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







This text is based on an interview with Nika Dundua, Nasma Al-Shutfa & Yuqi Wang, as well as an exhibition visit by the author. Pictures and context of the exhibition can be found over [here](#).





 15/03/25. I stand on the Winschoterkade, in front of [SIGN]. It's pretty  out today. At , I brew some tea, and I take a sip. The , ,  grow enormous, or do I get smaller? With massive force, I try to open [SIGN]'s massive  .

When I enter, I see a giant  [Magic 8 ball, Clara Rojas] lying on the floor. Rather than the usual round and hard ones, this one is comfortably squishy and saggy. Marie-Jeanne enthusiastically jumps on top of it. Afterwards, I do so too, forcing a large jump, and landing on the soft black and white velours. I wish I could spend more time here. From a , I hear a voice asking: *DO YOU EVER GET TIRED OF BEING ASKED QUESTIONS?*.  replies: *My sources say no.* In the windowsill, black and blue glass  lie scattered; Glasswork always makes me anxious; I think about uncertainty. I make a big jump, land on the windowsill, and hop in and out of the  one by one. Inside of them, the world is dark and blueish. When I exit, I feel different. Marie-Jeanne offers to bring me some , always making me feel at . I take some time to drink it. I notice I even grow a bit smaller, and I continue  through the space, on the metal gridded floor.

I encounter a dark and octagonal block [The Shell #1, Yuqi Wang], holding a concentrated amount of signifiers. On the middle there is a circular mirror, surrounded by small silver plugs; From some of them, chinese braided hair enters straight-downward into Groningen soil. In the soil, a number of gigantic silver balls are spread. Around it, I see sixteen balding heads, with  floating around them: of politicians, xenophobia, budget cuts. I walk around it, and I see Yuqi standing there. I ask them what is .

Yuqi Wang:

*When I'm in , I feel like I miss my parents and family, and I miss the  I used to have a lot. When I'm in  with them, I feel like that kind of unity cannot fulfill my longing for a . I started to realise that the idea of  for me is more of a memory or fantasy, that consists of past experiences. According to , everything is there because certain conditions are met in the moment. In nature, everything is empty, without a self. Once any of the conditions is absent, the existence of a thing falls apart. My fantasy of , with my parents, was constructed in the early years of my life. Now that I moved away from them, my longing for  is not something I can reach out and get at the moment. I haven't found a good  to accommodate my new experience of living alone in the . There's a lot of anxiety and uncertainty overflowing from this experience. I'm trying to temporarily accommodate those anxieties and uncertainties in my work.*

I make terrifying jumps down the rotating stairs, built of worn wood and grey metal. The basement [Through the sounds that I remember', Maria Landgren Hillmersson] contains  with packaging peanuts and charcoal shards, a large block and a tripod with a spotlight on the floor. Warm light fills small pockets of space. I read some of the words in the space. *A door slowly opens, creaks and squeaks / Beeswax slowly melts in a saucepan / A hole puncher clicks / Footsteps in packed snow / An old Swedish pop song / The distant whistle of trains / A bird call from high above / Blowing into a bottle.* A plethora of sounds, washing, scratching, rinkeling, tingeling, wooing, haunts the space. I feel the heater against the right side of my . I look at the block, built up of cardboard boxes. It seems to be a window; I discern different images, textures and objects coming from behind it. All of it feels distant, like it's covered in fog. When I'm about to sink into the space, I see one  staring back to me from the pile of boxes. I quickly make my way out.

With heavy climbing, I try to get upstairs again. I meet Nika on the stairs, and I ask them what is 🏠.

Nika Dundua:

*While I grew up in 🇷🇺, it was never fully my 🏠, because my parents are immigrants to 🇷🇺. When the Full-Scale Invasion started, it was a big moment that changed how I perceived the spaces I grew up around. I would go to the park where I'd have ☕ every Sunday, longing for the feeling, but it wasn't there anymore. The conditioning within me changed a lot, and the space stopped being what it used to be. Because of the FSI, I moved out. To this day, it makes my relation to 🇷🇺, which should be this distant 🏠 I think about, much more difficult. When I imagine the 🌍, I don't imagine 🇷🇺 as something real and physically existing. Because of resentment, anger and shame, I subconsciously deleted this space as an actual existing 📍. I don't miss it, but I also think that this non-feeling is a bit artificially created. Now my 🏠 is my flat in The Hague.*

In the corner of my eye, I notice a green shelf afar, holding a glass 🍷. There's a light coming from inside and different shapes are encased, popping up in standstill. I wish I could reach inside. Alas. To my left, there is a large, round, pastel pink island, with grandma's purse spread out on a pink hocker. The purse is made of see-through plastic. Lots of colorful candy falls out of the purse, and some crumbs are left on the grid of [SIGN]'s floor. Small pieces in bright pink, blue, green and red. I take a piece of candy and place it in my hand. This is cold, slightly sticky, and has that granular texture of sugary stuff. The middle is a blue dot with some pink in the middle, and around it is an orange puddle with some purple pops at the end. I place it on my tongue now. It just fits in my 🗨️, and instantly melts into a soft ☁️. Some pieces stay harder. I wish I wish I wish I could eat all of that. When I am wishing, I notice that I get immensely large, breaking through [SIGN]'s ceiling.

I look around, and I stumble upon Nasma. I ask them what is 🏠.

Nasma Al-Shutfa:

*I remember, I had 🏠 when I was young, in 🇸🇪. I had my family and friends, everything was very familiar. The first time I left 🇸🇪, I feel like I lost the concept of 🏠. I changed a lot since leaving. I don't agree with their ideas, and I don't feel belonging anymore, as I felt it when I was young. I feel like I don't have 🏠 anymore, but I have it. What is 🏠 at the end? Is it a place I can be comfortable in? I can move to 🇹🇷, 🇺🇸 or the 🇸🇪, and in all these places I'm still an outsider, no matter how much I try to blend in. Even if I feel 🏠, I can see that in other people's eyes I am not 🏠. Sometimes I don't give a shit about it, but it still affects the feeling in a way or another. Even now that I got my 🇸🇪 passport, I don't feel like I'm a hundred percent 🇸🇪. Should I be 🇸🇪, can I be both, or should I not have any nationality at all? This is so complicated.*

While Nasma shares all this, I keep getting larger. I wanted to go to the space in the back, but now I can see the whole of Eurasia. I see [How to design a border, Nasma Al-Shutfa & Nika Dundua] different people walking across borders, photographs of borders, highlighted with yellow tape, and an overwhelming amount of signs and symbols. From here, I can see the racialised walls in and of fortress 🇪🇺. I see various landscapes; where borders are just lines; where borders are big walls. I see people engaging with them; I wonder who built the walls of this 🏠; who decided where to place them; where to mark the boundary between the inside and outside; who is invited in, and who is kept out; I wonder what 🏠 is for all these people.

I catch a thunderstorm on the tip of my tongue. I start shrinking again, fortunately. I end up right back at Winschoterkade, and I 🏠👤.