

MIGRATION & NEW COMMUNITIES

Die Filme sind im Rahmen der Studienreise «Migration & New Communities» der Fachklasse für experimentellen Film/Medienkunst (Prof. Nina Fischer), sowie im Rahmen des Seminars «Common Ground – Orte der Gemeinschaft» von Lilli Kuschel entstanden.

Teilnehmer/innen waren Studenten verschiedenerer Studiengänge, sowie internationale Künstler/innen mit aktuellem Fluchthintergrund.



Auf Zeit#01 (17:17) Naser Fathi, Ismail Karayakupoglu, Annika Haas, Sungeun Kim, Mouna Assali



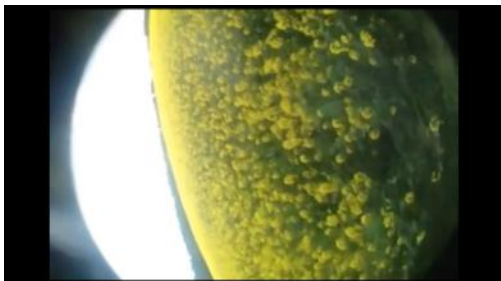
The Forgotten (04:08) Michael Daoud



Untitled (02:35) Abdul Rahman Mousa



Where to (02:56) Miriam Wollert & Tanya Al Kayyali



Untitled (05:41) Somar Al Rashed



Le possible n'est pas reel (04:00) Yousef Iskandar

TEMPORARY COMMUNITY

A community cannot be something else than temporary. Even more, it is always in its becoming, it is never a community – except in case of “the real socialism” that once perverted community to a substantial order and at a certain point lost the people that constituted an de-constituted it. A community can hardly be grounded in ideology. Such a community, and thereby I also mean a community that states that it is a community because of a common law, place or definition of ‘identity’, will most probably end up dividing itself. One may not think only of former so-called ‘communist’ states with regard to that, think of Kommunen or the Paris Communes – they split up after their common aim or vision had been lost (has it ever been fulfilled?), while communities never stopped to appear anew, it seems. They are reclaimed again and again in Rojava, in the Kandil mountains, on the Mount Gurugu, in your Kiez, at demonstrations, on online platforms, as scientific communities, as micro-economic structures of solidary agriculture, as corporate and privatized spaces such as gated communities, as clans, as extended families. At the same time, a community never remains; it has temporal character, while it is not necessarily of con-temporary character. Can a community move with the times it ‘inhabits’ in order to establish counter to all conventions and transform circum-stances? Sharing space and time already make a community.

One may have these in common, also virtually. In this actual moment each of ‘us’ reading this text shares this con-temporal space, which is easy as long as we just stand or sit here not talking with one another. Share in German means teilen and is close to mit-teilen, i.e. to communicate. Communication (Mit-Teilung) is impossible without partaking in a community, it requires being with one another in space and time. Being-With, as Jean-Luc Nancy and Giorgio Agamben describe it, stands for a kind of community in its becoming, without an origin and without a common aim (whose fulfillment would mean the end of the community, hm?). It starts, it ends, it fails, it happens in-between each of us, in multiple relations articulated and non-articulated, in communication, which is not about exchanging commonalities but about communicating that we are able to communicate, because we are different and not one. What may sound obvious becomes crucial when a community that considers itself in contrast to that as a whole wants to welcome newcomers to their ‘circle’ (which

implies closure). What happens to the other, the new being to the community? It has to adjust to the existing rules and ‘values’ to become ‘part of the circle’. In doing so, it loses its visibility and difference – equally to all the other ‘members’ of this community that have gone through this process of assimilation. I am afraid that ‘integration’ means almost the same.

Philosophically speaking it would make a difference to acknowledge the strangeness of the stranger. Sounds not so PC! Jean-Luc Nancy has spoken of the ‘intruder’, which sounds even cruel in this context, but he comes from a different direction. Reflecting on his transplanted heart that had made him experience how he is a stranger to himself (with a body escaping from its functionality, sanity, power), he experiences the ‘strange’ feeling that the intruder, in this case the implanted heart, all of a sudden is the one who keeps him alive. Even if this argument may be loaded with pathos, it demonstrates that it makes a difference how we relate to newcomers, others since these situations are an existential part of our lives, not just in a pathological situation. In a sense, we experience a heart transplantation every time we encounter the other: Without him we wouldn’t be able to say who we are, we require him to differentiate and become aware of ourselves while we have to recognize that our ‘self’ is like a heart beyond our conscious reach and demand. Accepting this strangeness of ourselves it becomes impossible to think of the other as someone who knows me so well so that we develop a self-assuring mutual understanding for one another. In contrast, Nancy emphasizes that the stranger, **l’étranger**, has to be acknowledged in its difference (because he experiences myself as equally strange), otherwise one would deny him also as a person. I respect and acknowledge the other in his/her difference while I keep the strangeness alive. This is the crucial ambivalence:

Even if I try to be just and do not **commonalize** (make someone share a community), an uncanny feeling remains, I cannot grasp what it is that makes me nervous, struggles me, seduces me, raises questions etc. This is not necessarily an intellectual process, all this can happen in a moment of encounter, a gaze, a handshake. And it never finishes, it can never be resolved, we will never be the same since we are **strangers to ourselves**, as also Julia Kristeva underlines. Amongst other arguments she grounds her

thesis on the uncanny that, according to Sigmund Freud, is actually something that is known and mutual to us but that we have suppressed. The encounter with a stranger reminds us of our unconscious desires, fears and **Trieb** ((sexual) drive), we **project** the uncanniness and irritation about it onto the other although it begins in ourselves, with the stranger we are for ourselves.

Projection, **proicere** this is to throw something and also to blame someone. Am I projecting my abstract thoughts onto real existing communities? If you don't look, but project you try to adjust your own idea onto the other, ignoring him or her, ignoring that he or she is not simply a screen or a canvas. In a sense, with the word projection, I arrived at the opposite of community. A projection can materialize as a light beam in which a group of people stands and cannot see anything else but this – or as an idea (which also

means: view) becoming ideology. How are temporary communities we are partaking in affected by projections? As we experience the revival of ideology in extreme dimensions we may feel even provoked to retreat in temporary communities that look at the blinding light beam from different angles (at least we try hard, at least at an art school). So it is not enough to underline that 'we' do not vote for 'their' parties. Only as this 'we' turns their heads around and walks and talks in different directions we get to know each other on 'common ground', never united in difference, as separEUnion – in order to acknowledge that community remains impossible as long as we remain different from each other and strangers | to ourselves.

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