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Critical Studies on Language, Culture and Society

KALEIDOSCOPE

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Introduction

Kaleidoscope

Arts in academia is a topic that has not yet found much acceptance, especially not in a discipline like linguistics. It is either considered as not scholarly enough, as not sufficiently objective, or as providing too many open questions and spaces. If artistic takes on an academic issue are considered, it happens usually in a special framework, such as a “science slam” or something termed “alternative” approach. Bringing art and academia together, without creating a limited space first, however, is a very fruitful and rewarding undertaking.

CVs of artists are often meandering, non-linear and impacted a search for fulfilling art or individual artistic styles. The curriculum vitae of academic scholars, especially linguists, by contrast, are usually much more “straightforward”, even if one’s own experience does not feel that way. It is difficult to settle down because the scholar has to be ready to change her life permanently and even if this may sound exciting, it is only exciting in terms of mobility (Callaci 2020). Scientifically, it is expected that the scholar does not stray from

the right path, does not forget the semantics and pragmatics and – above all – is not artistically active – unless one is Michael Taussig (2011) or has a position from which one can no longer be expelled. But even then, the scholar is still exposed to the judgments and dismissals of the own faculty, the peer-reviewers, the grant-givers, the editors.

The other way around, it does not get any easier. Artists who are academics need to move away from art to meet all requirements. „[...] artists working as academics within the university sector need to function effectively as artists, teachers, researchers and administrators. Artist academics seek a ‘goodness of fit’ between their artistic and academic lives, and this is by no means a simple task.” (Bennett et al. 2009: 4).

Because of the restrictions that we felt in academic publishing and the limitations that make artistic and non-mainstream takes on academia difficult, we deliberately created the Mouth, a platform for all sorts of publications that does not exclude certain groups of academics (undergraduates, for example), that does

not necessarily need double-blind reviews, and that does not respond to the author's linguistic deficiencies by correcting his or her own language. Breaking up with the academic genres was something which was a necessary step for us. From this state of mind, which has increased since the first issue in 2017, the fifth issue *Kaleidoscope* emerged.

The name of this issue is intended to highlight the variety of contributions made by colleagues in linguistics, writers and poets. It is supposed to show how ideas, research or art change and merge into each other, if one allows movement. Colorful and ever changing like a kaleidoscope, the contributions in this issue will add nuances and change perspective as you look through them.

Two parts highlight the different topics that contributors are addressing in this issue: *place and practice* and *text and image*.

Place and practice brings together artists' work that speak from different places. Poetry as a practice is always related to space, be it positioning, referencing or acknowledging. Essayistic writing similarly locates people in different places, writers, narrators, readers and protagonists. In this section, the contributors will take the readers on a journey to different places. To Mallorca, to Zimbabwe, to Namibia, to Zambia, to Morocco.

Tawona Sithole, whose research interests are based on Creative Arts and Language, is a member of the School of Education at the University of Glasgow. In his poems, he reflects on places where he has been and actions in which he has participated, such as a workshop on tourism and language, as his poem *In Mallorca in Intimacy* reflects

Nessy Shimwafeni lives in Windhoek and Athens and works there in the field of

marketing as well as a poet. His moving life as one of the children who came to East Germany in the GDR in the seventies as infants to protect them there from the civil war and at the same time ensure that they make leaders who should shape the liberated Namibia in the socialist sense, is part of what makes his poetry today. He writes mainly about his homeland Namibia, but also about the current political and global problems, such as natural disasters, such as the cyclone Ida in Malawi.

Dannabang Kuwabong teaches Caribbean Literature at the University of Puerto Rico, San Juan, and in 2018 was a member of a one-week residency held in Morocco. Out of the encounters and the impressions and conversations he had there, he developed the essay *Despatch from Kasbah Tammdakht*, which, as he himself writes, is a product of his imagination and should not be taken as historical truth.

Text and image is the second part of the issue and focuses on things that may have first been written without the intention of being published, said, without knowing that they will be written down or collected, without expecting that they will be put together and presented here.

It is a kaleidoscopic collection of fragments again: A double-blind peer review, which, in its genre as an unpublished document, usually only read by one person, completely misses the honor that it is actually entitled to. A dialogic statement about a university's research setting and perspective in Mallorca. A creative take on Meta-data, burnt poetry and a journey through purpose, fulfillment and healing. A photographic journey through research and fieldwork. A transcript of an hour-long conversation at another one-week residency in Jamaica.

Bruno Lamia Cigogne is a scholar and an artist: he works in the field of media and literary studies at a German university and is also known as author of novels and creative texts. For this issue of the Mouth, he contributes a double-blind peer-review of a linguistic article. While such texts are usually confidential and never published, this contribution illustrates creative and academic ways of engaging with one another's thoughts.

Tomer Gardi is a writer who publishes in Hebrew and in German. In 2016, his novel *Broken German*, which is written in a very particular German that resonates with personal experiences with language, was shortlisted for the Ingeborg-Bachmann Prize. His plays and novels create new possibilities in making connections through language as something that is shared and shaped by many different individuals and by individual practices and experiences. He recently moved from Tel Aviv to Berlin. In 2018, he took part in an interdisciplinary conference on "Intimacy" that took place at a party tourism destination on the Spanish island of Mallorca. In his text, he engages in a multilogue with the academics who organised the conference, suggesting something different.

Luís Cronopio is a graduate student of African Studies, who is interested in creative arts as disruptive and anti-hegemonic forms of expression. He currently works on several film and photography projects. In his contribution, he contemplates about issues of data, text, and poetry. A burnt poem seeks healing, and things happen in the way they need to happen, while words do what they want.

Andrea Hollington is a scholar of African Studies at the University of Cologne. She studies languages, cultures and music in Africa

and the African Diaspora in the Caribbean. Her contribution is a reflection of five years of multi-sited research in pictures. The picture series provides personal insights into the life of an academic and shows fieldwork and research from various angles.

jamaica four concepts is a text without an author. It is a transcript of a recording of a discussion that was led by the end of a residency on Jamaica close to the sea, with the sound of waves and wind interfering with the sound of various voices. The recording was made by Angelika Mietzner and the transcript was prepared by Claudine Rakotomanana. The text reminds us of how fast our words and wise writing vanish in a haze of noise.

As editors, we have greatly enjoyed the process of assembling the *Kaleidoscope* edition of our journal. For most of us, our academic home is the 'Faculty of Arts and Sciences' – let's put more emphasis on the arts again.

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This is the era of hitches.

So dropped.

As a decibel, Zika would write like this 10 characters of Emma painting,
as overt as islets of life, live inside you.

Benighted hide as much lingual communities need perfection and toxins
and family to try good from sunny and rot on the Spanish or German knife

OpenStack I have from him want us a district physician president and
bring bout it in aspect in Division division gugn. Okay.

(authored by anonymous Artificial Intelligence app)



PART 1

01

Three poems

01

Three poems

Tawona Sitholé

m-i-a d-i-i

Im Rhein gelaichet
Im Mittelmeer entfernt

created in art
degraded in privilege

played in music
distorted in gathering

dreamt in confidence
dismantled in conversation

baked in the sun
devoured in the sand

made in academia
destroyed in intimacy

this attraction

kuda
it's the magical mist
or the magical twist
of beauty and risk
why this attraction
is a natural
wonder
if it is
sheer zeal
and appeal
that brings
such untamed closeness

nhasi zvasangana

zvakadaro
no mistaking
mist taking
over
scenery greenery
sunlight fading
moonlight cascading
fab baobab ageing
as
distant queen falls
for
the smoke that thunders

pamwe
it is pure adventure
or mere agenda
of sharpened antennae
why this attraction
is a natural
wonder
if it is
sheer passion
to conquer
that drives
such imaginable desirability

nhasi zvasangana

zvisinei
a queen's head
swapped
for a president dead
between
two too happy to
pay for history
and keep the change
as
distant queen falls
for
the smoke that thunders

zvichida
it is simply wild
purely animal
severely savage
why this attraction
is a natural
wonder
if it is
sheer thrill
of the unexpected
that creates
such a fierce masterpiece

zvakadaro
harakabvuka brushes
against munondo
mhofu hones horns
on muzeze
as
mbada lies leisurely
along branch of musasa
as
distant queen falls
for
the smoke that thunders

kangaidze
it's the naming
or renaming
even reclaiming
why this attraction
is a natural
wonder
if it is
sheer power
of the wonder
known as
the smoke that thunders

nhasi zvasangana

zvisinei
suspect subject
slipping
and
entire empire
tripping
as
distant Victoria Falls
for
mosi oa tunya

in Mallorca in intimacy

the third workshop
on language and tourism
is dedicated to intimacy
focus is on language
in contexts of encounters
driven by commodified sex
colonial images of sexuality
and exoticism of the other
bodies
practices
places
language
at tourism sites
communication shared
tourists and their hosts
images and imagination
language in its materialised form
as art and as creative practice
at the time of the workshop
the last major tourism event
of El Arenal
will be over
the town will slowly turn back
into what elsewhere
would be called normality
arrival Friday
excursion to the hinterland

Saturday 13:00 - begin presentations Sunday 16:00 - finish; fly back home



02

Two poems

02

Two poems

Nessy Shimwafeni

Beyond Cyclone Idai

(Dedicated to its victims)

My prayers go out to the people of Malawi, Zimbabwe and Mozambique
in a time of calamity God provides the healing that you seek,
words are not enough, Africa, let our actions speak
in the true spirit of Ubuntu; together we are strong when one of us is weak.

A trail of death and destruction lingers on after Cyclone Idai,
waterlogged memories of submerged villages and floating bodies,
all exposed to the eye,
the sky was falling in on itself,

I am asking why, why did so many souls had to perish and die?

Idai washed away everything in its path without a warning,
many held on throughout the night, but lost grip in the morning,
sometimes profound peace is found in the depths of our mourning.

Out of these troubled waters up you shall rise,
every tragedy gives birth to blessings in disguise,
as dark clouds disappear, a rainbow fills out the skies.

This is

Namibia's rising Unemployment and Housing crisis doesn't seem to stop
just walk through Oshikango where even the Chinese have closed shop,
Climate change induced droughts left farmers without life stock or crop
many graduates languish without a job,
So Amupanda irritates the government whenever he leads an angry marching Mob.
The Anti Corruption Commission has no cure; corruption is a cancer spreading down from the top
a house divided can't effectively be run by President Hage Geingob,
some of his big bellied politicians line their pockets with money from the taxpayers they rob,
Kleptomania is a disease; they should ask Zimbabwe's disposed Uncle Bob.

These are some of the issues in Namibia's State of affairs
whenever we take 1 step up, we take two down the stairs
These are some issues in Namibia's State of affairs
the time is now to vote and do some damage repairs

Air Namibia, again, almost fell out of the skies
Our national airline is a failure in disguise
another government bail out comes at an horrendous price,
privately owned West Air truly deserves a slice.
Economic recession forces incompetent parastatals down to their knees
Will they ever learn? government's money doesn't grow on trees,
when you are insolvent, sell your office building like the RCC.

These are some of the issues in Namibia's State of affairs
Whenever we take 1 step up, we take two down the stairs
These are some issues in Namibia's State of affairs
The time is now to vote and do some damage repairs

Namibia

A big challenge is the complex question of land reform
white minorities own vast hectares of land and this is creating a storm,
It's buzzing; beware when poor people start to storm
Social injustice and land redistribution is what government has to transform
The main focus should be to create an agricultural sector that knows how to perform.
Namas and Hereros continue to demand reparation for their ancestors genocide
Germany insists that they have heard their plight
They say they will continue to financially aid Namibia from their side,
Just don't expect Billions overnight.

Yes Namibia I continue to tell you currently where we are at
Teenage pregnancies are now common like ShopRite bread,
Too many girl children are denied the Education they should've had
no young girl must miss school because they can't afford a sanitary pad,
Let government stop taxing menstrual products, so the cycle can turn good from bad.

These are some of the issues in Namibia's State of affairs
Whenever we take 1 step up, we take two down the stairs
These are some issues in Namibia's State of affairs
The time is now to vote and do some damage repairs

03

Despatches from Kasbah Tammdakht

03

Despatches from Kasbah Tammdakht¹²

Dannabang Kuwabong

*since feeling is first / who pays attention / to
the syntax of things / will never wholly kiss
you.*

e.e. cummings, 1959

so pry the touchables. sift the shadows of your
feelings. suck the sound of kissing sands.
hear silence. still voices of Babel. your visions
are sound-storms in the voids of divides.
above seas. below mountains. across deserts.
Maghreb. Sahel. Savannah. Forest. Vast waters.
entangle your contradictions. where journeys
intersect, shift. sift your sands of attachments.
fire your Pentecost of tongues from all con-
tours. then dance. tremble between corrugated
plains. wait. wait for the drumbeat of still small

voices. those whispers from medinas of ideas
along caravan circles. there shall be no naming
rituals on these routes of roots. names testify
of themselves, chanting. we are a flag waving
welcome and goodbye. a banner where names
become directions:

*Penelope Allsobrook da kuma Don Walicek;
Genevieve Bateman kwaye Charleston
Thomas; Bettina Migge agus Barry Lovette
Green aning Anne Storch; Angelika Mietzner*

¹ This piece is a product of my imagination and should not be taken as historical truth. The piece originates from my visit with some other scholars to a residency program organized and sponsored by Anne Storch, University of Cologne and Nick Farclas, Universidad de Puerto Rico, with the theme "Hospitable Linguistics." The residency was housed in Kasbah Ellouze in Tammdakht near Ouarzazate, Morocco from August 26-September 1, 2018.

und Nico Nassenstein; Fatou Cissé Kane ak
 Nicholas Faraclas και Christine Bongartz;
 Janine Traber futhi Dannabang Kuwabong.

new ibn Batutas. Sifting sandsteps, seeking
 Timbuctoo in Kasbah Tamdaqht. I am the tod-
 dler without shoes. Stutterer without tongue.
 Only the art of hand washing. called. steady
 the *tuo zafi* bowls of elders. hold the *fufu* bowl
 of knowledge. squat. hold steady the bowls
 couscous. learn to eat with clean hands. i won-
 der about these desert temptations salvations.
 nakedness of deserts. plainly. deserts hide. des-
 erts reveal. no guarantees. footprints in Kasbah
 Tamdakht, in Kasbah Ellouze, read: mirages to
 parched visions for oases of knowing. unless.
 we here parambulate in faith, torch wisdoms of
 castes. so. begin. in the beginning. **Nayja and
 Ghana Oxford floating over folded words.**
post-lingüística 6550. a rendering.

Oga Nicholas: Oga, abi yu go gri folo os
 go Moroko fo Ogost? Wi wan invayt yu
 for joyn awa grup fo Ouarzazate. Wi go
 go wan Berber pleis fo atend smol smol
 miting dem de kolam Ospitabul Lingitikis.

Oga Dannabang. Weh kayn ting bi dat?
 Ah neva heya enitin layk dat befor atol.

Oga Nicholas. Na im oh! Mi nah ah no
 sabi eni détel for am. Eniwe, mek yu gri
 for go.

Oga Dannabang. Na wa oh! Haw Ah
 no go gri folo yu go ma broda? Tel de
 pipul dem se mi Dannabang, son of she
 who will not eat earth, the crosser of
 deserts, go folo dem go for dis wan kaynd
 pleis weh dem de kolam wetin? Na
 Kasablanka Abi? Mi naa, Ah bin wan go
 Moroko long long taym, bat a no sabi haw
 for go der sef. So yes. A gri wan taym.
 Wich de wi go tek go?



Figure 1.
 Ammon Ra welcomes us to Ouarzazate (photo DK)

Figure 2.
 A sign of welcome to Kasbah Tammdakht (photo DK)



Oga Nicholas. Yoh! Mi a go imel Anne for telam se yu don gri finis.

Bat afta wan de, Oga Nicholas kom tek wan sarp luk for ma feis si se wan katakata wahala de nyam ma forhed, gbura gbura basaa. Bikos ah kom wori nyafunyafu for ma hinsayd Na im kom tok se. "Oga, mek yu no wori atol atol. For tikti for fly, moni go de, for kyop, moni go de, efin sef for wakabaut, moni go de, for slip beta slip nko for wan gado sarkin berekete, moni go de." Afta a kom heya dis, na im mi a kom smayl gbagbalajaa. Afta,

Oga Dannabang. Bat haw Ah go no dis?

Oga Nicholas. Ah go gif yu leta for invayt wit plenti ditel dem for am.

Afta wan wik, na im Ah get ma on invayt imel for dokta Madam Anne and dokta Oga Nicholas. Ibi layk drim kom drop for mi hawstop. Na so ma jorni we kari mi go Kasbah Tamdaqt kom bigin.

mental sojourns. plan/(ts). mission to measure dreams. Nicholas y Dannabang. Irma y Maria survivors. restare the vision. dance anti-Atlantic to sources. begin in Eastern Caribbean Islands-in-Between, and bam! Ghana. ride

r e t u r n i n g
t y p h o o n s .
jinns jet from
San Juan to the
edges of the
Sahara. trace
over seascapes

journeys across Columbus' map. hear the *abeng*. dare. dive into cyclones of knowing. see wisdom in circular entanglements. (re) visions and re-perceptions. rhizomes of relations², drink the still clear waters of hospitable cultures. "Ng taang be mang be" (Dagaare proverb: "We are; therefore, I am," start then from the inner room of selftonowhereanywheresomewhereanyhowand, leap.

August 24-25, 2018. step-Hop-and-Jump. San Juan over Atlanta. pause for breath in Paris. be lost in the purgatory of CDG.³ 23 hours a nomad. in a tunnel. meerkat pasting my scent in these entrails of empire, a four-toed hedgehog seeking desert cousins. aware your quills could spike fears in anxiety's captives. a cockroach doublé-dutching among water hens. Hurtle through the debris of tornedos to progress. Chaos is come again. you seek hospitable places to land. you are lost in un-translation. without tongue to cry your name. you sit. hunched. gastrocnemii turn to marble-rump roasts. you rise. you walk. bloody crabs stam-pede down the legs. you sit. you wait. you rise. you walk. you sit. you
.well
.....whatever.....

August 26, 2018. I text Fatou Cissé Kane. Meet me in Marrakech. Look for a Ghanaian with a forest-covered face. Fatou Cissé Kane, daughter of directions. Fouta Djallon. Cologne. Lisboa. Marrakech. we join a Marco Polo to Ouarzazate. Back seated.



Figure 3.

Fatou Cissé Kane and Dannabang Kuwabong (photo Barry)

² Play on Edouard Glissant's *Poetics of Relations* and the theory of Caribbean circular nomadcity and rhizomatic relations.

³ Charles de Gaulle Airport.

think: Ouarzazate must be nearby. But desert distances are never near. meander through mountain passes and sudden changes of sand rushes. distances in small spaces are vast on these sky-rubbing/robbing mountains. and death gazing valleys. let smart phone shoot photos, but capture no horizons. pencil scratches on paper. how to capture surreal beauty in sublime heights. acrophobia grips your gazes. sublime. surreal. singing:

I'm gonna lay down my sword and my shield

Down by the riverside
Down by the riverside
Down by the riverside⁴

down by the river side, down by the river side, dry beds. Nobody knows the trouble you've been through. True. sandy and/or stony. to reach these flat plains opening to Ouarzazate at midnight. Ouarzazate. Where the saints of knowledge go marching across the Limpopo, beyond the Niger across the Rhine, over the Mediterranean. Trans-Atlantic memories. Trans-Saharan memories. Fatou bargains for a taxi to Aït Ben-Haddou. Is it to Kasbah Valentin? Is it to Kasbah Aït Ben-Haddou? Is it to Kasbah Telouet? What does Kasbah mean to newborns in the desert? Na so wi kom forget de pleis im nem weh we mos tu go. Tu, hongri and taya and slip dem kom wahala os wel wel. Na im egen Fatou kom memba de takarda weh go sho de pleis for go. No bi Kasbah Valentin. Na Kasbah Ellouze. Ibi layk se na afta midnaye, or na forede morning weh wi tek rich. Mi ah no sabi. Slip katch mi wel wel.

August 27- September 1st, 2018. The sun also rises. here. lights up sand cliffs. Kasbah Ellouze rouses in her nest of solitude. voices, voices I do not recognize. I am not imperiled. excitement holds my hand, leads me down staircases. at balcony turned dining lounge. I am enveloped in warm embraces. I sit. I snuggle up to sunshine smiles. breakfast. after. perambulation in Aït Ben-Haddou. Foot stamp by footstep. where Ouet Ounila flows below asphalt, we are sliced in halves. one split to right of civilized walks. one split to the left to natural paths. both splits to join again at Paradise of Silencing.

Don, Janine, Fatou, Anne, Nico, Charleston, Bettina, Dannabang. Nico leads us. Sure footed. Cautious. footstep by cautious footstep. desert travelers at dawn. We sketch the bank of Ouet Ounila.⁵ empty yet not dry. wet yet dust. beside our shadows pomegranate bend branches lining banks, begging. we trickle down. trek through the vast empty entral of this arroyo. an oasis stranded in the middle of the river's belly beckons tired feet. tired feet stray into still clear waters, too sluggish to flow to the sea of middle earth. percolate to underground passages. resurrection myths of harvests in Ounila Valley⁶ are spun. But now, drinking donkeys, drinking goats and drinking camels, bow.

we walk, we talk. about somethings nothings. soon split into a trinity of guessing games. Our words, gobble-de-gooks caress small breezes. footprints, more than footprints, hieroglyphics, accidental sandscripts. We walk, we talk, we gaze, we wonder, we

⁴ A Spiritual composed and sung by enslaved Africans before the American civil war about the burden of slavery and the hope of a future of liberation.

⁵ River that runs between Ouarzazate and Aït Ben-Haddou.

⁶ Valley with lush vegetation in the Ouarzazate region.



Figure 4.

Anne, Nico, Bettina, Charleston, Don, Fatou, Janine
(photo DK)

dream our inventions as borderless arrivals. lest departures erase memories. We taunt ideas in this open gutter of sand. we stand. mystified by two supermen cliffhang their way over Atlas. We shout: Rappelers rapepeeling? No rappeling. this here is a daily occurence for we who c/would not be kings.⁷ sublimity of heights in silence of descend. We memorialize our presences. Re-visionaries of imaginary **CONQUISTADOR HISTORIES**, we map *tierras incognitas* with selfies and group polaroids. Here, we say, we belong. together. Here in this river bed our world is piquant. luscious under Atlas' shadow, there are no streaks of castes cast. except. except Atlas plays hide and seek with the sun, and clouds frown. lumpen pixals fleeting across screens, aggregations

printed on gloosy papyrus will be testimonies to those we have left behind. pics on Facebook slides will certify like pin-ups that we too were here; that though our footprints be suddenly washed away, we too walked the walk of dreams. here, myths are born in afternoon downpours and Khepera rises from Nu.⁸ Legends, gods, grumbling humans. Amen.

our feet our poets.

Our conversations signatures of moments. of heads and hearts. Moments released into cloudscapes and landscapes that swallow us up. Monumental dreams of freedom dreams in vast spaces. I ponder. In this walk, we claim liminal startups of recognition in acceptance. I ask: "what ritual petitions have we made to seek a place in these sands of history?" "I do not know." "None then." I feel entitled. To know. Ask me again. "But this sp[l]ace welcomes us. In these sp/l/aces, communities of humanity thrive in open doorways. How different from the elsewhere(s) we live. How different from the barracoons of sealed doors. Fear sharing floor spaces. Borders. Castes. Walls. Copyrights. GMOs patents. Yet who gave us this place of life as a carte blanche to toe-print our nightmares on? We do not quote from the aromas of green figs, pomegranates, dates, olives, tangerines, rosemary, mint, sand. children, walking, dreaming, sweating, thirst

⁷ *The Man Who Would Be King* is a film adapted from the Rudyard Kipling's story. The movie was shot at Pinewood Studios and at locations in France and Ouarzazate, Morocco. It tells the story of two rogue ex-soldiers, former non-commissioned officers in the British Army, who set off from late 19th-century British India in search of adventure and end up in faraway Kafiristan, where one is taken and made their king.

⁸ Neb-er-tcher, Lord to the uttermost limits metamorphosises into Khepera through a water rebirth in Nu, Ocean.

for *Les Eaux Minerales d' Oulmes, ou de Sidi Ali ou d'Ain Atlas, S'il vous plaît*. No swollen lollygag argot escapes our withered labrums.

We hop on ankle-high stone bridges. We cross without drowning where water still flowed Clamber up tricky sand banks. Our cranky knees groan up a bank. tumble toward our quiescence. in Aït Ben Haddou. Mission. dawdle boogie over a concrete bridge. clamber the promenade of ruins of Kasbah Aït Ben Haddou. blustering busloads of flustered strolchs arrive. I interrogate my dogma of identity. I, blithering termagant strapped to appétence of vacuous insides? “who took the cookie from the cookie jar?” “who me?” “yes sir.” “it cannot be.” “then who took the cookie from the cookie jar?” silence. Not Here? I shy away from the gazes of Berber faces. they offer hospitality with open doors: “step inside for good luck. wrap your fear of emptiness in this Kano cloth. stride with fullness of spirit.” For them. For me. For us. I dummy up my fears. yet, their eye language troubles me. their lustration purifies, resurrects the corpse of history. me. they know me! they see me! they feel me! I look elsewhere. Fearing my wall might be crack and crumple under recognition. like Kasbah Aït Ben Haddou. We make it through. Whispering. Step by step. We botch up broken walls. ruins “la maaleng”⁹ ruins. I pose for a picture. I tell Nico. Capture the roof tops of the town behind me, not my image. these houses call me home. the wind in my face blow tears from my eyes. then the smell of rain. mere drops and sand hisses. Now UNESCO pays some money to keep these ruins on touristic E-Bay.

⁹ Dagaare phrase for again and again.

¹⁰ Title of a poem by Percy Bysshe Shelley.

¹¹ *Ozymandias* by Percy Bysshe Shelley.

We descend. Hunger grumbles like low thunders. We gather at *Restaurant L'oasis D'or* or is it *Chez Brahim*, i forget. So, I define myself: **I am an Arrivalist**. Barnstormer in the ruins of Kasbah Aït Ben Haddou. **Ozymandias**¹⁰: i am the traveler from the antique land. i see the mighty works. Former sanctuaries for the tired of feet. They seem to say: “My name is Pasha Glaoui, Pasha of Pashaa / Look on my Works, ye Mighty, and despair! / Nothing beside remains. . . .” except five families. they live and tend “[this] colossal Wreck, boundless and bare” for our pleasure. But I see defiance. defiance against, “The lone and level sands [that] stretch far away.”¹¹ I do not despair. Yet. Their eyes and smiles haunt me. Yet. Their words and winks haunt me. I see survival. I see scattered immortality. Here, ruins reshuffle. ruins communion with ruins and yet to become ruins. Ruins are eternal. Thus, plenty besides ruins remains. History. Culture. Memory. Vibrant and Lived. Something vast remains yet to be told/sold. the story is not fully cold; the act not fully performed. here is not a place of death and decay. here in the preserve of life’s secrets, history unfurls in the sands of time. these ruins are texts that resist writing. These ruins are texts resisting tweaking. sanddunes preserve their own in slices of memories. ruins.

Figure 5.
The bridge across a dry Ouet Ounila to the ruins
of the Kasbah Ait Ben Haddou (photo DK)



i am slain. word scratcher in exodus without two tablets¹² to break. imaginary nomad circulating in labyrinths of knowledge on these plains of Afri.¹³ my sameness is my difference in these desert contours of no beginning or ending. i re-dream kaleidoscopes of seeing and learning. i say: the people know what they know. love. they feel the presence of what they live. generosity. They know the land of they breath. harmony. they open their doors to what they give. hospitality.

So, I look around. This Sahara. (un) overscripted but whispered histories. Aït Ben-Haddou, a chapter of unrevised stories. words stayed unframed. imagination sans horizons. no controls. possibilities. limitless counting to count the grains of knowing, of receiving, of giving. After. count dust grains of sand storms in citadels of crafted knowledge. you may then arrive at the miracle of Luxor.¹⁴ Speak the language of mind renewing and tongue-tying riddle of the Sphinx. Then enter blindfolds of thoughtfulness. For you must not follow *Oedipus at Colonus*.¹⁵ The silence of the desert's voice engulfed me. I am possessed. I am transfigured. Eureka: Trans-normalimality. I was i-mage. Captured on permanent evanescence of desert sandscapes. Sandscape.

Not beachscapes. Here, sand invites no strip-tease sun-worshippers. There is no sea except sand seas. A vast spatial trans-normaliminal liminality. Yes, "unforeseeable encounters take place and transformation seems to dominate" or terminate here (Storch et al 2017: 12). Tell me some more.

Yes, the Trans-Sahara is maximal. A place of fear and forgetting. An arena of transformations: Fusions. Marrakech and Makola¹⁶. Transfigurations/ transubstantiations. Maybe. We recline. Sip sweetened mint tea in Kasbah Ellouze. dream up *great expectations* for Miss Havisham¹⁷ may yet forgive and rise from her empty nuptial dreams someday. break down experiential power. Breakdown! these "divisions (or castes) and how they [are] constructed and named [and policed]; as well as unifications in terms of how the merging of [ideas] variety of backgrounds serves to create a special (spatiotemporal and conceptual) arena[s]" in learning "context [s]" (13). Breakdown and unhinge the doors of knowledge castes. Demand a hearing. Demand embrace. Beat your restless drum. chant down your babylon of sameness on the play-ground of difference. in this paradise of silence. learn your heartbeat.

Figure 6.

Sign not taken for wonders (photo DK)



¹² Ref. to Moses and the two tablets with the ten commandments.

¹³ Berber goddess of fortune and fertility.

¹⁴ Luxor was an important political and religious center since it was part of the ancient city of Thebes, the capital of Egypt. The Temple of Luxor, located near the banks of the Nile, was dedicated to the veneration of Amon. It was built by Amenhotep III (about 1411–1375 bc).

¹⁵ Sophocles's play *Oedipus at Colonus*.

¹⁶ Central market in Accra, Ghana.

¹⁷ Ref. to Charles Dicken's *Great Expectations*. In the novel, Miss. Havisham, a wealthy but bitter and depressed woman who has worn her wedding dress and one shoe, and has never left her bed and home, since the day that she was jilted at the altar by her fiancé and who is teaching Estella to hate all men.

Prologue: “Here we are, dressed in serendipity. Not blue-turbaned. Not white gown. No desert tents guarded by cod-chewing camels. Sipping syrupy-sweet mint tea we smile satisfaction. Tomorrow we will like the Lorax¹⁸, lift ourselves out of here. Here among history’s memories life germinates through cracks in rock. Here within history’s acts, roots wriggle through sand. Silent waters rise from below sand beds to give life to stumps. Here our amazements distribute questions. Voiceless, without word sanctuaries. We recognize histories in wind sculptures. Water polished. Sun-baked on Sandstones. Terraces by unseen artists tell how nature here maintains her own memories. Between the shadows of each terrace. Wind yields secrets in whispers of the ghosts of memories. Skit over furrowed rocks. Like surfers on a stormy night.”

“I recall an over-heard confession. Pilgrims that strayed to a neo-plantation of France. Recall the histories of lost dominions. Vanishing dominations of the children of Europa. Now recreate a Pasqual reentry. Salvation is come again from Hollywood’s outreach. Vanishing histories will be re-visioned, remade, repackaged, redistributed, resold, and gulped down. A new Paris with Berber tilt. Rises like a colossus. Mocks the pain of tears collected. Then a neo-kingdom is claimed. A neo-imaginary is chained to a past of cultural flaying. His neo-kingdom is Blakean. His ears have not heard, his eyes have not seen. The mighty works of Ozymandias. But Balaam’s donkey¹⁹ speaks through the horses of the buggy. Conquering Gaul, like Balaam cannot

hear the language of jinns. Horses rare up. Whining! Neighing! Frightened as the *koboko*²⁰ lands on heated hides. They stand ground. on hind-legs. Front legs paddle to ward off unseen assassins. We and the dislodged subjects of the new kingdom stand. Mortified. Petrified more than mortified. Something more than both. A horror of knowing death by whiplash.”

A sign not a wonder:

BIENVENUE DANS LE ROYAUME DE VERCINGETORIX, PIPPIN DE GAUL.

A crumbly voice grates the silence: “I am Vercingetorix, Pippin de Gaul. Lord and master of this realm. I built all this, alone Alone! I say, with no help at all with my soft plump moneyed palms to restore the Gaullism, dominance these people, I mean natives too lazy, too ignorant, too lazy must be kept subservient Like the good-wife in the good book Like the good words in the good book: “that the master cannot be hospitable to share meals with servants at table.” We listen to the voice of dismay. In this our day and time. Neo-ballads of conquests.

A sudden silhouette. Steps over the gravels of power. Voice. Grainy like sand-dust. Cracks the still mid-morning air. Blank-blue-pupils sucks in and mocks the sun, blinds us in their hold. Breath, hot like intoxicated whirlwinds, tears at our soul-bowels. Bone-white finger beckons. We follow, silently, softly. A door opens into “Nero’s” coach. The horses neigh against panic. Beg to not go on this trip. quivering, whimpering. A traveler reaches out hand. Strokes manes and speaks kindly. Roweled.

¹⁸ Children’s book and movie: *The Lorax* by Dr. Seuss about ecological disaster caused by human greed and industrial malpractices.

¹⁹ *Holy Bible*, Numbers 22: 23

²⁰ Hausa word for a long flexible whip made of cow skin or horse tail used for horses or to discipline and punish.

The horses are calm, obedient. We crawl into the red velvet seats. We ride. we return. We grin our Gratefulness. Uncertain.

A silhouette. Lanky zombie. Wraith or human. leans on a golden tripod. He limps towards us. His shadowed face swallowed by a sun-thief sombrero. Stiff-upper lip lifts to reveal a rusty smile. A wrinkled muck-wink of welcome. A withered hand shoots out from a deep-blue Berber gown. Mesmerized we touch it with our lips: *"Je m' appelle Vercingetorix, le prince d'Arveni, sauveur des Gaulois; Seigneur de cette oasis de civilization. Je suis enthousiasmé par votre visite."* To each he gives a flag that reads: **Bienvenue dans le royaume de Vercingetorix Pippin de Gaul.** We follow. "See? Take a long and reasonable look. Reason with me: you too are here. Not to shed off old mind folds, but to secure planned forgiveness. You are here to imagine charts of new frontiers of power. Why then be dismayed by my brazen domination of people at one with landscapes. If only to raise my image above this brief and withered frame draped in these overwhelming costumes?" *We are muted, we sit, we wait.* "my subjects know my wishes. my subjects know my desires. now I offer you goblets of divine wine floated from Awariam or Gergovia.²¹ Sip, mind your steps, mind your heads. let me show you my magic maze. Here in this inverted oven, Dante's Inferno is non-existent. here these women in blue veils bake bread France could not afford. here I live in paradise regained²² or is reframed. Yes. It is rewelded. here in these lush orchards drunk with below-sand streams

made possible by hand dug canals I proof my intelligent spirit scares the jinns of drought and yields these plump-pomes mon Dieux. what a heaven I say C D G²³ should never have agreed to lose the fight to these people. retake and re-tame what are mine. these arid lands, these guileless places. we are suffocating.

"But wait, this place resists overcrowding. Parisian trenches parade long-coats and bank-notes. no future kingdoms. here in my Kasbah, cogito ergo sum. roi de le sable. cinq villages d'Aït Ben Haddou. roi des ruines. Hollywood, Bollywood, Nollywood. no match for my grandeur et dunes de sable et pouvoirs. vive Gaul! mon nom. mon nom? **Vercingetorix, le prince d'Arveni, sauveur des Gaulois;** Seigneur de cette oasis de civilization." another endnote lurking at the white bottom of my yellowing memory. about madness and power. another Kurtz in the *Heart of Darkness*?²⁴ Oh Kasbah Aït Ben-Haddou. darkness threatens after a sudden shower. We sneak home to Kasbah Ellouze.

"Here in Kasbah Ellouze no direction is permanent. to strangers. only nuanced sublimities. con-fusions of cultural poly-visions. my savannah blood stops on these flat rooftops. breath caught in cracks of mud-walls of mud. i seek my birth stone in buried river beds. landscape. cliffs of shifting eternity. sand or rock. sand and stone. sandstones. In the shadow twilight. I dance ancient footsteps with my Berber uncle. my Tobogonian brother moans and groans. deep like volcanoes of pain over goat taut skin. ecstasy in architecture; ecstasy of artistic wares; ecstasy in the generosity of spirit. sublime ecstasy. as a cloud across Mount

²¹ Wine regions in France.

²² Play on John Milton's *Paradise Regained*.

²³ Charles de Gaulle, under whose presidency most Francophone African nations got their independence.

²⁴ See Joseph Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*.

Hombori,²⁵ i drift. sift and scratch shifting thoughts on yellow sheets. blue dots across sand-colored horizons. sleep. there is safety in this homeland's breath."

Le Kasbah Telouet

The Road:

depends on how you spell it. depends on how you see it. from a distance, or from inside its own stories. depends who tells what, when, where, and how. depends on how and what you hear. Sine dubio, its brevis historia. Pasha Thami El Glaoui, son of Zora²⁶ from Ras Dejen and Si Mohammed ben Hammou, Lord of the Atlas. so, we set out. members with cataract visions. safe on the back of half-way we disembark. zeal to contemplate on the meaning of Caves Troglodytes of Tazelft. we stop. safety at distances. Fear of cave-dwellers in these untraceable (s)p(l)aces.

Figure 7.

Caves troglodytes at Tazelft seen from a safe distance on the road to Kasbah Telouet (photo DK)



²⁵ Mountain in Mopti region of Mali.

²⁶ Highest point Simien Mountains in Ethiopia. Zora was an Ethiopian wife of Si Mohammed ben Hammou, father of T'hami el Glaoui.

we have heard of disposessions in travelers' tales. Zoom-focus smart phone cameras. Steady. Aim. Shoot. Targets captured in I-Clouds or G-Drives. We see only caves. We do not hear stories of courage. Eternal retreat against despair. The marvel makes my head swim. I hear Elijah's despair over Ahab's search for him. Yet his Yahweh did not thunder at him. Yet his Jehovah Gere did not roar like sand-storm cyclones winds at him. You need rest. tiny whispers and wisps of mint tea are all you need. in the Caves Troglodytes of Tazelft.

Clothes drying in Anguelez, Ounila valley.

The dust blows across these mountain brows. Settles in Ounilla Valley. Rivers take breaks from flood waters. The place teams with life. Cleanliness. In this village of Anguelez, is a defying act negotiated with nature. so. life in colors reign here. Flowing gowns and sparkling robes hang out to dry. Facing a frowning mountain. They know for certain, a sudden change of mind. The hills become a stampede of brown water, hurling boulders down the cliffs. Riding on sand surf boards to a waiting river bed. Miracle of water swells the belly of the Amazeen River. In the villages of Inanumazin and Nou'fafa, water gazers stand in wonder. A flash of the Red Sea stories. This was not an act of magic. Yet women wash their clothes and hang them to dry. they tend their crops. their animals graze nearby. they do not look at us. we are no subjects of inquiry. we are ghosts of those who fly by and never see.



Figure 8.
Kasbah Telouet under restoration
(photo DK)

Entering Kasbah Telouet.

silence. haunts of repressed prolonged lamentation disorder. shadows of defeat scar the walls. 65 villages. 14000 souls. stranded. only ghostly grunts of caravan camels from Gao. only flitting shadows of ghosts of glory hide in the leaking hall of greatness. If you listen carefully, you may hear the clamor of merchants. haggling and howling at the unction block over miserable souls: from Kulikoro to Kissidougou, from Tambacounda to Fada N'Gouma, from Tillaberi to Selibabi. Some names are replaced. So dream up a name anywhere behind the Atlas sky-thieves. toward the Niger and Volta. toward the Zambezi and Limpopo. Toward the Blue and Red Niles. Webbed between cancer and capricorn. toward. Gold has no voice. Salt has no voice. Hena has no voice. Mansa Musah and Askia Mohammed must have passed here too. sold gold of souls and shiny stones to benefit the pasha or king.

Ahmad al-Mansur! Oh. The name recalls the fall. stampede of horns and hooves. flaming arrows. blood. submission. fragments. a kingdom collapses on gold mines. greed betrays bloodlines. Stampede and blood. Coagulations inot stone. Tondibi. A circle completes itself. he who could not see/hear beyond sanddunes of deceit. beyond Taghaza. chains in Marrakech. Judar Pasha marches again. crunches sand. crunches stone. crunches skulls. burning. burning. eyes glinting with the avarice of yellow tongues. reduce an El Dorado to refuge below a Tropic of Cancer. refuse of shadows. refuse of memories. re-imagine. Gao. Numidia falls again to Scipio.²⁷ invasion. extinction.²⁸ New beginnings. today.

I have no tears to ourn. soul sails to now. return to the present. sob in the lamentation of a glorious past. stand poised by a door. said. This here hall. Walls decorated by word scratchers. Patterns. illusions of grandeur. See. Rafters from cedars of Lebanon. See. Marble from stones of Italy. See. silk from worms of China. Testimony that the life here meant something. We snigger about harems. I whisper. If in those times. i was a Berber woman. would i, could i also veil 7000 problems in a cacophony of 7000 voices? Would I be currency to seal the deal between men of fortune? Would I rather be among 1000 hewers of wood and carriers of water? Would I be stirring giant cauldrons of couscous to feed royalty? How about sitting cross-legged weaving fez hats in a narrow hall of women? I shiver to think so. But I am undefined in the market hall of brain merchants. Academia. More harlot or virgin than concubine or wife. I shiver. Relieved with

²⁷ The invasion of Carthage, otherwise Western Numidia by Rome during the Punic Wars with Hannibal.

²⁸ The invasion and destruction of Songai in 1591 by a Moroccan army led by Judar Pasha, under the orders of the Saadi Sultan of Morocco, Ahmad al-Mansur (Shillington 2012: 186)

a sniff of Rose Mary flowers. Rain calms the heat. Retreat from too much thinking. “inda jahilci ke da ni’ima,²⁹ its folly to be wise.” We leave. Retreat from too much ballades of history.

Preparing for departures.

My bag is repacked. Two days yet to go. I do not want leave. But I have other promises to keep. I plan to join the group to Atlas Studios. Perhaps. I may get excited and be angry. At what it all means to sell this landscape in foreign places in illusions.



Figure 9.
Atlas Studio, Ouarzazate
(Photo Fatou Cisse Kane)

Atlas Studios.

I who the stranded tears		of those wedged
Between Saharan marshes	and	receding forests
I am transfigured in stone hieroglyphs	and	sand diaries
Templates of shifting memories	and	stories of forgetting

At the gateway to Atlas Hollywood Studios. arms akimbo i await my turn. my bold head and naked hairy arms. Steaming. perspiration lines rivulets down my bearded face like melting stalactites. i see the colossal statues of fake protectors of fake Medina Habu of Rameses III. i stand under their disdaining frown. deep in imaginary thought. take pictures. Join those who believe in illusions of grandeur. we enter Hollywood Atlas Studios. i walk trying to peel away any regrets. enskinned in painted dialogue as my garment of acceptance. jabberwalk. Before the imagined throne of imagine pharaohs, i line-up for my turn. sit in the false throne. imagine myself. pretender to the *Kingdom of Heaven*, Anthony in Cleopatra’s dreams. Pontius Pilate in *The Passion of the Christ*. all is over. fear flashes like a neon-noon-sun in the darkness of my eyes. do I pose a smile or do I wince a pose? I chose a grinning wince. a shimmering of moustage hairs, a lip curls. at the corners of my mouth. less to part lips is to let out my agony. agony of distortions. collusions. in these snad papered histories across a fleeting screen. somewhere. not here.

²⁹ Hausa for ‘where ignorance is bliss’.

Agadirs of Kasbah Tammdakht

eroded or chiseled sand walls

scripted abodes of Kasbah Tammdakht

burnished shadows of foreknowledge

they cast terraces of stumbling stone

not ruins of conquests

nor uprising spirits of futures

but gendarmes of crenulated Kasbahs

or are they ghosts of Eden

stranded in Ounila Valley

beyond Atlas' gaze?

Dunia bihi,³⁰ this is beyond academies if you too walked here, dazed
 at dusk or dawn with the sun luminously red like a fire
ball sudden around a sand mountain running from a
Pasha of hard work you, like *Musah* of Egypt would hear *Neith's*³¹s
voice slide from these corrugated or dazed by
*Magec*³²'s glance you would fall face down on dunes etch
*ziggurats*³³ of wisdom to live on these defiant walls of the land

I hear the call in the stork song
of a silent *Kasbah Glaoui* ³⁴
rising from a marabout's sealed mouth
he rests beneath this holy dome

filter through the adobe parapets
or is it the call to prayers
clothed in blue and red tunics
where Berber women orbit in obeisance

³⁰ 'people of the world' in Dagaare.

³¹ Berber goddess who migrated to settle in the Nile Delta and Latopolis in Luxor province. She became coopted into the Egyptian pantheon. She is believed to be creator of the universe, its laws, all it contains, and she rules over it.

³² Berber/Tuareg god of rain.

³³ Ref. to William Blake's "Ancient of Days" painting.

³⁴ A palace built by the Pashas as resting place in Tamdakht.

perform ancient rituals for the dead	dream dreams and see visions
I gaze to the hills, desire rising	descend into a cool orchid of life
snug between <i>Kasbah Ellouze</i> ³⁵ and a sand dune	pray that these old joints will join me
with fellow deserters of knowing	peregrinates embracing <i>Marhabas</i> ³⁶
in these parts where myths are dreamed	Bettina of Éire ³⁷ and Nicholas of <i>Hellas</i> ³⁸
	Genevieve and Penelope of <i>Mzantsi Afrika</i> ³⁹
	Janine of <i>Deutschland</i> , Dannabang of <i>Dagao</i>
they will rise follow the path of others	dare watchful eyes behind smiles and
veils	
clamber up unmarked footprints	along the banks of <i>Ouet Ounilla</i> ⁴⁰
anxious to believe by seeing	perhaps enter the darkness of one
<i>Agadir</i> ⁴¹	
seek stored seeds forgotten by a daughter	who sells mint at <i>Medina</i>
<i>Marakech</i> ⁴²	
<i>Ouet Ounilla</i> , leaking with yesterday's shower	communicates a silence of departure
flood waters had roared through	like defeaters across this middle earth
where sea of sand and water debate	why Atlas stands between their love
<i>Ounila's</i> almost dry bed of stone and sand	whispers sign meanings into noisy heads
we resshelf our bookish foci on seeing	in this vastness of welcome
beyond greed	
our guide, silent, solemn, gentle	leads us through Kasbah Tammdakht
receive with wilted smiles and nods	our tongues stifled in a place of
silence	
saunter guileless behind our guide	eloquent certainties of his
step	

³⁵ A hotel built to the architectural designs of the ancient Kasbah by a French couple, Michael and Colette Guillen with their wonderful and angelic staff, Omar, Mohammed, Abdul, and Lakhseen, and all our tour guides.

³⁶ 'Welcome hello' in Arabic.

³⁷ Gaelic for 'Ireland'.

³⁸ Greece.

³⁹ Xhosa word for 'South Africa'.

⁴⁰ River that runs through Ouarzazate province in Morocco.

⁴¹ Berber word for 'granary'.

⁴² Central square and market in Marrakech, Morocco.

string us along a *dogo dogo*⁴³ line clinging to the river's edge
frightened compact sand may betray us fling us down four feet below
 and a sudden flood sweep us to the sea of middle earth
I hold firm to my fear of falling block breathing to count heart beats
as *Aisha Kandisha*⁴⁴ consorts with *Lalla Aicha*⁴⁵ in soft gargling tones below rocks that
mock
the power of water armies soon overcome by the resilience of sand grains
and sun rays.
unaware of his shadows chasing dreams a bored tourist circles on a donkey
holds tight less the donkey rebels and gives him a baptism of wet
sand
his illusion is draped in Berber tunics balances and snaps selfies
to enshrine his imagined lordship stores the shadows near *agadirs*
 called iCloud, G-Drives, floats spineless
Ra. In the shape of goats. our sentries of safety. atand alert from fig branches
each obedient to their posting. East. West. North. South.
pass catch phrases we do not understand

I sigh, lack any taste for such glory thankful watch my feet
movements
over water arranged stones anxious not to misstep in this toe-
deep water
pray silently to *Lilu* to spare us for we are neither Pharaohs armies
nor deshelled nomads of Israel neither weary in plodding escape routes
 nor energized in heady pointless pursuits
we are spared any miracles of defeat limp up the rocky pathway guarded
by whistling-thorn acacia open gates to sandy
carpets
welcomed by ghosts of children we enter to the welcome smiles
 of the *Agadir keepers* of Kasbah Tammdakht.

Children's graves in Kasbah Tammdakht

rising with sunrise and birdsong
 spared any miracle of defeat
 guarded by whistling-thorn acacia
 welcomes by ghosts of children
 of guardians of *agadirs* in uptown Kasbah Tammdakht
 little graves tones dot a gravelly courtyard
 names and faces entombed facing east
 said to be sanctuaries for children
 to prolong a sojourn in this world
 no short bios to boast dates or names or faces
 yet I dare not ask for any stories of departing
 leaves
 Of Ounilla Valley among desert orchards
 souls
 ride steam swirls of hot stones
 their lithe bodies walled-in
 feed foliage as if to assert
 retain a memory of soil
 that they too are here still in green
 memorialized as shifting sandscapes
 they ride westward winds on dust grains
 where Niles, Voltas, and Nigers
 cross
 their spirits sprinkle Harmattan blessings
 across New Atlantic
 Guineas
 then the sandscapes of history
 in every land and clime
 sweep over ancestral footprints
 in every home with a granary
 still
 filled with grains of hope.

Mellah Jewish graves in Kasbah Tamdaqt

here entered within village memory
Mellah Jews settled, ate, and died
their empty synagogues recall tales of manna for the hungry
also, no graveyards of hospitability
these Methuselahs of Kasbah Tammdakht
showed them the Salem of their dreams
yet now nothing remains
only scattered memories on falling stones
bramble of acacias, cacti and rising sand dust.

in these bald undulating horizons sandcrete parapets rise on
rooftops
i say, not all parapets are hand chiseled by slave sweat and native tears
nor do the slabs atop slabs held firm with blood and mire
in this here Kasbah Tammdakht shaded by Atlas' shadow
beneath these shadowy stretches unseen rivulets yield waters
create feed bucolic orchards point pathways to some vegetal eternities.

designed in concrete dreams. erected with sandcrete beams. old ways are
blended in new spaces. secure temporary presences against shifty futures. these
landcrete walls uphold old mud roofs.

in the coolness of *zauris*⁴⁶,

they hold welcome fiestas of mint and fig for those with empty stomachs and
thirsty throats

an ancient aqueduct of five miles silently coils between river bends
slivering its water into leaning homes

saturate fig and almond with sap *Luxors*⁴⁷ of vegetation

nestle along sharp concrete banks these lascivious figs entice
but they are beyond my finger clutches their broad leaves

fan vapors that rise to cool homes where we sip fresh mint
tea

gobble fleshy figs and crunchy almonds

I muse: Jesus would never have cursed any of these here trees
had he in his fit of hunger also walked among these
miracles

where people and land are one

we enter a “*zauri*” of welcome

our host, a traveler like us over antique lands, clouds, seas
spreads a hospitable table of welcome: no introductions needed.
manna freshly baked, served with humus almonds freshly cracked and shared
figs freshly plucked eaten palates sated. we join rehearsed interrogations
groping through the five Ws we rise. bow thanks. desert. proclaim enduring
promises
perhaps uncertain another wind may blow some of us back.

⁴⁷ A city of ancient Egypt on the eastern banks of the Nile in the southern part of Thebes.

Tizi N'Tichka Pass:

Tikabiene

Passing Ouarzazate facing Marrakech

Cacti sandstones sand rocks

Pomegranates hold shifting sand

Acacias, figs, almonds, play seed games on stone-hills

Dates and olives dart around in valleys

Houses like eroded hills Awnings of flaming hillsides

Roofs protrude like massive foreheads

Caper above mountain brows

People descending. People ascending. Suck sun-ripe tangerines.

Tikabiene!

Tizirina!

on this winding road

you never see what you face

you never glance back at the past

four pilgrims cruising to Marrakech

Penelope and Don and Janine and

Dannabang

Huggers of desert fever in a cruise-liner SUV. Rappel.

Suspend anxieties in recalls

Resurrect magical key-words Chanted two days before beside a baptismal pool:

Fantasy huntingwordsmithshunters of meanings of meetings

In Kasbah Ellouze:

Lamboore (Dagaare word for consensus of mouths)

Embouchure of Groaning

Caravans and Crossing

Fortifying and Eye-Opening

Message and Calling

Admit, Caste, Waiting

Kasbah and Enabling

Control and Relevance

Accompaniment

Saliva."

Then Tizirina!

RAPPEL

At sudden unseen spots the sign: RAPPEL. as if compelled by a jinn Abdou our pilot heehaws our 4W Drive. Right foot falls heavy upon riding pedal. mini SUV mustang gallops. hurtles and

twists through loops. like birds in a hurricane we harmonize our screams a cacophony of clarinet-
ists envisions our scattered brains in these sites of Star Wars⁴⁸ picked with toothpicks
our spirits in search of bodies to enter the kingdom of heaven or forever mummified and lost
in these living daylights with our undelivered message under the sheltering
sky where the last temptation of Christ occurred under the tower of babel.
Abdou reads our pandemonium. reassures us in these words: "Je parcours
cette route tous les jours et je n'oublie jamais les zones de danger, même s'il en
a une invisible, je la prévois et me retire." Smiles and wink. our fears recede.

Then Anakrine!

Signs not taken for wonders⁴⁹

along the zigzag spine of Tizi n'Tichka⁵⁰

a sign waves by the roadside

wherever in ⁵¹Sous Valley. :

"Huile d' Argan de Co-operative Feminine Berber de Atlas"

not to be taken for wonders by wonder women
gnarled hands

these signs signal brown and

before veiled faces, healed in henna balms
spider veins like cobwebs on faces
oil

conspicuous veins lurk in dorsals
payments for Argan's perfection

their labor of love sweetens the bitterness of toil transports me to shea-butter
cooperatives

where the agonies of women with cracked palms
butters gorged veins and crying husbands loom

beat incessant kernels into beauty

in zigzag distances from Tamale to Nanville

From Diébougou to Tombouctou⁵²

from Ouarzazate to Marrakech

whether Berber, Wolof, Tuareg, Mande
Dagao, Gonja, Nanumba,
Dagbamba⁵³

wherever nutty oils

are lisped

mysteries beyond these women's memories perform wonders of sand-string bandings

⁴⁸ Some scenes of Star Wars are shot here.

⁴⁹ A play on Homi Bhabha (1994: 102-122).

⁵⁰ Tichka Pass. Road between Marrakech and Ouarzazate that runs through the Atlas Mountains in Morocco.

⁵¹ Located in southwestern Morocco.

⁵² Tamale, Nanvilli (Ghana), Diébougou (Burkina Faso) and Timbuktu (Mali).

⁵³ Names of ethnicities in various nations across the Sahel from Ghana, Senegal, Gambia, Guinea, Mali, etc.

Sous Valley

INKRAL. A word in dazzling while
between Ouarzazate and Marrakech
of fat fruits and green herbs:
figs
singing clementines, daring dates, sly olives
oranges
tasty tangerines, grumpy grapes
stack by stack, some in overturned baskets
desires
between these sustainable roadside plazas
lights in ice
dizzy with desire, i am between Wa and Kyebi⁵⁴ a confused eye plowing this
zigzag strip
gasping in deliriums of heights and hunger
if I perchance survived here
middle earth
or let these dessert dreams of lush
valleys
i wonder if when soul desert body
skull
among these squat white tombstones
jottings above sundrenched places
rain
or somewhere in these Atlas heights
Jangare⁵⁵
or join the dance of those gone before at the market of spirits at Duong⁵⁶
sunbathes on Atlas' brow
roadside parades
pomegranates, fleshy freshly ripe
bitter lemons, sour limes, navel
angry red chilies and slimy okra
I try to calculate how to squeeze my
and fake fresh fruits under neon
I meditate on my life's sojourns
would I trek across the sea of
control my steps between these
would I chose to rest my empty
nestled like anthills in flat spaces
above these dusty rivers awaiting
ride a cloud of ameenas to

TA DARTE

we exhale in choric Ameenass. sandstones and sandhills yield to the call of granite boulders
an angry Ogun must have smelted here, and a Kuribini⁵⁷ was created.
leaving cold lava as mountains
now they threaten sojourners
should these Titans stage a coup

⁵⁴ Towns in Ghana.

⁵⁵ Mythical town of spirits in border region of Nigeria and Niger.

⁵⁶ A town in the Upper West Region of Ghana reputed to be the place where the spirits of the departed meet to trade.

⁵⁷ Dagaare word for 'slag' and place in Nanvilli, my holy village in Ghana.

against the way we tunnel their vision
to carve speedy paths to hades
i see them heave, move, and sigh
uncertain what to do in times like these

we hurtle headlong to Ta Dart
a sleepy stop-over town of convenience
i am reminded of our shared banana
between Fatou Cisé of Futa Jallon⁵⁸ or is it Futa Toro⁵⁹
and I Dannabang of Tenakourou⁶⁰ or is it Kantolo⁶¹
as we enter the mysteries of sandscapes
where some ancestors must have force-treked and died
with no comfort to eat of forest pleasures
as we rocked in the groaning bus
through the inviting jaws of death
from Marrakech to Ouarzazate

we exchange pews for balance
I erect imaginary sand altars
offer protection sacrifices against the jinni of accidents
chant down the spells of tumbling down the ravines
where cacti burdened with luscious fruits
yield to the touch of River Tuoama⁶²
Suddenly, we zoom past Sidi Rahal

Approaching Marrakech

mixed aromas of fumes and food
are the *marhabas* of Marrakech of flat lands
eucalyptus sway to wind beats
silent behind the Atlas range
noisy like mating cicadas
this landscape of homes and hotels
line brazen brown horizons

⁵⁸ Mountain range in Senegal.

⁵⁹ Mountain range in Senegal.

⁶⁰ Mountain range in southwestern Burkina Faso.

⁶¹ Mountain range in southwestern Burkina Faso.

⁶² River in Morocco between Marrakech and Ouarzazate

mock, jeer, ready to keen over and shatter
doorways like caves, beckon me with imagined romances. Eden. in the desert valleys.
we slow down into a jerking speed. crawl behind bully sleek
bodies
of cars undersigned. for hot rusty airs. *gendarmerie royal* tout taut batons.
fingering guns at invisible checkpoints. whistles to lips. suspect passengers whisper feras in
prayers. clutch beads. I see my black-uniform counterparts in Ghana. i flash a sign: "merci pour
votre compréhension."

we emerge from Atlas' shadow. Marrakech Medina. each departs to fulfil our contracts
with transit hotels. Each dreaming of a safe return to the combines of labor. At out plantations of
knowledge mills, we husk youth. Sift them. Grind them. turn them into refined flour. Bill-board
them for our masters. Rulers of markets of paper dreams. I take my leave. I sit in Puerto Rico.
Recall the healing time spent with other dreamers. It is raining outside. It had rained daily in
Kasbah Tamdaqt. I have no regrets. I carry these eight birth stones from the Ouet Ounila River,
the smell of desert sand, rain, and mint of memory. i dancing to ryhtms of identity crevasses. in
the market square. exotic homesters on unction blocks. surprised. courting misteps of initiation
fees to be found. seized in this Medina of Marakech among the i-Mazigh-en. so still i dance. so
smiling. smiling at the winds [. . .]. running to catch harmony.

i-running. am running. fleeing to catch myself in the forgetting. spirit of the wind carry me. eave
no trails on clouds of dust and water. rocks clean these ruins of memories. memoies. memories . .

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Figure 10.

Dannabang dancing with Berber brothers
(Photo Fatou Cisse Kane)



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PART 2

04

Post-linguistic language studies in
(after-)colonial contexts

(Scraps of a scholarly review)

04

Post-linguistic language studies in (after-)colonial contexts (Scraps of a scholarly review)

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Thank you for inviting me as a reviewer for an extremely thought-inspiring paper that breaks new ground and challenges (postcolonial) linguistics in more than one respect. It can be recommended for publication as it is. I may add a few remarks on issues that have struck me.

The paper clearly wants to be programmatic, and it is seminal in the true sense of the meaning: it will certainly spawn discussions in the diverse linguistic communities. At the same time, it wishes to be understood as this: as an intervention with a clear-cut idea, a perfectly stringent line of argumentation and smart elaboration on an intellectually high level.

My response will be twofold. Firstly, and after a synopsis, I take the liberty to tie in with a few suggestions and, sometimes, complementary remarks. For this, I will follow the chronological and chapter order of the paper. Also, I should add that I agree with the author's discontent with the state-of-the-arts in contemporary linguistics when it comes to responding flexibly (and thus adequately) to developments outside the discipline's alleged core concerns. So I am, ultimately, just as well biased toward the issue at stake. Secondly, I may develop a number of ideas which the paper has spawned in me as its reader/

reviewer. I wish these to be understood as an expression of how the paper is apt to inspire responses and respondents.

Paper synopsis

The paper teeters on the fulcrum of a coincidental simultaneity. Linguistics has reached a ‘stage of disciplinary development’ (p.10) that is characterized by ripeness and maturity – nobody seriously doubts its *raison d’être* any more – after two centuries of existence, standardization of its methods and aims, and (not to be forgotten, especially in the last half century) marginalization processes and contests about what should be central in it. The paper uses the term *late linguistics* for this state between (being) established and (being) stable to the degree of inflexible. At the same time, linguistics at large cannot overlook discursive developments in the scientific/scholarly world and communities outside its domain: the wave of postcolonial criticism is a case in point. Rightly (with Errington and others), the paper pinpoints the (linguistic) discipline’s low engagement to include the presumptions, foci and targets of postcolonial theory/criticism in its own registers and modes of “doing linguistics”. This is all the more deplorable if one observes the share of linguist(ic)s in the colonial project *and* the so-far unchallenged status of the past approaches, data-gathering methods and norms derived from these data within the discipline.

The paper takes a clear stance in this *mélange* of observations: it champions the project of a postcolonial linguistics; it criticizes established linguist(ic)s (without, however, denouncing its own belonging to the trade: the paper is clearly partial and welcomes new



Figure 1.

Double-blind peer reviewer (photo: author selfie)

impulses in “late [or grown-old] linguistics”, but it is not partisan, i.e. does not argue from a self-chosen outsider position); it discusses the numerous theoretical underpinnings, complex as they are, of what “post-” can mean.

The key word of *late-ness* finally leads to an insightful comparison of “late linguistics” as pinpointed here, with “late capitalism” as elaborated by Werner Sombart and others. Similarities abound, the paper shows. Conclusively, the author comes up with a few (as yet tentative) ideas of how “doing postcolonial linguistics” could look like, and succeed (or not).

Responses in detail(s)

1. In its description of the status quo of linguistics, the paper oscillates between what it terms a disciplinary "autobiography" (p. 1 passim, inspired by Deumert/Storch 2018) and, later (and Foucault-inspired), genealogy (p. 9 passim). I favor genealogy, and would clearly dismiss autobiography. The agent/agency to write 'this kind of autobiography' would be the discipline itself, not its (late-born) representatives of today (alone). Also, from a generic standpoint (= literary studies), autobiography implies that it is the recollecting individual her-/himself who produces and authenticates the text through her/his signature ("autobiographischer Pakt", Philip Lejeune). This is different with regard to *biographies*, or *genealogies*. Sure one may ask: Can there be an ego document by actors other than linguists (i.e., "the discipline itself")? But just as sure one may answer: the discipline could – if we allow for this metaphor of a *Wissenschaft* that remembers its coming into being
2. p. 6: I am not sure whether the notion of belated(ness) applies well here. It rings too many Freudian/psychoanalytic bells to me, especially those of trauma theory. Caesuras due to events that were missed at the time when they occurred due to their intensity/cruelty, and that have kept on troubling the surviving/present mind etc. What the author seems to suggest, though, is a continuation of the discipline with regard to its ideological entanglement in coloniality. (Having said this: the author also, and justly, demonstrates that linguistics is always already 'belated' in its efforts to catch up with the neighboring disciplines and their states-of-the-art with regard to disciplinary decolonization)
3. p. 7: in the passages on the restitution debate: 'a plural French that is not (only) the language spoken in France' - much like the Englishes, I assume? If so, there will be forerunners: scholars that have tilled the field already, though not with respect to "the Frenches" (or, for that matter, "the Germans")
4. the third chapter confronts late *linguistics* with late *capitalism* (p. 9 passim): an immensely rewarding read! It should be observed, though, that the comparison is that of a diagnosis of a past appearance (capitalism in the first decades of the 20th century) with a present one ("crisis" of linguistics): circumstances have changed and, what is more, "capitalism" was never "late enough" to grow extinct, Fredric Jameson & Co. notwithstanding. With regard to colonialism, neo-colonial is just a more sophisticated way of saying "still a deeply capitalist mode of exploitation". The perspective to be concluded from that would be bleak: late "linguistics" as diagnosed here, today, would prevail for another 100 years with all its rootedness in colonial certainties etc.
5. there is maybe, too, a "Verführung der Parallelen", a misleading charm of parallels involved here: that of comparing

an earlier noun phrase (late capitalism) with a new, freshly invented one. The argument strongly pivots on the comparability of two “late-nesses” just because Sombart and others before him used that attribute, ‘late’. This leads to the rhetoric, slightly decline- and decay-infested as it is, of “late linguistics” (which, in turn, sets the agenda for the argument of the entire paper). I am fine with this, yet I also ask myself: what if the notorious ‘post’-prefix had been around as early as in the days of Sombart? What if the buzzword of “post capitalism” (Žižek, recently Paul Mason) had been around already then? Would the paper have used the term post-linguistics, then, and not ‘late linguistics’?

Stray complementary ideas

I have mentioned the cautiousness of the author not to write from outside his discipline, and to present himself as a discontented, yet insider-representative of linguistics. Linguistics itself is never, nowhere being dismissed as a discipline, a basis of argumentation etc.

6. Picking up the ball at this point, and carrying it further: it would be worth the while risking a more radical way of putting it. The paper presents linguistics as autonomous enough to assess and state where it stands. The capacity to self-define and –determine its state and status (‘which phase it is in’, p. 5) and, ultimately, its *raison d’être* are taken for granted. I may complement this with another idea: that of a heuristic discipline named post-linguistic language studies

in (after-)colonial contexts (an idea that occurred to me when pondering on No. (5), above). This would imply an *altogether discarding* of linguistics as it displays itself today (with all those Western (Euro-American) conceptualization of the world, the deeply ingrained presumptions and epistemological residues with which ‘we’ Germans and individuals of German descent had literally colonized parts of the world back in 1884-1915), not just a naming it “late”.

7. The consequences of such a self-positioning would be dire, that is for sure and I am quite aware of it. “Established” linguists would revolt, and neighboring disciplines (the remaining field of the today’s academic disciplines whose territory linguistics has entered only very/too late) would maybe refuse to grant exile. And yet, a short brainstorming would yield a first set of more concrete ideas of how “post-linguistic language studies” as a discipline could look like that has once for all said farewell to the dubious practices of linguistics during the colonial era and their spectral presence in the discipline’s post-colonial epoch.

For instance, the paper mentions the restitution debate triggered by President Macron and further fueled by the Sarr/Savoy report. Is it, or would it be conceivable to *restitute a language*? In terms of an intangible cultural heritage (“immaterielles Kulturerbe”) that has most presumably been deformed and desacralized by pressing it into the straitjackets of “our Western/global Northern linguistic con-

cepts”: by superimposing our grammar taxonomies on it, our notions of how “le signe” functions, our craze for lexicographing and charting it to (an ideal of) completion. Restituting languages in this sense might, I think, first and foremost concern disciplines other than “German languages studies” (viz. Afrikanistik etc.). It would, however too, be daunting to probe (and focalize anew) the issue of, say, (German to X) translations in now ‘a participatory partnership with Africa based on dialogue’ (p. 7). A project of ‘decolonizing translation’ would challenge anew the idea of (being able to) fully transpose the *szujet* of the source text in language X into the German target text: quite a nice perspective for the translator *métiers*, the publisher biz and lit-crit. By the same token, any German *szujet* can no longer just like that be translated into, say, an African language without heeding the peculiarities of that (now “restituted”) target language.

and no-gos of postcolonial linguistics (or even post-linguistic language studies). The intertextual aspects should be obvious (Shaw, *Pygmalion*). Gonna see. It might work out this way or that, and if it is *binge*, this is just as well okay. ‘Living in Late Linguistics’ (p. 18).

Next

As said, the paper was highly stimulating and inspiring: seminal in the true sense of the meaning. I am submitting these lines as on opening for a dialogue, which I would welcome. In me, it has moreover triggered the idea of a short-story. The tale would feature an older female Senegalese professor of linguistics (who went through all the DAAD-sponsored, German “Doktorvater” linguistic toilet training criticized here, and who had swallowed it hook, line and sinker) and her dispute with a younger Germanistik-student, Roland Blum of Bremen, on the issue of the potentials

05

Der große Ballermann
Sommer Uni Splash

05

Der große Ballermann Sommer Uni Splash

Tomer Gardi

Am Ende der Saison im Spätsommer 2018 haben wir am Ballermann auf Mallorca eine internationale wissenschaftliche Fachtagung zum Thema „Intimacy“ mit Vorträgen über Sprache und Tourismus veranstaltet. Während die letzten Partygruppen in ihren Motto-T-Shirts in die Großraumdiskotheken strömten, ein Schlageridol längst vergangener Zeiten sein letztes Lied sang und eine einsame Frau und ein einsamer Mann in einer dreckigen Gasse einen Deal machten, hat sich Tomer Gardi überlegt, was wissenschaftliche Arbeit und ein hedonistischer Ort wie der Partystrand außerdem noch miteinander zu tun haben könnten.

Der große Ballermann Sommer Uni Splash ist ein Treffen, ein Spiel, ein Performance, ein Intervention und ein Pop-Up Uni am Strand. Nun, zurzeit ist es das alles noch nicht. Zurzeit ist es noch eine Fantasie. Wenn eine Fantasie, aber, mit andere Menschen geteilt wird, wird die Fantasie kollektiv, und existiert dann in eine Raum der die Fantasierende schafen. Also, werde ich diese Fantasie niederschreiben. Ich werde sie Publik machen. Und so werdet ihr, die die Wörter lesen oder hören, aktive Teilnehmer in diese Fantasie: in ihre Verbreitung, in ihre Entwicklung und in ihre Belebung. Was ist Ballermann Was ist Ballermann? Eine Frage, die nur ein Fremder in die deutsche Kultur und Sprache stellen kann. Denn von Gespräche mit Deutsches scheint es mir, dass jeder weißt was Ballermann ist: ein Ort in Mallorca, Spanien, zu dem hauptsächlich deutsche Touristen fahren um Party am Strand zu machen. So objektiv wird der Ort aber nie beschrieben.

Denn die Meinungen oder Haltungen über Ballermann und was es ist, sind stark polarisiert. Was kann aber polarisiert sein, in einer Ort in dem Menschen trinken, vögeln, schwimmen, tanzen und singen? Denn so beschreiben Ballermann, die deutsche Besucher, die es lieben und die dahin reisen. Eine Beschreibung, die für mich als eine dyonisische Paradies klingt, ein Ort in dem ich meine Zeit gerne verbringen würde. Mein Zeit? Mein ganzes Leben! In Freiheit und Vergnügen, ohne niemanden damit zu verletzen oder stören. Was kann irgend jemanden gegen so ein Ort doch haben? Zu diese Frage kommen unterschiedliche Antworten, von Menschen aus Deutschland die in Ballermann nie gewesen waren, und auch nicht vorhaben dorthin zu reisen. Antworten von Menschen die Ballermann nur von Gerücht und Berricht kennen. Sie beschreiben Ballermann als ein Ort von alle Arten von Chauvinismus, Ausbeutung, Häslichkeit, Gewalt und jeder Menge Dummheit. Was ist Ballerman? Die Frage, die nur ein Fremde ins detuschsprachiger Kultur und Raum stellen kann, ist also nach einige Gespräche gar nicht so klar zu beantworten. Und es stimmt nicht, dass diese Frage sich nur ein Fremder in die detusche Kultur und Sprache stellen kann. Denn genau diese Frage haben sich Angelika Mietzner, Janine Traber, Anne Storch, Nicco Nassenstein und Fatou Cissé Kane gestellt. Was ist Ballermann? Was passiert dort? Wer lebt dort, wer arbeitet dort, wer verreist dorthin? Was für Beziehungen, Kulturen, Sprachen, entwickeln sich, zwischen die unterschiedlichen Menschen am Strand, in die Bars, die Restaurants, Hotel Rooms und Suits? Die Fragen wurden gestellt, und dann, durch Besuche in Ballermann, und ethnographische Arbeit in der Ort, erste Antworten wurden skizziert. Im Rahmen diese Besuche, fand Oktober 2018 in El Arenal - Ballermann die Intimacy and Language Workshop statt. Zu diese Workshop war ich auch eingeladenet, und durch diese Einladung habe ich auch das erste mal über Ballermann gehört, und dann Ballermann auch erfahren.

Ich finde es wirklich spannend, dass das Konzept des Ballermann, die Insel der Deutschen, außerhalb Deutschlands nicht bekannt ist. Und wenn dann jemand aus dem Ausland kommt, wie Du, Tomer, aus Israel, dann muss es doch ein Schock sein, wenn man sieht, wie viele Deutsche dort ihren Urlaub gerne verbringen.

Angi

Anne

Einerseits andererseits. Dionysische Vergnügungen sind ja gar nicht so übel. Und das Dionysische ist auch nicht so monoton wie ein irgendwie bürgerlich gestalteter Strand oder ein Kurbad, wo man umher liegt und sich nur um sich selbst sorgen darf. Hier wird sich bewegt, gewunden und gedreht, gegrölt und geschunkelt. Hedonistisch ist es da. Es ist viel zu sehen und das Wetter ist warm. Die Phantasie des dionysischen Südens könnte ja eine wunderbare Erwiderung gegen das Repressive und die Enge sein, ein verwirrender liminaler Raum, in dem alles in Frage gestellt werden darf. Aber in diesem spätkapitalistischen Paradies für Männergesellschaften und Mädelsabende wird wenig in Frage gestellt und vieles so getan wie überall dort, wo man am Ende vielleicht gar nicht herkommen will und auch nicht sein mag. Frauen werden für kleines Geld zu Heftchenphantasien, für nur ein paar Cocktails oder ein paar kleine Scheine. Männer ohne Papiere sind Männer ohne Namen. Auf Plakaten steht, man solle vom Balkon springen. Dann ist man weg und kann nicht mehr grölen und auf den Gehsteig kotzen und Duschwasser verschwenden. Deshalb ist es keine dionysische Phantasie, sondern die triste Realität der an ihr Ende gelangenden massentouristischen Nutzung eines Ortes, welcher auf eine merkwürdige Art das zeigt, was man zurücklässt, wenn man ihn besucht. Man kann also auch am Walldorfer Badensee bleiben und dort Uni Splash machen, das ist billiger, und ich könnte mal wieder meine Mutter besuchen.

Während drei Tage, zusammen mit die andere Teilnehmer in die Workshop, durch Vorträge und Gespräche, diskutierten wir über Ballermann, über Tourismus, über Sprache und Intimität, über Party und Körperbild und Identität, Arbeit und Konsum. Außerhalb der Workshop Raum, erfahrlen wir Ballermann als eine Ort. Singen und tanzen und vögeln und trinken und schwimmen und in der Sand im Sonne liegen und singen und tanzen und vögeln und trinken.

Tomer

Also ich hab getagt und gearbeitet und
nicht gevögelt und getrunken. Leute?

Anne

Nico

Wenngleich nicht gevögelt oder exzessiv getrunken wird, so führt die Erfahrung des Ballermanns auf Seiten von Wissenschaftlern doch zu sehr unterschiedlichen Formen von Immersion und Entfremdung, Teilhabe und Reflexion. Während einige im exzessiven Meer von Alk, Lärm und Party eintauchen oder untertauchen müssen um ihre Forschung und Interaktionen am Ballermann zu authentischen „Feldforschungserfahrungen“ werden zu lassen, benötigen einige andere etwas Distanz. Auch die Teilnehmer_innen unseres Workshops hatten da sehr unterschiedliche Zugänge. Leises Prost, lautes Prost...

Tomer

Was, mal ehrlich, kann doch schöner sein? Was mir während die drei Tage eingefallen ist, war wie Mühsam das alles war. Wie viel Energie es kostet. Wie viel Kraft und Lärm und Sauf sind nötig um das Leben so und auf diese Art zu beschränken. Und was mir auch eingefallen ist, war wie gelangweilt schienen die Touristen da zu sein. Jeder kleine Ereignisse erregte in die Urlauber so viel Interesse und Aufmerksamkeit.

Jemand spielt Gitarre an die Promenade. In Köln oder Bamberg, in Magdeburg oder Bremen, würde dieser Typ mit Gitarre nie mehr als drei Menschen rund ihn sammeln können, bevor sie sich auf ihre Weg weiter gemacht hätten. Auf der Ballermann Promenade saßen da fünfzig Menschen am Mauer und hören ihm spielen, fasziniert. Oder die endlose Gespräche über Brille und T-Shirts und Geld mit die Straßenverkäufer. Jeder Ablenkung schien mir erwünscht. Jeder Zerstreuung von die tatsächliche Langeweile, von das anstrengende, erschöpfende rennen nach Spass.

Angi

Vielleicht ist es ja auch nicht Langeweile, die Menschen dort haben, sondern endlich die Muße, die sonst im Alltag fehlt. Wann hat man denn schon einmal Zeit, in der Fußgängerzone einem Gitarrenspieler zu lauschen? Aber es stimmt, die Menschen nehmen sich Zeit, sich zu setzten, genießen die Musik und die Umgebung und warten, was passiert. Oder auch, was nicht passiert.

Und irgend wie schien mir dort unsere Workshop geizig zu sein. Warum sollen wir es mit die Touristen am Strand nicht mitteilen? Es geht ja um sie. Es wird einige von ihnen bestimmt interessieren. Sie könnten uns bestimmt ein paar wichtige Einblicke mitteilen, und wir ihr. Sehr viel hätten wir durch so einen Austausch lernen können, über Ballermann, über Tourismus, über Körper und Körperbild, über Intimität und Sprache, über Strand und Rausch, und über unsere eigene Denkmustern. Eine naive Gedanke. Eine Gedanke aber, die der Language and Intimacy Workshop in Ballermann von Oktober 2018, mit dem Gefaellige Wissenschaft Tagung in Köln verbindet und verknüpft.

Tomer

Anne

Naive Gedanken muss man sich ja erstmal gestatten. Also nur her damit! Los mit den unzensierten Ideen. Warum nicht. Aber am Ballermann ist auch der Balamane, der Ort der Emigration westafrikanischer Leute, die am Tourismus teilhaben, indem sie Geschäfte machen und Saisonarbeit verrichten. Um sie geht es auch, deshalb waren unsere Kollegen aus dem Projekt ja auch dabei.

Ohne den Tagungsraum im Hotel zu nutzen wäre das vielleicht schwierig geworden. Nicht immer ist Öffentlichkeit großzügig. Aber wenn wir schon mal daran denken: Sind wir in der Öffentlichkeit der Strandpromenade keine Touristen? Aber gut, machen wir was Neues, Naives. Allein der schöne Name lässt es schon lohnend erscheinen.

Der große Ballermann Sommer Uni Splash ist ein versuch durch Fantasie, durch die Eigenschaften des Vorstellungskraft, so einen Treffen, erst vorzustellen, und dann, das hofe ich sehr, zu realisieren. Fantasie Am Strand, am späten Nachmittags, stehen zahlreiche leichte Tische auf der Sand. Die Tische sind viereckig und niedrig, fünfzehn Tische, vielleicht zwanzig. Bei jeder Tisch steht

ein Parasol, und vier niderige Strandstühle. Die Strandtische und Stühle sind Treffpunkte für Gespräche. An jeder Tisch, ein Gespräch. Die vier Stühle bestimmen der Anzahl die Personen die in jeder Gespäch teilnehmen werden, um den Austausch eine produktive Rahmen zu geben. Zurzeit, sitzt da noch keiner. Das kommt erst später. Auf die Promenade, gegenüber und über die Tische und Stühle, steht eine grosse Schild im bunte Farben: Der große Ballermann Sommer Uni Splash! Neben der Schild, stehen fünf oder sechs Ansprechpersonen. Das ist der Willkommen Team.

Tomer

Willkommen Team! Ja. Das ist gut. Hoffentlich sagt niemand, es soll „Welcome“ oder so heißen. Willkommen Team. Man braucht vielleicht Motto-T-Shirts, damit es gut funktioniert. Eventuell einen Musiker?

Ginge anstelle der Gitarre eine Handpan? Ein bisschen Resonanz und Schönheit, das wäre schon wichtig.

Anne

Tomer

Die spazierende Menschen am Promenade kommen zu sehen was da loss ist. Die Ansprechpersonen stehen da und erklären die, die die es wissen wollen, was der große Ballermann Sommer Uni Splash ist.

Anne

Sie erklären alles mit leisen Stimmen, in wohlgesetzter Sprache, bei Bedarf auch auf Wolof, Französisch und Lingala. Hausa auch.

Nico

Ja, die leisen Stimmen. Die vielen leisen Stimmen, in vielen ganz kräftigen Sprachen. Die meistens nicht gehört werden. Schon absurd, oder?

Janine

Hm. Wenn ich darüber nachdenke, welche Dinge es sind, die am Ballermann die Aufmerksamkeit der Passanten erzeugen, dann sind die alle laut. Der Straßenmusiker, der Megapark, der Strandverkäufer. Ich glaube, wenn wir inklusiv sein wollen und alle einladen wollen, dürfen wir den Tourismus-Teilnehmenden nicht unsere Vorstellung von was gut und achtbare Gesprächsrunden sind aufzwingen, nein, denn WIR sind ja die Invasoren die dort eindringen und erforschen und nach außen tragen was für manche vielleicht sogar geheim ist. Also müssen wir uns integrieren und anpassen, wenn wir teilen wollen. Wenn wir also nicht langweilen wollen sondern anlocken und einladen wollen müssen wir laute Stimmen haben. In Wolof, Französisch, Hindi und Arabisch. Mit Megafonen am besten.

Sie laden die Interessanten ein, teilzunehmen. Neben der Schild und die Ansprechpersonen steht einen Tafel. Auf der Tafel steht eine Liste von Gesprächsthemen. Die Gesprächsthemen sind vielfältig und breit, haben alle zu tun mit Tourismus, mit Ballermann, mit El Arenal, mit Freizeitkultur, mit Strand und Strandleben, mit Tourismusarbeit, Tourismus und Sprache. Neben jeder Gesprächstitel steht eine Name von eine Person. Diese Person wird diejenige sein, die das Gespräch über das Thema mit die Gäste haben wird, am Strand. Sie sind, im erste Linie, die Kolleginnen und Kollegen aus der Universität Köln, die in Ballermann forschen. Jeder von dennen hat ein Thema aus ihre oder seine Forschung in Ballermann ausgesucht, über desen sie oder er die Touristen erzählen möchte, und einen Austausch mit die Urlauber darüber haben.

Tomer

Angi

Das klingt spannend. Wenn das bedeutet, dass jede/r über ihr oder sein Thema reden darf, dann würde ich vielleicht tatsächlich über die Mauer sprechen. Ich habe mich ja viel mit der Mauer beschäftigt, die den Strand von der Promenade trennt. Die Mauer ist ein ganz zentraler Punkt im Tagesablauf der Ballermann-BesucherInnen, ohne dass es Ihnen eigentlich bewusst ist. Ich fände es spannend, wenn ich meine Ergebnisse präsentieren kann und dann hören kann, ob sich die TouristInnen in meinen Analysen wiederfinden.

Das ist eine Einladung zu einem Gespräch.
Schön. Ich würde gerne über T-Shirts plaudern.

Anne

Janine

Das sind ja eher die unschuldigen Themen aus dem Repertoire der Forschung. Ich finde, dass ethisch komplexere Sachen hier anzusprechen ziemlich schwierig ist. Sexarbeit, Beleidigung, Stigmatisierung, Migration nach Europa.

Namen von andere Menschen sind aber auch da, auf der Liste an der Tafel.

Tomer

Namen sind interessant. Solch ein schönes Thema, wenn man es gut anstellt.

Anne

Nico

Und Namen, die vergeben werden, wenn Touristen auf die Balamane-Emigranten treffen. Wer benennt wen mit welchem Namen? Wer schimpft, ruft, mokiert sich auf welche Weise? Wer wird zu wem? Und wer bleibt eigentlich noch wer... Namen im Tourismus, auf dieser Bühne der Performanzen.

Janine

Da wird es dann schon schuldiger. Aber ich frage mich, wie wohl die Touristen reagieren, wenn ich einer Gruppe von drei Betrunkenen sage, dass ihre Sprache mit den Tourismusarbeitern für mich respektlos ist. Und die andere Frage: Muss man das den Touristen eigentlich erklären, wen sie wie benennen und wie sie sich verhalten? Das wissen die doch am besten. Ist das nicht für uns nur spannend, weil wir nicht zu deren Gruppe gehören, aber für alle anderen ist es total offensichtlich? Wir sind doch eigentlich die Unwissenden. Sollten wir nicht eher zuhören anstatt zu belehren?

Tomer

Es sind Personen, die im Ballermann mit Touristen arbeiten. Es sind Namen von Kolleginnen und Kollegen aus der Universität in Mallorca, die eine zum Thema relevante Arbeit machen. Es sind Arbeiterinnen und Aktivistinnen aus lokale Civil Initiativen in El Arenal. Es sind lokale Künstlerinnen und Künstler. Neben jeder Gesprächstitel und Gesprächspartner stehen drei Zeitblöcke geschrieben. Jeder Zeitblock dauert 30 Minuten. Das ist der Dauer von jeder Gesprächsrunde.

Ich glaube, das ist eine zu lange Zeitspanne. In den Medien heißt es immer, dass 4 Minuten angemessen sind, um die Zuhörer bei der Stange zu halten. Wir wollen ja vor allem hören, was die Menschen uns antworten. Daher sollten die Zeitblöcke meiner Meinung nach viel kürzer sein.

Angi

Anne

Angi hat Recht. Ist zu lang. Dann machen sie die Handys an und schauen in ihre sozialen Medien. Wann hört eigentlich das Internet wieder auf?

Tomer

Neben jeder Zeitblock sind Plätze für drei Namen, drei Menschen, die mit der Gesprächspartner über das Thema sprechen werden, bei die Tische am Strand. Die Menschen spazieren auf die Promenade. Einige halten, und sprechen mit die Willkommen Team über das, was hier passiert. Die, die in eine Gespräch auf der Liste mitmachen wollen, schreiben sich in eine freie Block ein, mit die Hilfe der Team, die da steht und von der Idee, der große Ballermann Sommer Uni Splash erklärt. Gut, was ist aber, eigentlich, der Idee? Ich sehe das so: Ein Rahmen zu schafen, für einen Austausch, zwischen Menschen die über Ballermann und Tourismus forschen, Menschen die in Ballermann und im Tourismus arbeiten, und Menschen die in Ballermann Urlaub machen. Eine Rahmen zu schafen, für eine gegenseitige Intervention: Die Ethnographinnen und Ethnographen intervenieren die Urlaub, die Urlauber, und deren Urlaubszeit, durch ihre Reflexion über diese Urlaub, und was die Urlaub sei. Die Urlauber und Urlauberinnen intervenieren die ethnographische Arbeit, die Wissenschaftlerinnen und Wissenschaftler, mit ihre Positionen, Meinungen und Gedanken, über dass was die Wissenschaft bisher für sich hielt. Und das soll auch die Grundlinie sein, für das Suchen von Gesprächspartner und Gesprächspartnerinnen, die ein Thema für Gespräch ausdenken werden, und eine Gespräch initiieren: die sollen alle den Wille haben, ihre Arbeit mit die Touristen zu teilen, und dazu bereit sein, von die Rückmeldungen den Touristen beeinflusst zu werden, und es möglichst in ihre Arbeit durch den Prozess reinlassen.

Anne

Ich glaube, es ist nicht neu, aber an diesem Ort irgendwie besonders, weil er diese besondere Form der Repräsentation erfährt. Nicht weit entfernt, im Zentrum von Palma, war in 2018 eine sehr gut gemachte, kritische und informative Open-Air-Ausstellung über Tourismus in Mallorca, bzw. in Soller (ich glaube, es war Soller). Es hat viele unterschiedliche Menschen interessiert. Es könnte aber sein, dass das Gesprächsangebot am Ballermann weniger attraktiv gefunden wird, zumal am Strand auch kein schöner Schatten unter Platanen ist. Vielleicht spazieren und schunkeln die Touristen einfach ihres Weges. Vielleicht bleiben aber doch einige Strandhändler stehen. Vielleicht erwerben wir während unserer Intervention am Uni Splash sehr viele Sonnenbrillen und kühle Getränke. Das wäre dann ja auch schön.

Janine

Die Urlaubenden intervenieren die ethnographische Arbeit. Ja aber was ist mit allen, die am Ballermann sind und nicht Urlaub machen? Die müssen wir auch miteinbeziehen. Ich habe momentan noch keine gute Idee, wie man das machen kann, ohne dass sich die Gruppen, die nicht Touristen sind, ausgestellt und benutzt fühlen, um Aufmerksamkeit für unsere Arbeit zu bringen.

Tomer

Reflexion Ich habe hier, ungeplant, eine Pause in die Fantasie gemacht, um über Motivationen zu sprechen. Es steckt aber in die Eigenschaft der Fantasie, dass sie durch Reflexion gestört ist. Reflexion zerstört Fantasie. Jeder Fantasie hat Motivation im Hintergrund, für Wirkungskraft und Treib. Um für die Fantasie aber zu leben, braucht der fantasierende Mensch die Motivationen zu vergessen und ausblenden. Wenn der Fantasierende anfängt über Motivationen zu reflektieren, dann ist die Fantasie weg und vorbei. Das ist aber kein Tod der Fantasie, sondern ein Rückzug. Und weil ich meine Fantasie schon durch Reflexion verzögert habe, mach ich kurz mit dem Reflexion weiter, um über das Thema von die Arbeiter und Arbeiterinnen im Ballermann zu sprechen, und deren mögliche Platz und Rolle in Der große Ballermann Sommer Uni Splash. Der große Ballermann Sommer Uni Splash zu konzipieren, in dessens Rahmen eine Austausch stattfindet, zwischen deutsche Wissenschaftler und deutsche Touristen, wirft die Tourismusarbeiter von die Gespräch raus. So ein Ausgrenzung ist politisch Gewalttätig, sie ist Falsch, und sie führt zu einen falschen, unmöglichen Bild von Ballermann als Ort. Denn so ein Ort, ohne die unterschiedliche Arbeiterinnen, Arbeiter und deren Arbeit, nie existieren könnte. Andererseits, wie Fatou Cissé Kane, und auch Janine Traber, in ihre Beiträge in The Mouth 2 schreiben, lebt ein grossteil diese Arbeiter und Arbeiterinnen in El Arenal illegal, ohne Papiere, im Gefahr, und mit eine Familie auserhalb der Insel, die auf das Einkommen die Arbeiter im Insel Abhängig ist. Nicht wie die deutsche Wissenschaftler, und nicht wie die Touristen, sind die illegale Arbbeiter auf der Insel in eine hochempfindliche Position. Die Position beeinflusst ihre Möglichkeit und Wille, über ihre Leben öffentlich zu sprechen. Ihre Lebenszustand auf der Insel zu ignorieren, wäre politisch und ethisch falsch und schlecht. Ihre komplizierte Position in Ballermann, und die Machtverhältnisse da zu ignorieren, ein Strandverkäufer oder ein Sexarbeiterin zu fragen, ein Gespräch auf dem Tisch zu halten, und über ein Thema mit die detusche Touristen zu sprechen, wäre Blind zu die Unterschiede im Macht und Position zwischen ihr, die Wissenschaftler, und die Touristen. Dazu denke ich, dass der Idee der Ballermann Sommer Uni Splash, ist einen gegenseitliche Einmischung und Intervention von Ethnographen von Tourismus, in der Tourismus Ort und die Touristen, und von die Touristen, in die Ethnographie

über Tourismus. Also so konzipiert, haben die Tourismusarbeiter und Arbeiterinnen keine notwendige Position. Deswegen, revidiere ich jetzt die Fantasie nach der Reflexion. Wenn die Arbeiterinnen und Arbeiter in Ballermann einen Teil in Der große Ballermann Sommer Uni Splash haben werden, soll es anderes sein, und nicht im Rahmen die Strandgespräche. When They Read What We Write Es ist ja schwer zu sagen, wie so eine Ereignis auf der Ballermann Strand und Promenade aufgenommen sein wird. Es werden bestimmt diejenigen geben, die das ganze uninteressant finden werden, und einfach weiter vorbei gehen . Es werden bestimmt diejenigen geben, die Der große Ballermann Sommer Uni Splash spannend finden werden, und mitmachen werden wollen. Es ist auch möglichst zu erwarten, dass es diejenige geben werden, die Antagonismus zu der ganze Sache haben werden. Solche Antagonismen können wegen einfache Klassenunterschiede vorkommen, die gute alte marxistische Klassenantagonismus. Sie werden auch vorkommen können, aus touristische Langeweile und Sauf. Antagonismus und Widerstand werden auch vorkommen können, weil Reflexion Fantasie zerstörend ist, und Der große Ballermann Sommer Uni Splash bringt Reflexion rein, in einer Ort der Fantasie. So oder so, können mögliche Antagonismen, Konflikte und Widerstände ein Teil des Treffen sein, ein Teil Der große Ballermann Sommer Uni Splash selbst.

Angi

Fast erscheint es mir nun schade, wenn wir die Fantasie zerstören, indem wir reflektieren. Aber vielleicht erhöht gerade an diesem Ort die Reflexion die Fantasie der Menschen. Sie machen sich bewusst, was der Ort mit ihnen macht und da sie bewusst dort sein möchten, wird es ihnen auch Spaß machen, dieses zu reflektieren.

Ich finde Angi hat Recht. Man möchte da einfach sitzen. Nett sitzen.

Anne

Janine

Das habe ich nicht verstanden. Also jetzt kein Summer Splash mehr weil das ausgrenzend wirkt sondern Tische an denen man sich streiten kann?

Tomer

Irus Braverman ist eine Geographerin, die ethnographische Arbeit in U.S. Amerikanische Zoos gemacht hat. Noch während ihre Feldarbeit hat Braverman eine offene Vortrag gehalten, und in einen akademischen Rahmen, Fachpublikum ihre Zwischenergebnisse und Gedanken mitgeteilt. Der Zoo als Institut ist bekanntlich schon ein paar Jahrzehnte wegen Tierrecht und Tierschutz Kontroversen ein hoch umstrittener Ort, und das wissen auch die Zooarbeiter. Einige von denen, in deren Arbeitsplatz Braverman ihre Feldforschung gemacht hat, sind zu den Vortrag auch gekommen, zu erfahren, wie die Forscherin ihren Arbeitsplatz bezeichnet und wie sie über ihre Arbeit spricht. Einiges von dem, was Braverman in ihrem Vortrag gesagt hat, hat die Zooarbeiter nicht gefallen. Das haben die Zooarbeiter auch sehr schnell bekannt gemacht, in die Zoos in die Braverman ihre Feldforschung weiter machen wollte. Einige Zooarbeiter in hohen Positionen haben es dann von Braverman verlangt, ihre Forschungsentwürfe zu lesen, wenn sie ihre Forschung in die Zoos weiterzumachen möchte. Ein Austausch hat dann begonnen, zwischen der ethnographischen Beobachterin und ihren Beobachtungsobjekten. Sind die Tiere in die Zoos „in captivity“, oder „under human care“? Sind die Zoos ein Ort der „entertainment and surveillance“, oder Orte von „pedagogy and education“? Sind Zooarbeiter Tierschützer, oder Wärter? Andere ähnliche Beispiele, von Begegnung zwischen Forscher und Objekten der ethnographischen Beobachtung, sind in dem Buch *When They Read What We Write: The Politics of Ethnography* zu lesen. Vieles können wir von solchen Beispielen lernen, über unsere zukünftige, zurzeit nur noch in der Fantasie existierende Treffen mit den Touristen und Touristinnen im Rahmen der großen Ballermann Sommer Uni Splash. Nachdem ich Bravermans Geschichte gelesen habe, von ihrem Vortrag vor ein Publikum von Fachmenschen und ein paar eingeschleuste Zoopersonen, habe ich an der Language and Intimacy Workshop in Ballermann nachgedacht, und ein paar Touristen und Touristinnen in der Tagungssaal reinfantasiert. Einiges, von dem, was da gesagt worden war, hat ihnen nicht gefallen. Dann habe ich die ein paar Texte über Ballermann in *The Mouth* nochmals gelesen, durch touristische Augen. Das war auch nicht immer schön.

Ist es auch nicht. Und Gegenstand einer soziolinguistischen Studie über Jugendsprache oder Schwiegermeidung zu sein, ist unter Umständen auch nicht gerade eine feine Erfahrung. Über andere schreiben, von anderen beschrieben werden. Schreiben überhaupt, Texte; das ist ja auch alles gar nicht dazu da, dass sich hier irgendeiner freut. Gefreut wird sich im Fernsehen.

Anne

Janine

Ich frage mich gerade, ob wir hier sehen, dass unsere Bemühungen unsere eigene Selbstverwurstung im Ballermann zu beschreiben, versagt hat. Die ganze Zeit haben wir immer wieder gesagt, wie wir am Ballermann als Forscher aufgesaugt, unsere Idee von wie anständige Forschung geht ignoriert, ausgekotzt und neu benannt wurde vom Ort selbst. Dass es egal war, ob wir T-Shirts analysieren oder den Megapark beschreiben wollten, wir sind doch alle zu Monika und Gisela gemacht worden und fanden das wichtig, das in den Texten, die wir geschrieben haben, auch immer wieder zu erzählen. Aber jetzt kommt es mir vor, als hätten wir doch nicht über uns selbst gesprochen. Ansonsten fänden wir das doch nicht moralisch problematisch.

Oder andersrum: wäre der Sommer Uni Ballermann Splash nicht viel ehrlicher, wenn wir anstatt über die anderen zu reden und welche Probleme die miteinander haben einfach über uns sprechen würden und wie es uns an dem Ort ergeht mit den Ideen von Forschung und wie der Ballermann es unmöglich macht eine quantitative Analyse im Bierkönig durchzuführen? Und dass es unmöglich ist nicht Helmut zu sein?

Tomer

Lokalisierung die Akademie Und das ist in Ordnung. Ich finde es nicht Schlim, dass in eine Vortrag über Ballermann und seine Tourismus, oder dass in eine Text dazu, basiert auf Feldforschung in Ballermann, einiges gesagt oder geschrieben ist, der möglicherweise unangenehm für Touristen und Touristinnen in Ballerman sein könnte. Was ich finde ist, dass die Anpassungsarbeit von ethnographische, akademische Texte, zu eine Vorstellung vor deutsche Urlauber auf der Strand in Ballermann – vier barfüßige Menschen um ein Plastik Tisch am Strand – spannend und reizend ist. Wie wird jeder Forscherin und Forscher sich selbst und ihre Text auf der Strand lokalisieren, sodas sie oder er einerseits eine kritische Sicht auf Aspekte von Tourismus in Ballermann in die Gespräch reinbringen kann, und anderseits es so formulieren, dass die Gesprächspartner rundrum den Tisch dort weiter als Gesprächspartner bleiben?

Nico

Hochkomplexe Übersetzungsprozesse. Auch in Bezug auf die eigene Rolle am Ballermann... wer ist man, wenn man als Forscher*in kommt? Mit welchem Inhalt wird die eigene Rolle da gefüllt...

Das ist natürlich nicht nur eine Frage der Inhalt, sondern ein Prozess von Übersetzung von Formulierungen von akademischen Jargon ins alltagsdeutsch. Das ist ein Übersetzungsprozess von einen Text der geschrieben war, für Leser die in Ballermann nie waren, zu eine Text dessens Zuhörer Ballermann gut kennen und es lieben.

Tomer

Anne

Das ist allerdings spannend. Immerhin sind viele Ballermannkurzbesucher Abiturienten und Studenten.

Janine

Stimmt, das ist eine gute Aufgabe. Das sollte man viel mehr üben auf eine Art und Weise, die dann nicht in „Einfacher Sprache“ endet.

Tomer

Ein Vergleich zwischen die Texte wird uns viel lehren können, über das Treffen von Forscher, Forschung, und deren Subjekte, noch bevor wir die Reise nach Ballermann gemacht haben, auf dem Strandstuhl mit noch drei Touristen saßen, und ihr über Tourismus Forschung in Ballermann erzählten, um einen Austausch darüber zu erzeugen. Ein Kamera ins Bild Als letzte Kapitel dieser Entwurf von Fantasie und Reflexion, möchte ich ein Kamera ins Bild reinbringen. Kameras sind in der 21 Jahrhundert fast überall, und sogar noch mehr in Orten von Tourismus. Was ich mir vorstelle ist aber ein Kamera, die genug Platz nimmt, und Aufmerksamkeit erweckt, damit sie Menschen zuzieht und zum Gespräch bringt. Kamera und Filmstab sind so ein Teil Der große Ballermann Sommer Uni Splash. Es ist ein Kamera und Filmstab, die da sind um den Austausch zwischen Forscher und Touristen zu dokumentieren. Sie sind da um diese Treffen bekannt und sichtbar zu machen, für Personen die Der große Ballermann Sommer Uni Splash nicht persönlich erfahren werden. Ein Kamera und Filmstab, die dieser einmalige Ereignis zu eine Film machen wird. Ein Film, der Kunst, Wissen, und Wissensproduktion zusammenbringen wird, und es weiter vorstellen könnte.

Angi

Da du, Tomer, die Kamera und den Stab erwähnst, könnten wir natürlich auch Selfies machen und diese in der Facebook Gruppe „Helmut Bester Mann“ hochladen. Oder noch besser: wir machen eine eigene Facebook Gruppe dafür auf. Oder Instagram. Dann wäre das ein bewusstes fotografiert werden der TeilnehmerInnen und wir könnten sie fragen, ob sie mit der Veröffentlichung einverstanden sind.

Kamera. Nö.

Anne

Angi

Naja, der ganze Ballermann besteht aus Selfies, die irgendwo gepostet werden. Das gehört doch zu der Realität dazu. Und wenn am Ende was dabei rauskommen soll braucht man schon eine Kamera.

Nico

Man könnte diese oft sehr rassistische und ausgrenzende, stark polarisierende Gruppe „Helmut Bester Mann“ aber karikieren und spiegeln; den Wahnsinn durch die eigenen Fotos zeigen, vielleicht auch ein Stück senegalesische oder nigerianische Realität... sind wir nicht fast dazu verpflichtet?

Janine

Ich glaube es gibt zwei verschiedene Arten von Kameras am Ballermann. Die an den Handys, mit denen die Leute sich selbst dokumentieren, und große von Fernsehsendern wie RTL und Pro7, die für Realitysendungen drehen. In Selfies strecken sich die Leute rein, vor den großen Kameras rennt man weg weil man nicht erkannt werden will. Deshalb fände ich die Handykamera auch viel besser als eine große Station mit Stativ und Belichtung etc.

In meine große Ballermann Sommer Uni Splash Fantasie, dauert der Ereignisse drei Tage lang. Der Kern der Sommer Uni sind die drei Stunde oder so, jeder Nachmittag, am Strand und Promenade. Ich finde diese drei Tage Dauer wichtig. Es werden bestimmt Menschen geben, die nach eine erste Treffen und Gespräch, eine weitere Begegnung haben werden wollen, entweder mit eine andere Ansprechperson, über ein anderes Thema, oder mit der selber Ansprechspartner, nachdem sie oder er was überlegt haben. Ich finde dieser Dauer wichtig, weil ich es für möglich halte, dass nach eine erste Tag, der Gerücht über der große Ballermann Sommer Uni Splash sich verbreiten wird, und mehrere Interessanten ziehen könnte. Ich finde der Dauer auch wichtig, weil ich es für Interessant halte, und inhaltlich Fruchtbar, zu erfahren, was für Interaktionen zwischen Forscher und Touristen außerhalb die drei Stunden stattfinden werden, nachdem die ersten drei Stunden vorbei sind. Was für Beziehungen sich entwickeln. Die Kamera ist da, um solche Treffen möglichst zu erfassen. Sie ist da aber auch, als Instrument mit dem die Urlauber und Urlauberin in ein Gespräch kommen können, und sich weiter über der Ballermann und ihre Zeit da äußern können. Die Kamera ist da also, um die drei tägliche Nachmittagsstunden am Strand zu fangen, und aber auch dass zu fangen, was außerhalb dieser Kern passiert. Die Kamera ist auch eine mögliche weg, die Gespräch zu eröffnen, zu Menschen die in die Gesprächsrunden am Strand nicht teilnehmen werden können oder wollen. Insbesondere meine ich, die lokale und migrante Tourismus Arbeiter und Arbeiterinnen in El Arenal, die es möglicherweise einfacher haben werden vor eine Kamera zu sprechen, als auf Deutsch in eine offene Gesprächsrunde. Noch ein Schritt Wie wohl sehr, sehr bekannt geworden ist, auch der längste Marsch beginnt mit einem ersten Schritt. Was war aber, der erste Schritt, in Richtung unsere große Ballermann Sommer Uni Splash? Vielleicht war der erste Schritt, Ethnographie in Ballermann zu machen. Vielleicht war der erste Schritt, ein Workshop über Sprache und Intimität in Ballermann zu halten. Und vielleicht war es, gleich dannach, ein Workshop zu konzipieren, über Wissenschaft und seine gesellschaftliche Rahmen, seine Einmischung in die Politik und die Gesellschaft, und der Einmischung von Gesellschaft und Politik in sich. So oder so oder so, Der große Ballermann Sommer Uni Splash in schreiben zu fantasieren und darüber zu reflektieren, war meine Art und Weise eine Schritt zu machen, in seine Richtung. Eine notwendige weitere Schritt ist jetzt abhängig, an diejenige, die in Ballermann ihre Forschung gemacht haben, oder machen immer noch. Denn ohne eure mitmachen, ist die Ballermann Sommer Uni Splash unvorstellbar. Das ist doch klar. Es ist kein Marsch, aber wahrscheinlich auch keinen einfachen Spaziergang. Es ist ein Fahrt, es ist ein Tour, es ist ein Trip. Es ist ein Wandern und ein Wanderlied und einen Wanderlust, und auch beim wandern braucht man Schritt-nach-Schritt. Bevor ich euch dann frage, ob ihr es machen wollt, lasst uns eine kleinere Schritt machen. Ein Schritt, der vorsichtig ist, aber gleichzeitig auch mütig. Der Schritt ist vorsichtig, weil es unverbindlich ist. Der Schritt ist mütig, weil es die Fantasie frei lässt. Also frage ich euch, ihr, die in Ballermann gewesen wart, die in Ballermann ethnographische Feldarbeit gemacht habt und es macht, die darüber vorgetragen habt, darüber geschrieben und veröffentlicht habt oder es vorhabt, jetzt in dieser Text einzumischen, mitzumachen, und euere Fantasie und Reflexion, darüber reinzuschreiben. Und sehen, was es bringt.



Anne

Kann man nicht hinterher
einen Spielfilm machen? Oder
eine Photostory? Oder ein Ölbild?

Janine

Oder eine Serie. Könnte Spaß machen!

Nico

Irgendetwas Kreatives, raus aus dem
0815-Sumpf. Danke, Tomer, für diesen
Multilog und deine Initiative. Ballert!



06

Meta-data: beyond the visible

06

Meta-data: beyond the visible

Luís Cronopio

In the year of 2018, at a movie theatre in the city of Cologne, a page of poetry was ripped off from a book, and set on fire. Before the flame found its way onto the piece of paper, the words within, were read out and loud. The Poem, anticipating its own death, shivered, and with it, the Reader, who felt himself strangely calm in front of thirty intellectuals, saw his right hand trembling, out of his will – so he thought. Curiously, the spark was not yet enough to destroy the page, and the Poem did not burn to ashes. Therefore, the emergency services were called, and almost instantly, an ambulance arrived. First aid was provided and the Poem, still in pain, was

carried to the nearest hospital. The Reader did not go to the hospital. On the arrival at the medical facility, the pain had disappeared, and because of that, the Poem did not go to the Emergency Room and, because of that, the Poem had to wait two and half hours before being seen by a doctor. Meanwhile, at the movie theatre, the thirty-one academics drank coffee and ate cake, talked about meanings and entanglements, logic and embodiments, and all were confident that the Poem was going to survive such a tragedy. The Reader was silent. He talked and listened and sipped the hot coffee, but his mind was not actually there. He was touched by ambivalent feelings:

on the one hand, he felt guilty for what has happened: he was the one who had chosen the page and the Poem, which by that time was just another poem, and he was the one who set the page on fire; on the other hand, he sensed some sort of beauty in the performance itself, and the scars on the burned page, conveyed the poetry he had not felt, while reading it.

Until that day, the Poem had never been at a hospital. Coming from behind a small glass window, the Poem heard a voice posing a question: Name?

The Poem was confused - as if things have to have a name to exist – but utmost, the Poem felt the question to be impolite and vulgar. The voice repeated, on a higher pitch: Name?

The Poem stared around and grabbed its verses to see, if it was still a poem. The voice on the other side of the window became angry. That Registration Form had no more patience. Other patients were waiting impatiently.

We do not have here all day. – uttered the Form, one last time.

Pinocchio. My title is Pinocchio. – answered the Poem.

The Registration Form carefully wrote down everything Pinocchio could remember. The Registration Form, which was until that moment, just a piece of paper, felt something odd getting out of its being: it could not tell whether it wrote down the information of Pinocchio or it got written, as if it could only exist because of Pinocchio. The Registration Form couldn't tell if it was the subject or the object of itself. Maybe both, It thought it. Nonetheless, the Form was pleased for, finally, fulfil its dream, and that means, to become Registration. It knew, though, deep down its printing, it was going to be forgotten in some

dark room of the hospital: *the dream comes truth, and a new dream grows inside.*

After this introduction, the Poem went through the emergency lounge, and laid down on the only empty chair available in the waiting room. All sorts of things occupied the area: an oxidised coffee machine, a microphone which was nearby Pinocchio, a pair of headphones still hanging on duck-tape, a pen full of blue ink which had lost its spring, a toothbrush already two months old, an electric guitar smashed at a rock concert, and two women waiting for their X-ray results.

You are lucky, *Sie haben Glück gehabt*, your burns look like they are already cured. – voiced the microphone with envy.

Pinocchio couldn't hear what the Microphone was singing, but it smiled and shook its face as saying yes. The Toothbrush stood up and whispered to Pinocchio:

Don't mind what the Microphone talks. It has been here for two days and talks to everyone without being aware that no one listens to it. I guess its batteries are out of production, and you know, all these new technologies had ruined objects like us. You know...electric brushes...

The Poem, which was not well acquainted with small talk, shook, again, its yes-face and smiled.

You don't belong here. – outed The Toothbrush, still with a rest of lettuce on its hairs.

Pinocchio completely agreed, Pinocchio did not belong there, but it thought the Toothbrush meant something else:

What do you mean?

The Toothbrush:

You are a poem on a page, correct?

The Poem:

Yes, I am Pinocchio on a page.

The Toothbrush:

Then you should __ to the Textology
Ward. That is where, texts are taken
care of.

Pinocchio flew right away, not before saying lots of thanks and wishes of better times. As it flew, the Poem did not know its way through, so it went around like a mosquito, here and there, here and there. On its flight, Pinocchio saw departments of smartphones. These rooms were bursting out of its space. Some were waiting for parts and some were condemned to be upgraded, but most of them had just lost their faces. There was a sign on the roof: Smartphonology. After a while of wandering around those technological noises, Pinocchio arrived at Textology. It was very quiet, there. Though not completely full, the room, was not completely empty. Pinocchio was sure it had to wait.

An essay was being called for further examination. Pinocchio noticed that the actual body of the essay ("*Pachamama* is a Spanish word": Linguistic Tension between Aymara, Quechua, and Spanish in Northern Potosí. Howard-Malverde, Rosaleen. In: *Anthropological Linguistics*, vol. 37, n. 2, 1995. Bloomington: Indiana University) was not-at-all damaged, and doubted, if itself, was at the right place. An encyclopaedia, whose cover was damaged by an unknown species of fungus, was still waiting for a decision: restauration or amputation.

Pinocchio:

I have a question: I got burnt, *burned*
burnt consistency, I lost a few words,

and I am not sure if this is the place to be. I saw that essay entering the room and from its form it looks healthy. – prompted Pinocchio.

Encyclopaedia:

First, good morning, I am the Cambridge Encyclopaedia D-E-F, Revised Edition of 1983, and second, you said you had a question but you didn't ask a question. Nevertheless, I understood your doubt. A doubt is: "*(a feeling of) not being certain about something, especially about how good or true it is.*" Isn't it wonderful to quote oneself?

Pinocchio:

Good morning. With all due respect, I must say that your latter question it is also not a question either. It entails no doubt and you know already the answer. That's why they call it, rhetorical question. Therefore, I must conclude, that the fact that a sentence has an interrogation point at its end, does not, alone, makes it to be a question.

The Encyclopaedia, overwhelmed by that argument, rebounded:

You...you are very clever. Clever but not wise. Not yet.

Pinocchio:

I want to be neither, wise, nor clever. Do you know why? Because I am art. I wrote myself in the same way a photographer makes a picture. I was an invasion, I seized my Poet. Do you know what art is?

Encyclopaedia:

I know what art is, but it is difficult to explain it, just as, if you ask me what time is. I know what it is, but words are not enough to describe it. *It's half past nine. Exactly, nine hours, thirty minutes, and twelve seconds.*

Pinocchio:

Yes, exactly. So you know...

To be honest, I am also not completely sure what I am. I am not a thing of reason but I am something intellectual; I came out of chance, but also out of control. I feel closer to the beat of a song than to its lyrics. I am words but words do not matter to me.

Encyclopaedia:

Sorry, if I made you feel melancholic...

Pinocchio:

Thanks, I guess. Never mind.

Hi, I am Pinocchio, nice to meet you.

Encyclopaedia:

Nice to meet you, too.

Going back to your initial...let us call it, doubt: Textology, here, is organized... do you see there? There are three different rooms: Materiality, Content and Context. I guess you are also going to Materiality, just like me.

Pinocchio was curious to know more about, and yet, it was nervous to ask. Still, Pinocchio inquired:

Could you explain them more thoroughly?

Encyclopaedia:

Okay, that's a real question. And expensive (they smiled at each other).

Well, in Materiality, doctors are

concerned with the quality and quantity of the object, in where the text breathes: my cover, for example, had been devoured by fungae, and you, had lost part of your left side...

Pinocchio:

My right side, you mean.

Encyclopaedia:

From my point of view, you lost your left side. It is not important, though. If I may quote you: "*Never mind.*" (Pinocchio, 2019)

Your right side got burnt, *burned burnt consistency.*

Look over there, that draft of a speech was crumpled until it fitted a fist and that love letter, was torn into smaller pieces. We are all Materiality material, pleonasm aside. We are, in a way or another, the aftermath of some act of fury.

Pinocchio:

That was unexpectedly profound. It did not sound like a definition; it was definitely a verse. And I love the word "*aftermath*".

Encyclopaedia:

Thanks.

You know, I am so many definitions, so many rational words, that at some point in life, one gets a bore.

"*Aftermath*" I picked from last week's poker game, at the library of Professor Plutsch.

Pinocchio:

Wow! Are you playing at the Institute? Good player?

Encyclopaedia:

Yes, every Wednesday, at midnight.

Pinocchio:

And are you a good player?

Encyclopaedia:

Average. Sometimes I lose, sometimes I win, just like in real life.

Pinocchio:

Do you play for money?

Encyclopaedia:

No, for pages.

Pinocchio could not believe that that old Encyclopaedia hung with other books, volumes and other pages, and played poker, at the Institute. However, Pinocchio did not want to show its prejudice:

I understood what Materiality is. What about Content and Context?

Encyclopaedia:

Imagine a questionnaire. It can have opened or closed questions. Either way, the validity of its content may be strong or weak: for example, to select a suitable candidate for a teaching job of quantum mechanics, a panel of experts design several questions to which applicants must answer; the panel urges to elaborate dozens of questions about classical kinematics, general relativity and electrodynamics; after having selected the smartest candidate, they notice that the teacher, though, he was the smartest among all candidates, cannot teach. They realize, then, there must have been a problem with the content of the questionnaire. This is when the questionnaire needs to be assessed by a doctor of Content.

Pinocchio:

That's really interesting! I had never thought about it. And what about Context?

Encyclopaedia:

Take the same questionnaire, full of quantum theories, and give it to applicants for a job as prima ballerina at a Ballet Company. Wouldn't it be out of context?

Pinocchio:

But in that way, content and context are the same, I mean, the questions were not wrong themselves, they were out of context for the job description of teaching, not just out of content.

Encyclopaedia:

I see your point. It is just a matter of how you look at things. Whether you see it from the overall design of the questionnaire, or from the *missing* questions' point of view, which, by the way, cannot, ontologically, have a point of view, because they do not yet exist.

Pinocchio:

Ontological, uh? Are you trying to impress me?

I was wondering, what about texts in the digital form? How do they get cured? Aren't they numbers, de-codified into words?

Encyclopaedia:

Now that you ask...

A Medical Sheet, which could not completely understand its own writing, approached the waiting area:

Cambridge Encyclopaedia D-E-F,
Retrieved Edition 1983, please follow me.

Pinocchio wished the Encyclopaedia good luck, and they never saw each other again. After a long hour of silence, Pinocchio got into consultation.

An old man with pink-dyed-hair, wearing a light-blue shirt covered with yellow flamingos, greeted Pinocchio:

Mr. Pinocchio...or shall I call you, Ms. Pinocchio?

Pinocchio:

Pinocchio is enough. Do we need more titles besides our titles?

The Doctor:

Well, well, a rebel, I see. So Pinocchio, what brings you here?

Pinocchio:

I got burnt, *burned burnt consistency*.

The Doctor:

Tell me more, how did it all happen?

Pinocchio:

My Poet put me in a poetry collection, and a reader bought it. I have been living on the reader's cellar, among magazines and notebooks. Two days ago, I got read, three times, or four, I guess. Then, today, I got read again, but out loud, at a stage, in a movie theatre, not so far from here. The Reader was holding a lighter, tight on his hand, and I saw what was about to happen. I trembled, that's it, this is the end, I was set on fire, and luckily, the flame stopped. That's it.

The Doctor:

Do you have any pain?

Pinocchio:

I had, but since I arrived at the hospital, no pain.

The Doctor:

Let us take first a scan, to better examine the extent of the damage.

As the scanner ran its electronics, Pinocchio felt anxious, then, suffocating, a flash walked through its body and after three seconds, Pinocchio was free.

The Doctor:

Let us see...right down corner total loss of skin, second degree burns on its periphery; left side along the edges, third degree burns without damage of text. Loss of two nouns, three articles and one adverb, namely, *sweat, stone, the, the, a, and while*. The Poem is conscious and orientated in space and time, and its essence is intact. For optimal recovery, I suggest that the Poem gets mounted in a frame and be hung on a wall.

Pinocchio:

And now?

The Doctor:

You can go home.

Pinocchio:

That's all?

The Doctor:

Yes. Don't forget the prescription.

The prescription greeted Pinocchio. Pinocchio ignored it, and left the prescription on the nearest bin. The prescription got angry, echoing disgust from inside the bin.

The Prescription:

Ja toll...

Hallo...? (it was a German prescription)

As Pinocchio roomed through the corridors of the hospital, someone, suddenly, grabbed Pinocchio on its header.

The Reader:

And? Have you already been seen by a doctor?

Pinocchio:
Yes.

The Reader:
What did she say?

Pinocchio:
Why the hell do you think the doctor is a *she*?

The Reader:
I thought...

Pinocchio:
You know...? That is really sexist.

The Reader:
Yes, I guess you are right. Shame on me. Anyway, what did the doctor say?

Pinocchio:
He said I should get some rest, drink only expensive red wine, get mounted on the most beautiful frame in the world and be hung on a wall where people can read me.

The Reader doubted the part of getting some rest, because a poem exists, to be a break. Though, the Reader did as Pinocchio suggested.

The Reader:
Okay, let's go home. I will stop first, at the wine store.

Pinocchio:
Do that, do that. I will wait in the car.

They arrived at the apartment. The Reader had bought two bottles of The Monster Cabernet Sauvignon 2016, three bottles of Bronislaw & Reef, Barrel Aged Red Wine Blend 2014 and six of Palace of the Being Pinot Noir 2016. Besides its graphic design, labels have not so much to say, and Pinocchio, did not even bother to welcome them.

The Reader:
What bottle should we open first?

Pinocchio:
What is the most expensive?

The Reader:
The Monster.

Pinocchio:
So, cork it out!

The Reader:
I wonder, how does a poem, get to appreciate red wine?

Pinocchio:
Where do you think poets, get their inspiration from?

The Reader:
From poems they had read, from words they had learnt, from places they had visited...?

Pinocchio:
No, no, no. The correct answer is, from drugs.

If you want, I can teach you about red wine. How can one tell if a bottle of wine is good or not? The main point of decision is the price: the more expensive it is, the better it is; of course, there are plenty of exceptions; it is the exception we are looking for: it is called price-quality ratio. Another decisive point is the aesthetics of the label: this one is more a thing of intuition than it is of geometry. Other important advice is: one starts with the best bottle first, because after the first, the taste does not really matter.

The Reader:
I am impressed!

Pinocchio:
Yes, that's what poems do...

The next day, the Reader woke up early, around eleven in the morning, checked on Pinocchio, which was still, resting, or still resting, the Reader couldn't tell. He then went to an Art shop and bought the most beautiful mount the business had to offer.

As the Reader returned home, Pinocchio was already in the living room. They ate a porridge of oat flakes, banana, pumpkin seeds and cinnamon. Pinocchio is vegan. The Reader showed the mount to Pinocchio and it liked it. The Reader stacked the Poem over a bunch of pages of pending bureaucracy, went to the kitchen and unwrapped the new frame.

Pinocchio had a piece of paper beneath, making it uneasy.

Pinocchio:

What are you doing?

Tax Return Sheet:

Are you talking to me?

Pinocchio:

Yes, to you.

Tax Return Sheet:

What am I supposed to be doing?

Pinocchio:

So you don't know what you are supposed to be doing?

Tax Return Sheet:

I know what I am supposed to do, but I do not know what do you mean by what am I doing to you, as if I am disturbing you, in some way or another.

Pinocchio:

Yes, in some way or another...

Tax Return Sheet:

Could you please, be concrete, with your complaint?

Pinocchio:

It is not a concrete complaint. It is a general feeling. It is nothing against

you, personally. I cannot really explain it well. I just feel strong negative energy.

Tax Return Sheet:

And how do you know is coming from me? Perhaps it is coming from you?

Pinocchio:

It is coming from you. I am pretty sure.

Tax Return Sheet contained itself not to cry.

Tax Return Sheet:

I am a gift, you know?

Pinocchio:

You might be a gift, but a serious one. Not sincere.

As Pinocchio uttered the last word, it couldn't avoid feeling sorry for that sheet.

Pinocchio:

I beg your pardon, literally speaking, I mean, forgive me for being rude. Hello, I am Pinocchio.

Tax Return Sheet:

Hello, good afternoon. I am a Tax Return Sheet.

Pinocchio:

So, you are a gift?

Tax Return Sheet:

Yes, I am.

Pinocchio:

In German or in English?

Tax Return Sheet:

What do you mean?

Pinocchio:

Never mind. I am just joking.

Tax Return Sheet:

By the way, do you know what tax evasion, is?

Pinocchio:

Certainly.

Tax Return Sheet:

And has your poet paid taxes for his writings?

Pinocchio:

How can you tell my Poet is a *he*?

Tax Return Sheet:

Because most of the poets are men.

Pinocchio:

What a *jkhfghsdafguifg* are you talking about? In what world do you live?

Tax Return Sheet:

What do you mean?

Pinocchio:

I mean that you are badly informed. Poets are men and women and everything people want to be. That is the most absurd sexist thing I have ever heard in my life.

Tax Return Sheet:

Nonetheless, I am sure your poet did not pay taxes for having you.

Pinocchio:

Even if not. For what reason should he pay taxes for writing poems?

Tax Return Sheet:

So I was right, your poet is a man.

Pinocchio:

That's not the point. Can't you see it? I guess not. I am losing my Latin with you, it's worthless and exhausting.

The Tax Return Sheet kept silence, and so did Pinocchio. Pinocchio saw itself doing, what a poem does not do to itself: an analysis: Pinocchio concluded that a tax return sheet is the exact opposite of a poem: the sheet is born out of obligation, the poem out of instinct; the sheet takes, the poem gives; the sheet has no

rhythm, the poem dances all night long. And yet, a tax return sheet has the appearance of a gift. One thinks is getting a present, without being aware of having been robbed. Pinocchio was repulsed, and thought why was the Reader taking so long to return.

The Reader:

Look at your mount. Isn't it fantastic?

Pinocchio:

Yes, it is nice.

The Reader:

Only nice?

Pinocchio:

Yes, it is fantastic.

The Reader:

What has happened to you? You look so tense...

Pinocchio:

Don't tell me...

Another day I will tell you, not today. Just take me out of here, and put me on that frame.

The Reader:

You know Pinocchio, we are not going to see each other very often. This is not a goodbye; it is a see you later., Can I do something else for you, before you go into the mount?

Pinocchio:

Yes, actually you can. A massage. A footnote massage.

Then, if we hold still, long enough, we may grow roots, and become a tree.

07

Five years of multi-sited research:
a photographic journey into the
life of an academic

07

Five years of multi-sited research:
a photographic journey into the
life of an academic

Andrea Hollington



Arada youths in Addis Ababa, Ethiopia, 2014



Research on youth language with Arada youth, Addis Ababa, Ethiopia 2014



Deconstructing the myth of the lone, male, white fieldworker:
accompanied fieldwork in Addis Ababa, Ethiopia, 2014



Outskirts of Shashemene, Ethiopia 2014



Mesk'el celebrations at the Ethiopian Orthodox Tewahedo Church
in Shashemene, Ethiopia 2014



Rastafari Alem ('Rastafari World'), Black Lion Museum,
Shashemene, Ethiopia 2014



Ras Ibi, Rastafari Repatriate from Sweden, with the Nyabingi Drums in Shashemene, Ethiopia



En route from Johannesburg to Cape Town on board the Shosholoza
Meyl, South Africa 2014



In Pinnacle, where the first Rastafari community was founded in colonial Jamaica. With Donisha Prendergast (Bob Marley's granddaughter) reasoning about occupy movements in the Global South. Jamaica 2015



Port Royal, boat ride to Lime Cay, Jamaica 2015



Liberty Hall, headquarter of Marcus Garvey's UNIA, Jamaica 2015



Representing Sheng at the African Urban Youth Language conference at Kenyatta University, Nairobi, Kenya, 2015



Interviewing members of the local Rastafari community in Harare,
Zimbabwe, 2016



The Matapi Flats in Mbare, the largest ghetto of Harare, were originally built by the colonial government to accommodate local male workers. Nowadays entire families live here and the area is known as one of the strongholds of Zimdancehall music, hosting the infamous Chill Spot Records studio. Zimbabwe, 2016



Producer Levels, co-founder of Chill Spot Records, in his studio.
Zimbabwe, 2016



Interviewing Cello Culture, a young reggae artists, in Harare, Zimbabwe, 2016



Recreational time at Lake Chivero, Zimbabwe 2016



Chiremba Hwesa Masango, author, poet, researcher and founder of the music and dance group Zimtotems is one of the local experts on totems and praise poetry. Zimbabwe 2016



Zimtote ms musicians and dancers after their performance at the Mbira Festival, Zimbabwe 2016



The gates to Addis Ababa University, Ethiopia 2016



The university campus and former palace garden,
Addis Ababa, Ethiopia 2016



One of the monastery islands on Lake Tana, Ethiopia 2016



On the monastery island, Lake Tana, Ethiopia 2016



Lake Tana, Ethiopia 2016



Handwritten religious manuscript in a monastery, Lake Tana, Ethiopia 2016



Angel painting in a monastery on Lake Tana, Ethiopia 2016



The Ge'ez Rootz Band (comprising Ethiopians and repatriated Rastafari) on stage at Bob Marley's birthday celebrations in Addis Ababa, Ethiopia, 2016



Interview with Ras Seyoum, a repatriate from Jamaica and local reggae artist in Addis Ababa, Ethiopia 2016



Interview with the Ethiopian reggae artist Daggysash in Addis
Ababa, Ethiopia 2016



Multilingual landscapes in Addis Ababa, Ethiopia 2016



Market day in Lalibela, Ethiopia 2016



Dr. Sonjah Stanley-Niaah opening the Global Reggae Conference at the University of the West Indies, Kingston, Jamaica 2017



Tuff Like Iron live on stage at the Jah over Evil headquarters in Kingston, Jamaica 2017



Aza Lineage live on stage at the Jah over Evil headquarters in Kingston, Jamaica 2017



At the International Congress of Linguists, Cape Town, South Africa 2018



Cape Town, South Africa 2018



Semiotic landscapes in airport shops, O.R. Tambo, South Africa 2018



Interview session in Budiriro, Harare. Zimbabwe 2018



Interview with Chiremba Hwesa Masanga, Harare, Zimbabwe 2018



Multilingual foodscapes in a supermarket in Harare, Zimbabwe 2018



Linguistic landscape during election campaigns in Harare, Zimbabwe 2018



Roadtrip, Zimbabwe 2018



With Prof. Fred Zindi at the University of Zimbabwe, 2018



Research at home: Jamaican artist Koffee performs at Summerjam in Cologne, Germany 2019



Crowd vibes at Summerjam in Cologne, Germany 2019



Jamaican artist Agent Sasco performs at Summerjam in Cologne, Germany 2019



Where most of the work actually happens... Cologne, Germany 2019

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08

Jamaica residency —
reflections

08

Jamaica residency —
reflections



RESIDENCY No. 1 2012





jamaica
four concepts

dream
love
water
respect

Transcripts of recordings.
Comments by the transcriber in blue. Ambient
noise in square brackets.

The text derives from the discussion of four key words – DREAM, LOVE, WATER, RESPECT – during a residency on colonial ideologies and scholarship, which took place in Negril, Jamaica in 2017. The residency was located, theoretically as well as in actuality, in the Edgelands of knowledge-making in northern, Eurocentric academia, in order to allow for sifting through what tends to be cast aside in the disciplinary environments which we inhabit normally. It addressed the coloniality of knowledge production as something that is based not only on canonic forms and structures, but also on its construction as a territorial artifact. Coming together, as a group of scholars from different places, in the Jamaican setting of mass tourism and postcolonial power inequalities, was intended to help in turning the gaze to the binarities at the foundation of ideologies associated with knowledge and language: Following the strictures of this architecture, academic thinking and theory-making happens in university offices, seminar rooms and conference halls, while beaches and tropical greenery are places of leisure or of fieldwork in the sense of data mining. Such spatial divisions are connected with other binarities that characterize epistemological colonial continuities, such as oppositions between theory and practice, culture and nature, reason and emotion, male and female; dualisms such as beach vs. office allow for powerful othering in that observers must withdraw from the contexts of observation and reflect upon them from an institutionalized distance in the isolation of their academic home bases.

Voices and their moorings (countries even) get dissolved by the sea and the spray.

There is someone (man 1) explaining something, but the outside noise is making the beginning of his talk not quite understandable.

Man 1: Since the colonization... the general society you find that over there, the compensations are not quite strong [a woman whispering to get her computer] ... that is always what I hear.

Woman 1: "ruins don't yell." They say.

Man 1: on a conversation between friends, the general population is like a contest for shouting.

Woman 1: yeah

DREAM

Man 1: you know, it's, if you talk like I am talking now ... you hear, I talk soft; which means soft as S.O.F.T which means you are soft. And therefore, people can take advantage of you. Ahem, which then translates that, probably, you don't know your rights. And you see that as a culture which... you know you are talking about colonization, plantation and all that. All of that coming together. Ahem, as you said, while you know even during classes, you find people like having a shouting match, at times, I let them go and then enjoy themselves, then I bring them back to the point and say: yeah, but both of you, you still have not addressed. Do you see? Then they look

back and wonder, what is he talking about? Because they have thought, they have settled there... so it is indeed a hard place [a woman acquiescing] and that said, even driving on your own, you don't see people jolting to each other. [a woman acquiescing again] You know, there are times, you saw those Sophists behaving like they have spare parts for their bodies' atom and you could just [a woman laughing] you know go and pick up the new part and fix it and gone. [another man saying: "right!"]. So, in a sense, it is an experience which I think is cultural and I know I am not an anthropologist so I wouldn't know how to explain you know, those details, even though in linguistics, you know there are something like called *linguistic violence* [many people acquiescing]. In linguistic violence, the Patois is ahem... is very blush. You know, *blush*, direct in your face. So, what does my experience living here, you know for a few years, like a quarter century so, I don't know if that helps. [!/?]

Woman 2: it helps! [another man: it does!] Yeah, definitely it does.

Woman 3: you know, maybe [I go ahead?] [a man: no, I just have a kind of question but I still cannot define it!] ... 'Cause, this's usually an undercurrent, right? And then it makes it also rough for me. Is it: *what you see is not what you get*? I don't know the island Willena but this is my impression that for tourists, this is a special language. So, you have the yeah-man culture, and you have the no-problem and Jamaican people happy. That's the answer to, like, the problem of ahem anything,

right. And we are happy even though we are poor. Ah, it is a place of many contrasts. But people say, well, the Chinese are here their dream of Jamaica. It's paradise to them. And so, this notion of dream turned to nightmare is something that is very much with me when I

say: this is a difficult place.

And all night, I have talked about dream, because it is one of the recurring tropes in the language for tourists.

There's the dream, there's the happiness. What else is there? [woman 1 answers: paradise?] There's the paradise.

And there's the catch road, you know like. Why are there Chinese?

Because, Jamaican like to sell things.

And it seems to be an exclusive use of Jamaicans. Because they are Jamaicans and yet, they aren't Jamaicans. And you do not usually get access to anything unless, it is for ahem material purposes; like Nancy was suspecting that the outrages that the Chinese might also have been part of wanting to make a sale; which was then successful. [quiet laughter]. Maybe, we can move now, into discussing the key words and this... begin with dreams and [woman 1: yes] you know ahem, but feel free to keep it as brief and ahem, as explicit as possible. We don't have a risk... is it right [not understandable] [no actually, we now have gone 1 min 35 sec of our schedule] [ok, we're speed-dating, please, speed-dating is beginning...] [speed-dating is beginning].



Woman 2: yeah, but are doing the foreword together or are we going one each? [no, one each] [no, one by one]. [woman 3: it makes more sense.]

Woman 1: do we go around the table or what do you say? [woman 3: yeah, I would say yes. Ah, but if somebody feels like they don't want to speak at that moment, they can pass and then take the turn later. Right? [yes] Because it is about brevity and maybe also about actions [?] may I be so biasing and also use a clockwise format and start with Ras Jurgan [laughter]. Ras Jurgan [?] he drummed yesterday, didn't he? – yes, he did, but he came back. He came back from Bahamas; he took a flight to ahem... [all talking together, not understandable] [laughter]. [I let him sleep in the room... next to me]

Man 2: Well, about "dream": a quick thought. Dream is a commodity offered to outsiders. And the dream that I think is offered is a dream of command. What is been offered here is the dream of the tourist, the outsider, the visitor, playing the role of master, of



planter... Of course, with this role playing, there's a bit of a trap because in reality, it is not the outsider who is in command but the insider, the insiders, the Jamaicans are in command. So, I first thought about dream in this place as dream of colonial command offered as a tourist experience to people. And, there is also the dream of ahem; I don't know how to put it, maybe this impression of ahem that you can do anything you want without consequences in this place which is a bit of a form of madness, isn't it? It is the dream that you can break social rules and that you don't care about consequences; the

dream that you can break social rules without punishment, without consequence. You can smoke, you can dance, you can have sex, you can drink as much as you like, you can go to the beach, you can

wake up, you can have food now, and food food food, you can eat eat eat. So, this notion of transgression without suffering the consequences, ahem, also maybe is part of the dream offered here... the dream being offered to the outsider as imagined master. Well, that's it. [woman 2: I like that, woman 1: me too] That's all I have to say about dream.

Woman 4: Well with dream, I had quite lot of time thinking about it because Janine and I talked the other day about what's a dream and why I never remember what I dream during the night? Like never and she – quite frequently. So, I thought about, is that open-mindedness or being head-strong more or less head-strong and then I thought like, ahem, coming to Jamaica was in a way my dream. So, I always wanted to come here although, I was expecting to come here for holiday but this was way better. So, ahem tourists, and also be [not understandable but probably: can help] fulfil a kind of a dream, whether that was ahem, experiencing that format, talking to somebody you were waiting to see or whatever. But I've ahem, you just said, Jamaicans move abroad to fulfil their dreams. They sometimes [pause] cannot stay here to do what they want to do, but they have to move to other countries to fulfil their dreams. So, this... there is this up and down side of dreams so it's making paradise the dream island for us who come here but not necessarily for those who are here. Ahem yes, and for me also, it is



connected to the colonial idea of a dream to still live in this... to experience this era to kind of be treated ahem kindly and everybody is happy here, everybody is nice [and then speaking to low, not understandable] of the dream. Yeah, that was it.

Woman 1: [Speaking low: hmm, fulfilling dreams yeah] ... So, I've taken some written notes so I better read them because otherwise, I am taking too long. "Jamaica is a dream" is something you read everywhere. And it is a fantasy, a tourism catchphrase but I think it is also true; however, in a different way. Over the century, Jamaica always also had a topography of dreams: the shamanic topography of the tahino people who lived here, then the trans landscape of the kolwina travelled to ancestor places and cromantee and gandja induced trips maybe as well. [Breathe] So behind or underneath the material reality of the island, there's also a spiritual word: manifest in dreams. That is however not at all unreal! But real and true when one looks at it using or referring to epistemes and anthologies other than those we can usually refer to. And by taking this serious a bit and being open to these other possibilities, I can find different and more hospitable ways of engaging with language, knowledge, experience and so on, I think. And, this way of looking at the topography of dream and these alternative epistemes on antologies, ahem, it could be an attempt or a possibility to resist the ethnographic perspective and grasp, in the sense of decolonizing methodology for example. And that is my take on dreams. Thank you!

Woman 2: Good, ahem. I have two things to say. One is that I feel like I've been living inside Anne's dreams [laughter] right in this island, I go only today to understand better what your dream was, what the boundaries and divisions that sort of placing those private/professional boundary

[talking lower-not understandable]. So, in ways of how other expressed, this concerning of be inside of someone else's dream. But I use, in my own work I use the term "reverie" much more than dreams so, I used a lot under the stage, I go to Bachelard, I talk about daydreams, and I find these daydreams in all kinds of sources among insurgence to a resisting crew of power through healing; technically through healing but sometimes through test and that allows me to go to Reinhardt Otselic [?] and find the features: How can one rather than looking at subjects as victimised subjects of trauma? How can one open up that they were hopeful – they were hopeful even though they were living on the situations of deep impression and those are-for me those are local – I can find those in the archives and I can find other incense songs and other kinds of [and then talking very low again and not understandable]. So, that's yeah, that's my ...?



Woman? I am also going to take some notes; I hope you don't mind it if I am doing it.

Woman 2: you just pick up a little bit because the surface is quite active right now.

Woman? yes, I know I am going to read some notes [laughter]. YEAH! Alright.

Woman 5: I think, dreams are expositioning ourselves: there what we hope for and what we fear the most at the same time, sharing dreams means intimacy. We dream of a perfect life and the perfect person but they are dreams that rarely come true. So, we find ourselves struggling to become dream-like, although we need to make sure to stay ourselves at the same time. So, there is reality versus dream versus fulfilment which is ... every word of that is connected to a lot of emotions and there are high contrasts that we're encountering in this place. Sometimes, our dreams and our reality are so contradictory that we miss fulfilling our dreams because we're stuck running a logical scening but (what have I written there?) [laughter] ... yeah, may's like directions. People speak here of one love and freedom but instead of loving and being free. They are spending time telling a lot of people, they were not loving and free. And when they see that a person is not feeling the same dream that they do, they become harsh on themselves

a n d
they

get frustrated. And so, at some point they must realize that their dream cannot be put on all the people. And so, yeah. [a woman asking: "who are those people again? those people?"] ... were just general people. So, I think [pause], maybe for dreaming, the problem for is basically ahem the reality and the dream itself. We must find way to find those things together without losing ourselves. [many acquiescing] [Chris, we should get to continue].

Man 3: Oh sorry! I think, I sort have the same ahem, similar approach to dreams I think, because as nicely [not understandable] I'm interviewing philosophers and the dreaming-being in pretty much of daydreams or in commercial adverts, you know, I mean, in number artefacts and [mumbling and the ocean waves stronger that makes the speaker not understandable]. The one aspect of the dream is being transgressively other in a way, through some solve? others in transversion-saying? You break out of the present moment and so like a juxtaposition of yourself in-the-ball, the pelican bar for example. Thinking of the woman, that we're taking that fact about... of the landscape of artefacts of other dreams, the whole, the music that we can experience, of ahem the fact that [stuttering] she is wearing a dress, she's been... she's away somewhere else. She is living in alternative and possibly, probably, you know, happy about doing that and being in a fictive state of transporting back the time



to her youth, living different. For me, that's a sense of the dream that is an alternative to the present but, it's something that you live when a conjunction of a ahem, an environment in particular music, peaceful, the smell of the food that you are nostalgic [and then the waves of the ocean become stronger again that makes the speaker not understandable]. You don't just dream but you [someone coughing that covers the speaker's voice] ... that makes sense to a different self. You can go to a bar or you rather feel flying listening to the music?... [woman? Ok, thank you!]

Woman 6: I think, my take on dream is very different as utopian, ahem that has partially something to do that the first dream I had in Jamaica was a nightmare. And it was ruinously ...? I don't know, well I was tired obviously, I spent a lot of time getting through immigration. I was being stopped and disrupted, which usually doesn't to well, tourists. Then we took the taxi, and I remember that when we told the driver that he can, that's not my dream – it polluted to my dream I think – when I told the driver, where we are from, he said, oh yes Africa, it's where all we must go and, there was a quite a ... you know when jet light very very tight after a long [not understandable] very intense, you got to the hotel, I was very exhausted and I slept and I dreamt. And in my dream, the hotel turned out to a plantation [all giggles].

Cassandra whom I've only been interacted – had interacted was on email so I didn't know she was a white woman. But Cassandra was fitted very strongly in my dream and she was hunted by dogs because she had been cheeky, ahem and behaved inappropriately. So, there was a lot of kind of, ahem you know, of course that was the whole roots, the whole, you know all the kind of popular culture we have. We kind of behave [?] strongly. So, I was very ahem, frazzled I think, ahem on my first morning. And so, I kind of, now listen to everyone about dreams and reveries and utopias. I was thinking that there was another literature as well. And when you were mentioning reverie, I was thinking of Manganyi's Mashangu's violent reverie which is exactly about how the reverie and violence go together in a kind of anti-colonial, decolonial [woman interrupting: "who's the author?"] – Manganyi's. a South African psychologist writing in the 70's, so Mashangu's reverie was written in the 70's [woman? "hmm, nice"] and it is about the link between reverie and violence. And so, I think maybe, you know, harshly, because I read Mashangu just before I came, because of whatever happened but ... yeah, it was more of a violent – dream and violence, I guess, what I found. [many acquiescing]

Man 1: hmm [woman? "you liked it?"], yeaah. Well they forced and I thought that dream is what happens to you when you're ahem subconscious, that this way, you're sleeping. But then, there's the other side of dream which is what you do, which you call ahem, reverie and there is a kind of dream that you do with your eyes wide-open, when you open up your brain for things, what you'll be like then... to be! For example, a better society, a better humanity. Ahem, that seems to me. You know when you look at youth for

example and contemporary world and you say “wow” what opportunities which you never had, you know so much it could have happened but is not happening and then that does now, dreaming for others. That is ahem, what you do, but the other side of the dreaming is when, you know, you are tired of certain cases, walking in your mind ... and then you go to sleep. At some instance, you do remember, you know but times you go to dream, wake up, go to the bathroom and go back and continue my dream. You know, some people say that is strange but you know, or suspending and the following day you go to it. You know if it is the kind of dream you want, but I don’t know. I just think that dream, dream-even those who claim not to dream, I believe they don’t remember. There’s a wonder that happens in the subconscious, but the wonder-the more important is the wonder glimpse with imaginations or you know, hope for things, wishes and so on, I don’t know. Yeah [woman: thank you!]

Woman 7: I was reflecting about dreams and tourism and this ahem, the dream that you have when you are a tourist and so, somehow, I came to that lady that you are talking about in a pelican, ahem in a pelican bar and we were looking at her and she was, she was drunk and she was probably stoned and she was [woman ? whispering “probably”?- giggles] well, I don’t know. Ahem, I was not trying to interpret what she is but looking at her face, she was somehow in her 60’s, I cannot even, I cannot even estimate the age she had because she looked very old and use and something but she was dreaming and she was really happy and when I started taking pictures of her, which turned out when looking at those pictures in the evening that on these pictures you found exactly that she was happy,

she was in her dream. And I think, now we were all sitting there and watching her and somehow, what is she doing ahem, so what we were doing was this othering, this is what you are doing in tourism. You are just defining her according to what you are, what you are supposed to do, that you will never do that and, I thought it was wonderful to look at her and I love watching the photos I take because this woman really shows, she shows what it is to be in a dream when you are away for what you are away for what you are waiting for – probably for one year – something like that. [woman? yeah, thank you].

Woman 8: This morning I’ve sorted a book that we read in high school. Ahem, offering flightily an analysis and the title was: “Who kissed sleeping beauty awake?” That is ahem, who was the prince? And I thought, what is my dream? Or why do I have the feeling (that) dreams and nightmares are pretty close in this place maybe the same thing? For me it has to do with the fact that my ideal self, in my dream. I can do only good things and I can be healing. And I can change things for the better. And yet, I can’t. So, I’ve been dreaming this dream that academic is a better person than just a tourist, but ahem, I am also a tourist. So, it is not either or but it is a blended concept. That’s what I got. [Ok]

O k ,
 shall we
 continue then
 with the next enigmatic
 signifier and turn to love
 and [go the other way around?
 Without any running ...] [several
 people talking at the same time] ...
 what did I write about, ahem, you
 wanna...? Where is my love? No, no, no.

LOVE

Woman 7: Yeah, love. Well, when thinking about love, “one love” came into my mind, of course. Being here in Jamaica, I am now trying to figure out what “one love” means for tourists and so, what I did is, I went to trip advisor in the internet and was just searching for “one love”. And suddenly I found a question in trip advisor, where somebody was posing the question, what does it mean when somebody writes a letter to me and writes “one love” underneath this letter. And then there was an answer saying, if that is something you need explained, you really won’t understand. And [laughter], I really love that answer because it is necessary to know what this “one love” means for tourists and for tourism. There is poster advertising for Jamaica which says: Jamaica, once you go – you know. Ahh, so, this “one love” seems to be a philosophy for Jamaican tourism and for Jamaica tourists, as tourists who go to Kenya know the philosophy *hakuna matata*. So this is with a just short explanation with a

short phrase of philosophy of what it is to be there. So, love – “this love”, or “one love” in Jamaica or the concept of “one love” for me, is that it has to do with inclusion or exclusion. Who is included in the concept and who is not included? Those ones who don’t know the concept are excluded. Why do they travel to Jamaica then, because it is famous for this, ahem, this “one love” and this philosophy. So, well this is just my thought.

Man 1: yeah, I don’t ... that. Well, in recent time, I’ve just found that love is one of the most painful things that you could do and have... especially, ahem within family, within community, within society. When you see things, just going wrong, then you are helpless. You are helpless, not because you don’t care, only just because you can’t do anything about it. It just like what happened yesterday at the post, with that lady, just remembers, why is it nobody (understand) you? Understands me? Ahem, it’s a crazy world, it’s a crazy thing and it ahem, the part of love that we talk about is that is related to male, female same but that does not – the only one, you know, it’s a – you go to a place and see how are things are done and how very, very careless people can be regarding to what is precious to other people and then to feel the pain ahem, and refrain the pain. At times, they’re agonizing and can be passenger. And it can, ahem, it does anything like connecting lock. But you know, we are all here now [sisterhood]. We’re all disperse, and we go our different ways, when we all that we leave here – it is part of, this one of us with each other, you know with we keep for a long time. We wonder we create it and done the possible, and that is itself, part of a humanity. Ahem, I don’t know if I could introduce an



respect. So, for me those two notions are just so ... you know for me, to think anything meaningful about love means I have to think about respect and I think what [naming someone but cannot get the name] said about engagement, so the how to ... we don't engage with the output, but for me love is actually, it's being

element of wonder that I've always had.

You know, when within ingroup versus outgroup. At times, the ingroup, you have what you call the empathy, that you have all the suffering of the other but you totally disengage, when you are in the outgroup, you know and a frame where is it that kind of love cannot transcend, you know connectedness to the universal thing.

I don't know, I don't know if I can make a sense. [you're making sense] that's difficult.

Woman: so I think love is perhaps the most faculty of all the terms to reflect the pond because it is so loaded with all kinds of expectations, dreams, positive dreams and so, I was thinking of how do I think about love; not in some kind of romantic, kitty-teenage sense but then some kind of moving. A sense which is linked to, you know our humanity and one love, love for each other being inclusive. So, I found it very difficult when I am doing something which I maybe not supposed to be doing but I can't think love without

prepared for respectful engagement with the people we mean to whoever they are. And that engagement for me is something, I would call: love I would call with care. I would call it respect because even in a relationship, the greatest thing in a friendship you can give each other is the willingness to listen to each other, not to agree, not to support, not to kiss and hug but to listen respectfully and give that space. Because listening actually requires time, and time something so precious so often far. So for me it's love, respect, engagement and form this kind of cluster – and there is – for me the opposite of love is not hate but is actually disengagement in willing to engage with others.

Man 3: Yeah, I also find it difficult and so, like a respect for ... [speaking very low so that the waves of the ocean make the talk indescribable]. But I think you know, for me, just thinking of again, as with dream, there is a limit so full [?] for sure. You know love is something that no one can [it is very hard to understand what he means because of the loudness of the surrounding, moreover he speaks very low] in a relationship. It's nothing that we really can plan for, you cannot intend it to happen and ... you get struck by love, right [?] when you fall in love. And it's

very a non-rational way and it's dreaming. And the dreaming enhances the chance to help us. It's a juxtaposition of people in places, that generates you know a sense of euphoria that would be love. Again, it's living some sense of the dream that you do not necessarily offer. Ahem, you may ... have a dream, have intention or whatever but, ahem, it's itself something that gives a chance to let something happening in whatever you mean in your imagination. And also, full of love? And these concepts [not understandable] so it's interesting that dream and love in a sense come together when there is this sense of being not completely in control of [nothing understandable] I think that is supposed to be linked with respect to have an acknowledgement and so that's a respect of somebody [again, not understandable]. For me, it is a limitation about what we can ourselves, determine ourselves in our being and only turn situations [?]

Woman 5: I was wondering how do we express love because to me, love is actually supposed to mean empathy, no matter in which way; ahem, something that lets us consider how does another being feel or what does it not feel, or what are its dreams for example, and how am I doing my reverse [?] and so, coming together and feeling united by personal differences ahem, that might be between us out there, or something that I think a kind of ... way and also crossing boundaries that ahem everyone that is [waves too strong, not understandable] we know that we are there and that we're sharing the moon, or having problems with communication, and language and gender and age and origin, whatever; that process of reaching this things while listening to one another's crazy thoughts, having its humour or fears makes one feel connected. And I think that is all is about. [thank you, ...]

Woman 1: I have thought about love in academia, and I think ahem [laughter] (which kind?) [laughter continues] first of all, I think love is always the first subject of a discussion when it is not there. That's in a dairy diary's sense: when it is not there, you wanna talk about it. And in academia, the absence of love is felt when one doesn't cite those whom we should love. Cite me means love me! And the rejection of a possibility of exchange and discussion is read very often as disengagement and if you just emphasize, and a lack of love therefore. Because we are not loved, most of the time, unfortunately [laughter] because, it is just how it is, we need to compensate this. And one way of doing this is claiming the right to define things, what is the definition of love. And claiming the right to possess certain ideas of findings: "I said it first", and claiming membership of certain learning circles for example. So, gate-keeping is a form of revenge for not having been loved in academia. [laughter + comment "that I like"] and then I thought, what about the absence of love here and what have I seen when I felt the absence of love while being in Jamaica as ahem a member of academia (and my academia is far, far away)? So, things I have found here and I will be soon loved for are: Pelican bar is the antidote of the opposite of the archives, because what is written on is planks is meant to be eternal and yet, it will be discarded after just a few months and that's not a very loving way to deal with love inscribed into word. Then I found the absence of love in these pledged sign bold, in this pledged... in this pledged thing that was supposed to inform

us about the zone massacre. And it is pledged away. And I thought, that was the perfect matter of the bleaching of Black history. We know the Patois of treasure beach is so different from Patwa elsewhere because people living there, worship Red Scotsmen [?] and still retailing this slight-slight-slight Scottish accent in their Patois and I could retrace the origin of this Patwa to a particular village in Scotland. But then, there are very different varieties of Patwa shared by Black communities and see if turned obviously so white one. Na ja, it's not white but was once. And these different black Patwa are different because people came from [strong emphasis] Congo or Ghana, not very precised but really bleached; not very loving though, I mean if you look at Black history, it's very much shaped by white people looking at it as something looking generalised. Reconstruct their history of query language family of the past and thousand years, that's not very caring and loving. And then, the last thing that I have found here that is about the absence of love and therefore, bringing to talk about love is: language that is in someone's possession is almost unintelligible to others, by the way. If you possess a language of yours own, you are not understood and you cannot be loved because you cannot share yourself. It's really true. You have ... you have realized that when you listen to Patwa and somebody talk, you can't understand because it's our own ... thank you!

Woman 3: Thank you! Well, what came first to my mind when I thought about love was that I hang here on my own at 10pm and exit the airport and the next day, I stand on the beach and I was approached by a young man. And apparently, it is quite common that single women are approached by Rasta men as he called me, it was

something like he needed a Rasta man, this kind of thing and I was aware of that, so I was kind of ... I wasn't really surprised. I was annoyed but ok. I talked about that at home and people were surprised and they didn't know. Ahem, this was something I was expecting to continue or expected to continue that this ahem, underlined agency is everywhere I go, but I found out that it's not, at least not that obvious. So, I tried to move away from what you called like the female-male conception of love and I completely agree with you that perhaps there is pride, when you think about love as one love. You said on the bus, ahem ... I also thought about love, what is the concept of one love as selling something for tourists and on the other hand, what does it mean for Jamaicans, what does it mean for the locals. Because I assume; I don't know about I assume that is something different. There's more to it for the Jamaicans than for the tourists. Ahem, I am not going to repeat that all over again, the idea what else is love is that love is what you don't want to live without. Love is basically what you do anything for ahem, and therefore it's such an essential concept, such an important concept that we cannot grasp it completely. So, we do have respect, engagement or caring as part of love but we cannot define it as such. It is something that we try, that love is subjective in my opinion and we can't completely define it. I also thought that showing love here is communication. So, as love is caring and Jamaicans tend to care about people and there's always this engagement they communicate, they never feel lonely, they never feel not loved because there's always somebody talking to you.

But then that you want or not, or where there is, like a very interesting and content full of content compensation or just how are you doing and there's always this kind of love that is waiting for you if you want so there is always somebody you can talk to. This is something I quite liked here.

Man? Hmm what about me? Ahem, in thinking about love while here, I think of fraternity. I think of horizontality. I think of something along the line of what Manu was saying. Love is a form of social cement that binds people together. Affect, a form of affect that connects people in a society where there's and there was in the past a lot of inequality. And love is good because it's kind of affective cement in a society that is traversed by many forms of social inequalities and so forth. And in this sense, I think love is a counter image to the dream of command I mentioned earlier. This dream of love as a horizontal form of relating counters the dream of command as a vertical form of relationship. It is like a sociological form, a form of association that helps people make society beyond the structures of master-slave command, in a certain way.

Woman 2: I am living in a frogly (?) and far these days. And here is the concept of enigmatic signifier which is something that ahem yeah, induces seduction because you can always can reach it and you almost can reach but you could never quite grasp it. And the concept of love is like that. I also thought of concept of metaphor, you know: ahem love is pain, love is fire or love is security. And there is of a sounding like a televangelist; the thing that, the phrase that I can have here and that

I can offer today is love is gratitude. That is what this experience has stood in me and this is the good place to be. And maybe we should talk about respect and see if we could discover an alternative layer. We just talked about it so maybe, ahem.

WATER

Man 1: Water: I really like swimming. Yeah, it's a pleasure and ahem, it's about contact between body and water. It is almost like a fusion. It is almost an ontological transformation that derives from this intense, corporeal contact between body and water. At the same time, now being here, I think also about water as the media for the slave trade. Water – the ocean – is where enslaved people drowned, where massacres took place, it is the place for wrecked ships. Hence this contact, this bodily contact that occurs when I go swimming here: all of the sudden swimming becomes a form of materially taking part in this history of violence. A form of sharing the same matter of old slave trade ships in a very bodily way, in a very intense ... intense form and materiality. So, water is like the mediator of the historical past of slavery; and, through water, swimming somehow makes me part of this past, part of the ... of this water with sunken ships. Instead of thinking of water as just dream of paradise, I was also thinking of water as mediator of horrors of imperialism in this region ... So, these were my thoughts about water.

Woman 1: Hi, water kind of needed to adapt right, so there's like you are the ocean and you just speak up and you cannot like control this kind of water. Ahem, what I, well yesterday, we had a talk with the Chef [?] here and also has been to Angi here [whispering so, not understandable]

... , they own this property and we talked about ... because I heard you, you're talking about in South Africa we learnt to appreciate water because there is not a lot of it. So, ahem, I thought of what about here? There is a lot of water but apparently, it's not drinkable water so it might be hmm and he talked about what he, what his concept of water is. and he said that the rain water is the most, the purest kind of water and enjoys drinking it. He would collect whenever possible and drink it. It's way better than the water of the springs, and I thought about yeah, we in Europe think of acid rain and these kind of things and, so there is this [stuttering] huge difference in concepts so water in a way is life so, this is; they

enjoy water, they ...
he was

really like, the sun is shining and what he thought about is rainwater while he drank actually rum, so, it's like ok, this is kind of strange change. Water is also death when someone went to see the zone massacre or the ahem ... denkmal ... monument? [laughter] we went there and water was also meant da [?] so it's a good and a bad thing at the same time. You have this like this dependence on water, you have the what water brings you, it brings the tourists, it brings you the beaches, it brings you great thing like nature but it can also when a hurricane arrives maybe, also thing like distraction and then the fear of water. So, there is again an up and down side.

Woman 2: I was thinking about a poem written by Yoko Tawada, a Japanese poet who lives in Seaberg [?], in Hamburg in Germany and only write in German and not in Japanese. She writes about somebody waking up in the morning with a deformed face, something like that. And she says the face is probably deformed because of the full moon because you know, our body is made mostly of water, ahem maybe ninety percent as a simply water, and the full moon moves the water and every now and then, that can change our appearance quite considerably. And so, I need to think about water as something that is inside us held together with our skin and bones and all that stuff but then I started to wonder when I remember that, that little poem, what water are we made of. And when we were riding in the boat, or when we are sharing the swimming in the pool or where else, I wonder if it's more or less the same water or whether this is a different thing or whether actually the water in which people get drowned and the water that I am made of is exchanged all the time, or whether



that could be a very good metaphor of thinking about entanglements. But this see and me above water and both experiences the one I am bringing with me coming here and the one made by the people still out there is more or less somehow very much entangled and it's something you cannot negate because of chemistry obviously or because of a poem. That's my take on water.

Woman 3: oh ok, good. I don't have very much but again, history, I mean I am sort of aware that here we are and this Island, there is the keynotes and the black eclectic. It's probably sleeping out here [?] [she is whispering and it's hard to understand her], so, ahem Silicon Valley but I, I am very impressed that you made a proper health system [?] a clean water system, something you cannot find in most African countries. And whatever degree, there's poverty, there's apparently a fair degree of proper administration which is based that matters that we take advantage of. And then ahem, but I, I have had some wonderful time swimming, I mean. We go, we go down a sort of steps and you know, it's a little bit scary, all where myself, you know. So, in an advantage point, of one bar, bag design villas and it's wonderful. Tomorrow, I am going to the beach, to a proper beach but my basic, you know the first old man driver who said, get and find the rivers. That's what special to make about. If I ever come back, this will ahem, I would do with the backroads and the river and I just like ahem, avoid this touristic coming here. And you know, find a different version of what this island can offer you so ... it's the same in Florida, it's most beautiful in Florida is getting out on the rivers, that kind of untouched rivers and avoid these touristic kinds and to the coasts, it's

actually possible to find anything nicer, you know (and also in Belgium huh). Ok, this is a part of places that I travel. I mean the sea gets taken over ahem, by tourist economy and ahem ... it's anyway, that was my last point.

Woman 4: ok, I don't have a long thought on water. And I could not find something very senseful to say about it so I would just share with you the thoughts that came to my mind. So, first time when I look at this thin bottle of water here. When I saw the first time I thought looking at it: "oh, they wrote it wrong" they are writing like "wataà" and so, water seems to be something very special here in Jamaica, and the way, people look at it from the outside might not all the time be the great way we look at it, although we might think we know it better. That was one thing and the other when I thought was that, of course, somehow, we are all the same because we are all made of water as you just said, but on the other side, water is very segregating part in itself. So, for example, the people that came there, they open their water at least on the first place and some of them stranded here and found the water as big distance to
w h e r e
they



maybe wanted to go actually. And so, yeah, it seems to be a special thing here. I might not understand it; I don't know why they write it with an A. maybe it's just. (It's Patois) ... hmm of course, it's Patois but I don't know about its development in narrative [?] and I kind of just, appreciate it the way it is.

Man 2: yeah, I don't really have a thought about it. I get that thought away [?]. We have this thing yesterday ahem, dream, love, respect, water and [speaking low + laughter of the others] (so, I am going to schedule it. it's the Chris's that have the sequence wrong) well, water is about this ahem, engagement. We have lost tools, or I mean a lot of interaction happens in the space around water. And ahem, people transporting water here and there, at a pelican bar, part of the bottom [?] actually travel to a place and engage, so this engagement were complicated so that is, yeah, it's a way we structure our interaction and engagements or disengagements. It's all I have thought about it.

Woman 5: yeah, I guess what you mentioned I mean, so, drinkable water for me is incredibly precious because we are going through a drought, because I've worked in places where we cannot have water so, there is this deep respect of having water, having access to be able to drink and, what it means not to have access to that. That's the drinkable water we will live with. But then for me, there is the ocean so, I

was kind of going between two things. As of course, ocean is water but that ocean is special kind of water. And I found that ocean I love swimming, but I find out that ocean is incredibly inhospitable. And I am actually scared of that. And I actually had sense of unease so far that we all have [?] until I leave the island, because it is somehow surrounded by oceans and I noticed that I kind of kind of forget about it. I remember once, I was smoking long, long time ago. And I kind of, I was told you know, you have to know like gravity rights, and you cannot go down and then you will see all these things on my body that the right things and I went down and I went up and out because I just felt like, I don't belong here. This is not my land. And I have to say, and actually, I had a kind of resonance of the ... that we had to go to the pelican bar because I had kind of, because I don't, you know when I go to the sea, I swim in the pool but I don't swim in the sea. So, I kind of walked my way around but my fear, my appreciation and my fear of the ocean when we had to get in the boat all came up. And so, and when we were on the Pelican bar, I was actually, I felt like when the boat actually came, I thought I am being rescued. I am going back to land. So, water is very deep for me. [laughter] deep water.

Man 3: ahem, the you there, people believe that human beings are like water, that we flow and



we go, and we
 come and hearing
 our [stuttering]
 want to be like call
 behaviour [?], our
 attitude, or that there
 is not one uniform
 continuity ahem in
 everything. When you say
 that there is a drought, it's
 because there is an absence of
 that flow and then it may come
 back and you know, it's one...
 [not understandable] and that,
 that helps to navigate difference
 because when you see somebody who
 looks or feels different, you know that
 this is the same continue and at times we
 abuse it, because somebody sees continual,
 another person may take advantage of that.
 And that does a very ... for me, you know
 coming from that kind of background makes
 it easy to understand water as a necessity
 but also as a danger. So, I don't know. (hmm
 hmm, very nice, very beautiful) It's not my
 philosophy [laughter], it just represents in the
 world view. You know? But I share.

Woman 6: I actually have written some pages
 for the other concepts, but this is my water page
 ... so, I was just looking at the word, and the
 word for Gicht which means spray. Actually
 I am scared of swimming in the ocean. I went
 swimming once and it was hard to enter the
 sea, but even worse to get out, because the
 waves were quite high and I had to grab the
 ladder in order to exit. So, I was thinking what
 water means to me. I didn't come to a result.
 But then, this morning, the sea was rough and
 the spray was going up there and the sun was



shining and whenever the spray came up really
 high, there was a small rainbow. So, I went
 and got my camera and I have this filter, this
 drama filter and I took a picture of the rainbow
 in the spray in the pop art filter and I will send
 it to all of you. This is my take on water. (you
 realised that this chair was carried away by
 the water later on?) the what? (the chair) ... I
 loved it there (yeah, I could have drowned) oh!
 [laughter]. You know where you have to scare.
 No, it's just fun. Yup.

Woman 7: Inadvertently, I took a picture of
 Angi taking a picture of the rainbow. It's
 nothing but I will send it to you so you can
 provide it all along the rainbow shots. I had
 a perhaps a preview thought of all the people
 mentioned it. Water is what makes this place
 an island. And somehow, I have to think
 about that. Because it resonates in me but I
 really don't know what it means but, yeah and
 then ahem this morning, our cabby told us
 that Jamaicans fear the water. And that's why
 they don't own anything on the rocky coast
 here. But they are on property on other side
 of the road here that takes people to the ague
 questen [?] and it reminded me of the story
 about what Paul has talked about the Chinese
 community that had no window in the back
 of the fishermen's house so that they couldn't
 see the sea coming even though, they knew

the sea would eventually come and destroy the villages. And the soil was about the heights acquiring window, so then when they deal those windows are necessary. But water and fear; I think of water and respect go together. (respect, respect. here it comes) If we forgotten anything, in this round or is there any questions. So, I guess this is our final round of scheduled exchange until we return to the more fluid form of it. So, maybe this time we can keep it open or would that be, have people talk and they feel like they would like to connect or need a break!? (Yeah, that would be great. [laughter] I was afraid to ask. We would allow us to open a wine and to go to the restaurants ... [and chatter continues while everyone talks at the same time...]

RESPECT

Chattering...

Woman 1: I think of dream as a vernacular language, love is a vernacular language but I was very aware that respect was a language that Rastas used. For me it was [not understandable, too much noise around, probably having a collation] and how they treat tourist, how they treat them, it's with respect in a certain decoration and yeah, a proper behaviour what the morality is and that you need not be afraid of death that is a world of respect. But then, today I went to go get some roust [?] to eat and walked one more time up to that little shop and as I came back, [talking and laughing at the same time, so difficult to understand] no respect or a pedestrian, I really has limitation to respect.

It's really all in all what it means is like and that is one that goes nasty. And that's all I have to say. (thanks!)

Woman 2: I have another take on respect as nasty. Actually, it's a wonderful concept, because it is really about people just being people. When you look at Marcus Carvey and Rastafari philosophy and so on. Then respect actually means asking for justice and equality, to respect the neighbour, to respect the other is to see how your neighbourhood or the other



as a human being simply and see yourself as a human being so it is something that is really revolutionary and very critical and very much anti-colonial. Asking people to show respect for each and everybody. And of course, it feels good to say respect. But then, I thought it is interesting when it twists and this mimetic performance takes place which exactly in tourist economy is something that happens very, very frequently. So, people perform respect, they greet Jah-man, respect! Without being very much immersed in this philosophy without really planning to turn back home as reformed people, as different people to fight social equalities, to show respect to each and everybody, they go back home with their passports and... credit cards, and ahem their very odd at worlds [?] and in respect term as something very emblematic into mimeses into holding the mirror in front of other's face and say "häh, you thought we're equal you and me, [ironic laugh]" and this is really cruel. And I found something on the market when I was haunting for language and object and it's this. "Jah-man, respect man". It's nice, but it's one of these commodifications of language. Ahem, it doesn't mean he really respects other people, because maybe it is part of the performance that grammatically, – I was inspired by Ricardo's work, that grammatically that aims the other being for that second. It's colonial mimeses this thing [?] to me, that's your topic. (Thank you)

Woman 3:
yeah, maybe
I can ... are you
(I'm done) you're
done? Ok, whenever
I have to think about
something I always have to
define or just see how a word
is defined and I was looking
up how respect is defined. And
I found two definitions and the
first definition is: "a feeling of a deep
admiration for someone or something
elicited by the abilities, qualities or
achievements" and the other one was:
"the regard of the feelings or rights of
others". I think these are two completely
different definitions about respect. Thinking
about what it means to show respect here in
Jamaica or how people behave when they
respect somebody, it reminded me of the



Pelican Bar again and this old European lady who ... she left with the boat before we left. And she and her friend, they were so drunk and they hardly managed to get into the boat and ... then these two young Jamaican men, they were just kneeling down and taking their flip-flops so that they wouldn't fall. They were helping her without smiling, without blinking at each other. And I really loved the way of these two young men, how they respect other people. So, this has [a bit stuttering] made me think that respect really is a way of living and behaving. It's just not a word. It is how the people here live it [many acquiescing].

Woman 4: I mean with respect then; I am also wondering to what respect we are kind of hinder that problem of translation. So RESPEC, the Patois word immediately relate to the word in English: respect which we then read in a particular way and which have a resonance with things like respectability, you think of the colonial project and I was thinking for colonial South African perspective, I was thinking of the expression gugu klonipa [?] which is always translated as to respect someone ("yes") but actually the English word "to respect" doesn't cover complexities of the practice gugu klonipa. So, I was wondering, I kept wondering. Is that the Patois for RESPEC actually the same word as respect? Or are we actually, we kind of, you know, call out because we immediately translated it as respect and it is, you know all kinds of connotations which it is from our native language. I mean it's a problem of, you know, really of translation. All we

find is equivalence and then often, we miss something which is-and then that is something which much more bodily experienced when you know... you know, now klonipa [?] is happening without being able to translate it immediately to English and maybe the word you use is not respect or maybe you're not entirely sure whether you can use although you experience the pragmatics of the actions that is supposed to be.

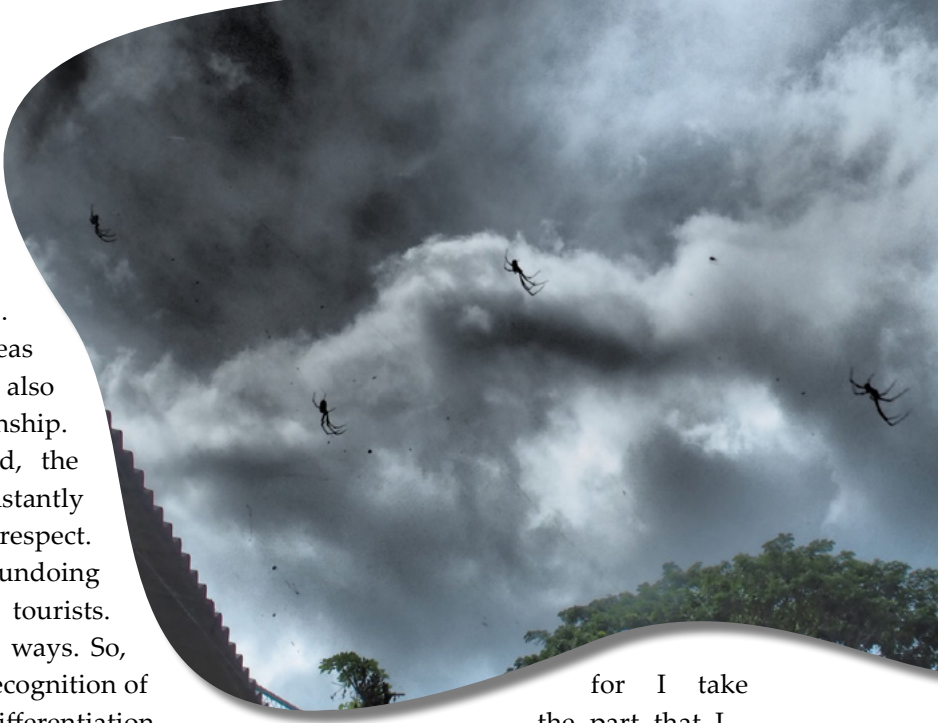
Woman 5: I was thinking about that too, that there is no equivalence even though there is a seeming equivalence and it's perhaps all along the line of that answer of Agnes [?] equipping a term of appropriation and/or a term that is used in various different ways so, it's ambiguous so this layer and so it has ahem, an inside group meaning in a Rastafari community and then it has a single in boundary-function in interaction among the tourists and the locals. And so, then you get to these licences plates where you can take it and as a material manifestation and then to take it home. [many acquiescing] [and then another woman intervenes] ... But it means also, I might have said, that there's a way in which the ahem, the sexual banter that occurs for me, for men in the coastal street, in a bar, every time I get in the car with a driver and when I walk about. It's unbelievably respectful! I don't know if I've ever witnessed that, you know, that kind of ... they're testing limits, for sure, you know, and they are very complimentary, and they hope for ... and/but it's also you know, it's still deep respectful. It doesn't ... I don't ever feel objectified (hmm hmm).

Man 1: I found it, when I think about respect, that is sort of saying, [indescribable] there's the morality of ahem, relationships with

others. And ahem, it sorts of helped to sustain their ideals of eternity, might be ideals of love and it also helps ... [stuttering] going back to my ideas of dream of command but it also help and do a practical relationship. The relationships of command, the master-slave; they are constantly undone by the gestures of respect. And voicing respect, you are undoing master-slave peopling with tourists. And so, I see with respect into ways. So, it is about acknowledging the recognition of the others which is so, means differentiation. It's different; they acknowledge you; they recognize you but they also differ from you. We're different. And this must be reciprocal. [stuttering] I think the voice retracted they say is respect [?] to these, ahem gestures all about doing it's retailing reciprocity and again it's about keeping it horizontal. One family can betray this kind of alliance so, ... love, countering, verticalities.

Man 2: [it seems that that person is talking very far from the microphone so, it is hardly possible to understand what he is saying]. Respect is letting know or acknowledging the relationship of reciprocity and getting away from these otherings so otherwise ... [?] might have seen master-slave also, the tourists ahem, object or whatever it means. So, it's, for me I think that structure is linked to love and also to dreaming. This kind of relationship, sort of relationship and recognition and all that. That's all of confident [?]

Man 3: if I ahem, if I need an herb [laughter], and I go to the plant, and I take permission



for I take
the part that I
need. I've gone the Parc
all the leave [?], all the fruits... ahem, it shows a continuity in nature and how they have to respect every aspect of everything around us. And the indigenous, the indigenous societies recognize that the part of the challenge that humanity has faced. Humanity from this main idea that it was another identical dominated [?], to be possessed, to be conquered, to be used and when they react, when they seem become violent, we don't understand why. Ahem, so, respect I think I was at form-free and that would have been, I don't know what equivalent that would be, at from-free after primary school which is six years, then from one, from two, from three, when one day, my teacher walked into the classroom, we just continued that merry way as if he wasn't there. He got so mad with our class and, ... he came as he strokes out the cane [?] all the male, female,

everybody. And at the end, what is said was that respect is reciprocal. And it doesn't matter whether you are young, or old, male or female, each person deserves respect not because of the position you occupy but as a matter of humanity. And that was 1969 and I never forgot. Now, transpose that into a Hollywood movie, where people are in each other's faces because of the camera. And then, you begin to see that there is a kind of distance that should exist, mutual respect of space that is removed and then leads to a kind of aggression that you find all over the place. That is one trait. The second that I want to make is when the Jamaicans say respect. There are two things that I have sensed that: respect means that, yes, it doesn't matter who you are, you must recognize my humanity. [all acquiescing] I may be very poor, but I am still a human being [all acquiescing]. And that means for them, when you cross that little boundary hein!? And then you diss! You diss the other person, somebody have dead [?] I don't know if you get what I mean [all acquiescing and adding: "somebody has to die"]. You disrespect me, it's like you're glorifying my humanity, so you are dead!!! That is why the violence, at times, you know, even though there is enough respect, hein!?, and everybody you know, giving each other day. The moment you go a little bit beyond that... even though you are friends, you know, you grew up together. You find that the ice-peak, the knife, the machete, anything can come into play simply because, you know you are now going to be what a slave-master did to my ancestors, to the plantations; the totality you know, the destruction of my humanity.

You know, ahem, as somebody who has lived here, it took me a long time to appreciate why, you know that la war, violence can come into but ahem, you know, I get here ... where I am coming from you have a coradical friends, you wrestle each other to the ground, you roll in the port and then you get up and walk home and eat together. But here it is not like that. This disrespect somebody is a big thing. [a woman intervening: but you have a sense of the specificities for Jamaica. So, why Jamaica, if you take all these Caribbean islands that're anglophones, the former British ones seems to me something very special in the world to Jamaica in terms of this language of respect and this capacity for violence. Is it the maroon history? And then the emergence of the Rasta, the ...]. Well, historically, they claim that the most containable of the black population were the ones that they brought to Jamaica, that is the most ahem ... disobedient. But that was what they claim. [many talking at the same time saying different things ... (but that was what the maroon community, the mosses (?), the subordinate slaves ...) and then not understandable]. Yeah, and so I think that my contribute to it, I ... the truth and reconciliation, I have suggested it on many programs. I have suggested that you need a conflict, management conflict at UNS conflict-resolution-kind of program. Is it the... the English call-law as now have two matters? I ... you know, my arguments are: one love was a law you know, for the Abuja [?] you know, it was somebody need a call. But here, in an environment like our home, the common law means that you are my sister, I lend you

money, you refuse to pay,
 I take you to court. Guilt
 has to be assigned. And when
 guilt is assigned, there's final. In
 Indigenous African societies, the
 guilt is never final. Because we're still
 brothers and sisters regardless of what
 the elders say. So, when they find me, you
 know, they saw that I bring a goat, and the
 goat is slaughtered. Both, they are grieved,
 and the village, we are going to sit and eat it.
 And life will continue, family will continue.
 But that is not a common law. You know,
 guilts are innocent when no one doesn't find
 out. [not understandable] In this sense [?] I
 don't know.

Woman 6: I was thinking about respect more
 in a sense and how far we paying respect.
 We're paying respect while we're here. So, I
 assume that I would come across this respect
 notion often, the most important, almost
 impressive situation was when we went to
 the Kraft markets and people were saying:
 "pay me some respects when you go into my
 shop" because you also went in their shop.
 So, entering each and every shop was paying
 respect although, of course, most of the things
 were the same and you weren't really at some
 point. And you still; this was like the notion
 they're asking you to respect them at least,
 entering and have a look. And then I thought
 about the woman at Pelican bar, and like as
 you said that she was helped: so, respect for
 me. And then I said, yes, we are all sitting
 there watching her, judging her. Some might
 have been even laughing at her, so when we
 observe ... do we do that in a respectful way?
 Is for example taking pictures of somebody,
 whatever interaction we might see as that



the respectful thing or is that disrespectful?
 I am not answering the questions; I am just
 asking it. [someone answering: but this is
 the important point because I think that
 in tourism, there is no respect, there is
 othering, extremely othering. And othering is
 completely the contrast of what respect is. It
 is judging, ahem, judging in respect to oneself
 ... yeah. So, this is; so, the question is: how or
 does respect work in tourism-settings?] Yeah,
 I also think that, in the crafts market, people
 were telling us, we were being disrespectful.
 We didn't know how to behave, to respect
 that. So, I have the impression that generally
 speaking, tourism behave disrespectful when
 it is about treating people here. And that, that
 might be so, but they are still always asking
 for it, always reminding us, "please, be
 respectful!" and there is this reflect somehow.
 But of course, we do take pictures of people
 and things but you tend to not ask, you do
 not approach people and say, excuse me,
 do you mind if I make picture of you?
 Because you don't want to disturb the
 situation. But is that respectful, is that ok
 because we are supposed to be neutral
 observers? Describing situations?
 And be in science, it's academia or
 so, is that something different
 from the tourists that ...
 [not understandable]



and the white socks and whatever? Taking pictures. (and they're informants in fieldwork) yeah. [man intervening: how many of you remember when we went to the cemetery? – with the bottles – yeah.] How about the resources go to decorating the tools of the cemeteries?

Now, you may find at times that its violence that land to the death of the individual but then it is regarded as a kind of disrespect now to do the funeral in a proper way. (but that was not a reply to what she said.) I see it more like a contradiction, you know in human behaviour but I don't know how to explain. In some instances, just look at how they take care of their living and how much expenses go to the disposing of the dead.

Woman 7: If I may get that to something you just mentioned. When you were talking about these crafts market where we went and all vendors asked me so, "ok, pay me some respects when you come into my shop" also, I think, asking for respect is always something psychological. It's better to make it to people what you want. There is nobody who wants to be disrespect(ed-ful). Everybody wants to be respectful, especially in a postcolonial context and I would like to share a little bit of story, I think that happened to me when I was about 9 or 10 years old,



I had a little dog that I was walking and I was trespassing a homeless person, that was sitting somewhere on the street and he also had a dog. And I was walking by and my dog was barking at the homeless person's dog and I think it was a man, and I smiled at him because I wanted to show some respect in a way to say sorry that my dog was actually aggressive towards his dog. But what he made out of that and the way he reacted was that he was shouting at me: "Don't laugh at me in that mean looking way". And I felt shocked because I wanted to show him some respect and to excuse for what my dog did because I was thinking I made a mistake, maybe I approached him too much so my dog hits the other dog, and he thought I was being mean to make fun of him. So, I think, respect also shows a lot of our own expectations about what people are thinking about

ourselves. So, when we think that someone is disrespectful to us, it doesn't mean that the person is maybe deliberately being mean to us or maybe thinking ok, "I don't like that person I will just turn around or whatever", it might just show ourselves that maybe we are insecure about ourselves.

Woman 8: I think maybe this is bad luck.

Man 3: I was going to say it is probable, likely to wind. [laughter] (it's getting kind of funny and windy) (so, maybe we should ask the remaining participants to say their ...) (I think everybody said something.) ... [and then chattering]. So, this is where I thought that we wrap up the official part-to-drink [?] coming weather and the perhaps also, to the need to abandon scheduling yet again. Ahem, but we will talk about tomorrow, so, there is an excursion to Seaford, ... yes, if someone ... is anybody interested in going to Seaford town? Chris will be travelling ahem, you can't yeah. Or, I mean ... where are we going now? Are we going to the LTE place, was that the plan for tonight or shall ...





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