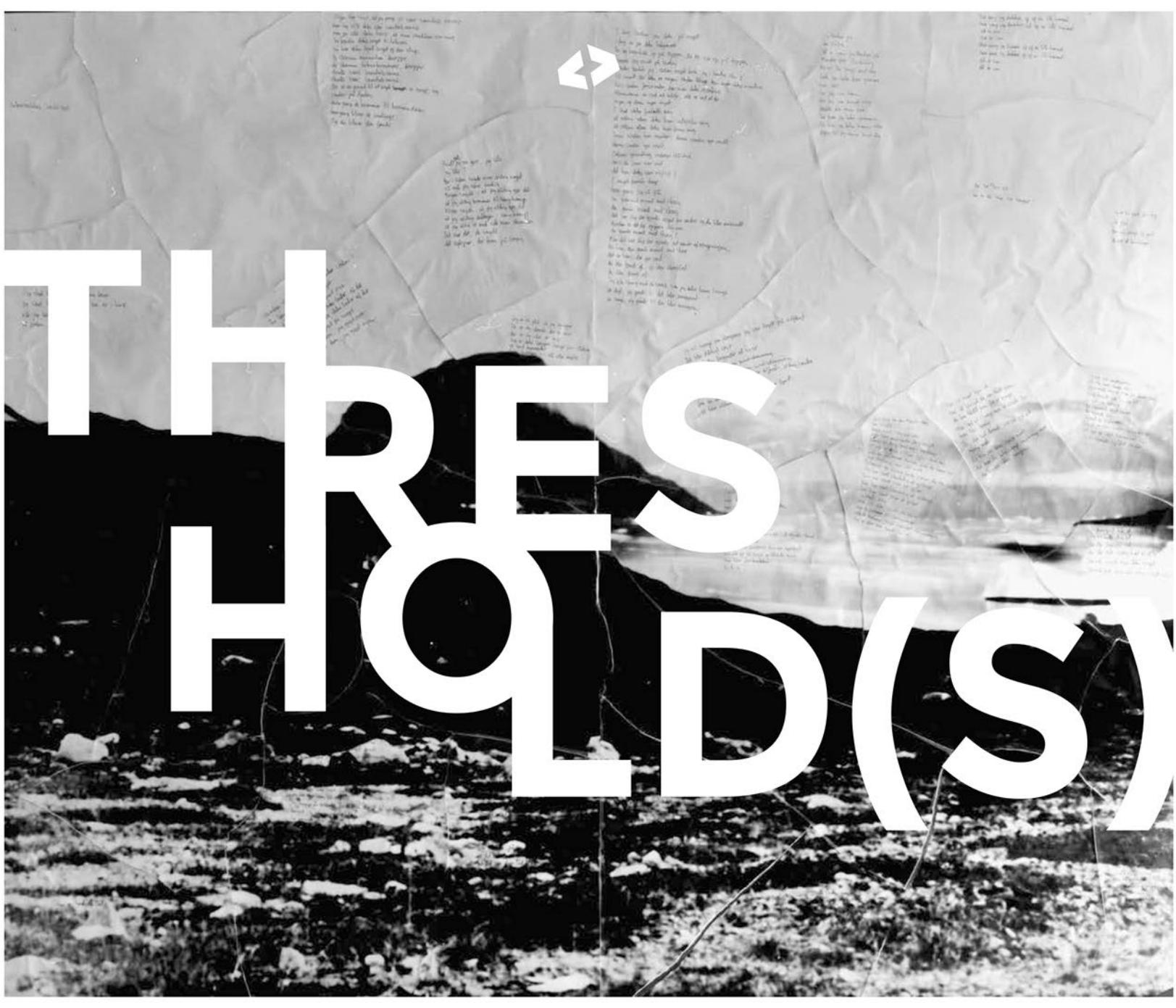




THRESHOLD(S)



THRESHOLD(S)

Pia Arke

Michelle Eistrup

Yong Sun Gullach

Luanda Carneiro Jacoel

Saba Bereket Persson

GUEST CURATED BY

Temi Odumosu

CAMP focus!

EDITORS

Frederikke Hansen
Temi Odumosu
Lan Yu Tan

TEXTS

Sueli Carneiro
Frederikke Hansen
Tone Olaf Nielsen
Jean Claude Mangomba
Mbombo
Temi Odumosu
and the exhibition contributors

TRANSLATION

Rolf Mertz (English to Danish)
Frederikke Hansen and
Lan Yu Tan (Danish to English)

GRAPHIC DESIGN

Tiago Gonçalves

COVER DESIGN: Tiago Gonçalves
based on Pia Arke's untitled
(Torn, reassembled, and
annotated pinhole camera
photostat) (C. 1993). Courtesy of
Søren Arke Petersen and the Pia
Arke Estate

VISIT

CAMP / Center for Art on Migration Politics

c/o Trampoline House
Thoravej 7
DK-2400 Copenhagen NV

(+45) 72 14 07 66
campcph.org

facebook.com/campcph
twitter.com/campcph
instagram.com/campcph

Hours

Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday
1–6 pm
Saturday 2–5 pm
(free guided tours Saturdays
3–4 pm)

Closed every last Friday and
Saturday of the month

ADMISSION

DKK 40 / € 6 / \$ 6
Free admission for people in the
asylum system

This publication was published by CAMP / Center
for Art on Migration Politics on the occasion of the
group exhibition *Threshold(s)*, guest curated by
Temi Odumosu, on view at CAMP from
Oct. 4, 2019 – Feb. 1, 2020.

The exhibition and guide program are supported
by the Danish Arts Foundation,
European Cultural Foundation, Grosserer L.F.
Foghts Fond, Obel Family Foundation, and William
Demant Foundation.



William Demant Foundation



4 **That Place Beyond**
/ Temi Odumosu

8 **Sharing the Pains of Others**
/ Jean Claude Mangomba Mbombo

14 **PIA ARKE**

20 **MICHELLE EISTRUP**

24 **YONG SUN GULLACH**

28 **LUANDA CARNEIRO JACOEL**

32 **SABA BERKET PERSSON**

36 **Afterword**
/ Frederikke Hansen & Tone Olaf Nielsen

42 **About CAMP**

43 **About Trampoline House**

THAT PLACE BEYOND

by Temi Odumosu

I make the history of colonialism part of my history in the only way I know, namely by taking it personally.

– Pia Arke

Entangled herstories

The morning after the opening of *Threshold(s)* at CAMP, I boarded a flight to travel from Copenhagen to Nuuk in Greenland. This was a separately planned trip as part of a new research project on art and Nordic colonialism, but the synchronicity of its timing with our exhibition was profound for me. Pia Arke (1958 – 2007) was born in Ittoqqortoormiit/Scoresbysund on the North-East coast of Greenland. She called her small remote town a ‘somewhere in the middle of it all, in the middle of nowhere’; a place claimed as strategic territory by 21 Danish settlers in 1924.¹ Arke used her artistic practice to consider and bring light to these colonial entanglements, especially the ways in which they had shaped/alterd her mixed Inuit and Danish family history. During the flight I reflected on the significance of traveling to Arke’s home country, which in current politics has also become a stage for reckoning with the climate crisis. Through the inflight entertainment I immersed myself in documentaries giving testimony to Greenlandic experiences, lifeways and feelings - watching *Winter’s Yearning* (2019) and

Temi Odumosu is Senior Lecturer in Cultural Studies at Malmö University. Her research and curatorial practices are concerned with colonial archives/archiving, slavery and visuality, Afro-Diaspora art, performance of memory, and ethics of care-in-representation. She is author of *Africans in English Caricature 1769-1819: Black Jokes, White Humour* (2017), which recently won the Historians of British Art book prize for scholarship between 1600-1800.

SUMÉ - The Sound of a Revolution (2014). On the children’s channel, I learned about the Greenlandic Legend of the old shaman woman’s journey to the mother of the sea (Sassuma Arnaanut pulaarneq), who punished humans for mistreating the planet by withholding the sustenance of fish and other animals.² I thought about legends migrating between cultures; and about mother Iyemoja, the Yoruba sea goddess protecting women.

Although Nuuk is the capital of Greenland, you cannot take a direct flight there. The transfer airport is Kangerlussuaq, a transportation hub on the Western coast, which was a former US military base during World War II. Touching down in this rocky isolated terrain was an affecting experience; I could describe it like being abstracted (detached, abridged, compressed, shortened, removed). The completely full plane emptied onto the tarmac and we all entered the airport to catch our connecting flights. It is only when a single Danish security officer stopped me in motion that I descended from my travel high and returned to body politics, becoming aware once more that I was crossing a border - literally and imaginatively. History travels too, and a Black woman in Greenland is quite a stretch for the imagination.³ The officer asked me where I was coming from and what my citizenship status was. I said I was British. He said: “OK, you sound like it”. I exhaled. He checked my passport. I looked around. Nobody else seemed to be subjected to such questioning. He had, momentarily, disrupted the good mood, but the novelty of the whole situation kept my spirits high.

The Scandinavians crossing this (post)colonial border assumed an ease of access and entry that was quite striking. There was a sense of flow (of language and monetary currency), which

demonstrated most clearly the fact that we were, after all, entering extended territory of the Kingdom of Denmark. The second short flight from Kangerlussuaq to Nuuk was breath-taking, and since it was a small plane, we traveled at lower altitude, experiencing the intense beauty of the landscape (Fjords, ice, mountains). I had spent hours studying Pia Arke’s notated maps and photography, mostly in catalogs, but now a delicate distance was been bridged. The Greenlandic woman who was our solo flight attendant connected with us as travellers in a wonderful spirit of hospitality that was infectious. She handed out coffee, cookies and sweets, and stopped to chat to people. She was so warm, and with her very presence she invoked an atmosphere of openness and conviviality that counteracted the closures one can experience when you are treated (or feel) like a body out of place.

What/Where is the Threshold?

I have always been fascinated by the poetics of the “middle”. The space/place between polarities or states of being; a ‘perspective into the unknown’.⁴ Also, the poetics in the middle of language. In English (my colonial mother tongue), the word threshold has several connotations. Generally, it can be used to describe any entry point or boundary over which you might cross in the movement from here to there; and they can vary in scale and complexity of access, from a national border to a new working environment, or somebody’s home. The threshold marks space, and is also the word for the strip of wood or stone that bridges a doorway. In the case of airport runways, the threshold is the area marked on the tarmac, representing

[1] Arke, Pia, and Stefan Jonsson. *Stories from Scoresbysund: Photographs, Colonisation and Mapping*. Copenhagen: Pia Arke Selskabet and Kuratorisk Auktion, 2010, p. 11.

[2] I am referencing the story as retold in Vebæk, Måliåraq, and Aka Høegh. *A Journey to the Mother of the Sea*. Milik Publishing, 2019. This book has been digitized for reading by Air Greenland travelers, but was initially print published in Greenlandic and Danish in 1995.

[3] I have created a new hashtag on Instagram #blackgirlingreenland, as a call to action for those who I did not see or who are up for a new travel experience.

[4] Glissant, Édouard. *Poetics of Relation*. Trans. Betsy Wing. Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press, 2010, p.8.

the designated take-off and landing zone. Thresholds keep you safe. Sacred spaces are also marked by gestures that accompany the act of crossing over: removing shoes, cleaning hands and feet, touching or venerating special objects. In ritual performance too, just by entering you commit to the rules of its specific social contract, until the event ends and the holding space is broken. A threshold, then, can also be a bridge; a bridge between the living and the dead. The threshold carries knowledge, and it seems to be the place where history's indelible hold on our bodies, makes an appearance.

But the other meaning of threshold is concerned with limits and tolerance: reaching maximum capacity, exceeding quotas, enduring intensity. When Nordic nation states protect their borders and say that “enough is enough”, that they have reached their capacity, they speak primarily in numbers and distribution of resources, leaning on immigration rhetoric of shouldering a geopolitical burden. But seen through care-full research and artistic practices of ‘colonial earth-writing’, we cannot escape the fact that our contemporary issues have deep historical entanglements, that new migrating ‘bodies are the surplus of mineralogical extraction’.⁵ Or, as Stuart Hall so eloquently summarized it in the British context: ‘I am the sugar in the bottom of the English cup of tea’.⁶ The Greenlandic legend tells that when the mother of the sea could no longer stand being mistreated by humans, she withheld her resources and forced them to starve. After a long and tumultuous journey, the old shaman woman finally met the sea mother in an angry state, with her hair tangled and thick with pollution. She had reached her limits. To convince the sea mother to release her fish the shaman needed to care of her, by cleaning her hair

and wiping her face with precious oils. Singer Lauryn Hill once wrote ‘everything is everything’.⁷ Everything is connected.

To “thresh” is to tread, in order to separate grain from stalk, therefore ‘to walk with purpose’.⁸ In continued acts of cultural threshing, what happens when we place our ‘attention on the threshold of entry and departure, to attend to the marker of change’?⁹ How could we purposefully make space for other narratives of endurance, and all the burdens shouldered by people attempting to dwell (to live well and to love) within the confines of the border?

Art challenges the future

We need art right now: to re-imagine, to process, to transcend stagnant debates, and to heal (from history).¹⁰ The five artists brought together in dialogue for *Threshold(s)* help us to challenge our thinking and feeling around what the future may bring. All of these women are based in the Nordic countries but their art radiates outwards, calling in questions, memories, and experiences from Greenland, South Africa, Brazil, Ethiopia, Korea, and Congo. Their artworks are layered research investigations into the migratory (or e-motion); dislocation and relocation. Through photography, painting, video, installation, and performance they all represent acts of crossing over, and the endurance required to survive these crossings, in poetic ways. Sometimes these crossings are taking place within their own families and histories, for example in the shift from one language to another. Memory is the material and connective tissue that creates synergy between the works.

[5] Yusoff, Kathryn. *A Billion Black Anthropocenes or None*. Minneapolis, MN: University of Minnesota Press, 2018, p. 5.

[6] Hall, Stuart. “Old and New Identities: Old and New Ethnicities.” *Culture, Globalization and the World System: Contemporary conditions for the representation of identity*. Ed. King, Anthony D. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 2000, p. 48.

[7] Lauryn Noelle Hill and Johari Newton. “Everything is Everything” from the album *The Miseducation of Lauryn Hill* (1998).

[8] Tuck, Eve, M. Smith, A M. Guess, T. Benjamin, and B. K. Jones. “Geotheorizing Black/land: Contestations and Contingent Collaborations.” *Departures in Critical Qualitative Research* 3.1 (2014): p.52.

[9] Ibid.

[10] Also see the archive of a project I have been a part of: www.weneedartrightnow.com

And I would argue that these are ‘postmemorial artists’ committed to processing colonial legacies and their residual affects/effects. As Marianne Hirsch explains, such artists bear the ‘personal, collective, and cultural trauma of those who came before’, and even if these are not their own memories their connection to these pasts is mediated ‘by imaginative investment, projection, and creation’.¹¹

Each artist in *Threshold(s)* has something distinct to share about the geopolitics of time and space, and thus the challenging conditions in which we continue to live. Michelle Eistrup's powerful photographic portraits are the outcomes of conversations with self-identified immigrant subjects, about the convoluted nature of belonging and the burdens of citizenship. Each person represented appears in “dialogue” with their representative flag of choice, working with it as a limiting icon-structure, but one they are offered the possibility to transform. Pia Arke's works here also engage with the ambiguity of double vision: seeing oneself plurally through a photographic lens, and negotiating a colonial imaginary by way of family and institutional archives. Through her engagement with mixed materials she explores different ways to shift the dominating Danish gaze and re-articulate a Greenlandic presence through her own pictorial transmission. For Luanda Carneiro Jacoel the accumulated history of the Black Atlantic is a space where the Afro-diasporic body calls for and remembers what is lost. Through ritual performance practice, Jacoel has mined the somatic ancestral archive (*Kalunga*) for the presences of enslaved and liberated women who urge to be seen. In this exhibition, they materialize in space through objects, images,

and sound that serve as an installation of living “entities” with which we come into communion.

Performance is a methodology that travels across all the artist's works. In Saba Bereket Persson's artwork, a document of live performance helps us to confront the outcomes of clinical research on lived experiences of racism and intolerance in Sweden; the kind of racism that violates personal borders and exceeds thresholds every single day in the Nordic countries. The continuous psychological microaggressions that People of Colour (PoC's) have to swallow and digest, also materialise in the exhibition as “baggage”, in the form of symbolic costumes that express how racism takes its toll on the body as well as the psyche. Yong Sun Gullach's *Star Child Project* represents a long durational performance event of what she describes as “ritual burden”, which was first experienced by her through live scarification at the opening of *Threshold(s)* in-front of an intimate audience. The performance continues into the exhibition space in abstraction: through a Virtual Reality document of the live event, and a constellation of performance-elements that serve as traces of colonial entanglements between Denmark and the “Global East”, particularly by way of womb economies, such as adoption. Gullach's work asks us to consider then, how a modern body can also be a colonial reference document.

A threshold is a bridge, and it produces a sixth sense of something more, something beyond. Through these inspiring artistic practices, I invite you to continue to explore the politics and poetics of relation.



SHARING THE PAINS OF OTHERS

THREE POEMS

by Jean Claude Mangomba Mbombo

Threshold(s) exhibition seeks to provide a reflective space for engaging with sensitive memories, experiences, and expressions. We have been granted permission to share the following poems by Congolese activist writer and poet Jean Claude Mangomba Mbombo. The words represented here are containers for the collective pain and difficulties he and others have experienced being an Asylum seeker in Denmark: the isolation, the waiting, the imprisonment, the indignities, the racism, also the death and mourning. At the same time these poems radiate with power and hopefulness. Mangomba Mbombo says that these poems are “oriented to all those people who are Refugees and Asylum seekers”, but at the same time they are written to “effect change” and speak to the hearts and minds of “decision makers”.

The poems are from a larger collection called *Sharing the Pains of Others*, which is due to be published in French, Danish (in Sophia Handler’s translation,) and English in 2020.

Jean Claude Mangomba Mbombo

is a (DR) Congolese poet, writer, and social activist born in Kinshasa in 1966 who fled his country in 2013 because of the dictatorship of Joseph Kabila and his regime. Mbombo has a BA in Applied Pedagogy and has studied Business and Entrepreneurship, as well as Democracy and Human Rights at Trampoline House where he is also teaching French, English, and Swahili. As part of his struggle for human rights for asylum seekers in Denmark, he has given awareness-raising talks at Roskilde University, Silent University, and at the UN.

1.

COWBOY, STAND UP!

Cowboy, stand up!

Cowboy, keep your spirit up!

I know that you fled because of inequalities

I know that you fled because of war

I know that you fled because of injustice

I know that you fled because of oppression

All of us will pass away

Those who are giving you pains will also pass away

Cowboy, one day you will smile

Cowboy, stand up!

Cowboy, keep your spirit up!

2.

WHERE IS MY HOME?

A land I now call my home

has denied and hurt me

The colour of skin disgusts you

and defines your level of respect towards me,

Will I be worth it? I don't know.

Do the scars on my face scare you?

It is a work of art that God created.

They tore my clothes, took what was mine

and said I should return home.

Where is my home?

I found myself hopeless and seeking help from place to place in Denmark.

I am not from here and don't have a penny,

Why would they consider my cry?

All I was taught was a lie

They told me that westerners were kind people,

They told me that their land was a democratic one,

but it is in this land of Vikings that my dignity was denied.

My body is having pains for these unfinished pains,

Waiting for the time serenity will reign,

and hate is replaced by humanism.

Let's stand together, coloured people,

before it's too late,

Let's work together before all is lost.

Where is my home?

REJECTED PEOPLE

Danes, could you be so kind to have a look to us?
 Oh Denmark, land of opportunities,
 Why don't you want to open your doors to us?
 Look at us, we are knocking at your doors, Danes!
 When you see us through your windows, you call us rejected
 people.
 You call us criminals although no court has sentenced us.
 You call us rejected refugees.
 Come back to yourself and you will see,
 That we have something to bring to the Danish society.
 We have skills and resources, but are made into passive
 beings
 Just waiting, waiting and waiting.....
 We live in this Danish society but
 We are part of this society.
 We are prevented from contributing to the Danish society.
 Could you, please, Danes, have a look to us?
 Could you, please, Danes, open your doors to us?



Opening night of *Threshold(s)*. Top right: Live performance by musicians Maria Thandie (Denmark) and Deodato Siquir (Mozambique). Bottom left: Temi Odumosu and Saba Bereket Persson. Bottom right: Opening speeches by CAMP CEO Anders Juhl (third from left), CAMP Founder & Creative Director Frederikke Hansen (second from right), *Threshold(s)* Guest Curator Temi Odumosu (far right), CAMP Founder, Tone Olaf Nielsen (far left), and interpreters Muhannad and Masume.

Photo: Mads Holm





Artist Yong Sun Gullach (DK).
Setting up the installation after the
performance of *The Starchild* (2019).
Photo: Mads Holm



Opening night of *Threshold(s)*.
Photo: Mads Holm

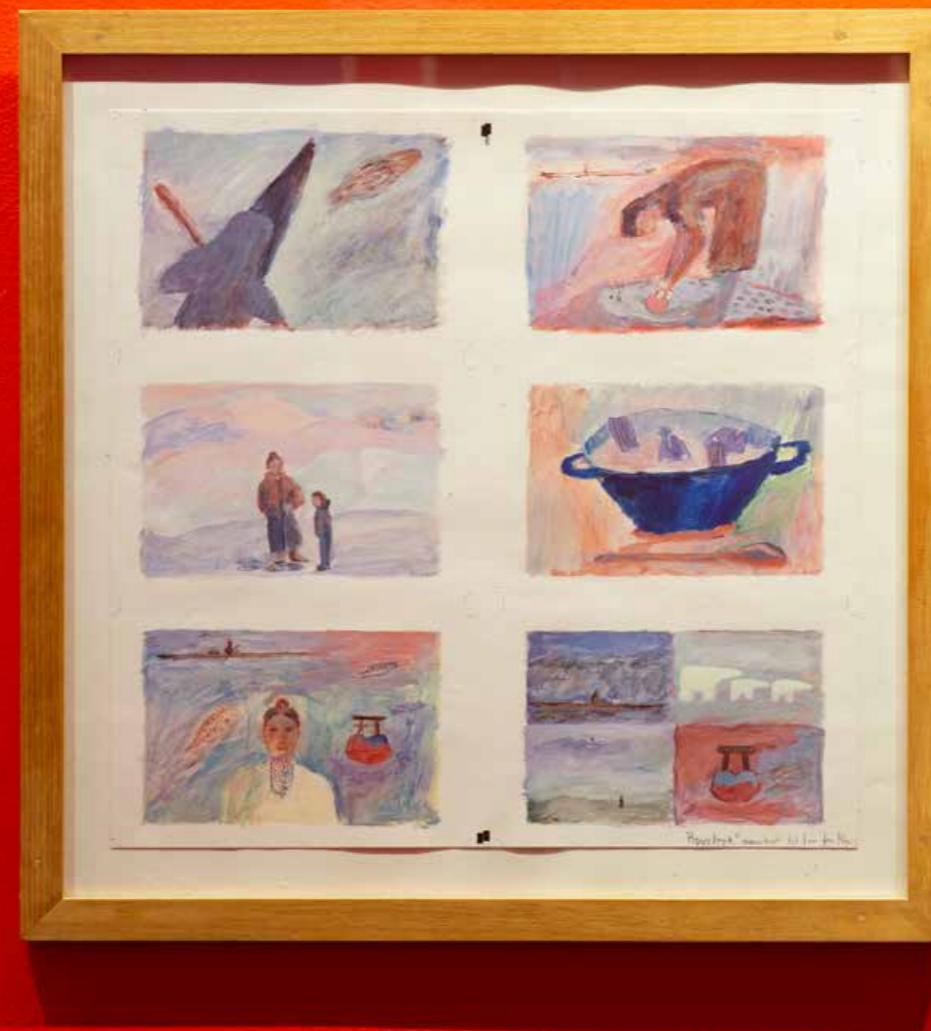


PIA ARKE

Born on the easternmost tip of Greenland, in the town of Ittoqqortoormiit, Pia Arke (1958–2007) was raised by her Danish father and Inuit mother. When aged 13, Arke was sent off to boarding school in Denmark.

At age 29, Arke enrolled at the Royal Danish Academy of Fine Arts where she developed her talents as a visual artist and thinker. She graduated with a thesis titled 'Ethno-Aesthetics', the essay that became fundamental to the following years of Arke's personal-political venture.

Arke's approach may best be described as a form of practice-based research: While her work is skillfully executed and aesthetically pleasing, it also has a rough and candid feel to it. A multimedial weaving of research and introspection, makes each artwork another piece of evidence to a mystery yet to be resolved. Arke's solemn and unassuming approach seem almost like that of a secret agent.



Test Print for Menu (1988)

Framed test print of six different images to illustrate the menu for Scandinavian Airlines'

Greenland Polar Class in 1989,

acrylic on paper, 45,5 x 41,4 cm incl. frame

Courtesy of Jørgen Gant

In 1988 **Pia Arke** was commissioned to illustrate menu cards for Scandinavian Airlines' Greenlandic Polar Class. Arke produced ***My Mother Told Me***, which is a series of six painted images that blur the relationship between lived and inherited memories of a place called home, and the imaginary of that place within a wider culture. Pia Arke's mother was one of the first settlers within the Greenlandic community on Scoresbysund/Ittoqqortoormiit, which was a town colonised by 21 Danish people in 1924, in an attempt to gain territorial control over North-East Greenland.

Old School Map (C. 1992)

Blue marker annotations on parchment paper mounted on appropriated Danish-language map of southern Greenland in annotated frame, 48 x 54,5 cm incl. frame
Courtesy of Søren Arke Petersen and the Pia Arke Estate



Old School Map is an example of Arke's re-visioning practice, where she appropriated maps of Greenland, and worked on them so they could better represent the entanglement of Denmark's colonial history with her own biography. In this map, she has added parchment paper and annotated it as well as the frame with blue marker and ballpoint pen. The marks and arrows point to the three main coordinates of her childhood: Thule, Scoresbysund and Narssaq.

Untitled no. 11 (Double exposure self-portrait in interior) (1990)
Photographic print made from digital file found in Pia Arke's archive, 31,3 x 27,2 cm incl. frame
Courtesy of Søren Arke Petersen and the Pia Arke Estate



Untitled no. 11 (Double exposure self-portrait in interior) – when curating the retrospective exhibition *TUPILAKOSAURUS: Pia Arke's Issue with Art, Ethnicity, and Colonialism, 1981-2006*, Kuratorisk Aktion found digital files in the artist's archive of a series of color photographs shot in an interior with a simple table and chair and a row of animal masks. The photos are self-portraits that have been exposed more than once so that the artist appears as her own doppelganger.



Untitled (Torn, reassembled, and annotated pinhole camera photostat)
(C. 1993, original lost, reproduction 2019)
B/w print made from scan of negative found in Pia Arke's archive, 122 x 147 cm
Courtesy of Søren Arke Petersen and the Pia Arke Estate

Untitled originally consisted of a torn and reassembled b/w pinhole camera photograph of Nuugaarsuk Point, Narssaq, annotated by hand with Danish translations of extinct traditional East-Greenlandic songs featured in Victor, Enel & Maqe, *Chants d'Ammassalik*, Copenhagen: Museum Tusulanum Press, 1991 (*Meddelelser om Grønland / Monographs on Greenland*, vol. 280, no. 16). The annotated Danish text reads from the top left corner to bottom right corner:

SULUULAALILAA ERIILALILAALI

Someone has said that I would like to be the subject of conversation
but I didn't want to be the subject of conversation
but I didn't want to be talked about.
I don't know anything about witchcraft
I haven't heard anything of that kind.
The bad people up there
the bad witch artists, up there,
should be the subject of conversation
should be the subject of conversation.
There is a reason why some people are sick and
are waiting for death.
Each time they come to a drum dance
each time they go mad.
And you'll be the first

Today I'm not thinking of anything
today I'm not worried
When I crawled up to the top, when I walked up to the top
I looked around at the world
this is how I thought, this is the kind of thing I thought of:
as soon as there is no world left, one cannot survive
if the world disappears, one cannot survive
Mankind is dying out, everybody is dying
none of them say anything

Don't tell me
that words alone cannot wipe me out
that words alone cannot remove me
This world can be felt, this world hurts,
this world hurts.

The basis of the words, the standpoint of the words

If they were just words

it can't be right!

In the very old days

each time I looked

at an old man with a beard

you old man with a beard

it was you who did something for other

people and you were envied

How is it that you are behaving now

you old man with a beard?

But it was you who did most of the cleaning.

Now him the old man with a beard

it's him who does the cleaning

they were wiped, they were scrubbed

they were wiped.

I started on a song that I can't use,

a poem that I kept until it turned mouldy

a song I kept until it turned mouldy

I am thinking of

someone from the East.

It's him I'm thinking of

the man from Portussoq

Now I shall sing against you

because I can't forget

my father.

When I was a child

when I was very young

you killed my father

I can't forget that

I can't get over it

that's why I shall sing against you

Each time I appear from a blue sky

each time I appear from a blue sky

it is as.....

it is as.....

Each time I appear from a blue sky

each time I appear from a blue sky

it is as.....

it is as.....

I shall sing while I am living now

I shall sing while I am alive now

when I see these bones

on the ground, quite pale

How shall I put my thoughts in order?

A long time ago I cried a lot

I followed those I was crying over

but that didn't make my thoughts better

but that didn't make my thoughts better

A long time ago I cried a lot

I followed those I was crying over

I followed those I was crying over

What shall I do now, little me

little me?

Before they never said anything

so I must be brave

Someone said that I never do it

that I never come to singing contests.

Someone said that I never do it

that I never take part in singing contests

that I'm always in it when there's a quarrel.

That's what they said

the married couple that came to visit

I am so glad so I sing

There is someone out there who is bad-

tempered

there is someone who is bad-tempered

I'm no longer afraid of such

a bad-tempered person

Who will neither hit nor kill

I shall sing of the time when I had gone on an

excursion

The weather turned bad

The east wind began to sough

I think it resembled my mood

no, it didn't come from my mood

it came from someone who is never satisfied,

never smiles

it came from someone else

from someone else, about whom I have heard

that she never smiles

you look so bad-tempered!

now, you're not bad-tempered anymore!

I like you so much

so much

she must taste so good

so good that she rings!

Her husband hit her

she put on her fur for carrying the baby

she put her child in the hood

she took her ulu

she took her blubber lamp

she took her pot

she wrapped her sewing things in a piece of

skin

and then she went out

Behind the house she relieved herself

she caught sight of a standing turd

she was scared.

hi hi hi

I shall sing the song Maratsi has

not sung

this man did not sing it

because his opponent went south.

Why do you want to oppose me in a singing

contest?

They say that now he will sing against me

because you take pity on, because you protect

my relative, my little sister.

Do you take pity on her, do you protect her?

She has been difficult to bring up

she has been difficult to teach

she has been difficult to bring up

she has been difficult to

teach

poor me

people will not like me

when they come to the singing contest

when they come to be present at the singing

contest.

You know, she is my only precious thing

He looked very funny

he looked very funny when he stepped forward

when he stepped forward to sing

He broke into song but stopped before

he had finished

The people sitting inside tried to

sing along

Now you can't sing any more

now you can't sing in a singing contest any more

you don't know the songs

I walked along the water's edge

I walked along this river

I conjured something up from this river

and then down there I saw

a seal, a ringed seal

that was swimming towards the land

that was coming closer

And with a towing line

I tied its tail and pulled it out.

It was a big flipper seal.

And then I removed blood from it

You like to scold

I shook you out

when you scolded

when you began to shout

In there they said nothing

no answer came from in there

I held back my crying

and changed it into a song

because when I die no one will cry over me.

I kept back my grief

and changed it into a song

because when I die no one will cry over me

I held back my grief

I opposed it.

he is thin and flat

A young man went out in a kayak

He rowed around a small point

he saw someone who was relieving himself.

"have you relieved yourself?"

He who had relieved himself said,

"there is a little kayak!"

Is he guilty?

You behave as if you are not guilty!

I was walking

I was walking along the side of a lake.

There was a fox

that was picking berries

It came up to me

I got hold of its tail

it pulled me up to the top of a cliff.

There was some wind

there was some wind from the land

there was some wind



MICHELLE EISTRUP

Michelle Eistrup is a visual artist, born in Copenhagen to a Jamaican mother and a Danish father. She grew up in Jamaica, Paris and New York. She lives and works in Copenhagen, Denmark.

Eistrup's practice explores the history, legacies and denial/absence of colonialism, particularly in Denmark. She has done this primarily through four overarching themes: 1) African Diaspora identity and expression; 2) Politics of recognition; 3) Dynamics of isolationism 4) Embodied rites and rituals.

Michelle Eistrup curated *BAT, Bridging Art and Text* (2017, Hurricane Publishing), edited by Eistrup & Annemari B. Clausen and produced by Anders Juhl. Eistrup has exhibited in places like Art Gallery of Western Australia (Perth), Kalmar Art Museum (Sweden), Pingyao Photo Festival (China), Museum of African Design (South Africa), Sparwasser HQ (Berlin), Haugar Vestfold kunstmuseum (Norway) and Galleri Image (Denmark). She has been artist-in-residency in Senegal, Germany, Trinidad, USA, and Benin.





In *BeLONGING Vexillum* Michele Eistrup investigates the notion of beLONGING and what it means to be split between two or more spaces of cultural heritage, and exploring this idea through each individual's personal affiliation to this concept and how they define it. Feeling at home, in exile, with distance, and the split of partaking in different societies and yet close to both.

BeLONGING Vexillum (2019)
6 framed color photographs,
74 x 109 cm each incl. frame
Participants: Wanjiku Victoria Seest Christensen,
Gillion Grantsaan and Sarasvati Shrestha
Courtesy of the artist

YONG SUN GULLACH



The Starchild (2019)
3D / 360 installation based
on live performance,
dimensions variable
Courtesy of the artist

In *The Starchild* project, Yong Sun Gullach investigates the ritual-burden that the colonized body experiences by attaching objects hindering bodily balance and movement. The performance investigates the material, the audience and the body that leave traces – a bodily mark-a scar-scarification. The tactility of the materials both shapes and carry a clear reference to the colonization of Southeast and East Asia focusing on the female body and the commodification of her womb and sexuality.





Yong Sun Gullach is a Korean-Danish artist and a civil rights activist with focus on Transnational adoption as an expression of a colonial structure in the western part of the world. She is based in Copenhagen Denmark and operates at the boundaries of performance, poetry, film, music, noise and installation art. Her decolonial art practice investigate the Southeast and East Asian diaspora and disorientation as she unfolds the aesthetics of the expressions and narrations that are embedded in- between the body, sounds and the spoken word.

www.gullach.dk

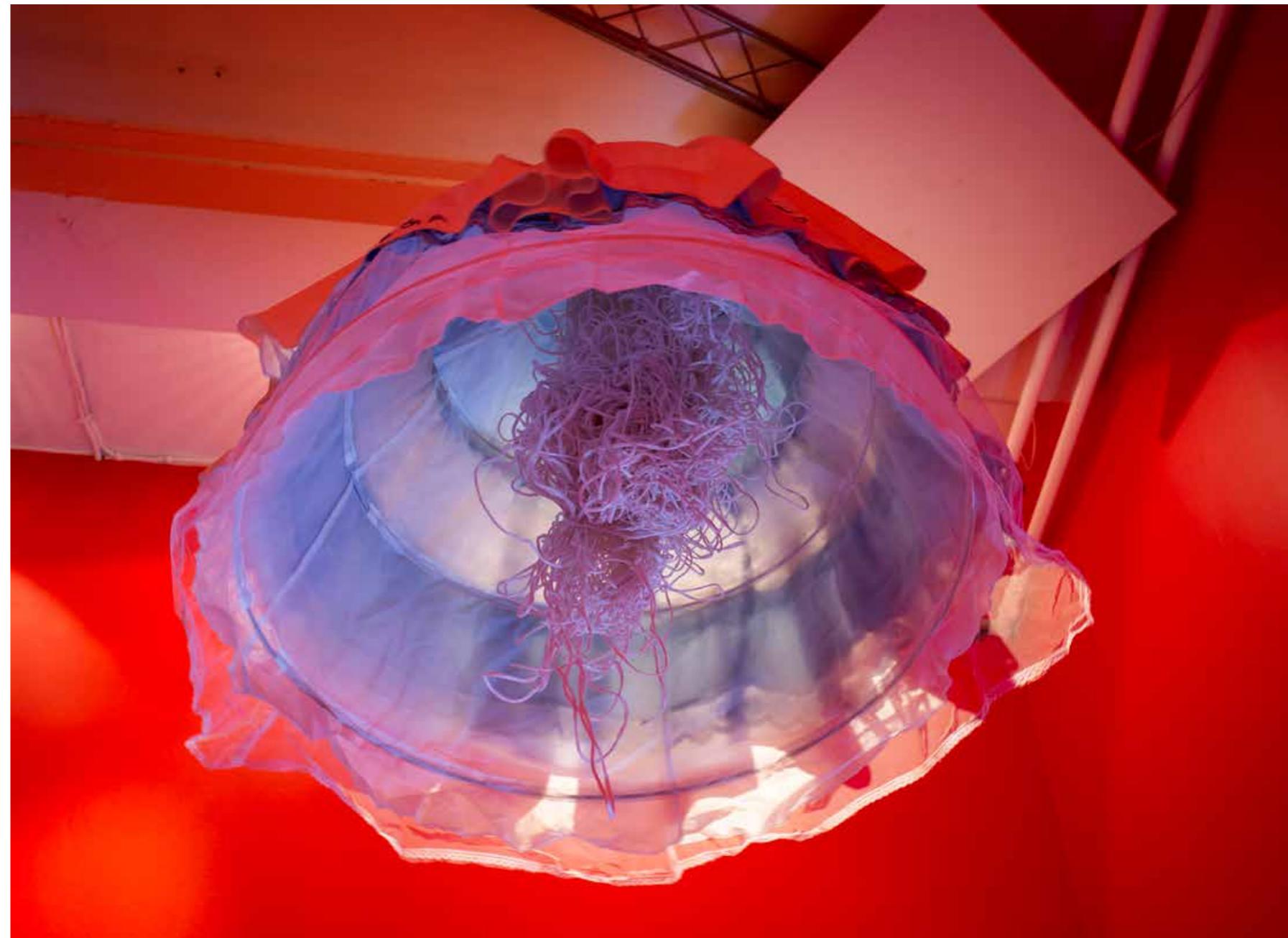


LUANDA CARNEIRO JACOEL

With *Kalunga Unspoken*, Luanda Carneiro Jacoel reflects on the notion of being and belonging throughout the Black Atlantic history. The perspective of the word and the image as a places of speech guide us into a synesthetic experience of vision, sound, text and movement; which involves our senses, awareness and openness, to just be there, becoming. It is a journey in a nomadic state where our body-memory selects events in the past, present and future, without hierarchy, without order.



Kalunga Unspoken (2019)
Installation with objects, sound, and video,
dimensions variable, sound 10 min.,
video 5:06 min.
Sound by Ásmund Kaupang,
video by Azul Filho de Luiz
Courtesy of the artist



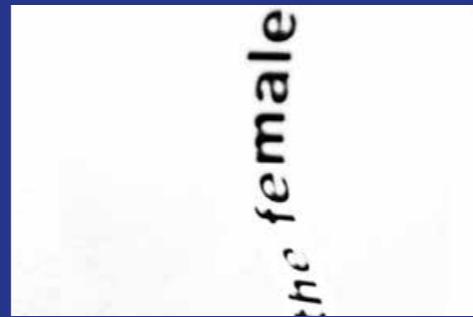
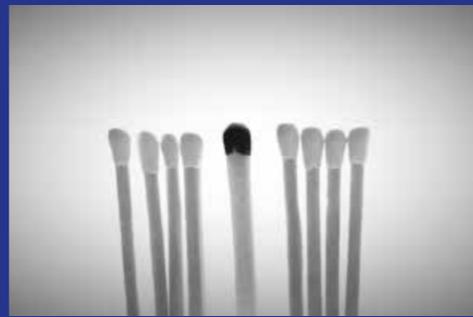
KALUNGA UNSPOKEN

THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE OTHER AS A NON-BEING, AS A FOUNDATION FOR THE BEING

Sueli Carneiro

This text is an extract from the doctoral thesis of Dr. Sueli Carneiro entitled: “The Construction of the Other as a Non-Being, as a Foundation for the Being” (original title: “A Construção do outro como não ser como Fundamento do Ser”). Dr. Sueli Carneiro is a philosopher, writer, black feminist and anti-racist activist in Brazil. She is founder and director of *Geledés - Institute of Black Women* in São Paulo (started in 1988), and considered one of the main authors of Black feminism in Brazil.

These are the words you hear spoken in the mixed-media constellation artwork *Kalunga Unspoken*, within the *Threshold(s)* exhibition. The voices are Dr. Sueli Carneiro and Luanda Carneiro Jacoel.



I will speak from where the female slave stands. From where the excluded ones stand. From where the non-citizens stand.

I address you, hegemonic Self, speaking from where the “other’s paradigm” stands, aware that I am inscribed in it and conditioned by a “historical unit” of which I would be an application.

A historical application whose awareness permanently renews itself through the soul memory of slavery inherited by my ancestors and, before it, the negative representations which have been associated with my black body for so long.

Although I have been expelled to the domain of specificities, of contingencies or exterior aspects of the being to which you limited me, an ontological remain that seeks a healing dialogue pulses in me, in opposition to this ontic being to which you have reduced me. You are in a castle contemplating the Idea you have of the world and I, fallen angel, resident in this world, invite you to look at it with eyes that allow you to see your face reflected on it. Only I can offer you this view in which the wholeness of your being is manifested.

Perhaps from our dialogue there may emerge learning able to reconcile both of us in the interior of that human indivisibility where nothing that is human is alien to us.

Besides, it is necessary to make the identity of who speaks to you explicit. As I have already said, I am black, an amalgamation of black and colored people.

In order for us to be set free from one another, I assure you there will have to be compromise, and the main compromise will be giving up your pleasure of building replicates, that is, giving up reproducing me endlessly. I am the sorceress! I am tired of your self-fulfilling prophecies!

Hegemonic Self, don't be scared of the interdependence between form and content and the dynamism of the ideas in which we are entangled. Don't be scared of the unspoken things that speak for us and about us either. I believe in the course of our dialogue we will at least unveil them.



Luanda Carneiro Jacoel is a dancer-performer seeking to update questions about body-memory, identity and cultural background. Her work has been crossing boundaries between avant-garde; performance ritual; Afro-Brazilian folk dances; instant composition practices and site-specific art. In dialogue between physicality, metaphors and symbols the body becomes a vehicle of communication, a place of events and images generated by the interaction between the performer and the viewer in real time.

She is artistic director and co-founder of the platform ACTS – laboratory for performance practices in Oslo, fomenting development among transnational artists, producing and promoting art – related events and performances.

Jacoel has a degree in Communication of Performing Arts – PUC-SP (Brazil). She is certified as a Somatic Movement Coach at Somatic Movement Institute (Netherlands) and Massage-Therapist from Institutt for Helhetsmedisin in Oslo, Norway.

bodytransit.net

SABA BEREKET PERSSON



The *Unspoken* is an installation consisting of textiles on mannequins and a performance video. Here, Saba Bereket Persson examines unconscious discrimination based on her experiences of living in Scandinavia with a different skin color, and also using the results of a scientific survey that explored the most common prejudices about black people in Sweden..

The video has been made in collaboration with dancer Mpululu Ntuve and choreographer Karolin Kent. It documents a performance during which the dancer carries heavy sacks weighing up to 15 kg. Like the live audience had eye contact with the dancer, the camera was placed close to the stage during the 40-min. performance.





*THE UNSPOKEN –
About unconscious
discrimination* (2015/2019)
Installation with mannequins,
textile, and video,
dimensions variable,
video 16:58 min.
Courtesy of the artist



Saba Bereket Persson is a designer and artist active in Gothenburg Sweden. She came to Sweden from Ethiopia aged 12 in the 1970s. Her early experiences in Scandinavia have had a profound impact on her artistic practice, which engages memory, gender identity, estrangement, and home as key themes in textile-based conceptual works. The artist uses fashion experimentally as a mode of protest against socio-cultural norms, and she combines fashion design with other media (such as sculpture, film, and performance) as a way to investigate the hidden structures influencing society. Recent works include: “Den Inre Människan / The Inner Human” (2010) based on her experiences as a nurse; “Klimakteriet/Menopause” (2017) on womanhood and change; and “Det Outtalade / The unspoken” (2015-2019) about silent and unconscious discrimination. Since the early 1990s, she has also run her own textile company and exhibited nationally and internationally.

www.sabacollection.se

AFTERWORD FOR THRESHOLD(S)

by Frederikke Hansen
and Tone Olaf Nielsen

*Only I can offer you this view in
which the wholeness of
your being is manifested.*
– Sueli Carneiro &
Luanda Carneiro Jacoel

CAMP / Center for Art on Migration Politics is located in the heart of Trampoline House, a community center for asylum seekers and refugees in Copenhagen that works for sustainable and equitable integration. We opened the art center in 2015 to create exhibitions on migration and displacement, and to explore why immigration poses an almost insurmountable challenge for the Western world today.

For the first two years, we exhibited the series *Migration Politics*, which in six exhibitions examined the movement from displacement and its various causes – including conflict and war, across borders and border politics, to refugee detention and camp life, to migrant labor and deportation (after which the movement often starts again).



CAMP is situated inside Trampoline House, a refugee community center in Copenhagen's northwest district. Pictured here is Pia Arke's untitled (Torn, reassembled, and annotated pinhole camera photostat) (C. 1993, original lost, reproduction 2019). Courtesy of Søren Arke Petersen and the Pia Arke Estate. Photo: Mads Holm

This catalog looks back at *Threshold(s)*, the third exhibition in the series, *State of Integration: Artistic analyses of the challenges of coexistence*, which in four guest curated group exhibitions and two solo shows investigate what happens when asylum seekers and migrants are granted residence, and we must co-exist. By inviting curators from outside, we wanted to go behind what seems to be an inability to accept and live together with difference, and get a more apt view of the irrational and violent reactions to ‘non-western’ immigration and diaspora that characterize Denmark and the others European nation states and their ‘original’ populations.

Threshold(s) is the Malmö-based British art historian Temi Odumosu’s poetic and precise response to CAMP’s invitation to guest curate a group exhibition to help us better understand how colonial thinking forms and legitimizes Danish immigration policy and the way, cultural and national belonging is being negotiated in Denmark today. As both the exhibition and her essay in this catalog show, Odumosu’s academic and

artistic research encompasses the entire Nordic region. She has, therefore, also chosen to interpret the problem not just as a Danish, but as a common Nordic matter. The result is an incredibly beautiful and profound exhibition featuring outstanding works by five of the region’s earliest and most tenacious decolonial artists and thinkers.

The human body stores impressions and acts as a historical archive whose knowledge has been embedded throughout generations. In practice, it is a laborious and often ungrateful job to recall experiences that have been left out in the official writing of history and which are constantly dismissed in the public debate. But, as Odumosu points out, we live in a time of immense tension, and it is essential that we allow memories of settler colonialism and enslavement of the past to resurface so that we can compare them with questions about how we handle migration and diaspora today – and in a wider sense, question who this ‘we’ is. We, who belong to the majority culture with its dominant self-understanding, will have to explore

the mindset that was developed in the colonies and brought back to Europe’s metropolises to form the basis for the creation of the very same nation-states that are now turning against ‘non-western’ immigration with discriminatory speech and legislation. We will have to look our whole being in the eyes.

We therefore owe the exhibiting artists a huge and delayed thank you for their persistent and uncompromising work in offering us this view. And we owe Odumosu a thank you for creating a space where it is actually possible to dwell on the threshold; this, for many an unbearable place that is neither here nor there, neither center nor periphery, not the West and not the rest. A place we thus mistreat, even if it is our own creation.

We are especially grateful for the deep, warm and visionary work Odumosu has put into creating the exhibition together with the artists and the many people in and around CAMP, who have all made a tremendous effort. Special thanks go to Michelle Eistrup, Yong Sun Gullach, Luanda Carneiro Jacoel and

Saba Bereket Persson in addition to Søren Arke, Jørgen Gant and the Pia Arke Estate for lending us the works in the exhibition and contributing to this catalog. Of course, this thanks also goes to Jean Claude Mangomba Mbombo for his important text contribution to the catalog. Finally, thank you to Tiago Gonçalves, who has designed the catalog and poster with great responsiveness, and to Lan Yu Tan for the editorial overview.

The exhibition was created with the generous support from the Danish Arts Foundation, Grosserer L.F. Foghts Fond, Obel Family Foundation, and William Demant Foundation, while the European Cultural Foundation supported our guide program Talking about art.



Inside the exhibition space of CAMP. Top and center: Michelle Eistrup’s *BeLONGING Vexillum* (2019). Bottom: Luanda Carneiro Jacoel’s video and sound installation, *Kalunga Unspoken* (2019). Photo: Mads Holm

Left: Yong Sun Gullach, *The Starchild* (2019) and Pia Arke, *Test Print for Menus* (1988); *Old School Map* (C. 1992); *Untitled no. 11* (Double exposure self-portrait in interior) (1990)

Right: Saba Bereket Persson, *THE UNSPOKEN – About unconscious discrimination* (2015/2019) Photo: Mads Holm





A visitor watching *The Starchild* performance by Yong Sun Gullach with VR glasses



CAMP consists of two exhibition rooms in the heart of Trampoline House. Pictured here is the main space where Michelle Eistrup, Luanda Carneiro Jacoel, Yong Sun Gullach and three of Pia Arke's four works in the exhibition are displayed.



Threshold(s) opened on October 4, 2019 with live performances, a communal dinner and party. Musicians Maria Thandi and Deodato Siquir gave a concert. Photos: Mads Holm



