

Text as

Image

and

Image as

Text

This digital publication presents creative works by participants of the
“Text as Image and Image as Text” Workshop during
the Winter V-NYI School in January 2024.

Bravery is a word we kept coming back to during our five meetings.
Bravery to speak, to sound, to experiment, to be there.

We went through a shared journey of multimodality,
multilingualism, multiexpresson.

During the meetings we crossed multiple literary and visual paths. This
publication is to celebrate our cross-national identities and futures.

This digital pamphlet is a testimonial to the talent,
courage and creativity of our students.

Dinara Asadulina
Christos Kakouros
Morley House/Morley School

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Margo Begun

I BEGAN RUNNING WHEN I WAS IN LOVE AND FELT SAFE
WHEN I FELT SAD, CONFUSED, OR ANGRY, I KEPT RUNNING
MY BODY CHANGED
MY NAME CHANGED
MY COUNTRY CHANGED

A GIRL WITH A POSTER “FREEDOM FOR POLITICAL PRISONERS”
BEING ARRESTED UNDER MY WINDOW
I SCREAMED AND CRIED

I KNEW IT WAS TIME TO RUN

I RAN TO FEEL SAFE
I RAN TO FIND MY PLACE
TARTU GAVE ME HOPE, I STOOD UP STRAIGHT

THEN THE LIGHTS WENT OUT
I FROZE
EVERYTHING STOPPED, THERE WERE ONLY TANKS AND BOMBS
DEATH

AT THE END OF THE WORLD, I RAN

THE STAIN UNDER MY SHOULDER BLADE IS NOT A LAKE, IT’S BLOOD
THE SALT ON MY THIGHS IS NOT THE SEA, IT’S TEARS
THE ARROW IN ME IS NOT COURAGE, IT’S FEAR
MY ACHILLES’ HEEL IS AMBIVALENCE

I HOLD THE FREEDOM IN MY HAND
HOLD ON
HOLD ON
RUN



Humanness is an unsteady concept.

It is such a complex variable

I admit to the mistakes made by me

Their cost I accept, it's gravity

And the cost of my own carelessness

which I'd pay if I could readily,

yes, we're still on our way to humanness

Lost like children, stumbling unsteadily.

What is the shape of your body?

I'm going to talk about the shape of my body when I try to fall asleep. When I can't do it, the shape is quite undefinable, and I force myself to remember that I have a body. The only thing I can tell about it is that there is too much pulse that is too loud. I'm forced to listen to it and then I try to find my eyes, because they are probably closed too tight, and I don't need it. There is a forehead very close to them, and it is probably really frowned and it's unnecessary too. Then I can remember that my body is placed horizontally and I don't have to hold it in this position because this is supposed to be a relaxed position. But the body is a big object, and I can't think about its placement entirely, so I notice that the head is just above the pillow. I have to let it be on the pillow. It's a head, I completely forgot there's also a mouth there, and it is probably clenched. The shoulders are also not aware they can simply lie. Arms and hands are quite a problem too, and no one has any idea where they are supposed to be. Then there are squeezed buttocks, and I have to remind them what is going on. The knees have to be placed somewhere as well. There're toes, and they also somehow manage to be contracted. Hopefully, it's not that loud anymore.



*After Twelve Questions by Bhanu Kapil
from 'The Vertical Interrogation of Strangers'*

Describe a morning you woke without fear.

The daily life of a scientific researcher consists of reading professional literature, scientific articles, research, etc. On that long journey, I felt how my literary taste was sharpened, changed, and evolved. Scientific precision, clarity of expression, and brevity have become the values I look for when I read other people's written words, but also when I put my thoughts into words. I believe that this text will also be such that I would not be ashamed of it as a reader: short, direct, and strong, the one that stays in the readers' minds after they have read it.

I'm sure that at an early stage of life, most of us who grew up in a healthy, stable, and warm family, spent our childhood overcome by the fear of losing a dominant parent, feeling the discomfort that accompanies the instability of their presence. My childhood, marked by my father's frequent absences due to his job as a sailor on ocean-going tankers, left me in constant fear of my mother's death. Over the years, that panicked fear was transformed into a veiled concern, gentle anxiety for good health, and gatherings around the table on holidays. Nevertheless, life is ultimately a straight line that tends to the same, primordial end from the moment it begins. That's how I got a call from the intensive care unit exactly 319 days ago at 6:00 p.m. News that I did not want and that, despite my life experience and circumstances, I was not ready to hear. Mutual love, prayers, and even the willpower of the departed are nothing compared to the only inevitability in our lives - death.

The morning I woke up without fear was the morning after we lowered the casket into the ground and covered it with the fragrant flowers she loved. At the same moment, I felt fragile like a dandelion in a storm because I was left without my deepest roots and strong like Mount Everest, because what I feared the most in my life happened and I survived. If there is anything good in the death of loved ones, it is this. All mornings after the final earthly departure are mornings without fear.

THE MIRACLE

THIS NIGHT THE INCA EMPEROR
HAD A DREAM THAT IT SNOWED.
THE SNOW COVERED HIS
TERRACES AND PASTURES, HIS
PALACE AND THE SLAVES' HUTS.
THE EMPEROR HAD NEVER SEEN
THE SNOW IN HIS LIFE, BUT
SOMEHOW HE WAS DREAMING OF
IT - SMOOTH AND VISCOUS.

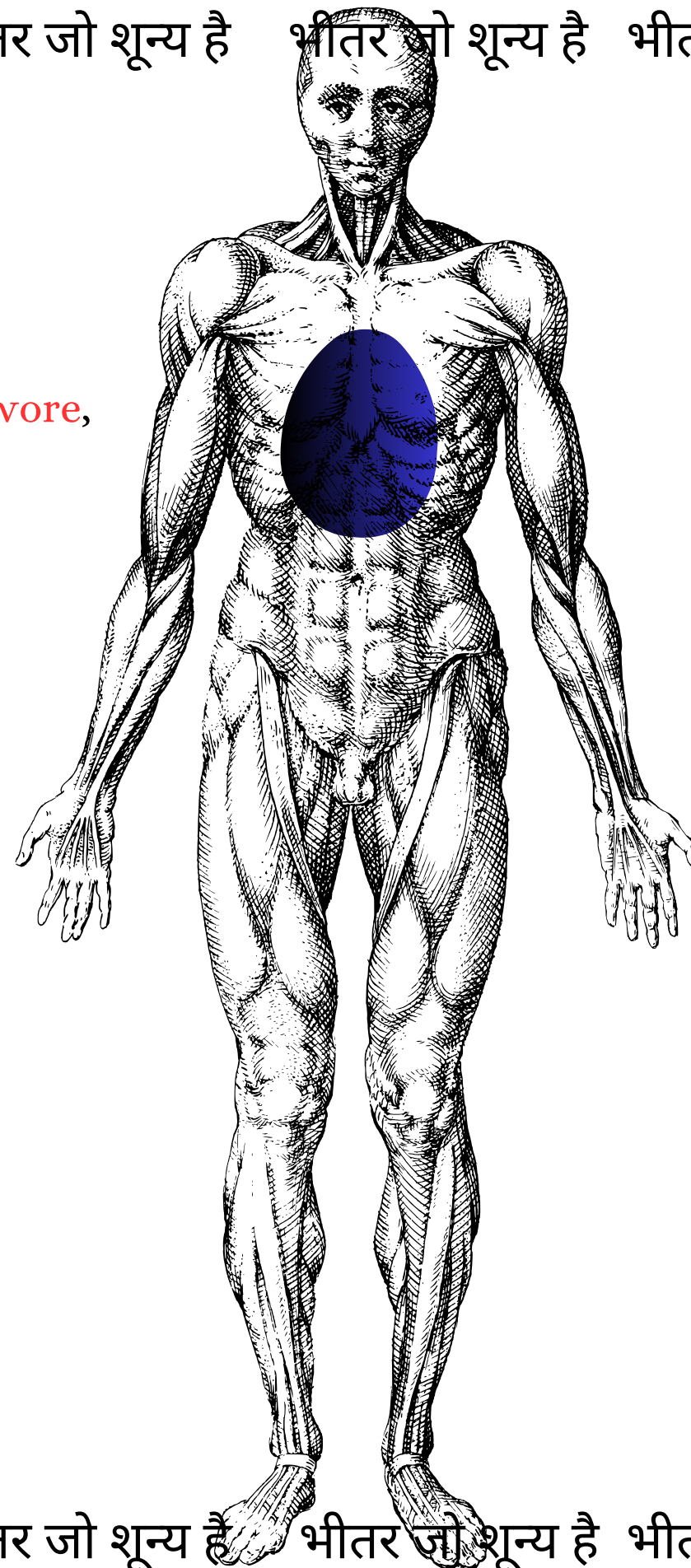
IN THE MORNING THE EMPEROR
FOUND OUT THAT
CONQUISTADORS CONQUERED
THE HALF OF HIS LAND ALONG
WITH THE HALF OF HIS SKY.
AND IT HURT.

THE EMPEROR HAD NO IDEA THAT SOMEDAY THE
GRANDCHILDREN OF HIS GRANDCHILDREN,
WHO WOULD REPEATEDLY INTERMINGLED WITH
SPANISH PEOPLE, WILL SKI DOWN THE SNOWY
PEAKS OF THE SPANISH ALPS.

भीतर जो शून्य है भीतर जो शून्य है भीतर जो शून्य है भीतर जो शून्य है भीतर जं

The void inside,

is a **carnivore**,



It will consume

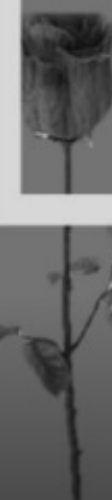
both you and I.



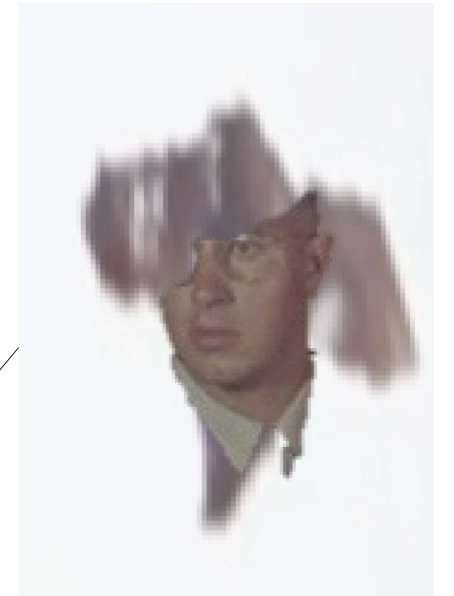
भीतर जो शून्य है भीतर जो शून्य है भीतर जो शून्य है भीतर जो शून्य है भीतर जो

in·can·ta·tion /ˌɪnkænˈteɪʃən/ noun

special words that someone uses in magic, or the act of saying these words













Healing

A story in images and in text about my healing.

3 years ago I started the journey of a networker.

3 years ago my life, health, mind and body changed completely.

This is the story of my life that I will show in the pictures, my selfies mostly that I was taking during these 3 years (2020-2023).

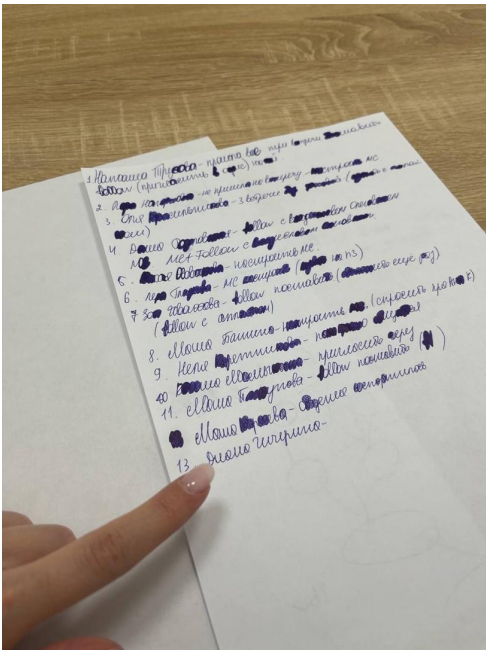
Another thing I will show is my handwriting during the 3-year-period of working in network marketing industry and afterwards.

I will tell my story in a dual narrative: how they told us we should act and look like, and what there was in reality.

- 1. “A good networker must always be positive for other managers and radiate positivity and always be in a good mood”.



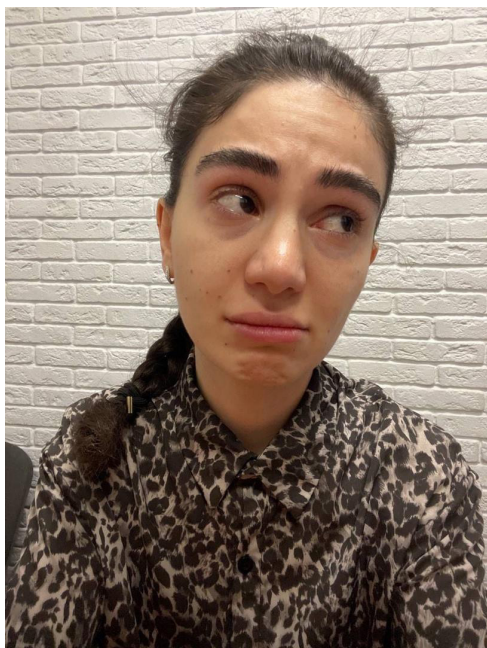
Me after a 14-hour-work day.



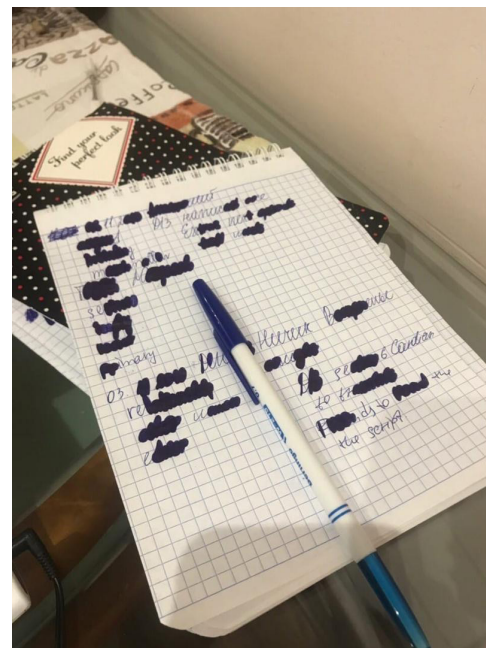
My handwriting that time.

2. “A good networker never shows their negative emotions to the team even if they feel tired or exhausted”.

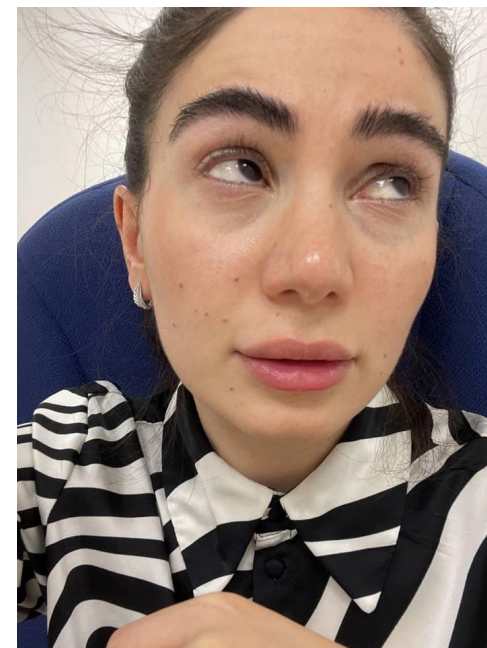
3. “A good networker thinks first and foremost about their team, not themselves, that’s how you earn big money”.



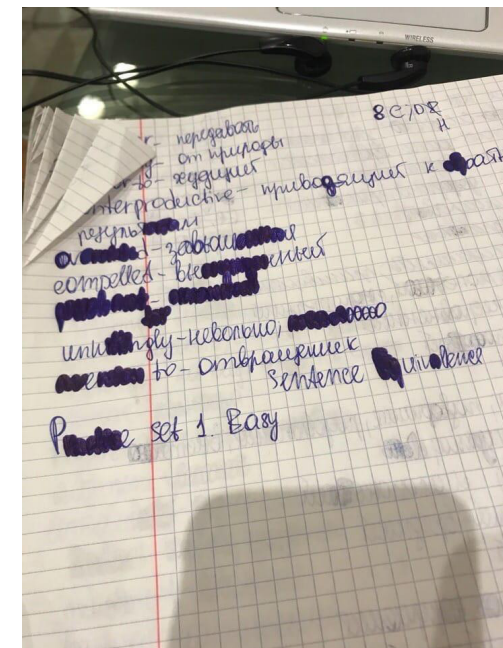
Me after 12+ hour working day, only one meal a day, tense business presentations and several aggressive clients I had to deal with.



My handwriting that time.

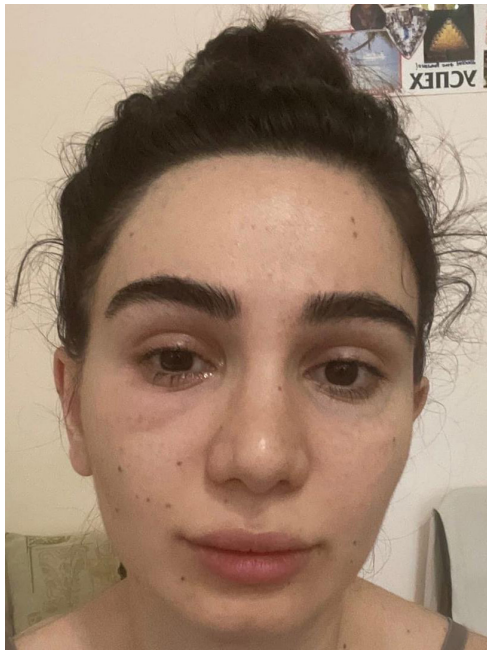


Me after working for 2 days with 5-hour sleep and undergoing with my team member her statement to the police after her family accused her of signing in a financial pyramid (just because they thought so, with no evidence at all) and filed a police report.



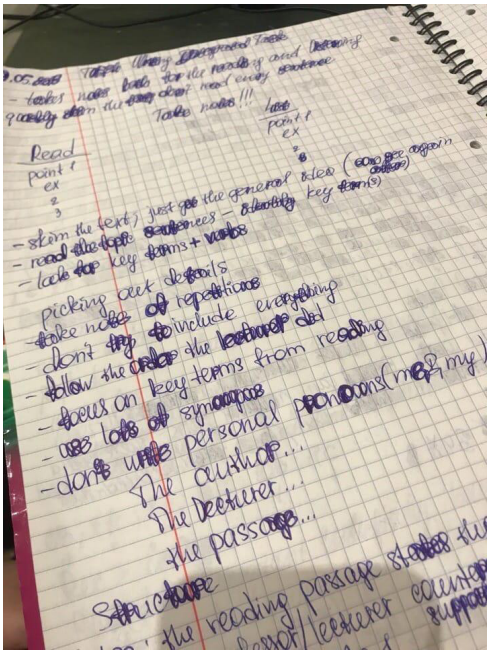
My handwriting that time.

4. “If a networker complains about the lack of sleep and rest, they are just lazy and don’t want to take responsibility at work”.



Me sending a photo to my boss showing that I do not lie and do not shift responsibility on to others, and that I really have eye stye because my immunity decreased.

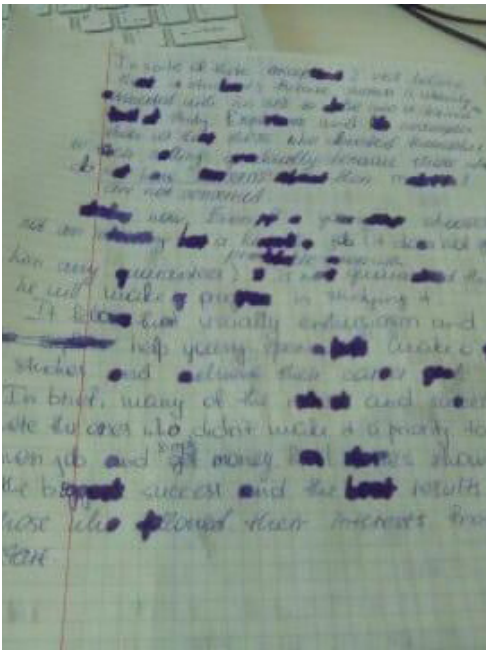
5. “If you want to earn more money, and prove people that network marketing works, you should look rich and beautiful, and have make up everyday. No female networker can enter the office if she wears no make up at work”.



My handwriting that time.

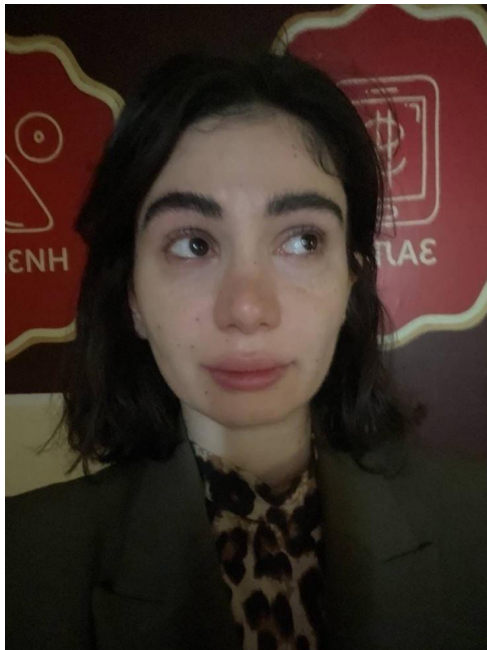


Me on after another tiring day of 13-hour-work, sending my boss my photo and reporting to him of my “ready-for-the-day and make up” look.

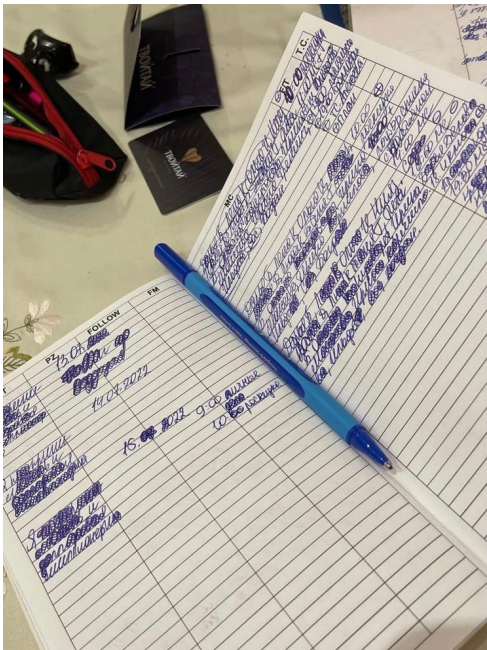


My handwriting that time.

6. “A good networker always wears good clothes, has an iphone, and has the image of a successful person, so whenever you earn money, you go and buy yourself good clothes, gadgets and jewelry. People should believe in network marketing seeing you”.



Me standing in a pawnshop after I sold my deceased father’s gold jewelry because I had no money for food that day.



My handwriting that time.

7. “Tell me how many hours you sleep a day. If it’s more than two, then you don’t do the business, don’t pretend to be a business person. I slept for 2 hours a day only and I maxed out”. - the boss from the head department.

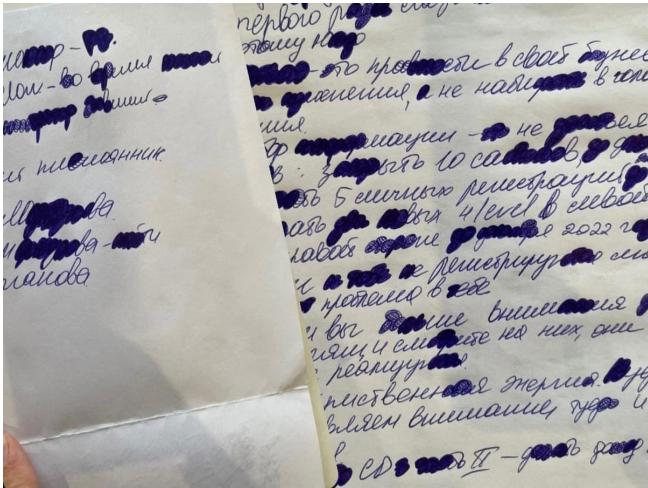


Me sleeping for 4-5 hours a day, trying to work more because of the sense of guilt after the speech I heard from my boss from the head department.

8. “A good female networker always wears high heels and skirts, no trousers or low-heeled shoes”.



Me sending the photo to my boss to explain I could not wear high heels that day because of my swollen feet.



My handwriting that time.

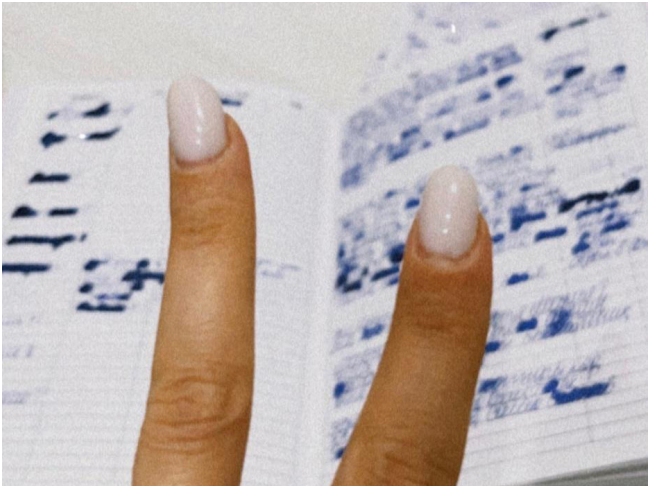
9. “If your boss shouts or is being rude with you then there is a reason for that. You either do not pay attention and keep working harder or you quit showing that you are simply a wimp”.



Me after my boss shouted at me because I shared my honest opinion that in order to make business better we need to give each other some rest. The photos illustrate my swollen lymph nodes and a herpes bump on the head.



The doctor's report: “Highly reduced immunity and increased stress.”

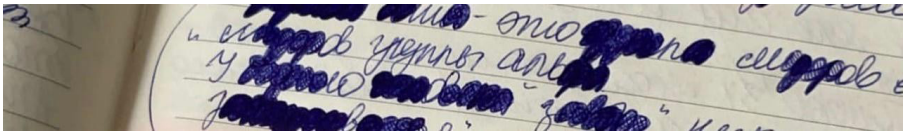


My handwriting that time.

10. “A good networker always talks to people and acquires useful business connections.”



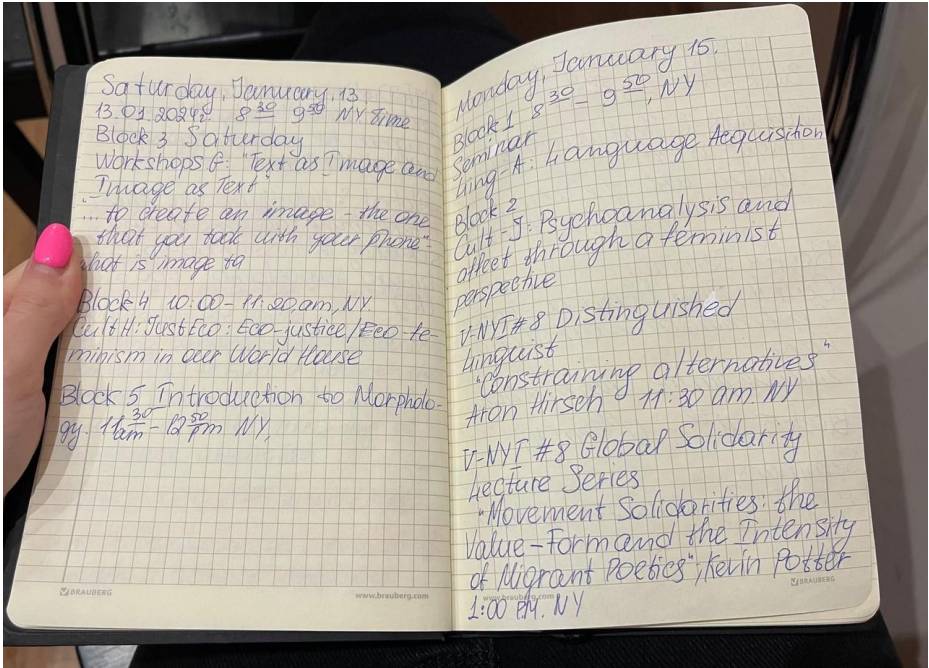
Me during my 3-day nervous wreck after working and interacting with people non-stop for a week with no days off.



My handwriting that time.



Me after I left.
8+ hour sleep.
Eating meals 3 times a day.
Staying 80% of time at home because I'm an introvert and need it to survive.

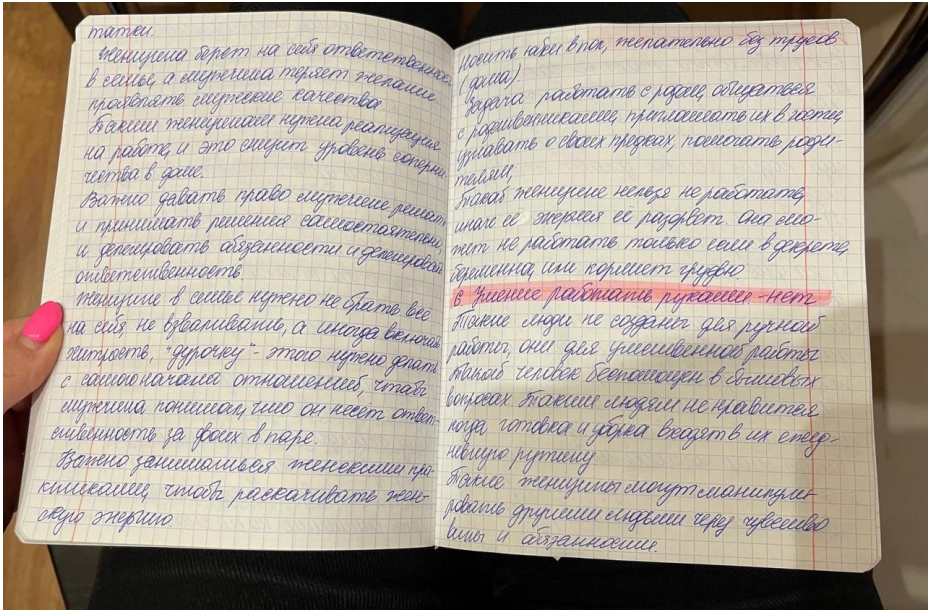


My recent notes I took during NYI seminars.



Me 4 weeks ago.
I drink more water than coffee.
I sleep 8+ hours.
I blocked my boss and all the toxic people from my life.
I went to my cosmetologist and she said that I'm beautiful.
I started therapy with my psychotherapist.

I'm happy.

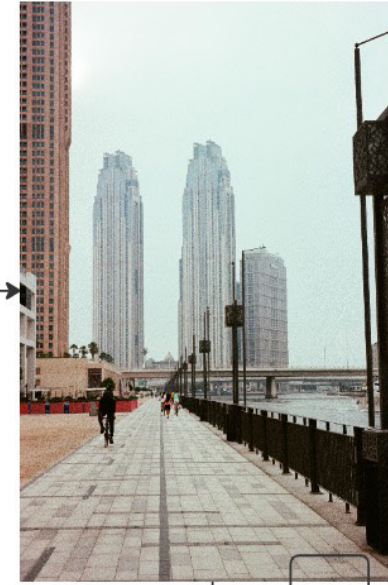


My handwriting recently.

“Healing”

The End.

I've lived in Dubai for almost 2 years, and one of the few ways to connect with this place has been cycling. This city is neither for pedestrians nor for cyclists, but I've found a cycling track along the beach first and started exploring further. A few months later, I discovered another path starting at a flamingo sanctuary, and to my surprise, the two ended up being connected, coming full circle! So here it is, my cycling circle, with some film photos made from April to November 2023. A lot of times cycling here feels like being in a video game, like a challenge to embrace this city, but more and more often the speed and the smooth flow of the path bring me a lot of joy. The joy of knowing an algorithm by heart.



watch,
then go

go faster

go &
observe

go, but where is the
sun?

go and
listen to me

already
going down

go left to the
beach

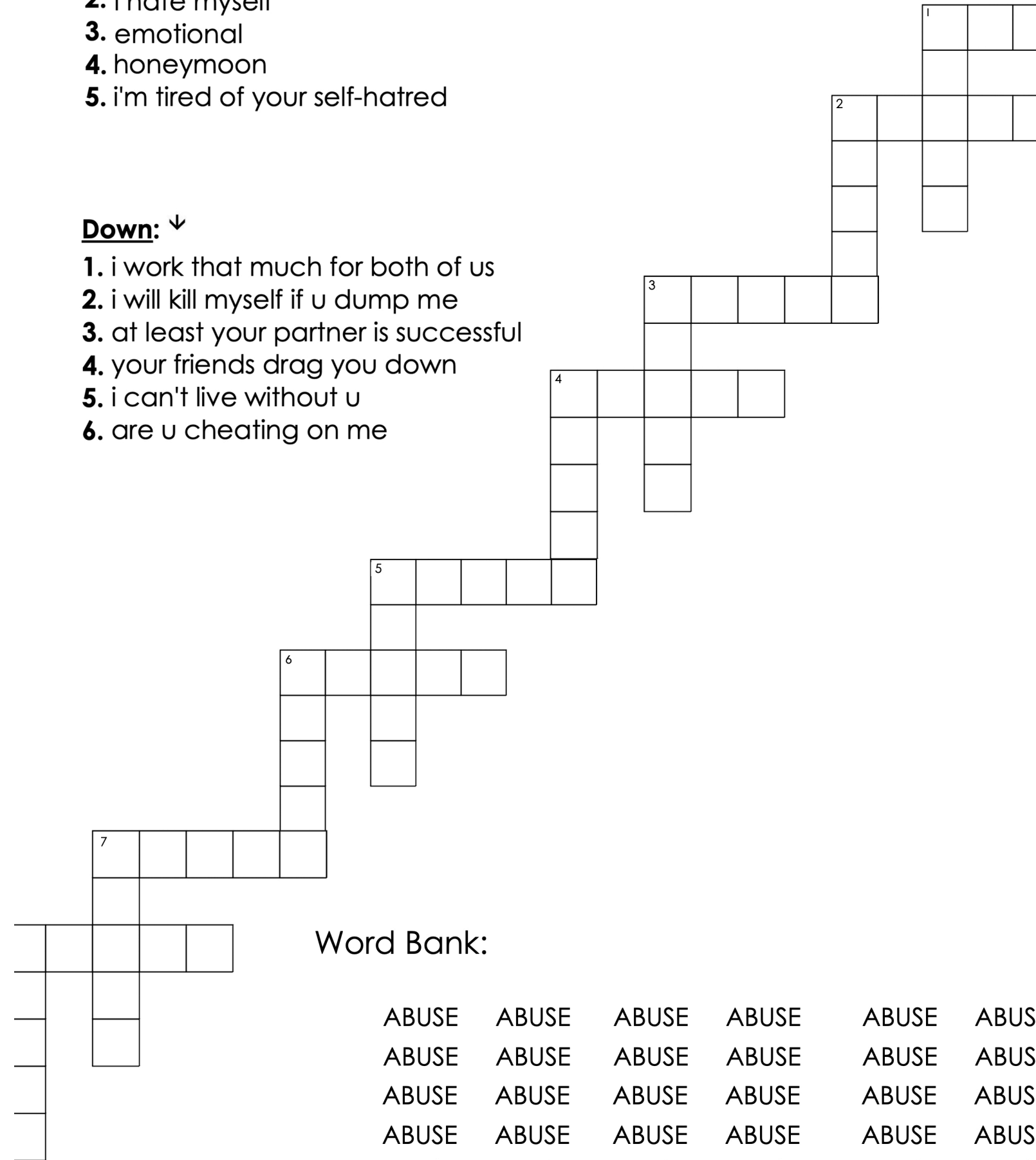
go back
home

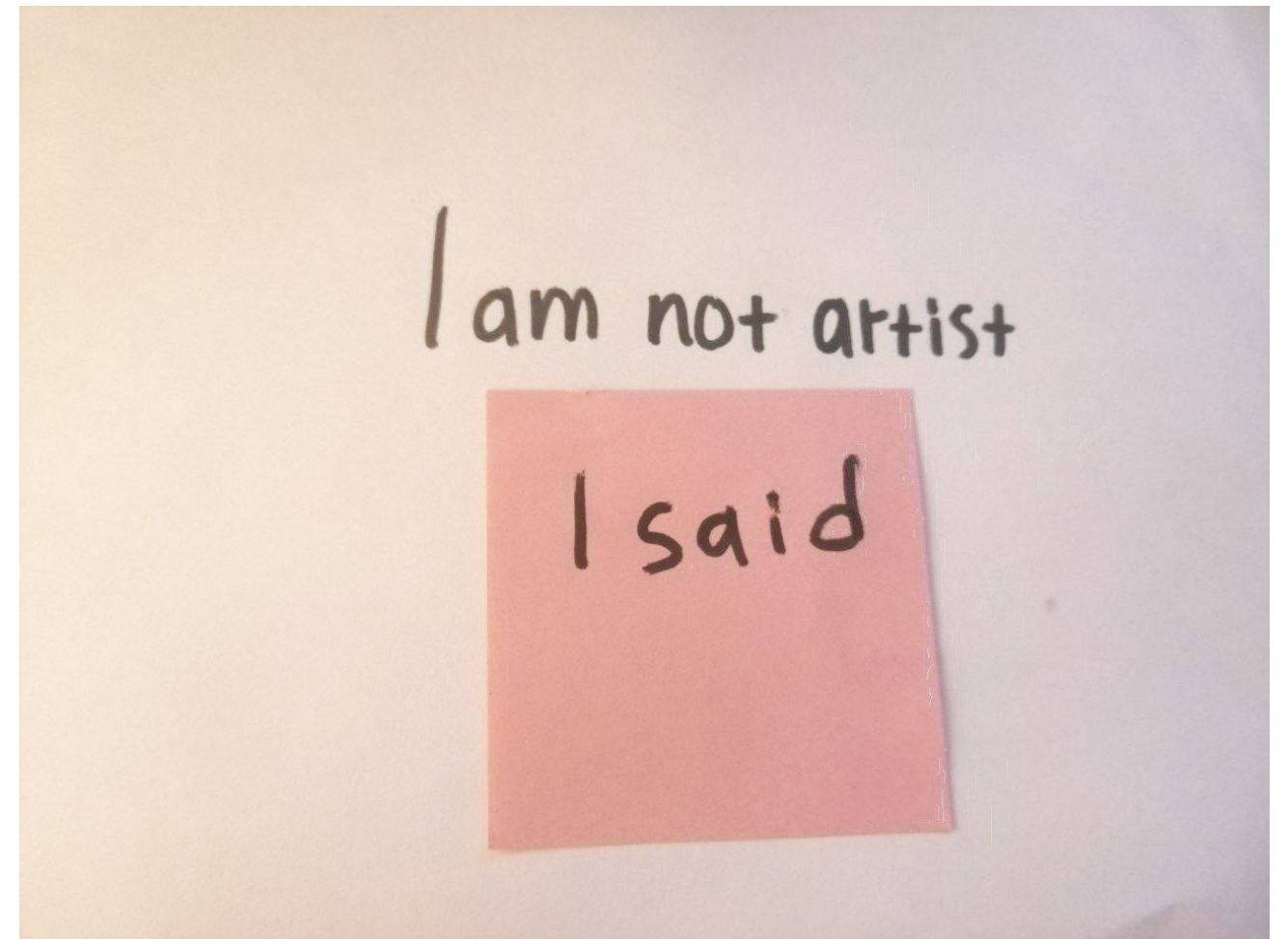
Across: →

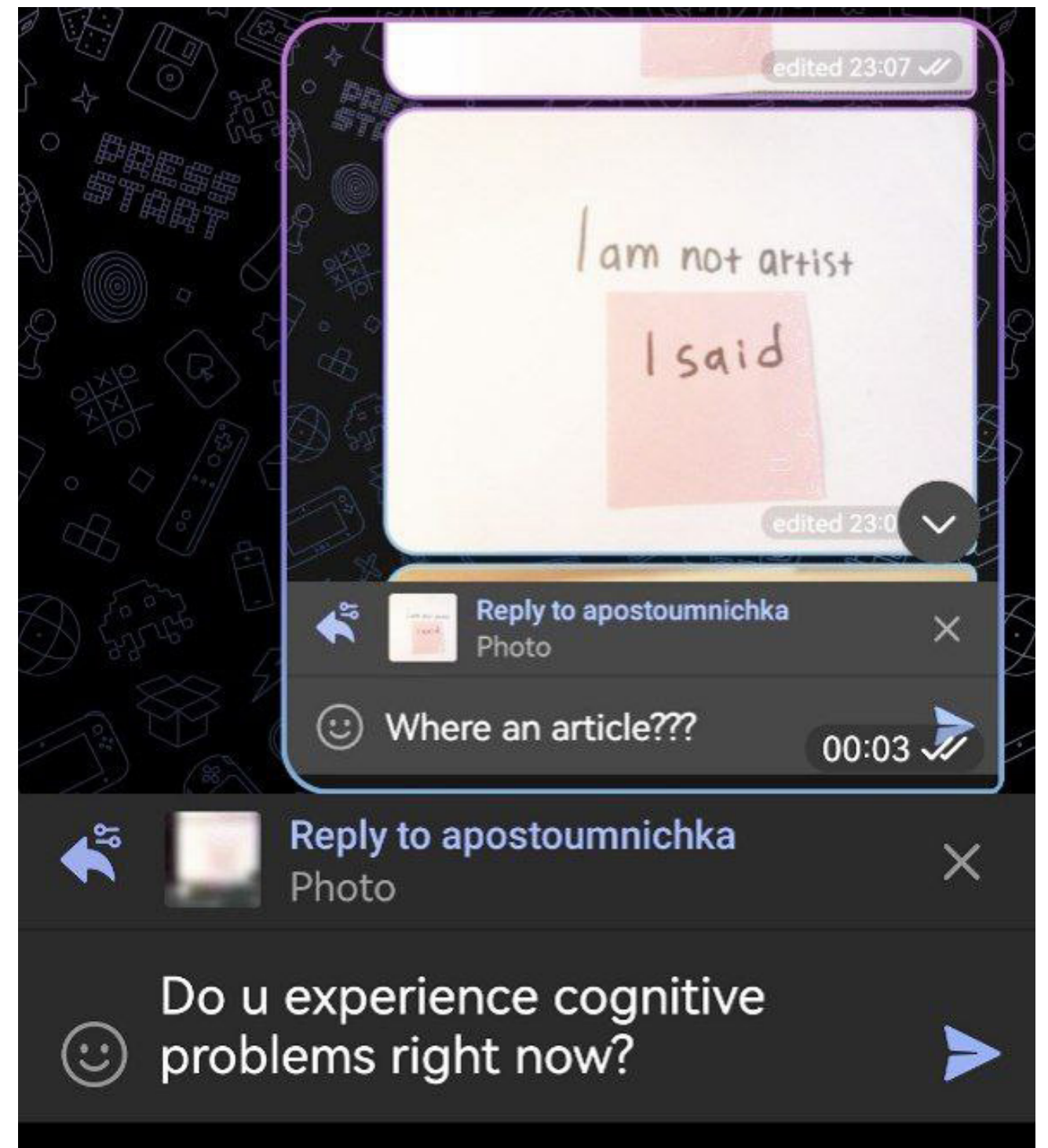
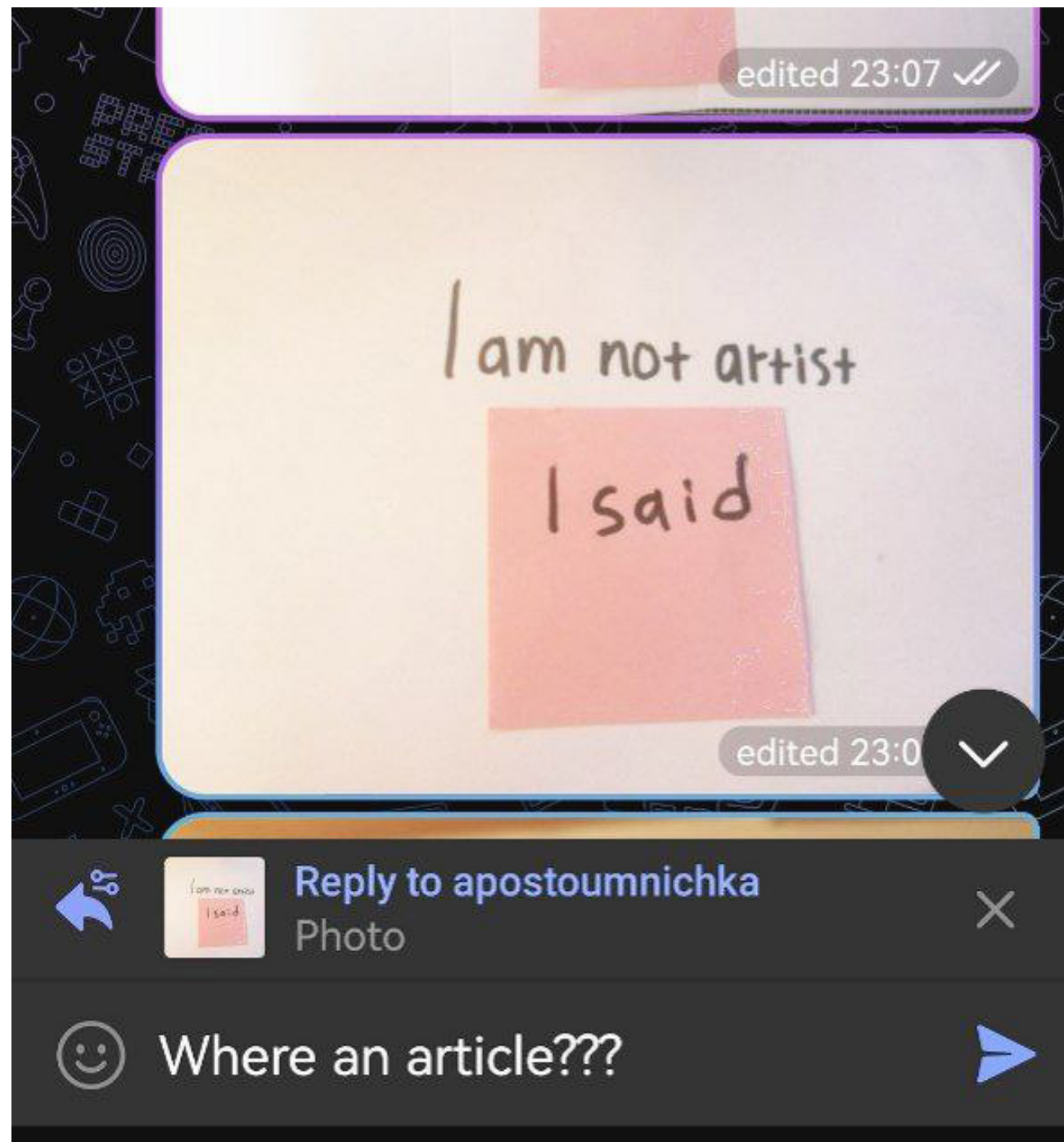
1. i know u cheated on me
2. i hate myself
3. emotional
4. honeymoon
5. i'm tired of your self-hatred

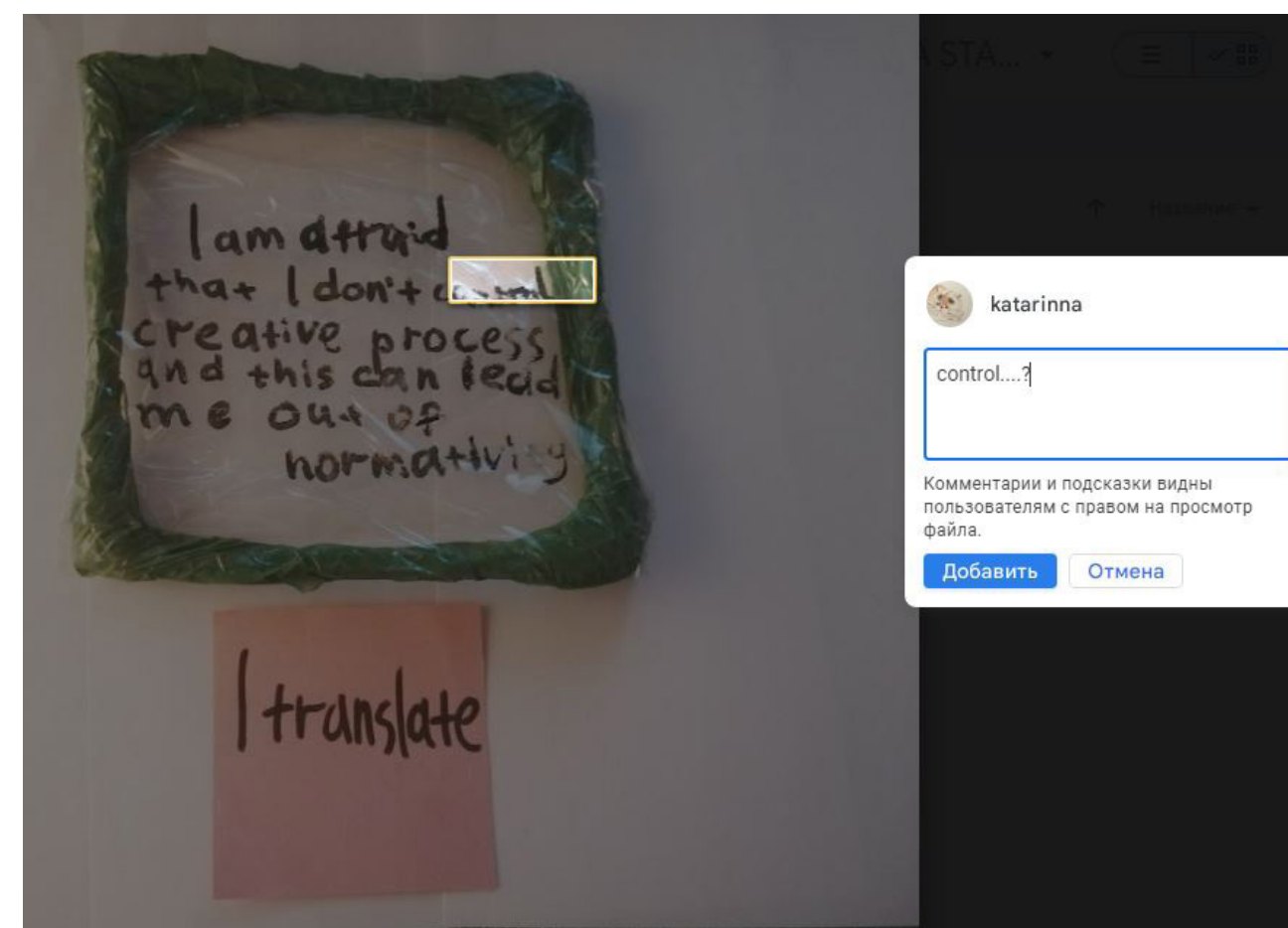
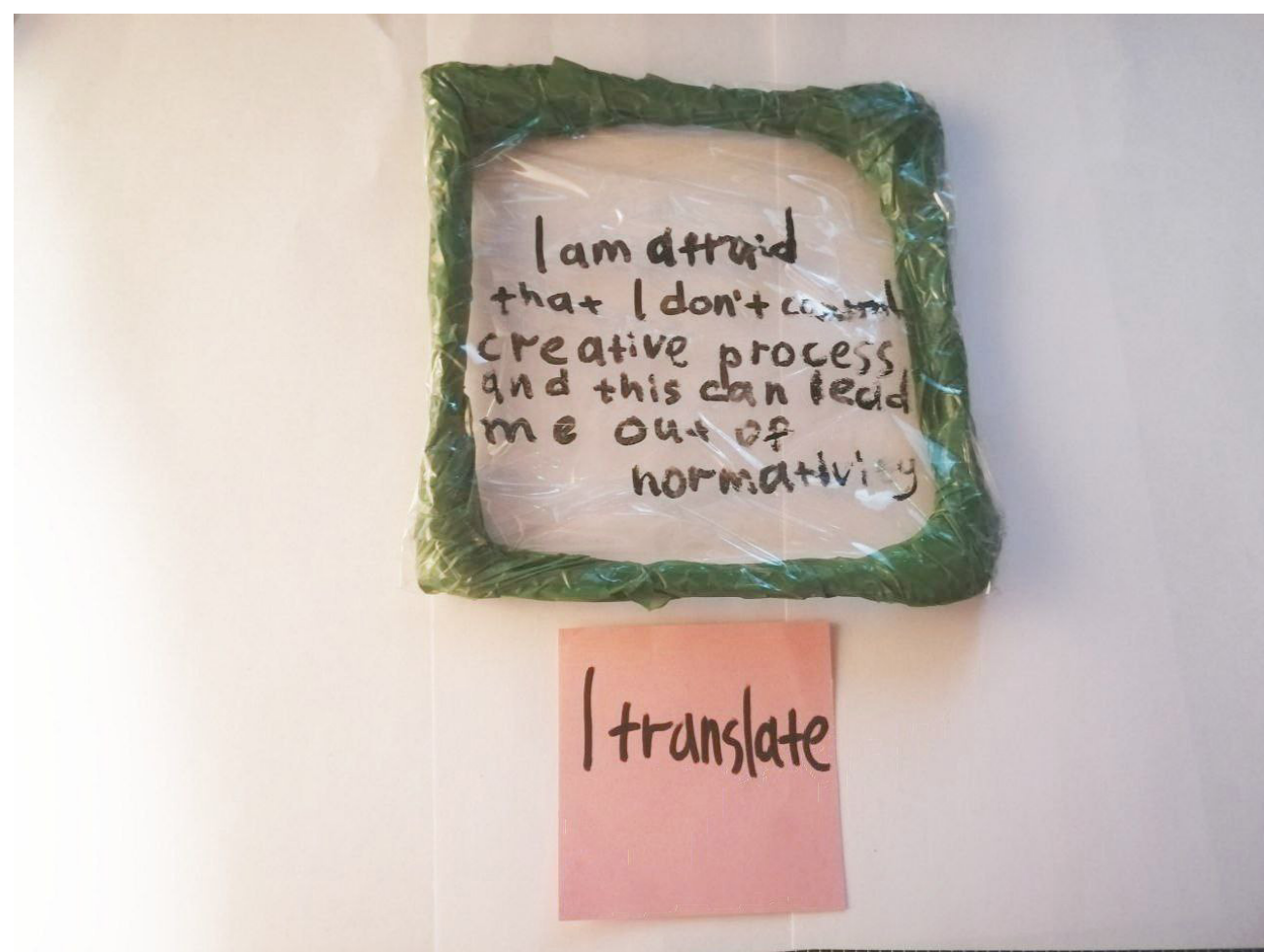
Down: ↓

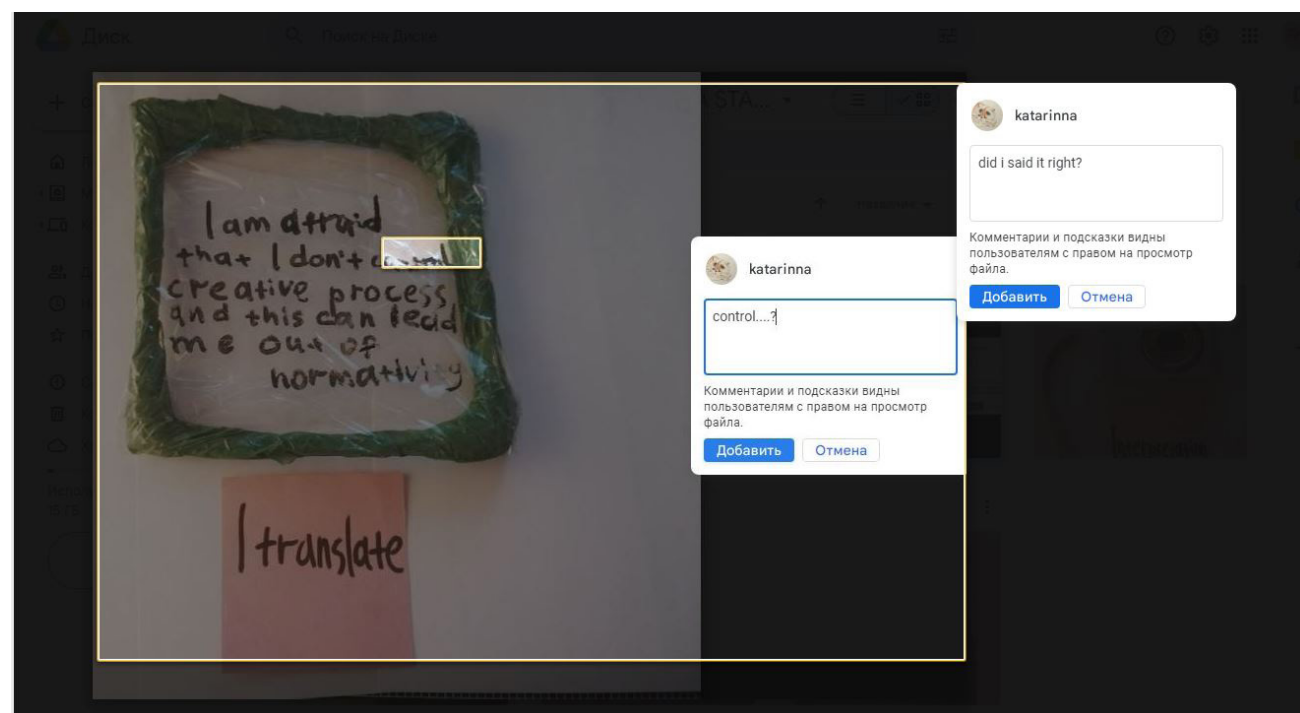
1. i work that much for both of us
2. i will kill myself if u dump me
3. at least your partner is successful
4. your friends drag you down
5. i can't live without u
6. are u cheating on me

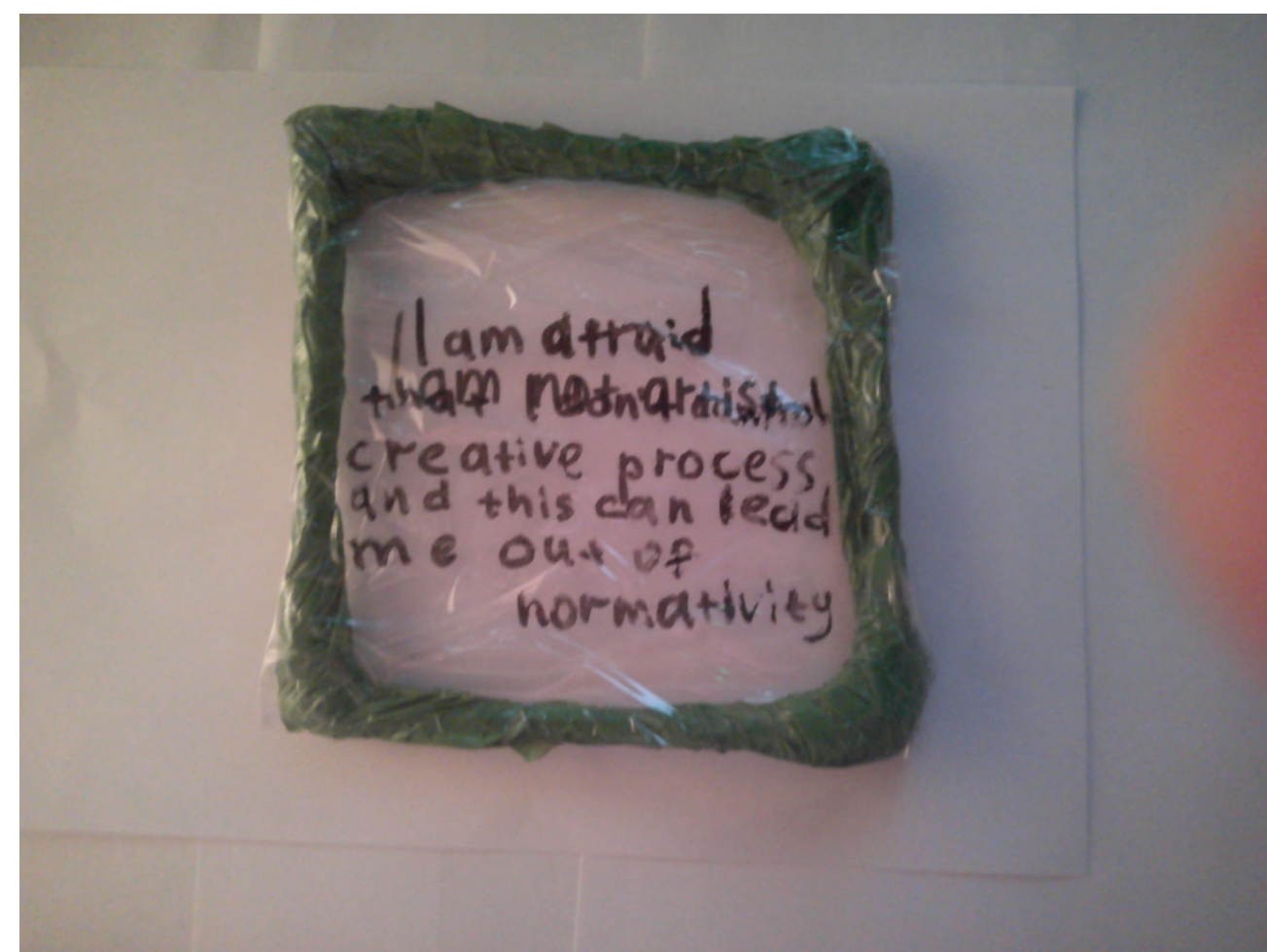
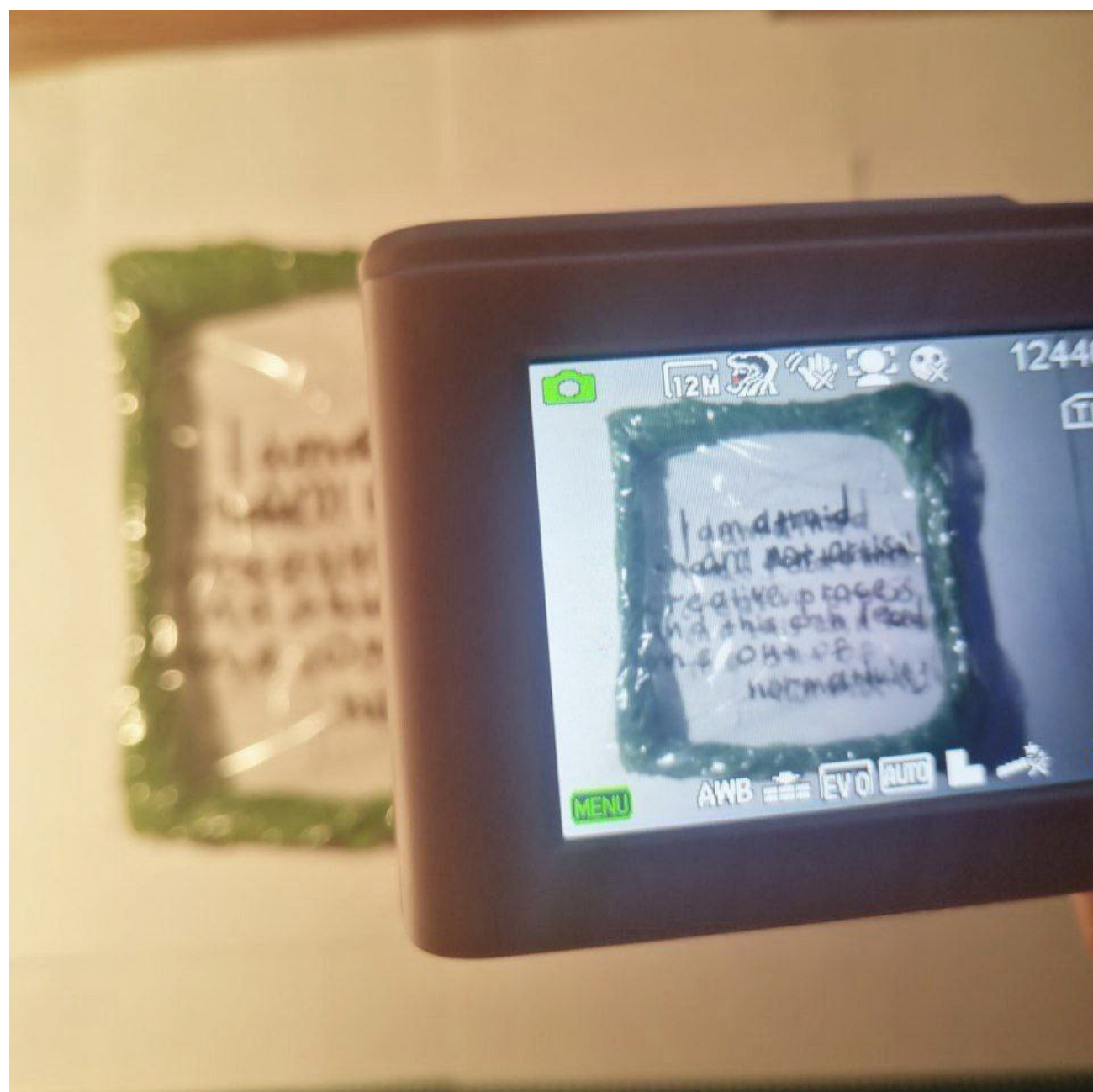












Giftist
m. artist
with
creative
and + two
of
normative



2024

