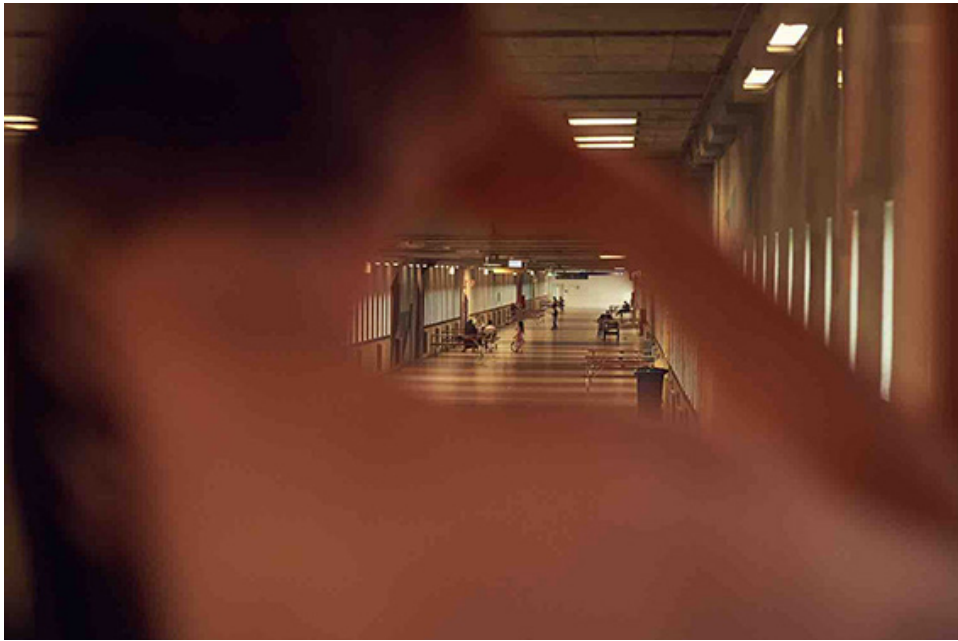


# *Gluklya's Diary*

Kom je out, my speler



### January 29

Finally I saw the part where refugees are leaving . How to describe such feeling !



### February 14

Sari is a violet . He has the face awoked a feeling in me of the violet colour . ...  
 Sometimes the colours are giving these sence to things ... It is emotional percep-  
 tion of the colour. I am trying to write about it , if I will be a writer I will start like :  
 every person is provoking a sence of colour in you : with Sari it is like I am always  
 feeling a mixer of melancholy and the ability to move forward with learning ,exp-  
 loaring ,researching . Also openness ,which is kindness.



### February 16

I want to depict this violet colour into our final event – Carnival of the Opressed Feelings. I believe that the process of all workshops is very good ,but it have to be a final event summarizing all our efforts.

And where can I find a sewing assistant like my dear Olenka? Whom I worked together with over 15 years, swallowing tears, penniless, doing absolutely everything we could in spite of everything?

### February 17

My studio is looking good now ! Finally I am feeling safe .

### February 18

Sari and I met on the path leading from the underground station to the prison. On this path which is what I love the most about this prison–it really stands out, as if it were leading to some other worlds. The whole performance could be done right on that path.

Something likeable in him attracted me. I myself have no idea why I started telling him about copyright or about how in Bologna we decided to create a foundation–printing t-shirts with refugees from Nigeria and then distributing them, selling them on the website and having the money go to supporting their families and if a museum happens to buy any of my work I deduct a percentage for them. Sari told me: You are the only one here who talks to me, everyone else just wants to use me ...

These day brought me a profound happiness.

**TAAK** **M** **UTOPIAN UNEMPLOYMENT UNION OF AMSTERDAM** **Dynamo**  
 mondriaan fund THE LANGUAGE OF FRAGILITY

**Learn Dutch language in original way**

Gluklya, in cooperation with Sari presenting workshops focusing on using imagination in drawing and teamwork

We welcome you on Monday 8th, 13th, 20th, 27th of March and 3rd of April

Baas @ Burenbulivard, Lolalik at 15:30

Kennis

### February 20

I tried to work things out with the janitor. He is aggressive . I feel it . And I am afraid of him. The same time hating myself for it .Such a shitty little thing am I , mama mia!

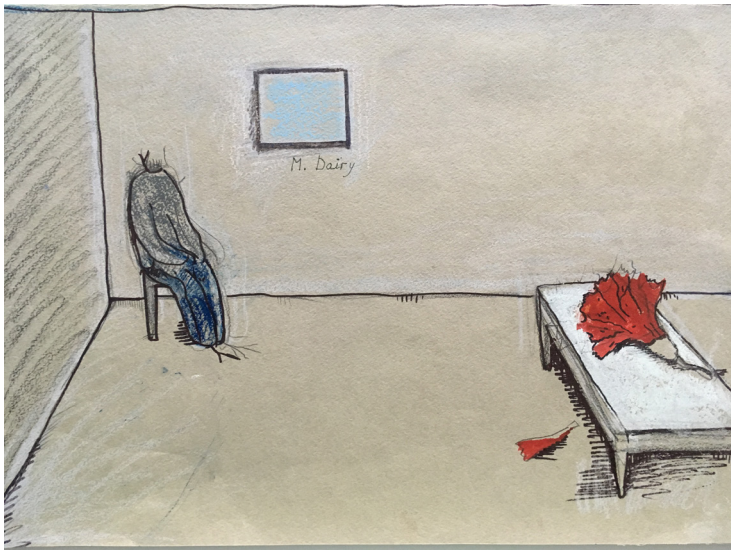
I am just a piece of shit ,that is absolutely true . How I can be afraid of little bit crazy janitor ? How ?

He made it necessary for me to speak Dutch . And made really histeric when found a coffe around the Marsel Dushamp famous object .

I said that though I passed the A2 level Dutch exam I find it horribly difficult to speak though I sincerely love this language and consider it extraordinarily interesting.

### March 2

We have visited AZC . Ah such a horrible conditions there ! Above all people are just waiting ,waiting,waiting ...



TAAK brigade came to visit .Bernie looked out the window today and said “What is that smoke? It looks like it were coming from the ovens in a concentration camp.” We don't know what they were doing there.

Hmm

### March 3

After my appointments I feel sad, desolate. And I get mad at myself for not being able to be like all the other people of action here. Like businesspeople.

As if the eyes looking at me so intently and so continuously sucked all of my soul, all my juices, all my hope, leaving nothing but a wasteland and suddenly the body gives a sign of life and it's hard, the fatigue comes rolling over you.

#### **March 4**

A fog quickly descends, as happens in winter in Petersburg; I lit candles and made the bed with three layers of bedspreads so as to lie down for exactly three  
I called Marfa to synchronize our efforts—we agreed to simultaneously lie down for 15 minutes in order to upgrade and restart and then I heard someone talking outside, a conversation about paying for something with invoices and things like that in Dutch

#### **March 10**

Finally I have found assistant ! So so happy !  
Her name is Nika . Her mother immigrated from Ukraina little town when she was a small kid and leaving in Sweatsaland . She remembered her time of childhood leaving near the sea at the village with her grandmother. Long walks to school (5 km by foot )

April 2

Finally we have managed the text with Sari

The Language of Fragility :

Learning the Dutch language is a serious challenge for newcomers to the Netherlands. There are many methods and ways to learn a new language, other than traditional learning, which can give added value to the language learning process. One alternative method is by playing the Language of Fragility game.

No matter what language is spoken, the number of words that have similar pronunciation in a native language and Dutch is surprising. Words sound the same, but have completely different meanings.

This game can be an important tool for newcomers. It allows them to acquire new knowledge, motivates them to search and find similar words between different languages, opens a window for them to see the country's culture, and finds opportunities to learn new skills.

The combination of language + arts, gives newcomers a way to express feelings in a new country without restriction, and to produce something of beneficial artistic and cultural value.

By engaging in a workshop of making Utopian Clothes, the Language of Fragility teaches performative skills that enable participants to express emotional feelings; be it frustration, fear or angst by targeting these emotions and in turn, finding balance and self-confidence.

Language of Fragility is not limited to the individual level. Participants learn words that have similar pronunciation, but disparate meanings in different languages. The game encourages players to create an atmosphere of partnership and unity among themselves, motivating them to participate in teamwork and to unleash imagination in creativity and self-discovery.

Naar



Dutch people use the word (Naar) to refer to a place they are going to, but in Arabic, the word (Naar) means fire.

The woman is going Naar the fire, to the house, where woman leave it to their husband house, because of the suppression and dianilation that the women are facing in the Arab world. A lot of women don't know the life outside the house, only on TV.

From her father's house to her husband's house to the grave. This is the circle of a large number of the women in the Arab world, they are not allowed to know or to think outside this triangle, and for those who does, they shall be called in the ugliest titles, and yet to be considered as an outsider on the society.

Boot\ Boot (military shoe)

Boot is the bone that the dog catches, and they keep it in their mouses, they like the taste of it.

(Boot) in Arabic means shose, and it is commonly refer to the military shoes, which are in Syria are being bitted at like the dogs bits the bone by the pro Assad people in Syria.

People using non intellectual ways to express their loyalty to the rulers, in Syria, the pro Assad took the military shoes as a symbol. They made statues in the public squares for it, live show on tv with the shoes on the table, pro Assad people, famous artists, sculpture, actors, they were all shown with this slogan (one of them was kissing it) on TV and in public events.

It is another way to worship the leader; since the war in Syria, a lot of talk took place about the ownership of Syria to Assad, as the country is his farm. Now by changing from worshiping the leader, into worshiping the military (where the ruler is the higher commander of the army) nothing will change, and the people, voluntarily subject themselves to the slavery of the ruler again.

Nmer (tiger)

Nmer in Arabic is tiger, but in Dutch, Nummer is a number.

Numbers are exactly how the government see the people when they are looking for support.

The soldiers who die to keep the ruler in chair are only numbers to the leadership.

When they tell people how good the economy is, where actually it is very bad, fake numbers are being used.

So stop being a “dutch Nummer”, and became an “Arabic NAcht \





Acht (sister)

Two words similar in pronunciations, Acht in Arabic means sister, while in Dutch means eight, which is the average number of the sisters and brothers in the Arab region families.

“The kid come, and God send his money with it” This is the slogan adopted by the peoples of the Arab region, and they do not give up this slogan even in the most severe crises. You see a family of a government employee who doesn't earn enough salary, or a worker who earns the minimum wage. They have six children and their poor wives are Pregnant! “Her belly reaches her chin” this is how Arab people describe pregnant women.

Ask the men why? And from where will you secure the budget? they responds with a smile to “The kid come, and God send his money with it” and wishe God to send more bless... Sister behind brother, behind sister... Arab women are being used as a breathing machine, year after year, born after the other, especially in the poor tribal and rural areas, and then leaves the children in the streets, to learn begging, so we ended up with a whole generation in the streets.

The government is unable to control the issue, or issue a birth control law, a poor economic situation and men who do not use condoms, women can not object. Eggs hatch to the streets... Acht after Acht after Acht...



April 4

I started to work on the images for Carnival . What about to realise the creators from Marwa comments on the LF game ?



***Carnival  
of the Oppressed Feelings***





