

SURRENDER/RESISTANCE

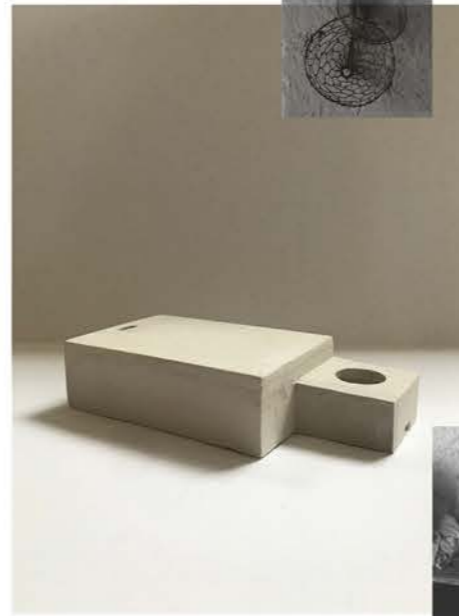
some explorations on the topic of liminal spaces between homes
some more personal than others

this is also the aforementioned 'collection of texts'

THE CASE OF THE BED-STOVE

the disappearance of my grandmother's kang, or bed-stove, is a fictional event that has always haunted me (the truth is I have simply forgotten what has happened to it, whether it is now in the possession of a new tenant or, more likely, demolished. Anyhow, in my mind, it has disappeared.)

it was a piece of domesticity that I only experienced as an outsider, and have been searching for ever since (hasty attempts at reproduction, establishing a substitute etc.)



KANG

WHAT REMAINS/WHAT DOESN'T



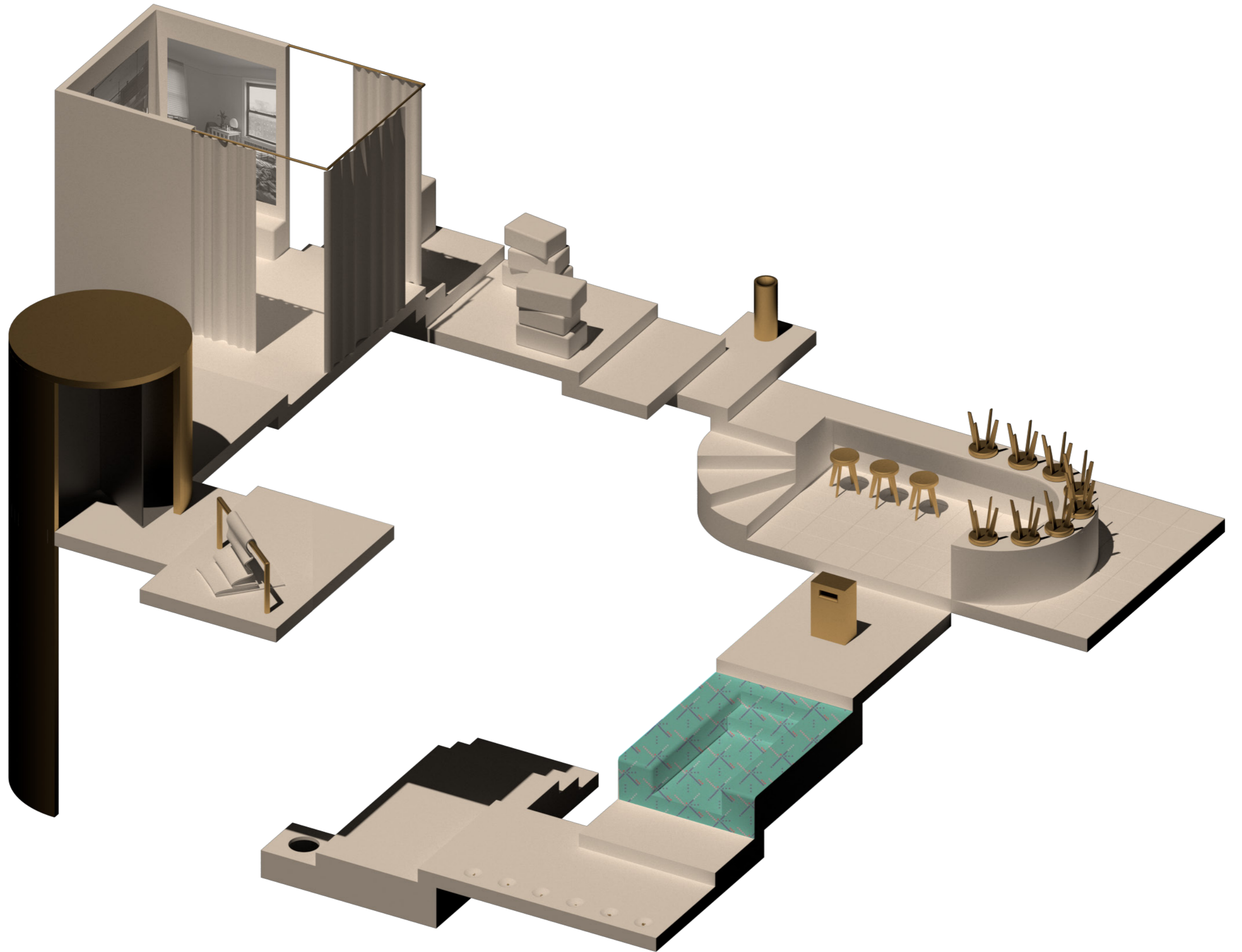
LEFT CLOCKWISE:
BUSHWICK,
FLATBUSH,
VANCOUVER,
SAGAMIHARA

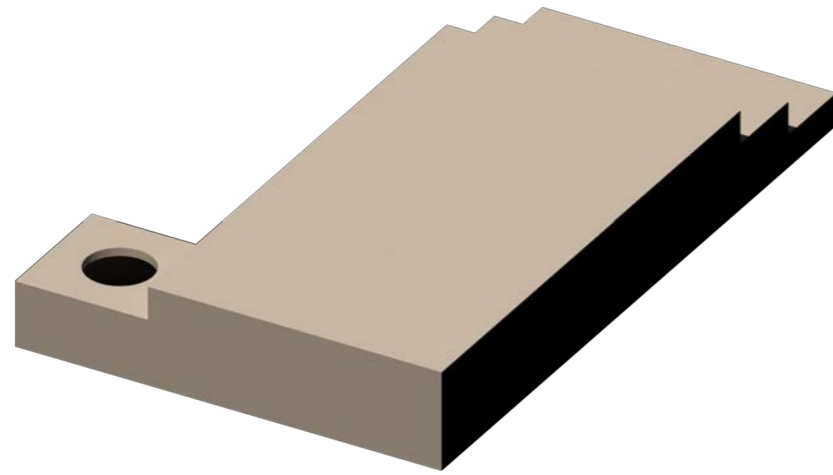
BELOW:
A KEY



SOME EXAMPLES OF LIMINAL SPACES

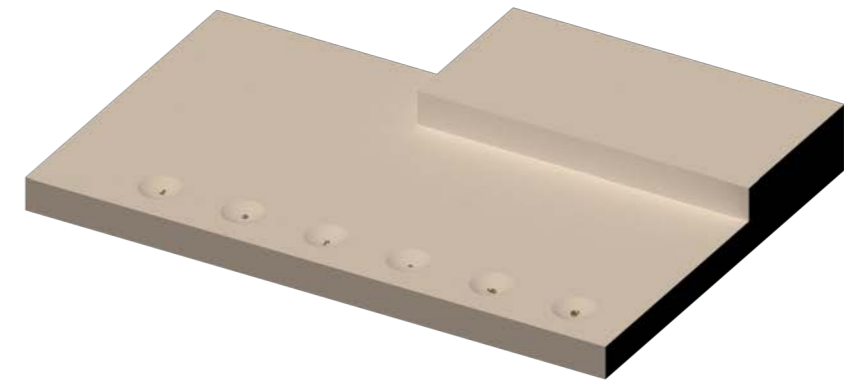
*A liminal space - caught between here and there
Moving on but constantly looking back*





KANG

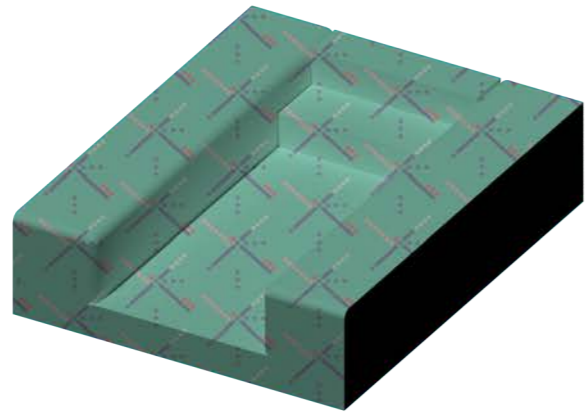
*A lost relic of home
Without a hearth we're all a little bit scattered*



A SINGLE EARBUD

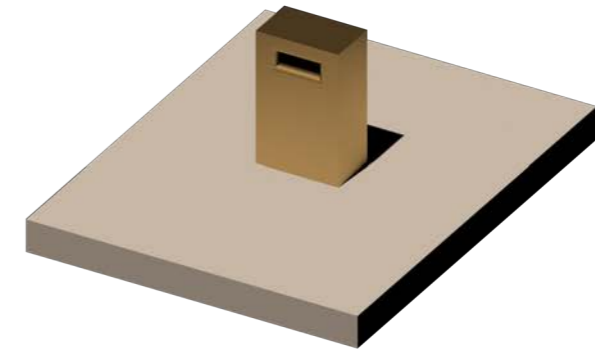
A bit more conscious of the surroundings when you could only hear from one ear - conversations picked up more easily, the sudden awareness of buzz and hum that go unnoticed in the background. Everything feels a bit 2d and greyscale, times like

getting off a plane with one stuffed up ear/falling asleep as a child on your mother's knee/a bad cold



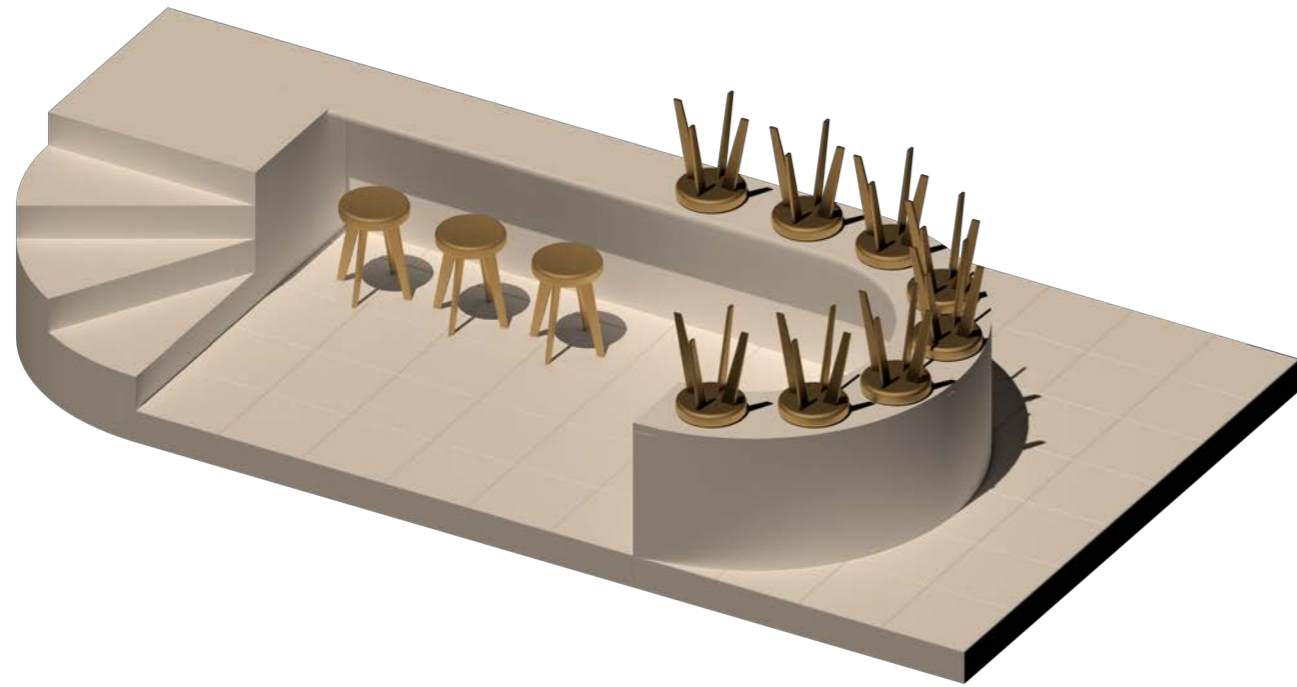
BUS SEAT FABRIC

Designed for one specific purpose - dazzle and confuse, to obfuscate the grime and the dirt it has accumulated.



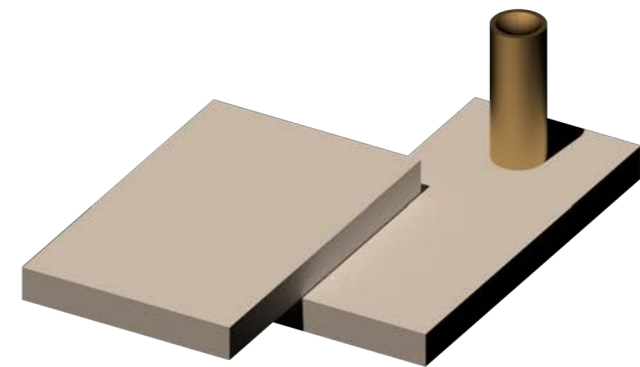
LETTER EN ROUTE

From my heart, passed through dozens of hands, hours of travel, an amount of anxious waiting, (it's been a couple days - it should be somewhere around Greenland I think), to yours.



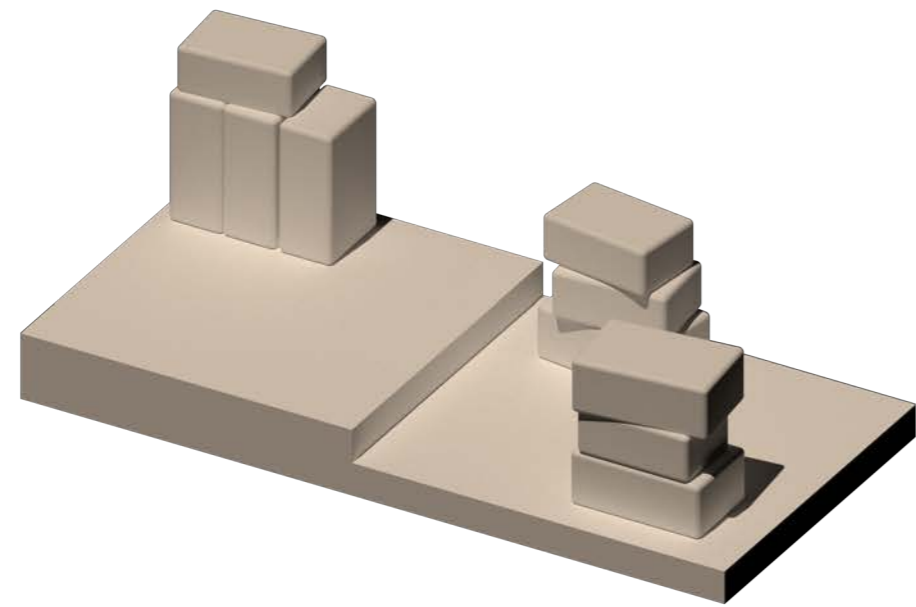
A BAR BUT IT'S CLOSING TIME (YOU DON'T HAVE TO GO HOME BUT YOU CAN'T STAY HERE)

*'Nauseous regrets are calling me on the phone
My shoes, they seem to be my only home'*



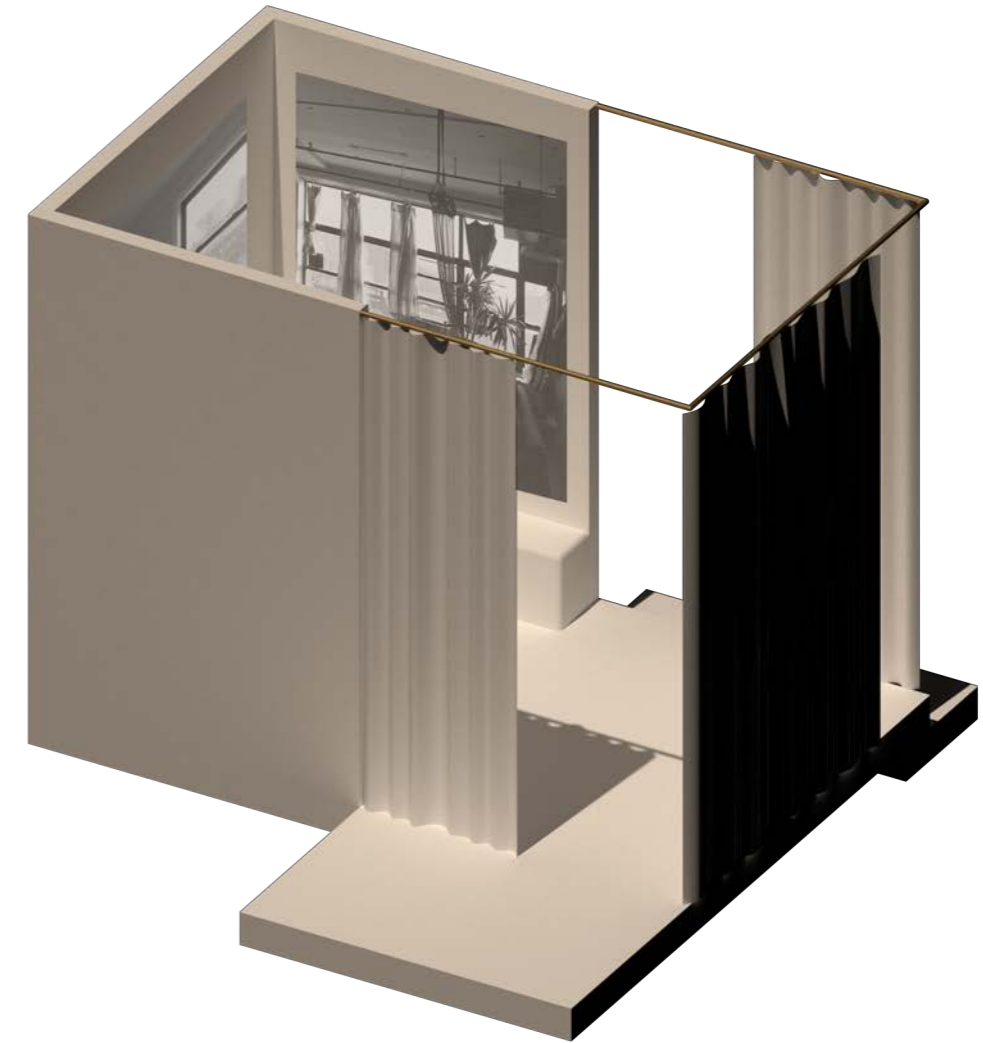
SANDLEWOOD INCENSE

Olfactory cues are a powerful trigger for memories



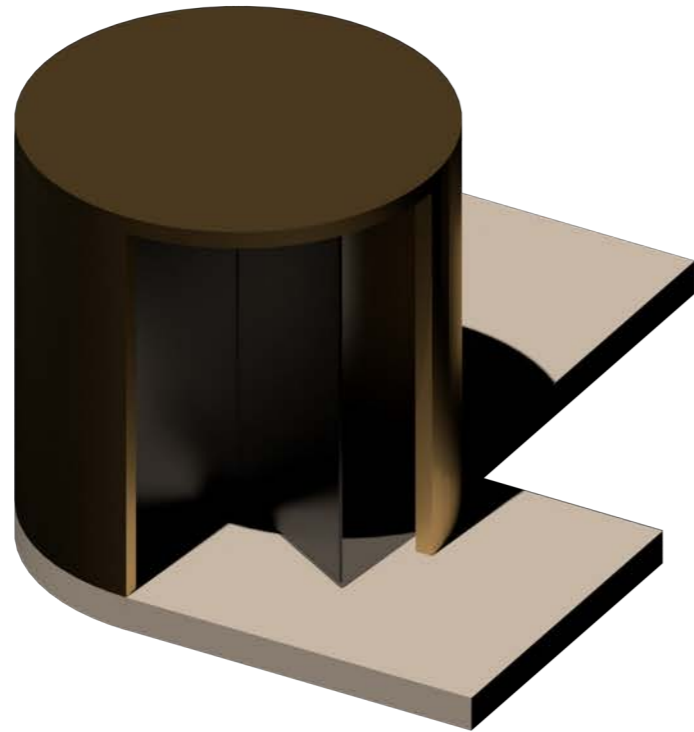
SUITCASES

Everything you own packed up in neat boxes - for a very brief period this is the only home you know



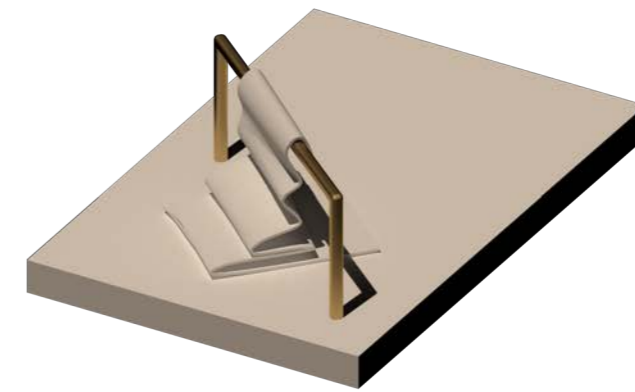
A LIVESTREAM OF EVERY APARTMENT YOU HAVE RENTED

*Isn't it so profoundly disturbing to see a space once so intimately yours be appropriated by someone else?
Isn't it a strange feeling thinking of all the spaces your body has once inhabited?
Isn't it amazing how quickly we adapt, shed a home like moulting skin and move on?*



REVOLVING DOOR

*A paradox:
Always (technically) closed yet so efficient at letting people in*



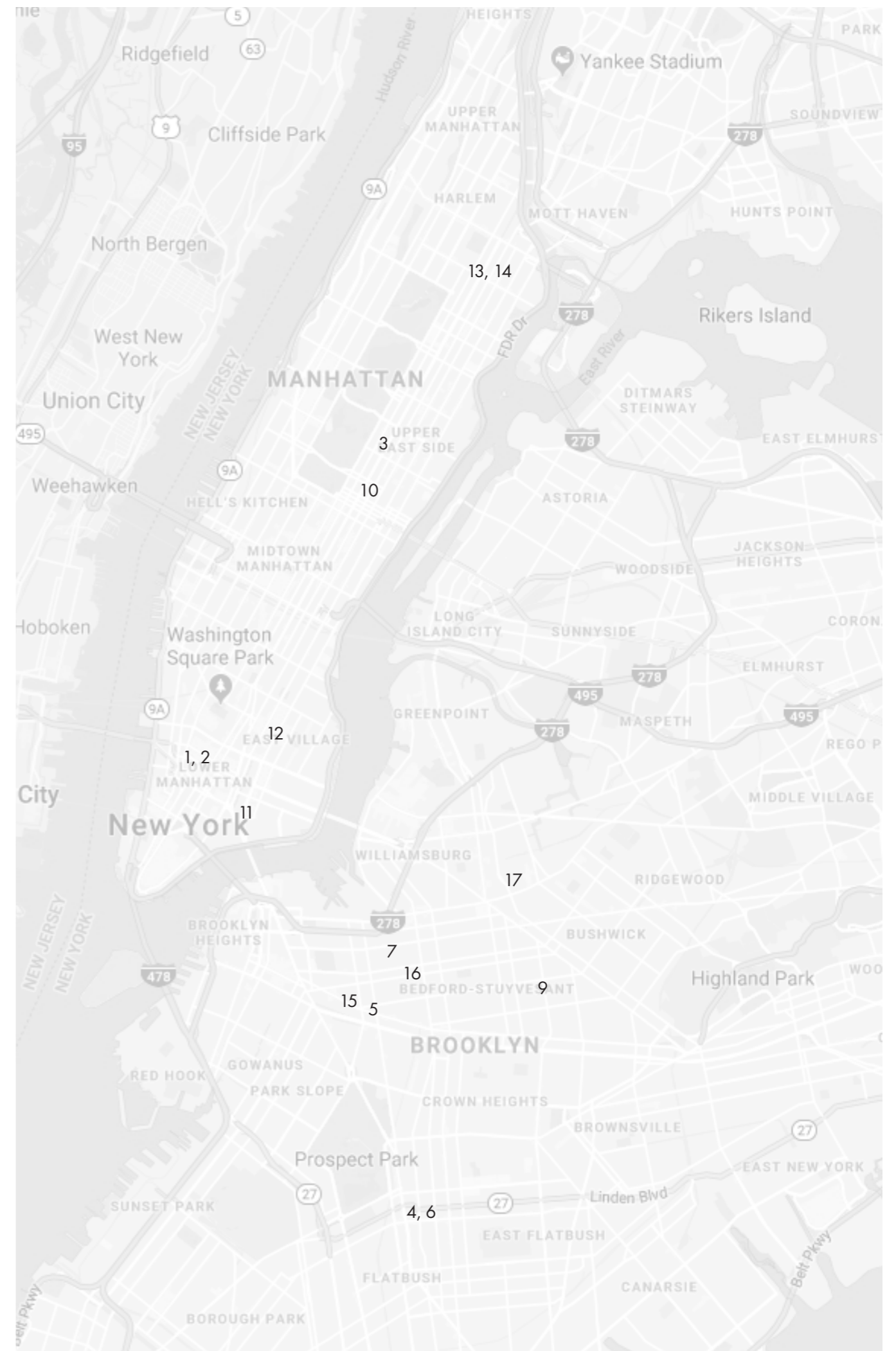
AN INTERLUDE: DIARY ENTRY FROM FROEYA

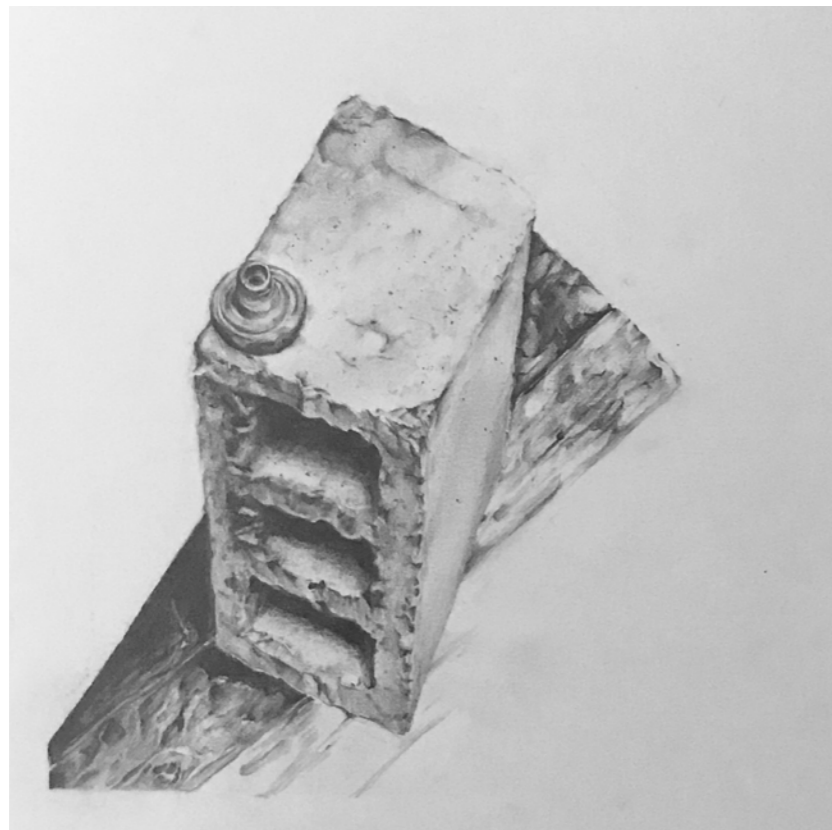
Certain sensory cues - a perfume, the way a door creaks - show up time and time again at sporadic points in your life. Always in a volatile state: a foam, ephemeral, still malleable. One day it cures, because something happened and now it is inextricably linked. It's a slippery fabric falling and folding in on itself (almost liquid) but the state of the matter shifted and now it's solid. So fixed, you can imagine knocking it, the hollow din. You can pick it up examine it carve it smash it. Turn it in your head toss it around. Everything around you is still fluid but you have a touchstone now (it was once sloshing with new moments, moments that were ALIVE!) but essentially an echo.

A CATALOGUE OF SPACES

Combatting the grandiosity of *The City! The Building! The Room!* by documenting objects that make spaces meaningful. Scaling down as a form of Surrender/Resistance

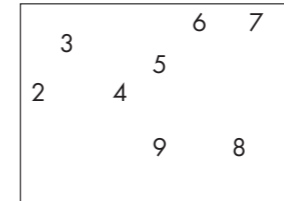
A personal mapping of New York, 2017-2019





1. Breezeblock, OBRA Architects office

The door was broken and remained so for all of the nine months I worked there. So did the breezeblock that propped it open, as well as the broken handle.



2. Birthday Macaroon, OBRA Architects office

Surprise birthday celebration in the small conference room, with desserts from Dominique Ansel that I could not eat. This was the second month at my first place of work.

3. DHL Shirt, Met Breuer

Hanging on the rack in a shoebox apartment on 23rd, or worn by L, during an impromptu photoshoot at the staircase in the Met Breuer (definitely my favourite staircases).

4. 2 Byredo Perfume Bottles, Linden Blvd

S came to visit right before I quit my job. Allowing someone else to invade your private space is an intimate gesture. I could not stand the mess, but understood it was temporary. I loved her company but secretly looked forward to the day she would leave, so that order could once again be restored.

5. One Thousand Hand Slap, Sisters Bar

A very gingery cocktail, on a very doomed date, in a very cozy bar in Brooklyn,

6. J on the Roof, Linden Blvd

We spent a lot of time on the roof of my apartment in Flatbush. I sat on the ledge often, alarming people who happened to spot me from the street. I read that the impulse to do something drastic is in itself a protective measure ingrained in our psyche.

7. W's Bracelet, Pratt Institute

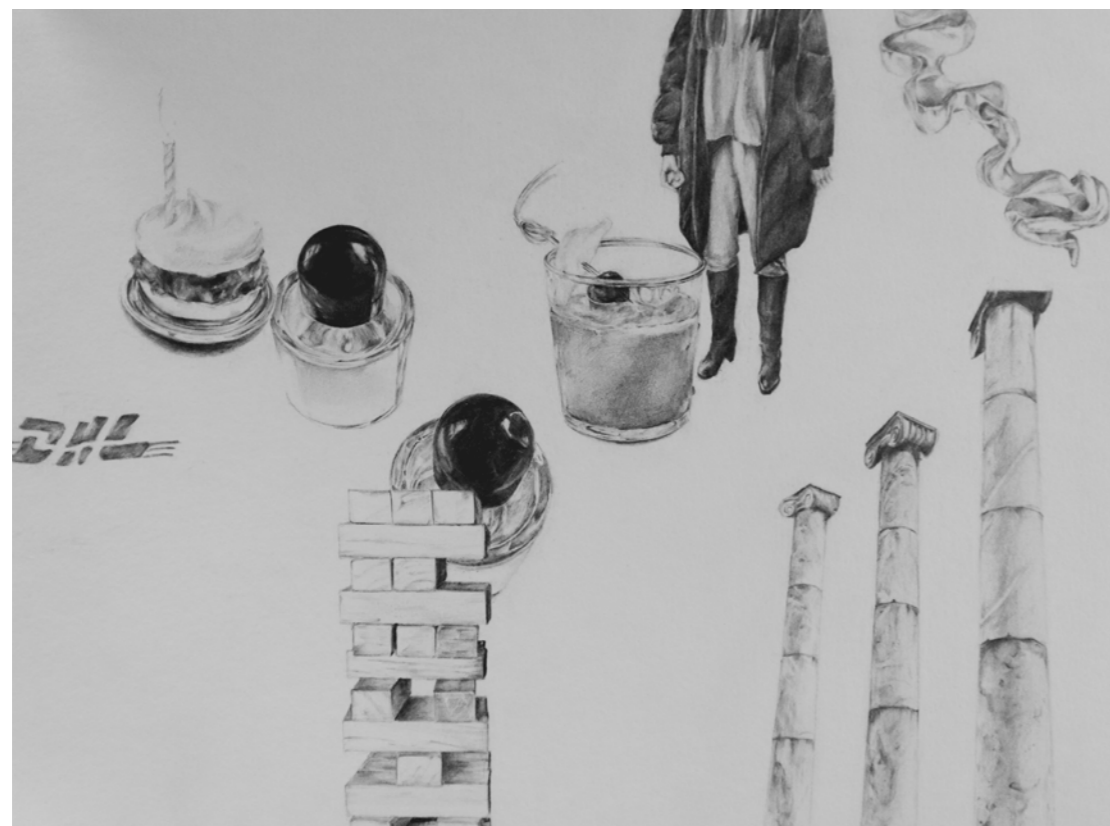
I spent some time with W in her jewelry workshop in Pratt. I had ulterior motives visiting the campus, and always felt anxious sitting with her in her poorly ventilated, cramped work space. She would mist her area with an essential oil blend, to 'balance the energy'.

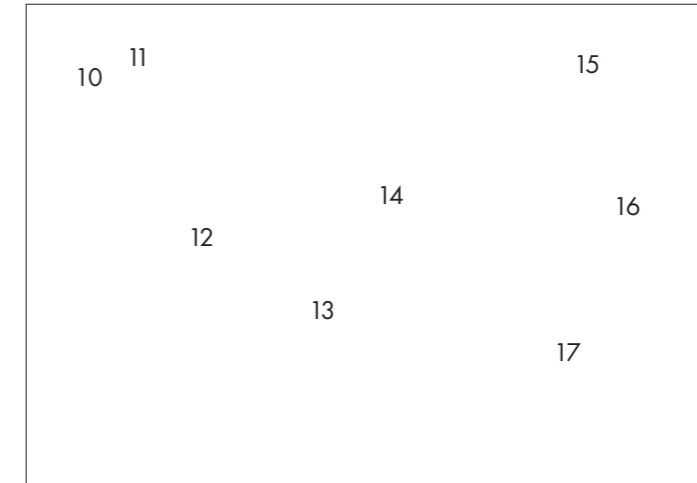
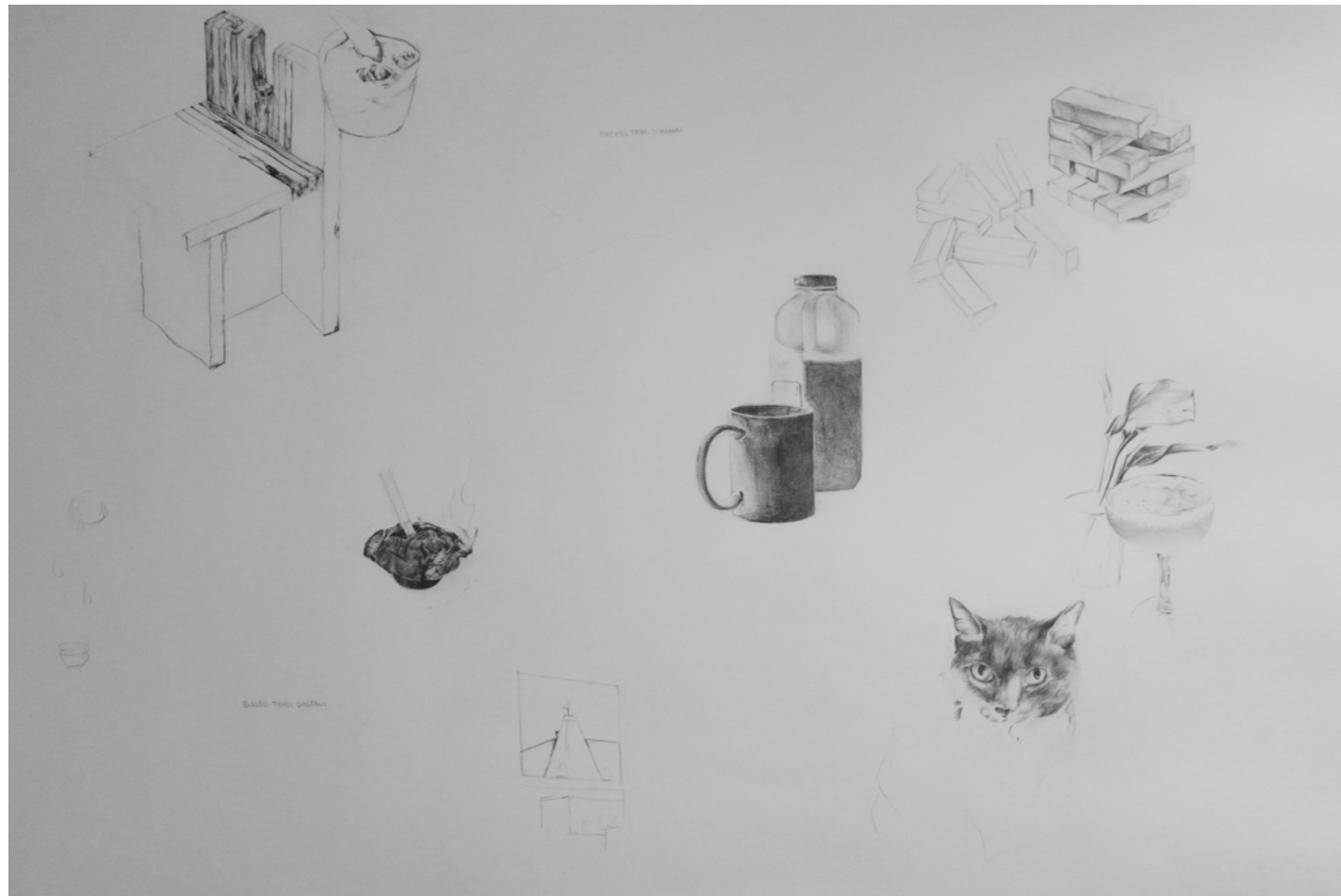
8. The Danskammer Columns, Storm King

were once part of the veranda of Danskammer, Edward Armstrong's 1834 mansion which stood above the Hudson River north of Newburgh NY. It was a chilly day in March and I spent half an hour staring at them. I had felt like a caryatid myself for a good part of a year by then, burnt out and questioning certain Big Life Decisions. Looking at the columns, liberated from its original structural burden (or decorative purposes), felt cathartic.

9. Jenga I, Throop Ave

A game played at approximately 5 am at E's apartment, the last time I would be at his apartment.





10. Side Chair by Lina Bo Bardi, Gladstone 64
K left her suitcase behind the red door, and we hastily went through the exhibition because she had a train to catch

11. Wheatgrass Margarita, Dimes
Dimes was my favourite restaurant, with a curved ceiling and colourful tables.

12. Cigarette Stuck in a Cupcake, Tompkins Park
This happened once before on a houseboat in Amsterdam, except it was a tower of stroopwafels instead of a shitty vegan cupcake. Birthdays tend to be hasty affairs. Do not dismiss the magical powers of candles, because neither of my cigarette wishes came true.

13. View out the Window, 116th Street
I could see the roof of St. Paul's church looking out the window from J's bed.

14. Milk and Coffee, 116th Street
Either I was rushing off to work, or he was rushing to start a new project. Nevertheless we had our morning rituals, in a messy living-room-turned-bedroom in East Harlem.

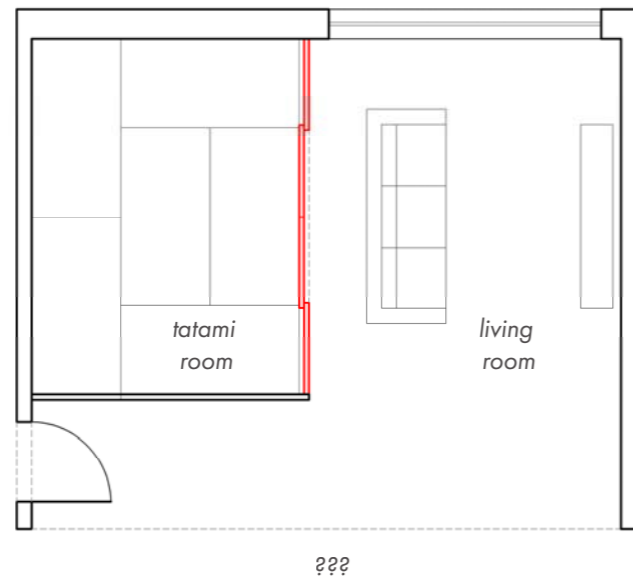
15. Jenga II, Die Stammkneipe
C insists on going to restaurants with three dollars signs, and each time we're left unsatiated after the overpriced meals. Three dollar pretzels at the beer garden is always a necessary post-dinner ritual.

16. Bar Laika
C and I were both about to leave New York, neither of us planning to come back in the near future. The flower arrangement reminded us of spring.

17. Battle Cat, Cook Street
'Any cat owner will rightly tell you that cats inhabit houses much better than people do. Even in the most dreadfully square spaces, they know how to find favourable corners.'

A FAILED ATTEMPT

some unreliable floorplans and needlessly sentimental drivel on some of the apartments I
pack into my suitcase and bring around with me

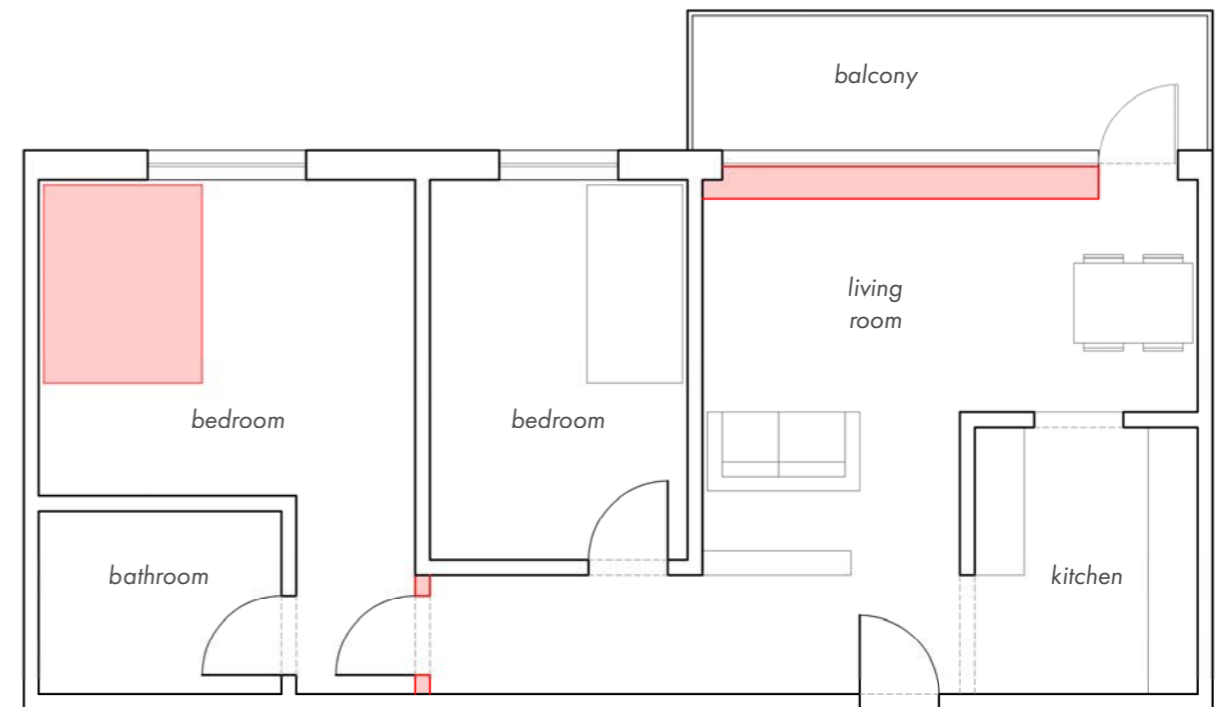


When the shoji was God

Sagamihara

The state of the screen door dictated day and night, wake and sleep, activity and inactivity. It was the clock the sun the size of my world.

Lightweight but tradition dictates it only exists in this part of the world, therefore immobile and irreplaceable.

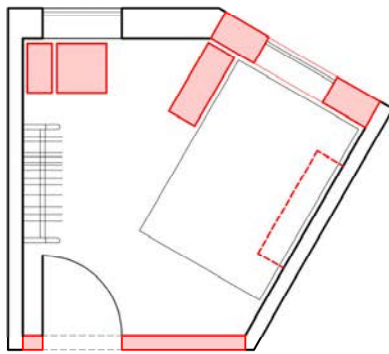


When the bed was the floor

Ottawa

My pregnant mother was bed bound in a foreign country. The floor was lava but the bed was solid ground.

As physical form changes everything surrounding you change in relation, physically replaceable but the memory irreplaceable



When chotchkie were family

New York

Everything I owned had to fit in three suitcases anything of sentimental value had to be as dense as possible.

Portable but not replaceable.