S pores are hiding in the gills of every mushroom.

ick a mushroom from the forest (or wherever).

rganize it upside down in your basket.

turn home to a flat surface with your upside down mushroom.

enly cut off stem, so the cap will sit flat, gill side down.

redict, by looking at the gills, if the spore print will be light or dark.

ightly choose a light or dark piece of paper accordingly.

nterestingly place the cap gill side down on the paper. N ow place a bowl over it for a few hours and wait.

he time has come to remove the cap quietly.

pray fixative from a distance, or just let it be....

Slays and Tatars is a collective that examines and reinterprets ideas emanating from the geo-political region of Eurasia - an area they define as everything from east of the Berlin Wall and west of the Great Wall of China - their effort teases out overlooked or forgotten narratives with the hopes of gleaning new forms of truth. Here, they reflect upon one of their latest works, Friendship of Nations: "Shi'ite Showbiz", created in 2009 for the Sharjah Biennial. Locals were invited to convalesce in the shade while con templating the important role of craft and folklore in recent political movements.

Friendship of Nations "Shi'ite Showbiz"

by Slavs & Tatars

An almost mirthful generosity occupied the courtyard of the heritage house in Sharjah where Friendship of Nations: Polish Shi'ite Showbiz was first exhibited. From the very first days of the installation, local Baluchis, Afghans, and Iraqis would make daily visits, sit down, converse with us or amongst themselves, and seek shade from the scorching sun while sipping orange blossom-infused tea and eating dried mulberries. Adjacent to the only Shi'ite mosque in Sharjah, Friendship of Nations acted as the cheerful younger brother to its beautifully indulgent, blue tiled elder sibling across the road.



Friendship of Nations traces an ambitious if unlikely genealogy between Iran and Poland. Debuting at the 10th Sharjah Biennale earlier last year, the project looks to the revolutionary potential of crafts and folklore behind the ideological ▼ impulses of two key movements towards dernity-bookends, if you will, to the major narratives of the 20th centuries—the Islamic Revolution of 1979 and Poland's Solidarność in the 1980s, respectively.

In charting the improbable rapport between the two countries, Friendship of Nations seeks to rescue the old Soviet notion of дружба народов (literally "friendship between peoples") from its former cynical iteration. Instead of the top-down policy of the USSR, ours would be resolutely grass-roots, using the logic of gifts as a conduit between these two countries' efforts at self-determination.

as its name in Polish indicates, hangs like a spider in homes across Poland. Sometimes sprawling from the center of the ceiling, other times delicately dangling in the sacred corner of a room,



like a votive, the pająk celebrates the yearly harvest with charmingly pantheist panache. Straw, wheat, reed, or even dried beans make up the delightfully intricate skeletal structures. Wreaths of wheat are carried in processions such as dożynki (a harvest festival) and laid out on the field or installed in the local church. From the basic building block of food (bread) to the ideological stand-in for socialism, it could be argued that wheat exerts a sacred, almost atavistic aura in Slavic countries.

Every autumn, Poles craft a pająk according to local customs from found material to give thanks for the year's crop. Equally ephemeral materials—tissue paper, hollowed egg shells, ribbons, etc-serve as ornaments, in the shape of flowers or simple pom-poms. The austere geometry of some recall the geodesic obsessions of Buckminster Fuller, if only more vernacular and, with the hearth-y materials, more spinstress than these. Other pająks look like exploded stars: taking over the entire ceiling, they function as full-fledged interior not decoration. Meant as symbols of fertility, if one were to judge by the sheer scope of shapes and scales found, the pająk is indeed a bounteous medium.

Nous Sommes Les Antimodernes

Far from the tacit dismissal of handicrafts and folklore that has too often characterized the modern project, Slavs and Tatars tends to see no less than the currents of history, political emancipation, and ideology in these otherwise discreet objects. The pająk acts as a model of antimodernism—this relentless ricochet of looking backwards in order to advance more boldly forward-in so far as it functions at once as alms, for the just-harvested crop, and benediction, for the upcoming year.(1)

For our Friendship of Nations: Polish Shi'ite Showbiz, we studied, adopted, revised and employed several of such instances—from pająks to mirror mosaics and banners—where craft or folklore, as true antimodern traditions, look backward in order to move forward more effectively, in some cases going so far as to offer a revolutionary potential.



The mirror mosaic in Resist Resisting God exemplifies the complexity behind the Islamic Republic of Iran's particular brand of anti-imperial imperialism. Just as the Soviets exported Social Realism to far ends of the globe, today, Iran exports this craft as the aesthetic embodiment of its own ideology: putting a definitively Persian stamp on Shi'ite mosques and shrines it funds throughout the region, such as the Zeynab Shrine in Damascus. The geometric patterns, upon which the mirror mosaics are based, first arrived to Iran with the Arab invasions that brought



Islam in the 7th century. Where wood or

ceramic were often the medium of choice,

the Persians, always keen to distinguish

themselves from their Arab neighbors, used

mirrors as a more beveled, and blinged

variation on the original.

In the courtyard of Friendship of Nations, banners offered not only shade from the scorching sun but contained various creolized messages - ephemera, existing slogans, new aphorisms - from the Polish resistance movement and the Iranian revolution: "Help the Militia, Beat Up!" stitched onto a mehrab as a nod to the sanctuary of mosques in the recent Arab uprisings, not to mention the Catholic Church during Solidarność,

or "Only Solidarity and Patience Will Secure Our Victory" translated into Farsi. In 2009, the events following the contested presidential elections in Iran made a popular case for looking to Poland's Solidarność movement— tactically, strategically or intellectually - as a successful precedent of civil disobedience. (2)

In Praise of the Normal, the Methodical, and the Slow

We identified in the pająk a testimony to the painstaking diligence and delicate nature of compromise crucial to the Polish precedent of civil disobedience. Though lacking in the dramatic aesthetic that characterized a Germany divided by the wall or the violence of Ceaucescu's fall in Romania, it was Poland of the 1980s — employing a deft mix of compromise and self-limitation - which was largely responsible for jump-starting, and most importantly, maintaining the momentum of the civil disobedience movements that eventually brought down communism across Eastern Europe. The often-overlooked story is one of diligence, moderation and slowness - a bonafide trifecta of "Polishness".

Solidarność Pająk creolize the pająk via discursive or formal integrations of Iranian Shi'a culture. In one, flowers are replaced with the wool bangles habitually adorning Persian carpets; in another the reeds form the outline of the Allah crest of the Islamic Republic of Iran.

The pajak also offers an unexpected overture on the thorny issue of faith: while the case of the Iranian Revolution of 1979 is too often viewed as a monolithically religious act, we tend to overlook the crucial role of the Catholic Church in the struggle against Communism in Poland, as an arbiter between the Solidarność movement and the government of Jaruzelski. Poland remains a deeply religious country an unnerving, loose thread in the quilt of European intellectual thought— and its religiosity is inevitably heterogeneous, tied to notions of tradition, modernity, and politics. The pajak is invariably syncretic—the Virgin Mary figures in many for example—as one finds in several cases of Slavic expressions of Christianity. Perhaps, it is this very resistance to secular dogma which enabled Poland to maintain the momentum and, more importantly, the moral upper-hand throughout a drawn- out process which saw others (Germany, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, to name a few) previously fail.

1.Cowpoke / Javelin

2.Oceans / Indian Jewelry

KIOSK Playlist:

3.Mushroom / Can

4.7 rooms of Gloom / Four Tops

5.Sticky Fingers / Coolio

6.Last Donut / J Dilla

7.Sultan Heart / Sarah Khatami 8.To Nie Ptak / Kayah & Goran Bregovic

9.4'33" / John Cage 10.No More Hotdogs / Hasil Adkins

11.Obsession / Aventura

12.Color Me In / Broadcast

13.Like a Rolling Stone / Bob Dylan

14. Rocky Road / The Alabama Heart Singers 15.Unchained Melody / The Fleetwoods

In commemoration of the 100th birthday of composer, musician, artist and avid my-cologist, John Cage, here is a recipe for 'Dogsup' a mushroom based condiment which requires some fermenting before use. The cooking experience may be enhanced by listening to his famous 4'33" especially if in a cabin, especially if in the woods.

'Dogsup' Recipe

Ingredients:

Mushrooms Allspice Cayenne Salt and pepper Brandy Ginger root Bay leaf John Cage once read in a book that "catsup" is a thin liquid. So, as he likes it thick, he calls his recipe "dogsup." This can be done with any kind of edible mushroom and must be kept at least a year before being used.

Break the mushroom caps into small bits; slice the stem. Place in an earthenware jar with an ounce and one-half of salt for each quart of mushrooms.

Let stand in a cool place for three days, stirring and mashing several times a day.

On the third day, put over a low fire, in an enamel or Pyrex pan, until the juices flow freely. This takes about onehalf hour. At that moment, "catsup" is strained through a sieve; the "dogsup" is just mashed. Simmer for 20 more minutes. Measure the mash, add to each half pint: 1 ounce ginger root, chopped or grated; a blade of mace; a bay leaf, broken up; a pinch of cayenne; 1 ounce each of black pepper and allspice. Boil down to half the quantity. Add, for each half pint, a teaspoon of your best brandy. Bottle, cork, and seal. 20 quarts of mushrooms, he adds, will produce 4-5 quarts of "dogsup".







The Best Thing About Things is the Stories They Tell About Things

Some things are useful and some things are worth a lot of money, but other things have something else that makes them important to us—something that's often hard to put your finger on. If you rub a pencil over a piece of paper with a thing underneath, it tells a story you didn't quite expect. I did this with four of my things, and \neg found out that maybe that je ne sais quoi is something you can put your finger on. It's that thingness that's been worn and torn and tells a story of its very own.

While the rubbings tell the part of each thing's story that I didn't know, the words tell the part that I did. My challenge to you is to try to match the images with the corresponding words. Together, hopefully, they will tell you four stories about me and my things.

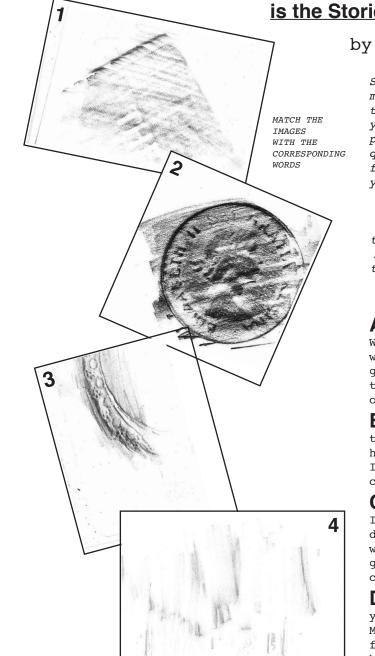
A. I am from Nepal. There was another one just like me. We came to Canada in the belly of an airplane. The woman $% \left(x\right) =\left(x\right)$ who brought us there gave us to her son to give to his girlfriend. The son put us into his suitcase, where my twin was crushed to pieces. Thankfully, I am still in

 ${f B}.$ I am four parts silver, one part copper, and from ${f C}$ the capital of Canada. Someone gave me to a bas, this birth. The baby grew up into man, and one day, when the traded me to a stranger for a cigarette.

C. I used to be a woman's fringed coat. She died, and I was left in a closet in northern Ontario where moths devoured most of me. Then the woman's daughter made what was left of me into a purse, which she then gave to her granddaughter, who doesn't use me much anymore on account of my broken strap.

D. I was bound in 1973 in New York City. Twenty four years later, M. gave me "with love" to K. I don't think M. and K. love each other much anymore because, last fall, K. sold me to a used-book store where a stranger bought me for five dollars.

WNRMEK KEX: ID: 3B: 3F: 4C



by Whitney Mallet

CONSINE PEOPLE TO SEE AND DO. WE ACCEPT READERS' SUBMISSIONS GLADLY AND ASK PEOPLE TO CONTRIBUTE. THE INTENTION IS TO BE QUARTERLY. MATERIAL WILL BE ANYTHING WE FIND INTERES

For Donald Kaufman and Taffy Dahl the color 'white' denotes more than 25 variations. As architectural color specialists, they have been investigating the interaction between color ight and space and how it affects and enhances objects for over three decades. They seek to revive the paint industry by bringing back hues lost in an age of industrial and synthetic modifications. Using the basic mixing techniques employed by artists, their pallet is created from a wide spectrum, mimicking materials found in nature. Colors are altered using their omplements, instead of dead blacks, giving them a greater complexity. Unlike their industrially manufactured counterparts, these hues morph in a more natural way and have a greater power to change one's perception of a place. According to Kaufman, color is important because it brings people consciously and bodily into their physical environment.

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METERS THE METERS AND THE METERS AN cream cheese fromage à la crème

These noodles are not fit for consumption in Europe proper, where packaging-other than in the so-called 'ethnic' store is meant to mirror national identity, which since 1789 has been

Think II Asle \sleep

Product Packaging and Nationhood

by Justin Halldór Smith

I enjoy spending time in countries that are not big enough or important enough to have their own product packaging, and instead must share surface space with information in the native tongues of neighboring countries. I remember standing in front of a microwave in Sarajevo, waiting for some ramen noodles to warm up, and thinking: Wow! I can study 20 languages at once, just skimming the ingredients of this so humble repast.

These noodles, in fact, were meant to be cast far and wide across a great swath of Eurasia, the entire part of it, in fact, that cannot be said to be truly either Europe or Asia. extending roughly from Albania in the west to Kazakhstan in the east. The languages one finds in between, marked out on the package by a little oval containing the official one- or two-letter country abbreviation ('H', 'RO', 'BH', 'KZ', etc.) are mostly Slavic and Turkic, with some representatives of Eastern Romance (Romanian, Moldovan), Caucasian (Georgian), Ural-Altaic (Hungarian), and a few true isolates such as Albanian— whose native word for their country is shqip and which evidently evolved as the only surviving descendant of ancient Illyrian-thrown into the mix. And, except in those few cases where the alphabet is unknown to me, I can learn how to say 'sodium carbonate' in every one of these languages! (Sodyum karbonat, natrij-karbonat, carbonat de sodiu, nátrium-karbonát, etc.)

allow to circulate there: is this not a testimony of past violence and a portent of more to come? Of course, there are some complications. For one thing, there is at least one multinational state in Europe (Belgium), and it shares languages with three of its neighbors (most significantly, France and the Netherlands, but also Germany). This means that if you are eating corn flakes in Lille or Nancy, it is not entirely unusual to be told (at least in writing, which is for me a sort of telling) that these are not flocons de maïs at all, but rather maisvlokken. Now in Belgium one learns to live with this, if bitterly: I once had a Walloon girlfriend who proclaimed that she was 'assaulted' every time her eyes landed on the Flemish side of the cereal box. ('Walloon', by the way, like 'Welsh' and 'Vlach' and a number of other European demonyms, comes from an Old Brythonic word that meant, simply, 'foreign'; and foreign she was.) But when these bilingual boxes spill over from that queer kingdom into the glorious republic to the south,

wrapped up in

the modern collective

imagination with language:

no nation without linguistic

uniformity. Western Europe cannot let itself

The idea of a bi-national state, as product packaging reveals to us, is inherently strange. In fact, I feel like saying that product packaging in bi-national states itself serves as a testament to the fragility of the arrangement. If we may move from the Old World context to one with which I am slightly more familiar, I would like to hold forth a bit on the utter bizarreness of Canadian conventions in the labelling and marketing of commercial goods.

the reaction could very well be not indignation, but simply

confusion. The French revolutionaries had to wage a brutal

campaign against regional otherness to rid the new republic

of Occitan, Provençal, and Breton, and here we are more than

of fraternité we had in mind!

Anyone who comes to Canada and who cares about the richness of either English or French will quickly notice that both of these cultural-linguistic treasuries are, in package designs, greatly reduced. In order to be sure of saving exactly the same thing in both languages, Canadian product packaging invariably ends up saying nothing, or next to nothing, or something that really would have been better left unsaid. Thus for example we are told, and expected to passively agree, that 'Fancy Spinach' is 'Épinards de Fantaisie'. Of course, 'fancy' is etymologically a contraction of 'fantasy', which came into English through French. But 'fancy' and 'fantasy' mean two different things today, and it is absurd to think that anyone has any 'fantasies' at all about frozen spinach. The high percentage of shared lexical items means that Anglo-French bilingualism is fundamentally different from, say, the Anglo-Chinese bilingualism of Hong Kong, or even the Franco-Netherlandic bilingualism of the earlier example, as it enables product packagers to squeeze two languages' worth of labeling into a seemingly continuous phrase, with the two languages' adjectives flanking a shared adjective in the middle. This is supposed to save space, as well as the reader's mental energy, but it makes me furious.

Mulakamis Can you picture a and half have been a reigning time am eating 'Tomato Ketchup is one of the best anonymous aux Tomates', I feel like like saying: Well of course I am! You already told me that! descend into Balkanic lawlessness! Why, the un- It has been said of the Francophone and policed linguistic macédoine of the products they Anglophone communities in Canada that they are 'two solitudes', and some have pessimistically averred that this is the most we can hope for wherever two or more ethnicities are crammed

When I am told that I

We all love donuts

quki Maksto

called oliekoek, te shuts? Most people think to allekoe, we show the contract of the contract o and have been a reigning

so popular? Would Homer Simpson o popul for breakfast with no hole got its hole. "Ith the don't true. It is serore were sweet saire half true. It is sefor only rhese were sweet day only rhese were sweet doy only rhese were sweet doy only raisins, cinnamous, ch) raisins, cinnamo, ch) had Germany in the mon

> together into a single state (the worst, of course, is Sarajevo, where we started out). The two-solitude détente is perhaps most evident in what is often called 'generic' packaging-(a strange designation, when we think about this term's origin in the taxonomical notion of genus).

> do not want to dwell for too long on the strangeness of this species of packaging (for it is not a genus). That would bring us too far afield from our principal concern, which is, if I may put it this way, product packaging and nationhood. But I will just say that generics perform a striking countermovement against the prevailing purpose of packaging in the capitalist world: while ordinarily packaging strives to the extent possible to conceal what is really contained within it, and to present it as not just the sum of its ingredients, but as something with what Walter Benjamin might have called an 'aura', generic packaging by contrast has as its sole aim

And it is here that bilingualism seems, momentarily, to do two centuries later confronted with these obscene Germanic consonant clusters on our cereal boxes! This is not the sort what it is officially supposed to be doing: communicating to us exactly the same thing in two different, non-overlapping word-worlds: 'peas & carrots'/'pois & carottes'. It all

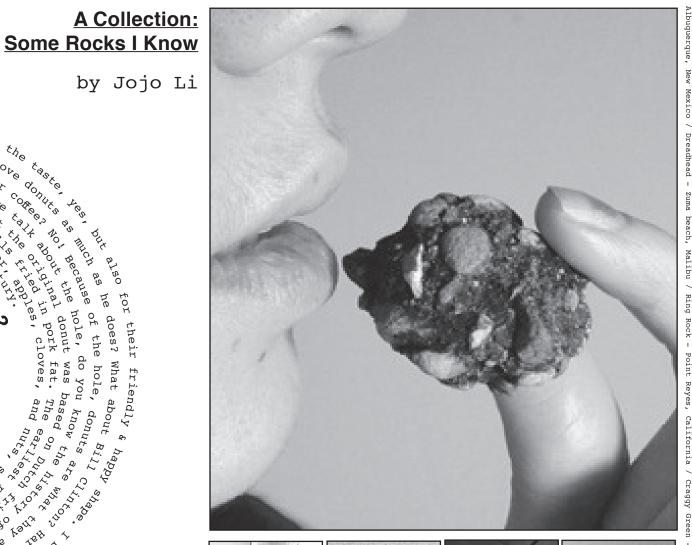
the blunt declaration of the true nature of the thing or

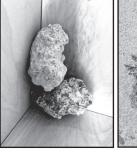


things it contains.

But even here, where the aim is pure generic explicitness, idiosyncrasy of what the Spanish rightly call 'idioms' (to the extent that we are separated off in our own linguistic worlds, we are indeed idiots) shows itself soon enough. Next to the cans of peas and carrots, we find some mixed vegetables, which, curiously enough, are in French not légumes mixtes, but rather they

are a macédoine de légumes. They are a veritable Macedonia of vegetables! They are the culinary equivalent of that demographic powder keg in Southeastern Europe, with pea next to chopped carrot next to diced potato, just as you might find in an Albanian village next to a Serbian enclave that abuts an Aromanian district. The French and the English cannot be made to say exactly the same thing, not even in the blunt, literal language of generics. And this unharmonizability, one fears, is but the exact linguistic reflection of the irreducible discreteness of the can's various contents (this is not a mash, but a mix), which in turn is but the gastronomic mirror of unending human conflict.









RESULTS

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CONTEMPORARY MATERIAL

DEACON BLUES

from the album Aja, 1977 by Steely Dan

This is the day Of the expanding man That shape is my shade There where I used to stand seems like only yesterday I gazed through the glass At ramblers Wild gamblers

That's all in the past

You call me a fool You say it's a crazy scheme This one's for real I already bought the dream o useless to ask me why Throw a kiss and say goodbye I'll make it this time I'm ready to cross that fine line

I'll learn to work the saxophone I'll play just what I feel
Drink Scotch whisky all night long And die behind the wheel They got a name for the winners in the

T want a name when T lose They call Alabama the Crimson Tide Call me Deacon Blues

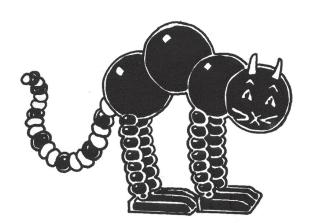
My back to the wall A victim of laughing chance This is for me The essence of true romance Sharing the things we know and love With those of my kind Libations

Sensations That stagger the mind I crawl like a viper

Through these suburban streets Make love to these women Languid and bittersweet I'll rise when the sun goes down Cover every game in town A world of my own
I'll make it my home sweet hom

CHORUS

This is the night Of the expanding the man I take one last drag As I approach the stand I cried when I wrote this song Sue me if I play too long This brother is free I'll be what I want to be



Thanks to Anny Oberlink, Maggie Prendergast & Jason Rosenberg for editing, Ken Brown for his Kool Klips (see cat above), Chris Wolston for his moral support, Marco and Alisa for their invaluable insight, and everyone else who participated!

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