The Woman with the Brown Hair (WBH) or me and my informant

Hristina Tasheva

The Woman with the Brown Hair (WBH)
opened her eyes. The bright morning light had woken her up.
There were no traces of the darkness of the night.
Before making her coffee, she turned the radio on. The Voice
of a politician was saying that the people from the group she
belonged to were from another planet.

"Oh?!," thought the WBH.

She turned the TV on. On the morning news a Beautiful Mouth
was informing the viewers that the group to which the WBH
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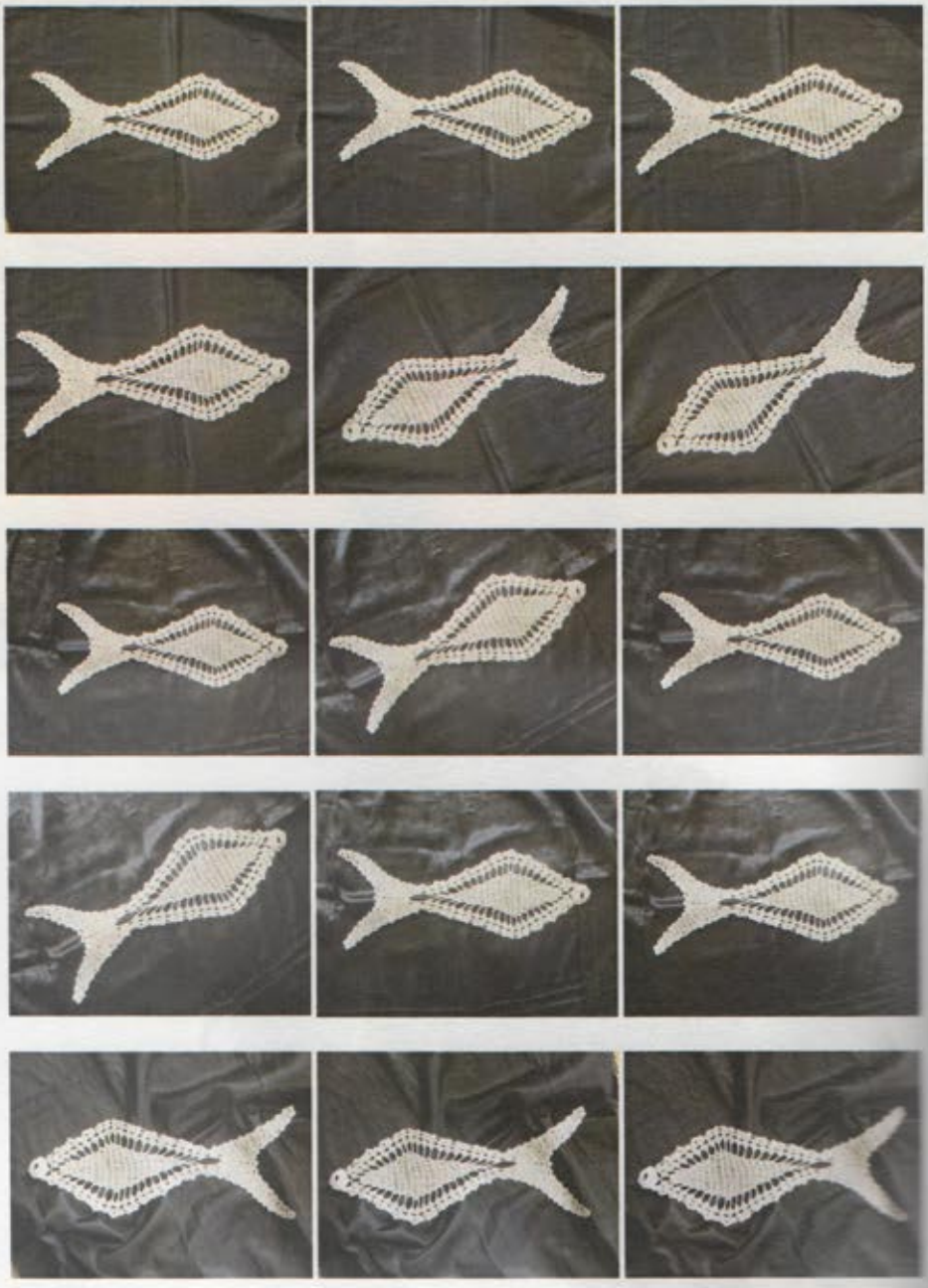
"Oh?!," she said aloud.

The WBH was confused: she didn't know what to think about
herself.
She left the empty coffee cup on the table and decided to find



Prologue

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The WBH was confused: she didn't know what to think about
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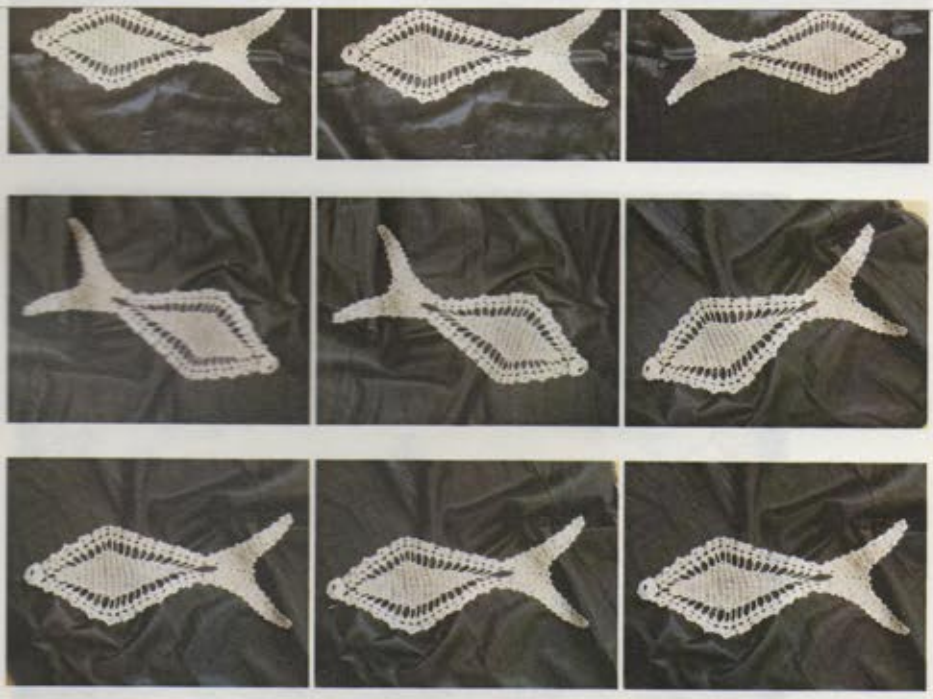
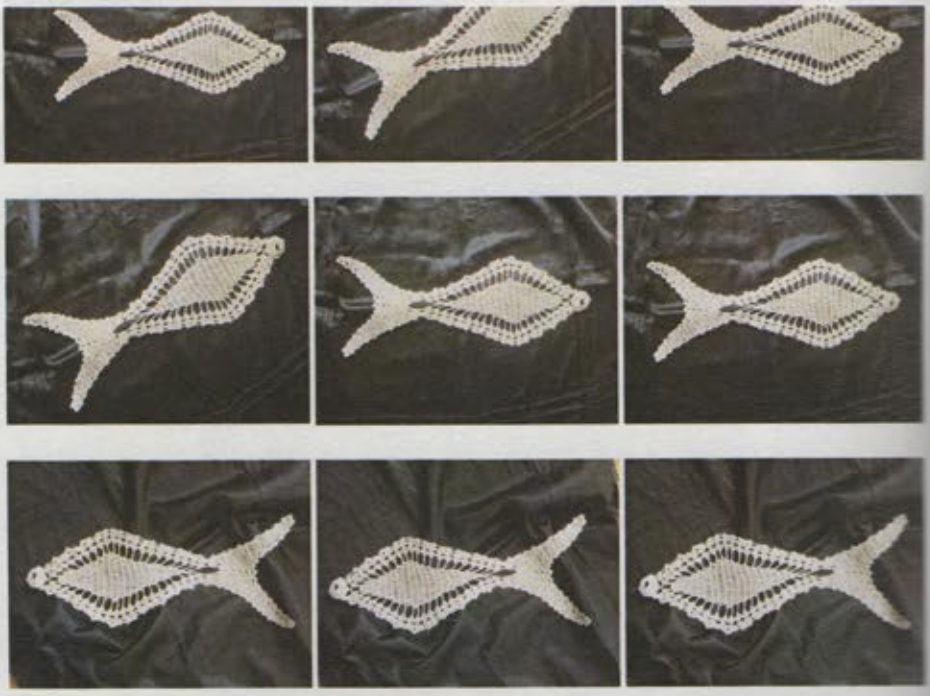
She left the empty coffee cup on the table and decided to find
out for herself.
The WBH put her shoes on, opened the door and stepped out
onto the road.

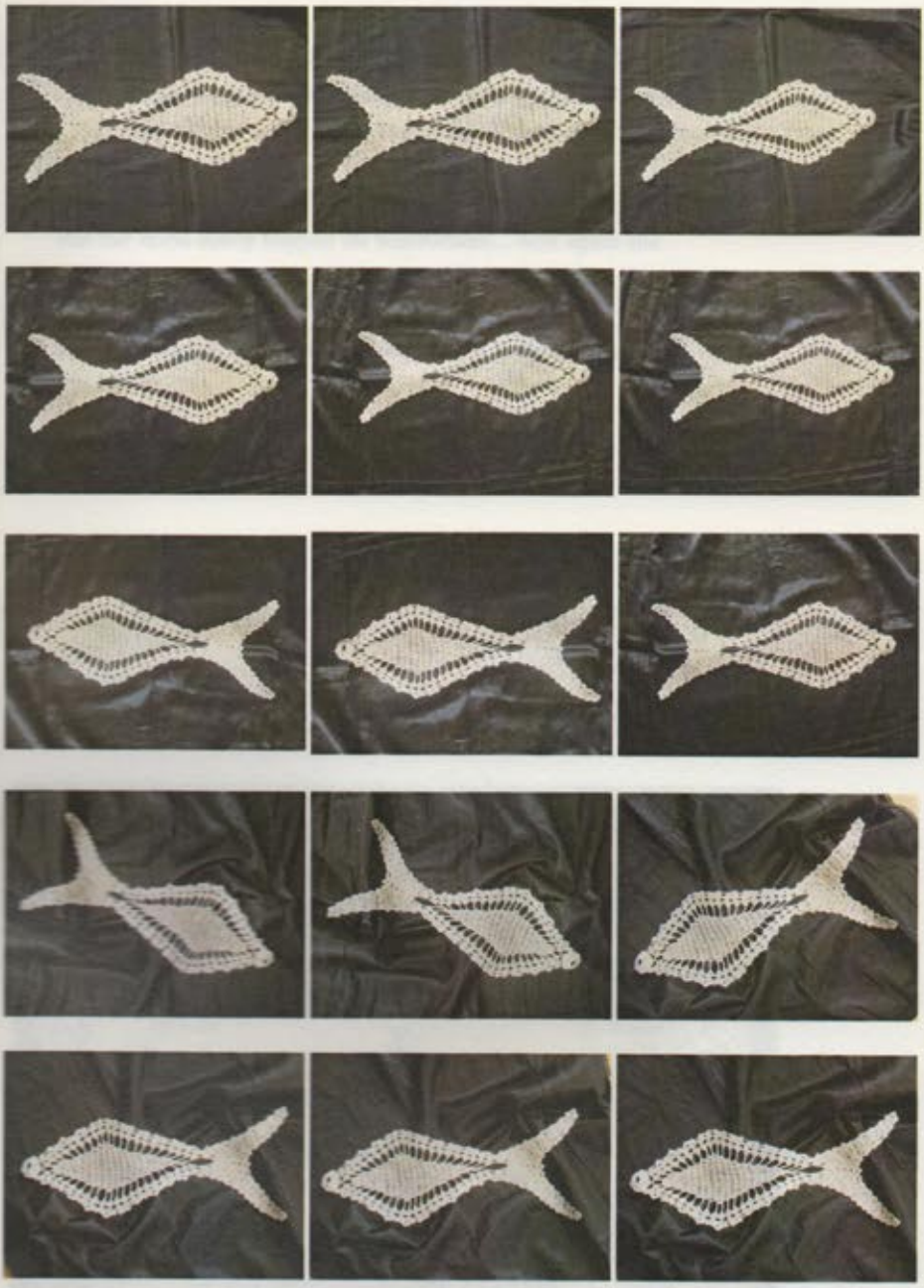




"I'm not afraid! I got lost, but I will probably meet someone on my way to ask where that path leads to."

The WBH was wondering how, while immersed in her thoughts, she had unnoticeably forgotten not only where she was heading to, but also who she really was. These things do not happen every day. If they happen, a whole life can be disrupted. She stopped and turned on her heels. She became dizzy—the world was spinning with a high speed. She was lamenting the memories that were lost with the passing time—just like this—by walking on the road, looking for direction. The WBH looked around, it was a wasteland as far as she could see.

"I'm not afraid…not afraid..." she heard her inner voice whispering.



ORIENS
Tartaria.
Podolia
Ruſia
Capeſtria
Walachia.
Occidens.
Asia minor
Cappadocia
TVRQVIA
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"That's no way to start a story!" sang the Wind. "You cannot start a story from the middle. Slow down and rest. You might remember from where you have started."

"Oh, my friend the Wind!", smiled the WBH, "Where have you been? I have been waiting so long for you! Maybe you remember where I am going? What is my direction? Where does this road lead to?"

But the Wind deftly slipped off somewhere... And again she was left alone.

It was getting dark. The WBH made a nest in the sand and fell asleep.

In her dark dream she rose and dipped her feet into the endless black sea.

She could hear the cries of gulls and see the flashing shadows of late for somewhere people. The air smelled like fish.

> "I'm hungry, it is time to go back home. Mom must have cooked something delicious."

She ran, and with the help of the wind, she quickly climbed the hill. Instead of houses, giant tombstones were spread out along the plain.

If you did not read the names, you would think that they were just stones, as old as the world...

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Between These Stones I Photographed My Parents

"Not a woman but a rat!"

The WBH looked around.

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"Not a woman but a rat!" she heard again.
"Is anyone there? What are you? Are you talking to me?"
"To whom else? Do you see by chance any other rats around?!"
"I'm not a rat, but a woman!" snapped the WBH.

"Ha- ha- ha! Why then is your tail so long and are your nails so sharp? Your eyes look like buttons! Your skin is covered with a thick fur!"

"My God!" whimpered the WBH, "What happened to me?!"
"Your place is here among the graves!" croaked the Raven.

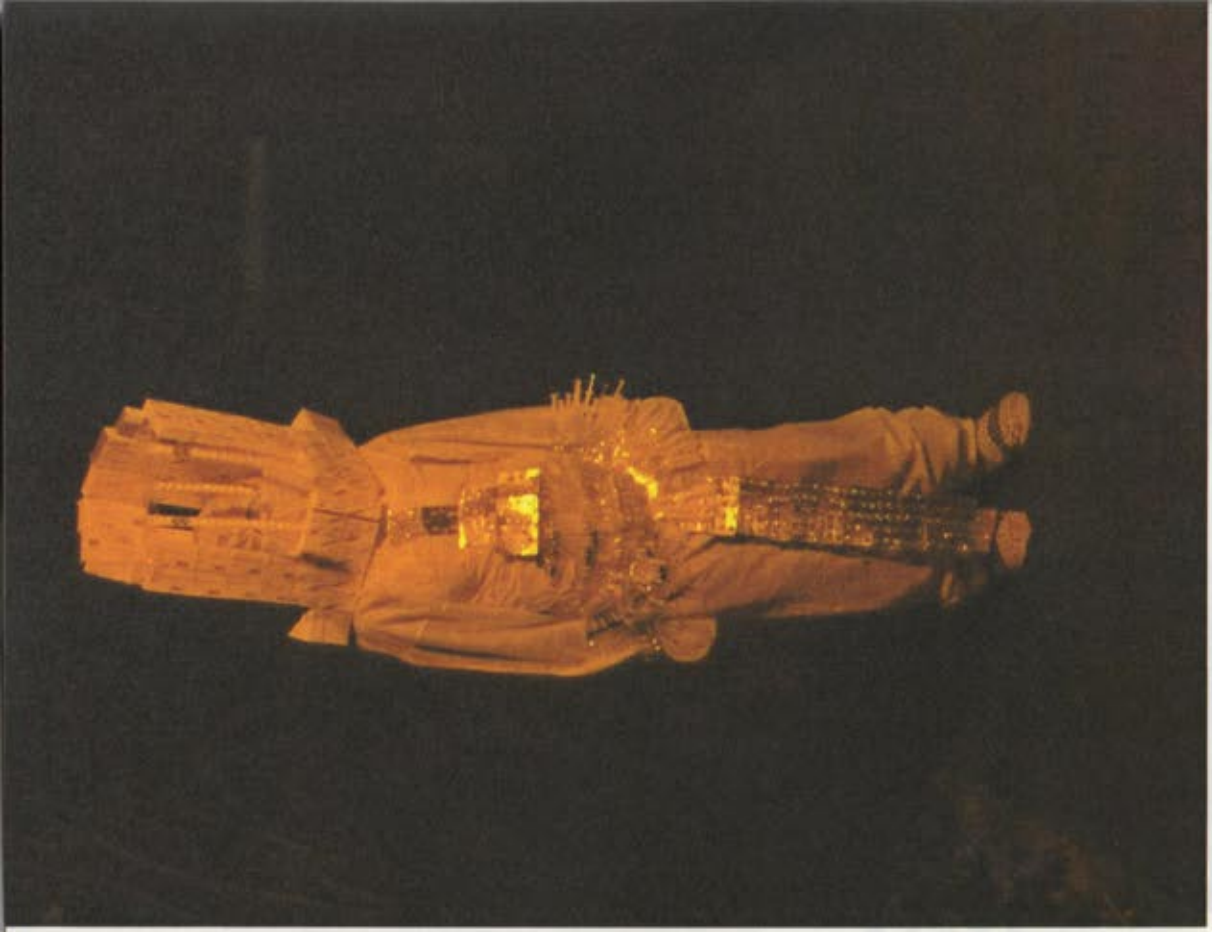
"Please," cried the WBH, "Help me, help!"
"Stop crying, you'll wake the dead!" the Raven ordered with annoyance and then pecked the Rat's tail.
"What an ugly bird you are!" hissed the Rat against the Raven.

She hated the Raven, the graves, the dead, even herself. For sometime already She had been feeling depressed. She fought with her Rat nature, but her Rat nature had prevailed over her. Oh, how much She wanted to be a bird—not a black and ugly one like the Raven with whom She still bickered, but white, clean and beautiful, towering with ease in the blue sky. And then, only then, all living beings would look at her with amazement.

"Not a woman but a rat!"

The WBH looked around.

The Rat was dreaming. But this time while dreaming,
She made a real decision: to descend upon the other side of
the hill, go down to the harbour, and there enter the hold of a
beautiful ship.
Where the ship would take her was not important.



Mummer

"Wait, where are you going!?", croaked the Raven, "Who will care for the dead?"

"Hush," hissed the Rat silently, "hush... don't wake the dead!"

"Do not forget your heritage!" giggled the Raven.

The Rat stopped. She looked in front of her: the Rituals, the Red Spirits and the Singing Voices serpentined before her in the air, puzzled.

Of course, where did She think She was going?

The Rituals were very old and they proved to know life very well. With their wisdom, they would help her adjust more easily to the changes and difficulties that She would encounter along the way, whispering to her predictions, beliefs, spells and prayers, connecting her with her ancestors; making her feel self-secure and more at ease to search for her place in the world.

The Singing Voices, on the other hand, were adding a melody

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The Singing Voices, on the other hand, were adding a melody to her thoughts and informing the beings around her about whether her days were sad or happy, vocalising her moods; they knew the history of her family and who She was, they never left her feeling lonely.

If These People Were Alive They Would Call You Rich Parasites
Exploiting The Working Class People

As for the Red Spirits She had the opposite sentiments—She was struggling with their dual morality and multi-faced appearance, but accepted them because of their ideas of freedom, equality and solidarity among all creatures of this world. They had been imposed upon her life (almost immediately after her birth) by an invisible power from the otherworld, so to speak, and over time She didn't know anymore how they had gotten 'under her skin.'

She felt pity for the Rituals, the Singing Voices and the Red Spirits, as far as a rat could feel sorry for anyone. The Rat approvingly smote the earth with her tail and with the whole band She went to the harbour with the ships.

In the thick darkness her rodent eyes were shining like lanterns. She didn't lack qualities. She was exactly 164 cm long, with shiny brown hair, sharp but very sensitive whiskers and healthy yellow teeth. Her breath was not always fresh, but that was not particularly important. She could easily adjust to and cope with any difficulties thanks to her ability to swim, jump, climb and dig.[1]

"Ah," She thought, "if there could only be someone who would appreciate me."

The Rat braced herself and jumped on the deck of a giant passenger ship. The Rituals, the Red Spirits and the Singing Voices followed her without any effort—they were only ghosts after all. The Rat rubbed her paws:

"This ship must be heading somewhere!" She looked around, poked her nose into the air and smelled the odour of machine oil. "Down there among the machines I have reserved a place," remarked the Rat sarcastically. Possessed by excitement about

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Brown rat distribution

In the morning the machinery of the ship started with a festive rumble. A whistle blew, the people waved from the shore and the captain commanded:

"Full speed ahead!"

"Full speed ahead," murmured the Rat. "Somewhere awaits a new life for me! Somewhere I will be appreciated; I will become a bird, soaring freely in the air..." She sighed.

"This is a very important moment of your life!"

Suddenly four prophets stood in front of her—three men and one woman: Abdelmalek, Stuart, Vilem and Julia.

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"What are you?" asked Julia.

"This is a very important moment of your life!"

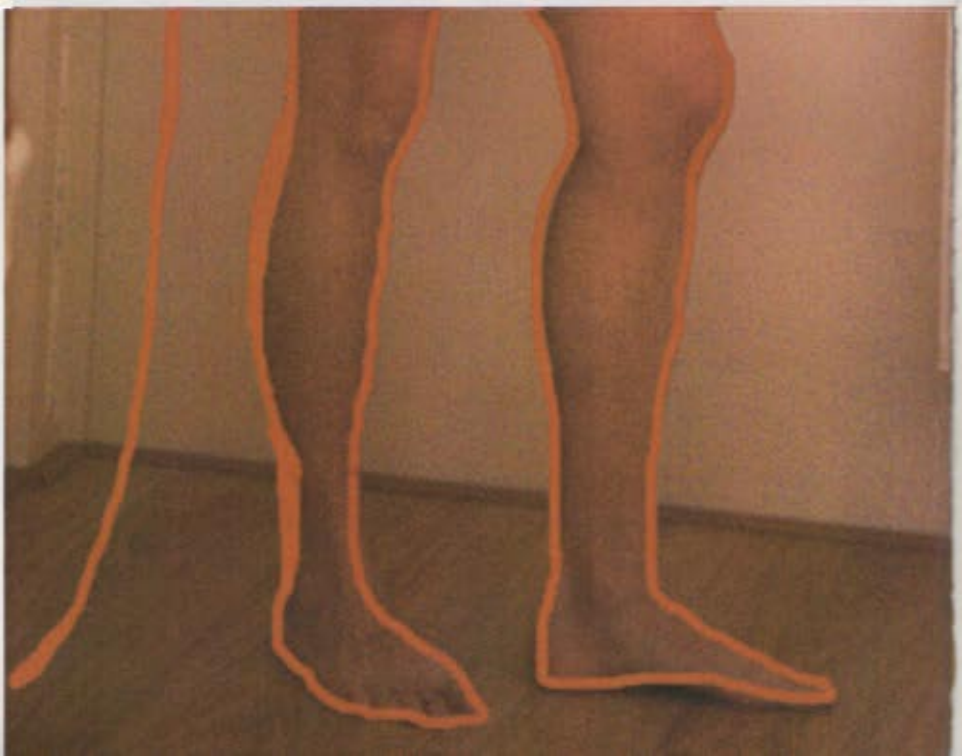
Suddenly four prophets stood in front of her—three men and one woman: Abdelmalek, Stuart, Vilem and Julia.

"Evers since I fell into a dark dream, I am a brown rat", the Rat responded with indifference, as if there were not prophets but the dead standing before her.

"And where are you going?" asked Vilem curiously.

"I'm going somewhere," lisped the Rat unhappily, "wherever rats turn into white birds."

"What is the purpose of this inquiry? Don't they see that I need peace?" thought the rodent, affronted.



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"I think this is a rat that will be spiritually lost," said Abdelmalek as he turned to the other three prophets. "She chose to seek another life, but wherever She goes She will be seen as a 'failure', a 'coward' and an 'idler'. But actually She is a Fighter for social and political causes."

The Rat goggled her eyes:

"What do you mean, a Fighter, what social and political causes... a Fighter? I am just saving my skin!"

"Yes," Julia continued, "and questioning yourself, all other creatures, power structures, conventions and generally all serious topics in a society, is a characteristic of every Rebel. The Revolt begins within her personality, and to realize it outside of herself, She must connect with the 'Others' in society."

The Rat thought:

"Is the Revolt an infection that will start within me and spread all over the place I'm going to...?"

She was upset. From now on She could not expect anything good anymore. Just because She is a rat, it doesn't mean She has to spread any dirt. Until the end of her life, She will have to contend with the prejudices of the people.

But that was not all. Because Vilem wanted to add something very important:

"When She settles in a new territory She should not be treated as a victim, but as a Pioneer who has gained absolute freedom; a Pioneer who wants to survive must show exceptional creativity."

The Rat got lost: 'a pioneer', 'absolute freedom', 'creativity'. These concepts were unfamiliar. But if She wasn't that modest, She could admit that by nature She was creative, intelligent, honest, generous and ambitious.

Prophet Stuart, who so far had silently observed the Rat, stepped forward and looked her straight in her black beady eyes. And with a deeply resounding voice he said:

"But first, you must know who you are and what you are. In order to identify yourself, you need to know the 'Other'."

"No need to waste time in search of a single Identity. In the future, if circumstances change, you can change as well," intervened the Cloud calmly.

The Cloud? Where did this cloud appear from in the engine room of the ship?

"My name is Gilles," the Cloud and fifth prophet seemed to smile.

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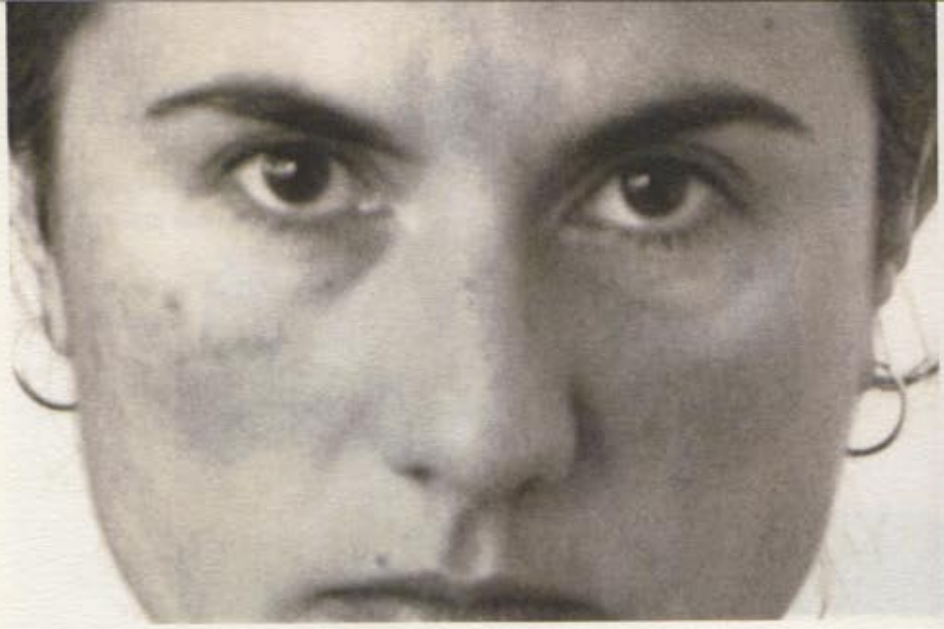
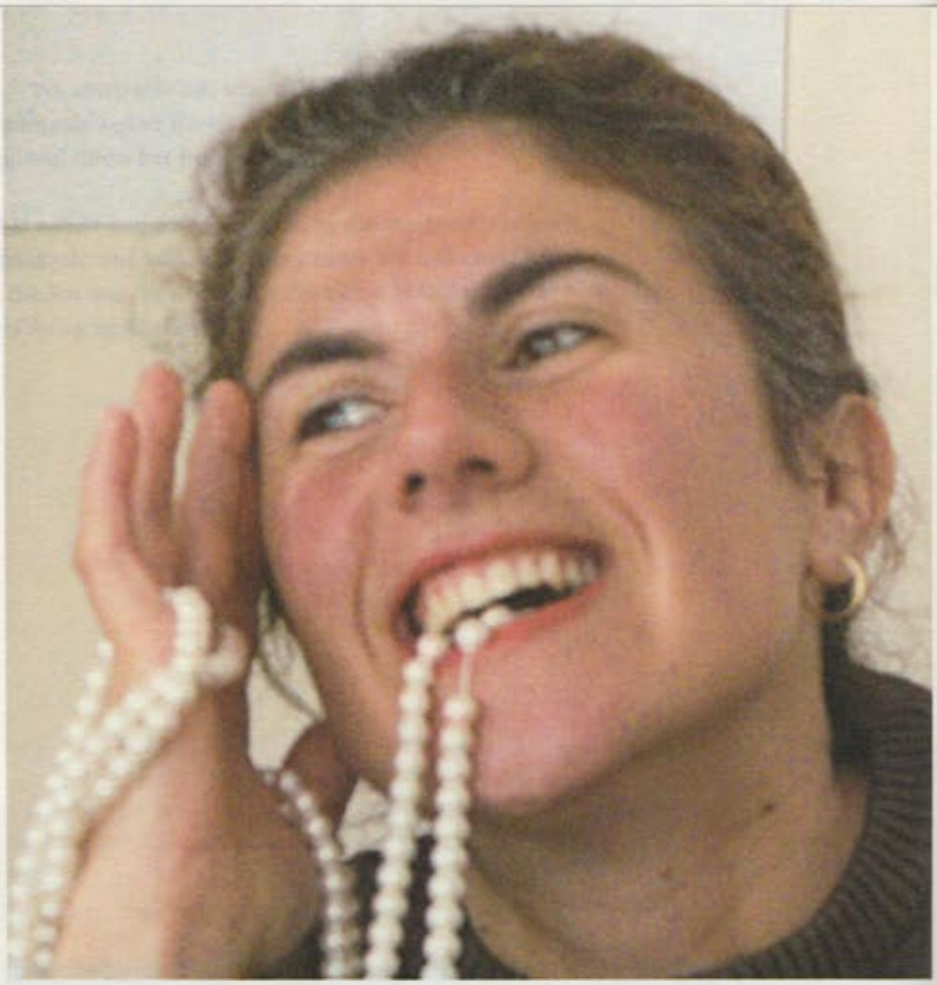
The Rat did not respond, but not because She wanted to be rude. She thought not only about the form but also the content of her life, which until now had been determined by the Rituals, the Red Spirits and the Singing Voices.

The Rat, stuck in her mind, turned her back to the prophets. She closed her eyes and imagined the bird—white, beautiful, soaring—and sank into her dreams.



"Ah, miserable rat, where did you come from?"
The mechanic kicked the rat and stunned her. Then he grabbed her tail and threw her from 15 meters height.

The Rat wasn't impressed—neither by the mechanic's attitude nor the crash: She had fallen many times but had never been hurt; the Rat was, so to speak, a champion in falling. It was a kind of flying upside down.



When She stood on her own feet again, She almost fainted from amazement—She found herself in one of the Whitest parts of the world: White people, White streets, White buildings, a whole universe of Whiteness and purity...

Here the Rat seriously distinguished herself from the others with her brown hair.

"Maybe somewhere over here is a pharmacy where I can find chemicals for bleaching," thought the Rat.

"They failed to become White birds."

The rodent heard her thoughts clearly and somehow stepped backwards, as if She was frightened, either for the future of her fellow rats or from the anticipation of an end in the beginning of her 'new' life...


ТЕ СЕ ТЪРСЯТ СТРАШНО В ПРИЮТИТЕ

This interesting idea forced the Rat to look around. From a distance She saw a very beautiful building that was spreading its wide wings in two directions. Without even thinking about any hazards, the Rat wended with quick steps towards it. This early in the morning there was no guard to stop her at the gate, so the Rat decided to examine the inside of the 'palace'. Her nose quickly helped her in this investigation: the smell of iron and near human crowding revealed to her that She was in the huge waiting room of a railway station—the Whitest in the world!

The adventurous, slightly smiling and happy face of the Rat suddenly melted from pain, her heart was tightened by what She saw: along these very White corridors lay the bodies of homeless rats like her, the only difference was their White color. When their eyes met, her rat eyes filled with sorrow, and theirs showed indifference in return.

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"What happened to you?" She found the courage to ask, "Don't you have a home? Where is your home? Are you hungry?"

Instead of an answer, one of the rats that was lying right in front of her asked her back:

"Who are you? Where do you come from?"

"I am a rat formerly known as the WBH, I came from the cemetery on the other side of the ocean," She said friendly and decided to explain further: "I arrived here to search for a new life."

There wasn't a single creature in this White station that didn't fall into ironic laughter.

"A new life? You found it! Here it is! Come baby, here is a place for you, next to me," a little White rat said as he gestured towards her.

"It is not funny!" She blushed and left the building.

My mother once said that she feels more sympathy for animals than for people.

My Mother Once Said...

Back on the White Street with the beautiful White Buildings it felt as if She was entering the future, a world far away from the life She knew with the Raven in the cemetery.

> "Where I come from, people live in the past, because they don't believe that they have a future; but here, people live in the future, and have forgotten their past. Where do I live, where do I belong?"

She started to reason, but this very promising beginning of a philosophical treatise was forcibly subdued by the fierce abdominal symphony orchestrated by virtuoso Hunger. To get him to stop, the Rat had to sacrifice a piece of White cheese to him.

> "Maybe in this very White country the surplus of White cheese per capita is huge," grinned the Rat from happiness.

And as it was easy for her to climb up any surfaces, She soon found herself in the White Room of the White building on the right.

And before the Rat could kindly ask her question with a tender voice, a White Lady with very long legs kicked her in the solar plexus without hesitation, sending her off into a long journey through the air that ended with a slam against the opposite White wall of the street.

The Rat was feeling dizzy, almost ill; She did not expect such cruelty in this very White Country. Her rat rights were being violated. What a disgrace, what a shame… Anyway…

"I am hungry!"

It was clear that the Rat had to change her approach, to forget the Brown that She was and turn into a new White personality, one with the manners, upbringing and education corresponding to the White Reality.

"Oh, what an impossible task," yammered the Rat, "Who will help me, whoo? I am huuungryyyyyyy..."

dirty and parasitic animal."

"We live in the 21st century," rumbled the Red Spirits, who could no longer remain silent.

Their ghostly voices did not receive any attention or respect in this White Fortress.

There first White People were appearing on the street. While hurrying along, they looked time and time again at the Big White Measuring Clock:

"Tick-tock-tick-tock, quickly-punctually-ahead, tick-tock, do not stare, step by step towards success, tick-tock-tick-tock."

Despite the enchanting, rhythmic sound of the Clock, someone noticed the kicked and dejected brown rat on the thoroughly cleaned White Street. And his voice rose:

"Brooown raaat!"

Sirens started to howl as in a war situation.

"Well, so what if I am brown and a rat..." said the Rat, pale and gasping with fright.

Hereafter the world turned upside down, not for the Most White People, but for the Most brown rat. The Boot of the Authorities of the most White Order kicked the Rat again in case She was still conscious (it does not matter that She was already paralyzed by fear and could not move) and then, for edification, grabbed her tail and dragged her to the Super White Vehicle of the authorities of the most White Order.

The poor little rat moaned:

"If I was only a White bird, I would just fly away. Oh, how I hate my rat nature."

She sobbed. The Boot kicked her again and made sure that the Rat did not move anymore.

The White Motor of the White Vehicle of the authorities of the most White Order, growling, took the Boot and the Rat to the most White Terrible Fortress located in the most White corner of this White Part of the world.

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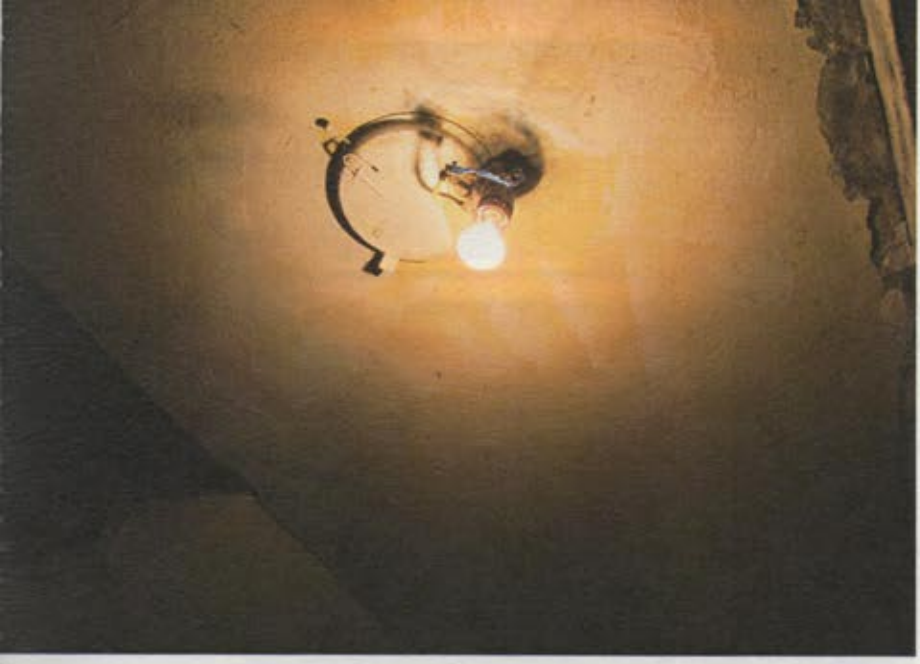

"Brrrrrr," the Rat uttered a groan.
Ice-cold water was poured over her skinny, weak body.

"Rat, wake up!" commanded a voice coming from a wide open and Beautiful Mouth.
The Rat could barely open her eyes.

"You have violated the law," said the Mouth more kindly this time. It continued: "The Law of the White Color is sacrosanct in our White Country. You are one featuring a brown color. According to the White Law you are accused of the following:

– With your brown color you are a threat to the inviolable White-Being of our White Society;
– Being a rat, you are persona non grata, having participated in the transmission of the plague in the 14th century. Your poor hygiene makes you known as a vicious, dirty and parasitic animal."

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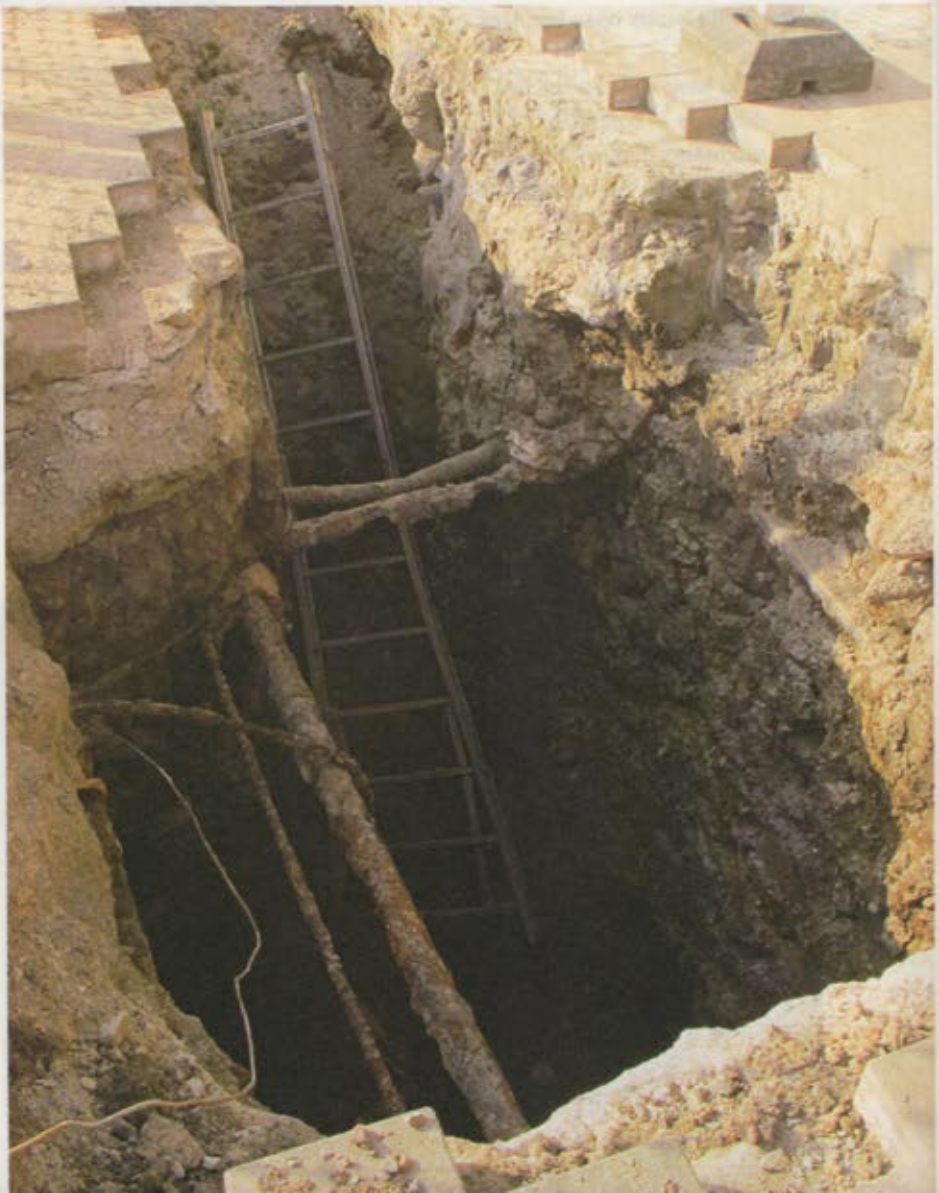

"Here you will be subjected to Whiteresation," said the Beautiful Mouth, "and until you are ready for Whiteresation, you will have to prove your loyalty to the White Land, and that you can be its worthy White Citizen, with your labor in the Mines."[2]

"Parasites!!"
shouted the Red Spirits all together against the Beautiful Mouth and the Boot of the Authorities of the most White Order.

The Rat flattened her ears and narrowed her eyes.

"Yes, I understand, you offer me a job outside the White,"[3]
She summed up mentally. The Rat spoke with hope while stepping towards the Mouth:

"I can jump up to 90 centimeters vertically and horizontally up to 120 cm; I can climb electric cables, ropes, trees and shrubs on vertical surfaces of brick, metal, concrete; horizontal pipes, channels... I can swim up to 800 meters..."

The Beautiful Mouth contorted in horror, imagining that a repulsive brown hairy creature would come in any way closer to it.

The Rat was taken to her cage – Room. Tormented by claustrophobia, She couldn't sleep, thinking of her future in the Mines.

Would the Whiteresation turn her, if not into a White Citizen, at least into a White Bird?
She was doubting until the morning, when…

the cage door opened. The Voice – Guardian announced:
"Rat, get up and work! I'm here to take you to the Mines!"

She twitched and resigned herself to her fate, following the Voice.

After the Rat reached just 100 feet, the last White Door opened before her.

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The Voice spoke: "This Room will take you deep into the earth. When you dig 1000 kg of coal, it will bring you back here again."

The Rat was optimistic: "I can handle this! After all, I am genetically designed to dig holes up to 90 cm without stopping!"

For two years She worked with zeal, but on the first day of the third year the Rat lost one of her button eyes. It tore from the rotten threads, fell off and rolled away in the dark.

The Rat was pulled from the Mines half blind and sent to the Doctor with a White Head.
The Rat thought:

"I will be able to retire due to illness" and smacked her lips.

But alas! Luck was not on her side.

"Open your mouth!" commanded the Doctor with a White Head.

"Well, there is nothing wrong with my mouth!" said the Rat as She stepped back.

The Doctor with a White Head was waiting and holding a large needle with white thread in his tightly White-gloved hands.

At the sight of this the Rat collapsed for the millionth time. When She recovered, She realized that onto her brown hairy head a mechanical eye had been stitched, which was translating the world into rectangles for her.

The Rat was then sent to the Beautiful Mouth again.

"It is time for the White Test," said the Mouth. On a Gleaming White Table with an incredible Smooth White Chair the Test was waiting for her, smiling.

Selfportrait (geluksvogel)

For two years She worked with zeal, but on the first day of the third year the Rat lost one of her button eyes. It tore from the rotten threads, fell off and rolled away in the dark.

The Rat was pulled from the Mines half blind and sent to the Doctor with a White Head.
The Rat thought:

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The Rat was then sent to the Beautiful Mouth again.

"It is time for the White Test," said the Mouth. On a Gleaming White Table with an incredible Smooth White Chair the Test was waiting for her, smiling.

"Hello!" said the Test as if it was flirting with the Rat.

"Hello!" replied the Rat kindly but wearily.

"Respond with 'yes' or 'no'," continued the Test. It went further with a series of questions:

"Can you say what you mean?
Can you listen to what White People have to say?
Can you hear, understand and appreciate creatures that don't come from the White State?
Do you have self-confidence?
Can you solve problems?
Do you know enough about how to raise White Children?
Do you respect White People (for who they are)?
Do you have a lot of friendships with White People?
Are you kind and polite to the White People?
Do you undertake activities outside of your house?
Do you visit family regularly?
Do you get plenty of exercise?
Do you participate in cultural activities?
Do you have a paid job?
Do you do volunteer work?
Are you a member of a carnival association, White Association or neighborhood association?
Do you miss a really good friend?
Do you feel a void around you?
Do you miss warmth around you?
Do you miss White People around you?
Do you often feel abandoned?"[4]

The Rat curled her tail under her belly. She was disillusioned. There was no need to respond. Ever since She started working in the Mines, She had not met anyone except the Voice - Guardian and the Beautiful Mouth. For her it was important to prove her loyalty to the White State through painstaking, high-quality and dedicated work in the Mines, which excluded family, friends, and carnivals...

Despite all her efforts, She started to understand that She would never be allowed to belong to the White country because She would always fail the constant checks and exams designed to see if She has the right behavior, the right beliefs, and the right color.

The Rituals, the Red Spirits and the Singing Voices were surrounding her. They were always nearby, but unfortunately often forgotten by the Rat because they were a part of her past, which here in the White Country had no place. It also meant, of course, that there was no place for the Rat as She was.

"I'm not ready for Whiteresation," She pronounced clearly,
"and I never will be."
The Test dismissively replied:
"You are neither the first nor the last."

The Rat bristled and curled her paws into fists.

"I would like to leave and go back home!" She continued.

"Of course, you are free to go" smiled the Test politely.

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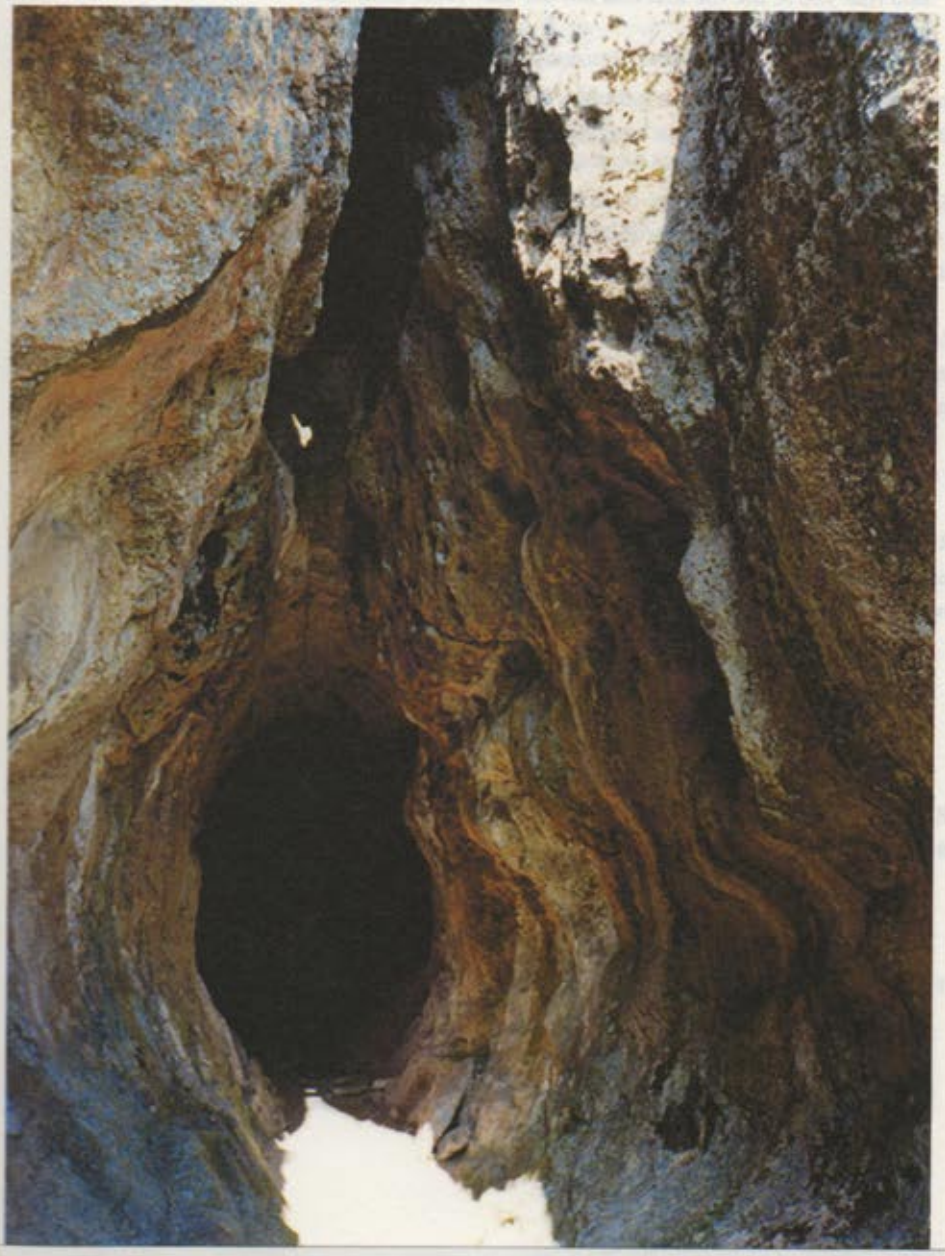
The Boot of the Authorities of the most White Order took the Rat, the Rituals, the Red Spirits and the Singing Voices and brought them to the last White Door to the room carrying non-White creatures kilometers deep into the Mines.

There the Rat felt hopeless, but somehow also relieved. For the first time in so long, She didn't bother about the White bird of her dreams. In fact, She didn't have dreams anymore. What purpose would dreams serve in the Mines? In any case, the Rat still had to cooperate with the Rituals, the Red Spirits and the Singing Voices. These spirits were tinkering with her brain, filling her with excitement; her eyes watered and She became angry when they reminded her of her past.

When the Rat felt a slight jolt, the Room had landed. She stood on her hind legs and after a few steps She set foot on the cold and sticky floor of the Mines. The Room immediately rose and went back into the arms of the White Side.

The Rat, the Rituals, the Red Spirits and the Singing Voices were left alone. A vast silence and darkness held in the dungeons. The Rat shuddered, and her brown hair bristled. But She soon recovered when She remembered the predictions of the five prophets. This time the Rat thought about their words ready to embrace her fate with dignity and strength: becoming a Fighter, a Rebel, a Pioneer, someone constantly changing, knowing and connecting to the 'Others'...

The 'Others'? She glanced around...



"Listen," She spoke to herself calmly, "It is better that you don't return to the White State anymore. It almost blinded you, this Whiteness. Try to find a way out of the Mines. The Test said that you're not the first and not the last. What does this mean?"

The smell of burning cables and a faint hiss foreshadowed the illumination of a purple neon sign hanging on the wall, stating:

"Foreigners everywhere".[5]

Was She able to read this message, its light dying after only three seconds of life? Did it appear in order to encourage her and answer her question, or to worry her?

The Rat's whiskers twitched nervously (as if they were picking up the electricity from the neon sign) and the thought She had begun ended with the conclusion:

"If you are not the first one here, somewhere will be the ones who were before you, or those still to come."

The Rat perked up and poked her snout into the air. The Rituals inspired her with hope, the Red Spirits ignited themselves into red light, and the Singing Voices started to sing.

"Full speed ahead" She almost shouted, and her voice echoed in the underground galleries.

"But which direction is 'ahead'?"

The Rat was standing at a crossroads—several tunnels were intersecting and of course it was not clear which one led where.

"Okay, full speed to the left," She said with a little confusion.

And the Rat slid into the nearest left passageway.

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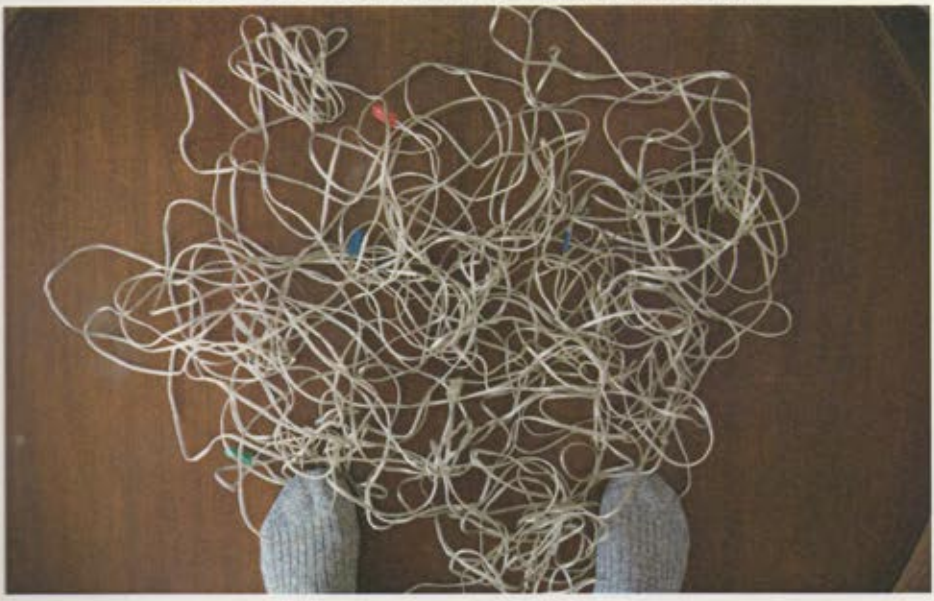
The 'Others'? She glanced around...

For hours, trusting her intuition, She wandered around without knowing where She was until She stepped on the tail of the Worm.

"Ooooh", the Worm cried bitterly.
"Excuse me" the Rat said as she fussed around the tail of the Worm.
"It's ok," said the Worm, "it did not hurt me."
"Do you happen to know where I am?" asked the Rat politely.

The Worm looked at the Rat as if he was seeing a female rat for the first time in his life.
"I guess you're new here," said the Worm.

"The Mines were created to serve the White World. Special underground machines, powered by coal, exhale inviolable divine Whiteness in the White Country and the White embraces everyone and everything with the Law of the White Color. The White World is absolutely dependent on the Mines,"



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"The Mines were created to serve the White World. Special underground machines, powered by coal, exhale inviolable divine Whiteness in the White Country and the White embraces everyone and everything with the Law of the White Color. The White World is absolutely dependent on the Mines," gasped the Worm, "but the coal and the miners are running out and one day..." He fell into a hysterical laughter.

"What, what will happen one day?" The Rat was eager to understand.

> "What, what?" startled the Worm... "One day the machines will stop and the White World will be all fucked up by bright colors." The Worm was shaking with laughter again. Looking at the Rat, he added: "Equality will be established because of the dominance of color variety and no one will think in White anymore."

The Rat's chin trembled and with a deep drama in her voice and heart She said:

> "And then, am I going to be appreciated and loved just for my rat qualities and my brown hair?"
> The Rat could hardly breathe from excitement: "Tell me Worm, will I be loved just because I am myself; will they stop persecuting me and kicking me? Will I be useful to someone? Will they let me love them?"

She burst into sobs as could be expected.

The Worm could not bear scenes like this and he curled up, slipped and disappeared.

But She could not stop crying...

"Pssst!"

The Rat was startled.

"Pssst!"

The Rat looked around irritated—She wanted to cry a little bit more, but this shrill sound totally brought her out of her meditative weep.

"Well, show yourself!" said the Rat as She became angry.

Around the corner, on the first turn, a woman with the nose of a pig timidly appeared:

"My name is Sophie. I saw you arrive."

The Rat was wondering whether before her stood a spy or someone who had nothing else to do but shadow people like her who had lost direction...

"I am a rat. Hmm... Why do you have a pig nose?" the Rat asked casually.

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"I am a rat. Hmm... Why do you have a pig nose?" the Rat asked casually.

"Which story would you like to hear—the long or the short one?" answered Sophie ironically.
"Mmm, ehh, the short one!" snapped the Rat impatiently.
"Once a man told me that I eat like a pig. And since then I feel like I'm a pig," Sophie said quickly and succinctly.

Although the woman did not cry or flinch, the Rat, who was also a woman, felt pity for her. She wanted to hold her, to comfort her, to somehow fix the nose on her face. She stood up and just as She was about to make a step in Sophie's direction, a huge rectangular ice block pushed the Rat aside to the ground and nearly crushed her.

She stood up and shook her fist at...

"What the hell? Who are you? Where are you going with this huge piece of ice?" shouted the Rat to the long and bony figure pushing the ice.

"I am Francis and I am here to remind you that," the words slipped out from the mouth of the figure that was pushing the ice, "sometimes doing something leads to nothing. Sometimes doing nothing leads to something."[6]

"Ah, how poetic! Or maybe it is… political? Who is doing nothing, or does it mean that someone is actually doing something…" the Rat was musing, puzzled over what She just heard.

When She thought again of Sophie, there were no traces of her. The Rat looked around and not long after went again in another direction, immersed in her thoughts about what She had experienced.

"What the hell? Who are you? Where are you going with this huge piece of ice?" shouted the Rat to the long and bony figure pushing the ice.

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"How strange it was, everything that was happening. Was it real or was it a queer hallucination, caused by the long days underground without sunlight and food?"

The Rat stopped when She heard spattering water:

"That might be an underground river."

The rodent made a few quick steps and listened again—this time the rippling water mingled with human voices. Suddenly, an aging, half-dressed man ran from right to left in front of her. The Rat ran after him and after tracking him down She found herself in a small but well-lit room that apparently was used as a bathroom. In front of the already emptied tub stood a naked young woman with her hands surrounding her shoulders, her legs folded together and looking at the mechanical eye popping out of a balding man with a moustache called Boris.

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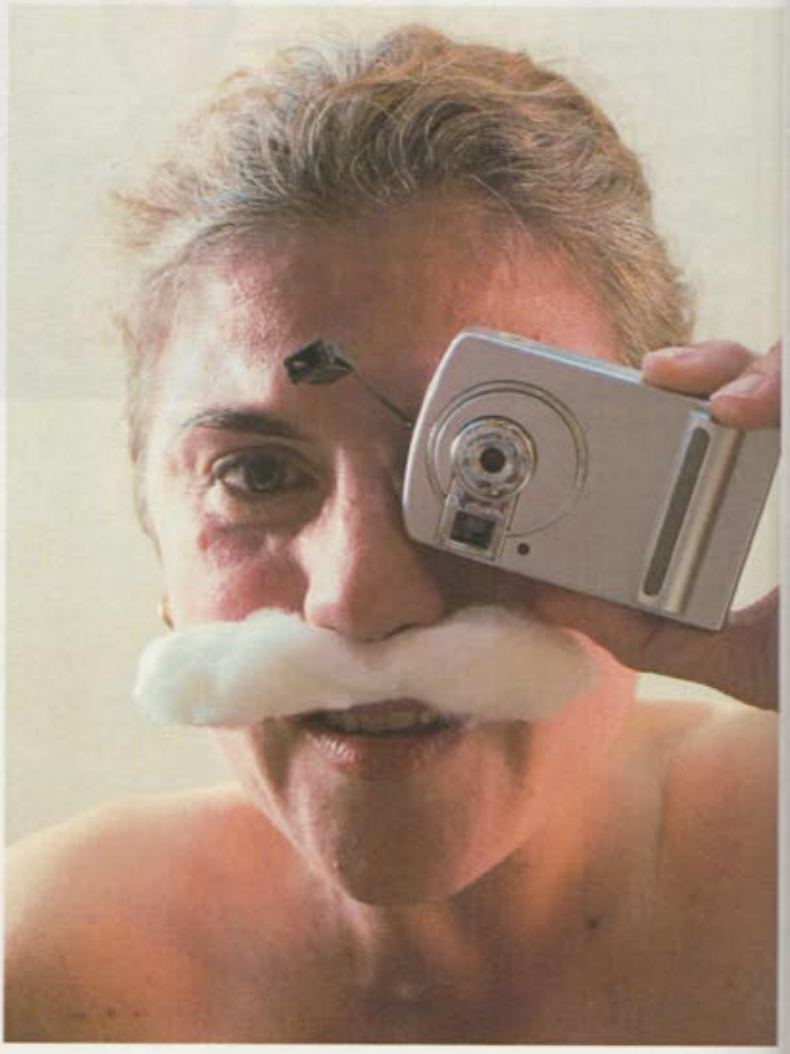
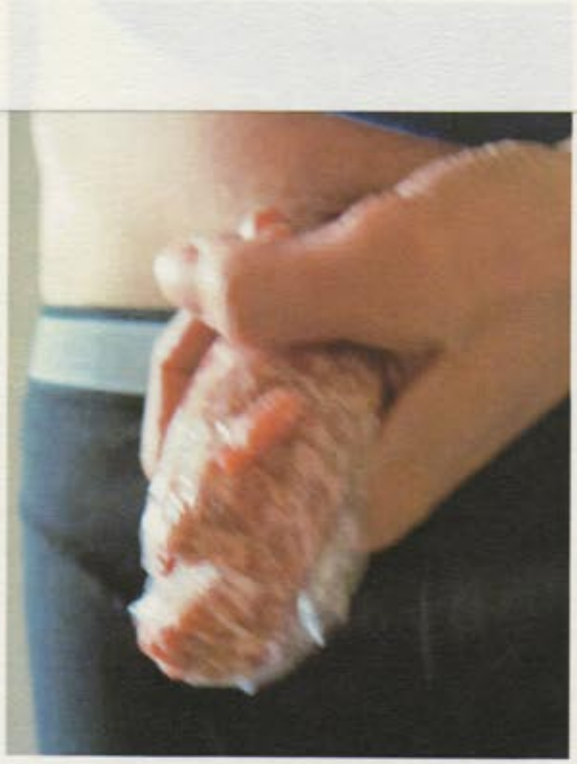




After stopping to stare at the fragile nakedness of the woman, Boris also showed interest in the condition of the half-dressed man.

The Rat quickly closed her eyes to this terrible sight and tried to grope along the wall to leave the scene.

"Who are these people?"

And as if it had overheard the Rat, the Echo replied:

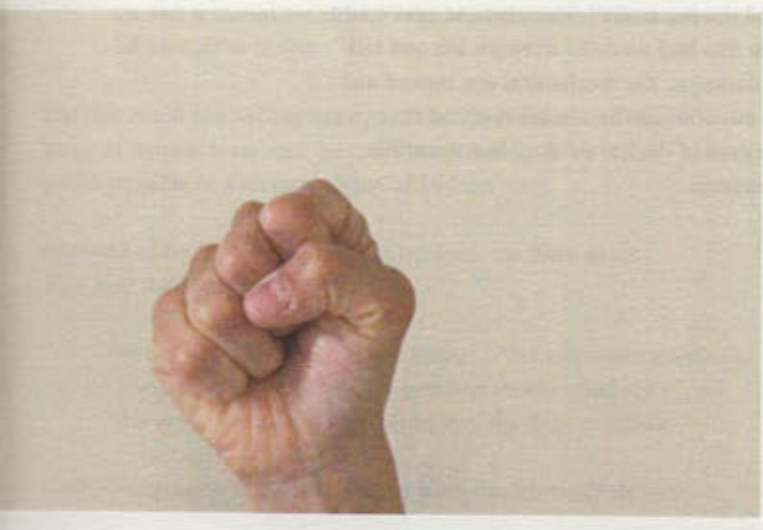
"Undeeergroouuund people."

"Underground people," the Rat repeatedly sadly and opened her eyes.

A strange sight was revealed before her: a woman was standing in front of the dissolved carcass of a dead whale. In her hands she was holding a piece of paper and a pen. Fluttering around this bizarre collection from the stomach of the fish, she wrote down:

> "a pink cigarette lighter, four ice-lolly sticks (wooden), a metal brooch in the form of a poodle, a beer bottle opener, a woman's bracelet (probably silver), a hair grip, a wooden pencil, a child's plastic water pistol, a plastic knife, sunglasses, a little chain, a spring (small), a rubber ring, a parachute (child's toy), (....), a compass, a car key, four coins (...)."[7] Then she saw the Rat and while stroking her fluffy fur said: "These are all different objects with their own individual function and meaning. Showing them together as part of the stomach of the whale, they become a part of a new story."

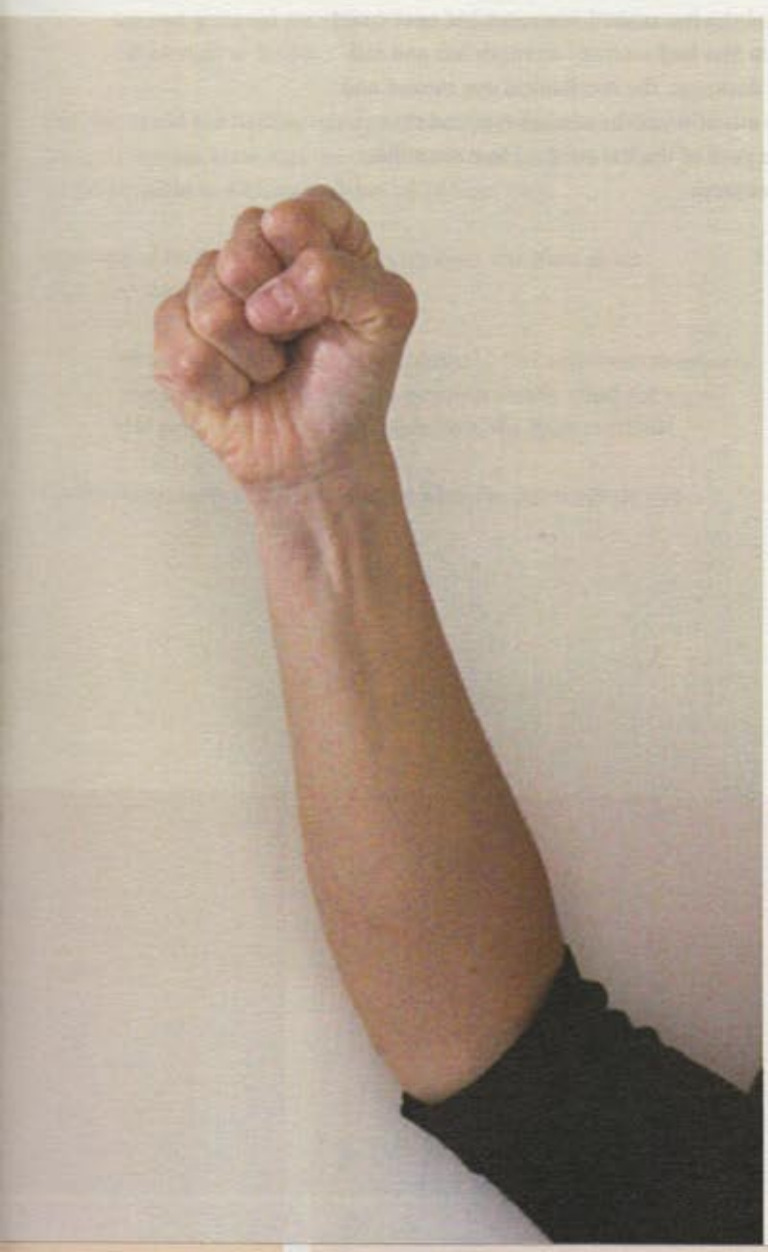
"Be realistic, demand the impossible."[8]



It seemed to the Rat that her life was a dream, which was also a part of someone else's story. Wandering a long time in the Mines, and ever since She went on the road with the ship and arrived in the White Country, She felt that She was completely subservient to chance. Who is She today and what will She become tomorrow? Was She in control?

She started to like this life full of adventures. Inspired by her own thoughts and filled with courage, She grabbed a piece of charcoal and wrote on the wall in large letters:

"Be realistic, demand the impossible."*



goud hemel roze honing a portrait of my husband

"Hmm, but how?"[9] wondered the Rat as She jumped with enthusiasm.

The Sirens, sensitive to such a question (they had ears even in the Mines), wailed and the Rat rushed wherever her eyes could see. She stopped when She had no more strength left and fell to the ground. In the darkness, the mechanical eye moved and creaked, drawing the attention of the second eye, and then managed to focus the gaze of the Rat on the Most Beautiful Vision that had ever existed:

"What are you?" She was now able to overcome her excitement.

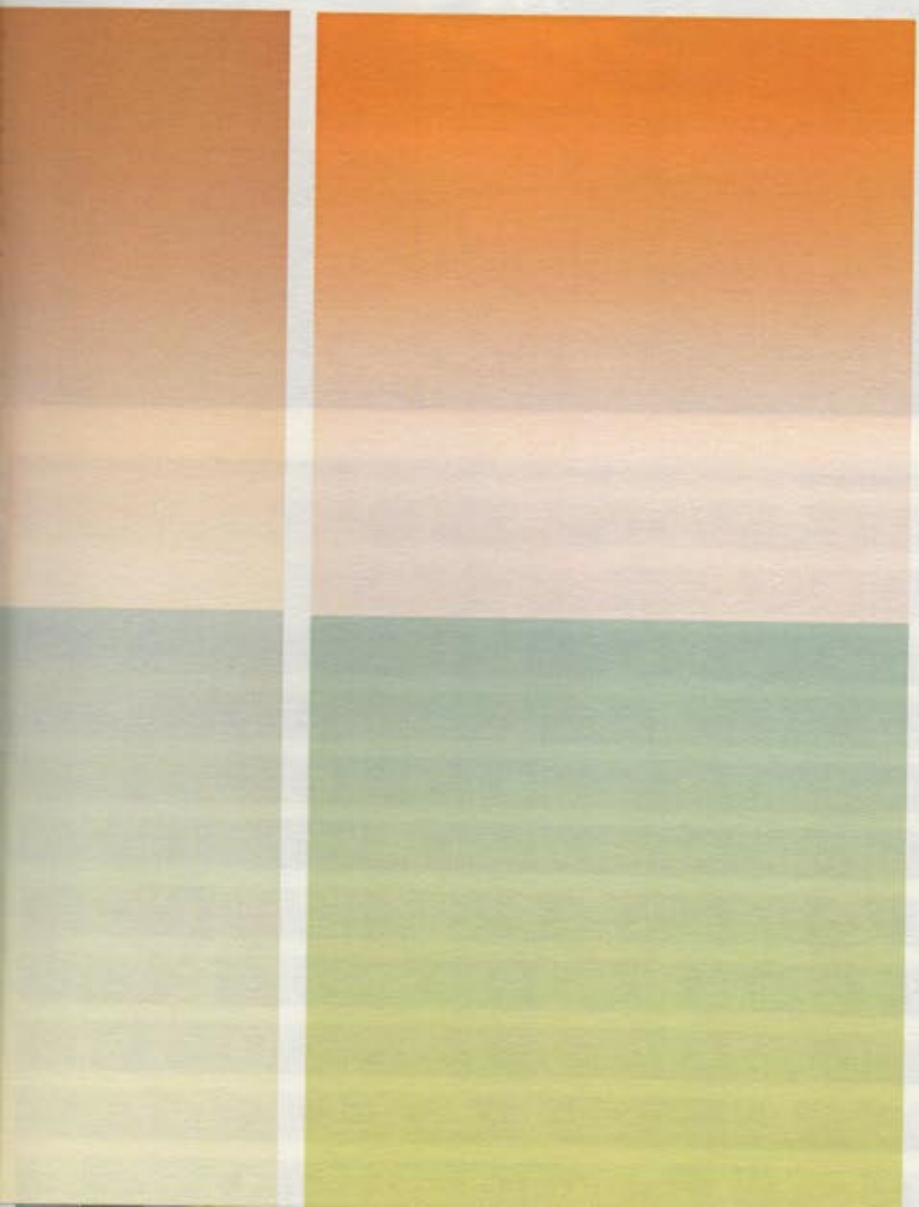
"I am a radical phenomenologist, subjective terrorist, situationist and material actionist,"[10] the Most Beautiful Vision presented himself at length.

The Rat could not believe her eyes—one mechanical and one black as button. How was the combination of such beautiful colors possible in a Human Vision of 186 cm long:

the Gold of his hair, the Heaven of his eyes, the Rose of his skin, and the Honey of his beard.

"From now on I will call you GHRH." She softened completely. Trembling butterflies in her stomach slowly lifted her up off the ground until her eyes dived into the Blue of GHRH.

GHRH then reached out his hands, pulled the Rat towards him



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"What a beautiful Woman with Brown Hair!"

said GHRH with exhilaration.

Holding hands, the WBH and GHRH couldn't take their eyes off of one another.

"Come with me," he whispered to the WBH.

A big, heavy stone door opened next to them with ease. Before them it revealed the magnificent diversity of the Kingdom of Color.

The WBH wondered why she had not noticed this door before and followed the shining figure of GHRH.

> "This is my Kingdom," the GHRH said not without pride, "and from today on you are my Queen!"

The WBH and GHRH bowed to each other and together got into a lovely Green chariot led by White horses. Beside them there were manifesting colorful galaxies of Tulips, lakes of Turquoise, restaurants for Pancakes, Swans and wind Mills with outstretched wings.

When the carriage stopped, the GHRH kissed the hand of the WBH and pronounced:

"This is the Palace of Color."

Several dozen stairs led to the front door in Red.

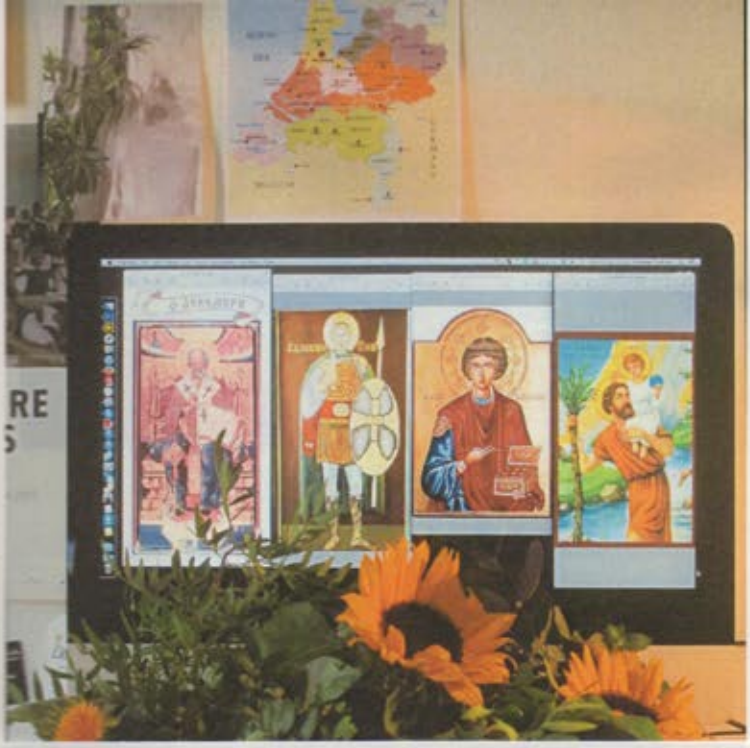
The Fanfares blared:

"Please come in!"

In front of her eyes he placed a plate with their names on it next to the doorbell.

"Now I have a real home again," the WBH applauded happily.

And so they lived happily....



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Until one day the WBH became gravely ill with the insidious disease Nostalgia. For months she remained in bed, weak and pale. She longed to feel the birth soil under her feet and see her parents who were growing old. The WBH worried:

"What if they are in trouble? Do they need me?
Am I ever going to see them again?"

The sun was not rising anymore, the colors were fading and the birds were not singing. Silence and a feeling of emptiness took over the Land of Color.

The GHRH, frightened, decided to turn the chariot into a Time Machine[11] and bring his WBH to her country with the black sea, so as to reload her with energy.

On a dark night he took her (light as a feather) up in his arms and placed her on the seat together with the Rituals, the Red Spirits and the Singing Voices.

> "Where do we go?" asked the GHRH.
> "To the Mines," said the WBH.
> "And then?" The GHRH was informing himself.
> "To the White State, the ship and the black sea," replied the WBH in one breath.

The Time Machine: Geography of the In-betweenness, video, part one

Hi,

It's me...We are on our way...

Once a year we travel to my country of origin and then back to my new land, my host country. For my husband, my host country is a country of origin, and my country of origin is his country with new family. While I am heading 'home', he is going abroad. In this sense we experience the space and the time differently, and the place where we meet each other is the time machine—our car.

I remember a science fiction television series from my childhood. A political dissident called Blake and his fellow prisoners were traveling with an alien spaceship. Attempting to escape their enemies and inspire others to rebel, they met a variety of different cultures on the planets they stopped at.

As a child I was excited by the movie. One of the plays I was reenacting was to go out on the wide balcony of our family flat in a little communistic town and arrange new shining caps from bottles all over it. This was my command panel in my balcony spacecraft. It was my way of traveling in the years of the 'Iron Curtain'.

Here we are on our real journey between two planets. The transformation and transportation are carried out through different thoughts. It starts with, 'Did I switch off the gas, are all the lights off, are all the doors locked behind, do I have everything in the bag, are the presents good enough.' Then I think about how my 'real' parents will look, besides the pixilated Skype faces I see throughout the year, and if my friends will still remember me. Afterwards comes the moment of a kind of New Year's Eve assessment: what did I achieve in the last year, do I have something new to say, how did I change, how did they change, am I ever going to come back?

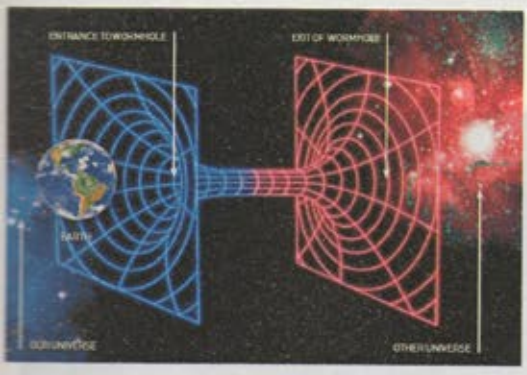
(What could be addictive about this time spent in the cosmic space is the constant moving and finding comfort in the discomfort of not arriving yet.)

Actually, where are you now? Please, when you come again let me know.
I would love to meet you!

All the best for now

"Full speed ahead," said GHRH cheerfully and with hope in his voice.

The Time Machine growled as if it was an ordinary car, and with the speed of light it disappeared in the evening sky…



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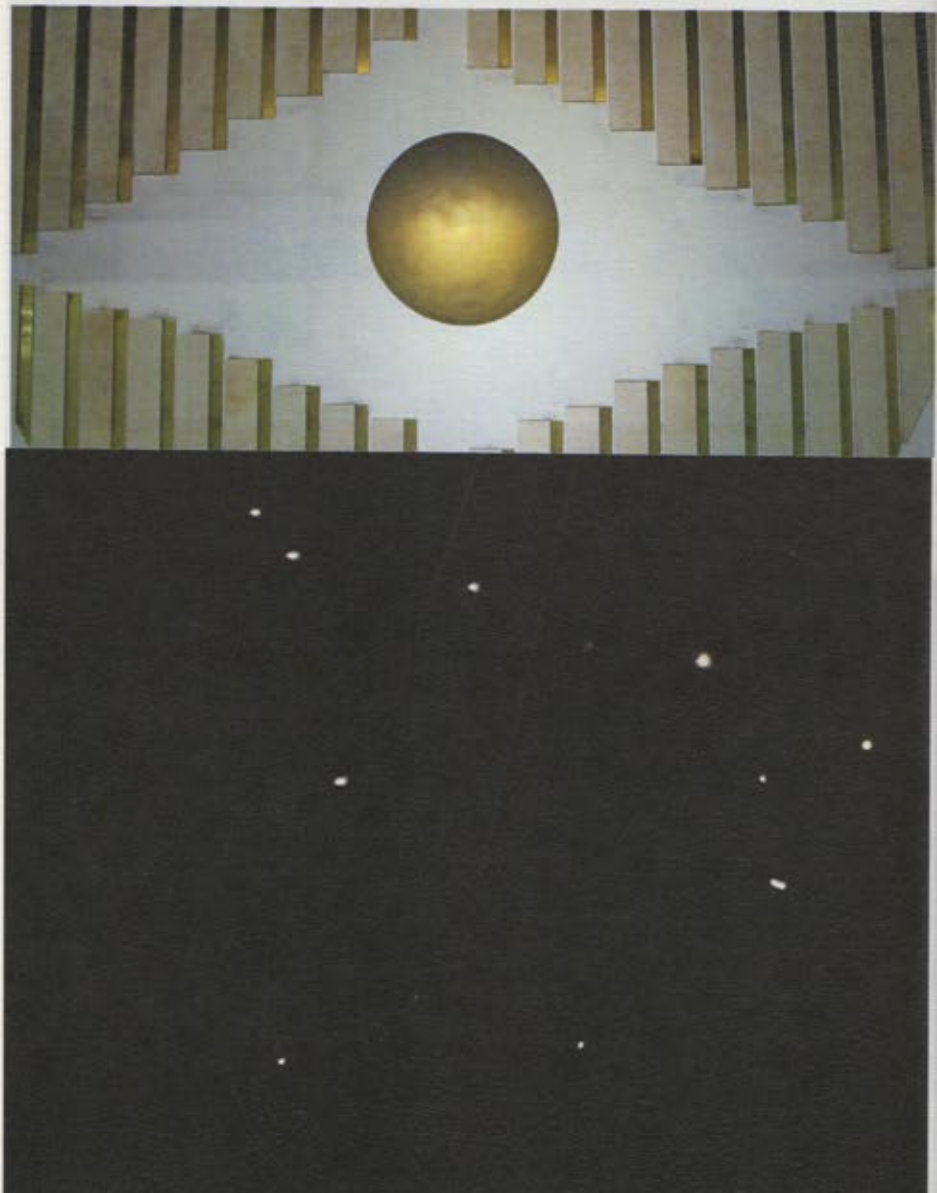
The Time Machine growled as if it was an ordinary car, and with the speed of light it disappeared in the evening sky…

...showing its travellers its own will and intentions. Instead of the Mines, the White State and the ship, it took a different course that brought them to a Universe of Countless Colourful Lands and Their Peaceful Citizens.

When they got closer to the Sun and felt its warm smile[12], they arrived at the Black Sea.



The WBH hugged and kissed her mother, father, aunts, friends, the sea

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Reunited, everybody finally felt restful and silent.

Except the Rituals, the Red Spirits and the Singing Voices: they were still bouncing with excitement.

But the sun was not affecting the colors of the GHRH well and lit him scorching. Worried, the WBH took the GHRH in the Time Machine back through the Universe of Countless Colour-

...showing its travellers its own will and intentions. Instead of the Mines, the White State and the ship, it took a different course that brought them to a Universe of Countless Colourful Lands and Their Peaceful Citizens.

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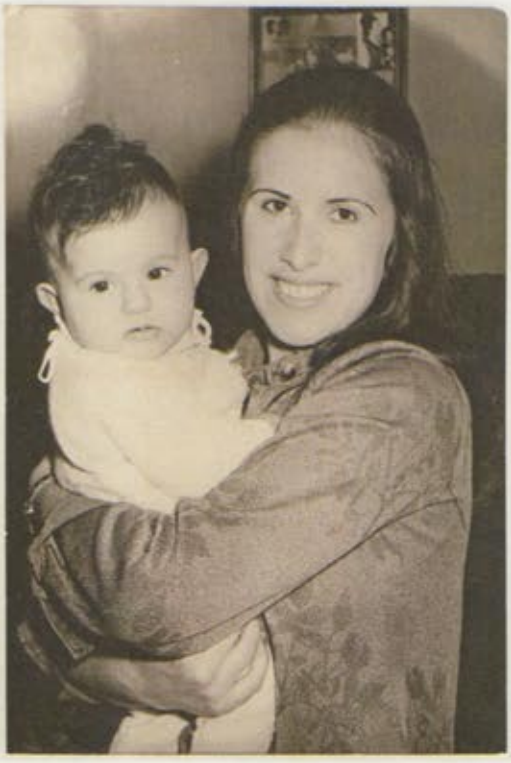
...showing its travellers its own will and intentions. Instead of the Mines, the White State and the ship, it took a different course that brought them to a Universe of Countless Colourful Lands and Their Peaceful Citizens.

When they got closer to the Sun and felt its warm smile[12], they arrived at the Black Sea.



The WBH hugged and kissed her mother, father, aunts, friends, the sea

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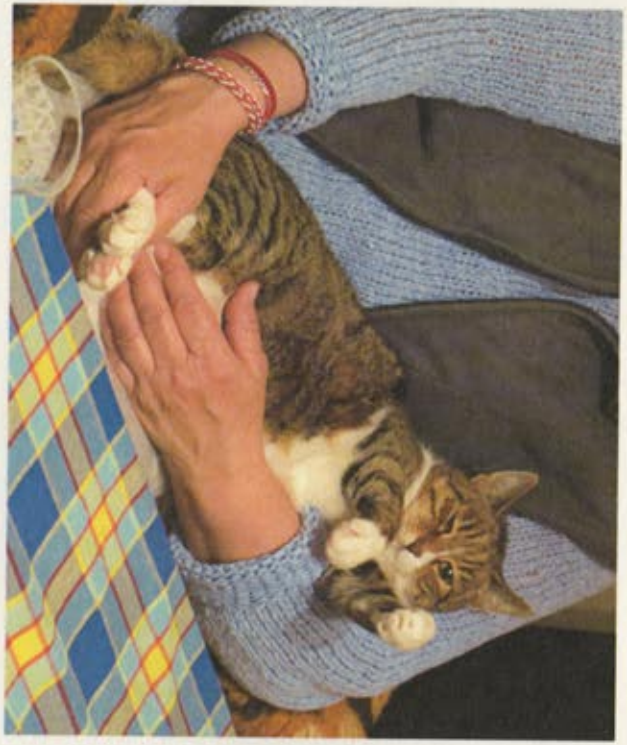
I asked a friend if her mother feels lonely

And again she left behind her mother, father, aunts, friends, the sea…
And again she left behind her mother, father, aunts, friends, the sea…
And again she left behind her mother, father, aunts, friends, the sea…



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The expectant room

The WBH and GHRH spent their life mostly in the Time Machine (in a kind of fifth dimension, where minds and bodies are separated from each other due to the individual's effort to be present at two or more places at the same time).

The WBH and GHRH spent their life mostly in the Time Machine (in a kind of fifth dimension, where minds and bodies are separated from each other due to the individual's effort to be present at two or more places at the same time).

One world away

Epilogue

Meanwhile in the White Country changes occurred.

More and more brown rats were attracted to the White with the desire to turn into White birds.
The Citizens of the White Country did not need White birds, but 'black' workers in the Mines.

The Beautiful Mouth and the White Boot tried their best to deliver rats to the Mines.
But the rodents were rejecting the 'black' jobs, longing for a Whiter future...

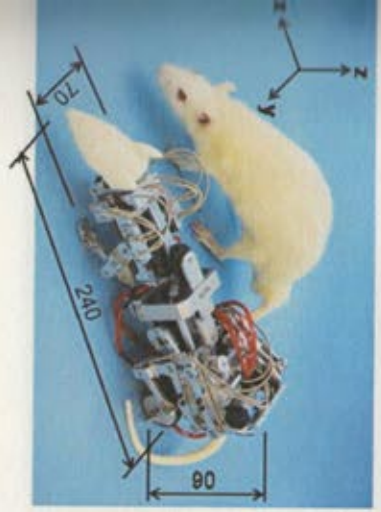
Until the day a White Scientist pronounced his Great White Invention: a robo-rat that replaced all the workers in the Mines.

The White Country didn't need the rats anymore and politely invited them to leave.
The rats refused to leave and because of this position they were pronounced a threat for the most White Order.

A 'legal and fair' hunting of rats was started, which was part of the White Program for preservation of the White Wealth.
Tons of arsenic trioxide, shotguns, bulldozers, high explosives, poison gas, and incendiaries were used to destroy the rats.

A systematic detection and eradication system was applied throughout the White Zone to eliminate the rat invasion.

Forceful White Control measures, strong public support and enthusiastic White Citizen Participation continue to keep rat incursions to a minimum.[13]



24-cm-long WR-3 robo-rat

Epilogue

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The White Country didn't need the rats anymore and politely invited them to leave.

Jokers:

the WBH

the Rat, She, the Singing Voices, the Red Spirits, the Rituals

the desert

a place without clear directions

the Wind

change

the Raven

a mediator between life and death; lost souls; supernatural messenger

the cemetery

a place without perspective

the dead

the fears

the ship

dreams, new beginning

the Beautiful Mouth

the Media

the White World

the neoliberal ideology

Witherasation

Naturalisation

GHRH

the Other

in the Mines (1st time)

the marginal position as social and political isolation – illegal work

in the Mines (2nd time)

marginality as space for freedom – rhizomatic structure – creativity; rebellion; connecting with the Other

Love

the only way to see first the similarities with the Other

in-between

the mental space that the migrant inhabits – in a state of constant traveling

Appropriated images:

Diogo Homem Black Sea Ancient Map: en.wikipedia.org

Brown rat distribution: en.wikipedia.org

Street rat: en.wikipedia.org

The biggest orange diamante in the world: vesti.bg

Images by Hristina Tasheva:

Between These Stones I Photographed My Parents

Archive

Mummer

If These People Were Alive They Would Call You Rich Parasites Exploiting The Working Class People

Stuart Hall in 1996. Donald Maclellan/Getty Images Radical Amerika, vol. 23, Nr 4, Stuart Hall, Ethnicity: Identity and Difference Stuart McPhail Hall (1932-2014), fellow of the British Academy, Jamaican-born cultural theorist and sociologist, lived in UK from 1951

Gilles Deleuze in Gilles Deleuze From A to Z (2010), 2015 Cecile Voisset-Veysseyre: Towards a post-identity philosophy: along a flight line with Gilles Deleuze? Gilles Deleuze (1925-1995), French philosopher who wrote on philosophy, literature, film, and fine art

White Doves Birds Free Download: wallpapersne-whd.com

Untitled 04, from the WBH

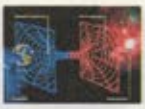
Untitled 03, from the WBH

Untitled 01, from the WBH

Archive

Radar Rat Race: mobygames.com

Back to the Future, (1985): Delorean Time Machine



Stephen Hawking, How to a build time machine: dailymail.co.uk

Advanced Robotics: Hiroyuki Ishii and team, A novel method to develop an animal model of depression using a small mobile robot, 2013

Why are shotguns so damn cool: sodahead.com

marketplace.secondlife.com

Julia Kristeva sur son livre "Thérèse mon amour"
The Kristeva Circle, Julia Kristeva: New forms of revolt
Julia Kristeva Bulgarian-French philosopher, literary critic, psychoanalyst, sociologist, feminist, and novelist, living in France since the mid-1960s; born in 1941 in Sliven, Bulgaria

zahnarzt-springe.de
Bleaching Black Skin Haute or Hate Poll: eldhughes.com

heise.de
Vilem Flusser, The Freedom of the Migrant (Objections to Nationalism), 2003
Vilem Flusser, philosopher, writer and journalist, lived in São Paulo and in France; born in Prague, Czech Republic (1920-1991)

abdelmaleksayad.blogspot.nl
Abdelmalek Sayad, The Suffering of the Immigrant, 2004
Abdelmalek Sayad, sociologist and director of research at CNRS (National Centre for Sociological Research), born in 1933 in Algeria and died in 1988 in France

My Mother Once Said...

Archive

Untitled 05, from the WBH

Selfportrait (geluksvogel)

Archive

Sophie Calle, M'AS – TU VUE: True Stories, Autobiographies (1988-2003): The Pig
Sophie Calle, French writer, photographer, and conceptual artist, born in 1953 in Paris, France

Archive

Inside the Large Hadron Collider: dailymail.co.uk STEPHEN-HAWKING-How-build-time-machine

Untitled 06, from the WBH

Francis Alÿs: A Story of Deception (2010), 19 Paradox of Praxis 1

jongensvandev-lakte.blogspot.nl

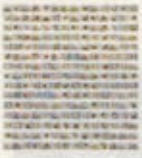
goud hemel roze honing a portrait of my husband

Dubravka Ugrešić: bbc.co.uk/worldservice/arts
Dubravka Ugrešić, writer, born in 1949 in Kutina, Croatia; living in the Netherlands since the 1990s

Untitled 10, from the WBH

One world away

gunshowgoods.com



Untitled 09, from the WBH

Untitled 11, from the WBH

Francis Alÿs:
A Story of Deception (2010), 19 Paradox of Praxis 1
Francis Alÿs, artist, born in 1959 in Antwerp, Belgium; living in Mexico

Boris Mikhailov:
Untitled, from the series Case History, 1997–98

Untitled 08, from the WBH

Boris Mikhailov:
Look at Me,I Look at Water,, or Perversion of Repose
Boris Mikhailov, photographer, born in 1938 in Kharkov, Ukraine; lives and works in the Ukraine and in Berlin

Boris Mikhailov, suzi et cetera, 2007

Untitled 02, from the WBH

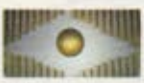
The Time Machine:
Geography of the In-betweenness, video, part one

The Time Machine:
Geography of the In-betweenness, a letter, part two

Untitled 07, from the WBH

Archive

Galaxy:
en.wikipedia.org



Sun:
en.wikipedia.org

I asked a friend if her mother feels lonely

The expectant room

Footnotes

1. Rat: bg.wikipedia.org
2. The End of the Maze: slate.com
3. A working rat is any rat, which is trained for specific tasks as a working animal. In many cases, working rats are domesticated brown rats. However, other species, notably the Gambian pouched rat, have also been trained to assist humans: en.wikipedia.org
4. Leren voor Leven: archief.spectrumelan.nl
5. Claire Fontaine, Foreigners Everywhere (2005), window or wall mounted neon, fittings, cabling and transformers, 100 x 18 x 4.5 cm
6. Francis Alÿs: A Story of Deception (2010), 19 Paradox of Praxis 1; 38 Looking up
7. Dubravka Ugrešić, The Museum of Unconditional Surrender (1998)
8. Quote by Che Guevara, who was Marxist revolutionary, physician, author, intellectual, guerrilla leader, diplomat, and military theorist.
9. To Be Realistic Demand The Impossible Towards a Visionary Left: tikkun.org
   It is the job of the Left to free capitalists and workers alike from the never-ending competitive rat race of capitalism, in which most people engage in tedious busywork or exploitative toil.
10. edwinstolk.nl/textstatement.htm
11. Stephen Hawking How to build a time machine: dailymail.co.uk
12. Solar Spectrum: en.wikipedia.org
13. Rat: en.wikipedia.org

Colophon

The Woman with the Brown Hair (WBH)
or me and my informant

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