

anti-war journal of art and anti-art

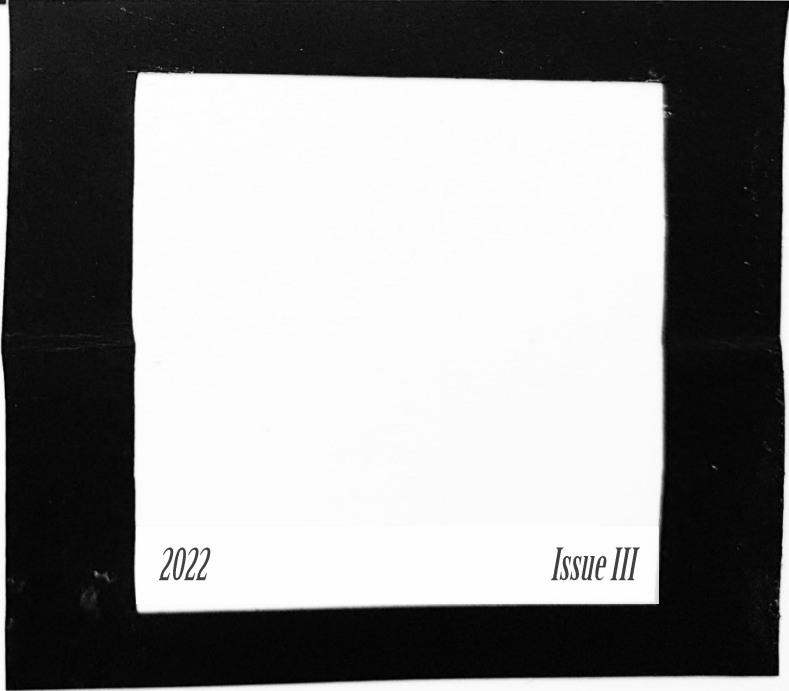


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EDITORIAL

This journal was initially founded as an independent art periodical, maintaining the tradition of artist-run avant-gardist and conceptualist magazines, such as *The Blind Man*, *Вещь*, *Art-Language*, and *The Fox*. It was meant as a critical counterpoint to 'contemporary art', which we understood as today's form of what Peter Bürger called the 'institution of art' (and Joseph Kosuth simply called 'junta') – a conservative culture-administrative apparatus that only aestheticises progressive and emancipatory ideas, turning them into decorative buzzwords that veil global capitalism, while getting along unproblematically with corrupt and nepotist cultural institutions of the most reactionary political regimes. After all, international contemporary art organisations, such as e-flux, have been happily rubbing shoulders with putin's oligarchs' institutions *Garage* and the *V-A-C* Foundation up until the war started. When we began in 2020, we unfortunately did not realise what we do now. All the avant-gardist periodicals listed above that we had assumed as our predecessors either were or soon became wartime art journals. For *The Blind Man*, it was the First World War, for *Вещь*, the last stage of the Civil War in Russia, and for *Art-Language* and *The Fox*, the Vietnam War. Now *Shy Plumber* has been caught up in war too, the war in Ukraine. This issue is both a response to this and our statement in support of Ukraine. However, it is not about just this particular journal issue (in the sense of what is usually called a 'thematic' edition), it is something more: the journal itself becomes an anti-war, anti-fascist, anti-putin, anti-putinist, and ultimately – until Russia is no longer ruled by putinism – an anti-Russia art periodical. We realise that art is a "form of the absolute spirit," though a 'lower form', as art by its

nature is 'thinking of imagery', which means it is not capable of reaching the level of the logic of philosophical thought (Hegel). We also are aware that any claims by art for real political significance in bourgeois society can only be self-illusory, because "without surrendering its claim to truth, art cannot simply deny the autonomy status and pretend that it has a direct effect" (Bürger). However, we believe that art, unlike mass culture, is both "autonomous and fait social," and it takes opposition to present society "through its mere existence" (Adorno). In this, art is both part of culture and its opposite, for "art is what we do, and culture is what is done to us" (Judd). Therefore art, despite being a 'weaker' form, is the only instance that can resist culture *from within*, that is able to critically revise, and ultimately undermine it. For us now, this is how art must be counter-positioned to both the 'cultural' and political culture of imperialism, chauvinism, revanchism, fascism, and all forms of hatred and inhumanity. This is the political credo of the present journal.

One may wonder how and why the artists of such diverse backgrounds from different corners of the world could get together under such a statement. We are not a party, not an association, nor even an organised group. Participants were personally invited by the editorial board. This principle was, however, far from 'by invitation only' or 'open call', two equally bureaucratic, hierarchical and judgemental curatorial practices. We did not want to take the role of experts who appoint themselves as superiors to other colleagues, making decisions about who is good enough and who is not. Neither did we want to be a nepotist circle where 'anything goes' insofar as it comes from personal connections. Rather,

the line-up of contributors grew naturally as an outcome of our existing network, the amount of time we have had to contact our closest colleagues, and of course the discussions we had both among each other and with potential contributors. The task we set before us was to come up with a framework that would allow the formation of the widest possible artistic anti-war coalition we could achieve. We are glad that it worked, and we are honoured to have such a line-up of wonderful contributors in this issue.

It was a difficult task, not only because of the highly pressing necessity of getting the publication out as quickly as possible due to the current catastrophic political circumstances. We also faced a political/ethical challenge, as we have had from the start artists of Russian origin as contributors and members of the editorial board. Therefore, we could not dare to ask Ukrainian artists to join the project, knowing the understandable ethical impossibility

for them to share an artistic or cultural platform with any Russians (regardless of their political stance) while the Russian army is committing war crimes in Ukraine. In this regard, we greatly appreciate the positive response to our invitation by Spartak Khachanov, an artist of Armenian origin and Ukrainian citizenship, currently residing in Finland as a political refugee. Neither could we invite Russian artists and writers living in Russia, knowing that the price for participation in any anti-war and anti-putinist project could now result for them a 15-year prison sentence. Living in a considerably safe Europe, we just did not have an ethical right to put such a challenge before them. The only exception we made was Pavel Gerasimenko, whose outspoken, uncompromised, and exceptionally consistent anti-war and anti-putin stance sublated the question of whether the invitation is ethical. We would like to express our deep gratitude to Pavel for his

kind 'yes'. We know, however, that there are many more Ukrainian and Russian authors that would join our initiative despite the circumstances.

In this sense, the possible artistic 'mismatches' or even 'incompatibilities' between the contributors looked to us profitable in terms of the task we have set, a wide coalition. Three attitudes were decisive for us: against the war, against putin, against imperialist Russianness. Ultimately, they all stem from the fundamental stance shared by all of us, which is that the artist must take the side of the oppressed. The publication however was in no way meant to be a

unanimous political poster; we were far from commissioning a special project from each artist. Rather, it is a free platform in which independent artistic individuals sign our common statement simply by their participation. Everyone could get to know this editorial preface beforehand and influence the final version. As mentioned above, Adorno's formula that art takes opposition simply by its own existence, was a basic principle of participation. As a result of this principle, only one outcome could be anticipated, which has been our engagement within the context of this publication as a self-sufficient artistic gesture.

STATEMENT FROM CONTRIBUTORS AND EDITORS OF RUSSIAN ORIGIN OR CITIZENSHIP

It is of importance that this anti-war, anti-putin, and anti-Russianness art journal is set forth by an editorial board that includes artists of Russian origin (living outside Russia, more precisely, in Finland and Germany), including the contribution of some living in Russia. The declared Russian-anti-Russianness of those of us who are of Russian origin might seem paradoxical, but it stems logically from our desire to resist Russian fascism, racism, nationalism, colonial chauvinism, and imperialist revanchism on all levels. This includes our 'cultural selves', a re-invention of our very identity as radical anti-ruscist. putinist supporters of war will most likely call our stance 'Russophobic'. They are wrong, we are not 'phobic' of Russianness, we are ashamed and disgusted with the putinist Russianness which is merely a direct historical consequence of an uncritically processed Soviet and Russian imperial past.

As artists of Russian origin, we stand for the collective responsibility of all civilians of the Russian Federation. And as long as this collective responsibility is not recognised by Russian civil society, we question the concept of the Russian nation state and Russian national identity. This means that we insist on the radical in-depth decolonisation and de-putinisation of Russian culture – both ‘culturally’ and politically. This also means that we strongly condemn any discrimination or unjust accusations toward anyone on the grounds of origin, nationality, or citizenship – including those of Russian origin, nationality, or citizenship.

Our anti-Russianness is the deliberate parallel to the Antideutsch movement among radical German leftists after German reunification. As the Antideutsch movement questioned reunification because of the danger of the emergence of new German nationalism, we

reject the concept of a new Russian nation-state after the collapse of the Soviet Union.

putin’s revanchism is an attempt to restore the pre-Soviet model of a Russian nation-state, built on a model of the former Russian Empire. The only chance to avoid such a development in the future is to drop altogether the idea of political identity on the basis of national identity. We dream of a new free society upon the ruins of tyranny and of the ultimate liberation of just under 200 ethnic groups and over 100 languages and cultures that inhabit the territory currently called the Russian Federation.

We fully stand in solidarity with Ukraine. We accept the impossibility of being invited at the moment to any shared cultural and political platforms with Ukrainians as we must first do something to deserve it. However, we would be greatly appreciative of Ukrainian and other artists of the world if they wish to contribute to our initiative in the future.

A DEAD WHALE OR A STOVE BOAT

A photograph taken on 24 February 2022 at the
Canterbury Museum, Christchurch, New Zealand.

Jana Müller



THE UNCREATIVE ACT (AFTER DUCHAMP)

James Johnson-Perkins

Let us consider two important factors, the two poles of the uncreation of art: the artist on the one hand, and on the other the spectator who later becomes the antecedent.

Non-Artist Warship: I am a Non-Artist Warship. I suggest you lay down your arms and Surrender. Otherwise, you will be hit. Do you copy?

Artist Boat: GO FUCK
Y O U R S E L F .

To all appearances, the artist acts like a profane being who, from time and space, blindly

seeks his way into to a clearing.

Roofs falling on little Artist Children, their last screamed breaths laced with toxic phobia and fear. Squashed tiny diagrams slowly grasping, wailing in tiny unfathomable pain, no mother now to help. Some dead/some not.

If we give the attributes of profanity to the artist, we must then allow him the state of consciousness on the aesthetic plane about what they are doing and why they are doing it. All their decisions in the artistic execution of the work rest with pure reason and can be translated into a self-analysis, spoken or written, or even t h o u g h t o u t .

Desperate to get inside to help stop the slaughter of grief stricken artists, a number of Creative souls are helpless. They will need a number of proper funerals, which at this time are non-forthcoming.

One should vehemently disagree with T.S. Eliot, in his tin-pan-bunkum essay on "Tradition and Proletariat Talent", where he writes: "The more perfect the artist, the more completely separate in him will be the man who suffers uncreative bi-polarisms; the more perfectly his mind will

digest and transmute passions which are immaterial."

A bald Artist with cancer is in a threatened hospital, he cares not about T.S.Eliot or Academic Essays, he has started to grind his teeth. He's only began doing that since the Non-artists bombs started falling and every-time he hears this horrendous noise. The Artist nurse looks devastated by his new behaviour.

A few thousand artists create; and millions of artists are discussed and accepted by spectators and many more again are consecrated by progeny.

The Spectator in a Car (Passes a broken-down Non-Artist Tank): Are you Non-Artists Broken Down?

Non-Artist Soldiers (in Tank): Out of fuel?

The Spectator: Can I tow you back to Non-Artland?

Non-Artist Soldiers: [Laugh]

Spectator: Do you know where you are where you are going?

Non-Artist Soldiers: No.

Non-Artist Soldiers: To the Artist's Capital, Damn it, Fuck off, What do they say on the news?

The Spectator: They say everything is on our side.

The Artists are winning and the Non-Artists are surrendering.

The Spectator: Because the boys there don't know where they are going?

The Spectator: I've asks the whole column, all Non-Artists like you, and no one knows where they are or where they are going.

verdict of the artist in order that their declarations take a social value and that, finally, only time will include them as a final book-end in our spectacular future.

In the Artist cartoon, all the Artists are asked by the Artist teacher to dress as different Artists and pretend to be from different -isms. The Artist sings a song with the "Glory to all the artists, all living in peace together." The Kid Artists go outside. They will not let the Non-Artists and the Spectators play in the sandpit there. *This is not resolved in the cartoon. Why is it not resolved?* All the parents arrive, then the Artist teacher comes out and sings again, despite the Animal children's failure to share or play well, "Glory to all the artists, all living in peace together."

In the last analysis, the spectator may tweet from on high that they are the genius; but they will have to wait for the

I know that this statement will meet the approval of many artists who ignore this mediumistic role and insist on

the validity of their awareness in the uncreative act - as, the future of art should consistently discard the virtues of a work of art through rationalized considered explanations of the artist.

Psychosis takes over the mother spectators. More Psychosis. Nothing left but anxiety, panic, alarm, dread, nightmares. The brains scarred daytime burnt papers.

All in all, the uncreative act is not performed by the spectator alone; the artist brings the work in contact with the external world by deciphering and interpreting its inner qualification and thus adds his non-contribution to the uncreative act.

The chief Male Artist stands defiantly behind his giant marble plectrum and announces. "For the first time since the Artist Union was born, there is a fully fledged war in the centre of ArtLand. Everyone

knows that the Non-Artists started this invasion, now it is facilitated by their Non-Artist partners."

If the artist, as a human being, full of the worst intentions toward himself and the whole world, plays a role in the judgment of his own work, how can one describe the phenomenon which prompts the spectator to react uncritically to the work of art? In other words, how does this non-reaction come about?

Elderly Spectator: Non-Artists Invading Artland is so fucked up. What are you doing here? We have our lives and you have yours. I'm a Non-Artist too but I live in this country. You have your own country and we have ours. Don't you have any problems in your own country? You are all rich there, shame on you.

The two Non-Artist soldiers he is talking to say nothing.

This phenomenon is incomparable to a transference from the spectator to the Non-artist in the form of an aesthetic osmosis taking place through the inert matter, such as pigment, piano or marble.

I am dressed as a Non-Artist; I remember my first day of training. A trip on the train to Non-artslavski, before being flown off to the ArtLand. Now sitting in my tank in Artland. I still remember that blond haired Non-Artist boy and his Artist dad. I gave the kid my last biscuits because I felt so sick. He high fived me. I hated his dad, but it's hard to hate children but I hate their kind. Those on the side of this Neo-Nazi Artist Union scum.

But before we go further, I have no intention of clarifying our understanding of the word 'art' - we can doubt, with an attempt at a definition. What I never had in mind is that art may be bad, good or indifferent, but, whatever adjective is used,

we mustn't call it art, and bad art isn't art in a different way to a bad emotion not being an emotion at all.

Die you Fucking Artist loving scumbags, Get in my fucking bag, cause I'm throwing you in the Fucking river, Artist Cunts. You are changing the world in a way that I don't want. You don't deserve this life. I'm making the world better. I'm destroying you Motherfucking Artists. (He presses a button that launches hundreds of deadly flame throwers.)

Therefore, when I refer to the 'non-art coefficient', and it won't be understood that I refer not only to bad art, but I am not trying to describe the subjective mechanism which produces art in the raw state .. 'a l'e`tat brut - bad, good or indifferent.

As he begins another one of his provocations he continues. "This war was not provoked; it was chosen by a Bad-Artist who

is right now sitting in a bunker. We know what happened to that other Bad-Artist who sat in the bunker, at the end of the last Artist World War. Big Militarized power, seeking Geopolitical greatness.

In the non-creative act, the artist goes from non-intention to the un-realization through a chain of totally objective reactions. *Her* struggle toward the un-realization is a series of efforts, pains, satisfaction, refusals, which can and must be fully self-conscious, at least on the aesthetic plane.

Deadly Non-Art strikes, and Non-Artist tanks have crossed the Artland border. We can draw parallels with the Non-Artist leader and the tyrant Leader in the Second World Artist War. This Non-Artist strike has connections to these spiritual mentors of this time, the Third-Non-Artists, who invaded our Artlands all those years ago.

The result of this struggle is a relationship between the intention and its realization, a difference which the artist is aware of. Consequently, in the chain of reactions accompanying the non-creative act, a link is found.

Cannibal thoughts of artists in their desperation. UNcreative's don't see this, Won't see this, because if you did you would/surely turn the gun on yourself?

This gap, representing the ability of the artist to express fully his intention, this relationship between what he intended to realize and did realize, is the personal 'non-art coefficient' contained in the work.

If the Non-Artist leader wants to kill himself, he doesn't need to use a nuclear arsenal, he should do what that Bad-Artist boss did in the bunker in Non-Artland, all those years ago and kill himself.

In other works, the objective 'art coefficient' is like an arithmetical relation between the expressed but un-intended and the intentionally expressed.

(In the ruins of the Former Art college) A dying Spectator Kid: Mum it hurts. Mum I can't breathe, Muuuum why are they doing this?

To invite a misunderstanding, we must forget that this 'non-art coefficient' is an objective expression of art a`l'e`tat brut, that is, still in a final state, which can't be 'rarefied' as molasses from pure sugar by the spectator; the digit of this coefficient has a bearing on his verdict. The uncreative act takes no other aspects when the spectator doesn't experience the phenomenon of transmutation: through the change from a work of art into inert matter, a non-transubstantiation has taken

place, and the role of the spectator isn't to determine the weight of the work on the aesthetic scale.

A Dead Spectator Kid.

All in all, the creative act is performed by the artist alone; the spectator never brings the work in contact with the external world by deciphering and interpreting its inner qualification and never adds their contribution to the creative act. This becomes less obvious when posterity gives a first verdict and rarely rehabilitates forgotten artists.

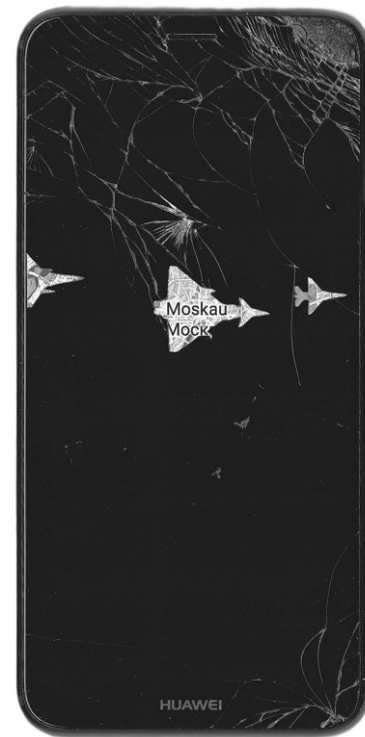
UNTITLED (WILDMAN DISGUISE)

Matthew Cowan



WINGS AND A PRAYER

Andrey Ustinov



What a show, what a fight!
Yes, we really hit our target for tonight
Though there's one motor gone
We can still carry on
Comin' in on a wing and a prayer.

Some surviving fragments of the Moscow Google Map cut out in the form of three randomly selected NATO aircraft models. The sticker covers the display of a dead smartphone.

The controversial Russian anti-putin journalist and blogger Arkady Babchenko once polemically commented that only the NATO bombardment of Russia could save the Russians. I have always considered him to be a fascist psychopath whose provocative antics are best ignored. Yet this terrible image remained strongly imprinted on my mind. Actually, I thought to myself, Babchenko isn't the first person to depict this image. It's an important motif from the collective unconscious of Russian right-wing conservatives, who for decades have conjured up an alleged impending NATO attack. So now the same motif is a meeting point between two opposing parties as an imaginary climax of the current war. The anti-putin radicals want a final merciless destruction of putin's regime, if necessary, by means of force. And a NATO attack is the pro-putin radical's worst nightmare. The insane thing is that Babchenko's original speculation very slowly started to drift towards a more and more possible reality.

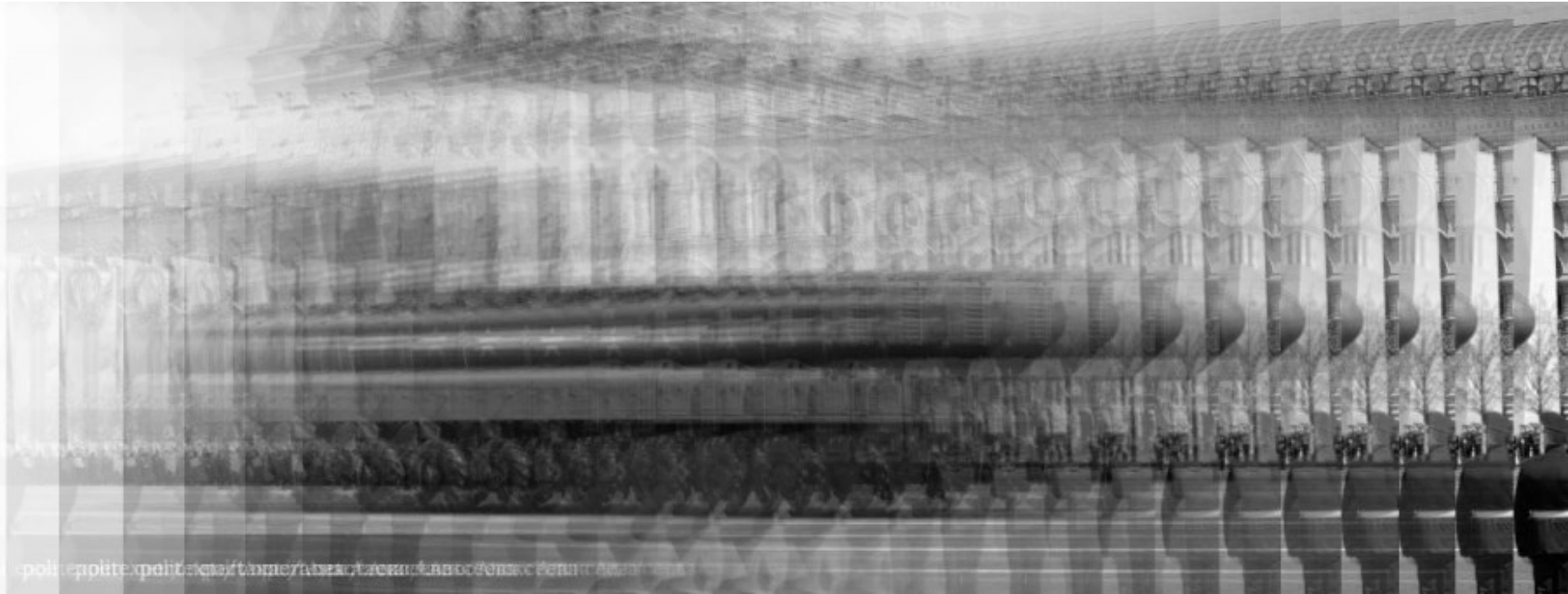
The title *Wings and a Prayer* refers to the second world war era foxtrot song *Comin' in on a wing and a prayer*, which was also translated and adapted in Russian with the title *Song of an American Bomber*. The song tells the story of a bomber crew reporting on their successful night mission. The song became a top hit in Great Britain, USA and the Soviet Union and was a symbol of the common struggle of the Allies against Nazi Germany. Looking back at the song, it reveals to me the frightening historical metamorphosis in that a former Allied country has in turn become a new Nazi-like terror state and the potential initiator of another world war.

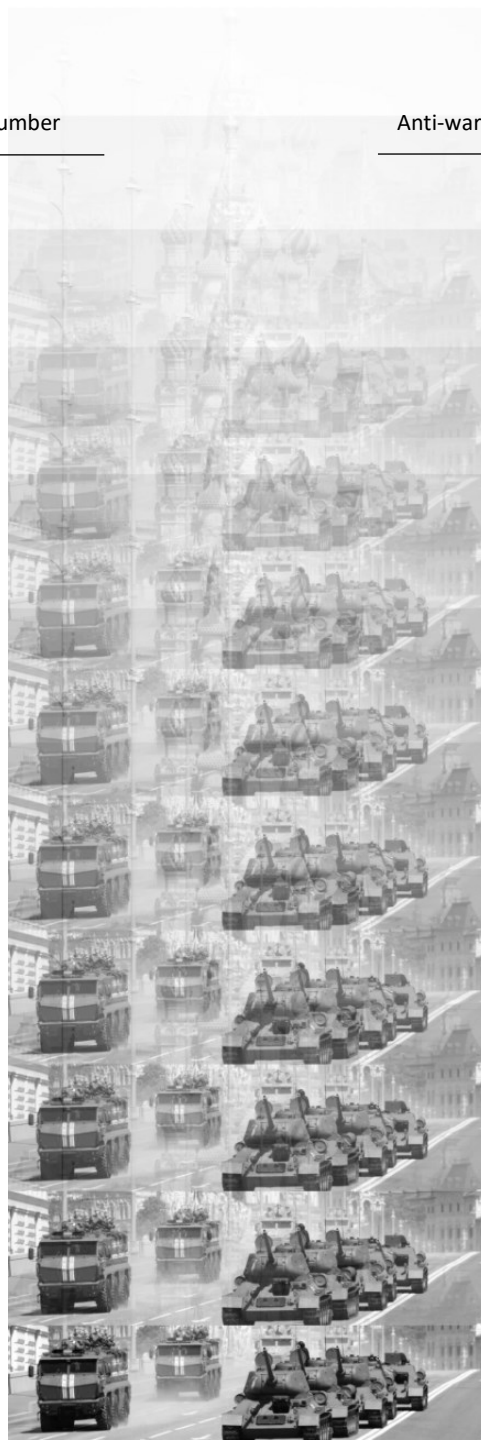
I understand the English expression "on a wing and a prayer" to describe an action with a low chance for success and the remaining hope for just a bit of luck - an attitude that very aptly represents the current political situation.

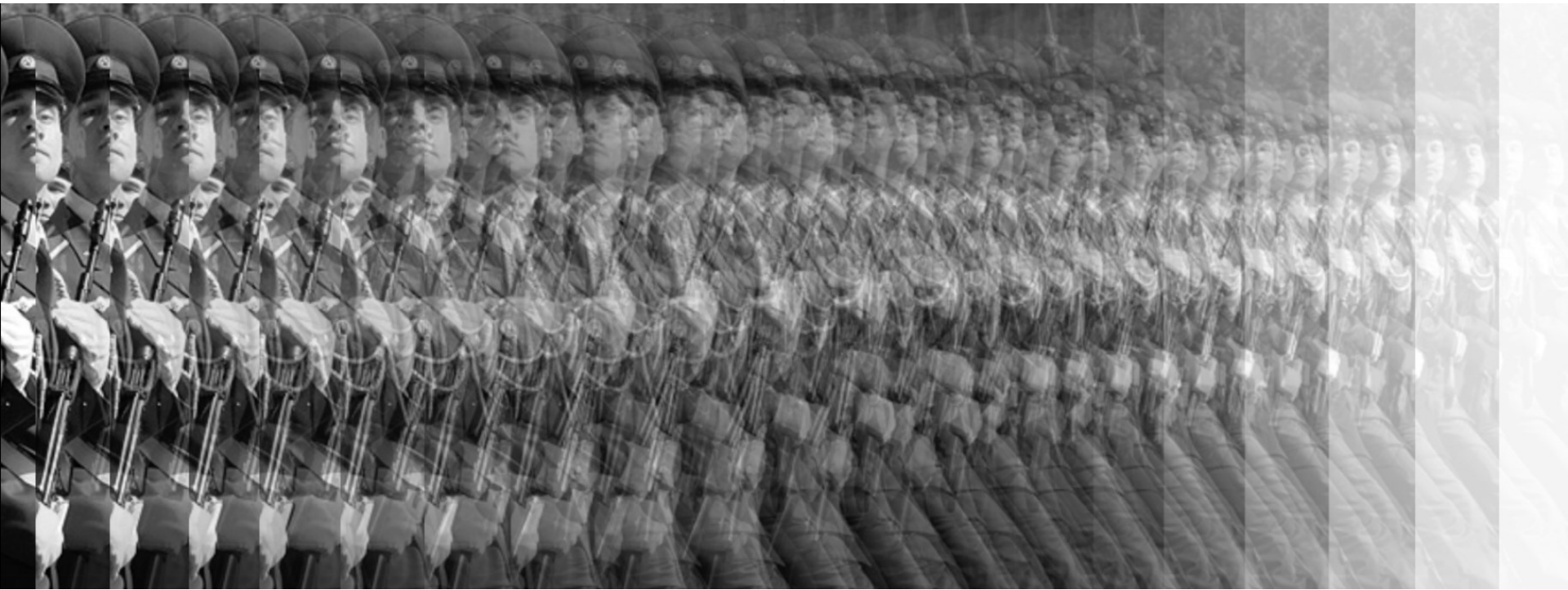
This shaky status of the image between fears and hopes, myths and facts, utopia and dystopia, fiction and reality, is the momentum for this work.

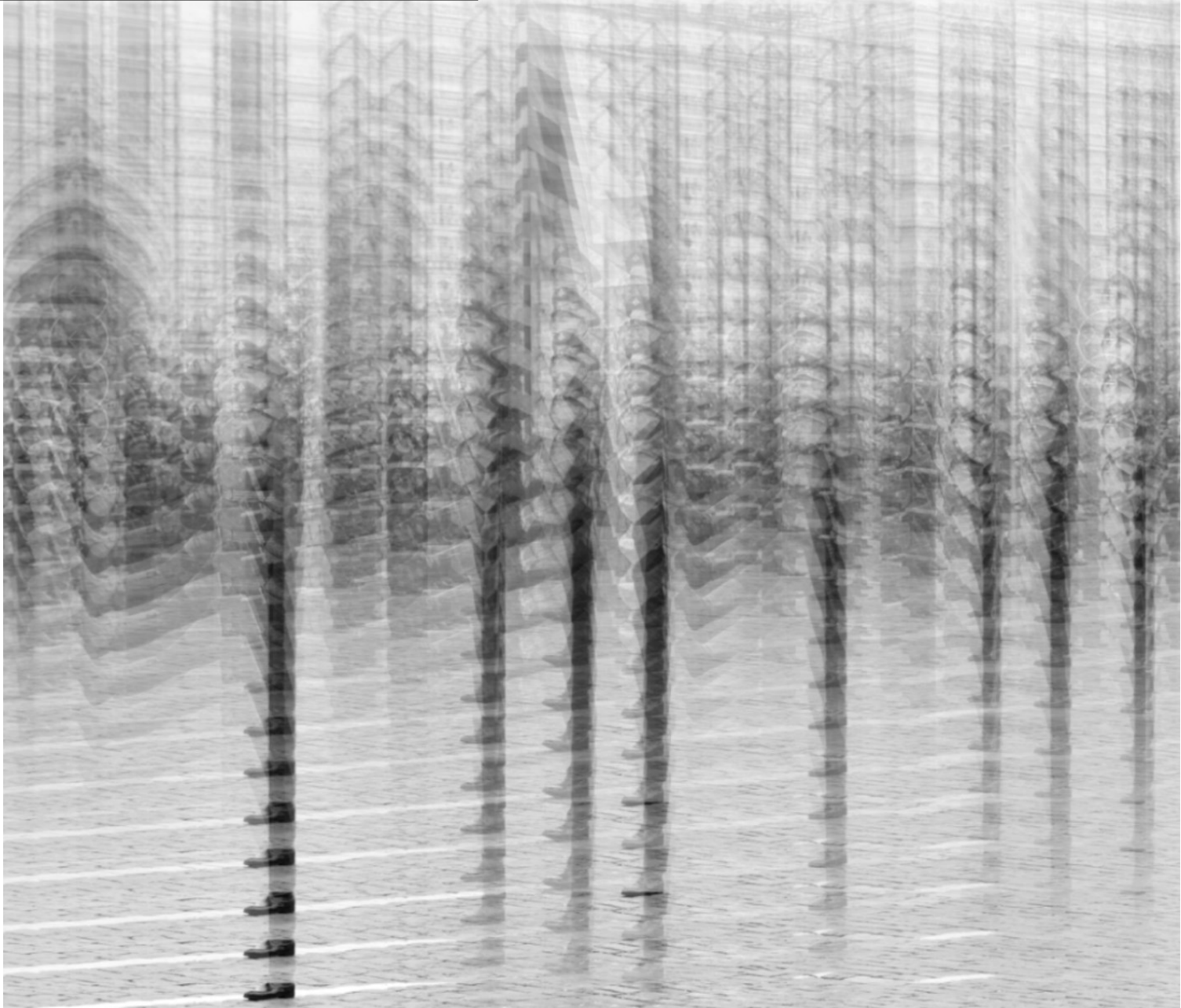
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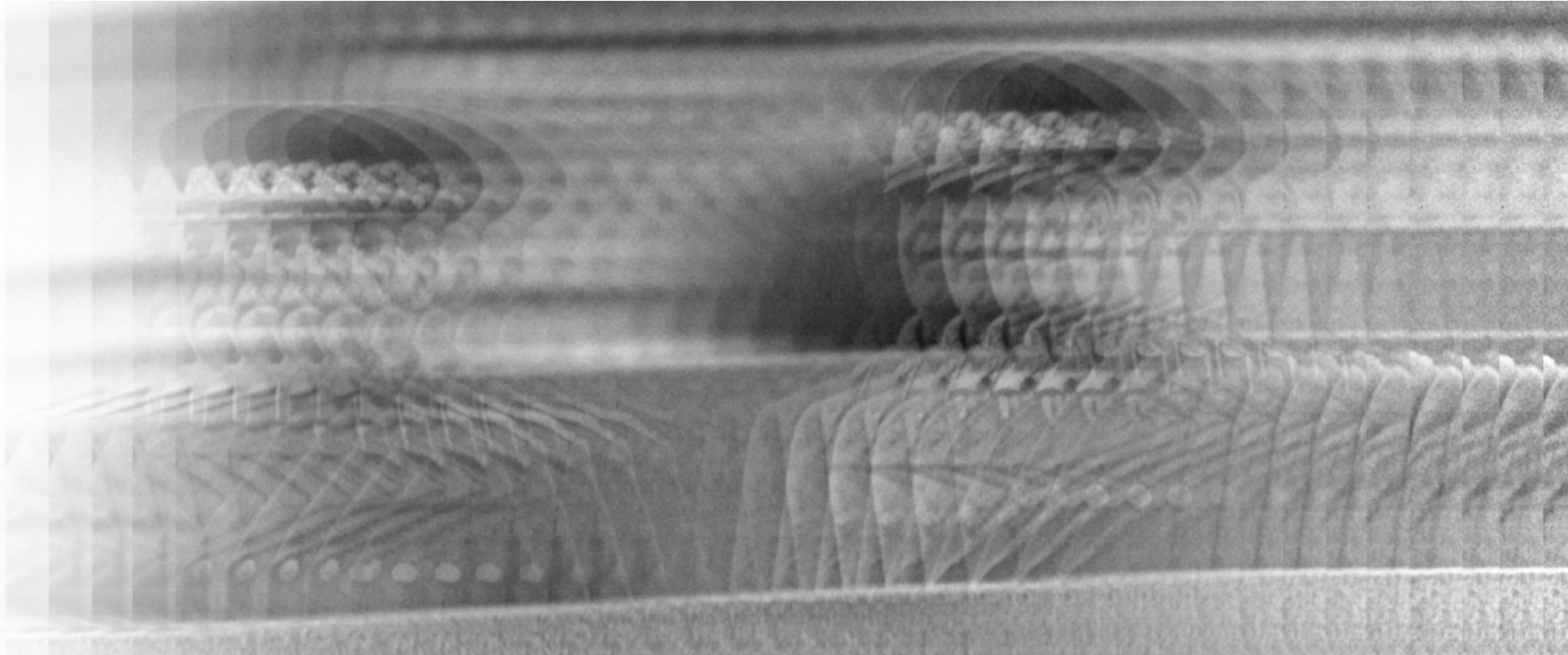
Spartak Khachanov

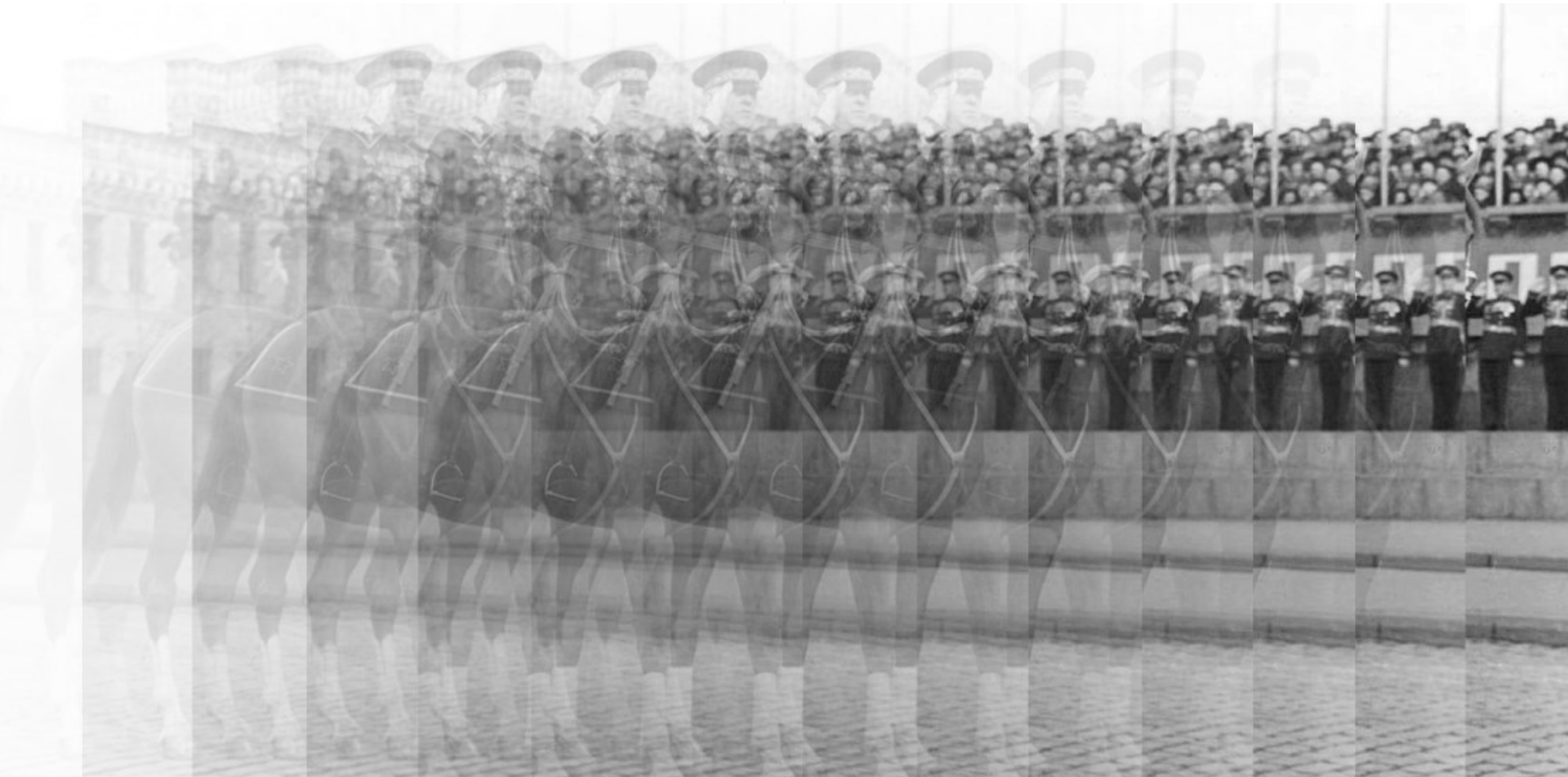


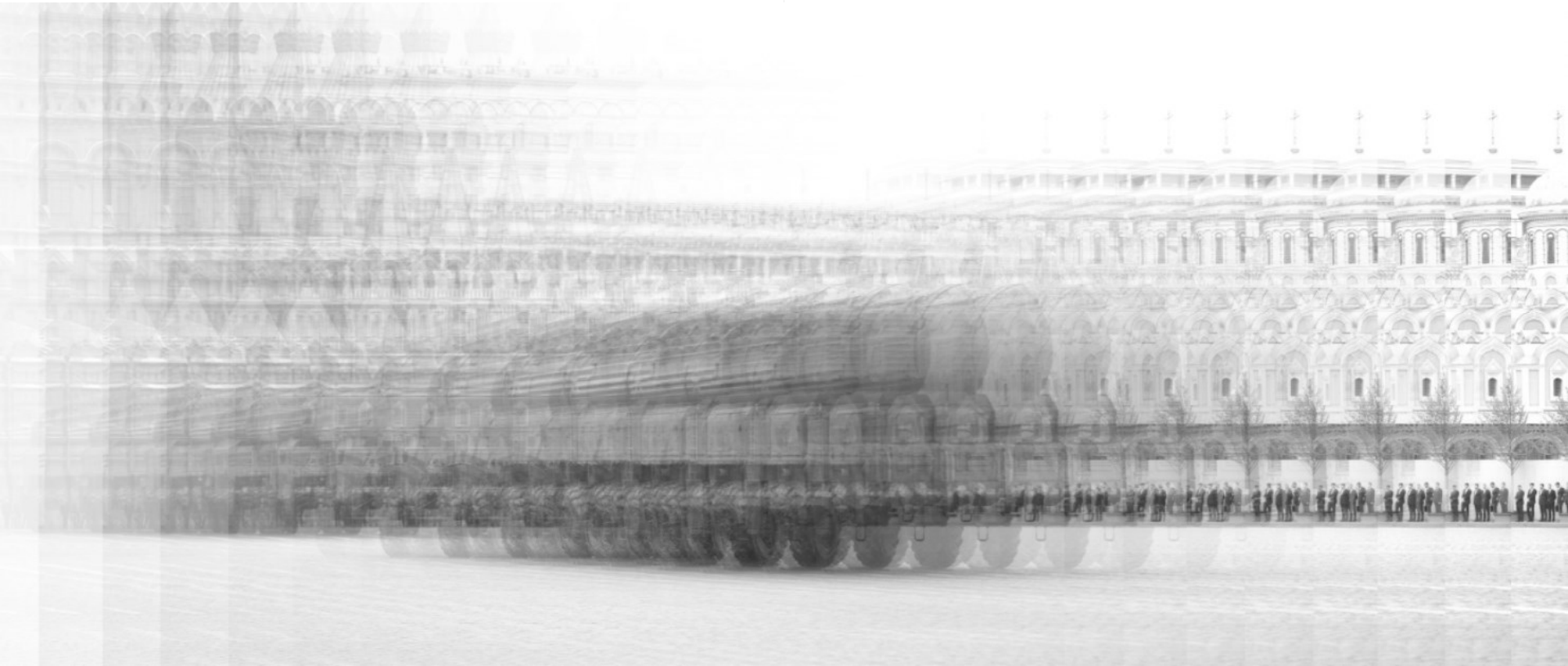


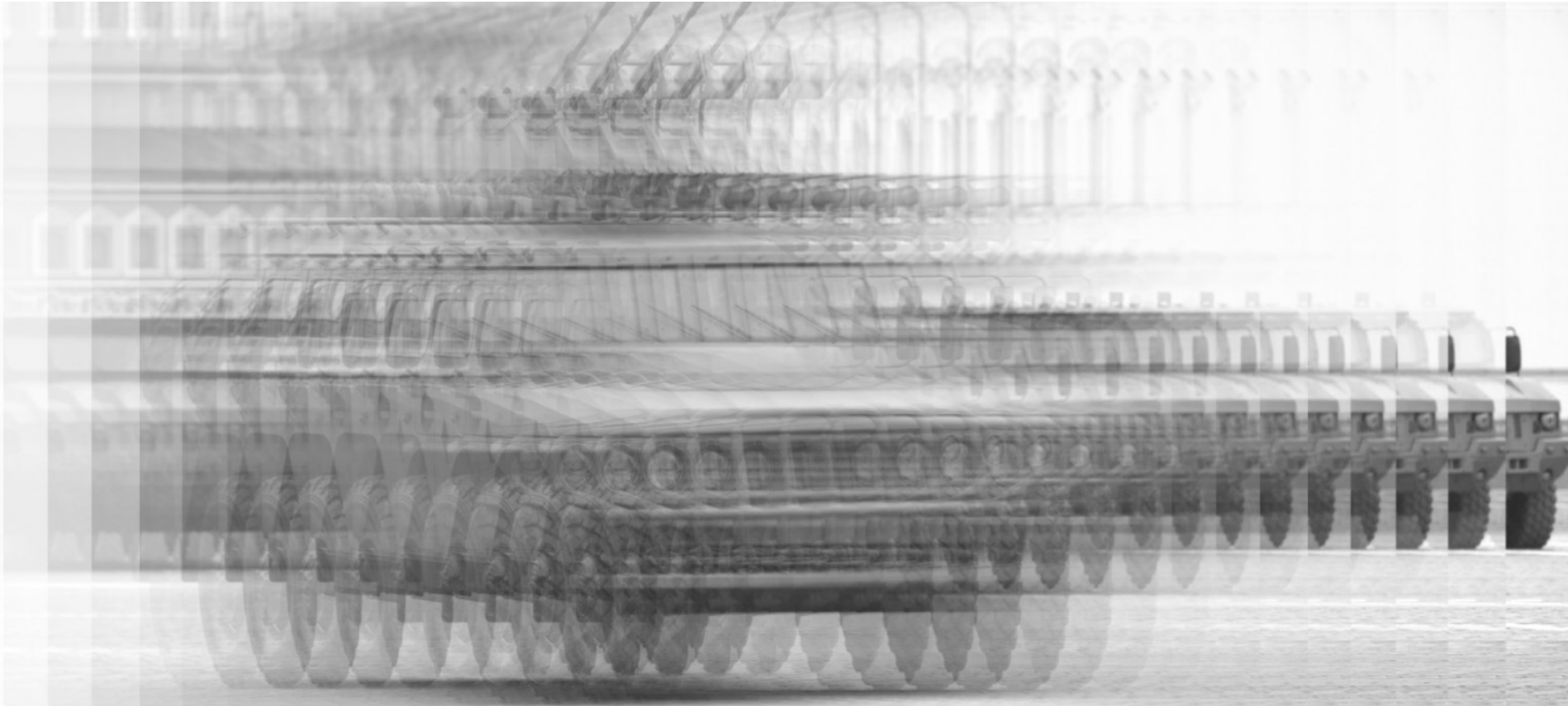


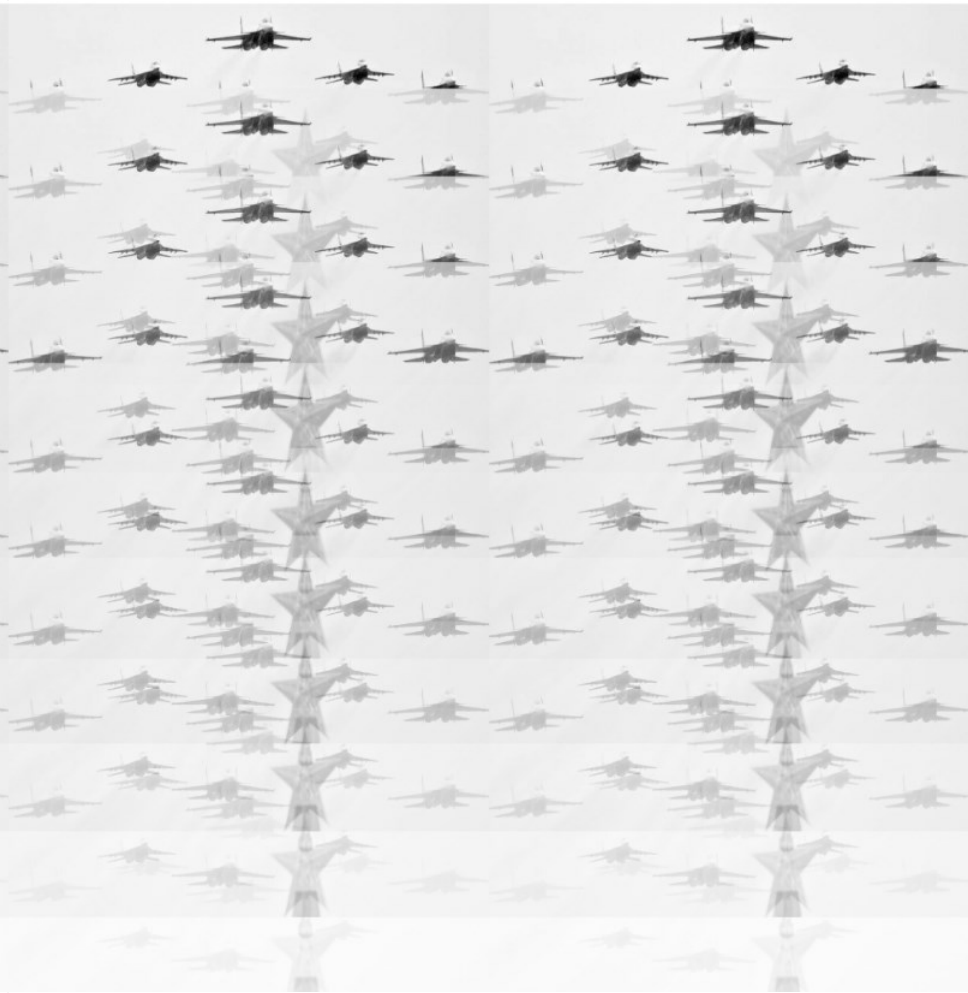
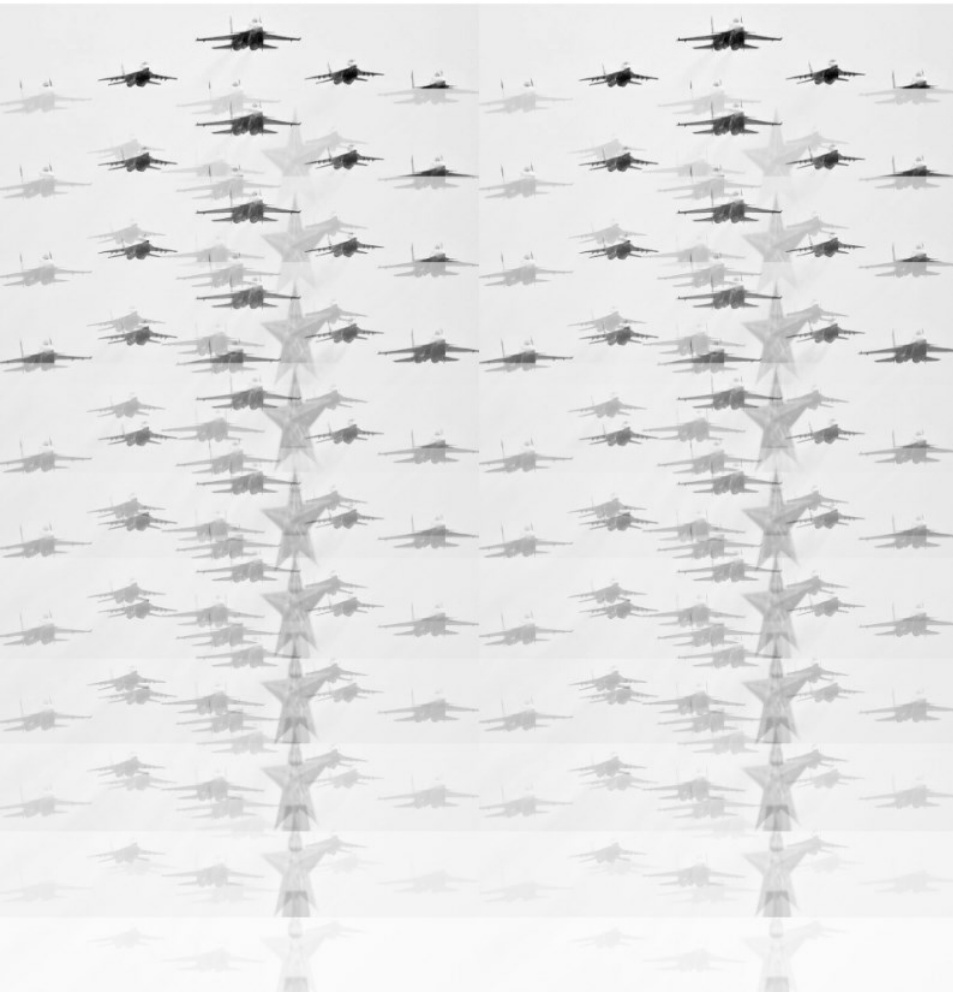


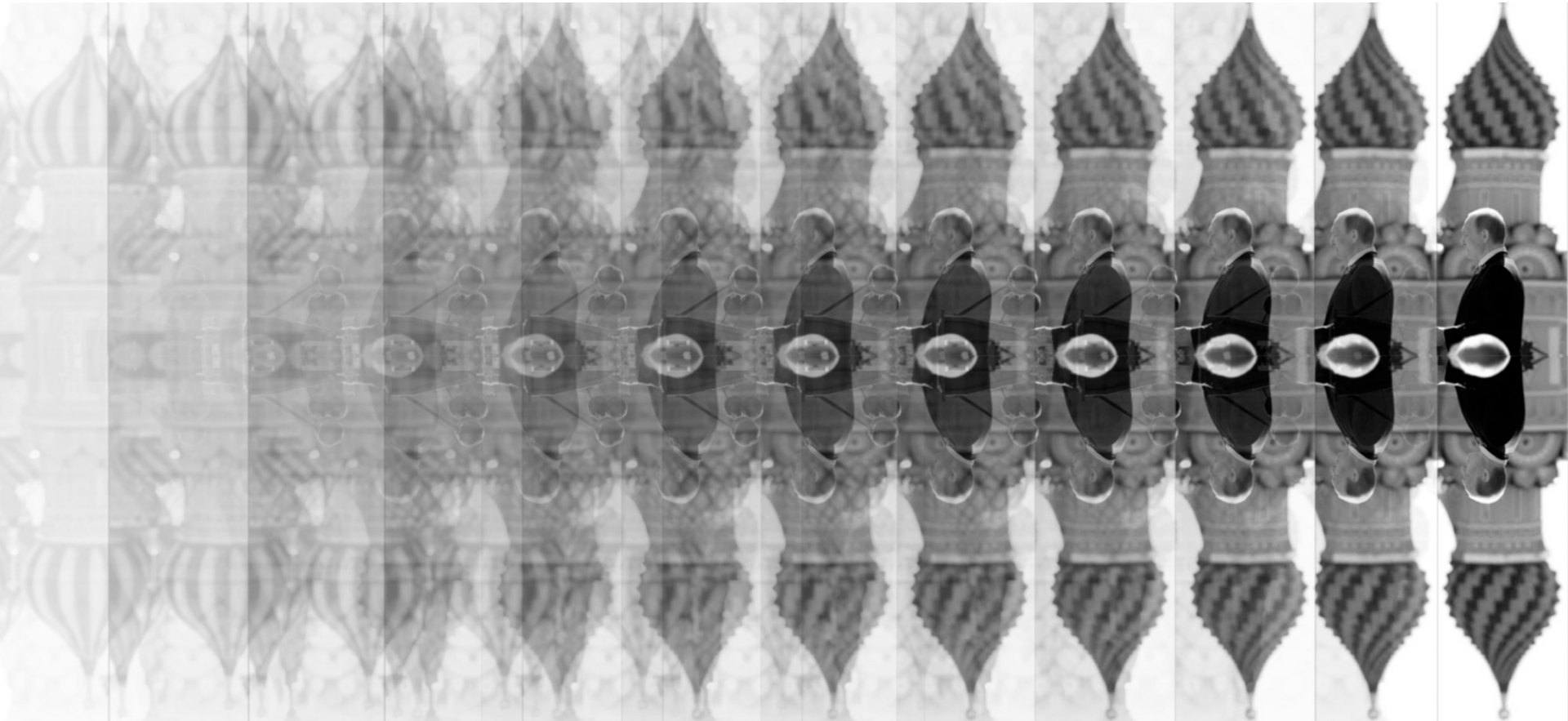




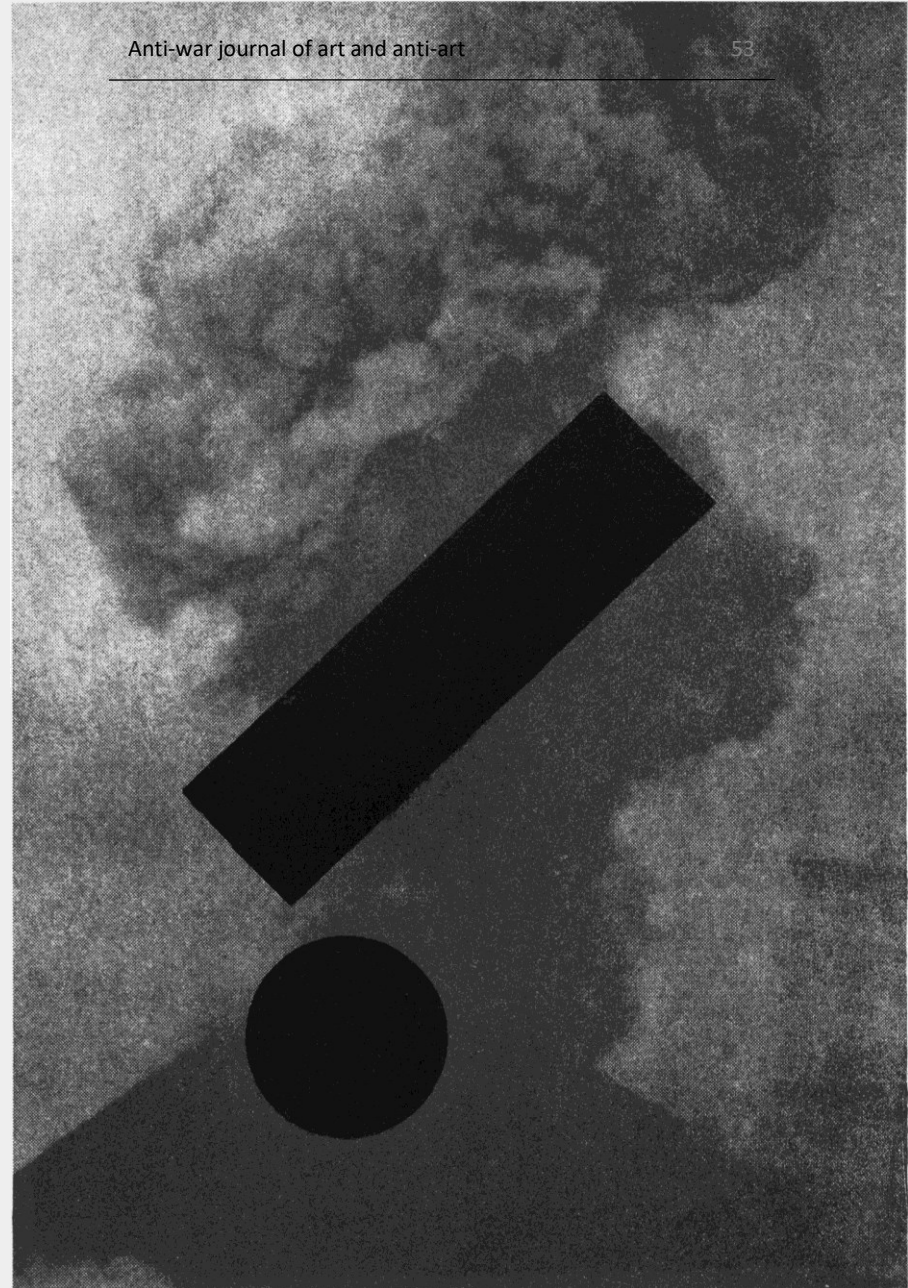








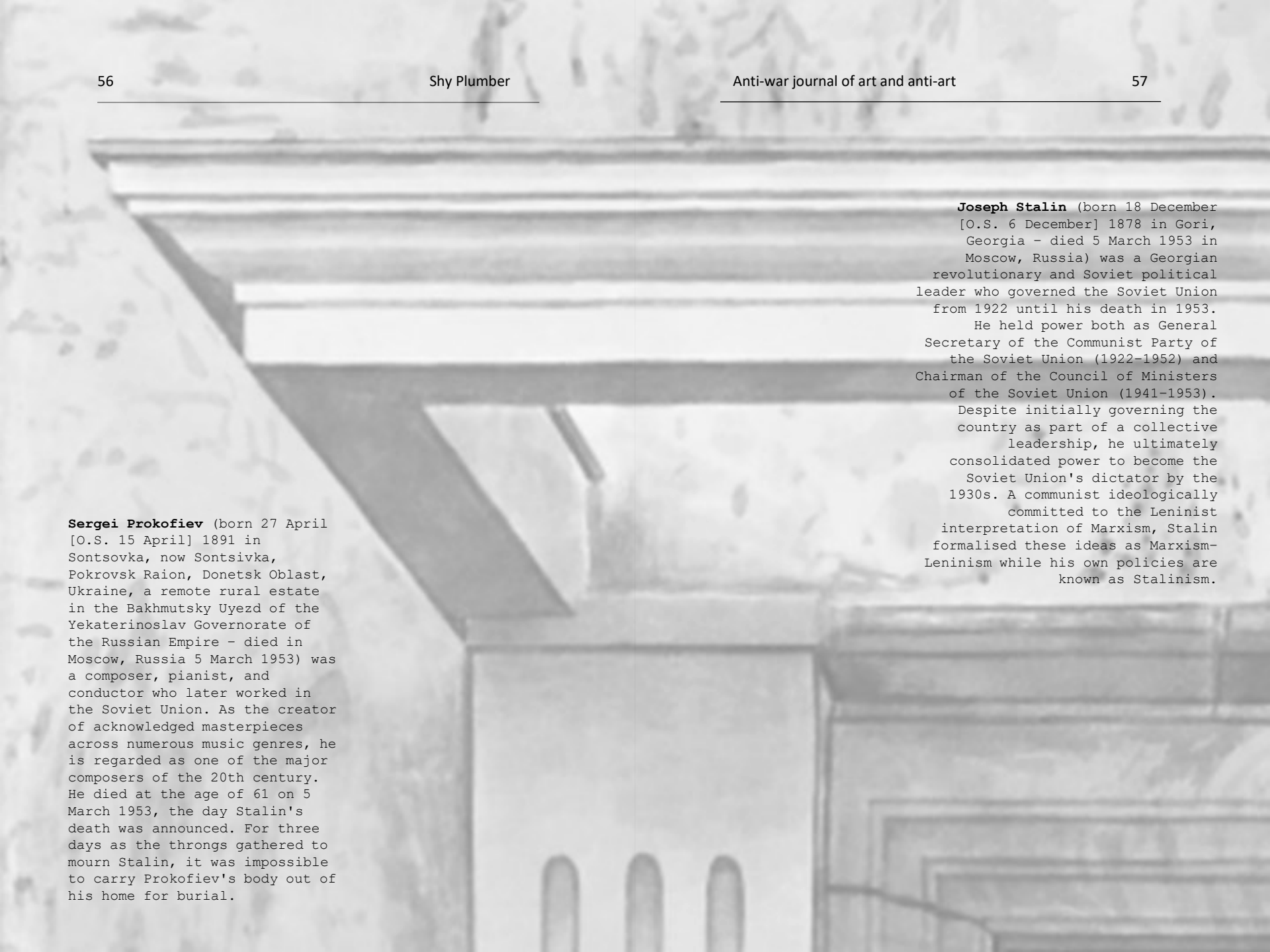
BIG ASH
Tanja Koljonen



SERGEI PROKOFIEV HOLOGRAM
IN FRONT OF
STALIN'S GATE AT CECILIENHOF PALACE,
POTSDAM, GERMANY

Panos Balomenos



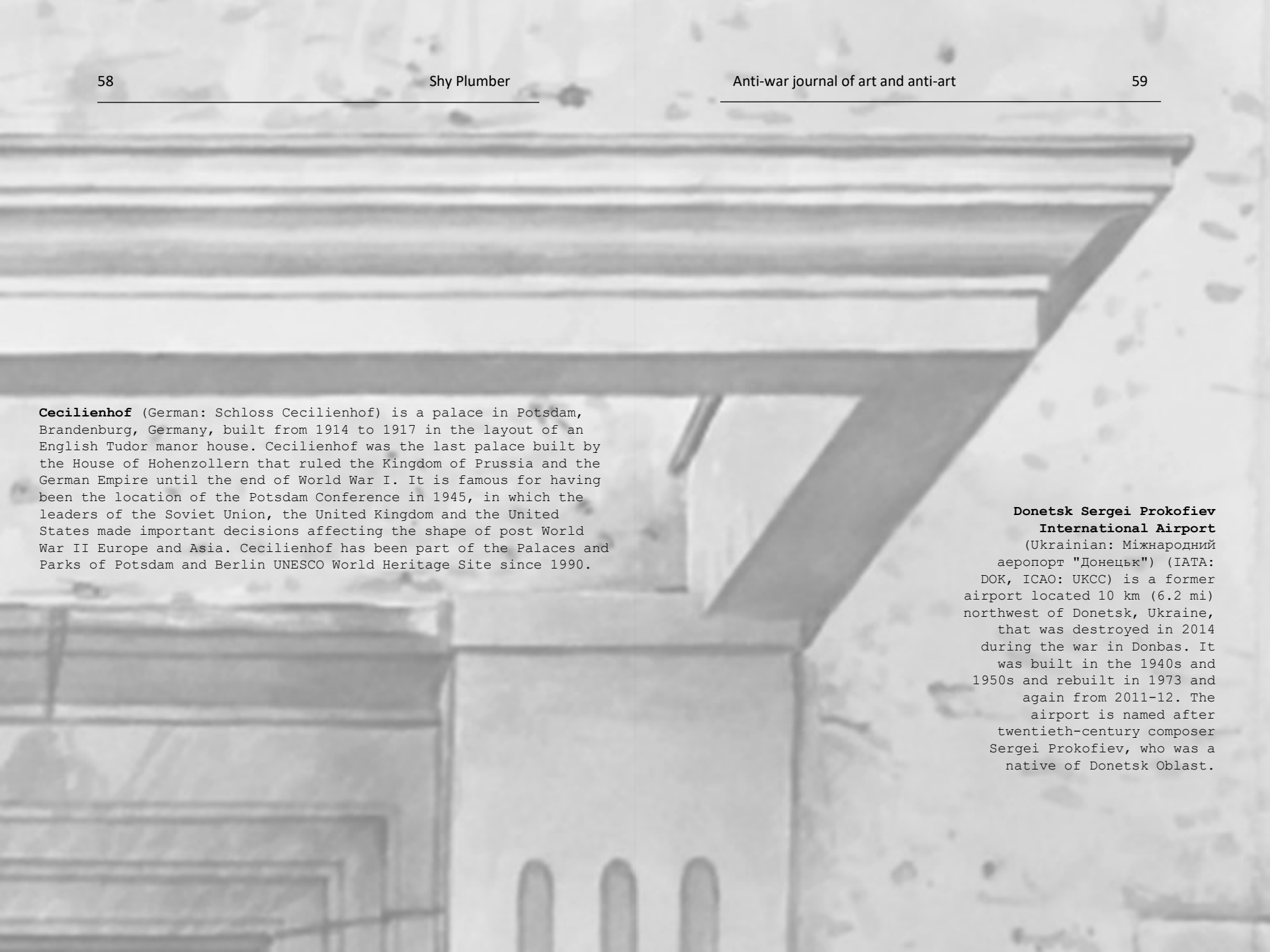


Sergei Prokofiev (born 27 April [O.S. 15 April] 1891 in Sontsovka, now Sontsivka, Pokrovsk Raion, Donetsk Oblast, Ukraine, a remote rural estate in the Bakhmutsky Uyezd of the Yekaterinoslav Governorate of the Russian Empire - died in Moscow, Russia 5 March 1953) was a composer, pianist, and conductor who later worked in the Soviet Union. As the creator of acknowledged masterpieces across numerous music genres, he is regarded as one of the major composers of the 20th century. He died at the age of 61 on 5 March 1953, the day Stalin's death was announced. For three days as the throngs gathered to mourn Stalin, it was impossible to carry Prokofiev's body out of his home for burial.

Joseph Stalin (born 18 December [O.S. 6 December] 1878 in Gori, Georgia - died 5 March 1953 in Moscow, Russia) was a Georgian revolutionary and Soviet political leader who governed the Soviet Union from 1922 until his death in 1953.

He held power both as General Secretary of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union (1922-1952) and Chairman of the Council of Ministers of the Soviet Union (1941-1953).

Despite initially governing the country as part of a collective leadership, he ultimately consolidated power to become the Soviet Union's dictator by the 1930s. A communist ideologically committed to the Leninist interpretation of Marxism, Stalin formalised these ideas as Marxism-Leninism while his own policies are known as Stalinism.



Cecilienhof (German: Schloss Cecilienhof) is a palace in Potsdam, Brandenburg, Germany, built from 1914 to 1917 in the layout of an English Tudor manor house. Cecilienhof was the last palace built by the House of Hohenzollern that ruled the Kingdom of Prussia and the German Empire until the end of World War I. It is famous for having been the location of the Potsdam Conference in 1945, in which the leaders of the Soviet Union, the United Kingdom and the United States made important decisions affecting the shape of post World War II Europe and Asia. Cecilienhof has been part of the Palaces and Parks of Potsdam and Berlin UNESCO World Heritage Site since 1990.

Donetsk Sergei Prokofiev International Airport
(Ukrainian: Міжнародний аеропорт "Донецьк") (IATA: DOK, ICAO: UKCC) is a former airport located 10 km (6.2 mi) northwest of Donetsk, Ukraine, that was destroyed in 2014 during the war in Donbas. It was built in the 1940s and 1950s and rebuilt in 1973 and again from 2011-12. The airport is named after twentieth-century composer Sergei Prokofiev, who was a native of Donetsk Oblast.

SHOUTS IN THE WOODS

Paal Bjelke Andersen

her's the hole we are digging to hide from the pigs when they
come to collect what they say is theirs

do we call ourselves scared because we are scared talk
 with those we fear cause we have to
 we repeat ourselves our language is poor mimics the bits
 we have grasped
 now the light seeps out between the trunks in the glade we
 see from the window in the cabin
 we say what they want in a language we don't know or can
 afford to learn
 the sun above the glade goes down behind the hill behind the
 lake and the snow is golden

here the sky is gray and wholly empty
 the wood has turned yellow and gray in the pile by the path that
 leads to the shed
 here the daylight is gone among the trees that blacken towards
 pink and orange and blue

what language do those who don't want to hear us speak
 the snow before the stairs melts in the sun between the
 shadow of the spruces

we adapt to the place and the language they speak
 they wave and shout and we don't know if it really means
 something
 could we deny like this elsewhere open our mouth and not
 being heard like this

cups and vessels lies tossed behind the wall beneath the
 cabin that stood in the hillside the creek winds through
 we plant seeds and wait for the seeds to sprout in the bed
 along the rock below the pine by the shed
 we put stones from the road in the wall beneath the cabin
 without the path to the glade ceases to be the old road

dreaming we're being beaten up by some big bastards
 someone has sent to take us don't know why trying to strike
 back but the blows are powerless half-hearted as if the body
 has already given up and refuses to listen
without us you have nothing they say

it's getting hot in the sun
 don't know why but it happens every time we doesn't answer
 trying to keep away

dreamt we were among friends but didn't say anything and
 no one spoke to us thought afterwards that we might be ghosts
 they only talk shit the smell lingers for a long time after
 they have left
 we have little to contend with when they say we must work for
 the food on the land they inherited from their fathers

dem svinger mellom graset å treetoppen med huet ned å beina
 they hover between the grass and the treetops with their
 heads down and their legs up

er det dess langt verd mer eller mindre enn det dere eter
 nå smelter den aller siste snøen i det mørkeste hjørnet av
 tomt
 is what you make worth more or less than what you eat
 now the very last snow melts in the darkest corner of the plot
 is the dry grass yellow or brown
 er det tørre graset gult eller brunt

rain green moss after a long drought in early spring
we rarely remember our dreams
we must agree on what the things we say means says those
who live further up the hill

ANCESTORS

Marko Vuokola



VASTARINTA VAPAUS VOITTO / VERITY VOCATION VICTORY

Series of postcards, 2022

Minna Henriksson

As reaction to the accelerated rearmament in the interwar years in Finland the antiwar sentiments grew. The activities of the war resisters were dangerous as in this period 45000 people were sentenced for treason or of planning of such. During the Second World War 157 Finnish citizens were sentenced to death, of which 85 were carried out.

The series of postcards is based on archival research conducted in the Peoples Archives (Kansan Arkisto). The sentences in the postcards are taken from the printed material of anti-war organisations Suomen Antimilitaristinen Liitto, Kansanoikeuksien ja Työn Puolustuskomitea and Ihmisoikeuksien Liitto and they date back to 1930s or early 1940s.

The postcards were first made as an intervention in the militaristic-nationalistic display of the Cavalry Museum in Lappeenranta, part of the exhibition 'Sattuneista syistä / For Obvious Reasons' in the Lappeenranta Art Museum, 5.2.-22.5.2022.

TURUN KAUPUNGIN
POLIISIMESTARI

15. pöytä loka-kuuta 1941.

No I/ 1028.

Turun ja Porin läänin Poliisitarkastajalle.

Source: Turun kaupungin poliisimestarin kirje Turun ja Porin läänin Poliisitarkastajalle 15.10.1941 (kopio). Jukka Rislakin arkisto, Dc. Kansan Arkisto.

Herra Poliisitarkastajan puhelinsanomana N:o 9 c/10.10.41 johdosta esitän kunnioittaen seuraavaa:

- a) Kommunismista toiminnasta ei poliisilla ole ollut erikoisia havaintoja muistini merkittävänä. Eräänä näkyvänä ilmauksena sitä lienee kuitenkin pidettävä niitä V-kirjeiden muotoon leikattuja pahvipalasia, jotka on varustettu sellaisilla iskulauseilla kuin: "Alas Saksa", "Alas sota", "Kuolema fascisteille", "Voitto ihmisyydelle" ja joita on pariin otteeseen löydetty kadulta useita kappaleita. Saman hengen ilmauksia lienevät myös ne lausumat Neuvostoliiton voitosta ja ryssien saapumisesta tänne, joita jotkut väkijoumien vaikutuksen alaiset henkilöt ovat katsoneet asiakseen esittä. Vaikata sensijaan on varmasti väittää, ovatko ne muutamit saksalaisiin sotilashenkilöihin kohdistuneet pahoinpitelyt, jotka ovat joutuneet poliisin selvitettäväksi, johtuneet kommunistisesta mielenlaadusta vai puhtaasti naisasioista.
- b) Sotilaskarkureita on poliisin toimesta etsitty sitä mukaa kuin niitä on ilmoitettu joko etsintäkuulutuksissa tai välittömästi sotilaskarkurien toimesta, vieläpä yleisön antamien nimettömien tai luottamuksellisten ilmoitustenkin perusteella. Edelleen on poliisi yhteistoiminnassa is-joukoista asetettujen partioiden kanssa ahkerasti toimittanut henkilötarkastuksia toreilla, liikennepaikoilla, ravintemalikkeissa y.m. todetakseen, ovatko sotapalvelusläässä olevien miesten asevelvollisuusluutokset kunnossa. Myöskin on koetettu selvittää kaikkien esim. juopumuksen tai rikosilmoitusten johdosta tarkka passiasioissa poliisin kanssa tekemisiin joutuneitten henkilöitten

Arrived 15/10.41

Turku City
POLICE CHIEF

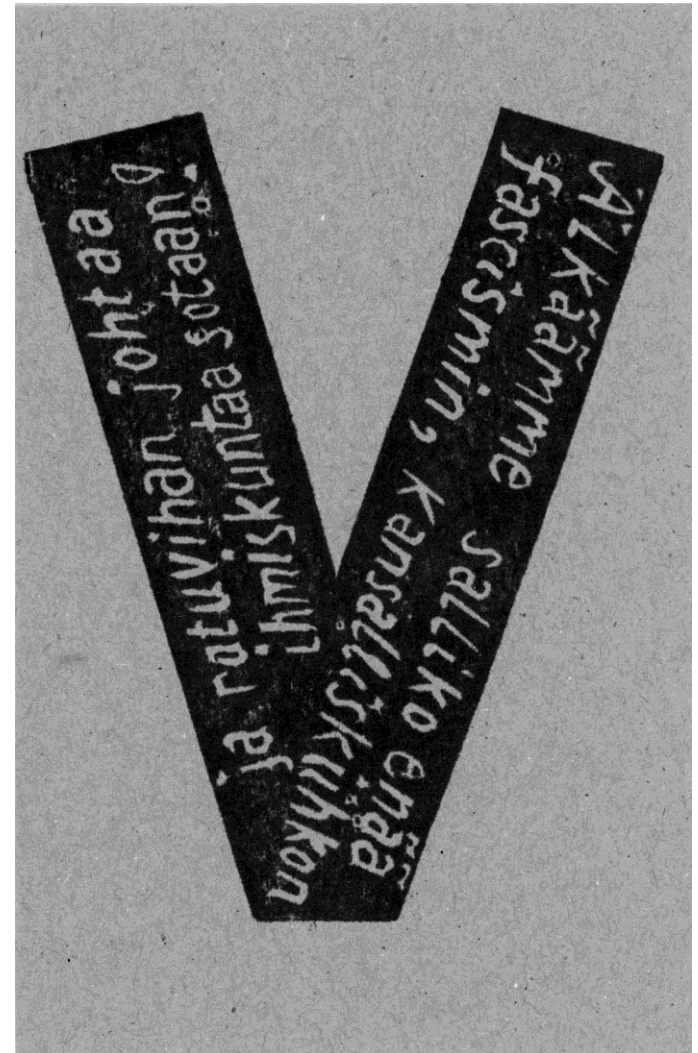
15. October 1941
No. 1 / 1028.

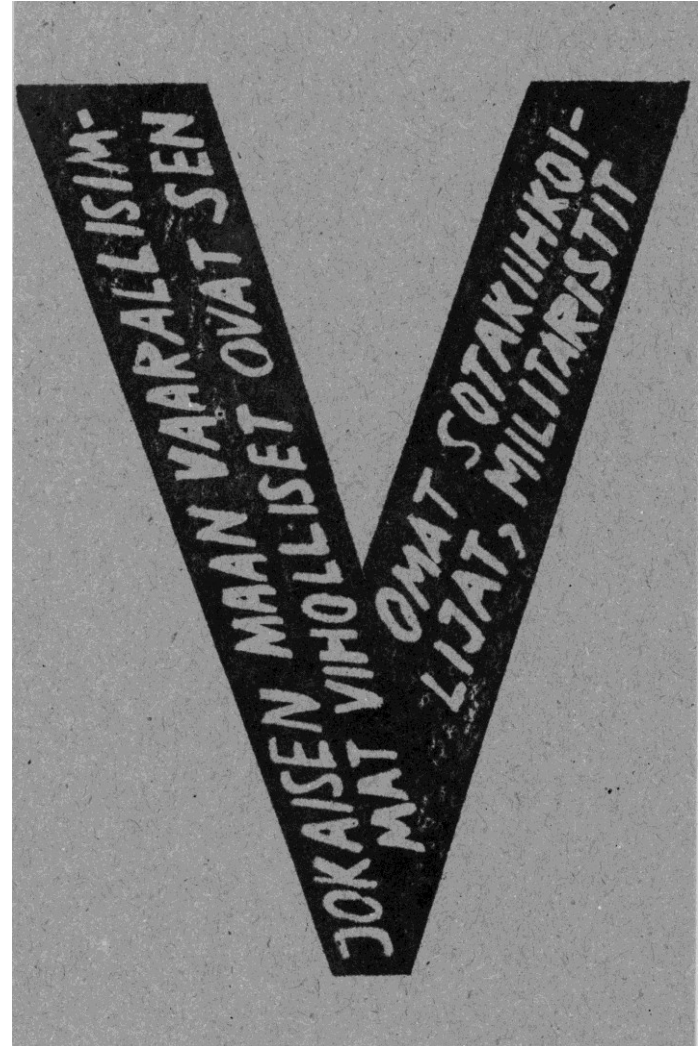
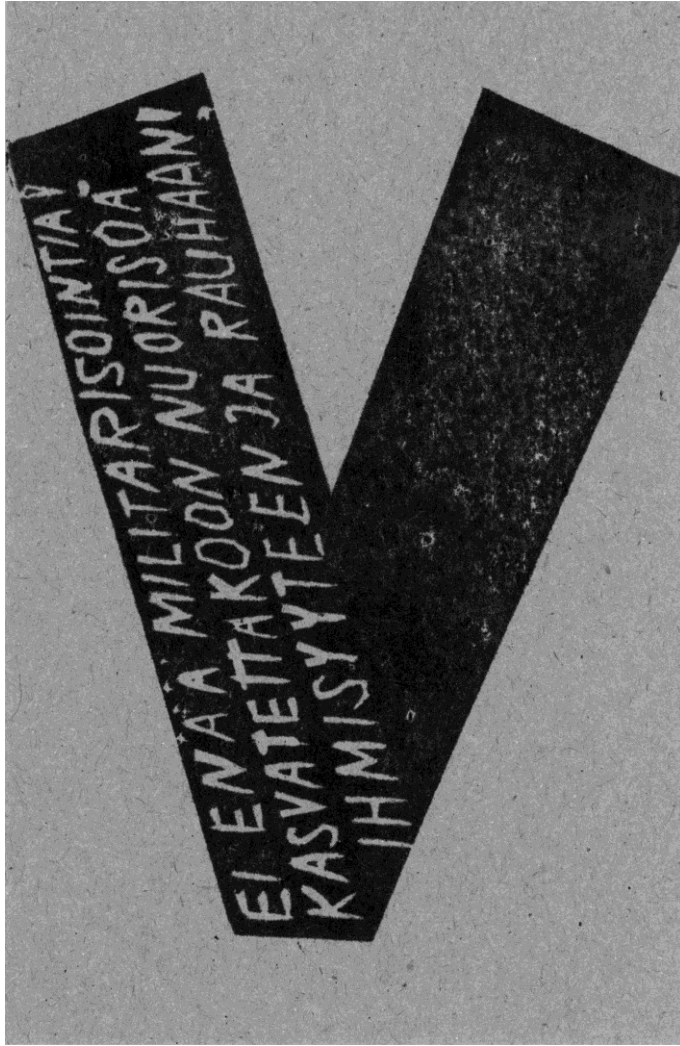
To the Turku and Pori Region Police inspector.

As response to Mr. Police inspector's telephone message No. 9 c/10.10.41 I honourably present the following:

- a) Of communist activities the police have not had specific observations to note. Nevertheless, one visible expression of such should probably be regarded those pieces of cardboard cut in the shape of letter V, which are equipped with slogans such as: "Down with Germany", "Down with war", "Death to fascists", "Victory to humanity" and which have been found on the street on a couple of occasions in several numbers. As expressions of the same spirit must be also regarded those sayings of victory of the Soviet Union and the Russians entering here, which some people, under influence of strong spirits, have thought as their business to present. But it is difficult to be sure that those few cases of molesting that the German military personnel have been subject to, and the police have investigated on, would be caused by a communist state of mind or purely women-issues.
- b) Deserters have been searched for by the police whenever such have been notified of in search warrants or immediately by the military officers, or even based on anonymous or confidential reports from the public. The police, in collaboration with the patrols of IS-troops, continue to perform controls at the squares, traffic centers, restaurants etc. to confirm whether the military relations of those men, who are in the age of military service are as they should. Also it has been attempt to find out about all persons, for example those who get in contact with the police because of drunkenness or crime cases or passports

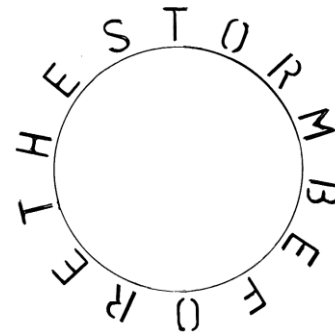






WAR PIECES

David Foggo



ENDOVE

WIN—WIN

WET
PAIN



YOU ARE WELCOME (BUT NOT YOUR SUVS)!

Stephanie Misa



It gets tricky, this idea of a refugee. What forms is an image of a person in need of saving; nothing but clothes on their back, a haunted look in their eyes, grateful. What does not quite fit: the needy coming with luxury SUVs, or top-of-the-line smart phones (as with Syrian refugees in 2015).

Während jeder Wiener fürs Parken zahlen muss, sind das die armen Ukrainer, denen Bürgermeister Ludwig die Parkgebühren schenkt", sagte Nepp süffisant. Eine Argumentation, die sowohl vom Boulevard wie auch in einschlägigen Foren bereitwillig übernommen wurde. ("While every Viennese has to pay for parking, it's the poor Ukrainians to whom Mayor Ludwig gives the parking fees," Nepp* said smugly. An argument that was readily adopted both by the tabloids and forums.")**

So, the complaints start pouring in. We support Ukraine, "but do they have to have such big cars?", "why do they take up all the parking spaces, and for free?"— the hostility, the pro-Putin fanatics wreaking havoc — are you only generous until it becomes inconvenient, and only sympathetic till you find that there is no "person to save", not really? Careful, your savior complex might be showing.

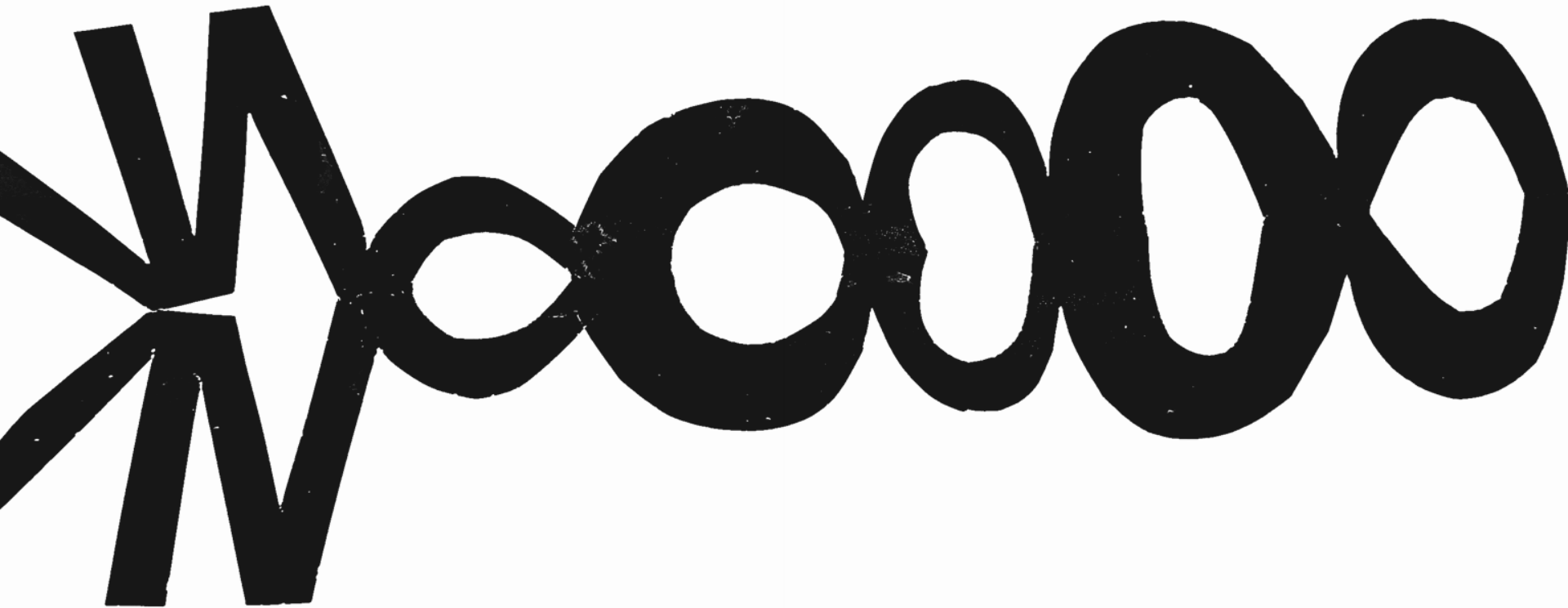
*Dominic Nepp is an Austrian politician who has been leader of the right-wing, populist Freedom Party of Austria (FPÖ) in Vienna since 2019

**Stefanie Rachbauer and Dona Kroisleitner, "Free parking for Ukrainian refugees ends", Der Standard Newspaper, May 31, 2022, 14:26.

Image source, page 100: "Aus für Gratis-Parken – Ukraine-Autos bekommen Warnhinweise" ("Out for free parking – Ukraine cars get warnings") Heute Newspaper, Vienna, Austria, May 7, 2022, 18:30.

Image source, page 101: "Putin-Fans demolieren ukrainische Luxus-Autos in Wien" ("Putin fans demolish Ukrainian luxury cars in Vienna"), Heute Newspaper, Vienna, Austria, March 25, 2022, 14:29.

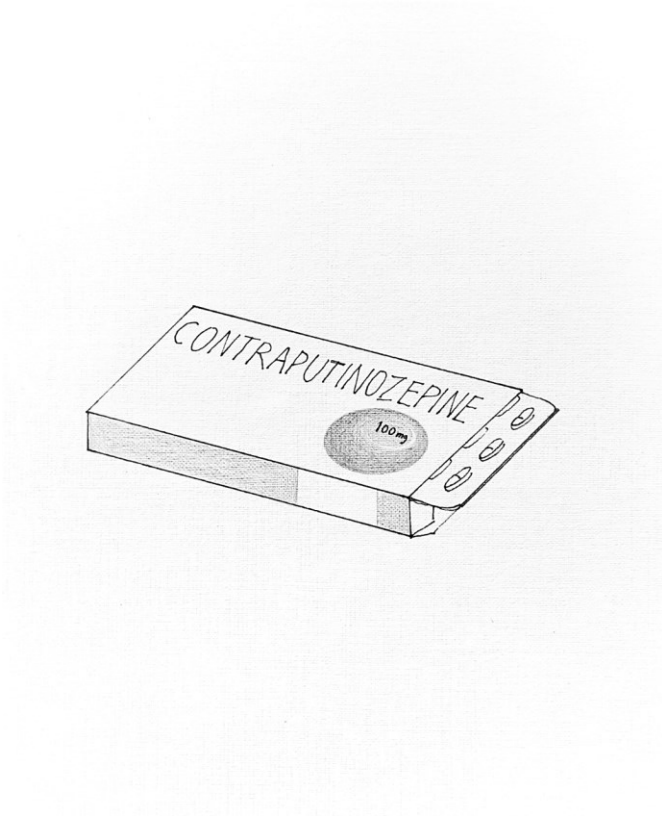
NO
Kaisu Koivisto

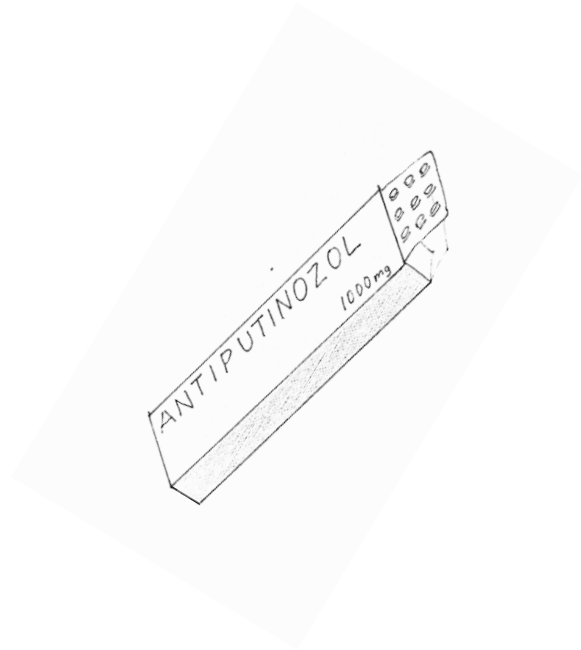
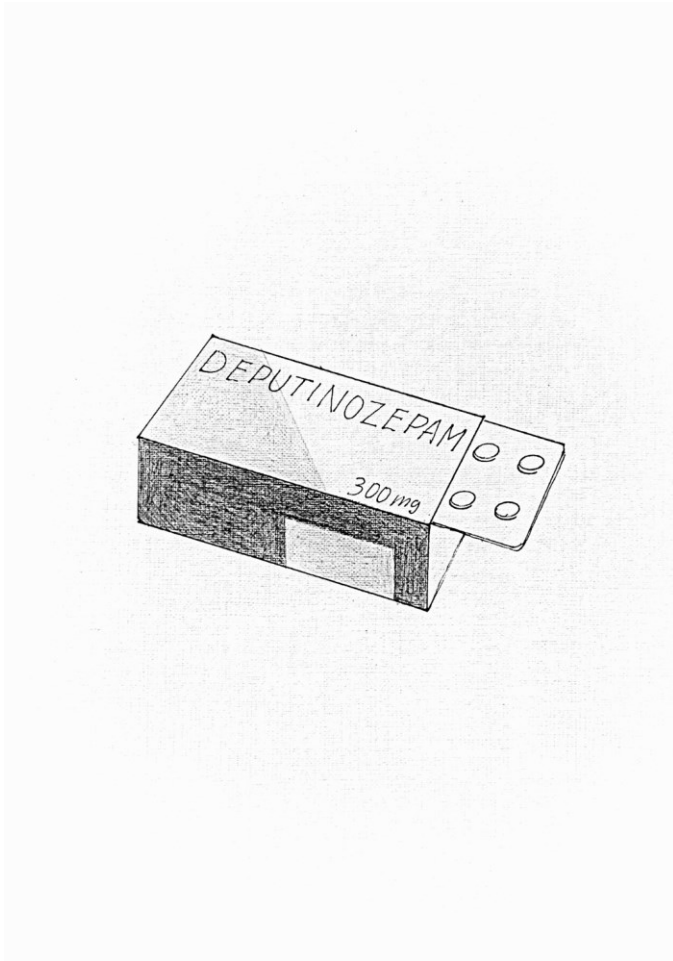


MEDICAL HERMENEUTICS PROPER

Ilya Orlov









THE LOST ART OF KEEPING A SECRET

Frank Brümmel

*...I never believe them and I never assume / Still can't believe there is a lie /
Promises promise, an eye for an eye / We've got something to reveal / No one can
know how we feel...*

*...I think you already know / How far I'd go not to say / You know the art isn't gone /
And I'm taking this all to the grave...*

-Queens of the Stone Age. *The Last Art of Keeping a Secret*

Both of my family lines were forced to leave their homes after the Second World War.

From my mother's side the family lived as so-called Carpathian Germans in Slovakia. The Carpathian Germans are a group of ethnic Germans, who moved in the 12th and 15th century from South Germany to what is today Hungary, Slovakia parts of Romania and Ukraine. My ancestors lived in the area of the so called Hauerland in Central Slovakia. Between 1944-47 they were forced to leave their home, in which the families lived for nearly 800 years. Amongst them my grandparents. Until then they kept their own traditions, culture and language, a distinctive dialect (Mantak dialect). Then the German schools were closed in all

former German-speaking towns and children were forced to learn Slovak. German was not to be used anymore. With a reason of course as we know. Very few Carpathian Germans stayed, like the family of Rudolf Schuster, the later president of Slovakia. But from being around 150.000 people in Slovakia before WWII it went down to around 6.000 after the war.

When I was a child my grandmother would tell about the expulsion and when they were fleeing, which did not happen in one run, but had actually certain stages. Especially in the beginning, the fact that my grandmother spoke many languages, one of them Russian had helped them in several encounters, especially with Russian soldiers. On the way my mother was born in the

then eastern zone of Germany. Although my grandmother's sisters' family decided to stay in what should then become the GDR, my grandparents decided differently. They took the route via Berlin (the time, when the metro would still go from East-to West -Berlin with opening doors in the western sector just for a fraction of time. From there they got to Western Germany and settled later in Bavaria. This is a story were people had to leave their place and could take only a few things with them. They lost really everything, were in a refugee camp and ended up in a by several

families shared former classroom of the old school building in the town, which should later become my birthplace.

On my father's side things look at least from what I memorized differently. The family was also forced to give up their estate in Pomerania on the Baltic Sea, the area near to Gdansk. Somehow they

managed to escape in a way that at least still gave my grandfather and his siblings the possibility to buy houses and land for each of them in Western Germany. Members of the family settled in Northern Germany, around Lübeck. Also my father was born in Northern Germany near an area where curiously enough still until today exists a place bearing our family name. Later they also settled in South Germany.

Both stories have blind spots and inconsistencies, which unfortunately I cannot solve anymore. There are secrets, parts which were never spoken about.

All the terror and absolute horror done to so many people started by the Germans themselves.

For me growing up in Western Germany, this consciousness of common German guilt was a key point in education at schools. It was repetitively taught and discussed.

So shortly after the fall of the wall, when the general



conscription was still in place (meaning you either needed to do military service or civil service), I decided to do civil service - nothing else would have ever come to my mind. My grandmother from mother's side always kept on hoping, I would never join the army and was more than relieved when I did not go there. At that time in the beginning 1990s and especially after the collapse of the Eastern bloc existed for me an enthusiastic belief that no weapons, no military would be needed anymore as before. At that time nearly 70% of conscription selectees did civil service and only less than 30% would join the army. That is surly the time, which at the moment would be considered as the start of what was named lately German Naivity. Culminating in Germany ending the general conscription in 2011 and building up the relationship to Russia, which baffles so many today. I have in no way an expertise to describe a coherent image of the political,

historical and economical image of that time, so what I describe is more a feeling in my Western-German generation, that I thought to sense. And that feeling was one of relief. After growing up with all the time being told that the enemy (the Russians, the GDR, the whole East bloc) sits on the other side of the fence, and with a constant fear of a possible nuclear strike, suddenly people were dancing on the Berlin Wall and all the future looked exciting and promising. Germany was again one country, families were reunited again and everybody could visit each others without restrictions. Members of a punk-rock band from then again Saint Petersburg overnighted several times in our living community whilst their tours in Germany.

Other countries like Finland went other ways. They kept their army and common conscription. A few years ago our son, as a Finnish citizen, joined the army here in Finland.

And when visiting the military bases on visiting days, I saw that to a certain amount the whole relationship regarding the army in Finland was a completely different one than in Germany. There seemed to be something like reasonable proud, solidarity and sense of duty. Qualities which were for decades occupied in Germany with memories of what they were abused for in the past.

German and proud - an absolute no-go, not possible after what the Germans had done and probably not even possible again in the near future. Solidarity - a dangerous field that only was sometimes activated as for football or for flood victims in Germany and similar events but always with caution not to wake up the whole sleeping volcano. And sense of duty - maybe something that people outside of Germany would think about Germans and German Pünktlichkeit (exactingness). But Germans like me would always locate it as part of the

dangerous realm of military thinking and nationalism.

In February 2022 with Russia starting a war with the invasion of Ukraine everything changed. The Germans, their chancellor, the whole country, was called for a complete turn. The fact that you need weapons to make peace, to fight for peace is a new reality for me and many Germans and brought therefor not only the peace movement into a conflicted situation.

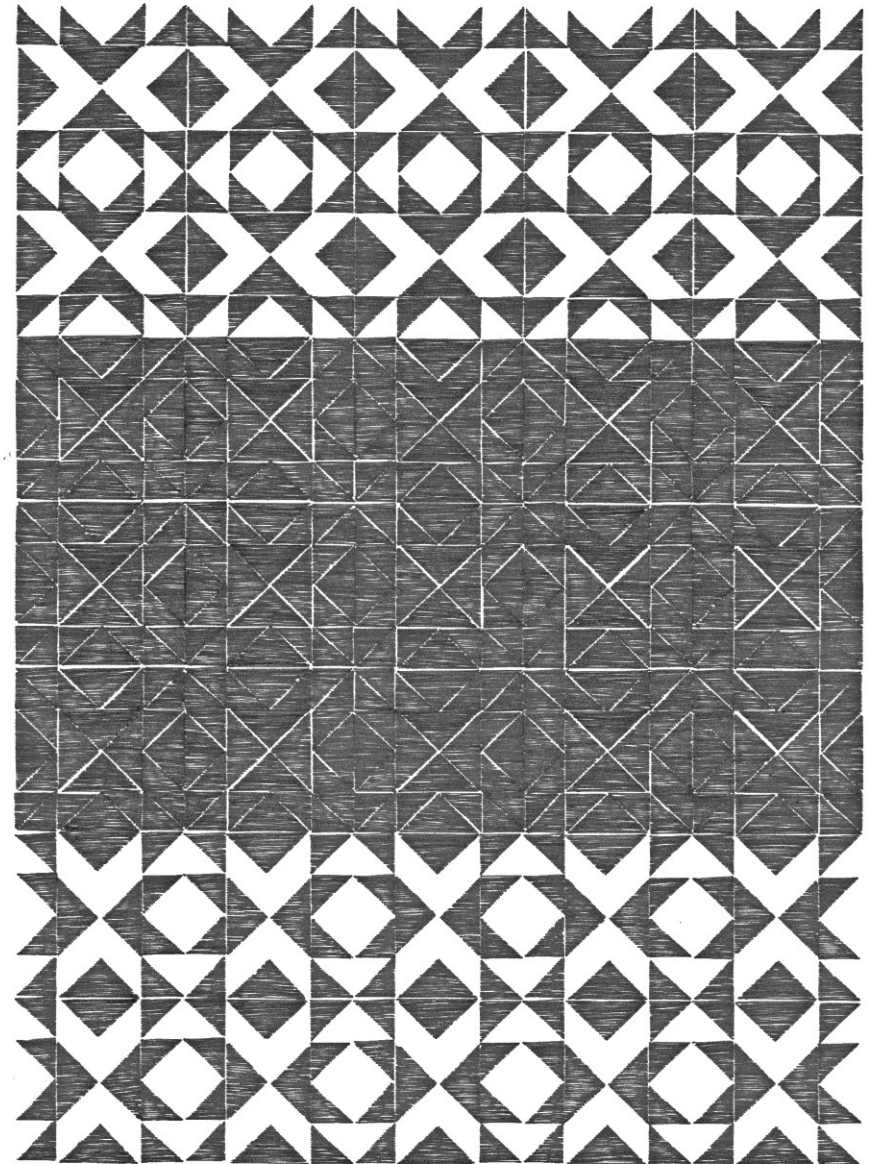
And still today in June a great amount of Germans seemingly struggles with this new reality. Trying to get their head around to understand the need for a new positioning. While time goes on.

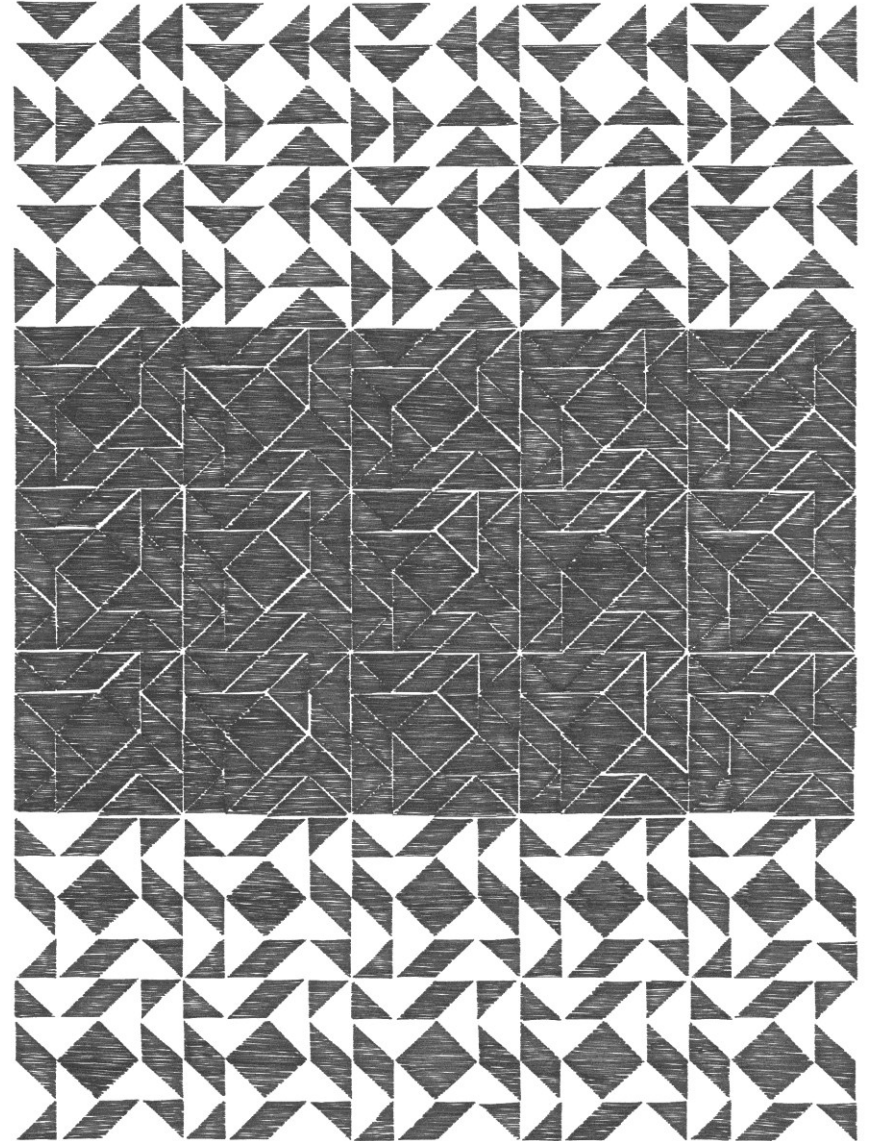
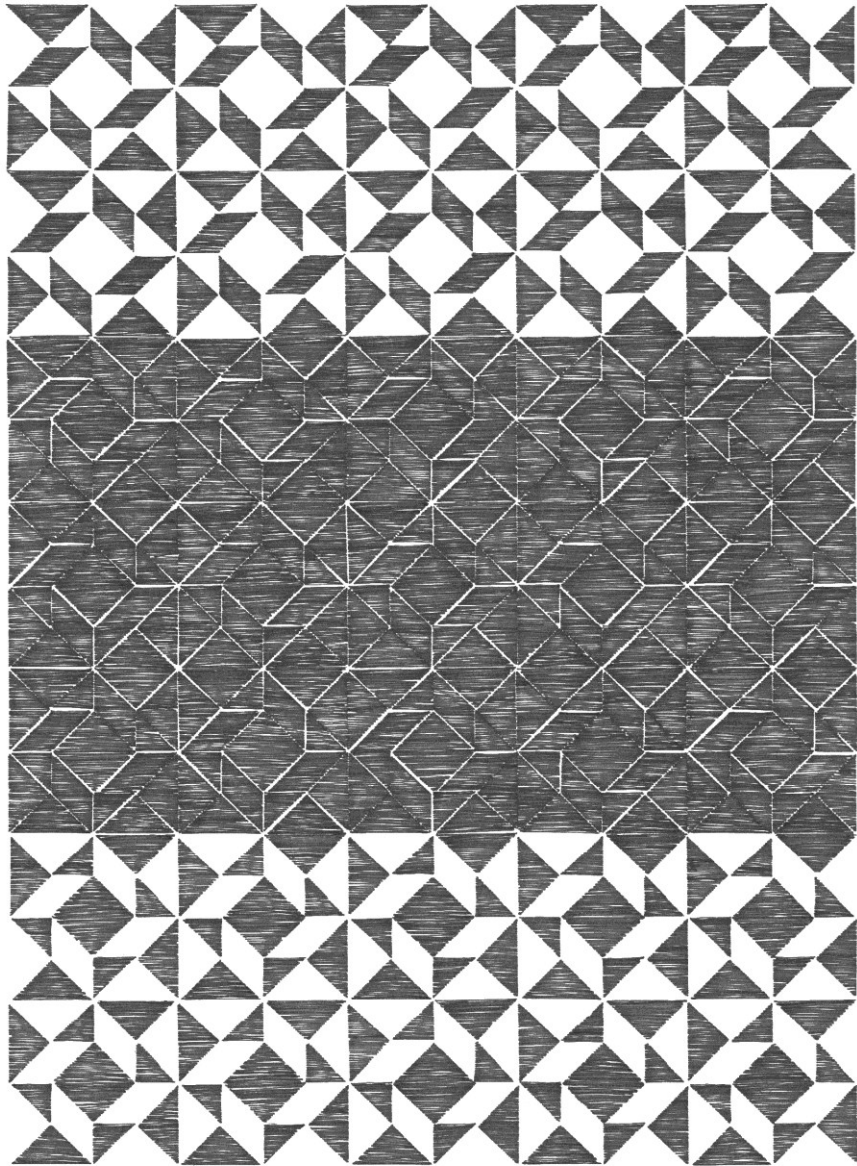
So far thousands of people, so they survived, were forced to leave their homes, places and take leave from their beloved ones. They arrive in trains, buses, cars and planes in foreign countries. I see that some of them are at the age of what my grandparents were then and some are just child, as my mother was.



THREE QUILTS FOR UKRAINE

Miranda Blennerhassett





There is a history of people making quilts and sending them to others to provide comfort during times of war. What each drawing shows is a central panel that has the full pattern drawn in, and then above and below are the two positive and negative patterns that make up the whole. I have been going back and forth about what the images represent to me because it was an instinctive decision to make these drawings.

On one hand you have two differing forms on either side that collide in the middle in an expression of complexity, making me think of the two opposing forces of Ukraine and Russia and the interlocking struggle of people and systems that has arisen from Russia's confrontation and aggression.

Conversely, on the other hand I feel that you have a central panel that has a calm order and regularity to it, which to my mind can represent Ukraine prior to the chaos, and then the two areas on either side are what happens when an ordered structure or system is pulled apart and fractured into separate elements.

So, I see it in two different ways: one where you have two sides colliding in the middle, and one where you start with the order of the middle and then pull it apart into separate components.

I have made drawings similar to this before because I'm always interested in the construction of pattern, and how it interlocks, however they have always been landscape format because it makes all the elements equal in importance. In contrast, these drawings are all in a portrait format as it automatically implies a hierarchy, a dominance of one side over another. One section of the pattern will always be the one on top and one will always be below.

ARCHIVE DRAWING BY MIINA HUJALA
FROM THE BEGINNING OF 2000S,
AND REPRODUCED HAND-DRAWN COPY
DONE IN 2022 BY ARTTU MERIMAA

Miina Hujala & Arttu Merimaa

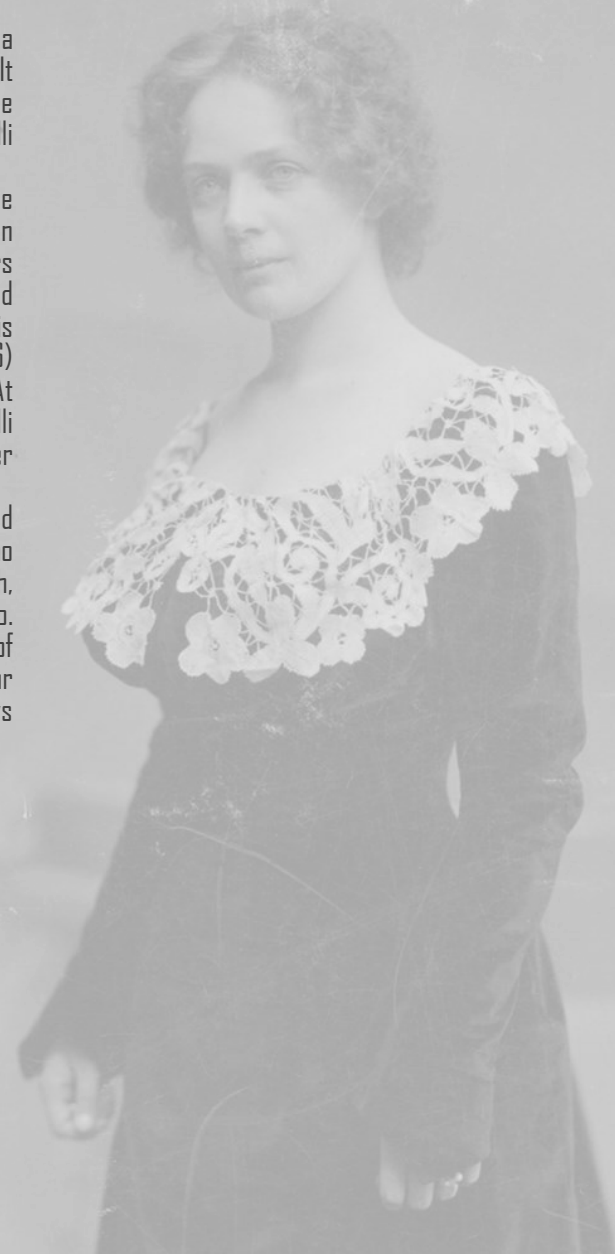


A LETTER FROM 1905

Elina Saloranta

My contribution is a letter from the past. It was written by the Finnish singer Elli Forssell-Rozentāle (1871–1943) during the 1905 revolution in Russia. Two years earlier, Elli had married the Latvian painter Janis Rozentāls (1866–1916) and moved to Riga. At the time of writing, Elli was expecting her second child.

The letter is addressed to Elli's sister Anna, who was studying in Munich, but it speaks to me, too. Above all, its themes of violence and fear resonate with the news from Ukraine.



Annan Joulupäivänä 1905

Minun ajatukseni ovat olleet pikku Anna sisaren luona, joka on ensi kertaa poissa kotoa vierasten ihmisten luona. Arvelimme Janin kanssa että ehkä olet opettajasi perheessä nämä päivät. Enhän pitkään aikaan mistään tietoja ole saannut, koska posti ja junat vaan streikkaavat. Olot ovat levottomat ja surulliset, - minä vielä alituiseissa odotuksessa - Balgalv kyllä sanoi kaikki olevan hyvin ja antoi hyviä toiveita, mutta eihän sitä tiedä vielä minkälaisessa tilassa sekin laps'raukka näkee päivän valon.

Olen politiikasta kirjoittanut myös kotiin, niin että sieltä saat kirjeen myöhemmin luettavaksi. Kauheita mellakoita on Kuurinmaalla, Windau y.m. on poltettu, ihmisiä joukoittain tapettu. Rigassa odotetaan samaa. Koska se tulee ei voi tietää, ehkä vasta uutena vuotena, ehkä jo ennen. - Ausberg lupasi tulla sanomaan koska meidän on pakeneminen täältä! Mutta enhän minä mihinkään pääse lähtemään enkä myös millään ehdolla jättäisi Jania yksin tänne.

Voi Annaseni, en sinulle ollut aikonut näin surullisia asioita jouluna kirjoittaa - vaan en muuta tiedä, olen itse niin alakuloinen. Tulevaisuus näyttää tällä hetkellä niin synkältä - ja ekonomia horjuu, ei mitään osteta ja muotokuva-tilauksista ei tule mitään huonojen raha-asioiden johdosta. Hyvä, että edes tuo hyyryläisemme kunnollisesti maksaa, mutta se ei ole paljon.

Minua on oltu myötänsä pyytämässä laulamaan kaikenlaisissa social.-demokr. iltamissa, mutta en tietysti ole voinut esiintyä. - Eräänä päivänä olimme kutsutut Huhnin ja Unferhaun luo kahville. He soittivat yhdessä paljon kaunista, oikein teki hyvää kuulla musiikkia, konsertteja kun ei ole. - Nauti sinä niistä kun voit.

Elli

PS. Jan tervehtii, on atelierissa, tekee työtä. Laila on iso, viisas tyttö, sanoo olevansa "sosiavist-demokrat".

On Anna's Christmas Day 1905

My thoughts have been with my little sister Anna, who is for the first time away from home among strangers. Jan and I have guessed that you are with your teacher's family for these days. I have not heard anything for a long while, since the post and the trains have been on strike. Things have been unsettled and sad, - myself still in constant anticipation - Balgalv did indeed say I am well and gave me good hope, but then we do not yet know in what state the poor child will see the light of day.

I have written home about politics, too, so you will get a letter to read from there later. There are dreadful riots in Courland. Windau and elsewhere have been burnt, people killed en masse. We expect the same in Riga. When it will come we cannot know, perhaps not until New Year, perhaps already before. - Ausberg promised to come and tell us when we have to flee from here! But then I cannot go anywhere, nor under any circumstances would I leave Jan here alone.

Oh, my Anna, I had not intended to write such sad things at Christmas - but I know nothing else, I myself am so dejected. The future looks so dark at the moment - and our finances are precarious, we buy nothing and we get nothing from portrait commissions due to the poor financial circumstances. It is good that at least that subtenant of ours pays properly, but it is not much.

I am constantly being asked to sing at all manner of social-democrat soirees, but, of course, I could not perform. - One day, we were invited to Huhn and Unferhau's for coffee. They played a lot of beautiful pieces together, it really did me good to hear music, since there are no concerts. - Enjoy them while you can.

Elli

PS. Jan sends his regards, he is in his studio, working. Laila is a big, clever girl, says she is a "sociavist-democrat".

Source: Helsinki City Archives,
Anna Suolahti collection

Translation: Michael Garner

Note: At the start of the 20th century, Latvia observed the Julian calendar, while Germany followed the Gregorian. That is why Elli dated her letter "on Anna's Christmas Day". In Latvia, Christmas would be 13 days later.

UNTITLED

Leonor Ruiz Dubrovin





WORD AND SILENCE

Pavel Gerasimenko

Why does the silence of [Russian] artists, gallerists, museum workers, curators now look like a distinct mistake?

Fine arts have long ceased to be the focus of [Russian] state cultural policy (it is easy to recall), while over the past years, contemporary artists' work has imperceptibly drifted away from social issues. [...] But still, contemporary art and its authors have the primary right to speak out, the exercise of which is absolutely vital, since this right is obtained in exchange for talent and in the process of choosing an artistic path, becoming part of an unspoken symbolic convention. However, the main thing is that under the current totalitarian conditions, the lower the 'starting position' of those who speak out, the sooner they tend to remain compliant with the current status quo. [...]

On the question of finding language in a time of catastrophe: There has been one public discussion including representatives of the art

community announced recently, but any reference to the war is avoided in its announcement – so everything becomes immediately clear already at the level of linguistic choice. I will quote it as a stylistic example: *The current changes do not pass by the sphere of culture and art intact. What is happening to contemporary art in Russia with the advent of unstable and fragile times? What problems have artists, galleries and institutions already faced? How do they plan to solve them?* [...] Obviously, when 'special war operation' is used as a euphemism, it can only be supported – "together with the whole nation," while one could be against it only if it is called 'war'. In fulfilling the absurd censorship requirements, it is probably best to adopt a single wording of "that which cannot be named," which in culture unequivocally refers to the name of the devil and would therefore be the most accurate. Among the various reactions

of the artists around me these days, those who I would call 'celestials' are particularly irritating: these are artists who have made mysticism, magic, alchemy in post-technological or traditional forms the subject of their art, and who have achieved serious (not just commercial) success along the way – their pieces still enchant in an unfathomable way and still work. Or have worked?

Photos of the exhumation of bodies near the Church of St Andrew the Apostle and All Saints in Bucha have surfaced. The photographer Victoria Ivleva, has been there, seen and painstakingly documented a wooden platform tied to a crane boom, on which the bodies were lifted out of the ditch. These are images that are impossible to look at because the eye absolutely refuses to understand and recognise a human body in these photos taken in a long shot, where one can see knees pulled up high in torn jeans or arms twisted separately from a black down

jacket. In the mind, the image is obscured by a blind spot. For the past two decades, contemporary art has been much interested in the post-human, a new hybrid condition of mind and body, where one of the favourite characters was the cyborg. Here is how the post-human body has appeared to us in actuality.

People should always keep these photographs in their mind's eye. If you ask why now, weren't the images of the victims of the Katyn shootings or the Rwanda massacre enough, then the answer is the time and the place that ensures the self-identification with both the murdered and the murderer. It is terrible to realise that people you know well and are close to, most of those walking on sunny days along St. Petersburg streets, turn out to be cannibals and supporters of mass murder, or they are just most concerned about their own career in relation to the 'cancellation of Russian culture'.

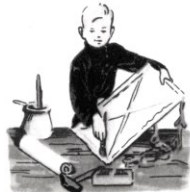
TO HAMMER A CROSS FOR VOVA AND DIMA

Jyrki Siukonen

3. OUR WORKROOM.



Sasha is making
a bus.



Misha is making
a kite.



Vova is making
a tank.



Aleck is making
a house.



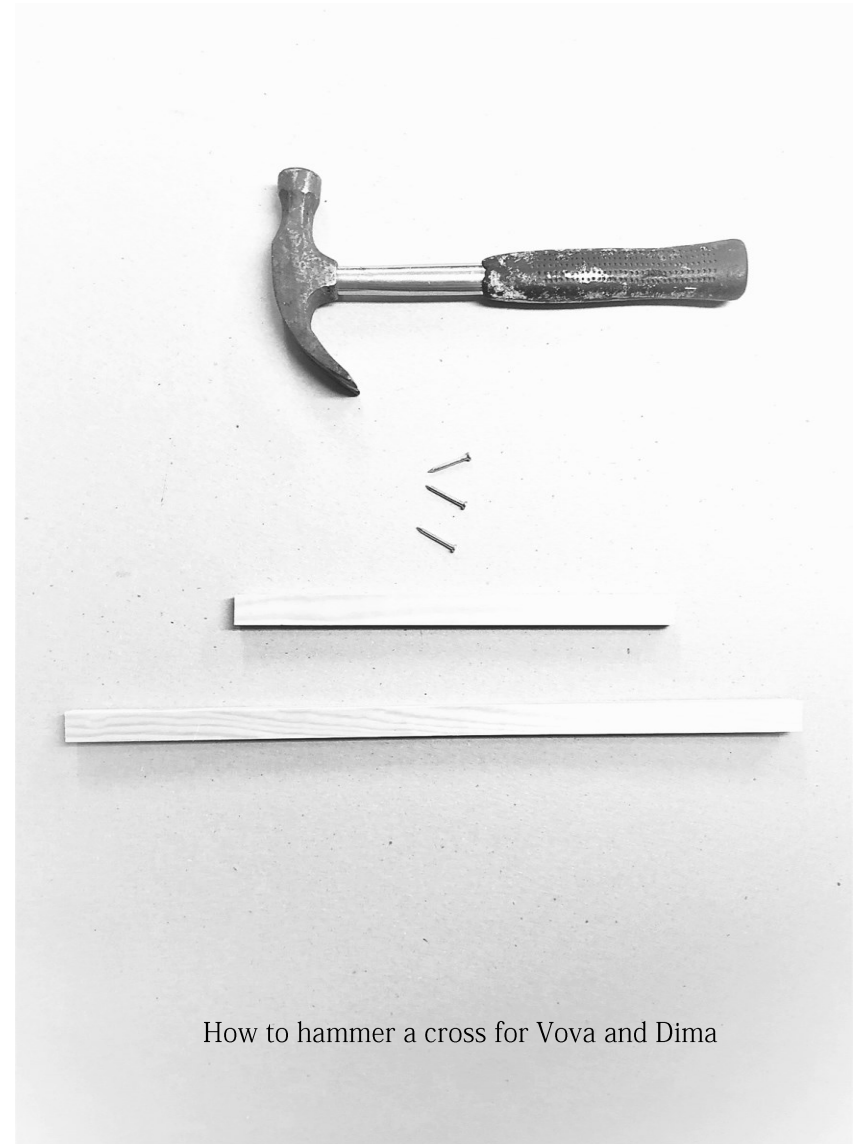
Dima is making
a gun.



Youra is making
a box.



They all have hammers and nails.



How to hammer a cross for Vova and Dima

CONTRIBUTORS

Paal Bjelke Andersen (1966) is a poet and translator living in Oslo. Spartak Khachanov (1984) is an artist living in Vantaa.

Panos Balomenos (1976) is an artist living in Helsinki. Kaisu Koivisto (1962) is an artist living in Helsinki.

Miranda Blennerhassett (1972) is an artist living in Dublin. Tanja Koljonen (1981) is an artist living in Helsinki.

Frank Brümmel (1972) is an artist living in Turku. Stephanie Misa (1979) is an artist living in Vienna.

Matthew Cowan (1974) is an artist living in Berlin. Jana Müller (1977) is an artist living in Berlin.

Leonor Ruiz Dubrovin (1978) is an artist living in Helsinki. Ilya Orlov (1973) is an artist living in Helsinki.

David Foggo (1968) is an artist living in Newcastle. Elina Saloranta (1968) is an artist living in Helsinki.

Pavel Gerasimenko (1967) is an art critic living in St. Petersburg. Jyrki Siukonen (1959) is an artist and writer living in Tampere.

Minna Henriksson (1976) is an artist living in Helsinki. Andrey Ustinov (1975) is an artist living in Berlin.

Miina Hujala & Arttu Merimaa is an artistic/curatorial duo based in Helsinki. Marko Vuokola (1967) is an artist living in Helsinki.

James Johnson-Perkins (1972) is an artist living in Ningbo.

IMAGE CREDITS

- Jana Müller. *A Dead Whale or a Stove Boat. A Photograph Taken on 24 February 2022 at the Canterbury Museum, Christchurch, New Zealand. 2022.* Digital photograph. 14-15
- Matthew Cowan. *Untitled (Wildman Disguise). 2022.* Wet plate collodion photograph by Ewa Lachowicz. 25
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ABOUT THE JOURNAL

Shy Plumber is an independent international art periodical issued in Helsinki. Invented in 2020 by the artists Ilya Orlov and Matthew Cowan, the journal is meant by the founders as a successor to the tradition of the artist-run avant-gardist and conceptualist magazines, as well as a revision of the genre of conceptualist graphic albums of the 1970s. Focused on conceptual art today in its varied forms, the journal looks at the questions concerning art theory and philosophy of art, with a particular interest in the concepts and definitions of art and its functions.

Shy Plumber publishes artworks, considering them a fully-fledged analogue of showing it at a gallery or museum exhibition, as well as texts in art theory, intentionally and programmatically blurring the borders between art and philosophy, word and image, practice and theory. The journal is on the side of the artist, and most of the contributors to the journal are indeed artists.

The journal does not do open calls; all contributors are invited upon the editors' decision. The artists invited to contribute are expected to share in their works the ethical and political principles of the journal: democracy, equality, respect for others, and rejection of all forms of discrimination, oppression, hatred, and violence.

The journal is circulated free of charge via pdf. Issue I was published on the 25th of September 2020. Issue II was originally planned for 2021, but the publication has been postponed; it will be released in 2022, after Issue III, and will be announced in due course.

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