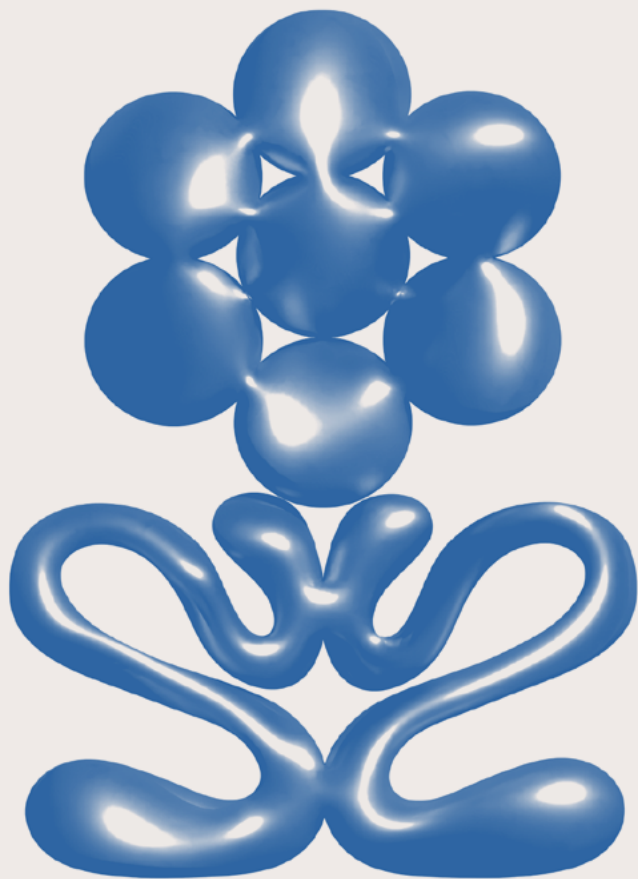


SHARED *GROUND*S



⌘ Hunter's Point South Park ⌘
June 28th - August 10th

SHARED GROUNDS



Welcome to Shared *Grounds*

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Shared Grounds is an experimental exhibition that gathers performative works by Carmen Baltzar, Kastehelmi Korpjaakko, Jodie Lyn-Kee-Chow, Jemila MacEwan, and Lotta Petronella—three Finnish artists and two New York-based members of the Flux Factory artist collective. Informed by eco-feminist thought, the project speculates on placemaking via interspecies alliances and knowledge production, and gives way to the potential for neighborly relations, codes, and customs in a public realm defined by humans and nonhumans alike.

Shared Grounds grew out of the urge to discuss the complexity of thinking about public space in a city like New York, where the city's social and spatial forms can often feel adversarial to public gathering. Who has access to the public realm? How are we allowed to use it? How are public spaces shared? Bringing together a range of artistic practices, conceptual approaches, knowledges, and histories at the site of Hunter's Point South Park—the project has grown into so much more through the locality of Flux Factory's new venue, Flux IV, which shares the site, and, above all, through conversations with the invited artists. During the spring of 2025, Hunter's Point South has slowly been revealing itself to us through an unruly tapestry of its iterations, both established and wild.

Hunter's Point South Park occupies a site with deep ecological and industrial roots, and a contested communal history. Traditionally the land of the Carnarsee and Munsee Lenape peoples, it was settled by the Dutch and British, given

the colonial name of Hunter's Point. The park is located on the southern peninsula of present-day Long Island City, just above Greenpoint, Brooklyn—where Newtown Creek meets the East River.

Originally, this place was the site of a tidal marshland and estuarine network that supported both saltwater and freshwater ecosystems with bird, marine and plant life. By the late-19th century, the establishment of U.S. rail lines and ferries catalyzed the site's industrialization with oil tanks, sugar refineries, printmaking and metal foundries, replacing its salt marshes and streams. Though manufactory remained active into the early 20th century, the decades following World War II saw industrial decline and gradual abandonment, due to the area's strict zoning for heavy industry.

The Newtown Creek watershed, encircling the park, remains one of the most industrially polluted waterways in the U.S., and there remain few traces of Hunter's Point's industrial past. The southern tip of the peninsula sat abandoned in recent decades, and its industrial waste and landfills gave way to a wild forest and meadowland. In the early 2010s, Hunter's Point became an unofficial, unregulated park where locals gathered for solitude, exploration, and creative activity. An important predecessor of *Shared Grounds* was the 2015 project, *Chance Ecologies*, which gathered artists to document and grieve the spontaneous lifeways and community that emerged there in the 2000-2010s, before redevelopment.

Present-day Hunter's Point South Park is more regulated, to say the least. Designed by Weiss/Manfredi with landscape architect Thomas Balsley of SWA, it is considered a model for climate-adaptive urban design. Completed between 2013 and 2018, the designers and architects attempted to restore the site's tidal marsh and North American native plant life — newly valued for their flood resilience and protection of the residential waterfront (housing 5,000 apartments) in a time of rising seas and storms.

Shared Grounds incorporates research and thought about public space from both locals and newcomers to Hunter's Point, forming the basis of FCINY and Flux Factory's collaboration. Each artist began the research for *Shared Grounds* independently based on individual interests and approaches, but on the whole, the project is marked by a conviction to live interdependently, building methods of sharing space and understanding one another.

Writer and artist Carmen Baltzar presents a piece of oralliture, titled *nothing to be seen here (a closed practice)*, drawing from Romani oral history practices. You'll find the piece printed in this booklet, but not online. The cautionary tale is of a woman surviving the terrors of a forest, transmitted to her granddaughter. During the opening day, the story gets tucked in a time capsule at Flux IV. At a site that used to be a relatively wild forest at a not-so-distant past, Baltzar's work embraces the weight of ancestral knowledge and tradition, envisaging herself as an ancestor passing the story forward to an unidentified person unearthing the capsule sometime in the future. Building on their on-going project unravelling the concept of landownership,

Kastehelmi Korpjaakko's participatory and performative work *Negotiation (an attempt)* (2025) explores who owns the land at Hunter's Point by gathering testimonies from local human and more-than-human beings, shared in a press conference on the waterfront. Korpjaakko's project unveils the inherent absurdity of landownership, questioning human ownership of land and soil that is already actively occupied by various other entities from microorganisms to plants, insects and other animals. Approaching the topic through warmhearted humor, the artist calls for our responsibility in acknowledging interspecies cohabitation and focusing on guardianship, rather than ownership of land.

Jodie Lyn-Kee-Chow's *The Picnic: Harvest of the Soft Sweet Sound* revives a longstanding procession-cum-picnic, inspired by the artist's grandmother, im/migration, food scarcity, wellness, and Hunter's Point's role in sugar production. The work has had various iterations in Lyn-Kee-Chow's practice over a decade, as she brings the work to *Shared Grounds* now in its most recent form: as a dress worn by the artist, sporting an expansive train that unfolds as a collective picnic blanket, accompanied by a group of performers in matching costumes—all made out of colorful vinyl tablecloths reminiscent of the artist's childhood in Jamaica. The work ties together personal, cultural and colonial histories, while offering space for coming together and sharing food.

Jemila MacEwan thinks through the site-specificity of polluted waterways at the juncture of Newtown Creek and the East River in their new performative work *ZERO//THE BIRTH OF VENIS* (2025). At this specific site, microbiologists

are discovering new species of bacteria arising from contamination, who emerge as quickly as they go extinct. Learning from the bio-mythologies of this chaotic, eukaryotic cadence of life, Jemila performs as such bacteria, accompanied by live music by ExquisiteCorp. The work discusses the improbable latency of life, and molecular level of being and living we might not even be able to quite imagine, as it unfolds in the waters surrounding Hunter's Point South Park.

For her new work *sparrows & mystics* (2025), Lotta Petronella arranges a choir with Long Island City neighbors to perform an ode to the house sparrow and the 12th century mystic, Christina Mirabilis, who lived in a tree like a bird. Together the choir imitates sparrow calls and performs rites to call in the birds, the sea, the wind, and the plants as their guides. In her versatile practice combining film, sound, poetry, writing, and drawing, Lotta Petronella has long been investigating affinities in how our society defines holiness and on the other hand madness. In the new piece, this research is tied to our planet's fragile ecologies in looking at the very familiar character of the house sparrow, which has become endangered during the ecological catastrophe evolving around us.

As an outdoor exhibition, *Shared Grounds* playfully engages with both spatial and temporal dimensions of Hunter's Point, its scenic views and past. *Shared Grounds* also nods to the folk rituals of midsummer

celebrations, as its opening closely overlaps the Northern summer solstice. All of the artworks are activated through performative gestures at the *Shared Grounds* opening on Saturday the 28th of June, while the exhibition lingers in the park until the 10th of August, 2025. After activation day, visitors will find remnants and traces of the artworks left behind. Each remnant opens up a new facet of the corresponding performances—through displays of research, prototypes and iterations, sketches, writing, and other forms of artistic exploration.

All of the artists in *Shared Grounds* are politically conscious and highly critical of the current moment. Yet each has chosen to approach the questions at hand through harmonious, humorous, empathetic, or devotional means. *Shared Grounds* operates outside of irony or cynicism, too often used to express the ways that power and everyday people act against the urgency of the ecological crisis and social injustice. Instead, the collective voice in *Shared Grounds* forefronts an aliveness, a liveliness, and a desire to live—focusing on agency and how to be with each other, through unjust structural and seemingly degenerative conditions. The artists of *Shared Grounds* encourage us to befriend those who, at first glance, may not register as such, and help us find the charming and unexpected kinships that make way for new life.

nothing to be seen here (a closed practice)

*grandmother has a chain around her neck.
she and girl pass messages.*

girl
tell me about changing planes

grandmother
you know all about it

girl
please

grandmother
im there in this great big forest

girl
we walk within the secret of the forest

grandmother
it's lush it's green it's dense. i like it.
there's just one problem. i dont have any
arms or legs. with the arms and legs, fingers
and toes are missing too. forest life is not
easy without limbs, they're essential for a
person who's supposed to have them and i'm
one of them. so my body's really missing all
those limbs.

girl
confusing

grandmother
and it hurt too. some of the openings where
my limbs had been ripped off -

girl
ow

grandmother
but i'm a resourceful young woman. so what
do i do?

girl
go limb foraging.

grandmother
it's not an easy task but the mothers help.
the problem with them is a lot of them had
to get used to living without alltheirlimbs.

girl
the ripper.

grandmother
he comes - he comes. always somehow finds
a way. everyone agrees he should burn in
hell but that's where he came from. that's
why it's so hard to get ridofhim. he comes
for everyone once. takes everything he can.
some of them he spreads all over, some of
them he puts on himself. sick. so i'm there
sad and crying but the mothers are like -

girl
stop crying girl it's not pretty on you let's
look for them together.

grandmother
so i stop. and the mothers teach me how to
differentiate all the greens, theblues, allthe
different colours so i can sustain myself
while i work and so that when i find a limb i
can actually spot it - you have to have good
forest vision for that or you won't even know
what you're looking at.

girl
not knowing your own arm...

grandmother
so i learn. i forget what i'm doing a lot, you
know how forests can be -

girl
there's the birds

grandmother
there's the bees. i like those so i get
distracted easy.

girl
badgers

grandmother
they're so weird. i can't stop looking. the
forest is often nice and misty but it can get

moody sometimes. gets hit by storms. there's
rumbling and lightning
chopping
trees
in half.
rains pour. it's hard when you're looking for
shelter in that limbless body. so i forget,
but always re-remember. i get discouraged,
but i build myself back up. i have to rest
sometimes. the mothers are with me. but
then -

girl
the thing the mothers said would happen
happens

grandmother
i find the first arm! the fingers are not
attached on this one so i still have to find
them one by one but i don't even care - i
found an arm! it's big win. the mothers say
ok now bring it back to camp. i'm excited
because i'm sure we're gonna have a big
party and sing and dance and i'm gonna
be swinging my fingerless but sill cute arm
around. BUT - that's when the mother's say

girl
it's not party time - we're gonna sew it back
on!

grandmother
and they tell me to stay really still. but i'm
like - STAY STILL??? i thought we were
gonna be dancing. we're the dancing people,
always find an occasion to mark.

girl
but it gets worse

grandmother
the sewing part is no fun. turns out it's
worst part of all. i'm tired, i've been looking
for that arm everywhere and now that i've
finally found it they're doing this fucked
up surgery on me that hurts like hell. so
i'm crying and shouting and screaming like
forget about it i don't even want the arm
anymore just put it back in the forest. i
think im dying - i'm screaming those dying
screams.

girl
EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

grandmother
scaring myself, scaring everybody. except the
mothers. those ladies can be really heartless
they have that doctor face on like idgaf im
gonna do it anyway. finally they give me
some plants to chew on - who knows what
some things they never tell me - and i fall
asleep for a bit, that's nice even though i

would've rather been raving i'm taking what
i can get at this point. when i finally wake
up i'm more tired than i've ever been before.
so i think tomyself well now i must be dead
because i could sleep forever. so i sleep some
more and and start forming my goodbyes like
well it was kinda fun but not really while
it lasted - most of it spent on that limb
foraging stuff - but the birds and bees were
nice.

grandmother
but one morning i wake up and i'm actually
not that tired anymore. could actually do a
bit of something. so i try to swing my old/
new arm, could really use some fun after
sleeping basically forever - but that doesn't
go well at all.

girl
it can always get worse.

grandmother
nothing happens. and that's when i realise
- this arm's been gone for a long time.
it's like it doesn't even know me anymore.
when i tell it what to do it's not listening.
that's when the mothers say now it's time
for rehabilitation. they're all excited because
they have a job again - they were getting a
little bored with the sleep watching. so they
get to work. first they take all the bandages
off and that's when i get to have a little
moment because turns out the scars healed
well - scar tissue's looking shiny and pretty.
i'm taking what i can get at this point.
that's when the mothers start stretching
me into every direction, giving me orders,
telling me what to do. and they tell me it's
all about

girl
that fighter mind.

grandmother
that's the one thing we have. so i'm like ok
let me not give up. nothing happens but i
keep going and after forever - i get a little
twitch. then another. and i go from there,
and slowly slowly, i start being able to move
that arm. before i know it, i'm swinging my
old/new arm around. and it feels so good.
it's not like it's always been there because
i appreciate it much more than if it had. so
that's when i finally get to have my party

girl
AHHHHH

grandmother
it's so fun, so everything. i'm dancing
and singing and swinging my old/new arm
around and even the mothers are letting

loose for a second, i wasn't even sure if they were capable at this point so i'm relieved and happy for them. and i notice

girl
you're closer to the music.

grandmother
there's more life than before. so i'm like this is great. and when i finally go to bed with my old/new arm tingling i'm like this one life arm is great - not even sure i need the other ones - already such an upgrade. but in the morning the mothers wake me up and they're like you're on coffee duty now, did you think we were gonna to keep serving -

girl
disgrace.

grandmother
have some respect girl. and i try to tell them i don't even have the fing-

girl
but it doesn't matter

grandmother
they don't care. so i have to learn to make coffee with my old/new arm because with an old/new arm comes old/new responsibility. but i've barely finished my coffee when the mothers tell me it's time to go back in the forest. that's when i'm like you know what - i'm actually happy as i am - who really needs ALL those extensions. maybe i can be a professional coffee pot stirrer, this camp could really use one - you guys are too busy anyway. but the mothers are like it doesn't even matter if you find - it's about the lifestyle. you have to keep looking. but i'm not sure the lifestyle is for me so we play a little hide and seek in the camp but the mothers are skilled at that game - a lot of practice - and soon enough they find me. and before i know it, i find myself back in that forest. by now i already know the routine.

girl
that forager lifestyle.

grandmother
the birds, the bees, the badgers, but also a lot of looking. a lot of looking. some of the attachments are not so bad, the toes and fingers are easy compared to the big ones. i'm getting used to it. i have some faith that different parts of the process won't take forever because it's not possible to have more than some. that's just the shape of time. a lot a lot later, whatever that means, i find my last limb. that's when the mothers are actually impressed for once and they're like well you've gone a little further than most of

us now - let's see what happens when we sew it back on.

girl
ouch.

grandmother
well. i go into it thinking i've done this so many times by now i really know what i'm doing. but for some reason it hurts like never before. i'm tired like never before. and when i start moving the last leg turns out all my other parts went to sleep with it. i have to do full body rehabilitation because my new part put all the others to sleep. my whole system is fucked. so i work and work and work and it looks crazy. i'm disintegrated - bits dangling every possible way and i have no control. even some of the mothers are like - is this how it's supposed to look - but the ones who have done it are like yea it's normal its a part of it.

girl
process.

grandmother
and they leave me be with the weird shapes i'm making.
so i'm dangling about - and all of a sudden i'm like wonder what that man is up to these days

girl
man

grandmother
i'd been wondering about him sometimes. last time i'd seen him he'd only found one toe - one of those random middle ones - and he didn't even have a leg to stick it onto. so we really didn't have enough limbs between us and i didn't wana be around that type of limp energy because he didn't even look like he was looking - unless he was looking in the birds and bees -

girl
we can't take their -

grandmother
they don't fit right. it gets even worse.

grandmother
but you know what's strange - even though i'm all disintegrated it's like all of a sudden the direction is clear - where before it was all the wondering all the wandering now it's just like - let me go look for him. so i dive in some wild undergrowth and i search and i search and eventually i find -

girl
a man

grandmother
a big man with a plan. this man's a real hunter now. he has the whole thing mapped out - like there's that little offshoot i originally had - that's what he calls fingers isn't that sweet - there's the this - there's the that - he marked all the ones he found too to see how far he's come - keeps himself motivated - and i'm like isn't that - interesting - i guess you can go about it like that - im just less organised.

grandmother
he tells me the fathers gave him that map originally - but it was those days when you're embarrassed about everything so out of all places he buried it in a plant pot inside mum and dad's house! had to go back for it when he decided - the plant was looking good apparently - anyway now the map is on his WALL - he's really proud now - its a little earthy looking but who cares - can still read! and the fathers are forgiving people - they've seen everything - so it's ok

grandmother
and this man
he's not afraid
he goes out out
he's gone deep he's gone far in that forest to find
he even goes to the really bad places not afraid some other beast is going to eat him so now
he just found that offshoot, attached it, that's nice, that split is healing fast, it was just a little one
he's worked hard to get some meat on his bones and he's starting to look good
moving graceful but heavy like a big lion
i could just watch him move it's so nice
but i'm like lets be normal lets make some conversation
so i'm like hey hi remember me that forager girl you used to see out and about

grandmother
guess what he remembers very well. he remembers in a lot of detail.

girl
obsessed

grandmother
and i almost gross myself out but i shake it fast because it's not like i have cuter company. and i'm like wanna hear something funny so i've been gathering all these parts - wasa real shit show - and supposedly now i have allofthem or sothey say - and also when i look i see i have allofthem - but i dont really know which way is up and down and sideways right now - and the moving is really weird looking really weird feeling but weirdly

enough i know where im going - like the direction is there all of a sudden

grandmother
and he's like that makes sense but also not because you look good but really not like are you sure you know what you're doing - you look a little reckless moving so fast

girl
why's he so doubtful!

grandmother
he's getting getting distracted by my hanging parts, not seeing the big picture
so i'm like ok ok thanks the whole limb foraging thing was a lot of work but thanks i guess
and he's like

girl
it's kinda interesting to hear you've been doing all this work because you looked kinda drowsy last time i saw you

grandmother
but that's part of it! you get really tired.
doesn't he know by now?
but i also wanna change topic so i'm like you look good though
and he doesn't even get flustered because he knows it's true

so i'm like what have you've been up to since i last saw you?

and he's like i've been hunting can't you tell
and i'm like yes i can

he's even a little scary to me with how graceful he's moving because i'm really not. and he's also looking at me weird, has this double edged look like he really likes what he sees but is also considering

girl
WEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEOOOOOOOOOOO

grandmother
calling ambulance. i don't know what to do with that look

so we go back to our own camps like yeah definitely do this again this was great or something
and we go back to our own business but hang every now and then - all the while i'm starting to learn how to use those limbs - it's less disorienting - they're listening to me a little more - i'm moving fast but with a little more grace every day

girl
wake up wake up
grandmother
so then one wolf's hour - the mothers
whisper

girl
follow follow

grandmother
the mothers are not as annoying as before.
they're not forceful. i barely hear them,
more like feel them. i guess they know it's
all i need. that gentle whisper is moving
me. i follow though the forest and all the
way to where it ends. bare in mind i've
never been outside! so as i step outside i
look up and see for the first time
the open sky
and i come to an edge
the moon's there dripping blood - i think
that's how it always looks because i don't
know any better. i don't do anything. just sit
there and witness the world. understanding
nothing.
i look at the vast waters below me
understanding nothing.
i stay and stay until the sun comes up and
switches places with the moon. blood for
blood.
i understand nothing.
at some point i go back in the forest, sleep
in my little nest
but i always find myself back on that (l)
edge. i spend endless time witnessing all the
ways.
and the one day as i'm sitting there i'm like
i have to know how it feels to fly down and
land in that water.
simple as that.

grandmother
so then i'm like - let's go get that boy. now
that i've seen all the ways i know i wana
do it with him. and on my way to him i
realise i'm moving like a lion too because
everyone's looking - they can't stop staring
like what is that creature

so i find him and i'm like
how about we do this thing together. it's
like it's meant to be with both of us looking
like lions.
here's what we need to do, i'm sure you
already know - we go on that cliff edge -

but that's when he's like
what cliff edge are you talking about

?
?

girl
oooooooo

grandmother
and i'm like - has he not been
maybe it works different with the fathers

so i tell him let's go see it then - you're in
for a treat -

but he's like i don't have time for
cliffhanging rn i'm working

so i'm like maybe he needs an explanation.
and i'm like -
so once you're out of the woods there's
the moon, the sun and the vast waters and
a cliff and it's made for jumping. it's not
easy, it's slanted, there's some big rocks
under you don't wanna hit but don't worry
i've got it figured, you run because you need
momentum and you'll be flying and that's
how you
change planes.
isn't that cool. we can do it together. now
that we've been doing allthework.

but he's not listening.

he's like idk what this cliff you're talking
about is - not sure if exists - but it doesn't
really matter because i'm not jumping
anywhere without my leg

and i'm like what are you talking about leg
- but that's when i look

girl
oh

grandmother
oooooooooh

he's missing a leg

girl
wtf

grandmother
he's deceptive. with how nimble he was
moving i didn't even notice.

so i'm like why didn't you tell me
?????????

and he's like isn't it kinda obvious. what did
you want me to do - point it out?

and i'm like no not obvious - pointing out
woulda been nice.

but he's like you didn't notice because too
you were too busy moving like a patient and
also you were moving too fast

maybe he has a point but i can't slow down.
i need momentum.

so i'm like what are we gonna -
are you sure you need that leg?????????
you're moving better than most.
can we focus on the positive - you found
most of them isnt that remarkable when you
think about it.

but he's like yes i need.

so i'm like ok go get it then and we'll go.

grandmother
but he's like
well i'm man with plan and i've located
it. i'm going to get it. i saw it has toes
attached to it that's nice, it's ready to go
once i find it. it doesn't matter if the leg's
fast i'm in it for the long run and i'm gonna
tire it out eventually. fathers will cheer
me it helps. that leg on loose is dropping
and once it does i'm not wasting time. i'm
jumping on it and dragging back to base.
but even with all that there'll be a lot left
to do. i can't just put it under my arm and
jump. they have to attach it first, then i
gotta rest, love myself some, feel sorry for
myself some. the sores have to heal and i
have to learn how to re-use it.
else i'll fall like a dead body and get
infected all over
you know this is all a lot of work you don't
even understand hunting

but i'm like told you i'm more of a forager
but i think they need both of us so everyone
can eat and not have vitamin deficiency

but he's like
if i listen to you right now and come with
you then what was even the point of the
hunting
if i jump now and leave that leg in the
forest running by itself who's it even gonna
run from - that's a pointless life for a leg on
loose - can't do that to my own leg

but i still really want him to come so i try
one more time like
are you sure you need
ask the fathers how many of them had
alltheirlimbs -

but he's like not so many but they say it's
more of a lifestyle thing

so that part's the same. and that's when i
start giving up and i'm like you know what
fair but for me it's

girl
now or die

grandmother
but as soon as he sees i'm giving up he
starts his off ledging talk again and he's like

why are you so fast - i never know what's
happening with you - and you're not even
helpful, i could really use some help but
you're not a team player - and you were the
biggest mess when we started talking again -
and now you're saying you're the one who's
ready - how does that work -

but that's when i tell him that's exactly
how it works. once you have all your parts
that's when you look like the biggest mess.
you have to figure out how to use them and
blood's rushing in every direction. it feels
like what the fuck you even doing when
before you were even a different type of
elegant now you look worse than ever but
that's a trap - soon enough you're sorted -
now's soon enough

but he's still doubtful and he goes - idk
what you're talking about - all i know is
everything about you is always changing and
always fast -

so now he's taken the best thing about me
and said it's bad.

and there's a minute when i consider. but
fact is - i need speed and i tell him as much

and he says i see but i see he doesn't so i
tell him
i wish i could help you find that leg but
God is telling me it's jump time now so i
can't stay

i see i see he says again and he still doesn't
and i remember that forest feeling. i
remember when i was so slow everyone
thought i was dead. people came poking
with sticks, too scared to touch thinking
they would catch that death bug. i remember
the ripper took it all. i remember i got it
all back. that's a lot for a girl to do. now's
not the time to be fake humble or apologise.
those are things you leave in the forest. but
you already know what i do next.

girl
you look into his pretty eyes

grandmother
and i think - are they not like the ocean.
?
?

girl
-

grandmother
he sees what i see and he takes a step
forward and extends his arm and opens his
palm
and i take his hand and it's warm but not
sweaty but that's when

girl
HE JERKS IT

grandmother
or that's what must have happened because i'm lying on my back and he's pulling my leg
hard and stretching the seams and it hurts like HELLLLL and he's pulling me deeper into
the forest and the undergrowth is getting thicker and thicker and it's cutting into my skin
and i'm leaving a trail of blood as he pulls me through and my seems are getting looser and
looser and i'm like this is it my leg's about to go and i'm about to go with it but that's when
i

girl
EE
EEEE

grandmother
scream the loudest longest dying scream i ever made in my life - who knew i could scream
so loud - my scream is so loud it bring the mothers BACK - they're supposed to be
minding other people's bodies by now - they're BUSY - but i'm so scared i don't even
feel bad - and they're back to being mean again and instead of helping they follow along
as i'm being dragged through screaming WHO THE FUCK TOLD YOU TO ASK FOR
PERMISSION??

girl
that's love

grandmother
and i cry and and my leg's getting looser and looser and looser and looser and looser and
looser and i've never been so sure it's the end not even when i was slow like death it's a
different type of violence to end all but that's when i

girl
grab your own leg!

grandmother
he's pulling and drenching and heaving but i'm holding on to my leg like life because it
is and i'm flying into every direction but i can tell he's getting tired even though he's
strong because scar tissue is stronger than regular and he's only meant to go for everyone
once - he's being greedy - and the mothers watch me fly around and hold on to my leg
life and they get even meaner and scream YOU HAPPY TO BE FIGHTING AGA
IN????????????????????????????????

girl
victim blaming

girl
but finally comes a point where they decide it's enough because

girl
EE
EE
EEEEEEEE

grandmother
the mothers scream like nothing i've heard before. it's worse than all the death screams of
the world put together - the ripper's hands fly on his ears and my hands fly on my ears and
i'm laying on the ground limp and breathing heavy holding my ears tight - but that's when i
open my eyes and look up and see the sky peaking through the thick trees above me - i only
get glimpses but i remember

girl

nothing

grandmother
i take my ears off my hands and the scream doesn't even split them. and that's when i
RUN
using the deadliest scream as fuel
and i'm out of the forest and past the edge and i
fly

tears dry on my cheeks and things fall into place mid-air
oh how i was misled but whatever i'm here

girl
SPLASH

grandmother
and that's how you change planes

grandmother
and that's why

girl
you have to do with your full body as God intended

grandmother
and for that you need

girl
nothing

grandmother
and you're the evidence. your cut's looking good. how's your old/new pulse?

girl
the rhythm's funny... a little different... i'm getting used to it

grandmother
i saw you walking different

the chain tightens.
a slow hissing sound.
girl digs deep underground.

Kasthelmi Korpjaakko: *Negotiation (an attempt)*, 2025

"Negotiation is back-and-forth communication designed to reach an agreement when you and the other side have some interests that are shared and others that are opposed."

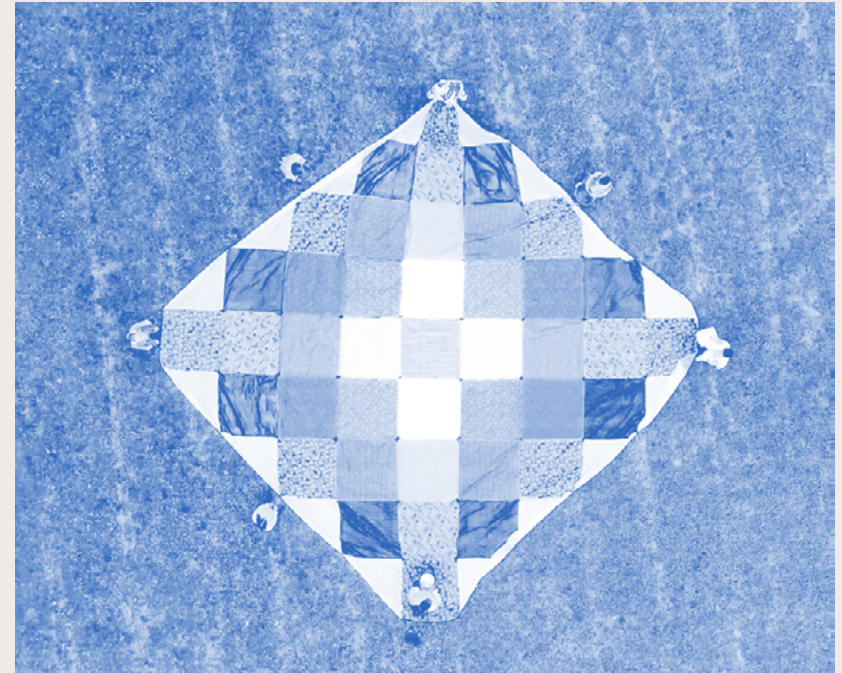
- Fisher, Ury & Patton: *Getting to YES - Negotiating Agreement Without Giving In*, Penguin Books, 2011

10 Suggestions For Interspecies Negotiation In Hunter's Point South Park (After Harvard Business Review)

1. No matter the situation, remember the golden rule: It's not about you. (It's about us.)
2. Focus on the subtle cues and signals. How you move and breathe can make a difference.
3. Lean outside yourself to the unknown.
4. Simple prompts like ".....", "_ _ _?", "^^^ ^^" and "< <<>> >", are important ways to show that you remain tuned in.
5. Use any part of your body to find the common ground.
6. You can steer the negotiation by carefully choosing which gestures to mirror.
7. Pause.
8. Note: You are not just stalling for time but also building rapport and trust with the other side.
9. Manage expectations. The stakes are higher when the tides are low.
10. Ask yourself: Am I respecting the right to choose, or am I trying to force others to do what I want?

*"Sharing a multicultural
experience through the migration
of food and performance."*

- Jodie Lyn-Kee-Chow



"Migration, exploring how to break boundaries

Head of the ship

Hand to mouth. Food to table

Soft, sweet sound

Leave feeling hopeful

Hit hard with softness

Call to action?

Fingle type

Come together Rainbow

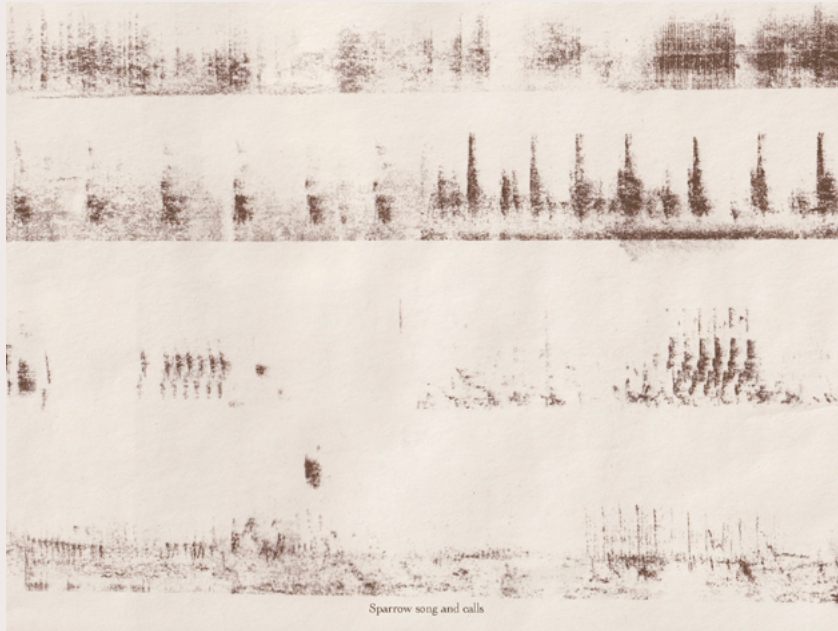
Rainbow, fruit

The taste, the sound

What does fruit make you feel?"

- Fitzmore Prince Codogan

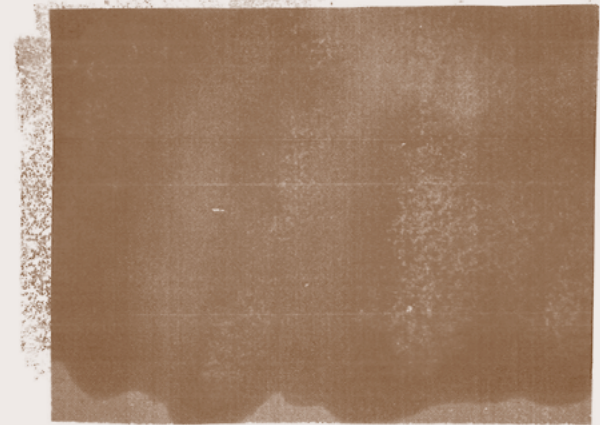




Sparrow song and calls

This piece is about flying mystics, sparrows &
the things that are leaving us, going away, extinct
how do we keep (re)turning to
the water
the soil
the land
dreaming
to imagine all the things that we want to change
& all the things we are ready to destroy
(the destruction that is also part of the imagination)

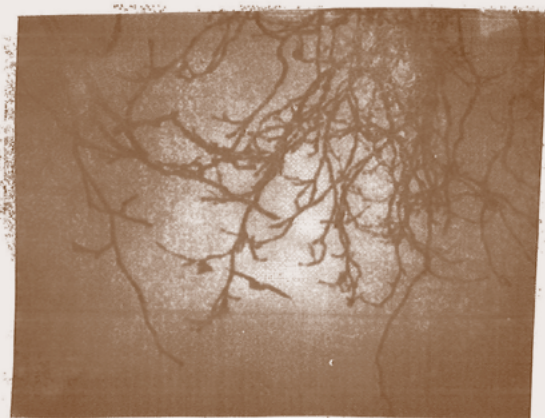
This is a choral piece with birds, plants, humans, the sea.
All the parts in *italics* are written for the choir



i was flying



no, you were dreaming



no, i was flying



you were dreaming

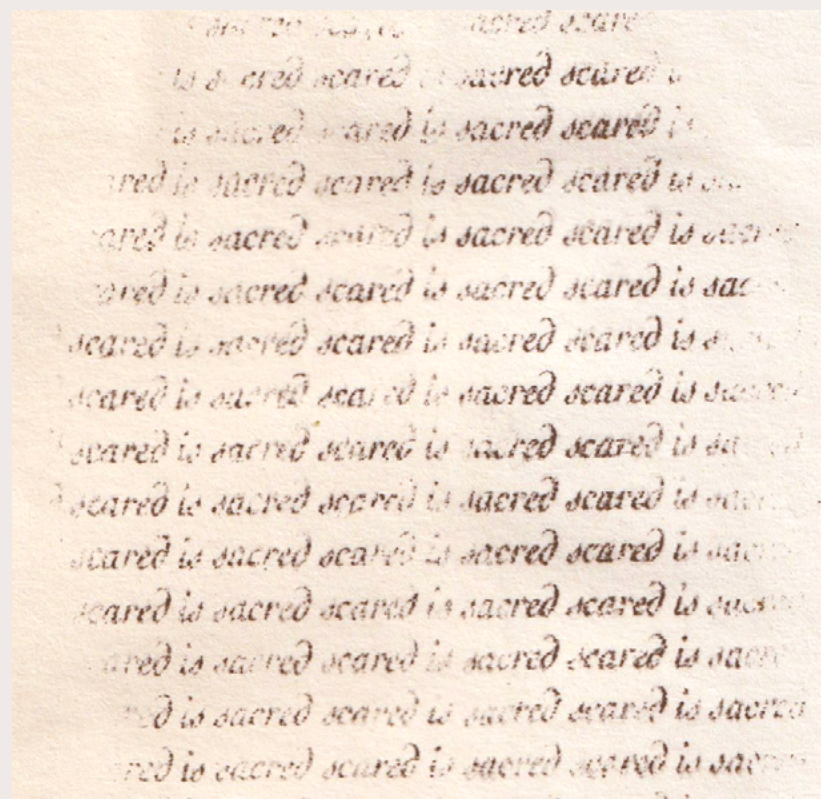
Of all the stars,
of all the stars
which one do you choose?

Oh, you are miraculous

Christina Mirabilis

Christina the Astonishing

they thought you were possessed by a demon



Artist Bios

Carmen Baltzar is a Finnish-Romani artist working with film and performative text practices. Her world-effacing and time bending work moves between alternate feminine realities, ancestral knowledge and mythologies, intersections of love and power and Roma life and death. Carmen's first novel will be published by Kosmos in 2026. Carmen curated and co-edited the anthology *Ohi – kirjoituksia kuolemasta ja sen vierestä* (Past – Writings on Death and Beyond, WSOY 2022), and her prose and poetry appeared in publications by WSOY, S&S, Kosmos and Kiasma and others. Carmen's most recent short film *All the Love in My Body* follows the point of view of a pair of Romani sisters selling toys on a touristic beach.

Kastehelmi Korpjaakko is a visual artist living and working in Helsinki, Finland. She enjoys humour, slow pace and lush vegetation. In her artistic practice, she often explores the ethical boundaries of human existence and the themes of power and interspecies communication. Korpjaakko's background is in photography and art education, making her a combination of a sensitive observer and socially curious explorer. In Korpjaakko's current artistic process she plays with the idea of cross-species ownership and questions around property. Since 2023 she has been working with the help of a little piece of land and its inhabitants in southern Finland. Combining photography and moving image with text, performative events and playful publications, Korpjaakko focuses on negotiations and the porosity, complexity and ritual nature of agreement. If the law on property shapes the way we are with each other, how does it affect our relationship with other creatures? If you are the owner, do you own every single blade of grass? And then what? Can a meadow own itself? The project is kindly supported by The Arts Promotion Centre Finland, Olga and Vilho Linnamo Foundation and KONE Foundation.

Jodie Lyn-Kee-Chow is a Jamaican-American interdisciplinary artist based in NYC. Her work has been exhibited at venues including Queens Museum, NY, The Wing Luke Museum of the Asian Pacific Experience, CA, Chinese Historical Society of America, NY and Five Myles, NY. Lyn-Kee-Chow co-authored *Living Histories of Sugar* in the Caribbean and Scotland: Transnationalisms, Performance and Co-creation, a project funded by the Arts and Humanities Research Council and presented in Kingston, JA, and Greenock and Edinburgh in Scotland (2022). She is the recipient of awards including the New York Foundation for the Arts Fellowship (2012), Franklin Furnace Fund (2017–18), Culture Push Fellowship for Utopian Practice (2018), and Queens Art Fund (2019, 2024). Lyn-Kee-Chow has also received the Bronx Museum AIM Fellowship (2024), KODA Residency on Governors Island, NY (2023), Residency Unlimited, Brooklyn, NY (2023), Wave Hill Winter Workspace (2022) and is an inaugural artist fellow of Triangle Arts, Brooklyn, NY (2022). Recent recognition

includes being shortlisted for Creative Capital (2022) and nominated for Anonymous Was a Woman (2024). Publications include *The New York Times*, *hyperallergic*, *White Hot Magazine*, and *Artsy*.

Jemila MacEwan (b. Scotland) is an environmental artist known for their earthworks, installations, performances and expanded cinema projects. Their work takes an expansive view of time and geography, often created through slow acts of physical endurance. MacEwan was awarded the NYSCA/NYFA Fellowship in Architecture/Environmental Structures/Design, The Philip Hunter Environmental Art Fellowship, The BigCi Environmental Award and is a TEDxBoston Planetary Fellow. MacEwan has presented work internationally including at; ARoS Museum (Denmark), Pioneer Works (NYC), Elizabeth Foundation for the Arts (NYC), Cambridge University (UK), and Skaftfell Center (Iceland), WAMA (Australia). They are alumni to many notable residencies including; Skowhegan School of Painting and Sculpture, Art OMI, Yaddo, Lower Manhattan Cultural Council, BANFF Center for Arts and Creativity, and Ox-Bow School of Painting. Their work has been published in *Art in America*, *Boston Globe*, *Hyperallergic*, and *SFMOMA*. MacEwan has been generously supported by The Foundation for Contemporary Arts, NYFA, NYSCA, Creative Australia, The Ian Potter Cultural Council and The Marten Bequest Traveling Scholarship.

Lotta Petronella is a filmmaker, artist and writer based on an island in Finland. She is co-founder of CAA Contemporary Art Archipelago and has worked with and on islands for nearly two decades. Since her internationally awarded film *Själö – Island of Souls* (2020), she has been leading a multidisciplinary collaborative research *Själö Poeisis* on the island of Seili. Her latest work *Materia Medica of Islands* was previewed at Vallisaari, Helsinki Biennial in 2023. In addition to her filmmaking and art practice, Petronella is a devoted medicine and flower essence maker and tarot scholar. She also writes poems, makes soundscapes and is a tarot scholar.





The closest subway station is Vernon Blvd-Jackson Ave on the subway line 7 (Purple)

- ① Luminescence
 > A choir performance by Lotta Petronella and neighbors of Hunter's Point
- ② Salt Marsh in Hunter's Point South Extension (Center Blvd, between 55th & 56th Aves)
 > A staged press conference by Kastehelmi Korpijaakko
- ③ Flux IV (56-21 2^d St)
 (audience views from public walkway behind venue)
 > A performative action by Carmen Baltzar
- ④ Hunter's Point South Kayak Ramp
 (near 2nd St & 56th Ave)
 > Performance by Jemila MacEwan, with Lee Tusman
- ⑤ The Park of Bernie in Hunter's Point South Extension
 (near Center Blvd, between 55th & 56th Aves)
 > Picnic performance by artist Jodie Lyn-Kee-Chow



The closest ferry pier is Hunter's Point South Park

Finnish Cultural Institute in New York works across the fields of contemporary art, design and architecture, creating dialogue between Finnish and American professionals and audiences. Founded in 1990, the institute has grown from a residency program to an organization commissioning large-scale projects and events that foster critical dialogue and work to build support for professionals in architecture, design, and contemporary art.

fciny.org

Flux Factory's mission is to support emerging artists through residencies, exhibitions, education, and collaborative opportunities. Flux is an artist-led space that builds sustainable communities and retains creative vitality in NYC. Since 1994 Flux has hosted over 300 Artists-in-Residence, both local and international, as well as staged over 700 exhibitions across all disciplines. Flux's home in Long Island City is a creative hive that incubates experimentation with collaborative processes. Flux hosts over 75 annual multidisciplinary events; all are free to the public while all participating artists are compensated. Each year Flux selects 40 Artists-in-Residence to develop their creative practices by offering affordable studios, shared workspaces (such as a print shop, wood shop, and technical office), a solo exhibition, as well as professional development opportunities.

fluxfactory.org

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Hunter's Point South Park

Long Island City, Queens

Carmen Balzar

Kastehelmi Korpiaakko

Jodie Lyn-Kee-Chow

Jemila MacEwan

Lotta Petronella

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Curators: Elina Suoyrjö (Director of Programs, FCINY) & Meghana Karnik (Curator & Exhibitions Director, Flux Factory). Curatorial

Assistant: Rowena Hurme (FCINY).

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Finnish Cultural Institute in New York & Flux Factory

SHARED *GROUND*S