

A SHORT MESSAGE FROM AH'WE KE'HATNE' (THE WATER)

BY JOE STAHLMAN, ANA STAHLMAN, AND FILEVE STAHLMAN



Portikus and the River Main (Google Earth)



“Untitled (QMII),” photograph by Asad Raza, 2009

EDITORIAL

BY DESCHA DAEMGEN

In her book *Symbiotic Planet* (1998), biologist Lynn Margulis describes life as animated water. And water is animated life, too: a single drop contains innumerable life forms, from bacteria to paramecia. And the flow of water through the world is the medium of all our existences and re-existences.

Proprioception is the sense of ourselves in the world. When you ride a bike, your proprioception adjusts so that when you want to turn left or speed up, you automatically turn the wheel or stand on the pedals. Margulis says that the planet, as a living system, has a sense of what's happening to it—when a storm is coming, animals and plants convey this knowledge across the landscape. Maybe rivers are part of this planetary proprioception, a circulatory system like our veins and arteries.

People sensed this when they worshipped rivers as gods or treated them as living beings. Not because rivers have minds, but because they are the network of water on land, circulating the elements required by life. In the last 300 years we have dammed, straightened, and neutralized them. But in so doing we separated them from us, and us from the planet's proprioception.

Life, Margulis famously argued, does not always advance by competition between organisms. It also advances by life forms combining, absorbing each other, and becoming parts of larger wholes. Symbiosis is how advanced life arose from bacteria, trading genes in a soupy medium.

At a larger scale, rivers are an agent of connection between animals, plants, microbes, and parts of the water cycle. A river delta, a tree and a human placenta have the same form. Their ramifying branches nourish and fertilize, unifying water, land, and sky.

Dear Frankfurt, Ever since the birds in conference resolved to save the first Haudenosaunee ancestor from her spiraling descent, we, in one mind, have burdened ourselves to teach you the sacred instructions, which are the secrets to life. In the Haudenosaunee *Ganō:nyōk* or Thanksgiving Address, we shared the sacred words of our responsibilities and uses with them. As such, the Haudenosaunee remind themselves:

“Ah'we ke'hatne' (The Waters) We give thanks to all the waters of the world for quenching our thirst and providing us with strength. Water is life. We know its power in many forms—waterfalls and rain, mists and streams, rivers and oceans. With one mind, we send greetings and thanks to the spirit of Water.”

“Now our minds are one!”

Listen to the voices of life speak in unison:

“Now our minds are one!”

Our Mother embraces all of her children, even I, the eldest, and most wondrous in natural beauty will outlast the callousness of our oppressors. WE are the spirit of Natural Life, WHICH IS AND WILL BE FOREVER. Our currents and waves are the lessons of our connection in OUR RESISTANCE to be contained. OUR STRUGGLE IS NOT SACRIFICE LOST. IT IS OUR ONENESS as a natural energy WISELY USED.

“Now our minds are one!”

The day the first human came to our relations: THE CLOUDS, THE MOUNTAINS, THE SKY, THE TREES, THE MEDICINES. MY RELATIVES TOUCHED YOU with the spirit of Natural Life.

We nudged you with gentleness:

“LISTEN TO US, IMPATIENT ONE, WE ARE FOREVER. YOU MUST REMEMBER THE GENTLENESS OF TIME. YOU ARE STRUGGLING TO BE WHO YOU ARE. YOU SAY YOU WANT TO LEARN THE OLD WAYS. STRUGGLING TO LEARN WHEN ALL YOU MUST DO IS REMEMBER. REMEMBER THE PEOPLE. REMEMBER SKY AND EARTH. REMEMBER THE PEOPLE HAVE ALWAYS STRUGGLED TO LIVE IN HARMONY, IN PEACE.”

Now, we remind you to surrender to your SELFISHNESSES and move beyond your WEAKNESSES, so we all may enjoy the beauty of creation. Your new ways are hard on us all.

Although true, you must work for your survival, but we have given you the instructions to survive in peace with one another. You must be open to the sacred instructions.

“Now our minds are one!”

Our younger brothers and sisters, the Haudenosaunee, tried to teach you the important lessons needed to be shared. Yet, in your GOOD MIND, you created dams and dumped the defecations of what you call power, we call CONTROL.

The lesson is our survival depends on us working together. Remember, IMPATIENT ONE, REMEMBER AND LIVE. Do not let fear keep you from giving truth, respect, and love to

yourself. By doing so, we cannot fully appreciate the instructions to life.

Honor Sky. Honor Earth. Honor All Peoples. Honor Yourself. Honor all of our Relations. Ease your mind with gentleness of time.

Our relations give THANKS to you, pray for you, yes PRAY FOR YOU, for us ... even for those who misunderstand the sacred instructions. For those who cannot comprehend the balance of life, they are lost by their egoism, fears, and weaknesses.

Younger Brothers and Sisters, We IMPLORE you, do NOT join in their follies. We see them speak with the SPIRIT OF SADNESS. Machines. Money. Progress. These are the well-springs of OUR COMMON ABUSE.

WE SEE YOU, brothers and sisters. WE FEEL YOU, brothers and sisters. WE LOVE YOU, brothers and sisters. We also know through the gentleness of time that we will endure. FOR WE ARE ONE. WE PRAY FOR YOU. WE PRAY TO YOU.

“Now our minds are one!”

Our lesson is simple: rejoice at the life you are part of, an energy bound to natural laws. The spirit of Natural Life flows within you. Do not let human deeds destroy your human needs. The spirit of Natural Life is forever.

Listen to the voices of life speak in unison:

“Now our minds are one!”

Oheh!

Ah'we ke'hatne'

A BRIEF HISTORY OF DIVERSIONS

BY LIBERTY ADRIEN

A large stone attached to a long wooden pole on a crane-like construction rotates around an axis with a leather bag swinging on the opposite side. The latter plunges into a water source and, by the sheer applied force of a body pulling on a rope, lifts a large amount of water onto a field high above. The *shādūf*—an irrigation system widely used from ancient times to the present—dates back to approx. 3,000 years BCE. It is part of the history of water

Anatolia and flowing into the Persian Gulf—and varied with the amount of rainfall at their source. Farmers had to build ingenious networks of canals, weirs, and dams to regulate water flow between periods of heavy rains and droughts. Over thousands of years, agricultural techniques for diverting, storing, and distributing water have evolved according to the needs of populations and the characteristics of their environment. The ancient Egyptians, for example, constructed systems based on basin irrigation, as the Nile—unlike the Tigris and Euphrates—is seasonal and predictable. Complex structures were thus created to regulate the volume of water supplied to the land between high and low tides, as well as to extract fertile sediments from the river water.



Garden Scene, Tomb of Ipuy, ca. 1295–1213 B.C., New Kingdom, Ramesside Norman de Garis Davies (The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York)

More than six millennia ago, early water systems were developed in the so-called ‘Fertile Crescent’ in the Western Asia, a region known for its rich soils and abundant crops. The Mesopotamians, who settled between the Tigris and Euphrates rivers, created an elaborate network of irrigation and although the arable land consisted of fertile soil, the cultivation of this seemingly ideal region for agriculture was rather challenging. Receiving little rainfall, the land's water supply depended on the level and course the Tigris and Euphrates—originating in

Since these first hydraulic technologies were invented, history has shown that the rise and fall of civilizations are often associated with their ability to manage water resources. Even today, these dependencies remain essential to the survival of communities and require constant ingenuity and reinvention.

DISPLACEMENT

BY ELSA STANYER

A—tug—of—war between roots and wings. There's something that continues to pull me away from where I am. It's why I left, and it's why I want to go back. What if I can never really sit still? Perhaps I leave it all. Fear of actually doing anything leaves me in a resting state of fantasizing. The impulse to destroy myself. Where does this leave me?—*It's ok.*—A shoulder dis-located from its socket. Hanging on by a film of skin. I come to the conclusion: I didn't out-stretch/stretch-out my arms enough. I reached before my feet and took from the water in which I used to play. I've pissed in there too, so I almost feel that that water took from me. We are even. To soak my hands in its abundant offerings. It runs both towards and away from me. From afar all the water looks black. This is typical of the area: an old industrial town. Not where I stand. Not where I pissed. The river is a soft copper. I want to hold it. All of the river. Where can I find water like this? Wherever there is water. I take from its pool. Dipping my fingers inside its dripping glove. I welcome it as an extension of my own skin, becoming aware of its neutrality and its force. A tasteless, odorless compound, see-through. Destructive.

Running. Still. I could take a bottle with me and flush it down the toilet. I could consume it, I'm sure I have already and let it run through my intestines. I could piss it out. I could wash myself in it. It could kill me. It could save me. I drown myself in the contradictions and submerge myself in the possibilities. I know that cremated people have been scattered here. I would like to carry this matter with me. On the train to London, and in the sky, back to Germany. In my pockets. The river breaks its provincial banks, and evaporates. River: I can't keep you. Or hold onto you. I would like to present you.

"Eventually, all things merge into one, and a river runs through it. The river was cut by the world's great flood and runs over rocks from the basement of time. On some of those rocks are timeless raindrops. Under the rocks are the words, and some of the words are theirs. I am haunted by waters".

A River Runs Through It,
Norman Maclean

It also runs through me.



Bathing in the River Main. (Institut für Stadtgeschichte, Frankfurt)

FLOATING

BY CARINA BUKUTS

It's 1922. As you're walking on the river bank of the River Main, you come across a spot where the temperature is slightly higher than elsewhere in the city. You stop. Your skin feels gently kissed by the sun. Your nose starts to smell the sweet scents of jasmine and orange. While you walk further down the alley, your eyes are drawn to yucca palms, fig trees, eucalyptus, strawberry bushes, and bananas. Botanist Maria Sibylla Merian would have probably liked this landscape, you think. The idea of exotic plants in a city in Northern Europe, however, makes you wonder how they got here and, more importantly, how they survive. You look at the river and imagine a big boat arriving in the harbor, packed with plants from five different continents, and the labor and effort invested in bringing 'a piece of the South' here. With every step you take, you feel your body heating up more and more. Why is it so much warmer here than anywhere else in Frankfurt? you ask yourself, looking around as if the plants in this urban jungle could provide you with an answer. Perhaps if you held still for long enough, tried to listen carefully, you could hear them whisper, sharing stories of their journey, their arrival, their maintenance, their meaning. But the heat has made you impatient, so you walk away. You walk towards the water where wooden planks on pontoons form

a 500-meter-long bathing facility: *Schwimmstalt Mosler* features pools in various sizes, a restaurant under palm trees, a roller-skating rink, and a boat rental service. You close your eyes and listen to a soundscape of splashing water, bubbly beverages being poured into glasses, children laughing and screaming, cheesy flirt attempts, birds chirping wildly. The sun hits you and you jump into the water without a second thought. You're no longer in Frankfurt, but in Nice. Suddenly you realize that this is more than a Mediterranean-like river, it's an idea. And you ask yourself, in the dark times, will there also be swimming?

It's 2022. You've seen bombed cities and collapsed bridges rebuilt. You've seen how the economy has crashed and grown again. You've seen people being sent away and returning home. You've seen rivers turn from blue to red to green. You've seen water rise and fall. You think you've seen it all, but hasn't anybody told you that appearances are deceiving? To fully comprehend, you need to get involved. Dip in, tilt your head back, roll your shoulders, make sure your chest is open, stretch out your arms and legs as far as you can. As you float on your back, you realize, in the dark times, it's posture that matters.

Tips for the River Dweller

BY BONES TAN JONES

When living on the river, one must be ready for all types of tides and waves. Sometimes the rainfalls and the banks break, I advise you learn how to float before deciding to be a river dweller.

Floating is easy, you just have to breathe in deep and relax, fill yourself with air and inspiration, let physics do the rest.

It's a good idea to befriend your new neighbors, the other kin who call this place home. Learn the names of the birds, ducks, swans, coots or heron, and try to listen, for they may tell you their true names (not the names we humans have labeled them with).

You will begin to decipher their calls, telling each species apart, knowing the hours when they are most joyful, or hearing the frantic strains of a mother calling out for her lost duckling.

A good way to greet these neighbors is by always keeping a handful of seeds in your pocket, that way, as they approach you can offer them a gift. Don't expect much in return.

Be careful where you decide to moor up to float for the night—some trees the neighbors like to use as their perching lavatory, and you are guaranteed to wake up covered in semi acidic bird poop.

Morning next to a giant patch of stinging nettles is a great way to deter any possible intruders from your floating home, people of that demeanor seem to be wary of the humble and misunderstood plant. You, as a river dweller, will know the nettle to be a great protector, strong medicine and nourishing food. An ally in every way.

Your mornings will be awoken by a few stings from their leaves that get the blood flowing smoothly through your system. Nettles' sibling 'weeds' on the banks of the river will become your closest friends.

My final tip is, observe the ripples in the sunlight, and observe the ripples in the moonlight. Let them wash over and through you. Take these ripples with you as you journey on, be it land or water, the eternal currents and wisdom of the river and its ecosystem will flow from your soul.



"Puddle in Windscheidstrasse, Berlin, May 28, 2022" photograph by Mathew Hale

The Polluted River

BY VIVEKA KUMARI

[A text message sent to the editors by Viveka Kumari after she had been asked to recommend an existing text on the significance of the River Ganges in Indian culture and society.*]

M, read Chapter 4—it gives a very clear explanation of what the Mother Ganga means to a lot of Hindu Indians and why she is this legendary river—and the most polluted in the world—the dichotomy of modern India with its flowing greed for power all cloaked in hypocritical fascist faith, that is drowning all our constitutional principles... and actually the foundation of authentic Hinduism which is an incredibly inclusive philosophy of simply being. There are no Wrongs or Rights, just an exquisite celebration of life in all its infinite hues.

And yet, as ever, the human need for power evolved a clergy—(there's always a clergy right?)—who used the inaccessible power of the written word to sculpt boundaries that excluded all illiterates, and so began the corruption of harmony and a natural democracy.

Today, thanks to that same clergy holding hands with amoral governments, and their hunger for the fat juicy rewards of global finance, it is the most polluted river in the world.

It is so symptomatic of the complex trajectory that is the woven story of ancient and modern India—which as defined today didn't exist till 75 years ago—and yet all the intricate time lines of the sub continent are present all at once in a loud cacophony of temple bells and 'prayer' that pound along the banks of that magnificent and now polluted river.

* Kumari recommended *India: A Sacred Geography* by Diana L. Eck (Harmony, New York)



The art of joy: holiday at home.

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TWENTY-THREE TYPES OF RIVERS

BY WOLFRAM LOTZ

- 1) Straight rivers
- 2) Meandering rivers
- 3) Wide, slowly flowing rivers
- 4) Side rivers
- 5) Earlier creeks, grown over time
- 6) Watersport friendly rivers
- 7) Steadily widening rivers
- 8) Rivers overflowing their banks
- 9) Rivers indispensable for freight transport
- 10) Green rivers
- 11) Roaring rivers
- 12) Rivers ending in so called terminal lakes
- 13) Rivers flowing into the sea
- 14) Multi-stream rivers in alluvium
- 15) Rivers with reeds on the bank
- 16) Underground rivers
- 17) Rivers on photos and posters
- 18) European rivers
- 19) Danube and Elbe
- 20) Rivers, where I played with my brother Hans as a child
- 21) Border rivers
- 22) Dried up rivers
- 23) Rivers with modern bridges

Source: Wolfram Lotz, *Heilige Schrift I (Holy Scriptures I)*, 2022 (Fischer Verlag, Frankfurt am Main)



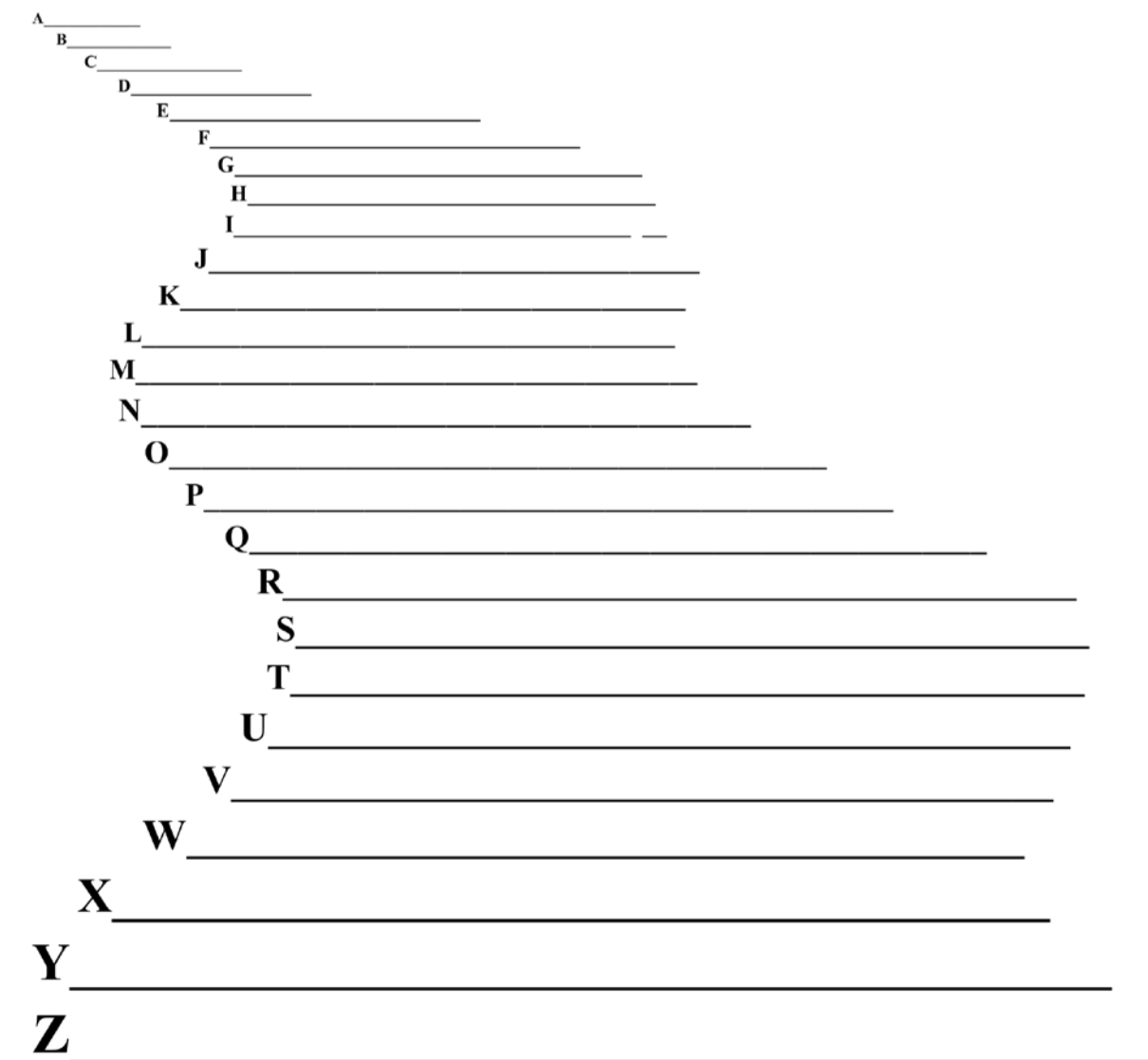
"The Main and Its Tributaries, As Seen From the West," drawing by Rufus Hale, 2022

MY RIVER RUNS TO THEE

BY EMILY DICKINSON

My River runs to thee—
Blue Sea! Wilt welcome me?
My River wait reply—
Oh Sea—look graciously—
I'll fetch thee Brooks
From spotted nooks—
Say—Sea—Take Me

The Poems of Emily Dickinson, 1951 edition (Belknap Press, Cambridge)



Dearest,
I feel certain I am going mad again.
I feel we can't go through another of those
terrible times. And I shan't recover this
time. I begin to hear voices, and I can't
concentrate. So I am doing what seems to
be the best thing to do. You have given
me the greatest possible happiness.
You have been in every way all that
anyone could be. I don't think that
people could have been happier till
this terrible disease came. I can't
fight any longer. I know that I am
spoiling your life, that without me
you could work. And you will I
know. You see I can't even write this
properly. I can't read. What I want to
say is I owe all the happiness in my
life to you. You have been entirely
patient with me and incredibly good.
I want to say that—everybody knows
it. If anybody could have saved me it
would have been you. Everything has gone
from me except the certainty of your
goodness. I can't stop spoiling your life any
longer.
I don't think two people could have been happier than we have been.

Drawings by Mathew Hale: (left) "Virginia Woolf note," 2022, (right) "A is for Amazon, Z is for Zambezi," 2022

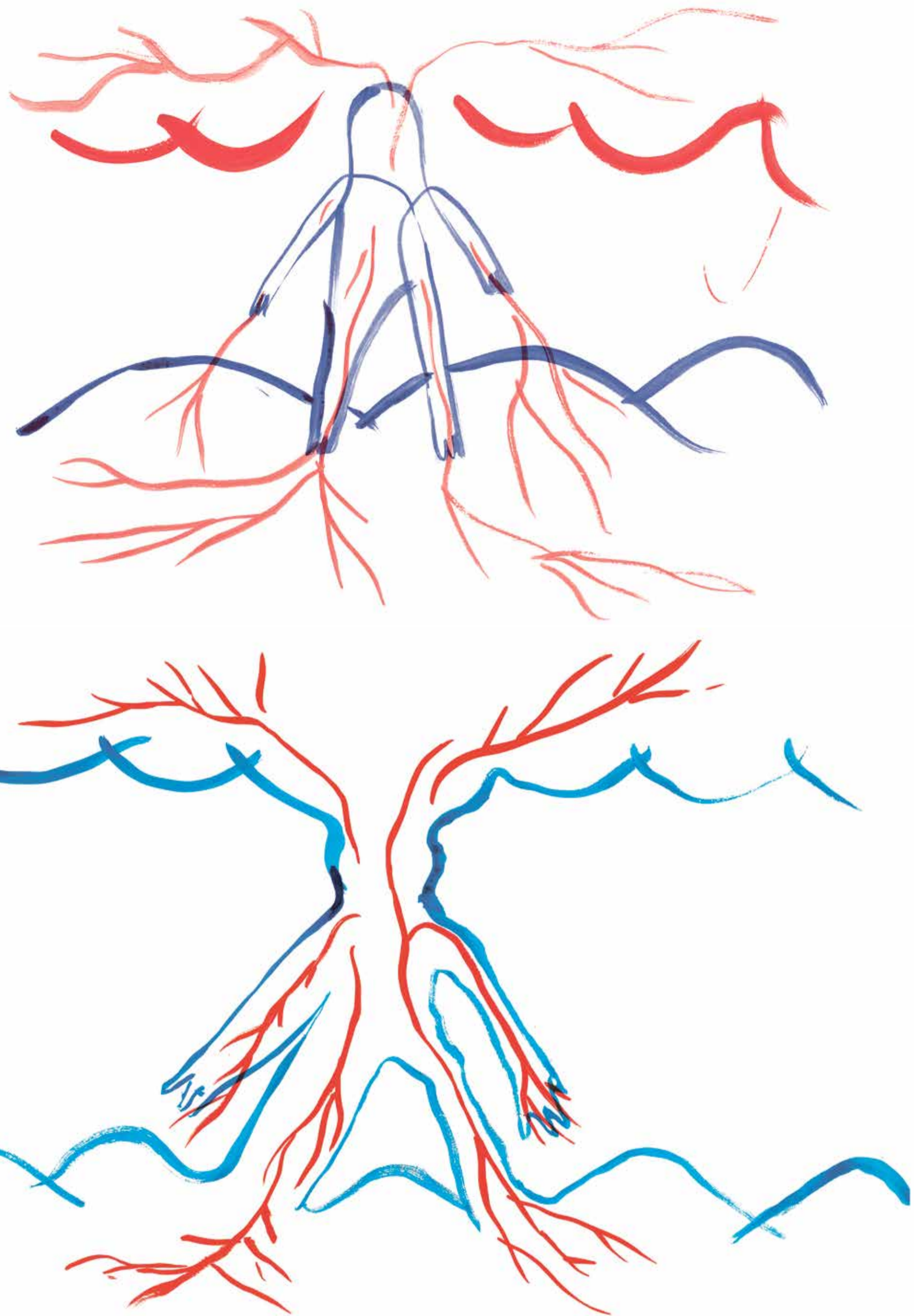


Thames driftwood

HEX

BY SOPHIA AL MARIA

1. in the morning in the shower on the daily think of your witchy needs. when you get out write this sigil on a piece of paper. this is a sort of automatic drawing no one will see.
2. take the purple sponge plug and submerge in milk. soy best due to high estrogen content but fresh cow or goat will do if you must.
3. take the sigil into the bathroom and crumple it. take a moment closing your eyes and direct your intentions for the day. place the sigil in the drain. wet with water.
4. place the milky plug into the hole.
5. take some hair collected in an envelope and with a pair of scissors, trim bits off as if you were shearing chives over your eggs. douse liberally around tub.
6. when the day is done. clean tub. repeat next morning.



"Connected I" and "Connected II," drawings by Adéla Součková from the book CONNECTINGS, 2021 (Trigon, Prague)

WHAT IS HYDRO-FEMINISM?

BY ASTRIDA NEIMANIS

We are all bodies of water, leaking, sponging, sloshing, dripping, sipping. As watery, we experience ourselves less as isolated entities, and more as oceanic eddies: situated, temporary, relational.

soak up
relinquish
precipitate

Hydrofeminism is an action concept that flows from this embodied material imaginary. Following Adrienne Rich, hydrofeminism begins "with the geography closest in—the body." Understanding our own human bodies as bodies of water invites us into a different kind of relation to other bodies of water, a feminism of relation. Hydrofeminism asks: if we are all bodies of water, what does this connect us to? What can we give, and what do we owe?

pour
pool
circulate

[An excerpt from the upcoming exhibition catalogue *Dem Wasser folgen* (Following Water), edited by Christina Veigh, Laura Boehme and Linda Walther, Kunsthalle Bielefeld, 2022 (Snoeck Verlagsgesellschaft, Cologne)]

SMALL DAM

BY OLIVIA FAIRWEATHER

In the sandpit, three older kids dam the stream flowing from the pump. I can see the water pooling, held. My small son looks at them sternly. Downstream, where it is dry, the water is needed: for sand of a cement like quality, for sandcastles and moats. The water deepens behind the dam. The older kids can see we have put down our tools, waiting. They are unmoved. I read that prior to the invention of modern formula milk, the history of feeding infants whose supply of breastmilk had been cut—a maternal death, a cleft palate, a mother whose milk is stolen to feed another—is the history of infant death, poisoning and starvation.¹ What if little souls waited, a month or two, before slipping into the bodies of the newly born and out from the flow of the not yet existing? If they could just wait, I think. But whose suffering would be lessened should the little souls be held back? Held until sure; sure that the mouth won't be met with scarcity, that there will be a flow, that the breast filters and does not block, that the water is made clean. No one's, there would be no consolation in this. Sometimes a little ball of fat sticks to a duct: if the mother is well nourished and there is a supply, and if the fat cannot be dislodged by a sucking child or pump, the milk will build behind the block, as will blood and pus. If a new course is required, as the pressure builds, the skin of the breast will break, and the milk will seep out. In the sandpit, the dam is breached. But my small son and I, tired of waiting, have already picked up our things, moving further upstream, up closer to the source.

¹ Carla Cevasco, "What We Get Wrong About Life Before Modern Baby Formula," *Time Magazine*, May 16, 2022. <https://time.com/617644/baby-formula-breastfeeding-history>. Last accessed: June 8, 2022.

BOOK OF THE WEEK

BY MANTHIA DIAWARA

Poetics of Relation (1990) by Édouard Glissant is a book about how intuition, nature, and poetry, which entertain the darkness of opacity, were taken out of communication, and how our humanities were left only in the hands of systems of linear and discriminating monolinguisms. Everything that did not reflect the one and the same was cleared out. In fact, the book opens with the death of the poem, coinciding with the birth of philosophy. Glissant, the octogenarian, laments the fact that he was no longer able to hear the sound of the cascading river water coming down from the mountain of Bezaudin, his native village in Martinique.

Nature, too, was destroyed by the rise of technologies of mass production. So the poem, our humanity, was lost in the abyss, like those captured Africans who were pushed into the Atlantic Ocean, with no one to mourn them.

I once asked Glissant if there were ways to simplify his ideas for a wider presentation in American universities, and if my film might be one of the means of that effort. He answered that his ideas were already simple; what was needed most for the Americans, and many French people, was to change their frame of mind from one

of globalization to mondialité, or worldliness. He suggested that we needed to enter into a state of world and mind that was less prone to discovery and conquest, and to espouse a philosophy of relation that looked at our differences not as that which divide us, but which link us individually and collectively in the 'Tout-Monde, where the communication between our intuitions knew no frontiers of language, territory, or power. As for my film, Glissant said, looking at me and smiling, if he were I, he'd wait until we were in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, and point the camera at the mass of water, its abyssal expanse. That would be the whole film in one shot, for him.



Stills from Manthia Diawara's film Édouard Glissant: One World in Relation, 2009



"Ship of Death," photogavure by Tacita Dean from *The Russian Ending*, 2002

Implosion and Osmosis

BY ARHUN AKSAKAL
IN REMEMBRANCE OF VIKTOR SCHAUBERGER

In nature, water and air rid themselves of pollutants and formation structures through vortex processes. Every river runs in serpentine through the landscape and forms an infinite number of small and large water vortices. These eddies act as powerful resonance structures and release energy and electrical charge to the water and the colloidal charged particles. In the center of a strong vortex, the velocity is theoretically infinite and thus the resulting forces can approach infinite magnitude as well. Cluster structures cannot withstand the pressure difference, complex molecular assemblies are fragmented

into small ones and begin to release enormous forces.

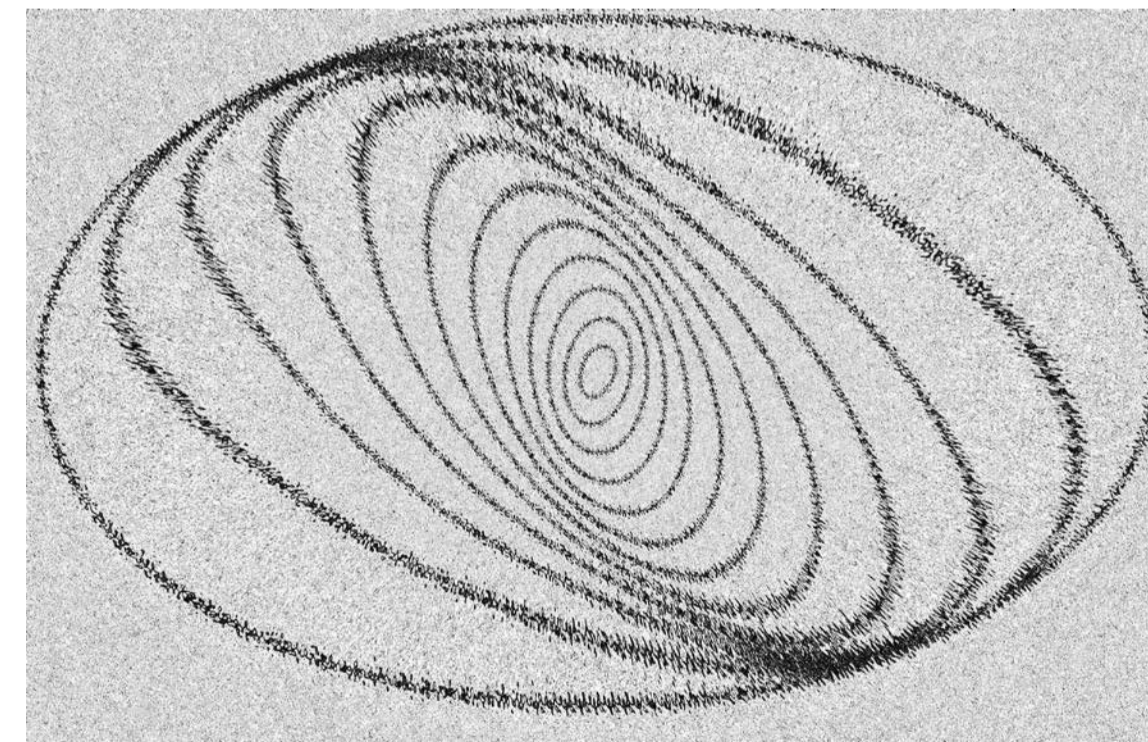
Complex toxic compounds can be broken down into less toxic or nontoxic smaller compounds. Strong vortices can also dissolve the formation field of a materially existing substance for a limited time, rendering it biologically ineffective. A river has a much higher self-purifying power than, for example, a canal.

Every plant, every animal, every human being and water absorb the good life forces internally.

The basic structure of all natural processes and structures, both large and small, is vortex-shaped. Whether

looking at the spiral nebulae of the galaxies, whirlwinds, plant growth, the horn shape of animals, or the protein and DNA structures, the vortex shape can be found as a fundamental principle.

The whole universe is in motion, in the flow of the spiral. Two forces manifest themselves in it: there is the inward vortex of implosion, the attracting, absorbing, centripetal force. It has form-giving, constructive and quality-promoting properties. In contrast there is the degenerative force of explosion. It is the outward centrifugal energy vortex of decay. Nature uses this decomposing form of movement to dissolve exhausted complexes.



Water flow in "Chronological Problem," drawing by Arhun Aksakal, 2022

In Case of Negative Energy

BY SHANE ANDERSON

In case of negative energy, like stress, anxiety, loneliness, or inconsolable grief, grab a glass of water then sit down. Try to relax despite the stress, anxiety, loneliness, or inconsolable grief by breathing calmly and with determination. For the next ten minutes you're going to direct your attention to the water in your hands and to the water alone. Set a timer for ten minutes and press start. Focus on the water in your hands. If any of your worries or needs distract you, visualize the water's molecules and its ability to dissolve solids. And if you start wondering how much time you have left or whether you're doing the exercise right, divert your attention back to the water and try to remain with the water. Once your timer signals the end of the ten minutes, take a sip of water, and feel how the water absorbed all those thoughts and emotions that accidentally seeped in. Drink the glass of water slowly and feel how the small doses of negative energy in the water have mixed with your concentration and how it works against the negative energy in your body. Finish the glass of water and feel the negative energy slowly dissolve. Then repeat if necessary.



"Water Glass and Jug," by Jean-Baptiste-Siméon Chardin, ca. 1760

RECIPE OF THE WEEK: CLAM CHOWDER

BY ASAD RAZA

)<=>(||||)*>

I love clam chowder because no one knows where it came from, and there's a recipe for it in *Moby-Dick* (which I once made: very rich and kind of stodgy).

They say it comes from the word "chaudière" or hot-pot, as used by French fishermen, but it's as American as they come. Jasper White (the Boston chowder chef) might dislike this recipe, since it doesn't contain salt pork, one of the orthodox elements in New England chowder ingredients. Well, I developed this recipe while living with a pescetarian and used garlic and chili instead (it works).

Other points: you want potatoes that are starchy, not waxy, because the starch helps thicken the broth. Second, sourdough bread and seafood broth is a hellishly good combination, so find a good sourdough loaf. Finally, my other innovation on the classic method is to remove the clams after cooking and replace them at the end, thus avoiding rubbery-clam syndrome. If you have very large clams (like quahogs), chop them up roughly prior to putting them back in the soup, though you then lose the sensual quality of perfectly tender, whole clams in your soup.

Warm 2 cloves of chopped garlic and 1/2 a teaspoon of crushed red chili and 1/2 teaspoon of peppercorns with a large knob of butter and 2 tablespoons of olive oil in a heavy soup-pot over medium-low heat. Add 1 diced large onion and sweat until translucent and flimsy but not browned. Add 1 kilo (maybe 24 medium) clams and a cup of water (or white wine), turn the heat to high and cover. Open after 5 minutes and check that all the clams have opened (littlenecks can be a bit reticent, sometimes you have to turn them right side up). With a slotted spoon, remove the open clams to a bowl.

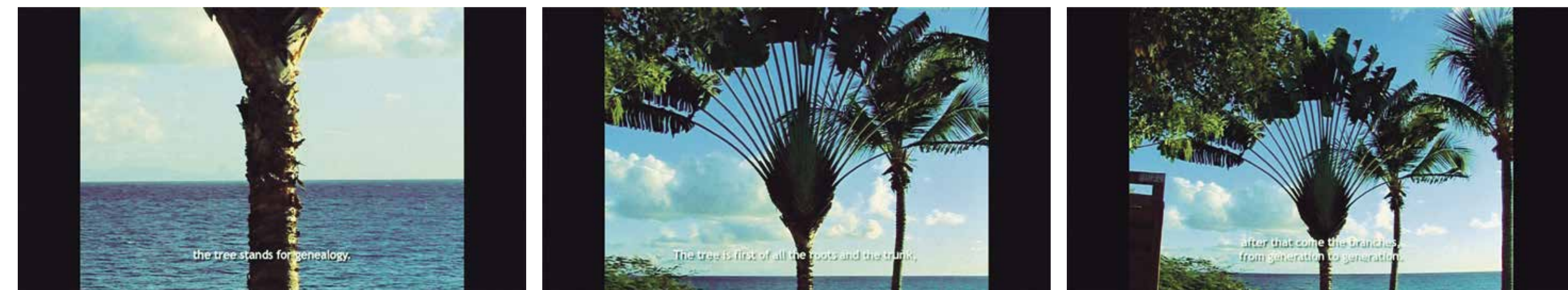
Now add 3 large, starchy sliced potatoes to the pot and enough water to cover them. Salt generously to avoid stirring too much later. (Meanwhile take the clams out and discard the shells.) Boil until potatoes are well cooked. Crush one or two of the cubes into the broth to thicken it a bit. Add a pound or 1/2 a kilo of some trash fish filets (founder is perfect) and cook them in the broth until they flake apart (2–3 minutes). Turn the heat off, throw in the clams and any residual broth from their bowl, half a bunch of chopped parsley, and enough cream to thicken the broth. Ladle into bowls, and add toasted sourdough bread, either in slices or croutons. Sourdough bread and the watery, clammy broth is a dream.

FEAR OF WATER

BY PREM KRISHNAMURTHY

Some people claim that if you throw a baby in water at the just right age, animal instincts kick in. It'll land, the story goes, at that sweet spot between flailing and treading where sheer buoyancy keeps the child from going under. But since his parents could not swim, never having—as far as he had observed—managed enough immodesty to strip down to bathing trunks or bikinis, it meant that basins, streams, rivers, and oceans were decidedly undesirable destinations.

So when he finally arrives at the YMCA poolside for a beginners course, it's already a couple years too late. The teacher instructs the students to mount the diving board and jump right in. He does. Time flees like an eternity—eyes squeeze shut, limbs thrash, lungs swell—until someone hauls him up to the surface. He never will learn to hold his breath under water or manage a crawl after that.



Stills from Manthia Diawara's film Édouard Glissant: One World in Relation, 2009

DIVERSION PLAYLIST

COMPILED BY
YASMIL RAYMOND AND HOLGER JAKOB

1. Die Forelle, D. 550 (1817) BY JONAS KAUFMANN
2. Ol' Man River (1927) BY PAUL ROBESON
3. Río Sena (1944) BY ÁSTOR PIAZZOLLA
4. Cry Me a River (1953) BY ELLA FITZGERALD
5. Big River (1957) BY JOHNNY CASH
6. Moon River (1961) BY AUDREY HEPBURN
7. River Deep Mountain High (1966) BY IKE & TINA TURNER
8. Yes, the River Knows (1968) BY THE DOORS
9. Down by the River (1969) BY NEIL YOUNG
10. Ballad of Easy Rider (1969) BY THE BYRDS
11. Watching the River Flow (1971) BY BOB DYLAN
12. Following the River (1971) BY THE ROLLING STONES
13. River (1971) BY JONI MITCHELL
14. Fiume azzurro (1972) BY MINA
15. Take Me to the River (1974) BY AL GREEN
16. Take Me To The River (1974) BY SYL JOHNSON
17. Pissing in a River (1976) BY PATTI SMITH
18. Rivers of Babylon (1978) BY BONEY M.
19. Take Me to the River (1978) BY TALKING HEADS
20. The River (1980) BY BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN AND E STREET BAND
21. Fluss (1980) BY RHEINGOLD
22. Boat on the River (1979) BY STYX
23. Loreley (1981) BY DSCHINGHIS KHAN
24. Am Fluss (1985) BY HANNES WADER
25. Río de las penas (1985) BY MERCEDES SOSA, LEON GIECO AND MILTON NASCIMENTO
26. Oubao moin (Alabanzas) (1987) BY LUCÉCITA BENÍTEZ
27. The Rivers of Belief (1991) BY ENIGMA
28. Find The River (1992) BY R.E.M.
29. Harlem River (2013) BY KEVIN MORBY
30. Fluss (2021) BY LEA

Water and Horoscopes

BY CATALINA IMIZCOZ

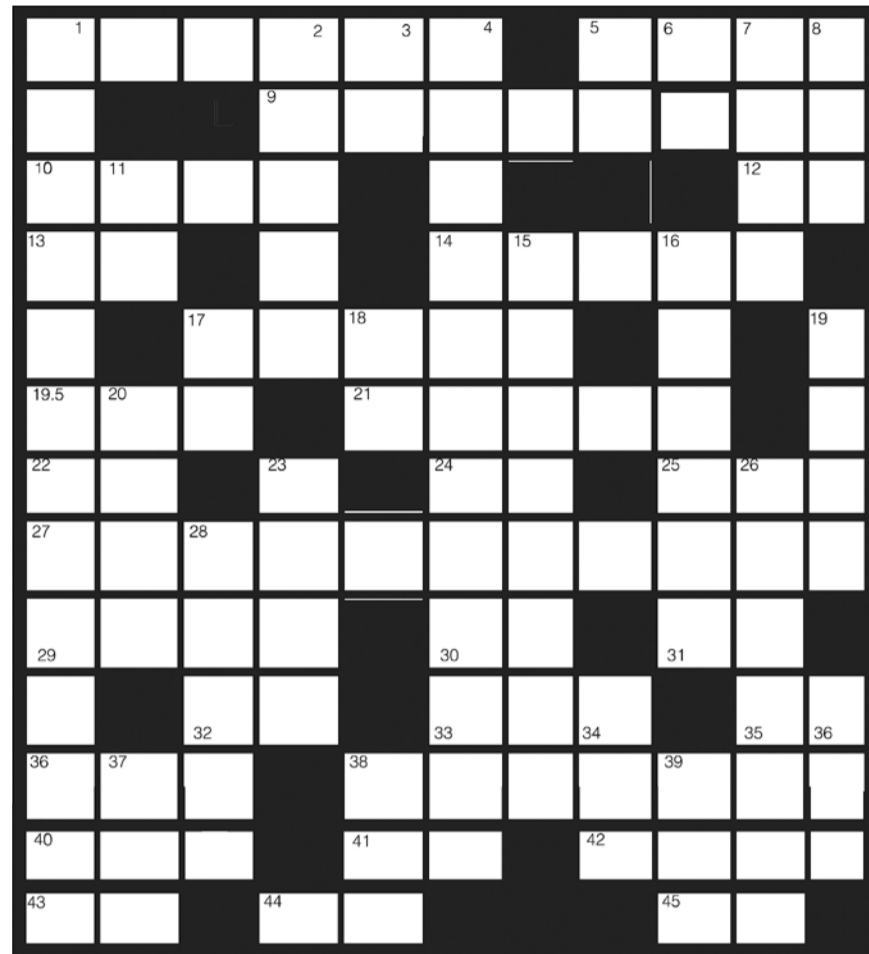


Water in astrology means the land of feelings, emotions, sensations, connection. Cancer asking for a nest to feel warm in, Scorpio shaking us with renovation cycles, Pisces syncing us with the unconscious and the totality of sensorial information. Astrological symbols are keys that open these experiences—it's that or they're dead symbols, or easy horoscopes. The beautiful thing about Water is that it spells out that certainty of perceiving everything without being able to rationalize it. It's a different comprehension, one more serene but also more demanding, because of how profound it is. In technical terms, we say Water notes more than it can signify. A deep ocean of emotional information, reverberations offered to us as if by magic.

The personal-political aspect of Water is a disruptive intruder. This week started with the eclipse on Sunday. It was my friend's birthday on Monday, we celebrated in a pub and we spoke about how stirred we all felt. On Tuesday, I woke up to the news that I'd been involved in something I didn't approve of, possibly had been lied to. On Wednesday, someone very dear to someone very dear to me passed away. On Thursday, I almost split up with my partner—long term relationship, last six months have been rough. It's impossible to talk about Water sincerely without talking about how I was experiencing it while I was writing this text. Water always finds a way in.

PROVINCIAL CROSSWORD

BY KEREN CYTTER



Answers on the bottom
Please use unilinks

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

BY DAN GRAHAM

“The artist shares in mankind’s various media of expression having no better ‘secrets’ or necessarily seeing more inside or outside of things than any other person; often he is more calculating; he wants things to be as interesting as possible; to give and return pleasure; to contribute to the life-enhancing social covenant. My opinion (more later): we must go back to the old notion of socially ‘good works’ as against the private, aesthetic notion of ‘good work’—i.e.: art to go public.”



“0626_0907_haemorrhage,” watercolor by Yvan Salomone, 2007, showing a pump on the bank of the Bani river in Mopti, Mali (Xippas Gallery, Paris/Geneva/Punta del Este)

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STÄDTESCHULE PORTIKUS e.V.

X ARTISTS' BOOKS



www.portikus.de/en/
exhibitions/228_diversion



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HORIZONTAL:

1. Founded in 1817. This museum owns 3,100 paintings, 660 sculptures, more than 4,600 photographs, and more than 100,000 drawings and prints. It's the oldest museum in Frankfurt.
5. A river that always has a choice.
9. A lens in any optical instrument.
10. An older name of a German city, famous for its fragrant water and the principal church of a diocese.
12. Switzerland's license plate.
13. Initials of Austrian born American film actress and inventor of an early technique for spread spectrum communications and frequency hopping. The only communication with the outside world in the last decades of her life was through the phone.
14. Highly addictive dried leaves that are used for smoking, and can be found pretty easily in every country in the world except Bhutan.
17. The devil on four.
19. Sweetened frozen food that evolved from sorbet in the 16th century.
21. Well behaved (German).
22. Abbreviation of nota bene.
24. Initials of the philosopher who originated the expression “survival of the fittest”, which he coined in *Principles of Biology* (1864) after reading Charles Darwin's *On the Origin of Species*.
25. Landesamt für Sicherheit in der Informationstechnik. Acronym.
27. Draw carelessly or hurriedly.
29. Cute bouncing animal that is famous for its reproduction, without the first letter. Name of a Bulgarian dynasty, between 1185 and 1280.
30. Initials of the 28th prime minister of Australia, who held this position for a couple of years, until 2015.
31. The family name of American Experimental Jazz composer, piano and synthesizer player, and poet. His first name is the center of the solar system.
32. Belgium's license plate.
33. Most popular public-service television broadcaster.
35. “Nicht wahr?” (Colloquial).
36. It's feminine, it's plural, it's you.
38. Skyline tv series can be watched on this famous streaming service.
40. Abbreviation for permission. A municipality in Tyrol.
41. Initials of a famous American novelist, who often explored the Jewish experience in America.
42. A mild curse word in German, expressing disappointment. Sounds foggy in English.
43. The opposite of “ja”.
44. Masculine pronoun.
45. Abbreviation. Scandium (rare earth metal of group 3 of the periodic table.)

VERTICAL:

1. A district in Frankfurt connected to the old city through the old bridge. A rooster's soul was served to the devil on that bridge. The devil didn't like it, and ripped the animal apart. A golden rooster on an iron bar still stands as the bridge's emblem.
2. The second longest river in Europe, flows from the Black Forest to the Black Sea, yet can be associated with blue.
3. A single (male) merchant. Abbreviation.
4. An electric device to heat air.
5. Abbreviation of “oben angeführt”.
6. One can obtain this prefix after years of academic studies and a thesis. In many parts of the world it is also used by medical practitioners regardless of whether they hold a degree.
7. If the last “e” in the corner will move behind the first “e”, it will sound like a surprise or dismay.
8. Abbreviation for a house that is attached to other properties on both sides (in German). One can find them at Kelsterbach, Hessen.
11. Black Gold in German.
15. It was known to be the most beautiful example of Gothic-styled, half-timbered architecture in Germany. Bombed in 1944, a small section of it was reconstructed from 2012–2018. Located on the northern Main river bank.
16. They can eat from the rivers. One of them caused a scandal in the summer of 2020 for brutally killing a catfish.
17. Postscriptum. Abbreviation.
18. It could be yes in one language, it could be here, and if repeated, it's an art movement formed during the First World War.
19. That river will always sound principal in English. The murdered catfish (vertical 16) was taken from that river.
20. 3 stars hotel on Speicherstraße 4, 60327 Frankfurt am Main.
23. A disorder of the skin caused by inflammation of the skin glands and hair follicles specifically: a form found chiefly in adolescents and marked by pimples especially on the face.
26. The largest ethnolinguistic group in Europe, without the H. They are geographically distributed throughout northern Eurasia, mainly inhabiting Central and Eastern Europe, and the Balkans to the west; and Siberia to the east.
28. The German translation for horizontal 42. A low-lying cloud. Frankfurt. Abbreviation.
37. A native or inhabitant of Ireland, or a person of Irish descent, especially a man.
38. American Radio station. Nonprofit organization with 32.7 million listeners.
39. The flower of death in French.

Colophon

This newspaper is published on the occasion of Asad Raza's work *Diversion* at Portikus, Frankfurt am Main, June 25–September 25, 2022.

EDITORS

Mathew Hale & Asad Raza

CONTRIBUTORS

Liberty Adrien, Arhun Aksakal, Sophia Al Maria, Shane Anderson, Carina Bukuts, Keren Cytter, Tacita Dean, Descha Daemgen, Manthia Diawara, Emily Dickinson, Olivia Fairweather, Dan Graham, Mathew Hale, Rufus Hale, Catalina Imizcoz, Holger Jakob, Prem Krishnamurthy, Viveka Kumari, Wolfram Lotz, Astrida Neimanis, Yasmin Raymond, Asad Raza, Yvan Salomone, Adéla Součková, Joe Stahlman, Elsa Stanyer, Bones Tan Jones

TRANSLATION

Carina Bukuts, Xenia Schürmann

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(Ann Richter & Pia Christmann)

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IMAGE EDITOR

Norbert Dietsche

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Asad Raza's new work *Diversion* redirects the river through Portikus and invites the public to interact with and dip in the waters of the Main.

The river is a key protagonist in the planetary water cycle—channeling earth's circulation of water from mountain to brook, from ocean and to cloud. As a source of energy flows, fertility, and new life, the river is often understood as a powerful deity or person, holding historical, economical, socio-political, and emotional importance. In response to Portikus' unique location on Frankfurt's Main island, artist Asad Raza's new work *Diversion* reflects on the many facets that rivers carry. In an evocative waterscape that spans the entire exhibition space, visitors encounter a continuous stream of the Main diverted through the gallery and flowing back to the current.

At the heart of Raza's practice is the creation of experiences and dialogues. In *Diversion*, the audience is invited to interact with, dip in, and drink purified water from the river. As in many of the artist's works, human exchange is an integral part of this piece. Custodians, who Raza cast on site, wander with the visitor, explaining scientific facts, telling stories and carrying out daily rituals, such as monitoring the water quality, analyzing its development, filtering, and remineralizing quantities of it. By bringing together the processual and the relational, Raza emphasizes in this piece the interdependence of humans and their environment.

The notion of transformation—of knowledge and substance—is highlighted by various materials used in the gallery and by actions occurring throughout the exhibition. While logs of charcoal are made by burning sticks gathered on the island, a sandbank recalls how stones crush against each other, alluding to natural and industrial processes of alteration, which are both central aspects of evolution. The filtered sediments collected from the channel provide vital nutrients for the plants to live and grow in the gallery. Inspired by the image of the river delta, all elements are connected like arteries and feeding on each other. *Diversion* forms an ecosystem, which the artist describes as a metabolism—the synergy of human, plant and mineral life. Using common materials, such as newspapers, picnic tables, pipes and pitchers, Raza imagines an environment of collective memory, creating a place of gathering and contemplation. In this sense, the title, *Diversion*, alludes both the literal detour of the Main through Portikus and to the urgency of steering away from the course.

PORTIKUS

DIRECTOR
Yasmil Raymond

CURATORS
Liberty Adrien & Carina Bukuts

PROJECT COORDINATION
Claudia Famulok & Xenia Schürmann

PRESS
Mira Starke

TEACHER
Stefan Wieland

CUSTODIANS IN *DIVERSION*
Rand Elarabi, Nils Fock, Maria Guhr, Rabika Hussain, Mary Bom Kahama, Blaykyi Kenyah, Hanna Launikovich, Nelli Lorenson, Hemansingh Lutchmun, Hilda Stammarnäs, Elsa Stanyer, Amina Szecsódy, Yuxiu Xiong

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