



unbecomings

*un***becomings**

Imprint

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with the exhibition:

*un*becomings

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Cibelle Cavalli Bastos, Filip Berg, Isaac Chong Wai, Leman Seveda
Darıcioğlu, Pedro Gómez-Egaña, Gašper Kunšič, Ieo,
Sārāh Mārtinus, Jonas Monka, İz Öztat & Ra, Sunny Pfalzer,
Spyros Rennt, Denys Shantar, Viron Erol Vert

Curated by Misal Adnan Yıldız

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The Curator

In a tripping rhythm

Lotte Laub

In her short story *Reise ins elfte Reich* [Voyage to the Eleventh Empire], Anna Seghers employs the principle of turning the world upside down: At the outset of life, a person has medals hung around their neck. What counts is not collecting medals, but getting rid of them: the decorations are dropped with music and fanfares. People celebrate not their pride at being decorated, but their relief at casting off the burden of official decorations. Tom Johnson's composition *Failing* takes a different starting point: A bass-player struggles with a score, which cannot be played—and the drama fulfils its conception precisely in failure. What the two works have in common is a moment of slipping: With Seghers, the logic of distinction is turned upside down, while with Johnson virtuosity becomes a tripping rhythm – a slipping off solid tracks, a distancing from what is to be expected.

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The group exhibition *///becomings*, curated by Misal Adnan Yıldız, builds upon this moment of slipping. It focusses on processes instead of identities, on relationships instead of fixed qualities – on practices of unlearning, deforming, and liquefaction. Soft sculptures, amorphous bodies, membranous skins and displaceable objects elude rigid classification; tactility, transformation and glitches point up irritations of the customary. In this way, collective spaces arise, which beg to be activated. Softness proves to be not just a material, but also a way of taking a stance against rigid characterizations, against the unambiguous, against the authority of the monumental. Textile drapings conceal as much as they reveal – they become maskings, which at the same time ironically breach intimacy. Photographs appear as fragments of a diary: Intertwined bodies, skin, and texture evoke a feeling of closeness. Soft fabric sculptures, whose contours proceed from choreographed body movements, translate these movements into material.

Visitors enter into a relationship with the sculptures, insofar as they touch and encircle them, thus continuing the choreography. In this way, the installations unfold in the exhibition as social settings, in which intimacy and relationality can be experienced. Latex, a material with multi-faceted coding – as natural product, as product of extraction and exploitation, as medical protective layer and as fetish – becomes a second skin: at once protecting and delimiting, sensual and exposing, affective und vulnerable.

In *///becomings*, we meet with signs and insignia, with repositories of power, which are re-coded and re-written. Signs of dominion such as crowns, globes, and crosses, seen for centuries as symbols of the Christian world-order and claims to empire, are here ironically broken and re-coded. Figures of sanctitude, defined and exalted by institutions, here appear in queer readings as vulnerable, human forms. Religious imagery, folklore, or nationally charged symbols are questioned. Ornaments, hearts, iconographies are painted over, shifted, rendered sentimental or ironic. Traditions no longer appear as closed systems, but rather as open archives, which can be re-interpreted, re-stitched, or modulated. At the same time, connections appear, in which migration, memory, and desire are interlocked. Family heirlooms such as a

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prayer mat stand next to fetishized forms, religious narrative next to speculative historiography. Belonging here appears not as a fixed category, but as a relational practice, one that admits dissonances and calls for complexity.

///becomings finds its rhythm in tripping – as a moment, in which what is to be expected no longer applies and something new can be heard. This something new is given acoustical form in a soundtrack specially composed for the exhibition. Thus we can draw an arc back to Anna Seghers and Tom Johnson: It is not the act of decoration, but that of casting off, not the act of effortlessly succeeding, but that of productively failing, which opens up new paths. In this open space, the words of Lou Sullivan, which we read in the exhibition, also resonate. They speak of the wish to be recognized in terms that eschew ready-made identities – not as a rigid image, but through a process of becoming, through personal understandings of happiness. This movement is reflected in the drawings made on glass. They appear to dislodge themselves from the surface: lightly, spirited, floating free.

Istanbul Queer Art Collective

Nails it.



*"we are
waiting"*

The return of Misal Adnan Yildiz to Berlin and opening group exhibition *unbecomings*

Jules van den Langenberg

Berlin, 2025

Locked out of Eden

Paradise.

The Garden of Eden, Jannat, Behesht.

Each belief system offers its own vision of a heavenly place,
a place of lush abundance,
where time seems suspended,
where two humans live among trees, textures,
and untouched possibility.

But paradise, as imagined,

was not wilderness.

It was cultivated.

A garden.

A space that implies care,

flowerbeds, fruit trees,

perhaps even vegetable plots.

To garden is to maintain, to shape.

And so I believe there must have been tools.

A rake. A spade. A wheelbarrow.

A shed to store them.

A kitchen. A place to sleep.

And yet: no scripture, no myth, no mural shows us the house of Adam and Eve.
The architecture of paradise remains unwritten.

Only after exile, after the fall, does the human begin to build.

Shelters, systems, stories, art.

*un*becoming begins in that moment.

Not at the height of order, but in the slippage between states.

Between what once was, and what is yet to come.

This exhibition is not a destination, but a garden of thresholds.

A living terrain of undoing and imagining.

Here, form is not fixed.

Identity is not prescribed.

Narratives are not linear.

It is a space that resists permanence, that invites us to dwell in process.

To unbecome is not to disappear, but to loosen.

To return to an elemental state, not to start over, but to start *otherwise*.

In this space, we are asked not to seek clarity, but to sit with complexity.

To unlearn as a way of making room.

And perhaps, if we listen closely, we might hear the sound of something
ancient

and still emerging, a language before language, a home before houses.

Welcome to *un*becomings,

a place between structure and softness, between refusal
and renewal.

A space that may not offer answers, but gives us permission
to ask different questions.

Let us begin there.

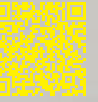
THEY SAID
A HURRICANE
IS COMING
BUT I DONT
WANT TO
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DONT WANT
TO HIDE
ANYMORE.
I KNOW MY
REFLECTION
WATS FOR
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MIRROR
AND WINDOW
BUT I CHOSE
NOT TO LOOK
I CANT STAND

TO SEE
MYSELF
NOT LIKE
THIS
WAITING
FOR THE
STORM TO HIT



unbecomings - To Be Human

Cibelle Cavalli Bastos



in a world
where algorithms stretch
their invisible hands
across paint, across flesh, across gesture
where capital encodes value into our pores
and perception is stockpiled for resale
we unbecome

not in grand ruptures
but through minor gestures
glitches of tenderness
that slip past firewalls
of institutional coherence

a breath,
held between

one avatar and another

this is the place
of undisciplining,
of careful unperformance,
of letting go of names
and surfacing as liquid thought

together,
we tilt the frame
disorient the OS
make soft syntax

out of what was binary

unbecomings
a collective debugging
a refusal to optimize

adancing refusal

a porous experiment
in staying with the un-coded

in tending to the misread

this isn't resistance
it's rerouting
beyond spectacle,
beyond audience metrics,
into present contact

we unbecome
to rehuman
to remain unmarketable
to not die
in the algorithm's sleek

Misal Adnan Yıldız

*un*becomings

Prologue

Welcome to *un*becomings, and nice to meet you. I am *un*becomings! You are *un*becomings!

We are...

Currently, the Earth is experiencing a period of slightly faster rotation; meaning, days are a bit shorter than 24 hours. This reminds me of the Earth time that passed between the 1990 book *Gender Trouble* and the 2004 one, *Undoing Gender* by Judith Butler. Yes, I am still a-sort-of-gender trouble despite all the experiments. Or, I am the problem. The years that passed between these works were spent navigating the complexities of self, much like the Earth experiences, rendering days fractionally shorter.

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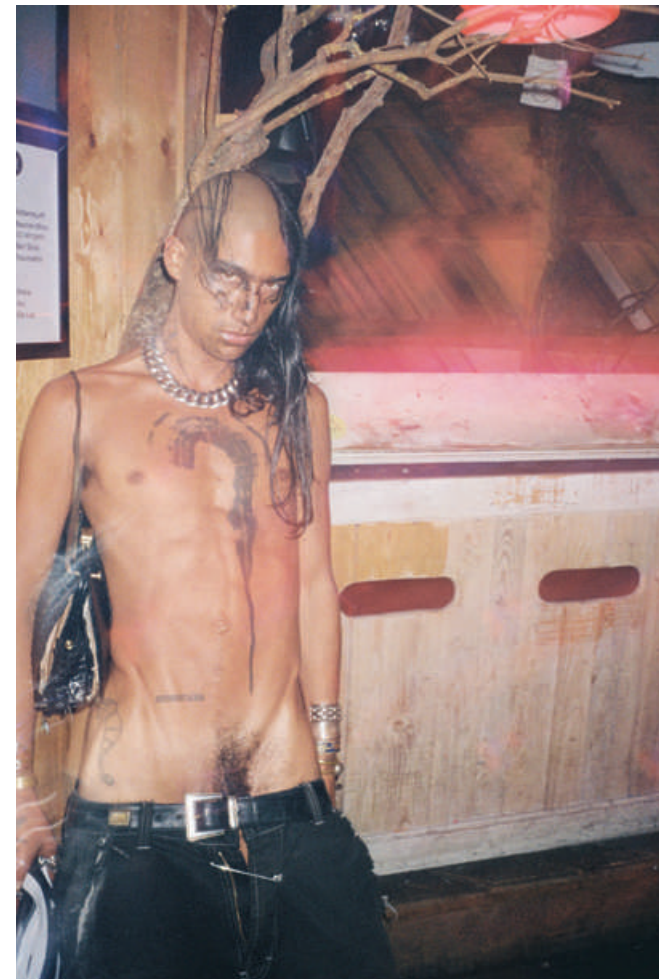
These are my friends! Hurricane Alexander's gigantic drawings embody the turbulence of our inner worlds, where childlike curiosity clashes with adult anxieties. That's Hurricane's portrait shot by Spyros Rennt. His sharp-eyed lens captures the essence of Berlin's queer, trans, and non-binary communities, where diversity converges in a kaleidoscope of experiences. These images, like stepping stones, define a decade of gender revolution, and frames my story.

My journey into *un*becomings begins with the reclaiming of queer bodies in art history, hidden in painting, and emancipated by the photographic lens. Portraits meet their narratives, and the absence of bodies gives rise to their politics. I first heard unbecoming as a title from a prodigy art student, and much later watched a video on queer failure by Jack Halberstam.

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Rennt captures intimacy not as a spectacle, but as something lived-in: the way bodies occupy space and the invisible threads we spin between each other without even realizing.



Spyros Rennt
Hurricane at PDC, 2024
50 x 40 cm



THEY SAID
A HURRICANE
IS COMING
BUT I DON'T
WANT TO
HIDE. I
DON'T WANT
TO HIDE
ANYMORE.
I KNOW MY
REFLECTION
WAITS FOR
ME IN EVERY
MIRROR
AND WINDOW
BUT I CHOOSE
NOT TO LOOK
I CAN'T

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Spyros Rennt
Tangled I, 2022
40 x 30 cm



Spyros Rennt
Tangled II, 2022
40 x 30 cm

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leo
The Crown, 2018

Understanding my own failings as a catalyst for growth, I invited [leo](#) to revisit their 2018 Udk graduation project for this episode, knowing how painful any position with *alles auf anfang* is. That crown sits on few historical texts related to slavery and emancipation, from Langston Hughes's *The Negro Artist and the Racial Mountain* (1926) to abolition laws in Brazil and the UK. Add it to your reading list -gegen AfD. Each room in this exploration is an antidote to real-life experiences – from alienation to isolation, collapse to relapse.



Can you discern which one is transformed in which room? The world is in crisis, and we are all continually reconnected and disconnected. I find myself in multiple crises, the world is in crisis, and the climate, nation states, celebrities, institutions, economies, and especially the men in this space, we find refuge from the chaos of the world.



Spyros Rennt
Menergy heads (darker), 2018
70 x 50 cm

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Spyros Rennt
Nude body on Athenian terrace, 2021
60 x 40 cm



1

Have you discovered the city's sacred spots or spent hours waiting in line at clubs, searching for a fleeting high? Hiding in bed? Perhaps it's time to shift your focus, to stretch your mind like Spyros's *Beach Stretch* or **Sunny Pfalzer's** innovative Stretch Sculptures.

Spyros Rennt
Man feeding pigeons in Warsaw, 2018
30 x 40 cm

Spyros Rennt
Niki & Evita at the port, 2017
60 x 40 cm



Each work operates as a confrontation with identity, emulating Jung's notion of the human psyche by manifesting the archetypal tension between the innocent child and the shadow self, where primal emotion and repressed memory collide in raw, symbolic form.



Hurricane Alexander Lori, 2024
Spray paint, cray-pas and ink on paper
274 x 75 cm

Look And See If There Is Any Sorrow Like My Sorrow, 2024
Spray Paint, ink, colored pencil and marker on paper
275 x 75 cm

Bullet Head, 2024
Spray paint, cray-pas, ink, colored pencil and marker on paper
258 x 75 cm

I Feel So Crazy, 2024
Ink and marker on paper
270 x 75 cm

They Said A Hurricane Is Coming, 2024
Spray paint and tape on paper
Ca. 400 x 75 cm

Inside Me, A Red Snake, 2024
Spray paint, marker, colored pencil and graphite on paper

Super Red ("Tina"), 2024
Spray paint, cray-pas and stickers on paper

By interlacing ritual, performance, and historical memory, leo frames graduation not only as a personal milestone but also as a critical “becoming” situated within legacies of power, race, and cultural identity.

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Sunny’s work offers a unique perspective on conviviality and collectivity, weaving together a net of glocal beats. In the dimly lit recesses of a year’s end, a performance unfolded, its significance dwarfed by the shadows. Were these rooms present then, or did they emerge later, like whispers in the wind? What was forgotten in the recent renovation, left to gather dust in the recesses of memory?

leo
The Crown, 2018
Long screws, wire, epoxy resin, acrylic paint, Turkish yarn, Swarovski crystals, crystals, hydrogen peroxide, vinegar, salt, water, hairspray, pins, plinth, chains
47 x Ø 25 cm (crown), 112 x 35 x 35 cm (plinth), 24 x 46,5 x 46,5 cm (base)





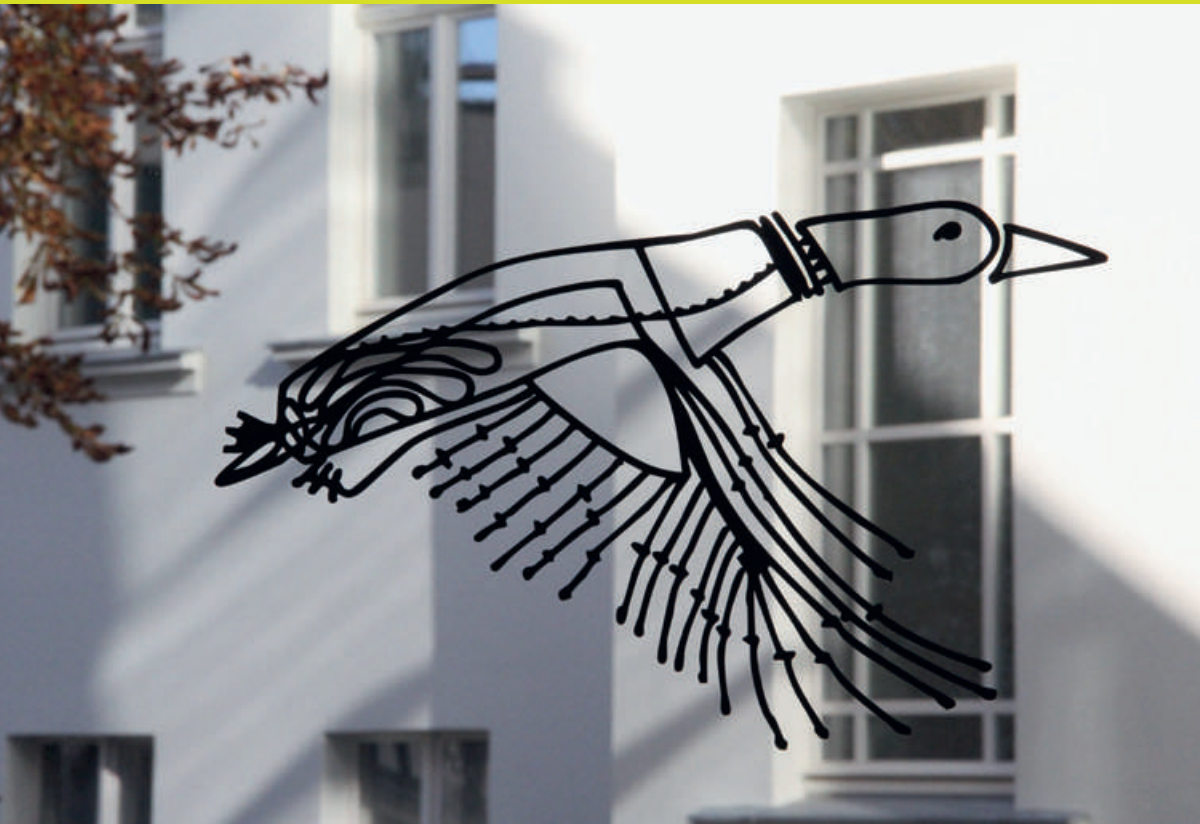


Sunny Pflzer
Photo Slina, 2023
Glass print
60 x 80 cm

Sunny Pflzer
Abstract Lau, 2023
Glass print
60 x 80 cm



I know what to do questions how individuals in everyday life use dramaturgical techniques and available props to shape how they are perceived by others.



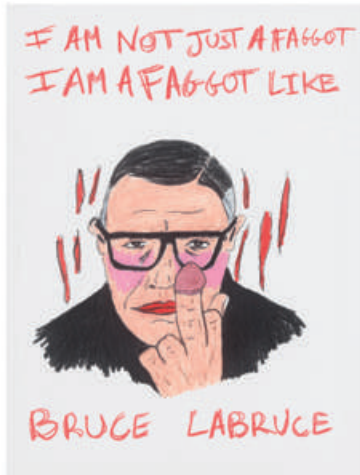
unbecomings prioritize the safety of birds, ensuring they don't collide with glass windows. Bird stickers, like gentle guardians, protect both the birds and us, as a testament to our shared vulnerability. Birds are such protagonists that inspire humanity for diversity, mobility and freewill. Consider **Pedro Gómez-Egaña's** *Vaucanson's Duck*, a poignant symbol of disconnection and longing, where two entities fly in different directions, forever missing each other in transit.



Vaucanson's Duck, known as the digesting duck, is an archetype of Gómez-Egaña's artistic practice, weaving together the mechanic with the humane.

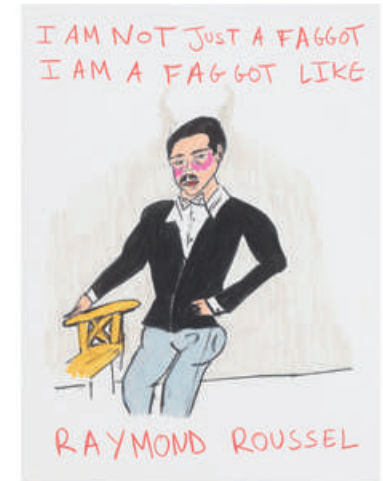
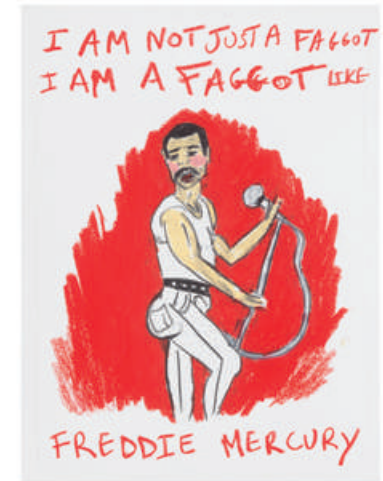
Pedro Gómez-Egaña
Vaucanson's Duck, 2025
2 plots based on drawings (from 2019)
Dimensions variable

By highlighting the phrase "a faggot like", Ababri exposes the hypocrisy of a cultural stance that celebrates certain queer icons while simultaneously shaming or marginalizing others.



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Soufiane Ababri
Yes, I am, 2021
Colored Pencil on paper
32 x 24 cm



I wanna look like what I am but don't know what someone like me looks like. I mean, when people look at me I want them to think—there's one of those people that reasons, that is a philosopher, that has their own interpretation of happiness. That's what I am.

I wanna look like what I am but don't know what someone like me looks like. I mean, when people look at me I want them to think—there's one of those people that reasons, that is a philosopher, that has their own interpretation of happiness. That's what I am.

Healing is a non-linear journey, marked by setbacks and breakthroughs. We're reminded of the elemental forces that shape our world: wind, water, soil, and fire – a unity of power that predates human existence, yet remains poorly understood. Fire was not invented by humans, but we use it blindly. [Jonas Monk's](#) tiny objects, hidden within the room's most characteristic architectural structure, evoke the voice of activist Lou Sullivan, a testament to the impact of subtle yet profound gestures.



The phallic connotation lingers, but the forms resist the symbolism of dominance. Unlike the erect signifier of power, these figures hang, idle and unassuming.



Jonas Monka
00625.2, 2025
Epoxy clay, pigment, acrylic
medium, gesso
ca. 6 x 11 x 9 cm

Jonas Monka
00625.3, 2025
Epoxy clay, pigment, acrylic
medium, gesso
ca. 5 x 9 x 12 cm

Jonas Monka
00625.4, 2025
Epoxy clay, pigment, acrylic
medium, gesso
ca. 12 x 10 x 11 cm

Jonas Monka
00625.5, 2025
Epoxy clay, pigment, acrylic
medium, gesso
ca. 8 x 12 x 8 cm

Pearl Passage pays tribute to both the realm of fetish and BDSM as fringe areas in the spectrum of Western types of sexuality and the status of sexuality in Middle Eastern culture—for outsiders, both are linked to a multitude of clichéd ideas.

2

Passings are part of queer lives. As I gaze upon **Viron Erol Vert**'s *Pearl Passage*, I'm struck by the juxtaposition of the migrant and the fetish. Leo Bersani's seminal work, *Is the Rectum a Grave?* (1987), resonates deeply as a poignant reminder of the AIDS epidemic's dark legacy. The capitalist machine continued to churn, indifferent to the COVID with less human suffering. The question lingers: Why aren't we still equally human?

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Viron Erol Vert
Pearl Passage, 2017
Handmade double-head leather slings,
hand-knotted vintage
Anatolian rug, metal chains, studs
176 x 100 cm (carpet)
dimensions variable



Your body is everybody's holds
a mirror to today's faceless
sixpacks and ozempic culture.

Filip Berg's installation brings the body issue to the forefront, a cynical commentary on desire and politics. Our bodies are our sole refuge, our ultimate sanctuary. I'm learning to resist the insidious grip of yoga-fascist capitalism through self-care. If relapse is a form of unlearning, when does relearning begin? Remembering is an integral part of withdrawal, healing, and reconnaissance – a paradoxical experience that's both monstrous and benevolent. Your body is everything and more.

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Filip Berg
YOUR BODY IS EVERYBODY'S, 2025
Textile, hangers, prints
95 x 60 cm (each), 9 pieces



Euphrates' flame **Ateş Alpar**'s visualizer, created for the late Arkadaş Z. Özger, speaks to the queer spirits' quest for freedom within systems of oppression. Their eyes seek to understand failure's logic, while their ears listen to the spaces marked by damage. Queer resonance is the ultimate form of escape, a disruption of heteronormativity, normalization, and cisnormativity. You are a treasure, find yourself, meet yourself again. Every *///*becomings deserves a second chance, a restart, a recognition, a reconnection and a recovery.

3

In this room, there is so much diversity where the body and sculpture could ever head into various dimensions and directions. **Leman Sevda Daricioğlu**'s puzzle, composed of latex, soil, and other materials, invites us to consider the body as a measure. The artwork is a living-document, a testament to a queer crip life. Latex is a charged material that carries the memory of intergenerational queer trauma.



Warm Contact (Hello Darling), which takes its name from Arkadaş Zekai Özger's poem Hello Darling, becomes both a record and a threshold: a place where intimate warmth collides with the structures that seek to discipline the body.

Ateş Alpar
Warm contact (Hello Darling), 2022
2-channel video
1'39"

A summoning of ghosts, a spell for ease of the heart is a gesture from a queer crip body—both fragile and alive. Hair, nails, dirt, plants, latex—things that hold memory—are gathered together, woven into skins that remember and carry grief.



Leman Sevda Darcioğlu
A summoning of ghosts, a spell for ease of the heart, 2024
Latex Skin: lavender, esfand, human hair, pubic hair, nails,
studio dirt, studio table mohair, feathers, tree and plant
leaves, branches; earth, light
ca. 155-172 cm



During the HIV/AIDS crisis, it became both a reminder of loss and the very medium that sustained life. Later, in queer and BDSM cultures, it was reappropriated as a surface of desire and protection, where power regimes over sexualities and bodies are reorganized. At the same time, latex remains entangled with histories of medicalization and pathologization within the medical-industrial complex, where bodies are suspended between survival and collapse. Leman Sevda Daricioğlu follows these trajectories, tracing how latex embodies the tensions of trauma, survival, and reconfigured intimacy. I miss the late Felix Gonzalez-Torres. Like a post-Fluxus-wind, Hurricane's wild tone with a call for mental peace. [Isaac Chong Wai's](#) understanding of tension is unparalleled.

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A Handle for Two transforms the act of falling from an individual element to a collective plane. The unintentional act of falling is not an autonomous movement dominated by our body and our will.

Isaac Chong Wai
A Handle for Two, 2021
Brass
16 x 28 x 2 cm

The figure of St. Stephan becomes not only a reminder of violence and repression, but also a symbol of victory, turning pain into something affirmative, both metaphorically and materially.

Can we truly handle a handle for two with digital loneliness? No need to tell you more... **Denys Shantar**'s portrayal of Saint Stephan, who is accused of blasphemy and stoned to death, cries built a home with the stones you threw at me – a powerful statement of resilience and defiance. Alas. We also built, and will build more homes with the stones you threw at us. Peace begins with shedding the toxic elements that poison, destroy, and kill us. We're not merely upcycling; we're resisting the vampire economy that feeds on our vitality. Our bodies, homes, lands, and planets are akin to gardens – we reap what we sow.

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Denys Shantar
St. Stephan, 2024
Textile collage out of found fabric
and carpet, wooden frame, embroidery
76 x 66 cm

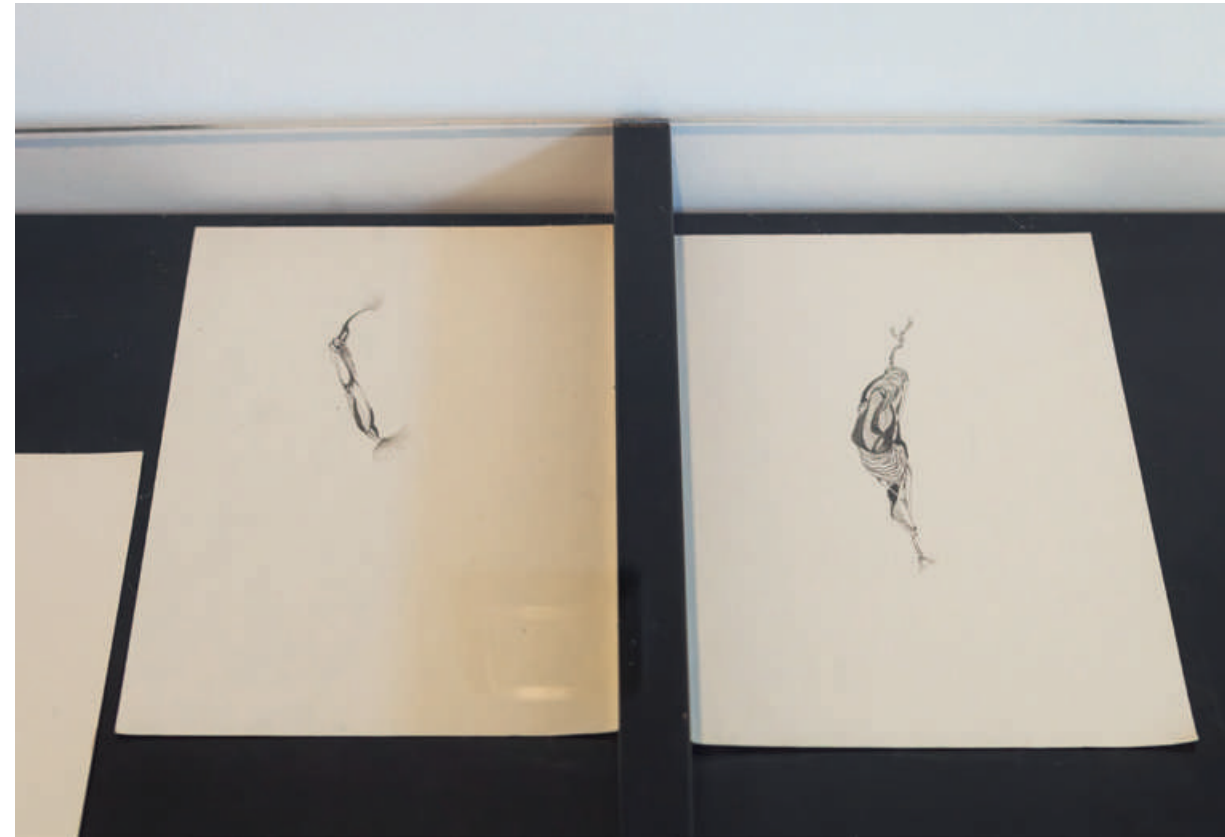
unbecomings
a collective debugging
a refusal to optimize
a dancing refusal
a porous experiment
in staying with the un-coded
in tending to the misread

Cibelle Cavalli Bastos's cosmology is a testament to the power of creativity and remembrance, from sound to image-making, or materiality to digitality. Their composition comes with an AI-generated voice, and all the instruments are samples from their own, transcending the physical realm, echoing long after the physical body of this exhibit is gone. Selected drawings reflect meditative activity and thoughtful forms while the body is healing. If these drawings don't embody *unbecomings*, what does? Cibelle expressly responds to my invite for a commission; they composed a track, *unbecomings* instead of a release text. *unbecomings* keep on thinking on the relevant question: -what stays with us after the physical body of the exhibit is gone.

Wake up, dear *unbecomings* – we inhabit Rosa Luxemburg's armed peace, Armed Peace02, a state of perpetual war, imperialism, militarist gentrification, genocide and settler colonialism.

Cibelle Cavalli Bastos
Internal intricacies I & IV, 2011
Graphite on paper
21 x 15 cm

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Next spread, from
bottom, left to right:

Cibelle Cavalli Bastos
Passage, 2009
Monotype on mouse pad
26 x 36 cm (each)

Cibelle Cavalli Bastos
Marseille, 2013
Watercolor on paper
42 x 30 cm



The kinetic sculpture questions whether pleasure is truly personal or conditioned through gender norms and societal expectations.



Berk Akkaya
Fuckmachine – YYODYYOS, 2024-2025
Kinetic sculpture, steel, mirror, motor
114 x 200 x 42 cm



The violence, injustice, and inequality that plague places like Gaza, Congo, Ukraine, Sudan, Syria, Burkina Faso, Mali, Somalia, Nigeria, Myanmar, Yemen, Haiti, and West Papua serve as a stark reminder that conflicts in one location have far-reaching consequences.

Fuck the machine! Men historically comprise the majority of combatants, military leaders, dictators etc. [Berk Akkaya](#)'s finest render of *Fuckmachine* – YYODYYOS, 2024-2025, embodies the raw sentiment of politics of desire, human nature, and resistance against the machine. Through mirrors, the mechanism reflects back to the individual, asking: Who is in control of this pleasure? Within this encounter, one may recognize the dependency on another to grant it, or the capacity to claim it independently. Both positions contain empowerment. When vulnerability is acknowledged and acted upon, it is transformed into strength.



Likewise, the recognition of one's ability to generate and sustain pleasure becomes another form of power—one that centers the individual. The sculpture does not instruct. Instead, it opens a space in which viewers may confront their own truths and realities, embarking on a process of self-discovery within the intersections of pleasure, happiness, and what lies between.

4

Mother, am I still your child, despite my queer failings? My presence here is not a result of personal achievement, but rather the support of friends who have become my chosen family. This is my home, my hometown, and my homework... life's work – exploring the depths of *un*becoming. Shadow work, or back to shame and guilt? I found an answer. In Ocean Vuong's poetry: "Time is mother." Our bodies, like gardens, require tender care and nurturing.



Using orientalist elements as a vessel to their desires, İz and Ra create a language amidst longing and tension.

Iz Öztat & Ra
Aid, 2022
 IV (intravenous) pole, wool, woolen horn on rope, devil pitch fork, children's broom, birch rod
 205 x 65 x 65 cm

Iz Öztat & Ra
Boo Boo, 2022
 HD video
 13'

We're living in a narrow age, where *///becomings* invites us to breathe amidst the chaos. In a world where life's pace, our bodies, and transitions are constantly shifting, *///becomings* offer a temporary shelter for unraveling. Like a curiosity cabinet or Pandora's box, *///becomings* invites you to pause and breathe. Overthinking is overrated, think non-binary! Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick really believed non-binary thinking could free us from oversimplified and hurtful politics by embracing complexity and nuance. She would love this duo! The conversations between **Iz Öztat and Ra** unfold like an imaginary time spent between Zişan and Vita Sackville-West – a delicate dance of proximity and distance, where touch is mediated through objects and words.

Their sculpture *Aid*, moves around the promenade through the audience circulation from one event to another. Have I spoken *too-too-much-much*? You get an open end, rather than a grade finale. The hearts crafted by **Gašper Kunšič** embody love, born from formalist patterns, formworks, and matrices that repeat in different colors, in varying shades of darkness. Consents are doors to consciousness, and windows for care, all are carried, and is carrying. With İz & Ra's consent and request, earlier work ribbons, singular/plural forms of hearts deliver you the message: *to be continued!*

Épilogue

Why do I recall Edward Said's image, captured by Agence France-Presse on July 3, 2000? Like Magnus Hirschfeld, Sylvia Rivera, Marsha P. Johnson, Zeliş Deniz, Boysan Yakar, or Muhsin Hendricks, we are all part of a larger narrative of reconstruction of hope, resistance and resilience.

I shall let these images, forms and narratives speak to you? Fluidity is the future. Period. Don't they generously reveal how bodies, their absences, sculptures, and narratives unfold in diverse ways? They illustrate our connection to communities, which we shape from within over time with patience. These mostly soft sculptures - if not *soft heartened*- can represent community carers with gentle souls who dedicate themselves to the greater good, fostering collective consciousness and a shared, fluid life.



Gašper Kunšič immerses the images in a world of imaginative apparitions, emotional rawness and exuberant pathos, using geometric conception to shape them into figures that he can control as an artist and as a person.

If *alles ist material*, then let us leave you with a question from another *un*becoming Paul B. Preciado: *Can the monster speak?*

And so, we wait for the next episode, when **Sārāh Mārtinus** will read us a poem, written from a perspective winding through *The Dreaming*, where past, present, and future are all now. We are all included as semi-divine serpent-beings; Nāga, who birthed 'the world' into being. There is no accident, coincidence, error, or mistake for *un*becomings. We are not only the architects, but also the poets of our *un*becomings asking: *When the dust settles, what will remain?*

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Gašper Kunšič
Blossom (To Choose Dawn), 2025
MDF, acrylic, lacquer
26 x 36 x 2 cm

Gašper Kunšič
Blossom (To Hold Soft Light), 2025
MDF, acrylic, lacquer
26 x 36 x 2 cm

Gašper Kunšič
Blossom (To Exchange a Breath), 2025
MDF, acrylic, lacquer
26 x 36 x 2 cm



'unbecomings...' TransMutation Strategy: Who will bend when the mutable won't? -

Sārāh Mārtinus

Written as
entanglement
navigation of
contradictory
lineage;
we oppose
internal

**intrusions of dis-ease, our dissentient
multi self: Nāga¹; ssserpent birthing
world(s); a descending spell of return to
our most ancient rivers of dreaming.**

¹Nāga are a divine, or semi-divine, half-human, half-serpent being that reside in the netherworld (Patala), occasionally taking trans-human form. As dragon, serpent, the Nāga are original ancestors; together with Yakṣiṇī (nature spirits) and Gundhabbas (music spirits), predating early hydraulic cultivators of Sri Lanka, as detailed in ancient Pali texts: Dipavamsa, Mahāvamsa, 3-5 Century CE.

We were waiting in the corners, sweeping up after attention had been diverted.
In the space between blood-debt and rubble; the narratives of our scarring,
Us whose sensing is charred, beaten up pulps of vital juices,
Pass through, into each other - infected -
Tendrils of revolt, whisper-into-being consistent, inevitable endings.

Traces of neglected dis-integrations pervading our interiors - identity as negation - negation as refuge,
Rhetorics of borders, immigrations - places between touch and distance -

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Gatekept landscape² of premature
runnings forward; grabbing, grasping,
umbilical-sucklings,
Enablers of unleashing the brutal, uncaged
from within a desecrated flower,
This insatiable scramble, this driving,
penetrating gaze.

Supreme persuasions perform fetisch transparency -
competing ethno-nationalist imaginaries -
Pinning us down on petri dish - find out, prove - beyond
benefit of any doubt,
As our features become locations - a hairline, a nose - this
anal need for ontology - this shafting via undertow of shame,
From within disappearances of definition: conquerings of our
mysteries,
Specimens of crisis managements - cartographies of
sacrificial labors and social betrayals.

Partitioned out of genuine partaking within fruit's
communion, a starvation of those who never were formed,
Our desire of an enemy - the other that we are unto
ourselves,
Viscous stupors - thriving on visions of a threatening world -
disgust appearing on the outside of us -
Grinding frictions of affective tetanizations³
into our mitochondrial multiplications,
A not so subtle want - melting-down -
having it all return to dust.

Dismiss! Distort! Distract!
How to articulate the space inside a divide?
Suicidal oppositions, dissidents to regimes
of violences,
- arbitrary repatternings - antagonisms - absolutisms -
Diagnose this chronic situation of character: unnavigable,
ungovernable!

²Especially inspiring to this poem, thanks to Misal Adnan Yildiz: 'Can the Monster Speak?: Report to an Academy of Psychoanalysts'; Paul B. Preciado, inspired by Kafka's 'A Report to an Academy'.

³Describes the experience of a racialized body being subjected to a forced, disorienting, painful disruption of its natural bodily schema, a breakdown in the integrated experience of the body and its environment, due to the impact of colonial racism. Term coined by Frantz Fanon.

Subversive against infantilising forces, our patchworked forms, our octo-spindle-legs,
Winding around loosely cobbled together assemblages of care - jostling psychic part-as-multiself,
Decoding dominant program - dismantling our predicaments
- invisible synapses - fusions, fascias dissolving.

We as vengeance, as discordances; tenderly feral, nasty, cuntish, obtuse
Hang as fruit bats, our midnight's deliciousness haunting the edges of all thought-to-be-lost-feminist-contingencies,⁴
Borrowing turtle shells as protective ambivalence,
Our rest, a ranting beast - a pre-itch - sent to creep under political skin.

Apparition, seeing all, attention circling overhead.
Hot breath reeling, in multi realities of memory,
We Nāgas, who wiggle-wobble as energy does,
Whose refusal - protected within cloaks of the cosmic - awakens in a fright - speaking in tongues - licking wet pathways.⁵

Contortions around existing as the container of an erasure - elliptical marks, interruptions and interferences,
Cell walls disintegrating, jiving innards decomposing into mouths of dis-orders,
Beside ourselves; ekstasis; in tensions of the plural, we split into coconuts at the feet of the dancing.

A shedding of light, as the Moon does,
They who moves as base code; sheds their ashen skin,
- zigzag tactic, merging with the unfathomable -
Dissolving through all denied, yet lived within,

4 Judith Butler in 'Contingent Foundations', *Feminist Contingencies & the Pre-Political*, on Derrida's 'Contingent Outside'. Ref: *'Feminist politics and Maternalist Agonism'*, Malathi de Alwis, compiled in *postcolonial study: 'South Asian Feminisms'*; Ania Loomba (Ed), Ritty A. Lukose (Ed). Duke Press.

5 As an animal with a pouch, licks a pathway through fur for her newly born embryo to follow the way towards nutrients, safety.

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Falling into abysmal depth of unknowing,
we enter into symbol.

Webs into imago, imagi-nation, citizens of event horizons,⁶
Sliding through sound, seeping through crack, merging into blindspot,
Our combined recognition - this place where all blood flows - this urn of Mother Death,
This collected gravity to grief-wisdom, this fundamental eye, open, receiving, affirming truth,
Final guardian at the foundational tomb of our old selves,
We break like soil does: slow, porous - grass-rooted⁷ -
Receding into dark water, soaking into resurrection script.

Supple as a life happening in *Jukurrpa*,⁸
psychic-organ octopus-floating,
Crossing border into trans interface, future ancestor - womb to potential phenomena -
Mischief serpent-trick! Beginning-of-an-end! Skins on skins!
Breathe our returns into ambrita rivers of honey -
Saving grace, salvation descent - mad, bloody, birthing - through dual lips - wet, open,
Pulsating true slimes on the raw edge of life/death,
Unbecoming as falling into the out-of-bounds,
Out of subject-position, into the boundless, - Mad-Free! -
We pass the looming gates of absolute transform!

6 Quantum limit; radius of a black hole, where matter and energy cannot escape an immense crush of gravity.

7 Opposing the tech-nuclear, and our collective unconscious desire towards it.

8 "Tjukula Jukurrpa" Pitjantjatjara & Yankunytjatjara language, both dialects of Western Desert Language, Australia. "Jukurrpa" (Dreaming), a living reality, relational knowledge system, connecting past, present, future. There are many types of "Jukurrpa" eg: Ngapa Jukurrpa (water dreaming), Karnta Jukurrpa (woman's dreaming), Ngarlirkidi manu Warna Jukurrpa (Witchetty Grub & Snake Dreaming). 'Ngarranggarni' (Gija word for Dreaming) is an expansive and complex concept that defies simple definition or translation. Ngarranggarni encodes, nourishes and maintains Gija law, social organisation, frameworks for trade, exchange, kinship relations, family ties, custodianship of Country, practice of art, song, dance, spirituality.

Threads of radiant resiliences; yin fire root which holds all - though not casting any shadow⁹
Hollowed, twisting torque forces - our funeral markings of ash, lost in-between disappearances,
Dropping all weapons, all protections, all possessions!
Speaking death to the lie, we speak life to the truth!
Focused unweaving; sounding *syrinx*,¹⁰
Collapsed into singularity of infinite density...

Sweetness, delivered, incubative asleepness;
washed cool, numbing, drifting,
Middle zero compass knowings - Pre-poly-seed of soul (re)borne - slithering,
Spiralling wisp of unspeakable utterances,
No mind, no matter, no fantasy,
No death nor dying,
No word, no image,
No thing, nada,
!Nāga!
Vacant, empty,
Bursting full of a negative,
- listening-*with* - dreaming-*with* - transmuting-*with* -
Holding-*with*
Infinite.. Everlasting.. *Blissssssssssssss*

⁹ Wisdom of Yoruba, IFA Tradition. Accessed through Chief Oluwo Obafemi Fayemi, Obafemi Institute of the Divine Universal Study of Ifa.

¹⁰ Syrinx /ˈsɪrɪŋks/ (Ancient Greek: Σύριγξ, romanized: Súrinx, lit. 'pipe') was an Arcadian nymph and a follower of Artemis, goddess of wilderness. Pursued by Pan, she ran to a river's edge and asked for assistance from the river nymphs. In answer, She was transformed into hollow water reeds that made a haunting sound when the god's frustrated breath blew across them. The first set of panpipes, known as syrinx. 'Syringe' is derived from this word. Syrinx (Pipe) through Parmenides' surviving work: a poem called 'On Nature', is understood as Vak, sound which birthed the world. Ref: 'In The Dark Places of Wisdom', Peter Kingsley, Golden Sufi Center.



I AM UNBECOMINGS!

PEDRO GOMEZ - EGANA
VAUCANSON'S DUCK, 2025

2 PLOTS BASED ON DRAWINGS (FROM 2019).
DIMENSIONS VARIABLE: CA. 52 X 34 CM; CA.
34.5 X 34.5

BERK AKKAYA
FUCKMACHINE - MYDYYOS, 2024-2025



TEXTILE, HANGERS, PRINTS
95 X 60 CM EACH

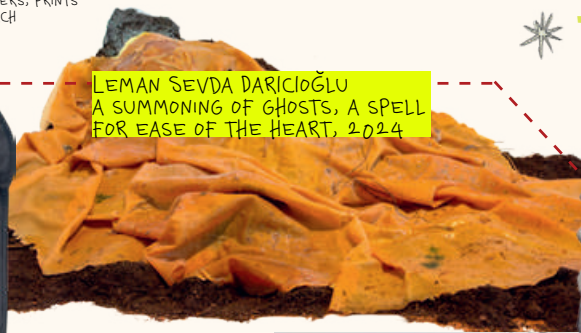
FILIP BERG
YOUR BODY IS EVERYBODY'S, 2025



SPYROS RENNT
TANGLED I, 2022

LATEX SKIN, LAVENDER,
ESFAND, HUMAN HAIR,
PUBIC HAIR, NAILS, STUDIO
DIRT, STUDIO TABLE MOHAIR,
FEATHERS, TREE AND
PLANT LEAVES, BRANCHES
CA. 155-172 CM

LEMAN SEVDA DARICIOGLU
A SUMMONING OF GHOSTS, A SPELL
FOR EASE OF THE HEART, 2024



* 777 *

JONAS MONKA
00625.1, 2025

EPOXY CLAY, PIGMENT,
ACRYLIC MEDIUM, GESSO
CA. 12 X 10 X 11 CM

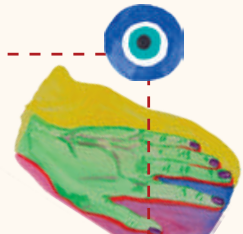


I AM NOT JUST A FAGGOT
I AM A FAGGOT LIKE



SOUFIANE ABABRI
YES, I AM, 2021

COLORLED PENCIL ON PAPER
32 X 24 CM, 35 X 27 CM
(FRAMED)
SET OF 20



CREELLE CAVALLI BASTOS

OCEAN YUONG

SUNNY PFALZER
I KNOW WHAT TO DO, 2023

VIRON EROL VERT
INCL. PASAJI, 2017



40 X 30 CM
EDITION 2/10

LONG SCREWS,
WIRE, EPOXY
RESIN,
ACRYLIC PAINT,
TURKISH YARN,
SWAROVSKI
CRYSTALS,
CRYSTALS,
HYDROGEN
PEROXIDE,
VINEGAR,
SALT, WATER,
HAIRSPRAY,
PINS, PLINTH,
CHAINS
47 X 0 25 CM

LEO
THE CROWN, 2018



IV (INTRAVENOUS)
POLE, WOOL,
WOOLEN HORN ON
ROPE, DEVIL PITCH
FORK, CHILDREN'S
BROOM, BIRCH ROD
205 X 65 X 65 CM

Iz ÖZTAT & RA
AID, 2022

HD VIDEO
13'



HURRICANE ALEXANDER
BULLET HEAD, 2024



INSTALLATION:
CARPET (300X400
CM), 4 SOFT
SCULPTURES (FAUX
LEATHER AND
VARIOUS TEXTILES,
EACH APPROX.
100 X 100 CM AND
150 X 100 CM),
2 GLASS PRINTS
(60X80 CM)



SPRAY PAINT, CRAY-PAS,
INK, COLORED PENCIL AND
MARKER ON PAPER
258 X 75 CM

KINETIC SCULPTURE,
STEEL, MIRROR, MOTOR
114 X 200 X 42 CM



ISAAC CHONG WAI
A HANDLE FOR TWO, 2021

BRASS
28 X 16 X 2 CM



DENYS SHANTAR
ST. STEPHAN, 2024



GAŠPER KUNŠIČ
BLOSSOM (TO GLOW OUT OF
SHADOW), 2025

MDF, ACRYLIC, LACQUER
26 X 36 X 2 CM (EACH)



Iz ÖZTAT & RA
BOO BOO, 2022



WELCOME TO UNBECOMINGS,

AND NICE TO MEET YOU

YOU ARE UNBECOMINGS!
WE ARE...

unbecomings

9 September - 15 November 2025

I AM UNBECOMINGS!





YOU ARE UNBECOMINGS!
WE ARE...

ZILBERMAN