

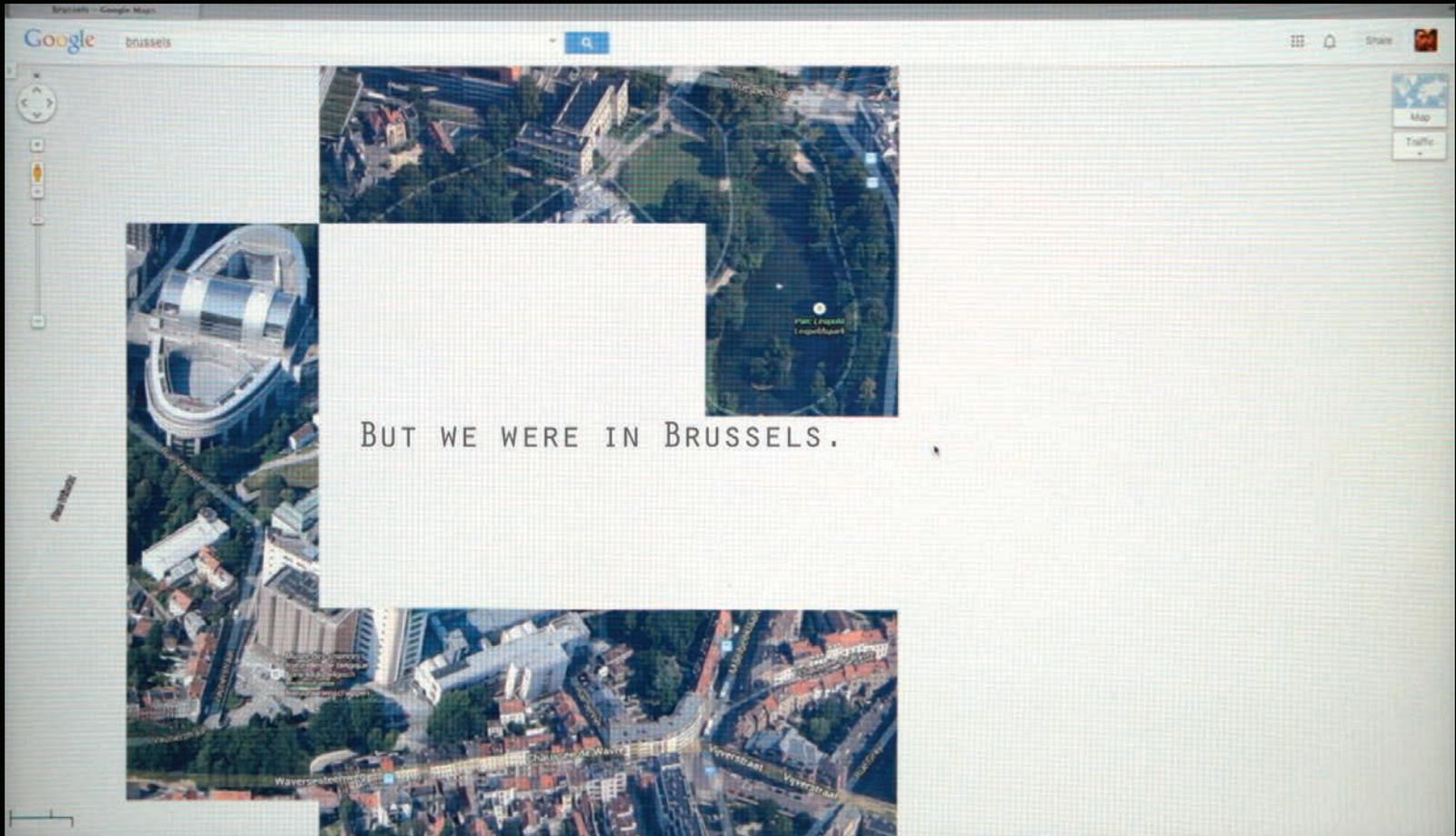


LET US START FROM THE MIDDLE

LET US START FROM THE MIDDLE
EFFI & AMIR

AN EXHIBITION AT TIRANA ART LAB
SEPTEMBER 2014

WITH GUEST ARTISTS: ERGIN ZALOSHINJA, MATILDA
ODOBASHI, DRITON SELMANI, ERA TULA, PLEURAD XHAFA.



The Vanishing Vanishing-Point, Effi & Amir, 2014, 28' / Still from video



A MIRROR TREE.

The Vanishing Vanishing-Point / Stills from video



WE HAD
TO GIVE THEM NAMES.
LIKE THE FIRST MAN DID.



MUTATION IS SURVIVAL.

The Vanishing Vanishing-Point / Stills from video

100%



FACELESS,
BUT BEAUTIFUL

®



FOR A MOMENT WE BELIEVED
THE WORLD WAS INFINITE.

The Vanishing Vanishing-Point / Stills from video



The anecdotal ground of the world

Reflections on Google Street View

On the occasion of The Vanishing Vanishing-Point, a film by Effi & Amir

Bruno De Wachter

How can we open our eyes, if they are never shut?

A map shows *where* things are located in a certain area – roads, paths, buildings, water, green... – but not *how* things are. The map makes an abstraction of the state of things – weather, human use, the growing and rotting of plants, the presence of animals, material wear – and is, therefore, timeless. It has to be re-drawn only when substantial changes are being made to the spatial structure. Consequently, it requires imagination to visualise how an unvisited place on the map looks in reality.

I am addicted to this kind of imagination and this addiction seems to grow when I spend a lot of time behind my desk. The map provides me with a scheme that I can fill in with my own creation, in my head, like in a solitary game. However, even though it is created in my own head, I am myself absent in this world; I don't need to take a position, not with words nor with my physical presence. Because of this, the boundary between myself and the world disappears – a true utopia, which becomes increasingly attractive when I am suffering from this boundary in real life.

After a period of wasting time poring over maps, a strong desire grows in me to go outside and reduce the map again to the role of a useful tool. When I do so, my imagination of a place is confronted with reality and exposed as an illusion. A revelatory moment follows

in which my idea of the place is adjusted: "That's how it looks!," and afterwards I am rarely able to recall the original imagining I had of the place. It has been replaced by my memory which, in turn, gets increasingly distorted by my mind, again causing a discrepancy between imagination and reality. With my next visit to the same place, I experience a mixture of recognition – where my memory and reality coincide – and a new kind of revelation: "In my memory, it looked different."

It is October. One can tell by the dead leaves. And by the muddy green water. Although, it is just a surface; there is no bottom underneath.

What happens if – starting from the bird's eye perspective of the map – you zoom in ever further? According to Google, you end up with a photographic representation. A representation, however, that differs from a photograph because it has no fixed frame, and that differs also from a movie because the users have to move the frame themselves. It is a spherical picture with a mobile center. In contrast to the map, this photographic representation does show the state of things from one particular moment in the past. Because of this, it suggests being part of a personal story, and even more so since we see people walking around, even though their faces are blurred, a level of abstraction that remains.

When I land in Google Street View and take a first look around, I often feel a moment of wonder. However, when I start to wander around in this world, I'm quickly bored – a similar kind of boredom as when being forced to look at a series of holiday pictures of family and friends. I have no memory that goes with the pictures, that can fill in what cannot be seen: smells, sounds, materiality, and a course of time in which to write the story, a rhythm. The images show too much to make my imagination work, while they lack some essential aspects of a personal memory. Google Street View is so close to reality that the perspective gets lost in the particularities of the moment, but this doesn't mean that it becomes the unique experience that it promises to be at first sight. There is no bottom underneath.

Everybody is a witness; everybody is a suspect

And still. It does happen that, when the circumstances are right, a visit to Google Street View makes me nostalgic, even if I am looking at a place where I've never been. Nostalgia is not a desire for a past reality, but a desire for the stories that were once projected onto reality. It is a desire for a past desire. And that desire does not necessarily need a real memory to awaken. It can also stick to images that are recognisable enough to serve as a simulated memory. These can be old photographs or post cards found in the flea market or it can be an image of Google Street View. And exactly because it is not a real world that is being recalled, but your own animation of that world, it almost inevitably appears to be a better world than the one of today.

Back then, Google Street View was still a future plan

Images on Google Street View sit on an ambiguous intersection between the concrete and abstract. By nature, any written text is also at this intersection, and even more so do biblical and other

genesis stories in which the anecdotal and the universal are deliberately intermingled – that is, so to say, their function. However, while genesis stories give your personal anecdotes universal ground, Google Street View, on the contrary, creates an anecdotal ground for universal, abstract representations of the Earth.

In the world of the Incas, a people without writing, the entire landscape was symbolically loaded. Natural elements like mountains, animals, the sun and the moon were considered as living gods; cities were deliberately built according to symbolic patterns. At the summer solstice, the sun rose behind a building on the central square of Cuzco. This building threw a shadow on the square that very precisely pictured the head of a puma. The landscape for the Incas was not only the décor of daily life, but also a text that gave this daily life meaning.

Is the world of Google Street View a jungle in which we are bound to ramble around without context, without a vanishing point? Or can it also serve as a blank page on which we can write a story that reaches beyond anecdote?

Bruno De Wachter (www.bdewachter.be) is a writer and walker based in Brussels. He writes essays and stories for magazines such as www.ny-web.be, and for lecture-performances.



The Vanishing Vanishing-Point / Stills from video





FELL FOR THE ARTEFACTS.

The Vanishing Vanishing-Point / Stills from video

8

THERE WAS THE MUTE SKY



The Vanishing Vanishing-Point / Stills from video

A blurred photograph of a park path in autumn. The path is paved and covered with fallen yellow and orange leaves. In the foreground, a woman in a black coat and a man in a dark suit are walking away from the camera. The background shows more trees with autumn foliage, a grassy area, and a few other people in the distance. The overall scene is out of focus, emphasizing movement and the passage of time.

HOW CAN WE
OPEN OUR EYES
IF THEY ARE
NEVER SHUT?

Don't Look Away

Yael Messer and Gilad Reich

Let us start from the middle. It is a start, as good as any other. But a location has no middle. It has no beginning or ending. Only up and down. And we were down for too long. Way too long. But now something is happening. Now we can start from up high. So high, that it is even hard to see who is looking. Who is the one that sees everything from nowhere? Or maybe it is not about the one anymore, but about the many. The many that see everything from nowhere, zooming in everywhere at the same time, taking the high up as their starting point, and from there getting closer and closer.

We were down for too long because someone else took over our skies. Someone colonised them with cameras and missiles, maps and machine guns, only to colonise the territory, and the humans inhabiting this territory, underneath. Someone – it's a man, it's always a man – wanted to control them, organise them, tame them. And when he finished with these new territories of his, he started to control, re-organise and tame his own cities, his own people. And now, he sits in the new cities that he mastered, and keeps colonising all his territories all around the world with a screen and a remote control. He sometimes sentences someone to death, sometimes just collects information, but always maintains the view of power, the view from above.

We were down for too long because we did not have the means, the knowledge, the attitude, to climb so high. But actually, this is not true. Some people tried, and their attempts are the closest thing we have

to a subverted, independent history of the view from above. People like pioneers of photography Gaspard-Félix Tournachon (aka Nadar) or George L. Lawrence, each in his own way not only refused to work in the service of power, but insisted on working in the service of humans. They, and some others too, created images from up high that take into account those down below, inventing a language, a visual universe that soon will be erased and forgotten, by cameras that were transformed into missiles, and maps that turned into machine guns.

But now something is changing. Now we have more means, more knowledge, and definitely more attitude. Now we can start to reclaim the skies in a million ways. And since any start is as good as any other, why not start from the computer screen, or in the garden, or at the meeting point of these two realities? Why not start from the middle, in the cut between these different perspectives, start by asking where we can go and what we can do when jumping from Google Maps – always manipulated, like any other map – to Google Earth, which still holds some very vague connection to a material place, to video documentation from “too short a distance”? How can we disarm the new digital perspective from its old meanings and bring humanity to the faceless people in the pixelized surfaces? How can we create a context that will allow us, not only to stare at the images power produces, but also to own them, to play with them, to find our voices in them, at least partially?

This is the time to act, so Effi & Amir take a walk in a garden, the garden of colonial King Leopold II, the garden of colonial European Parliament, the garden of colonial Google. They are at the heart of the heart, surrounded by unlimited knowledge. Like Guy Debord in the streets of colonial Paris, they are wandering within the fields of power, clicking here, zooming there, finding new ways to see, to experience, to connect. This is their *dérive*: an unplanned journey in a landscape that is both familiar and totally new, their strategy to deconstruct the given perspective of distance by finding new ways of urban strolling. In their emotional experimentation with digital psychogeography, they ask how this new spatial imagery effects our most intimate thoughts and experiences. There is no place for big theories here. Only anecdotes, insights and moments of double self-reflection. We are looking at Google's camera reflection looking at us. It's as if we caught God in a lie.

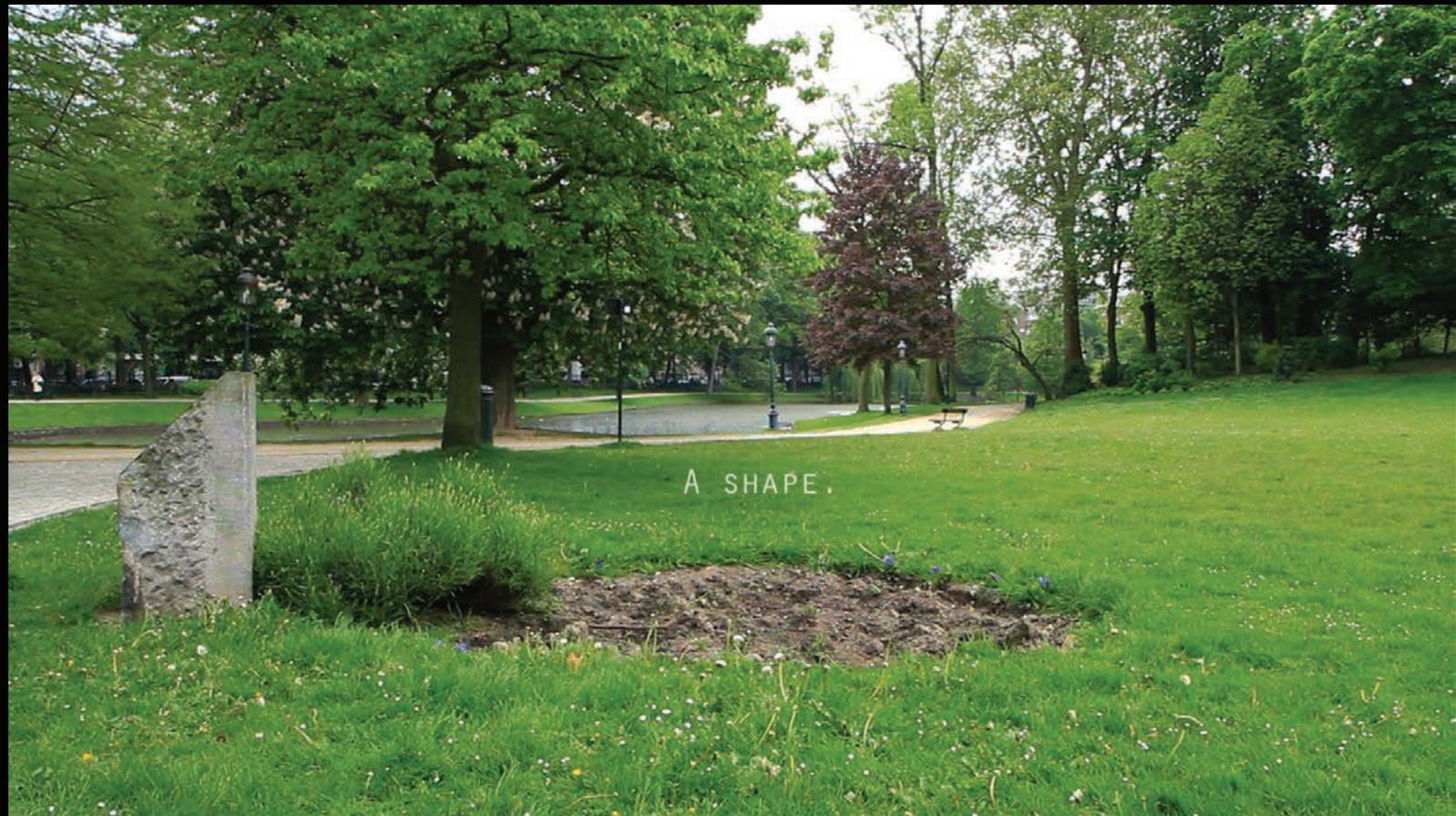
The playful journey is liberating, but also melancholic. Time and space are blurred, and with them also memory, orientation and attachment. Decolonising the view of power by 'drifting' through new blended worlds means also to acknowledge the multiplicity of perspectives, and the pain some of them carry. In one shot, towards the end of the work, Effi & Amir ask us to look at the dying olive tree, the tree that will soon be removed and replaced, the tree that is mirroring not only a personal story of migration and dissociation, but a much larger story of collective attachment and dis-attachment. A story where reality is a frame cut into two images: one still has hope in it, the other doesn't. Like the city for the Flâneur, the question slowly, gently, surprisingly, unfolds: Does the vanishing of the vanishing-point mean the death of our horizon?

Yael Messer and Gilad Reich are independent curators and researchers working under the title High&Low Bureau (www.hlbureau.org). In September 2014, they curated the exhibition Decolonized-Skies at Apexart (NYC), where The Vanishing Vanishing-Point was exhibited.



THIS IS NOT GUILT,
ONLY A CONVENTION.

The Vanishing Vanishing-Point / Stills from video



A SHAPE.



The Vanishing Vanishing-Point / Still from video

Let us start from the middle.

It is a start, as good as any other.

*Just a point in time, on a clear autumn day,
when the cameras were sent to take these
pictures.*

*The location, on the other hand, has no
beginning.*

*In terms of location, we can start like this:
Up high.*

*Then, closer and closer, into the heart of
Europe.*

*And in the heart of the heart of Europe,
a garden.*

*Something happened here before that point
in time when these pictures were taken.*

Something happened here afterwards.

*This clip was shot by us, in 2007, as far as we
remember.*

There is no date on the tape.

*Back then, Google Street View was still
a future plan.*

The world not yet created.

Knowledge was a tiny bit less... known.

The tree was planted two years earlier.

Just off the path.

*There was no way we could miss it, standing
there, staring at us.*

A mirror tree.

We were almost the same height.

As if belonging to a world of another scale.

Of another geography.

*But we were in Brussels, both us and the tree
in the garden.*

The EU parliament is only few metres away.

The new heart of old Europe.

A heart of glass.

*We often passed by it on our way to visit the
tree.*

Europa seemed so popular.

Institutional power so photogenic.

Some took it as a promise.

Not as a warning.

*In vain we tried to capture our reflection in
every pane of glass.*

Nor could we see what was behind them.

Transparency is, by definition, invisible.

Or were we looking from the wrong angle?

It was when we had just arrived in Brussels.

Newcomers, uninvited.

When "there" became "here"

*And "here" meant elsewhere, and we didn't
know what to call things anymore.*

*We had to give them names, like the first
man did.*

*We had to find our way in this brave new
world.*

We used to wander the garden paths.

Discovering its wondrous creatures.

Faceless, but beautiful.

Seductive, whispering in our ears:

Mutation is survival.

Still we would always stop in front of the tree.

*And filmed it, often from too short a distance,
as if to avoid the context.*

But context was everywhere:

*There was the mute sky,
the luscious green,
the stunning autumn colours,
the promise of winter.*

Or was it a warning?

These pictures were taken in October.

*One can tell by the dead leaves and by the
muddy green water.*

Although, it is just a surface.

There is no bottom underneath.

A shape.

We shot this clip in July 2009.

With a bad camera.

*Still, one can notice the already damaged
branches.*

*The fruit, however, is not visible, but it was
there.*

Uninvited.

Forbidden.

Mutation is survival

*There's always a couple in the garden.
There's always a couple leaving the garden,
eyes opened.
How can we open our eyes if they are never
shut?
Where can we go if we are everywhere?*

*Winter 2010 was harsh
The lake froze.
We moved to another neighborhood.
But we still came to visit.
A few months later we saw signs of recovery.
There was hope in the air.
Or were we fooled by the soft September
light?
We mistook spider web for ribbon.
Fell for the artefacts.*

*For a moment we believed the world was
infinite.
Until we hit against its edges.
Until we saw ourselves from the other side.*

*Here our story converges with the mid-point,
the point where we started.
When these pictures were taken, in 2010.
From here, the end is very near.
And at the same time, this moment has
already lasted for several years.*

*Things will get worse.
It is a fact, not a prophecy.*

*From above, the future is known.
In the top view, the tree is no longer there.
While on the ground, Google keeps it alive.*

*The couple in the window is not us.
Though we were there, too.
Almost at the same time.
Watching the tree as it was dying.*

*Everybody is a witness.
Everybody is a suspect.
This is not guilt, only a convention.
Shame is in the eye of the beholder.*

*November 2010.
We can still try this optical exercise:
Merge the trunk of the tree with the leaves of
the one behind it.
Or, turn it upside-down in your head.*

Don't look away.

*February 2012.
The lake froze.
It's only the surface that changes.
There is no bottom underneath.
No good and bad.
A shape.*

The Vanishing Vanishing-Point was shot in Leopold Park between 2005 and 2012 and in Google Street View in 2014.

Leopold Park was opened to the public after the zoo that was located there for 30 years, went bankrupt. On that occasion the park was also named in honour of King Leopold II.

The park is located in what used to be the Maelbeek Valley, and which is now the European Quarter, Brussels, adjacent to the seat of the European Parliament.

The Olive tree and the commemorative plaque were inaugurated on November 4, 2005, on the 10th anniversary of the murder of Israeli Prime-minister Yitzhak Rabin.

It was removed in spring 2012 and was later replaced by an *Elaeagnus Angustifolia*, commonly called Russian Olive.

The Vanishing Vanishing-Point, 2014, HD, 28'

Red Punctum

Romeo Kodra

It all begins with a red point on a black backdrop. We are located in the heart of Europe. We find ourselves with Effi & Amir - two artists, natives of Israel, residents of Belgium – in the “new heart of old Europe” in Brussels and, more specifically, in the area surrounding the European Parliament building.

The artists chose this red European heart on a black backdrop¹ during the development period of Google Maps in 2007. The selection of the red point on a black backdrop coincides with the home page of the first program of Street View, the search engine behemoth, back when the first photos were not yet uploaded.² Thus, the photographs (Greek etymology: “writing with light”) taken by the artists shed some light on the hyper-technological reflection of the Internet’s history of geography, a real geo-graphy or, a real writing of the Earth on Earth.

The witnesses of this real photography in a specified territory are the “uninvited” artists. This couple is in a public garden, Leopold Park its namesake from one of Belgium’s founding fathers. As is customary in every respectable story, “[t]here is always a couple in a garden.” Like proper descendants of Adam and Eve, the characters of the most renowned story, Effi & Amir are witnesses to the barrenness of the new heart of a body (Europe) with an old history. They embody the barrenness of the sole red point on the black backdrop.

Effi & Amir witness the failure of the transplantation of an olive tree, a symbol of peace and heritage (artistic and cultural in this case), the olive as the cradle of European civilization, the Mediterranean olive to a superficial territory, to a spectral and

simulacral territory. And, like every simulacral specter, like every copy of a copy of a real image, nothing in this possessed territorial space³ breeds life. So that even for this symbol that was planted in honor of the 10th anniversary of Yitzhak Rabin’s murder, there is no hope of life because its ties to the territory are superficial and bottomless. Nothing can be cultivated in this territory because it lacks vertical stratification, the depth required for cultivation.

The experiment fails with the exception of cases of genetic mutation. For example, an olive, in the hands of an artist, magically transforms into an apple through computer generated hyper-technological effects: “Mutation is survival.”

By closely following the history of Google Maps (through Google’s satellite images and Street View photographs), Effi & Amir discover, in the 2014 satellite images, that seven years after being planted, the transplanted olive tree is no longer visible. It vanished as it did in reality, where it was uprooted due to integral rotting, while in the Street View images, it continued its life through the photographs.⁴

A shadow of doubt falls upon the couple of witnesses: “From above the future is known”, as much as from below. The withering of the tree of peace and heritage has clearly left a gaping hole which is distinguishable even from below, in the terrain where it was planted. Thus, the truth reveals itself to the garden couple of the new heart of old Europe: the truth of the real in which they, and we, live, the truth of “the vanishing of the vanishing-point.” These days, thanks to hyper-technological informatics, we do not observe the vanishing,

the daily withering, the impossible transplanting of peace as well as historical and cultural heritage. Today, we live in a state of delirium and alienation, the dream of eternity, the dream of limitless possibilities, of virtual hyper-technological, mass media-induced bliss.

In September 2014, with the mediation of Adela Demetja, Tirana Arts Lab's Executive Director, Effi & Amir applied the same tools in a new project entitled "As If," which included the works of Albanian artists Era Tula, Matilda Odobashi, Driton Selmani, Ergin Zaloshnja and Pleurad Xhafa, all exhibited within a 500 metre radius of the European Parliament, and in a similar way, made use of Google's virtual and technological options.

What was the contribution of these artists, these individuals who come from a country which, for the last 24 years, insistently has sought a place and voice in the "red point" of Europe?

With Era Tula's work, a high synthesis of density in meaning is achieved. Era composed and recited a playful, chromatic voice-over rife with double entendres, calling out the letters that comprise her own name. The letter is a graphic of that geo-graphy of the real, which also marks the individual as well as her daily reality, resolved and chosen through the artist's ERA. There is a reflection on the giant letters E U with which we target United Europe installed somewhere in Luxembourg Square, near the European Parliament. Facing the giant mirror, where United Europe places us un-composed Albanians who lack an identity – we continue to talk every day of this European identity, always out of reach – we see ourselves as in a Freudian

mirror as anxious children impatiently awaiting parental approval of mother Europe in order to confirm our uniform composition and unification as beings: E(ra) U(nited). The artist tells us that this re-composition is fictional as if Europe's reluctance to make us part of the European Union makes us any less European than others. It is no more or less fictional than all the nominative re-compositions with which our parents named us, re-compositions which we often perceive as a personal choice. "Is it?"

Matilda Odobashi's contribution is an installation of a transparent bubble encircling a symbolic island in the middle of a lake, a miniature Europe in Leopold Park, with tangible and intangible borders. A colorful Europe radiates an entire enchanting spectrum of the rainbow which materialises through the refraction of a pale, transcendental sun, a sun we still await to rise and illuminate the entire "stage" from above. The pallor of Odobashi's sun, the waiting for the right moment to embrace and experience it with a photograph in a work of art, represents, perhaps, a life that keeps us Albanians "frozen," keeps us in transition that has lasted for 25 years – a transition that has not stopped being transitory even to this day, suspended between the point of departure and the point of arrival.

Driton Selmani, an Albanian artist from Kosovo, reconnects with Effi & Amir with his video and poem written by his cousin. They both contain monotheistic, religious content. His work is quite similar to a liturgy thanks to the poem's recitation, which counts the Days of Creation consecutively: on the first "blood," on the second "death," on the third "love," and following these, on the remaining four days,

“nothing more.” The rest of the week is comprised of an utterly senseless war, a war filled with colourful flags which combine to form a red point on a black backdrop similar to the opening of Google Maps, or black on red like the Albanian flag.

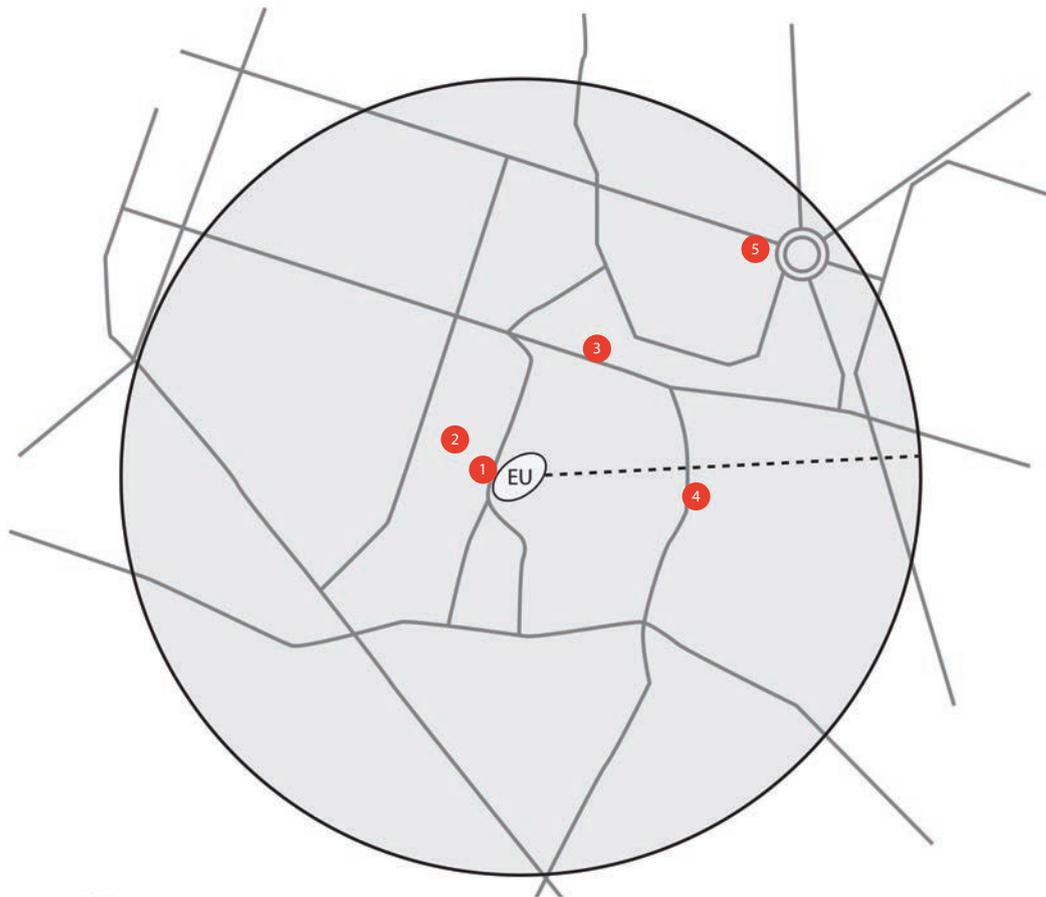
Ergin Zaloshnja’s work presents a billboard advertising the sale of Albanian land for €1. Former Prime Minister Sali Berisha’s slogan resounds to this day: “Albania One Euro!”. The objective was to attract foreign investors to Albania, a land from which the Albanians who cultivated it have been uprooted, or more accurately, a land up for sale along with its people, none of them cultivators, but cultivated as cheap laborers (from the time of Enver Hoxha’s agrarian reform until today), whose only hope lies in the barrenness of the new heart of the old Europe.

In the barren heart of the old Europe, Pleurad Xhafa recalls the tragedy of Gërdec⁵ with a billboard displaying a quote by Efraim Diveroli: “The Animals Just Got Too Out of Control.”⁶ Personally, I am not sure I would call this a work of art, the barbarism of a life which still tears me to the bone. I have no words which can possibly release what lives in my head. Perhaps, as the artist says, all this work wants to say is: “The Animals Just Got Too Out of Control.” After this, there are no solutions involving words or writing in a bar drinking coffee as I am doing at this very moment. The solution I have in mind has nothing to do with art or words, and less so with writing. This red “punctum” on the black Albanian backdrop weighs too much. Omis is – that is to say, I have no words.

Notes

1. What comes to mind immediately is Barthes’ division between “punctum” and “stadium,” the two methods in which a “spectator” can look at a photograph, which the French philosopher analyzed in his ontological study on the photographic medium. See “Chambre Claire.”
2. Indeed, the first documentation with photos, the artists started in 2005.
3. Etymologically from Latin “territorium” – possessed, occupied.
4. Efi & Amir’s work continues to coalesce with the “spectral” life of photography which Roland Barthes theorised in “Chambre Claire.”
5. On 15 March 2008, at least 26 individuals lost their lives due to the explosion of a weapons dismantling depot located in the village of Gërdec, near Tirana. To this day, no one has been found responsible for the massacre.
6. E. Diveroli was one of the people involved in the Gërdec affair, where there may have been potential collaborations between family members of the former Albanian Prime Minister, the Pentagon, and other unidentified private structures. The title of the work is borrowed from a recording by Kosta Trebicka, a witness at Gërdec who was found dead under ambiguous circumstances.

Romeo Kodra is an art critic and researcher based in Albania. His main area of research deals with the inherent dynamics between politics, art and culture. He is primarily interested in the concept of space and territory in Albania during the current transitional period and that of Real Socialism.



As If

On the occasion of their exhibition at Tirana Art Lab, Effi & Amir invited five artists from Albania and Kosovo to contribute to their work with Google Street View. These artists were to propose an intervention in public space, the same public spaces within a radius of 500 metres of the European Parliament building in Brussels. This also happened to be the neighbourhood in which Effi & Amir were living at the time. Photos of these proposed works were then embedded into short films shot in Google Street View. The artists themselves are also embedded in the images, “discovered” by the Google Street View camera, making it seem as if they were actually in Brussels standing beside their installations. They all were then asked to compose and recite a voice-over to accompany the videos.

1 Driton Selmani
4'07 "Brothers and Sisters"
@ The European Parliament

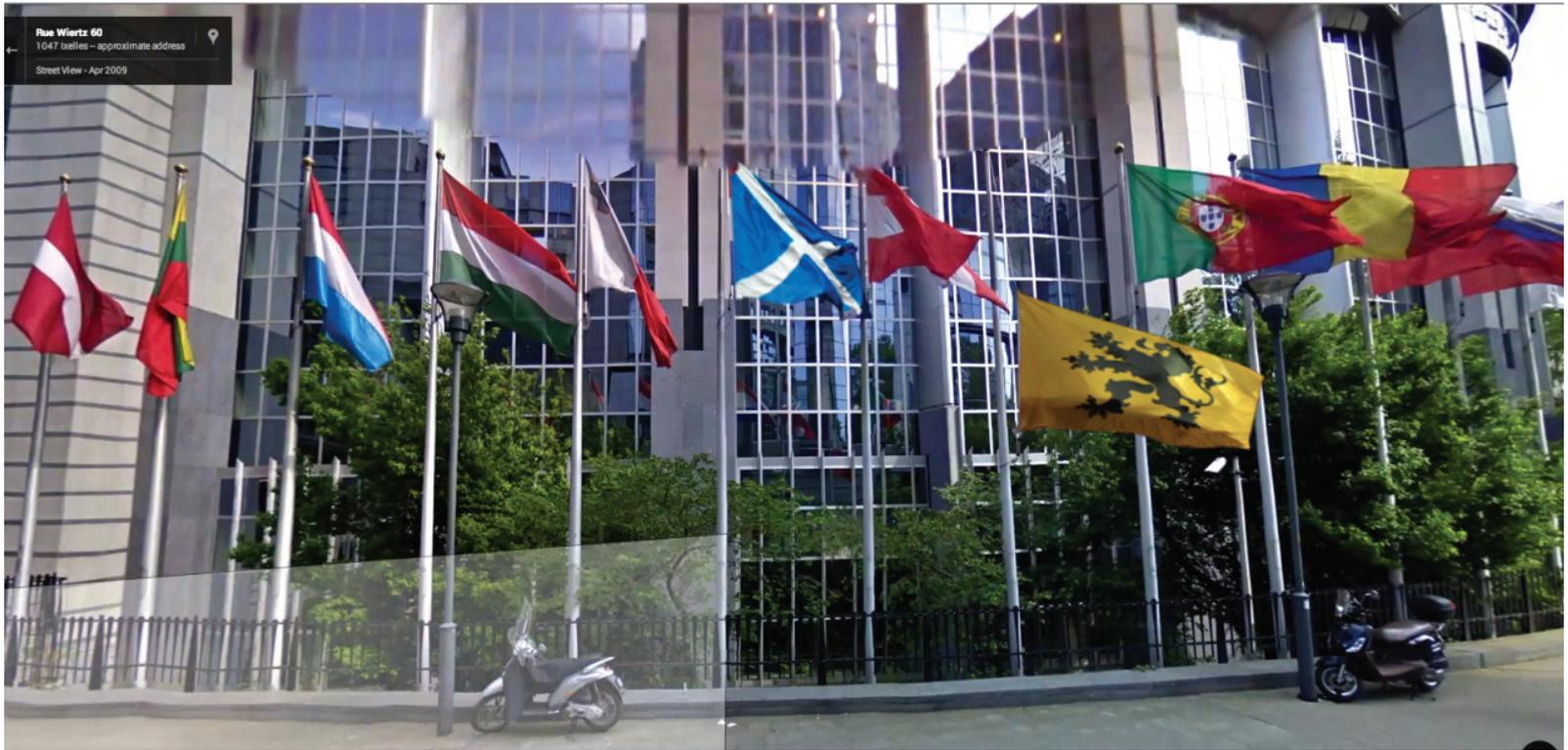
2 Era Tula
4'54 "And Along Came..."
@ Luxembourg Square

3 Ergin Zaloshnja
4'36 "Albania One Euro"
@ Belliard Street

4 Matilda Odobashi
5'21 "Me And My Bubble"
@ Leopold Park

5 Pleurad Xhafa
4'35 "The Animals Just Got (2)
Out Of Control"
@ Schuman Roundabout





1

Driton Selmani
Brothers and Sisters

4 flags, silk print
European Parliament, Wiertz Street, Brussels

On the first day blood was created
on the second day death
on the third love was mentioned
and then there were no days left for us

Poem by: Shpetim Selmani



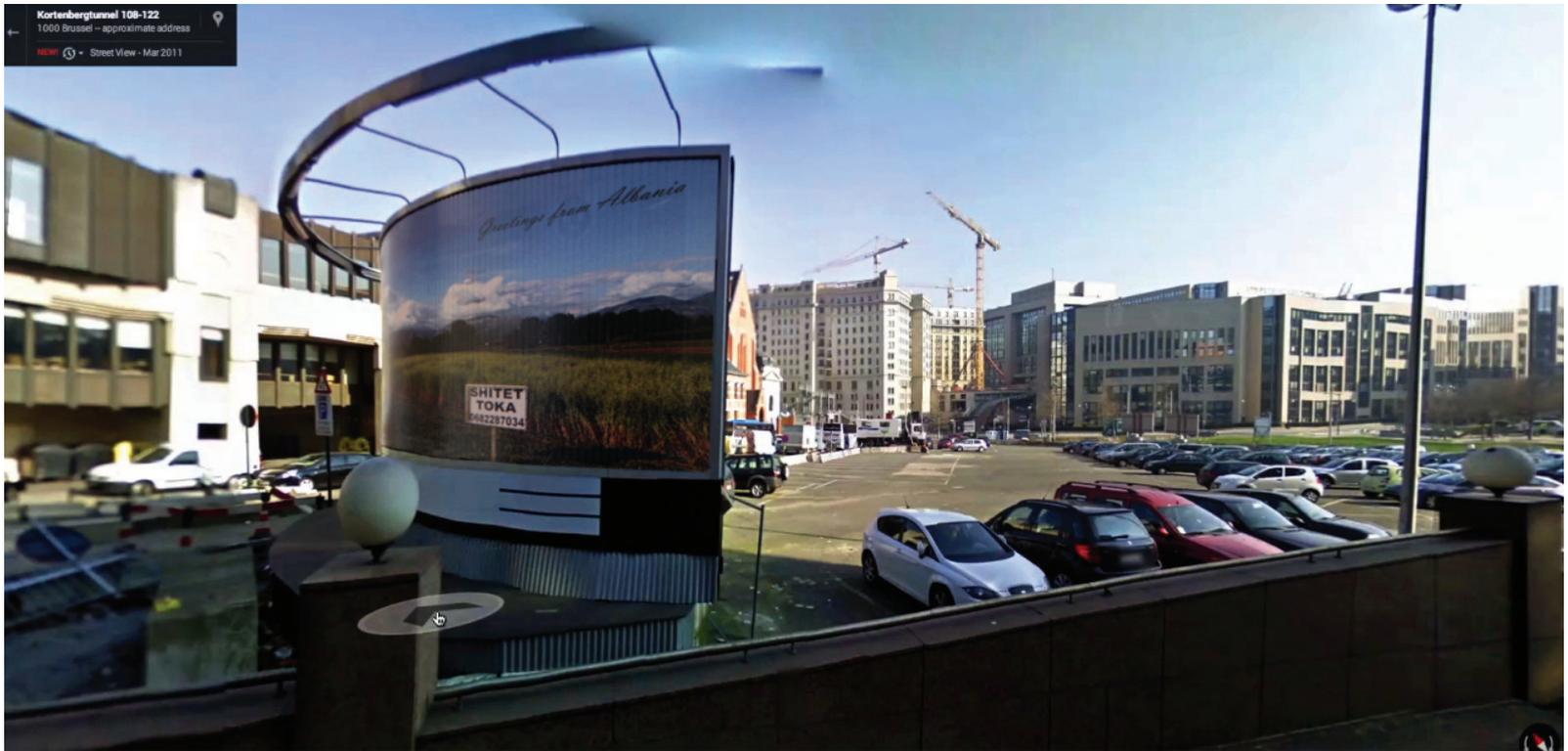
2

Era Tula

And Along Came...

Acrylic on two mirrors, 200*250 cm. each
Location: Luxembourg Square, Brussels

"She would disappear whenever a passerby would stand between me and her. I wonder if I would still be Era this way. I can't see myself, but heyyy... I'm right here, just behind the other person. Maybe I should shout as loud as I can... at least my voice will be heard. But... what's the point? Can I still be Era only through out my voice? It's funny actually... I was worried of being just an R, but now I'm just a voice... a voice that can easily disappear if someone shouts louder than me."



3

Ergin Zaloshnja
Albania One Euro

Billboard poster, 500*200 cm.

Location: Entrance to Belliard Tunnel, Brussels

This billboard, located just in front of the European Economic and Social Committee building, promotes Albanian Prime Minister Sali Berisha's project offering everything for Foreign Direct Investment (FDI) – land, technological water, business registration, entrance to the country, and other services – for one euro.



4

Matilda Odobashi
Me And My Bubble

Glass dome, diameter 30 m.
Location: Leopold Park, Brussels

"Me and my bubble" deals with confines, transparent or imaginary confines covering the subject from the other. I always imagined Europe as an imaginary space or place with and without the confines – a space composed of two parts divided by a transparent layer which forms the Europe within itself and the one outside itself.

"Just as none of us is outside or beyond geography, none of us is completely free from the struggle over geography. That struggle is complex and interesting because it is not only about soldiers and cannons but also about ideas, about forms, about images and imaginings." - Edward W. Said



Rue de la Loi 200
1000 Bruxelles - approximate address
Street View - Mar 2011

5

Pleerad Xhafa
The Animals Just Got (2) Out Of Control
Billboard 30*3 m.
Location: Schuman Roundabout, Brussels

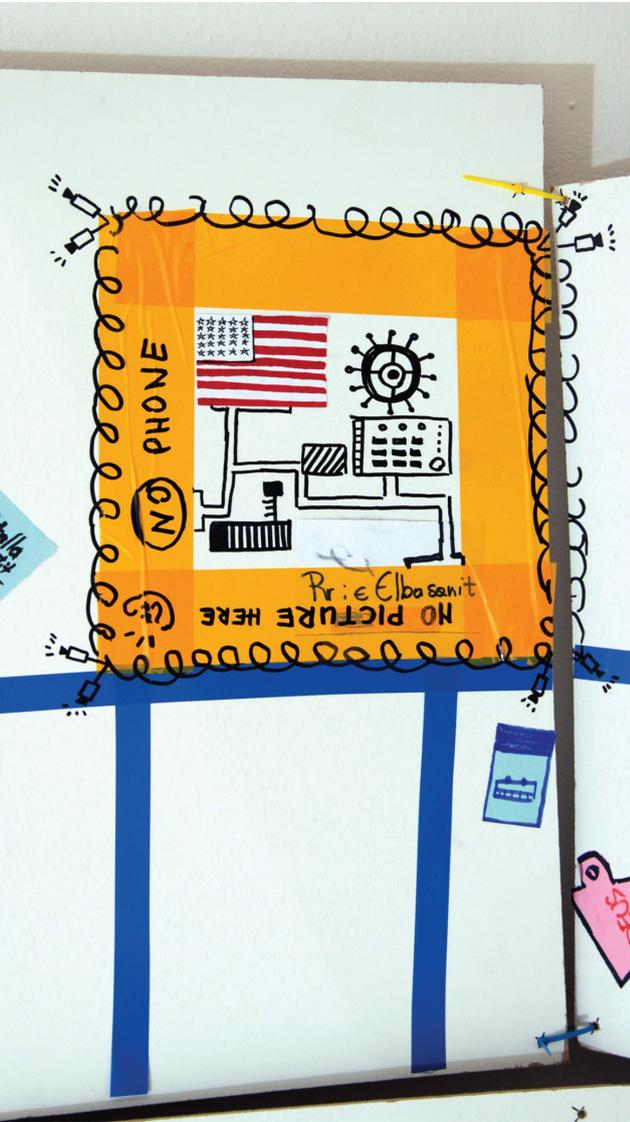
The Animals Just Got (2) Out of Control embodies the structure of Albanian Justice. Double Fake, Double Face.



Let Us Start From The Middle, exhibition view (photo: effi & amir)



As If, installation: five monitors and a map (photo: pleurad xhafa)



LET US START FROM THE MIDDLE

EFFI & AMIR

06-21 SEPTEMBER 2014, TIRANA ART LAB

WITH GUEST ARTISTS:

ERGIN ZALOSHINJA, MATILDA ODOBASHI, DRITON SELMANI, ERA TULA AND PLEURAD XHAFA.

WORKSHOP PARTICIPANTS:

ENXHI KANINA, NERTILA CENAJ, LUMJANA KOÇIBELLI, BORANA DOLLANGA, ANXHELA PIPERO, IVI SEMA, JONIDA GJINAJ, ENES ALIMADHI, BLENDI SHAHU, SARA FERHATI, ERJONA CARUNGU, DANIEL VOCI, AGRON TOQILLA, BLERTA META, NIKOL HOXHA, SHAYNA CALKINS, SARAH EGAN, JACQUILINE A. GERMANN, JOSHUA CRESSWELL, SARAH HAUPENTHAL, JOSEPHINE HEIDE.

CURATOR: ADELA DEMETJA

PRODUCTION: LA CHOSE À TROIS JAMBES ASBL-VZW AND TIRANA ART LAB

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TEXTS: BRUNO DE WACHTER, YAEL MESSER & GILAD REICH, ROMEO KODRA

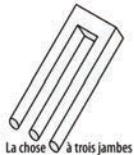
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