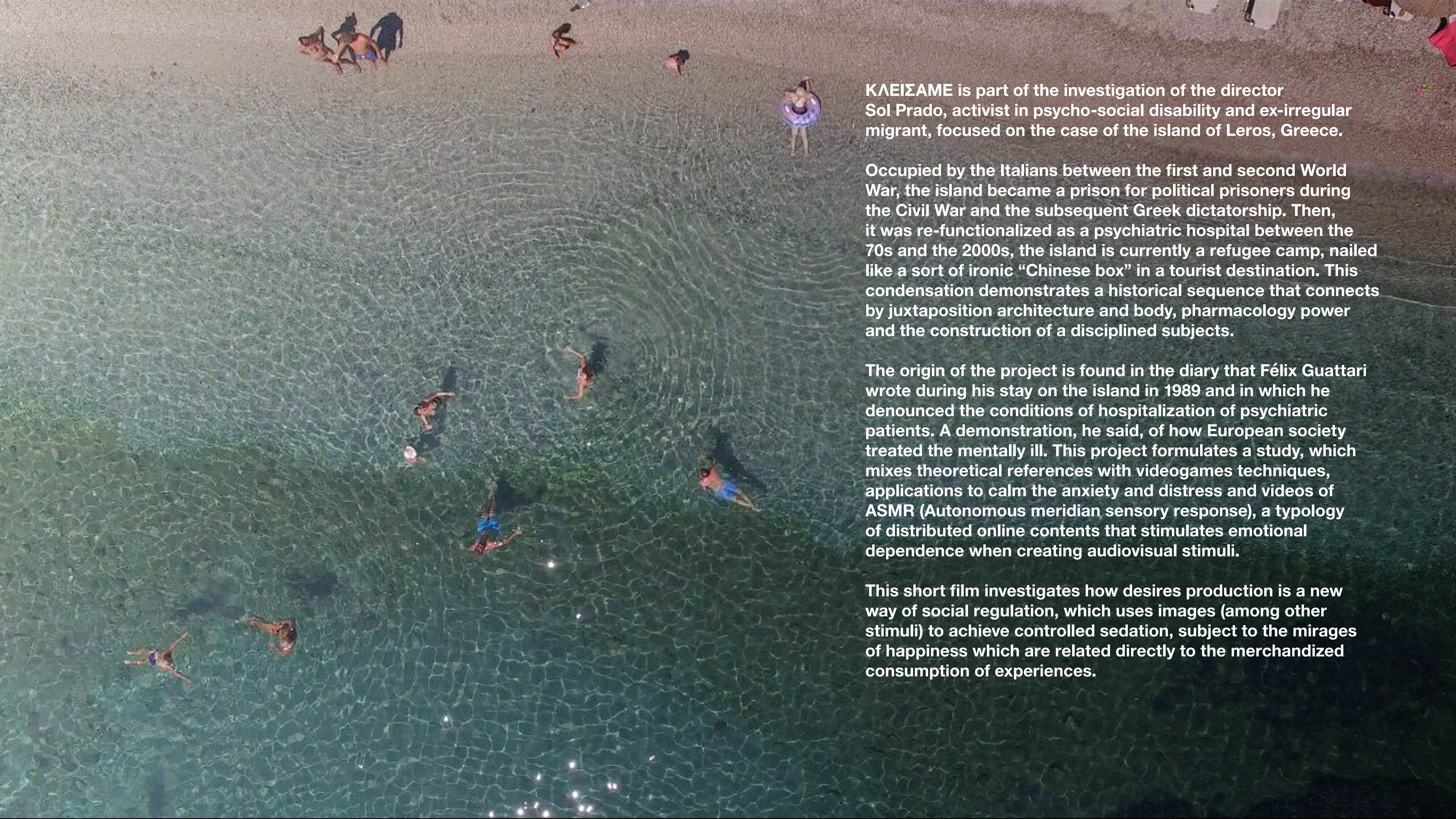


An aerial photograph of a busy beach. The top half shows a sandy shore crowded with people and numerous beach umbrellas in various colors, including orange and white stripes, blue and white stripes, and large natural-colored ones. The bottom half shows the ocean with several people swimming and playing in the water. The title 'KΛΕΙΣΑΜΕ' is overlaid in large yellow letters across the middle.

KΛΕΙΣΑΜΕ

A film by Sol Prado

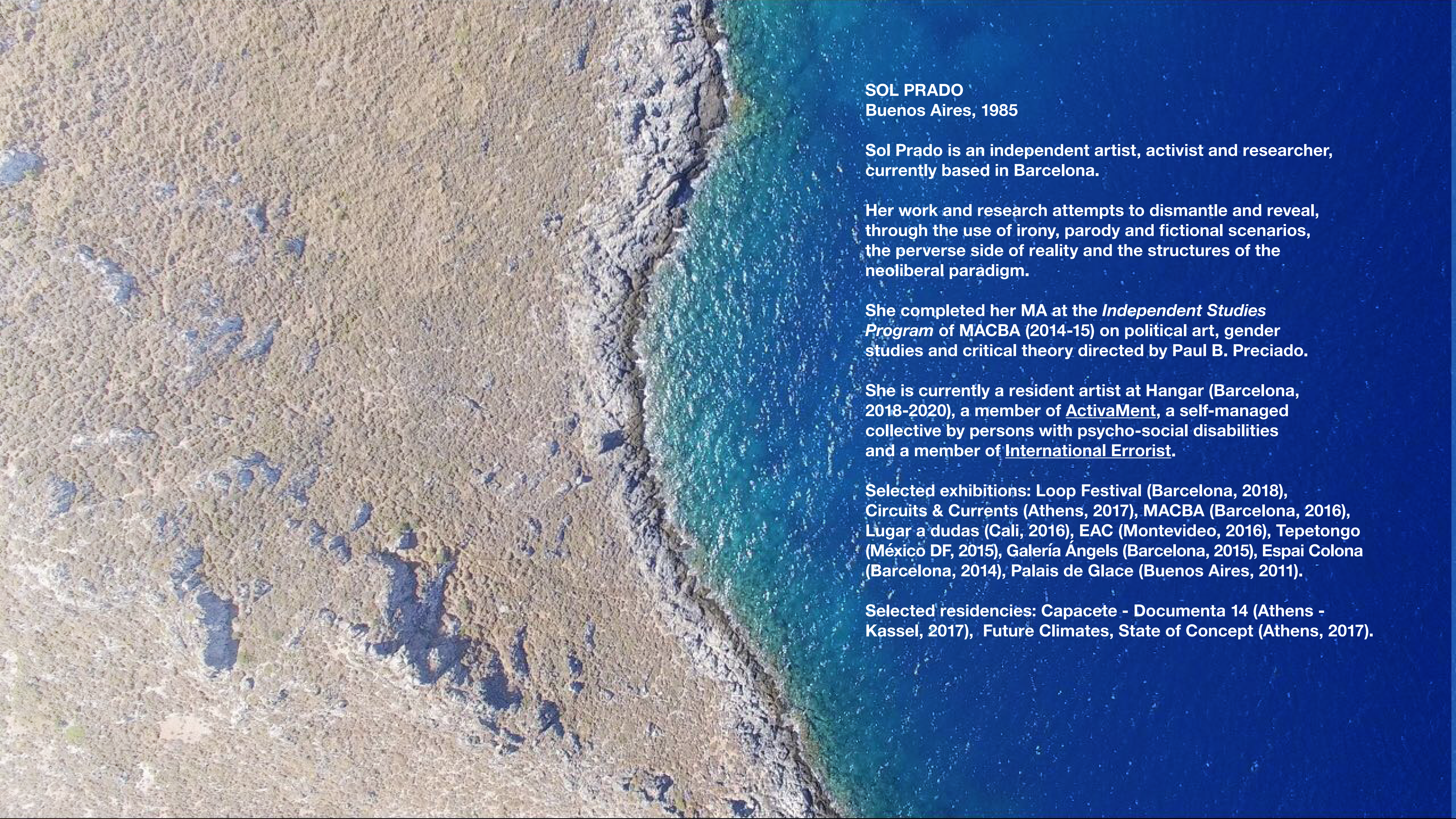


ΚΛΕΙΣΑΜΕ is part of the investigation of the director Sol Prado, activist in psycho-social disability and ex-irregular migrant, focused on the case of the island of Leros, Greece.

Occupied by the Italians between the first and second World War, the island became a prison for political prisoners during the Civil War and the subsequent Greek dictatorship. Then, it was re-functionalized as a psychiatric hospital between the 70s and the 2000s, the island is currently a refugee camp, nailed like a sort of ironic “Chinese box” in a tourist destination. This condensation demonstrates a historical sequence that connects by juxtaposition architecture and body, pharmacology power and the construction of a disciplined subjects.

The origin of the project is found in the diary that Félix Guattari wrote during his stay on the island in 1989 and in which he denounced the conditions of hospitalization of psychiatric patients. A demonstration, he said, of how European society treated the mentally ill. This project formulates a study, which mixes theoretical references with videogames techniques, applications to calm the anxiety and distress and videos of ASMR (Autonomous meridian sensory response), a typology of distributed online contents that stimulates emotional dependence when creating audiovisual stimuli.

This short film investigates how desires production is a new way of social regulation, which uses images (among other stimuli) to achieve controlled sedation, subject to the mirages of happiness which are related directly to the merchandized consumption of experiences.



SOL PRADO

Buenos Aires, 1985

Sol Prado is an independent artist, activist and researcher, currently based in Barcelona.

Her work and research attempts to dismantle and reveal, through the use of irony, parody and fictional scenarios, the perverse side of reality and the structures of the neoliberal paradigm.

She completed her MA at the *Independent Studies Program* of MACBA (2014-15) on political art, gender studies and critical theory directed by Paul B. Preciado.

She is currently a resident artist at Hangar (Barcelona, 2018-2020), a member of ActivaMent, a self-managed collective by persons with psycho-social disabilities and a member of International Errorist.

Selected exhibitions: Loop Festival (Barcelona, 2018), Circuits & Currents (Athens, 2017), MACBA (Barcelona, 2016), Lugar a dudas (Cali, 2016), EAC (Montevideo, 2016), Tepetongo (México DF, 2015), Galería Ángels (Barcelona, 2015), Espai Colona (Barcelona, 2014), Palais de Glace (Buenos Aires, 2011).

Selected residencies: Capacete - Documenta 14 (Athens - Kassel, 2017), Future Climates, State of Concept (Athens, 2017).

Original Title:
ΚΛΕΙΣΑΜΕ

English Title:
Enclosed

Filming location:
Leros, Greece.

Editing location:
Barcelona, Spain.

Year:
2018

Runtime:
21 min 38 sec

Digital Video

Aspect Ratio:
16:9

Distributor:
Marvin & Wayne

Idea and direction:
Sol Prado.

Film Editing:
Martín Gutiérrez.

Camera:
**Oliver Juric, Sol Prado
and Basel Alsheakh Ali.**

Drone:
Markos Spanos.

Translation:
**Franco Castignani, Denise
Arouzou and Nikos Doulos.**

Supported by:



**HANGAR.
ORG**



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20YY 23/525

20YY

17BY 81/205

10GY 79/23

09GY 8

30GY 75/251

32GY 51/432

33GY 33/549

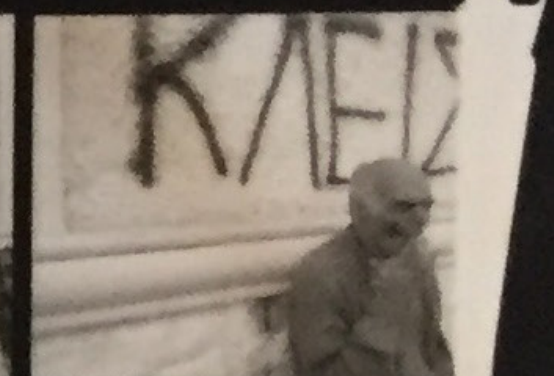


31

▶ 31A

32

▶ 32A



40

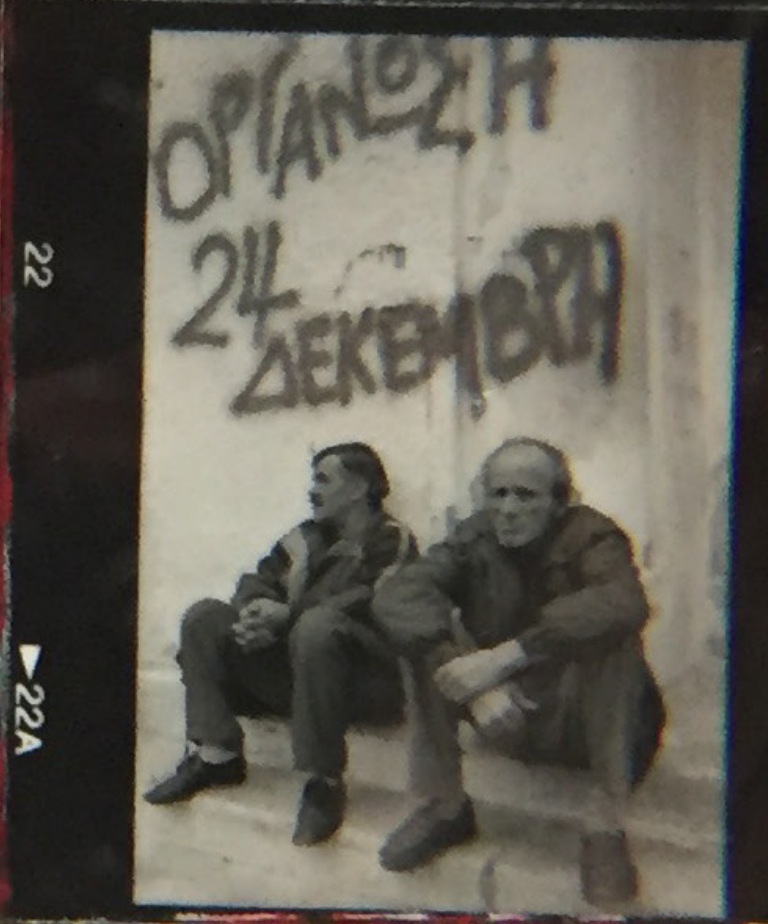
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41



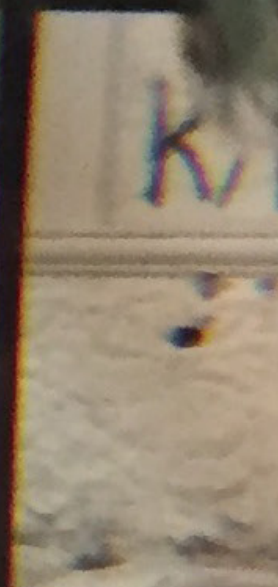
23

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22

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5063



15

▶ 15A



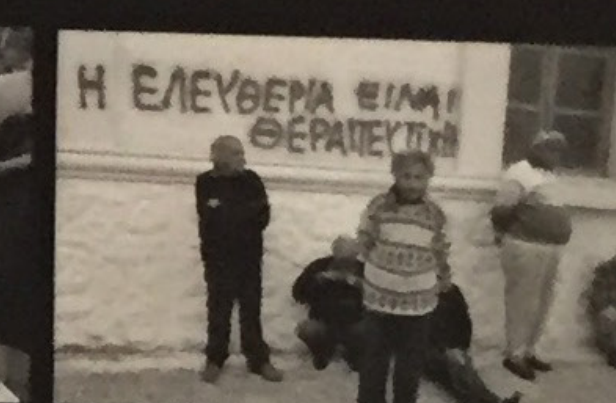
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▶ 16A



19

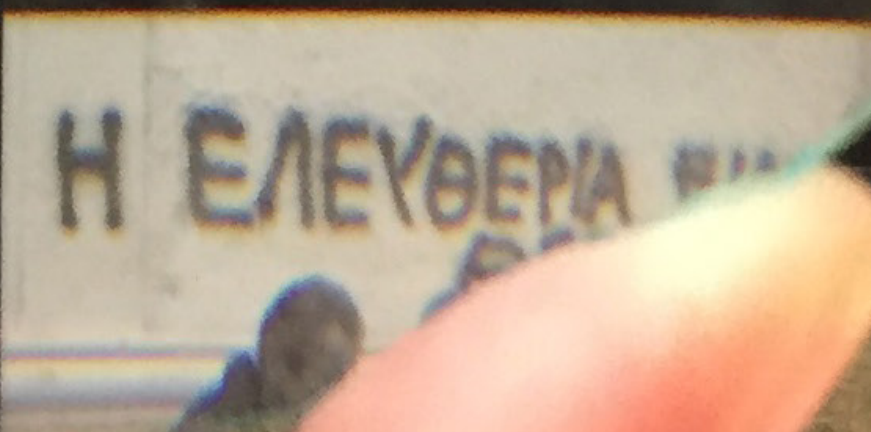
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20

▶ 20A

KODAK TX 5063



▶ 25A

URAKIS

21

don't panic

WATCHING *KΛΕΙΣΑΜΕ*
BY SOL PRADO, AND
LISTENING TO THE VOICES
AND TO THE SILENCE

By Franco "Bifo" Berardi

A smooth murmuring feminine voice is leading a yoga session and inviting us to breath in, then to breath out.

A motherly gentle voice and the vision of sea water: breathe in... breathe out...

Don't you hear a voice repeating in the background: don't panic? Don't panic.

The drone-camera glides at last on the island.

Sol Prado has filmed silence and light and sadness in the island of Leros.

I first heard about this island in the year 1977, when a friend of mine, the schizo-analyst

Felix Guattari visited the most incredible psychiatric asylum: an old building turned into refuge for the destitute people who had lost their mind their family their whereabouts. In a television documentary Guattari revealed the inhuman incarceration and helped to ameliorate the conditions of the detention.

In the '60s in the years of the dictatorship, political prisoners have been sequestered here.

Mad people have been abetted here for decades. Abetted? How can the forlorn be protected against the monsters that come from within, from the past, from the future?

This is madness, indeed: being submerged by flows of disjoined time that invade the present and make the present impossible to inhabit.

In order to synchronise social life, modern civilisation expelled madness from the

In order to synchronise social life, modern civilisation expelled madness from the city of Reason, and restrained those people who could not be integrated in the rational machine of social exchange.

city of Reason, and restrained those people who could not be integrated in the rational machine of social exchange.

The camera is wandering inside the empty spaces of the abandoned asylum: broken bed frames, debris, garbage on the pavement: kipple.

"Kipple is useless objects, like junk mail or match folders after you use the last match or gum wrappers or yesterday's homeopape. When nobody's around, kipple reproduces itself. For instance, if you to go bed leaving any kipple around

your apartment, when you wake up there is twice as much of it. It always gets more and more." (Philip Dick).

Now the visual field is meandering from a room to the next, a flight of opened doors, a wall, a hand lifts up a medical blister that once upon a time has



contained pharmaceuticals: pills for people who are suffering from mental kipple. Now the blister itself has turned into kipple.

Sooner or later everything and everybody will turn into kipple. You will. I will.

Don't panic.

Take pills. Take these pills, and listen to the smooth voice of the yoga trainer still resounding in the distance, disappearing at moments, then coming back.

Breathe in... breathe out...

Then we see interiors of the former asylum: destitute people were amassed with no medical assistance in this crumbling building island. Someone came every day to bring food. And pills, I suppose. How can you survive without pills in the midst of the cosmic kipple that is breaking the border between chaos and order, between the outside and the inside, between the civilised space and the ebullient marasmus?

Black and white pictures of the place as it was forty years ago, Kodak TX 5063.

Political prisoners have been detained here during the years of the colonel's dictatorship.

Greek island, blue shimmering water, tourists in the daylight.

Don't forget the First Law: "There's the First Law of Kipple..." Kipple drives out non-kipple'. Kipple seems to be a combination of entropy and capitalism.

This place does not resemble a hospital at all. No psychiatrists, no therapists, no nurses. They have no human sentiments.

Tienen la muerte como el unico futuro.

Their only future is death.

What else can future be if not death? What is future concealing if not death?

Then we jump to now, our time, the age of the great migration, of concentration camps scattered everywhere in the world, and particularly all around the Mediterranean coast.

Take pills. Take these pills, and listen to the smooth voice of the yoga trainer still resounding in the distance, disappearing at moments, then coming back.

Beyond the decrepit building that once upon a time was hosting people rejected for their mental disorder, now the United Nations Agency for the Refugees has set up a refugee camp for those who disembark in the Greek islands that are overlooking the Turkish coast.

In the movie you don't see human beings. No human beings are around. You can perceive their presence, the presence of women and men who have been living here in the past, and the presence of women and children and men who are dwelling here now, as precarious inhabitants.

Frail containers hastily set up by the professionals of UNHCR, who try to shelter some fugitives from the rage of history.

A map of Syria is drawn on a thin wall.

All along the 21 min 38 seconds of *KΛΕΙΣΑΜΕ* (meaning



“enclosed”), a movie of Sol Prado, you don’t see the faces of those people who are living there.

The movie (pure contemplation of panic) is showing no faces, no persons, just empty white pavilions made of tissue and wood. Just clothes on a camp bed. Just litter, despair.

Only at the end, the wandering camera captures two children (there, in the distance, beyond the wire mesh) who suddenly appear then run away from view.

The murmuring voice now comes back and suggests to breathe in, to breathe out.

Is there a political way of escape from the extermination? Is there an alternative? Europe is a moribund entity, as the European project has been hijacked by the financial class and by the neoliberal governments, and now European people feel estranged, angered, and turn aggressive because aggressiveness is the only therapy for depression they can afford.

On this point the left and the right of the political spectrum come

together: rejection of migrants, protection of the borders, this is the agenda of the political actors who alternate in power. European citizens are scared by the sudden irruption of those that we have long removed from the view.

People who flee from war from terror from misery are rejected by the Europeans because they are felt like the bearers of chaos, as the prelude to the deluge.

Good sentiments of openness and charity will not change so much because the deluge is coming for good, it is not only an effect of racist propaganda.

Let’s not delude ourselves: the wave of migration is an effect of globalisation (network communication, smartphones, transportation), and it is an effect of climate change. Therefore the migration wave is destined to expand, as the process of deterritorialisation is provoked by misery, by war, by environmental devastation, but also by desire, curiosity, thirst

European citizens are scared by the sudden irruption of those that we have long removed from the view.

for daring adventure. And nobody can stop the wave.

Those migrants that Europeans reject are the harbingers of something that we have been foreseeing for years, for decades: they are the unstoppable nemesis of five hundred years of European expansion and colonisation. We, the colonisers, we the white race, the modernisers,

we have invested ourselves of the authority to distinguish between order and chaos, to extract civilisation from savagery. Now

we are facing the end of the Modern supremacy that was based on the exclusive control of technique.

Now technologies are in the hands of everybody, six billion smartphones, three billion of Internet access, two billion Facebook accounts, one billion Instagram. And uncountable billions of pills.

In the Greek islands have disembarked crowds of fugitives from Syria.

Not everybody can try the journey, but more and more people do: young Africans, pushed by environmental catastrophe, by Islamist aggression and by the effects of the colonial plundering, by the millions are roaming in the Subsaharan territories, and traversing the Sahara desert on shaky trucks. Many of them reach Agadez: a people-smuggler from Agadez makes the journey once a week, along with 30 passengers in his pick-up truck. Each time the route looks different, thanks to regular sandstorms that change the shape of the desert. If you don't know the desert you'll get lost. And many, once lost, run out of fuel – and then water. “And if there is no water you won't survive for more than three days”. Many of them die by thirst and by sunstroke.

Then there are the bandits: rival smugglers, jihadis, or

simply opportunists looking to steal cars, leaving their previous drivers in the desert.

Then the Libyan armed militias supported and financed by the Italian government aiming to prevent people from reaching the Mediterranean Sea. The Libyan militias are detaining, enslaving, torturing, raping many of the young Africans who have been so lucky to survive the desert.

At the end many get to the sea, and the new adventure begins: paying the smugglers, braving the waves, evading the Libyan Coastal Guard, and finally facing racism of the Italian authorities.

Racism is rising in the Northern hemisphere because those who think of themselves as the white race are feeling the heat of the great migration.

And they panic.

Is a peaceful exit possible from five centuries of colonialism and systematic plundering and impoverishment and humiliation?

War is waged against migrants because Europeans are panicking, and young Nigerians Syrians Iraqis Afghans cannot be convinced to stay where they are. Why should they?

Therefore only pills can help to calm down, to forget about the inescapable chaos that is haunting our mind and our expectations.

Breathe in... breathe out...

**Take pills,
be a good father,
be a good child,
be a good mother.**

**Go to the island of Leros
to spend your holidays.**

Do yoga.

**Vote for the democratic party,
they will protect you from the storm.**

**Vote for the nazis,
they will protect you from the storm.**

**Vote for the good guys,
they will protect you from chaos.**

**Vote for the murderers,
they will protect you from chaos.**

5063

ΚΛΕΙΣΑΜΕ

Interview

WITH SOL PRADO ABOUT
ΚΛΕΙΣΑΜΕ MOVIE

By Raúl Hott

Raúl Hott: *After I saw Κλεισαμε, I want to listen more about your previous works that have approached the relationship between capitalism and mental disabilities, with many references to the influence of the pharmaceutical industry on the current production of subjectivity. You soon started to inquire about different psychiatric disorders and about how they relate and are linked to capitalist consumption culture. It'd be interesting to know how the interest for immigration issues arose, and in what way that's related to the previous themes.*

Sol Prado: Two previous projects -undertaken in collaboration with Franco Castignani- called *Like 50mg* and *International Consumer Pole (ICP)*,

approached the idea of neoliberal subjectivity; a subjectivity that is mobilized by and built upon debt and the affective pair anxiety-depression. These projects have been developed from my personal experience as a body medicated with pills in certain periods and inserted in the cognitive-creative work-market.

My search resided (and still resides) in how to compose new sensibilities and open creative horizons from the cracks of normality. I resorted to key texts during this period, including *Testo Junkie* by Paul B. Preciado, which helped me understand the power of big pharma and how it exerts control over populations. *The Uprising*, by Franco 'Bifo' Berardi, was also essential: in this book he approaches depression as a form of social imposition of discipline.

RH: *If there are innumerable islands in Greece, and therefore innumerable entry points for refugees, what prompted you to focus specifically on the*

island of Leros?

SP: An Argentinian friend, a researcher of the work of Félix Guattari—Diego Sztulwark—recommended me the book *De Leros à La Borde* when I told him I'd be coming to live in Athens during 2017. It's a very simple book, a kind of diary in which Guattari tells of his trip to the island and his experience resorting to the psychiatric hospital of Leros. The trip happened as a consequence of a very controversial piece that the newspaper London Observer published in late 1989. The piece, entitled *Leros: Europe's guilty secret*, publicly exposed for the first time the inhuman situation ailing the psychiatric patients of the island. I soon started investigating further and discovered that currently there's a refugee camp in the same building as the old abandoned hospital, and so I decided to go to Leros.

RH: *To me it was always very interesting that in each of our conversations*



Ph: Samuel Navarrete©



you always spoke of the superposition of realities operating on the island, and you mentioned that it had had a very particular ‘function’ during history.

SP: So it is, it has to do with the history of this island and its destiny as ‘human warehouse’. The island was occupied by Italy in 1912 during the First World War, and they built huge buildings to lodge their more than 40.000 men. When they left in 1943, these buildings were used as a technical school for a brief period; later, in the period of the Greek civil war and of the dictatorship, they were used as prison centres for political dissidents. In parallel, in 1953 some buildings were used to install a psychiatric hospital (then called *Leros Psychopath Colony*), since the psychiatric hospitals of Athens and of the other islands were full. The authorities decided to put patients there who didn’t receive visitors or those whose irregular status made their identification difficult—basically, they were ‘forgotten ones’. The number of patients varied between 1.000

and 4.000 patients in abhorrent and miserable conditions, with the local inhabitants —ex-fishermen, generally—working as caretakers in the hospital.

RH: When was the refugee camp opened?

SP: There was a lot of empty space in these abandoned buildings as the hospital was permanently closed in the early 2000s, and that how it should be. Today the refugees don’t arrive directly at Leros, but generally come to the island of Farmakonisi, a military island very close to Turkey. Because they must be rescued by the Greek Coast Guard to enter European territory, they prick leaks in their lifeboats when they’re close to the coast. Risking death is the beginning of the legal application for asylum.

RH: It’s very peculiar, this insular space that turns a prison, psychiatric hospital, refugee camp, etc. into a place for tourists. I had never heard about a space

with such a degree of exclusion and seclusion. This may be connected to our incapacity (on a human level) to see reality as it is. In this case, we dispose of everything we don’t want to see. This is what this island is: a ‘trash bin’ where one throws away what is not supposed to be seen.

SP: I think this is a clear example of what we do as human beings on a variety of levels. Why don’t they want refugees to enter? Because they don’t want to see the results of their war-mongering in other people’s homelands. It’s about excluding others and avoiding to see them. It’s a constant process of categorization and dehumanization, where the different person will remain different, excluded, made invisible.

To this exclusionary system, it’s despairing that this mass of people ‘invade’ their privileged grounds, that they try to have rights and invade their streets.



To this system, imprisonment and physical and emotional abuse are ways to maintain the privileges of their population. system, imprisonment and physical and emotional abuse are ways to maintain the privileges of their population.

RH: *How would you describe what you did with your movie Kleizame, and your use of irony?*

SP: I think the clash of materials and realities I use with different filming techniques is ironic, but... to be honest, I don't believe that the satire in my work comes from any place other than the real, I just juxtapose preexisting material. I believe that the biggest possible satire is having normalized so many dehumanization, having crystallized our empathy towards the suffering of others—and our own, for that matter.

But going back to the question of the ironic composition of the material, I work with assembling/ disassembling, and with

manipulation. I'm interested in thinking and working the image as sensation-equalizer. These are acts of controlled manipulation that don't allow you to completely enter a fantasy territory, because I rupture it before that happens. At the same time it has the capacity of showing you that you are part of the mechanics of manipulation on a daily basis.

I believe that it is, as they say in Argentina, a montage that shows its loose thread to trigger you to pull at it and see how the reality production machinery works. To show the crack, to open escape routes.

RH: *During our stay in Athens we got to know many Greeks who asked us how the refugee crisis is covered by international media, since the local media seem not to cover it at all. What's your opinion regarding the visibility of the refugee crisis in the media?*

SP: I believe that there is a political will to refrain from showing this migratory crisis,

especially after the agreement made between the European Union and Turkey in March 2016. They decided to suppress the migratory crisis between the Turkish coast and the Greek islands; to put a lid on it, basically. At the same time, a good part of the NGOs are currently accused judicially of collaborating with human trafficking by participating in rescue operations in the Mediterranean, are pushed to eviction and even losing funds for the maintenance of their work around the camps. During 2017 the Greek government took control of these detention centers. The funds and aid are withdrawn, however this does not mean that the crisis has been overcome, just that it has ceased to be profitable.

As part of this 'procedure', it is contemplated that people expect an infinity in these islands, getting sick psychologically and physically. These are policies and techniques of greater discipline and oppression, and that is

connected with depression. When we are ‘depressed bodies’ that cannot collectively politicize our discomfort, we are more permeable to manipulation, because we are in search of acceptance, of sense for our life. I believe the depression of the ‘social body’—not only referring to the migratory crisis—is a government strategy. This way of governing through fear is a way to weaken a specific population. We constantly receive information and alerts to be in a ‘total state of fear’. All your emotions are transformed into chemical material within a control system. It is very complex. Where are we going?

RH: *That question is never present. I really think it’s one of the most fundamental questions not only at this time, but always. I do not see a desire or conscience to generate a discussion, or a real global assembly where people can express where we decide to go.*

SP: That’s because they have taken away the possibility of us thinking we have agency about the future.

RH: *So the question is how do we resume and re-appropriate that agency? What has to happen then? What do we have to do?*

SP: I wish I had the answer, but I believe and practice the way of inventing, of erring, of continuing to prove sabotages. The embrace of error as a war machine. My artistic work is one of my few tools of sabotage, and it’s there that I ruminate on the idea of an imaginary occupation of the future. To once more occupy the idea of the future: what could be the affective relationships at the dystopian horizon of shortage of work, the proliferation of free time together with a lack of cash and cut credit?

Do not let others do and build the future, dispute that practice of creation. Without us, they cannot make the future. I believe, that is the key we mustn’t forget.

Raúl Hott is a Chilean architect, researcher and artist, colleague of Sol Prado in Capacete residency in Athens during 2017.



~~ΥΠΟΜΝΗΜΑ - LEGEND - MEMORANDUM - LÉGENDE~~

SCALE: 1:32,000

TURKEY

ESC. 1
PLAYA

ESC.2
SAUDA
MAN

AIRPORT.

SOUVENIR
PHONE
MINI MARKET

FARMA KONISI
 (MILITARY ISLAND)
 1 hour BOAT

DRONE BORDE ISLA

TOURIST / SOUVENIR

DRONE TOURIST

View A ① DRONE HOTSPOT
PIGANOUSSA

DRONE HOTSPOT

A hand-drawn map of the world, showing continents and oceans in various colors. The words "HOTSPOT" and "MENTAL HOSPITAL" are written in large, bold, black capital letters across the center of the map. The word "HOTSPOT" is on the top line, and "MENTAL HOSPITAL" is on the bottom line. The map includes labels for "ATLANTIC OCEAN", "INDIAN OCEAN", "PACIFIC OCEAN", "NORTH AMERICA", "SOUTH AMERICA", "AFRICA", "ASIA", and "AUSTRALIA". There are also some numbers like "326" and "327" written on the map. The drawing is done with markers on a piece of paper.

AGOSTO 2017.

↑ GERTANY
ATHENS

HOTELS OF LEROS

[illegible]



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