraye Yurttaş Beim at Celmatix, a women's health biotech company that dedicates itself to ovarian biology, addresses some crucial issues in the US health system, which marginalises and discriminates against Black females. This article was originally published on Celmatix blog.

Like so many people across the United States and around the world, my colleagues and I at Celmatix feel deeply outraged by the brutal and senseless murders of Breonna Taylor, Ahmaud Arbery and George Floyd. We stand in solidarity with the millions of people lifting their voices in protest and also join countless more in reflecting on what we can do to make this tragic moment a turning point for racial inequality.

Inequality comes in many forms for People of Colour, both here and abroad, but race-related health disparities are among the starkest and most resistant to progress. Being a Black female further amplifies these inequities, which is particularly troubling and ironic given the fact that Women of Colour make up the majority of healthcare workers. Over the last few months, the COVID-19 pandemic has brought this unfortunate reality into even clearer focus.

A widely cited quote in the business world is "You can't manage what you can't measure." At Celmatix, we have been working for over a decade to address critical gaps for women's health in data collection. This effort

has included thinking outside of the bubble of traditional research metropolises like Boston and San Francisco, and expanding our research partnerships to reproductive health centres of excellence across the US and to biological repositories that allow us to reach women at community health centres and urban hospitals which serve women who may not have access to reproductive specialist care. In addition to investing in diversified data for our scientific and clinical research studies, we've also made significant investments in our "Next Gen Women's Project", an ambitious two-year consumer research effort that interviewed or surveyed more than 4,000 millennial women to understand how their healthcare needs differ from earlier generations of women and to discern their attitudes concerning their reproductive health and fertility. As part of this research, we had the privilege of collaborating with the *Black Women's Health Imperative*, *Women's Health Magazine*, and *O, The Oprah Magazine* to better understand why Black women are facing higher infertility rates, greater stigma around reproductive challenges and larger barriers to accessing fertility care.



2

Black women experience disparities in infertility rates, stigmatisation, and access to fertility care. Infertility affects at least 12 percent of women of childbearing age, and studies suggest this number doubles for Black women in the US. However, while more than 20 percent of Black women may experience infertility, only eight percent of them seek medical help to get pregnant compared to 15 percent of White women.

1

Health conditions that disproportionately impact Black women, such as uterine fibroids, receive very little government research funding. Estimates reveal that nearly a quarter of Black women between the ages of 18 and 30 have fibroids, compared with seven percent of white women. By age 35, that number increases to 60 percent. However, National Institutes of Health (NIH) annual funding for the condition is \$17 million, compared to \$86 million for cystic fibrosis, which impacts far fewer people each year (though the great majority of those impacted are White).

3

Diving into the numbers, a troubling pattern emerges:

Maternal mortality and injury rates are higher for Black females, irrespective of income or education level. Black women are three to four times more likely to die from pregnancy-related complications than White women. Black women are also three to four times more likely to suffer from a severe disability resulting from childbirth than White women.

Black women are significantly underrepresented in key biomedical research datasets, including genomic data repositories and related analyses. Nearly 80 percent of all individuals included in genomic studies are of European descent. While this may be a decrease from 20 years ago (when it was as high as 96 percent), this change is mostly driven by a higher number of studies being done in Asia on populations of Asian ancestry. The increase in participants of African ancestry has barely shifted in the last two decades.

4

Black women are underrepresented in clinical trials that require consent and are overrepresented in studies that do not. While all women may be underrepresented in clinical research and trials for new drugs, this situation is even more critical for Black women. In fact, Black women (who as we mentioned are disproportionately impacted by uterine fibroids) only comprise 15 percent of participants in published clinical trials for the condition. In addition, data from the US Food and Drug Administration (FDA) shows that in trials for 24 of the 31 cancer drugs approved since 2015, fewer than five percent of participants were Black. Diversity in study patients is needed to ensure that new drugs are both safe and effective for all patients. Unfortunately, in contrast, Black participants are disproportionately over-represented in studies that do not require consent.

5



Taken together, the picture is clear: the disparities we see in women's health funding, research, delivery, innovation, data collection and outcomes are consistently amplified *multifold* for Women of Colour. As we reflect on policy changes that could have an outsized impact on addressing centuries of racial inequality in the US, we can think of no better place to start than with improving the health of Black women.

Here are steps we can take immediately that will meaningfully impact these numbers:

1 Anti-racism and implicit bias training must be made mandatory for healthcare professionals working with Black mothers. Anti-racism and implicit bias training needs to be incorporated into medical school education, but in the short term, state licensing boards and the American Board of Obstetrics and Gynecology (ABOG) should take the lead here to address disparities in maternal health. For maintenance of board certification, 35 hours of annual continuing medical education (CME) training is required for all obstetrics and gynaecology (OB/GYNs). The licensing bodies and ABOG should immediately require a certain number of hours of CME training to be mandated to include a bias and anti-racism curriculum. This re-education needs to happen at every level of care, including for nurses and other healthcare professionals who interact with Black women during labour and delivery. Recent initiatives are a good start, but we need to go

further, faster. Relying on voluntary measures may mean we will have to wait a long time to see the impact of these recommendations.

2 Data about health outcomes for Black mothers should be tracked and reported. Hospitals and birthing centres should be required to publicly disclose health outcomes for labour and delivery for different demographic groups. In the meantime, individual physicians and staff members should be presented with their own statistics to review on an annual basis as part of their institutional performance reviews.

3 The US NIH and FDA should update their policies to confront the underlying reasons for low clinical trial and voluntary research participation by Black women. The FDA should update its policies guiding clinical trial enrollment to better incentivise drug companies to increase enrolment of Black clinical trial participants. The NIH should also revisit policies and incentives to expand research and address data disparities for People of Colour. However, we also need to have a real open dialogue about how Black people have been mistreated in clinical trials to date. The US has a long history of mistrust, with horrific examples such as American physician J Marion Sims, who honed his techniques by performing surgery on enslaved Black women without the use of anaesthesia. In the 1900s, poor Black women also endured

forced sterilisations as birth control. And, for the last 70 years, some of the medical community's largest findings and largest profits were made possible through a Black woman named Henrietta Lacks. Lacks's cells have been cultured and used in experiments and commercialised without her, or her family's consent. And as we mentioned, even today, Black Americans are overrepresented in studies that do not require their consent, nearly 30 percent compared to them making up just 13 percent of the US population. Importantly, in order to see real change, we must also correct the funding discrepancy for Black research investigators. An NIH study team found that taking into account factors including education, training, and experience, Black investigators are nearly 11 percent less likely to receive NIH funding compared to their White counterparts. As researchers from these Black communities are more likely to study underrepresented communities and engender their trust, this lack of diversity in funding recipients can also directly impact the inclusion of Black study participants.

4 Black women should not be left behind in the march toward precision and personalised medicine. All stakeholders (public and private), generating and leveraging genomic datasets for both basic research and commercial product development, should pledge to increase diversity in their datasets, even if it comes at a cost to profitability. This includes investing in diversity for analysis. As an extension, scientific journals should reward

research groups that publish results from non-Northern European cohorts, even if the population sizes and power of those studies are impacted as a result of focussing on underserved and understudied populations.

5 Congress and citizens should exert pressure on government funding bodies like the NIH to dedicate more research funding for conditions that disproportionately impact Black women. Conditions such as uterine fibroids and sickle cell anemia are grossly under-funded relative to their impact on large numbers of American women. More NIH and private sector funding must be generated for medical conditions that impact the lives of Black women.

We are grateful for the institutions, academic centres, and individual researchers who have worked tirelessly to highlight these disparities and the urgent need for them to be addressed. This article reflects their work and insights and we hope through this data, real change can begin.

See page 128 for links and sources.

@celmatix



ASLI STUDIO ARCHIVES TORAMAN

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@studio_archives

My interest in sustainable fashion started with my love of second-hand outfits. Not only did I develop a liking for vintage clothing due to its sustainability, but I also recognised the joy and passion that came with discovering clothing dating back to varying eras of fashion history. When it comes to globally known brands, the most important thing for me is to see the original core of the brand in their old designs. All brands have a recognisable image and signature which can be seen in their design and choice of colour and fabric, yet it seems to me that in the past brands valued their identity more than they do presently. With ever-changing style trends and the consumer-culture boosted by Instagram and celebrities, everything is the same; certain styles become universal as particular trends dominate the fashion world. Even the most authentic brands can seem a copy of more trend-focussed ones, as they hold back from applying their brand values and quirks within their designs, consequently losing their original identity. Looking at vintage clothes, the materials they use, the colours they choose and the designs they create are not what we are used to. They are authentic, they - generally - represent the brand at a time when there was not as much competition. In contrast with the past, when brands could behave authentically and stick to their values and personality, some brands have changed their paths according to the current style trends in order to survive in this highly competitive world.

It's not only the trends and styles that make most fashion brands appear the same and inauthentic; the fabrics and materials that were

used in the past were of a higher quality than the current ones. These days brands are enabled by a shift in consumer psychology: the desire to buy more, including more luxury items. However, shifting their values into this new model diminishes their authenticity, as they needed to make inexpensive clothing with rapid production. The result of this adaptation is the worldwide loss of quality in the production of materials. Petrochemicals, which are the main components of cheap fabric, can have a detrimental impact on both the human body and the environment. You are probably wearing them right now.

Combining this consumer shift I mentioned above and the fact that earning money is getting harder, one can guess that affording luxurious clothing is becoming more like a dream. So, you may ask, "how will we find good-quality clothing?" Well, all systems have gaps within, and if you ask me, vintage clothing is a very interesting and attractive gap emerging in today's consumer model. Clothing from previous seasons gets cheaper, and if you look hard enough, you will come across outstanding pieces from previous seasons, on sale at a much lower price than originally. Plus, it is environment-friendly. Remembering this in itself is a great joy.

Despite all these advantages, the only downside of vintage shopping is that finding what you want is never easy, especially if you live in Istanbul. There are a lot bricks-and-mortar vintage stores in fashion capitals, London, Paris, New York, Milan or Berlin. Most of them have some significant pieces from special eras of high-end brands. They are all





incredible treasures for any vintage collector. Do you know what the most exciting part of vintage shopping is? Entering these stores with vintage clothes everywhere, picking up individual pieces, looking at their colour combinations, patterns, fabric and material used and guessing the brand! As more and more sectors convert to digital platforms, vintage shops will always be my favourite hands-on experience which I will never give up. However, Istanbul does not give me the chance to experience this to its full potential. In this circumstance, it is vintage shopping accounts on Instagram that enabled me to discover a whole new world.

I can never deny the effect of the vintage fashion world of Instagram on my sense of style. We definitely can say that Instagram made it easier to search and find vintage archives, especially if you live in a city not lucky enough to have many vintage shops. There are many Instagram-based vintage brands, and all offer high-end pieces in good quality and condition. The inspiration for my business itself is a result of an Instagram page of Lucia Zolea. After discovering Lucia Zolea, surfing vintage accounts through Instagram became a thing for me. I realised once again that beautiful pieces are available in very good condition, and how truly unique and eccentric - yet affordable - they can be. Besides vintage shops, I also followed some archive accounts of major brands like [issey Miyake.archive](#), [prada.archive](#), [helmut lang.archives](#) and [cdg.archive](#). Following these accounts and seeing their content and old seasons made me appreciate second-hand clothes even more than I did. Learning about the history

of fashion as well as about individual brand histories and searching for a specific piece from a specific creative director or a limited collection started to excite me, more than before. I also had a more accurate vision and understanding of some of my favourite brands.

Looking for vintage pieces and digging into the fashion world became a passion for me. The pandemic was the best time to found my brand due to the increase in online shopping - since everyone has buried their heads in their phones - and a decrease in purchasing power which led people to use money in a more rational way. Also, during the pandemic, the desire of creating my own world hit me hard. I felt the need to create a dreamland apart from the real world of intense stress and fear. I wanted a place to dream, to be excited, to work hard and improve the world that is currently going through a difficult period. Vintage hoarding has given me a sense of excitement even in the middle of all this and I believe that it is a good incentive to sell high quality and sustainable clothes for an affordable price. I had realised that now is the time to create an Instagram brand.

Bringing together my passion for unique and good quality clothes, and responding to the unaffordable prices of luxury apparel, the increased pollution caused by the textile industry, and the visibility of Instagram, I'd decided to come up with my own brand, Studio Archives. You can check it out @studioarchives with the website [studioarchives.co](#) following swiftly. The starting point for this project was a collection of personally curated vintage pieces at

affordable prices. My initial aim is to be the first branded vintage store in Turkey, bringing pieces of elegance to daily life. My second aim is to be a part of the chain of change towards sustainability, transforming the perspective of Turkish people towards second-hand shopping.

For me, the meaning of sustainability is not limited to being environmentally friendly. I use the term also to refer to the sustainability of techniques. As much as I value our world and environment, I value my cultural heritage, traditions and old ways of using textiles. In the near future, I am thinking of creating made-to-order pieces using traditional Turkish fabric and techniques. I am dreaming of finding and working with craftsmen who are experts in specific materials that contain a touch of Turkish culture, such as ancient fabrics. I have a friend who is at the beginning of establishing her own brand by using Turkish quilts.

The brand is called *yuksuk* and traces its name to a garment which is used in Turkish traditional sewing. She spent a lot of time looking for craftsmen who know how to stitch quilts, which reflects my belief that as time passes and the pace of the world increases, we also yearn more for our roots and learn to appreciate tradition.

I believe that this pandemic is the first of many incidents that will daze the world. This world cannot sustain our current pace and will crack, given the possibility. We are responsible for it. We should check our daily routines and ways of living in order to make small changes. We should think about our approaches and analyse the problems and act accordingly. We can use this time as an opportunity that gives us room for change, to come together and combine our forces, talents and creativities. We should adapt and react to the changes and developments of the world.

LOGO



studio
ARCHIVES //





HOW TO FAIL WELL

MAXIMILIAN
BENNER

If a fine arts degree taught me anything, it's to not be afraid to go into directions that seem nonsensical at first. To invite exploration, and to see where it takes me.

While finishing up my studies in early 2019, I, like many other photo students, dreamt of having my own photo studio. I would use it for my work and occasionally lease it to other photographers to help with rent. Unfortunately, I realised quickly that there is an overwhelming number of photographers already doing that. Promoting and managing my studio would have been a fulltime job in itself. But instead of abandoning the idea, I tried to find a way to make my studio stand out. I reached deep into my box of ideas that I am certainly not qualified to work on and I found: *A photo studio with robotic assistants for amateurs...* I couldn't code, had no engineering background, had barely any business experience, and no ways to get funding.

Fast forward to Spring 2020. After a failed attempt at building a robotic photo studio, a failed attempt to pivot towards creating a photo-learning portal, and a failed attempt at working with a co-founder, I was back to square one. Turns out exploration has a high chance of getting me nowhere. But as the cliché goes: Failure is a necessary step towards success. Even though I spent months pursuing an obvious pipe dream, some good came out of it. I had founded my first company, Fotura. I had learned to write Swift and Javascript code. And I realised that most non-photographers are too busy to spend much time taking their own photos.

So even though my initial ideas failed before they even got off the ground, reflecting often and critically on past assumptions propelled me into an exciting new direction.

The photography industry hasn't significantly changed for decades. There was the switch from photographic film to digital sensors, improvements in image resolution, sharpness and camera size. But fundamentally, everything stayed the same. We still point a smallish device at whatever we want to photograph. We still hire photographers, we ship products, we build sets and set up lighting. This is how it has been since the start and this is how it is today. I still remember my thoughts this one night, excitedly pacing through my tiny Williamsburg apartment: "What if the studio was in the cloud?" The idea was to replace products with computer-generated models. Customers would use them to access a virtual photo studio. Studio presets would allow them to create images without hiring a photographer and because everything is online, the service would be blazingly fast.

Photography used to be constrained by its dependence on hardware. Even though we did get functions like autofocus or portrait mode, they were always just improving the tool itself. Now, photography could profit from all the exciting computational achievements of our contemporary world. AI-powered compositing assistance, intelligent colour palettes, fantastical locations. Those are just the tip of the iceberg of possibilities of an all-digital process.



Large brands have been working with CG photography for a while but the realisation that it could be both better and more affordable than traditional photography hadn't reached the mainstream market, yet. Currently, CG photography is seen as an alternative. But when I think of the future, I can't imagine people would still be lugging around products and equipment if they don't have to.

@maximilianbenner

“Failure is
a necessary
step towards
success.”

Of course, Fotura is a young company and the big question remains: Is this actually a great idea? Only time will tell, but in the meantime, it is exciting to work on a project with the potential to reshape an industry.

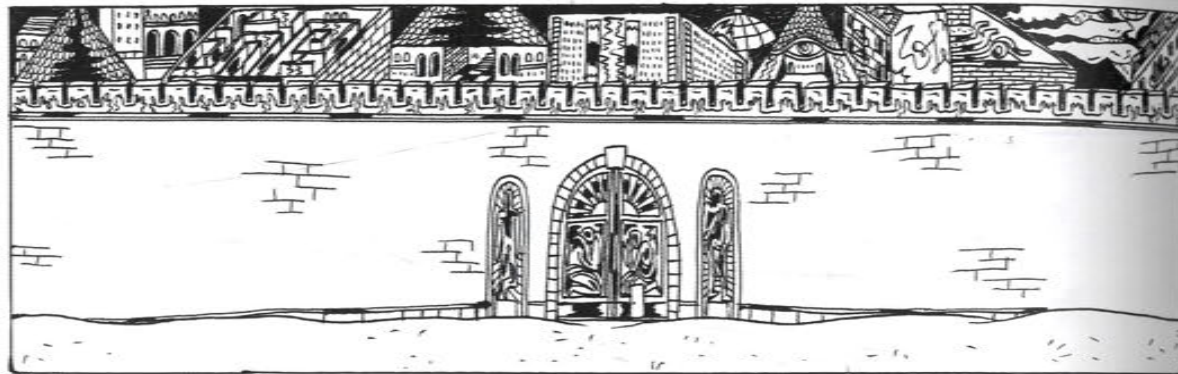
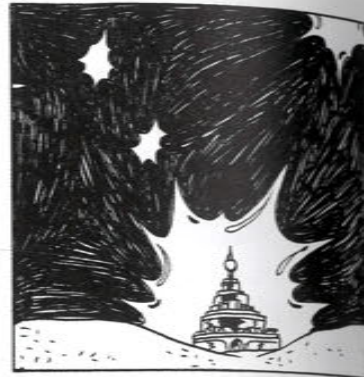
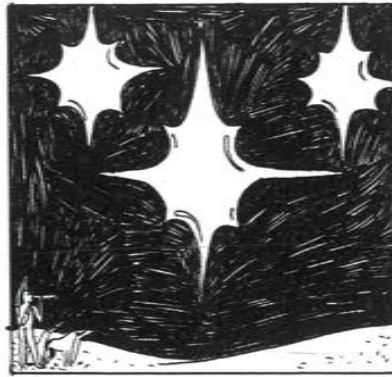
futura.co



THERE AND THERE AGAIN JO RÜSSMANN

I am Jo, illustrator and self-conscious nothing, living and dying in Berlin. "There And There Again" – nodding toward all hobbits and heroes and their various journeys and tales thereof – is about moving to a new city, albeit in a once-, twice-, thrice-removed sense. On another level of abstraction, it is about a celibate huntress and her three loyal hounds, off to boldly seek out new horizons. But, of course, she is me, they are me, and so is everybody else in this story. So really, it is about the sublime terror and migraine-inducing joy of rediscovering yourself over and over and over again until you really don't know who you are anymore, except for pretty much everything and everyone, and probably nothing and nobody, too.

@jo_el_ru





120



Re-start

LETTERS
TO MYSELF
CATARINA & YASEMIN
NEVES & VARLIK

121



Re-start

Past self,

I wish you didn't have to go through what is about to come. It isn't something that is going to affect you individually. For the first time it is not about you.

What is about to come is going to teach you what you are taking for granted; family, friends, health, life, priorities and privilege. It is going to prove to you that selfishness will not take you far in this world. It is going to pull you down, really pull you down, force you to drop your guards down and be vulnerable.

It is okay to feel the way you are going to feel.
Are you scared already?

Yasemin Varlik

Dear me from the past,

How are you feeling? Are you enjoying your new life in the big city? I know time is flying with all the excitement of meeting new people, but have you recently taken a step back and acknowledged your accomplishments so far?

If you haven't, you are going to have plenty of time in your near future to do so. Let me tell you something (not too much because of the butterfly effect), the world is more fragile than anyone thought, so we as a global society had to halt our lives to save each other. I know it sounds a bit scary and foreign, but see it as an opportunity to learn new skills. In fact, you have always wanted to learn how to sew, so guess what? We made a dress all by ourselves, can you believe it? Also, the quality of the environment increased significantly for approximately two months; and then people decided it was acceptable to throw masks in the ocean (yes, masks. I know it is a weird concept for you to think about but again, butterfly effect, can't really expand much on that).

Unfortunately, I think that is where the list of good news ends because all your new skills and personal struggles will feel irrelevant and pointless when there are people still fighting for basic human rights. It will come as a shock to witness the extent of this issue but, as someone with privilege, we will have to stand up and call out prejudiced actions that threaten minority groups and reflect on our own position within society.

Before I go and you get back to enjoying London, let me just advise you to cancel that trip you have planned in Italy at the beginning of March. Trust me, you definitely do not want to be there around that time.

Catarina Neves

Present self,

I don't know what happened.

I don't remember the past couple of months. It feels like time has stopped; it was so slow but so fast.

Sometimes I am trying to remember the times when I hugged someone so dear to my heart so hard that it hurt. Now I am hurting because I have been deprived from it for so long.

It feels strange being so close to people but yet so far.

I miss the days where I could pull out a chair with my bare hands and rest my naked elbows on a table at a café sipping on my coffee with my exposed lips.

Now my body feels fragile, I am uncomfortable.

YV

Dear me from today,

What can I tell you? Just hang in there. I know that I keep asking you this in the morning, at night, or even when anxiety strikes at random times of the day. Your optimism is wearing off by now but look at the outstanding accomplishments we see everyday. The global effort to fight, not only the invisible enemy but for a more equal society, the courage of health workers on the front line to save us or science's achievements to create a possible solution for this pandemic. If you focus on these thin strikes of sunshine in the middle of the storm, we can survive.

But at the same time, do not forget about yourself. It's ok not to be ok sometimes. It's easy to forget others are going through the same struggles since we have been deprived of social contact for a while. Remember you are not alone and what you are feeling is absolutely acceptable for the situation. So do not be afraid to let it out.

Wish that I had a more positive message for you, but I made the mistake of reading the news first thing in the morning and, as usual, it is not looking too good. I guess today is going to be another bad day.

CN

Future self,

Nothing will be the same, but you have to be okay with not being okay. Don't make this new normal a prison cell. Don't get comfortable either. Being too comfortable will hurt you more. Imagine water being poured into different containers. Every time it is poured into a new one it takes the form of the new. It is fluid in a rigid environment. It is free but constrained. This is the new world. Just adjust.

YV

Dear me from the future,

I hope you are reading this from a better place than I am right now. Both physically and mentally. Hope you are living an actual life, not just in survival mode, getting by each day or each hour. Hope you are back to your chronically future-oriented person and making lists for your future in 10 years as we used to. I hope you are living in a better world than this one where everyone has a fair chance to thrive in life, independent of their looks, beliefs or background. But most of all, I hope expressions such as "new normal" or "unprecedented times" have been banned from our vocabulary and now you find them strange and meaningless.

I know that I am abusing the word "hope", but I miss looking forward to things, to mentally plan ahead and have a clear picture of how life is going to look like, to have goals to pursue. I feel like I have lived for too long in this foggy situation to have the ability to look beyond the present. But I know there is an after, there has to be. I hope you are in that place, braver than we used to be.

CN

Mira Mookerjee – The Refugee Camps on the Edge of Athens
(See page 72)

*Many of the charities mentioned can be found via this
Facebook group:*

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/236125173408995/>.

You can read more about how to help refugees here:

<https://theculturetrip.com/europe/greece/articles/these-are-the-charities-helping-refugees-in-greece/>

Piraye Yurttaş Beim – Black Lives Matter (See page 100)

*For more information, Dr Piraye Yurttaş Beim recommends the
following organisations, scholars and journalists:*

Black Women's Health Imperative: bwhi.org

Black Mamas Matter Alliance: blackmamasmatter.org

Sister Song: www.sistersong.net

Fertility for Colored Girls: www.fertilityforcoloredgirls.org

Linda Villarosa: www.lindavillarosa.com/my-work

Patrice Peck: www.patricepeck.com/writing

Laurie Zephyrin, MD: twitter.com/LaurieZephyrin

Reproductive Injustice: Racism, Pregnancy, and Preterm Birth.
nyupress.org/9781479853571/reproductive-injustice/

Black Lives Matter: Claiming a Space for Evidence-Based Outrage
in Obstetrics and Gynecology.

www.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/pmc/articles/PMC5024373/

Key Facts on Health and Health Care by Race and Ethnicity.

www.kff.org/report-section/key-facts-on-health-and-health-care-by-race-and-ethnicity-coverage-access-to-and-use-of-care/

When Maternity Wards in Black Neighborhoods Disappear.

www.nytimes.com/2020/05/05/parenting/coronavirus-black-maternal-mortality.html

A Preventable Cancer is on the Rise in Alabama.

www.newyorker.com/magazine/2020/04/06/a-preventable-cancer-is-on-the-rise-in-alabama

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IG: @csm_news

IG: @ual_postgrad_community

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Think, Act, Start

think

act

START