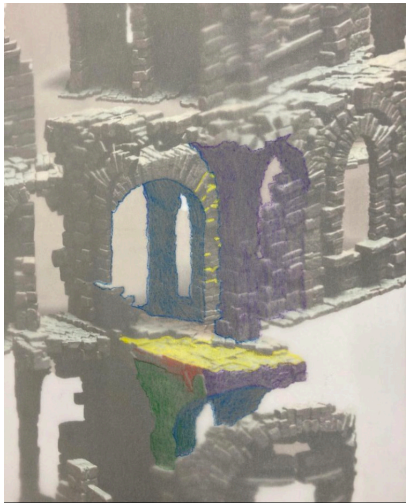




Cecilie Fang



Bartek Pierściński

Chapter of the essay **’ALL TONGUES ARE MOVING, BUT WE DON’T HEAR THEM ALL’** with an edit. Part of a larger research on silence as a space for resistance. Cecilie Fang

JUXTAPOSING SILENCE(S) THAT BIRTH AND KILL
We all carry our bags of unspoken words, but there is a difference between silen- ce as repression and silence as introspection. The silence that kills and the silence that births. The silence that is a choice and the silence that is not. Silence can be a negative space between breaths of possibility, but by putting it like that, it’s im- portant not to forget the violence of repression that silence also can be. Violence against people is too often against their voices. A few months ago protests were happening all over China against the government’s authoritarian social control.

A blank piece of paper empty of words became a symbol of silenced voices in a country with strict censorship. When one’s voice is silenced, silent acts are the acts of resisting. Today we are gathered for the people in Turkey, Syria and surrounding regions. We are gathered for those in local and global crises. The ones whose voices are silenced. The ones whose voices seem to whisper.

All tongues are moving, but we don’t hear them all. Some voices have a history of silence. Others seem to whisper in their presence, when those we hear are those who yell the loudest – the ones already in power. Who is heard and who is not is defining the hierarchy of power, but ‘by redefining whose voice is valued, we redefine society and its values.’¹ So, is giving a voice to silence giving a voice to those who have been silenced? To materialize the invisible and amplify the voices of those who seem to whisper. By looking at silence as a negative space, it becomes a void of possibility. A void for redefining society and its values. If silence is breath and breath between sentences is a space for introspection, silence is a space to tune in, listen and seek new possibilities.

When words both shape us, yet separate us, [no-words] silence is a tool for resistance. The relationship of silence/sound in constant motion challenges langu- age and its categories, when decolonizing a body is to refuse to title it and so to be fluid and in motion: ‘By refusing definitions we become no-body and in the crush of no-body, we become everybody.’¹¹ By choosing silence, one chooses not to enter a territory of words. And so, one chooses a space of resistance. And by choosing to listen in that space, one chooses to let one’s body become an inter-being with other immaterial and material bodies: Birthing a new body without skin. Silence has the ability to break how language has a history of separating an ‘I’ from an ‘Other’. And so, silence enables breaking to create anew.

1 Solnit, Rebecca: ‘The Mother of All Questions’, Granta Books 2017, p. 24
2 Russell, Legacy: ‘Glitch-feminism: A Manifesto’, Verso Books 2020, p. 116

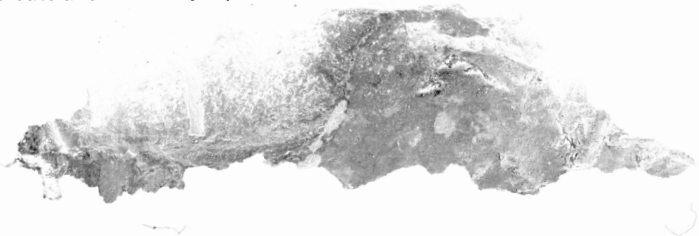
I AM THE PRESIDENT OF REGULATION

*I am the Giant Goliath,
I digest goat cheese.
I am a mammoth’s calf.* (H. Ball)
I know your pinnacles by name.
My fingers close around your fingers. I grow pale.
I become your executioner.
I come forth fat & bloody.
I propose a toast to peace.
I am the president of regulation.
None are savvier than I.
I forge a pact with murderers.
I claw my way to freedom.
Mark my words. I have no time to be your humble servant.
I make a rope from women’s hair.
I bite into the mighty pippin.
I turn & then return by turning.
I turn a vessel over with my hands.
I turn a pretty penny.
I am called the lord of dimes.
I turn my thoughts to daily deeds.
I turn my eyes to heaven.
I turn a screw no one has turned before me. I predicate & postposition freely.
In me the numbers come to naught.
I find a secret world in mirrors.
My fingernails are pale, my steps are perpendicular.
I parachute & strut.
I seek acceleration day by day.
I am a man who swims among the drifters.
Istanbul is not my home.
I turn a page & listen.
I am as hard as nails.
My body swells from all the sounds inside it.
I show myself in dreams.

Jerome Rothenberg, A Book of Witness

Dolmuş sırasını andıran nota defteri
Kas geliştirici ilaçlar
Seviyor musunuz?
Biraz uzaklaşıp bakmaya gitmiş
İdrar değerlerim normal çıkmış
Zamanında hasar almış olabilmış
Sen kaç yaşındaydın?
Neyi nereye nasıl yerleştirdiğimiz
Hangi renk bir şeyden bahsediyordun?
Yok, o dün akşamdı
Tek bir şeye odaklanıp bir de öyle soralım
Tek bir şeye odaklanın bir de ne göreyim
beğenirsiniz
beğenmezseniz bir tek ben mi böyle duyuyorum
Yol yordam yol yordam yol yordam yol
Söz yazıyor, şarkıyı buna göre yap
Biraz daha özenli lütfen
Biraz daha özen lütfen !!!
Bağırtın beni.

Zeynep Yılmaz



OWNING THE ANGER

Can the people divided by populist politics regain their reality? (edited version) written by EKİN TÜMER

Populism can be defined as a set of political stances that emphasize a particular idea of “the people” and subjects this group to “the elite”, or more simply as “public self-interest”, finding the most response when the people turn into a political subject that becomes a field of competition for the rulers.

The people is always there, in all its tangibility, as more than an idea. However, the populist leader does not perceive the people as a polyphonic whole but chooses the “part” of the people that reflects their own ideology.

The only people with whom the populist leader sees fit to have a dialogue is the “right people” who support them under all circumstances, who they enchain often with impossible promises and intense primitive emotions. Those who do not conform to the “right people” are the marginalized part of the population, they are not that important and usually expendable because these are the “wrong people” who have stepped outside the biting lines drawn by the leader; in a sense they are betrayers.

The leader tries to replace the people they find wrong with the right ones; when necessary, they confront them with discriminatory rhetoric and actions. It is like dividing the people into teams and making them play a kind of ethical/moral match. While the leader watches what is going on in their VIP box, the people stop focusing on the roots of the problems and compete to be victorious, to be the “right people”. The people, which should be treated as an inseparable whole, gets divided into obedient “true” parts and questioning “untrue” parts. This is precisely what the populist leader wants: to find the ground on which they can create their own fiction of reality.

Hannah Arendt, in her book The Origins of Totalitarianism, explains this position quite affectingly: “Before mass leaders seize the power to fit reality to their lies, their propaganda is marked by its extreme contempt for facts as such, for in their opinion fact depends entirely on the power of man who can fabricate it.” When the public is polarized, there is no longer a public, there are those who tell the truth and those who invent lies.

The populist leader does not like the sovereign citizens acting as a whole. When there are no estranged and fractured parts, the truth becomes unbendable as well. The leader’s voice becomes muted by the powerful crowd that shouts a single truth and cannot be silenced, so the leader’s discourses cannot be heard. In this case, the leader loses the power to console the people with excuses such as “it was such an enormous disaster, so huge that no one else could have overcome it” or “this is part of the faith plan, made by god”.

The people are everyone and they have the right to authorize, they also have the right to demand accountability when those they empower fail to take responsibility. The people need to remember that this is their right.

The state is not, and cannot be, by any definition, a father figure shouting at people and punishing them from high places. Because this is against the nature of the state. The main purpose of the state’s existence “...arises from the

people’s demand to live free with equal rights in a secure territory and not to be harmed.”

The state is not a person who can be hurt by public dissatisfaction, nor is it someone to be feared. The state is accountable to the people, and it does not have the luxury of not apologizing. The power of the people united as a whole to demand accountability is beyond the power of the populist leader. Today, there is a healthy anger that lies in the people’s desire for accountability. Because we starkly see what we are dealing with.

We see those who fail to understand the extent of our anger, those who fail to understand that this anger will not subside in a year or two as demanded, those who are offended by our mourning.

We see the places that were cleaned immediately so that the executives who went to the earthquake zone would not see the damage.

We see the men who lined children up in front of them during public statement, pulling the hoodie of a freezing child to show his face to the camera.

We see the men pushing and shoving each other in a race to be in the frame.

We see the so-called news reporters who silence people saying, “no help has come here”.

We see those who overshadow the support, those who displace university students at the first chance they get.

We see those who try to demolish the single-story construction inspection building, with evidence documents inside, while the rubble has not yet been removed yet in other places of the city, with people inside.

We see those who detain earthquake victims, and those who are trying to clean the records of the actual criminals.

The unity of the real people, who are forced to appease the easily offended shameless hearts triggered by every truth, every rebellion, every life, who are otherwise threatened, who are endlessly polarized yet still together and who have very little to lose, is beyond the power of this political structure. This is exactly why we politicize; because we need to remember that there is no “right” or “wrong” people, we are the real people, all of us. And we can be a huge, polyphonic voice against a single one.

CONSENSUS FICTION

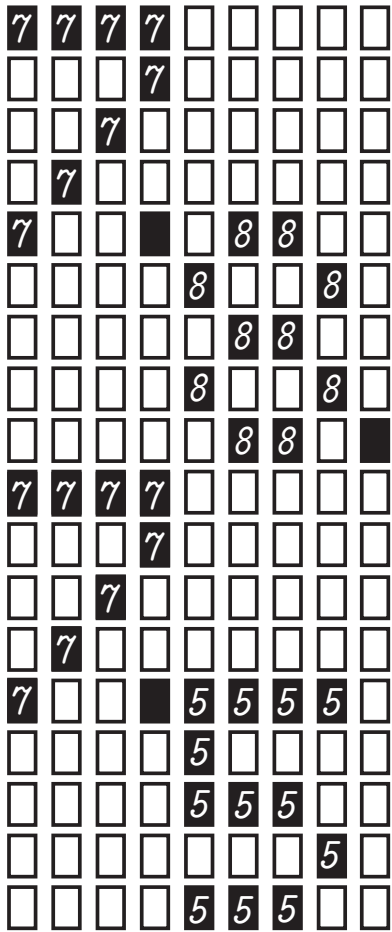
Maria Ilieva

1. We all live in the same apartment block, it’s U-shaped; yet some floors are naturally more prone to seismic disturbances.

Some people live in their own apartments (generationally acquired), yet You and I have unfortunately found flats owned by the same landlord. He’s not too nice. I mean most of the time we’re left alone, we can do whatever. But all responsibility is the tenant’s. I guess You and I both skipped over that part of the contract, we were in a rush to sign.

All responsibility falls on the tenant – both in breaking and fixing. The plumbing could’ve been on the brink of breaking for years, but the minute it bursts – whoever is living there broke it. And pays to fix it, really. The landlord doesn’t usually even intervene. He’s always busy, he says, if he even picks up the phone when I call him.

He’s busy, and shame on me for destroying his property. Am I not aware that a pipe leak can lead

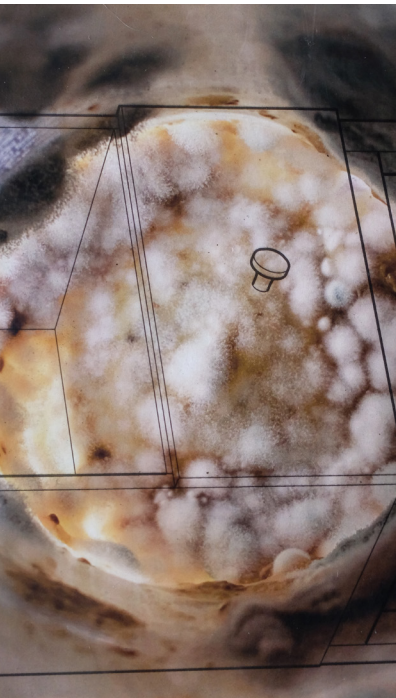
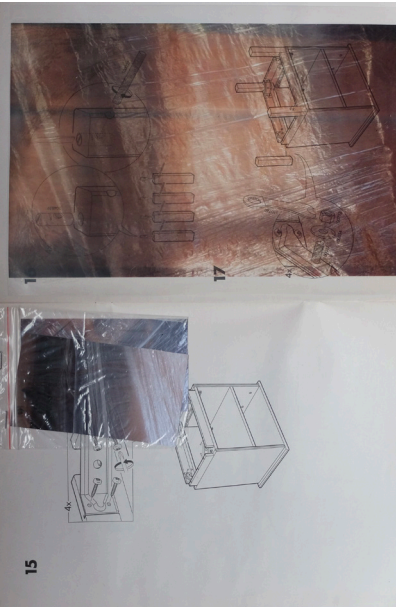


Special edition of the 2512 periodical. Published for and presented at the solidarity gathering and fundraiser 7.8.7.5 organized in The Hague. In memory of the 6th of February earthquakes hitting Turkey, Syria and surrounding regions causing immense natural and political destruction to millions of lives. Honoring those who speak the truth. May the truth prevail.

Guest editor
Zeynep Yılmaz
Graphic design
Bartek Pierściński
Printing courtesy of
Gerard van Zeggelaar,
Print Workshop
Royal Academy of Art (KABK)
2512.online

The host-guest chemistry
Is inclusive, complex, molecular,
Dainty.
Google it.
Does the host envelop
The guest or does the guest
Attract diminished forms
Of love, like the love
A parent has for a child
In September
And January, when the child
Is at its most
Vulnerable?
Are these questions enough
To violate
Your desire for art
That comes from a foreign
Place?
What are the limits
Of this welcome?
After all, I don't feel anything
For you.

Bhanu Kapil, from How To Wash a Heart



Ceren Yilmaz

to problems in the whole apartment building? Or what will the other owners even think of him? He ought to change tenants.
I've been trying to move out for a while now. I think You have too. But the amount of property this guy owns is insane – so many apartments are his. Maybe they're so many because of his attitude. Imagine if he'd actually show up to do repairs himself. He'd be broke in no time. I wish he was.
This fiction is out of consensus.
You live across, and I watched the plaster on your walls peel and crumble through my window. I watched your lamp sway, I thought I heard the hardwood floor crack. I thought I heard the dog bark until it didn't.
And I had just paid for the repairs on my pipe that burst and I had no idea how to help You. Buy you more plaster? I was almost certain you didn't need my pitiful look and little tears on the balcony with You. You needed a new floor and new plaster (and not the cheap one I could afford to get) and new walls and perhaps a new ceiling.
A leg came through your ceiling shortly after, because the upstairs neighbors' floor had also caved in. This means your ceiling.
It's a bit funny to think about interconnectedness this way. What if my upstairs neighbors' ceiling caved in, and right after my plumbing issues? Hell.
We all thought the landlord would worry – it's his property that was completely destroyed - but he really just kept doing whatever it was he was doing before. I mean, I guess rent doesn't cover this, or?
Or rent doesn't cover concern, or rent doesn't cover humanity, maybe.
The days after I thought I could hear my windows crack. Mine, and Yours, and my Mother's, too. My windows are still there but it creeps up. I look at you still through my intact window and I remember how to pray.
I remember that prayer is just not you – being outside of yourself. Talking to somebody, being with somebody, with no ounce of yourself in the equation. Like, */ selflessly, but somewhere further, even
I look at you in prayer and it's like I'm hitched on the toy you had for your dog that stayed in the corner of the door-frame, your dog never picked it up
(I feel a bit guilty, I know I've heard you call her before, but I can't remember her name. Am I a bad neighbor?)
Your downstairs neighbor called collective mourning soon enough. You guys all went but I didn't, I thought, what do I have to mourn? I only have gratefulness to be in. I can mourn for you, and your floors and your walls and your dog, but is that pity or is that, what, solidarity?
I keep thinking about solidarity and how ugly it feels from my new Airbnb. Here, everyone is all about solidarity. I love it, it's like it erases all guilt around forgetting your dog's name. You just say it, or embody it (you know, you say it with emphasis. You look somebody in the eye, and you say it), and, as the story goes, you forget that I don't know your dog's name. You don't care and it's forgiven because, you know,
I think about my old landlord while I'm trying to find a new one (one foot in the grave) and I think about whether you're thinking of moving. And then I think – wow, the housing crisis does hit hard. Where are all the people living in

his flats going to move to? I mean, ideally, even if everybody from that apartment block he owns, or from the new condos he bought downtown, move, new people will be living there.
People really always keep getting born.
Anyway, I wanted to say I'm sorry. I guess watching from my window is maybe better than not watching at all. But I'm just trying to mull over my own guilt of the matter. And mostly guilt comes from watching people die. I hope your dog is okay, and I hope you found your daughter.
And mostly, no matter how much empathy I have and how much I know how ugly our landlord can be, the guilt comes from watching people die.

2. I was reading through Alina Popa writing about her illness, and I was thinking about our landlord. I feel ashamed even mentioning him this often, because you know, just move out. Ugly bad landlords everywhere. But I hope you get me when I say it's really not that easy.
I was reading through Popa's book because I was sure she had a magical healing solution to make everybody healthy again. And alive, and healthy.
I found a lot but I also didn't find much. I guess in the end, healing is a poem written in the language of the people.
I don't think I can write healing, I don't think anyone can. But I know having recipes makes me feel calm. Makes me think everything can be healed and fixed, and although I know it won't, through this silly little recipe, it gives me hope. A how-to guide.
I've gone through hundreds of recipes on how to heal this.
I thought- so many recipes just means people are urgently sharing what they think works for them. What works for them.

To mourn:
250g hulled wheat
700ml to 1L water
150g biscuits
1 cup walnuts
Orange zest
Powdered sugar

Made always on a Saturday. To be brought to the grave, and given to people/ strangers. To remember whom has passed – it is necessary to gift some.

For a sick heart:
one tablespoon of nettle and geranium roots is boiled for 10 minutes in 600 ml of water. After straining, sweeten with honey and drink one teacup before meals

or:
Valerian 100g
Malva sylvestris 50g
Wormwood 80g
Lemon balm 80g
Nettle roots 100g
Icelandic lichen 60g
Wild asparagus 30g
Yarrow 50g
Coltsfoot 50g
Salsify 40g

Take 5 tablespoons of the mixture and boil for 20 minutes in 1 liter of water. Strain and drink 1 teaspoon each. 30 minutes before meals

THE FEAR ITSELF HAS A MESMERIZING POWER:
me as reader and *Etel Adnan as writer.*
Zeynep Yilmaz

Maybe this is why dads will never not be mesmerizing.

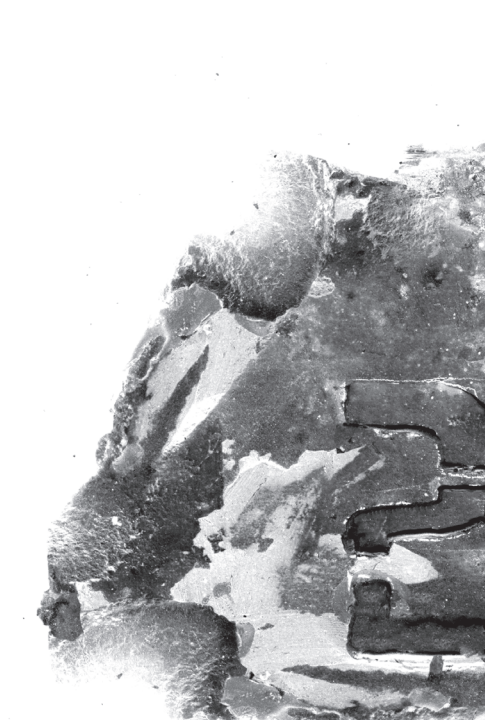
Imagination arrives from the cosmos's farthest reaches and elects our brain the way it would harbor, established its headquarters, and soon starts its misdoings. But what would we have done without it? Hell would have been tidier.

If I would have been an archaeologist, I would take the shovels and the fine-tune brushes, would look at the land, and decide to not dig it. I would just drop the tools from my hand. This way, I would be just like my dad. And he is not an archaeologist, he is salesman. So if I'd been an archaeologist, I would dig up the ground carefully, take up all the objects found, look at the empty space where once the pots and the gold was, and bury myself in it. I would just need help with the shovel. Thankfully, we have imams for that. and a whole entire village. maybe even a few willing white men.

The universe makes a sound—is a sound. In the core of this sound there's a silence, a silence that creates that sound, which is not opposite, but its inseparable soul. And that silence can also be heard.

You used to be a mountain as a kid, and as for the rest of your days, you wondered what you did to deserve to be a plateau, and how to be a mountain again.

I want to go rafting, not only in rivers but on any experience, the mental ones particularly, feel the joy of frantic concepts, of their freedom mainly. It's trying to analyze, cut thinking into bits, scrutinize happenings, so much labor for mediocre results.



These days, you don't have to go to Paris to be in Paris. It is enough to read a sentence written about Paris, or to imagine oneself in the wide(ly),accepted,colonized corridors of my French high school, where we all dreamt of going there—with a thousand kids wishing to be somewhere else, we could forget where we were, the power of mass-scale manifestation of disembodiment, detachment, but then again, Istanbul was always mistaken to be another place, we forgot it wasn't Paris until some of us actually went there. or stayed here.

Today was one of those non-days, as if in a parenthesis,

The kind of peace that escapes templates.

We have to deal with hopelessness. We hoped, and hoped, and ended up with the atomic bomb and the death of God. We are here, stranded in an airport, queuing for some extraterrestrial destination, for just displacing our fears.

Now the parenthesis escaped on to the streets.

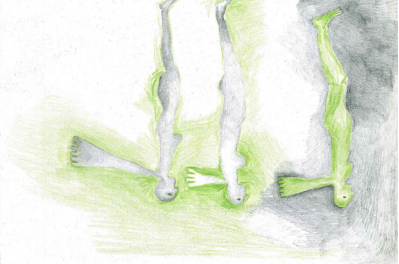
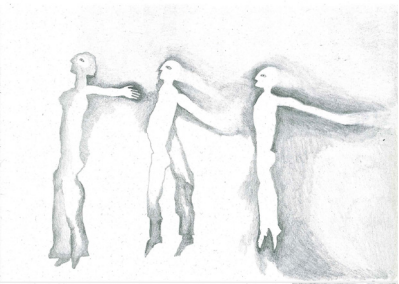
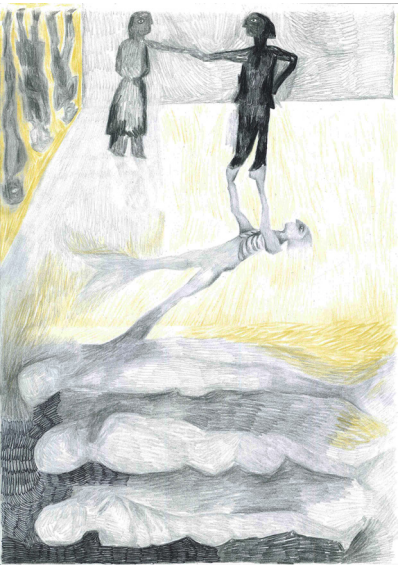
We have to distract ourselves from our destinies. I don't know how, we just play it by instinct. We manage to take our attention away, into outer space, into a history book, into our own imaginations, or just a post-card, but we do, we go.

Time spent finding the right emoji has surpassed the time spent finding out how we really feel in the face of everything.

It's a green screen.

For today...(I) listened to the news announcing a shut-down of the federal government, and wondered if whole nations drift the way an individual will, drift aimlessly, almost blissfully, like on a ski slope nobody had foreseen. Oh eventually everything is overcome.

from Etel Adnan, *Shifting the Silence*



Bo Wielders