

'Time is out of joint': the era is disjointed, off its hinges. Time and space too. And our lives, as a result. I admit, it's a bit pompous to start this text with Shakespeare's most famous quote, taken from Hamlet. Hamlet's girlfriend is called Ophelia. Like me before I was called Lili. In the beginning, I had three first names: Ophelie, Georgette and Gabrielle. Georgette and Gabrielle were my great-grandmothers. The nickname Lili was given to me one night by José, a boy I met in a bar in Paris. Years later, he became the father of Sidharta, the son of my best friend at the time, Cécile. It was in 1995, I think, the night I became Lili. Time is more disjointed today than it was in 1995, and even more so than in 1623, the year Shakespeare had Hamlet say, 'Time is out of joint.'

In August 2025, I received - sporadically, arrhythmically - snippets, fragments of ideas, bits of text, portfolios, biographies, photographs, videos, instructions, not necessarily in that order. I had asked Alex and Xheneta to send me 'things'. We had spoken briefly on the phone: I was looking at the sea in Brittany, I think they were in Switzerland, returning from a trip to Xheneta's country. Shakespeare couldn't talk to people who were far away from him, in another country. And I, in 1995, when I was still Ophelie, couldn't watch videos or portfolios sent by Swisstransfer, nor could I receive or read emails. But this summer, the transfer of information by way of electronic messaging functioned pretty well. Little by little, I tried to assemble the fragments I had received, to articulate them, just as Hamlet undertakes the futile task of rearticulating a disjointed era. I was faced with pieces of biography, of life, sometimes administrative, factual (CV, portfolio), sometimes intimate (ideas, intentions, video edits, works in progress). And then my memories: the two years of working with Xheneta and Alex, the discussions in their studio at the Head, the opening of their exhibition in Sankt-Gallen: it was last winter, it was cold and dark. Back in August 2025: it's hot, I'm working sitting in a caravan, in the middle of a large garden with camellias, rose bushes, hydrangeas and palm trees. In the 1960s and 70s, Breton sailors who set sail on lobster boats to Mauritania brought back exotic tree species that they replanted in their gardens, and then it proliferated, until today. They didn't take photographs: the plants were a way of remembering the places they had travelled to and telling their families back home what they had seen there. These sailors were often very poor people. Before embarking on the lobster boats, many had never travelled more than thirty kilometres from their homes, and most could not swim.

In the caravan, I have my computer connected to the internet. My reading of what Alex and Xheneta send me is interspersed with images, articles and posts about what is happening. The stories and information overlap. The Palestinian genocide, the eradication and confiscation of Gaza. *"I would like to address my relationship with the Farsi language through a love song. Ghahr o Ashti by Siavash. I analyse and translate it to symbolically talk about my relationship with the Farsi language and learning it: a bittersweet love, between struggle and reconciliation."* The heatwave and forest fires in Albania. *"I went back to my country (North Macedonia) for a while to see my family and recharge my batteries. My cousin took me to the village where she lives. I was able to shoot a few scenes there, which I am currently working on. Videos I shot in this village, images of my grandmother's hands, a vertical video of my mother playing the daf, and above all an audio recording she sent me. In it, she tells how she was bewitched."* The intervention of

the Republican Guard in New York and soon Chicago to hunt down migrants and deprive those who would like to help them of any opportunity to do so. *"This sound and video work takes as its starting point a familiar gesture: the beshkan. A language in its own right, made up of emotions and memories, which connects the intimate and the collective like the voices of a choir."* The situation in Iran after the American and Israeli strikes in June. *« I am inviting several friends and family members to send me a video of themselves performing this gesture. You only need to film yourself with your phone, in a fixed horizontal shot, for one minute. The rhythm, variations, and framing are completely up to you. You can also choose the place. »* The parliamentary deadlock in Kosovo. *"A wooden construction grid, both a landmark and a foundation. A structure with gaps, missing pieces and lacunae that prevent it from being a complete base. An incomplete foundation, marked by empty spaces, like missing fragments in memory and transmission."* The fireball that streaked across the sky in Japan, etc. I exist in the midst of this disjointed world and I try to produce a text that can bring all this together, a short story that would allow us to grasp that all this, all these things that may be unrelated, happen and pass through me at the same time. Using a few sentences that form what is traditionally known as a press release, I rearticulate all this information that has come to me simultaneously. The aim is to accompany, for the duration of their public existence in 'art', the fragments of experiences and emotions transmitted by Alex and Xheneta, before they drift away again.

Distance. This is the material of Alex and Xheneta's works. A hypersensitive, photosensitive, technosensitive material. Technology simulates a momentary attenuation of distance: moments of life spring from a completely different context, another story, other worlds. We talk on the phone, send each other videos and songs, recount memories, anecdotes and apparitions, and play music. Fragments of bodies and hands appear, sticking to the screen like moths to a light, forming a compact group, in unison, destined to disperse again, to vanish, to disappear, leaving a black screen, and we start again. The stories are old and rooted in tradition, family, villages; they have longevity, they circulate and will continue to circulate for a long time to come, but the moment of their reincarnation, their re-enunciation elsewhere, is fleeting, brief. Nothing is fixed, nothing is 'forever'. Everything is precarious, but in this precarity there is an intensity: these are the emotions that collide with the inexorable passage of time and the relentless measure of space.

Love. This is another material in their works, and it too is hypersensitive. I don't know if I know how to write about love. Siavash, the Iranian pop singer, looks at me with his big clear eyes in the floating YouTube window on the computer from which I am writing. I am no longer in the caravan in the garden. I am in Paris, sitting at my desk, the sky is grey, it is September. The melody of Ghahro Ashti, the rhythm, the electronic production: I am a dancing, humming machine, playing Ghahro Ashti on repeat. 'Life is so beautiful / There are no clouds in the sky / But why are you messing up with me ?' I repeat and repeat the chorus, haunting like the prayer recited by Xheneta's mother: 'There is no god worthy of worship except Allah', a prayer that, for me, ignorant of any form of faith, is almost a love poem. Love can be fleeting or lifelong, it is marked by events, shifts in intensity, flashes of

brilliance. We want it to be eternal, but it is only temporary, lasting for varying lengths of time, like the djinns who came to live in Xheneta's mother's body and then left. Nothing is set in stone, nothing is 'forever'. Everything is precarious, but there is beauty in this precarity: it is the vulnerability of love that makes it so precious, so infinitely desirable.

Transmission. This is the set of means by which Alex and Xheneta share experiences derived from their sequenced identities in Switzerland, Iran, Macedonia and Albania. It is not just a matter of collecting stories, but of giving them a formal existence, of mediating them, of translating them. A little like the trees planted by Breton sailors told those who had not experienced it and would never experience it what they had lived through. Of course, the story remained incomplete, but something happened, a small event that broke the continuity of existence. Totality, the whole, is not possible: the lives in question here are already split, fragmented, 'out of joint'. It is very moving to see the sophistication and ingenuity of the montages and stratagems that Alex and Xheneta use to reconstruct these disparate, enigmatic, fragmented stories, so that they can continue to live on, altered by these new contexts of enunciation. These are not the original or authentic stories, they are stories that have been cobbled together, patched up, imported and compressed for circulation and dissemination around the world. Nothing is fixed, nothing is forever. Everything is precarious, but in this precarity there is generosity, a gift: it is a sharing, so that I do not remain ignorant, indifferent. So that what I do not experience and will never experience still becomes part of my life, affecting and changing it forever. The aim is to create a community, a link, even a fragile and temporary one, in this disjointed world, this disjointed era.

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