



holdings
17/07/2023



note: This edition of *Holdings* is published on the occasion of the exhibition *Not knowing yet - possibly not knowing ever*, at Pylon Art & Culture
artists: Mariel Kouveli, Sara Naim, Dala Nasser and Maria Toumazou
curated by: Thalia Spyridou.



Excerpt:

Kathy goes to Haiti **Kathy Acker**

This is what Kathy sees: First paper-thin paper-like-wall shacks on thin wooden platforms. Walls are dirty pink, dirty pale green, dirty tan. Some of these shacks are stores because they have no doors and bear signs like EPICERIE and BOUTIQUE DE PARIS. There are more and more people everywhere. Soon there's at least one person per square foot. Men and women and girls and boys and babies sit and argue and sell and buy and stand around and eat and walk. No animals in sight. A few thin mangy green-leafed trees. The shacks move closer and closer together until they form a solid row that walls in the road. So there's this road with lots of cars running up and down it and long eight-foot-high paper strips on each side of it. The paper strips contain small paper doors. As they grow larger, the paper strips separate from each other and become individual buildings. Partly rotting two-and three-story houses surrounded by weeds and high concrete white fences. Larger semi-decaying mansions. Some of the buildings are stone and there are one or two rectangular cement office buildings. The buildings lie far apart from each other. The roads are wide. All the people here are walking. Some of the people wear clothes which aren't torn. There's a park. To the left and right of the road there are quasi-triangular ten-acre sections of low-cut grass, trimmed hedges, and here and there small circles of red flowers in the low-cut grass. To the right, below the grass, there's another few acres of plain dirt. Across the road from the dirt, still descending, there're a strip of joined yellow concrete houses which form a fence around a large dirt square.

"That's the army barracks," the taxi-driver says. The light blue Plymouth keeps moving. "To your left's a mausoleum."

On the left, the park continues. Low-cut grass and occasional small white and yellow flowers surround white steps and the large white building the white steps lead up to. Below the park there's a huge oval strip of land. A black metal fence surrounds this strip. Within the fence is a huge totally clean whiter-than-the-sun mansion. The mansion looks like an American government mansion. White white steps lead up to the mansion. There are no trees. There are no people. The shacks begin again and all the people walk and sit

and talk and carry baskets and have dogs and quarrel. The road's a hard dirt road. It winds around, goes up and down, basically it moves north-south. There's dust every-where. Dust on the road, dust in the air, dust on the skin, dust on the straw and wood shacks. The distance is a light tan haze. The shacks are light tan and grey. They're about two feet apart from each other. Dogs and chickens run from the shacks into the street. The sides of the road are ruts. Women and a few children walk in these ruts. There are almost no men. The women wear brightly colored scarves around their heads and closefitting dresses or blouses and skirts ending at their knees. Some of the dresses and skirts are torn. Sometimes they wear aprons over their skirts. The road's flat and runs directly north and south. On the right the dry land rises and on the left it slopes down and can't be seen again. Eight-foot-high paper walls line the road. There are so many men and women walking in front of the walls, there's a closer wall of black flesh. Cars pass on top of each other. Honk. Honk. The people thin out. To the right, on the sloping dirt's a small cement house. The sign on the wood fence that surrounds this house says MARIE'S VOODOO. NIGHTLY. There are lots of similar houses surrounded by fences that are nightclubs and voodoo places. The sun is hot and bright. There are fewer and fewer houses. Just a long strip of road and more trees.





Photos: **Aristotelis Nikolas Mochloulis**

note: I took these photos in two taxis after losing my keys. The first, I took from my flat to a bar I thought I left them at; the second from the bar back home. I found my keys the next morning. I'd left them at work. I hand-printed the photos on expired agfa paper.

Story:

In a Tub **Amy Hempel**

My heart—I thought it stopped. So I got in my car and headed for God. I passed two churches with cars parked in front. Then I stopped at the third because no one else had.

It was early afternoon, the middle of the week. I chose a pew in the center of the rows. Episcopal or Methodist, it didn't make any difference. It was as quiet as a church.

I thought about the feeling of the long missed beat, and the tumble of the next ones as they rushed to fill the space. I sat there—in the high brace of quiet and stained glass—and I listened.

At the back of my house I can stand in the light from the sliding glass door and look out onto the deck. The deck is planted with marguerites and succulents in red clay pots. One of the pots is empty. It is shallow and broad, and filled with water like a birdbath.

My cat takes naps in the windowbox. Her gray chin is powdered with the iridescent dust from butterfly wings. If I tap on the glass, the cat will not look up.

The sound that I make is not food.

When I was a girl I sneaked out at night. I pressed myself to hedges and fitted the shadows of trees. I went to a construction site near the lake. I took a concrete-mixing tub, slid it to the shore, and sat down inside it like a saucer. I would push off from the sand with one stolen oar and float, hearing nothWing, for hours.

The birdbath is shaped like that tub.

I look at my nails in the harsh bathroom light. The scare will appear as a ripple at the base. It will take a couple of weeks to see.

I lock the door and run a tub of water.

Most of the time you don't really hear it. A pulse is a thing that you feel. Even if you are somewhat quiet. Sometimes you hear it through the pillow at night. But I know that there is a place where you can hear it even better than that.

Here is what you do. You ease yourself into a tub of water, you ease yourself down. You lie back and wait for the ripples to smooth away. Then you take a deep breath, and slide your head under, and listen for the playfulness of your heart.



Story: **Lost Things** [edited]
Lydia Davis

They are lost, but also not lost but somewhere in the world. They are lost from me and where I am, but they are also not gone. They are somewhere else, and they are there to someone else. But if not, still, they are not lost to themselves, but there, only not where I am.