

UNIT 3 – BRIEF 2 / WEEK 4

PROJECTIONS₂

Haris Mahmood

Line of Enquiry

Updated

**HOW CAN CONFLICT RIDDEN BORDERS BE
REIMAGINED VISUALLY THROUGH NARRATIVE
IDENTITY?**

Recap

Making

Mapping the routes in my village that I took + visuals from the family homes in my village + a narrative around my family with images from the family album + visual culture from my village and family artefacts

=
all colliding to narrate a story that serves as the metaphor for the Pak-Afg border



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irth-Day for the first time won a prize on my school. (Sami-ullah). The second time for I won a prize with pride by the position of having 683 votes. (Delivered to) me by Ghulam...
... prize from my school as regular. The first day new year, new century and new millennium. The most happiest day of my life. My big contribution having a prize on such a day. I obtained 715 from 850 and second position in the 9th class by the hands of Mr. Sami-ullah (JR/teacher).



The Banshees of Inisherin

Political Metaphor



The Banshees of Inisherin is set in 1923 and foils as a cutting metaphor for the Irish Civil War. Conflict was everywhere. Even Michael Collins, a hero of the Irish War of Independence (see also the [film adaptation](#) of his story), found himself at odds with many of his countrymen during the subsequent Civil War.

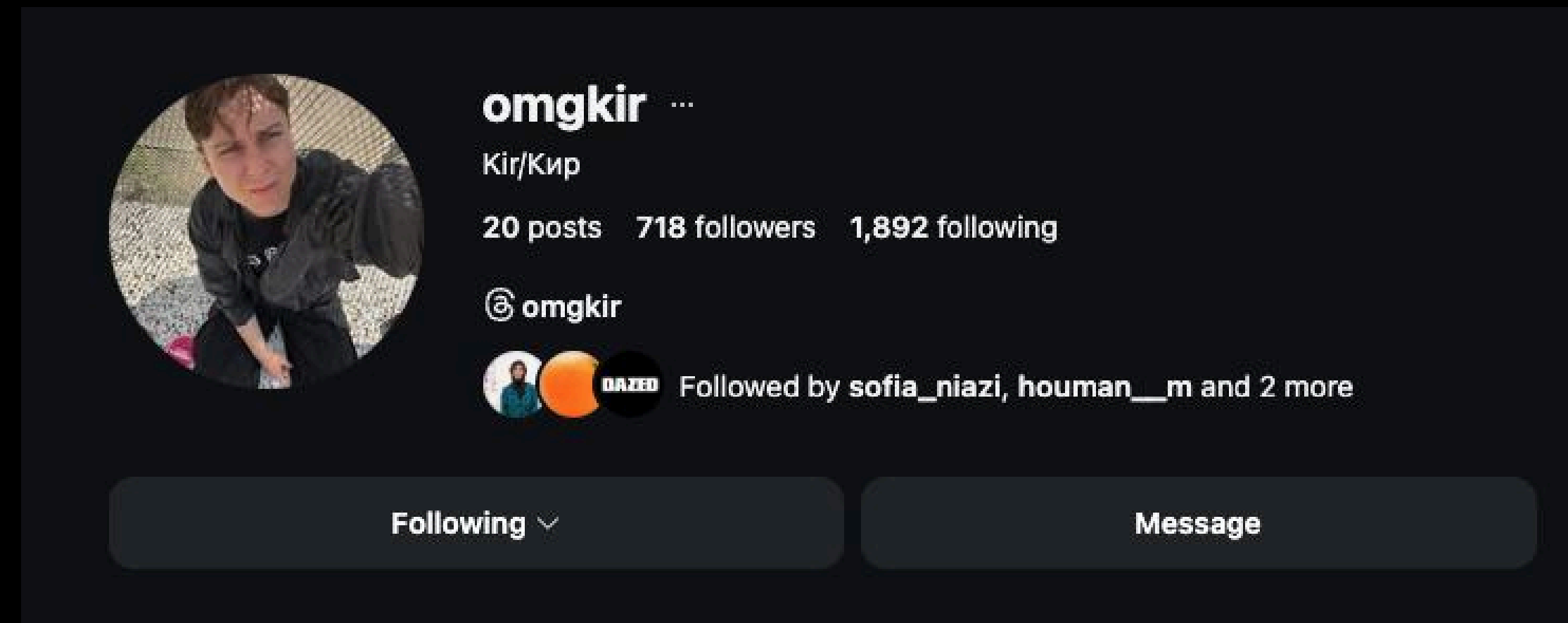
Colm serves as a similar metaphoric vehicle. He has much to lose by chopping-off the very fingers that, he hopes, will play him into musical immortality – as opposed to maintaining the status quo and wasting away his life in a pub, with Pádraic.

Then there's the infamous female spirit in Irish folklore, the Banshee, who is usually identified by her screaming, wailing, or shrieking. She is said to sing when a family member dies or is about to die. This is what makes her screech so creepy and uninvited. In *The Banshees of Inisherin* the role of Mrs. McCormick, the pipe-dirty old woman who the entire town avoids, would be this character. And her dark forebodings did seem to predict when death was on the horizon.

The pets both men own and prize also serve as metaphors. Pádraic becomes inconsolable when he loses Jenny, his miniature donkey (it's no coincidence that the donkey is known as the literal butt joke of the animal world). Colm, on the other hand, owns a Border Collie, widely considered to be the most intelligent dog breed but, also, a dog that strictly abides by the doctrine of its master. In this case, Colm could be seen as a symbol of individualism (a colonial or English ideal). Such doctrine doesn't quite gel with Pádraic nor with the rest of the folk in Inisherin.

1:1 with Kir

Identifying the Medium

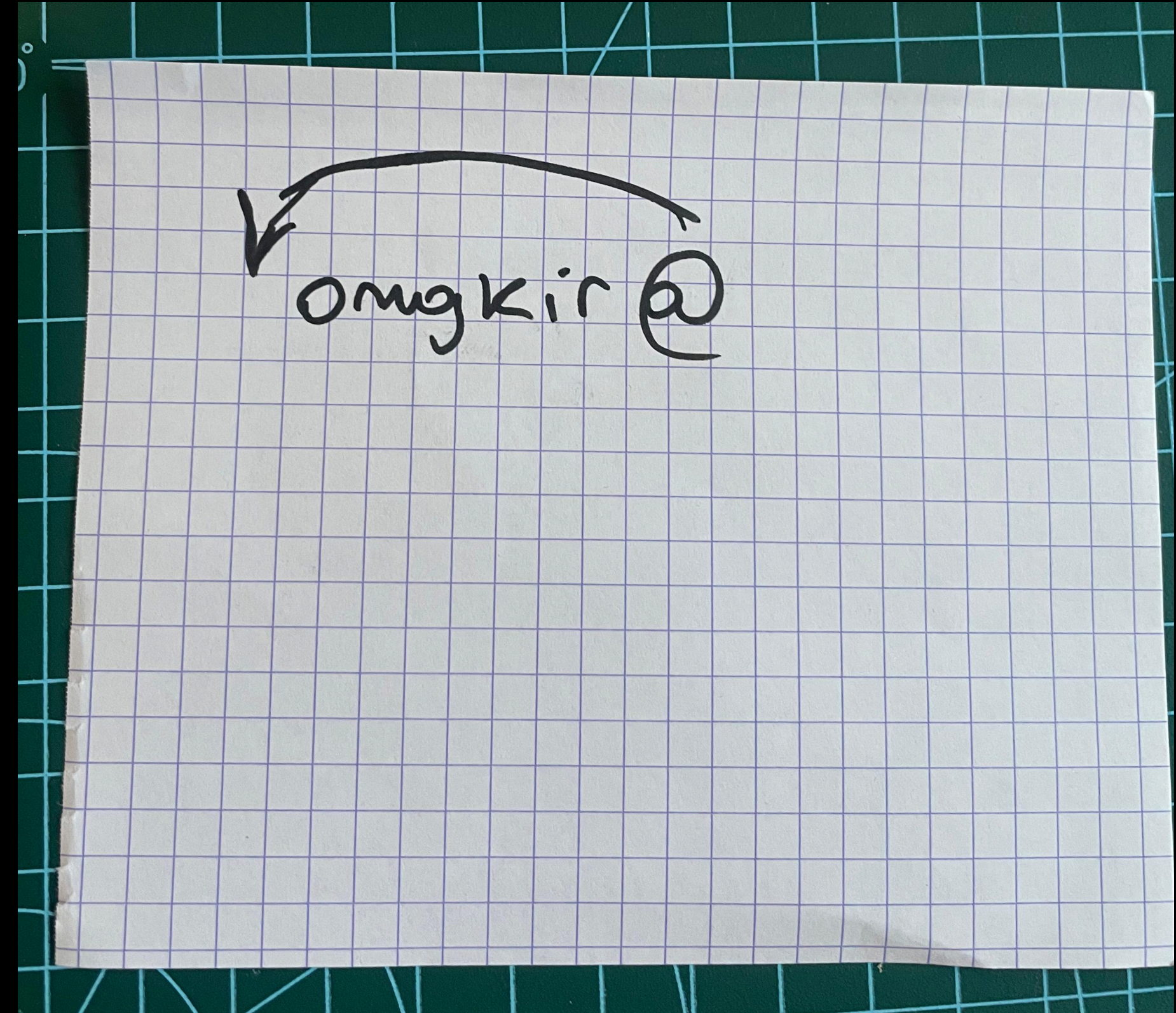


Kir Nazarov is a graphic designer and educator. Their work spans design and art direction for editorial, fashion, and cultural projects, including Dazed, Y-3, Chopova Lowena, Studio Yukiko and Rizzoli. They are currently researching emergent internet aesthetics.

1:1 with Kir

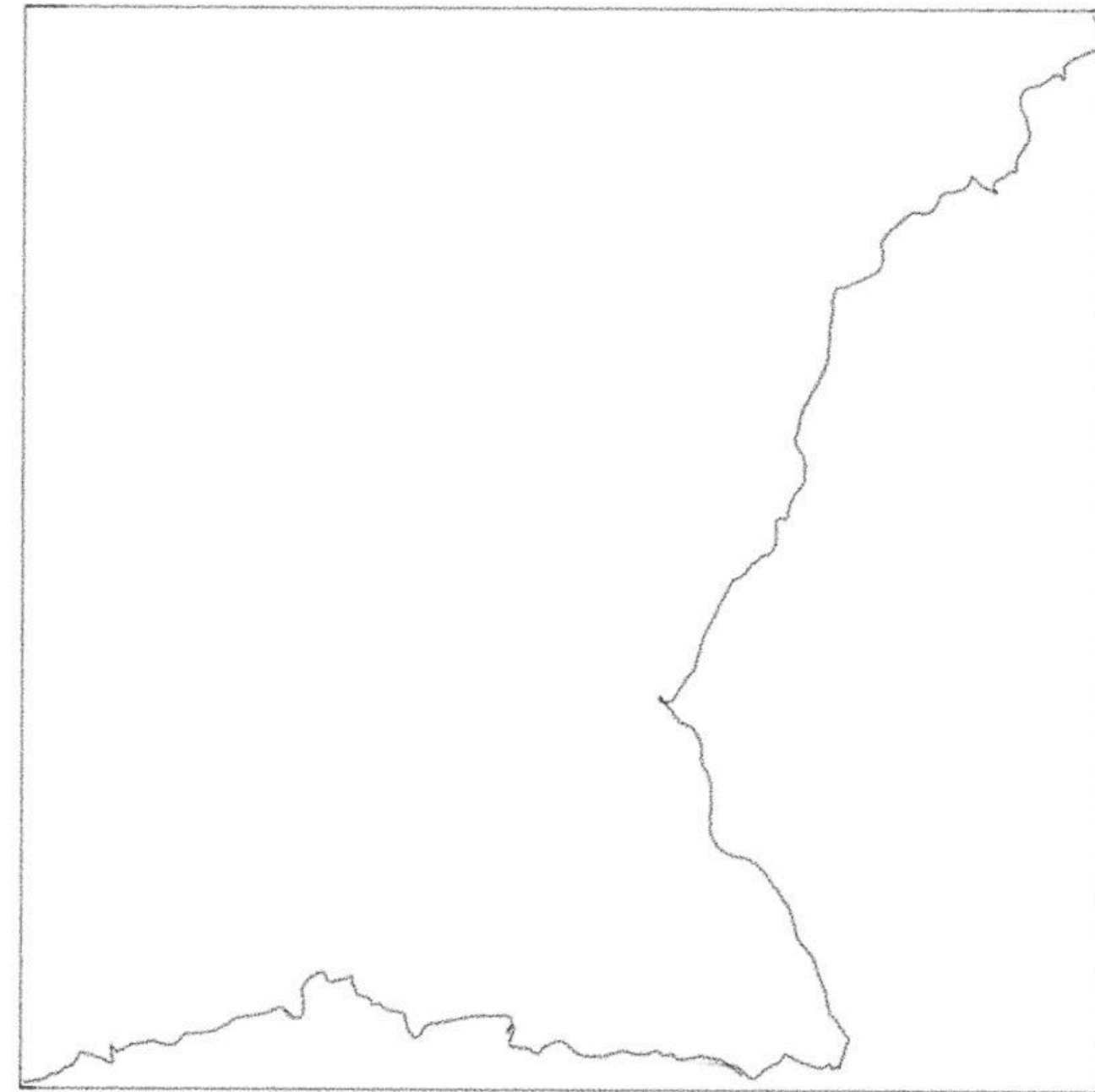
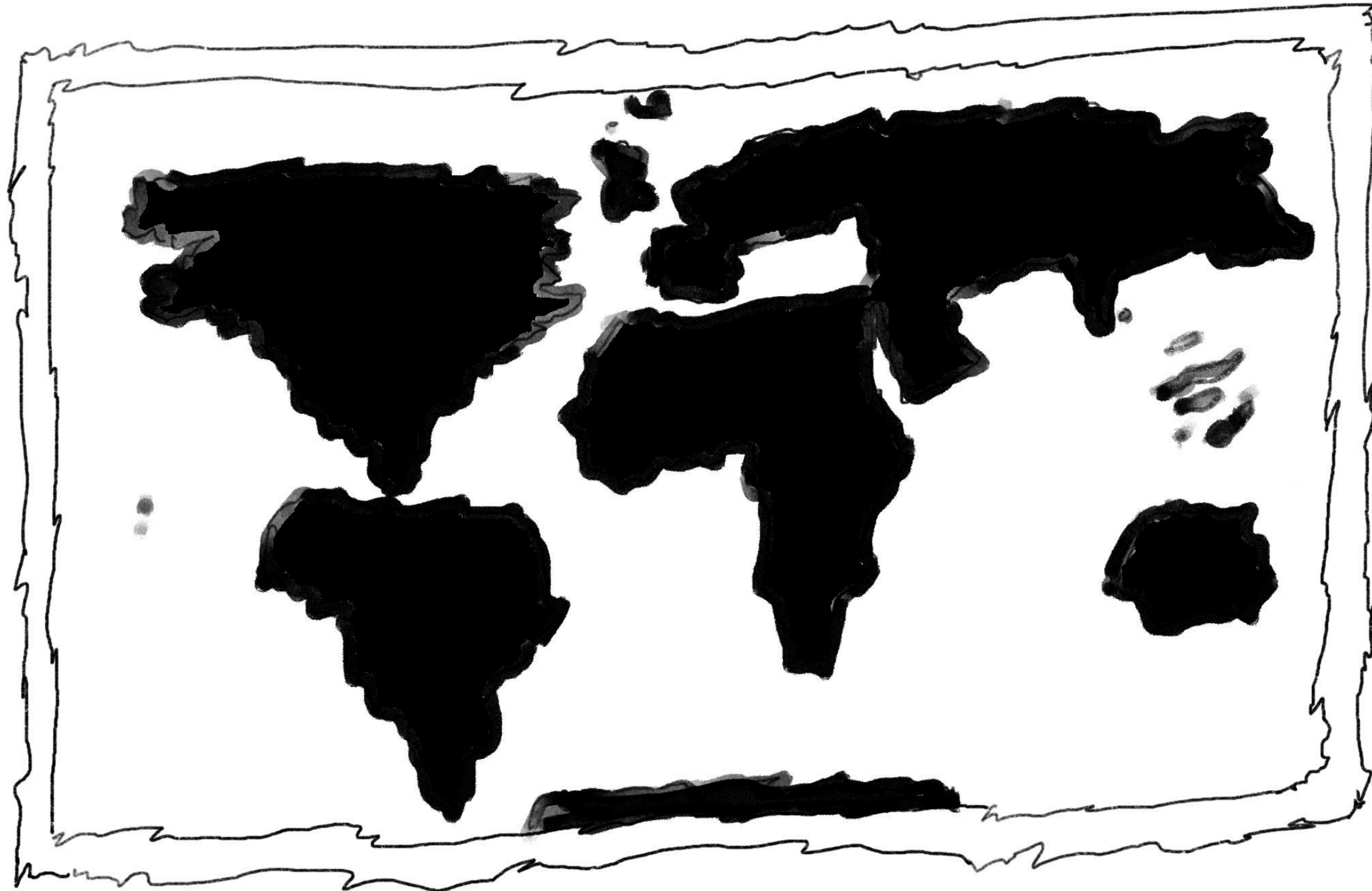
Identifying the Medium

In the midst of explaining my whole practice to him, I realised how my practice had evolved and there was maturity of thought that happened over the course of the last 2 academic years. Kir suggested that perhaps I should find a way to document that within the framework that I wanted to follow.



1:1 with Kir

Identifying the Medium



1:1 with Kir

Identifying the Medium



Why not make a film?

Themes: Narrative Identity, Reimagining Borders, Decolonisation

Documenting my exploration of narrative identity through the methods of making that I have indulged in throughout my research i.e. iterations of drawing borders, geo-satellite images, personal archive, Afghan Box Camera Archive etc.

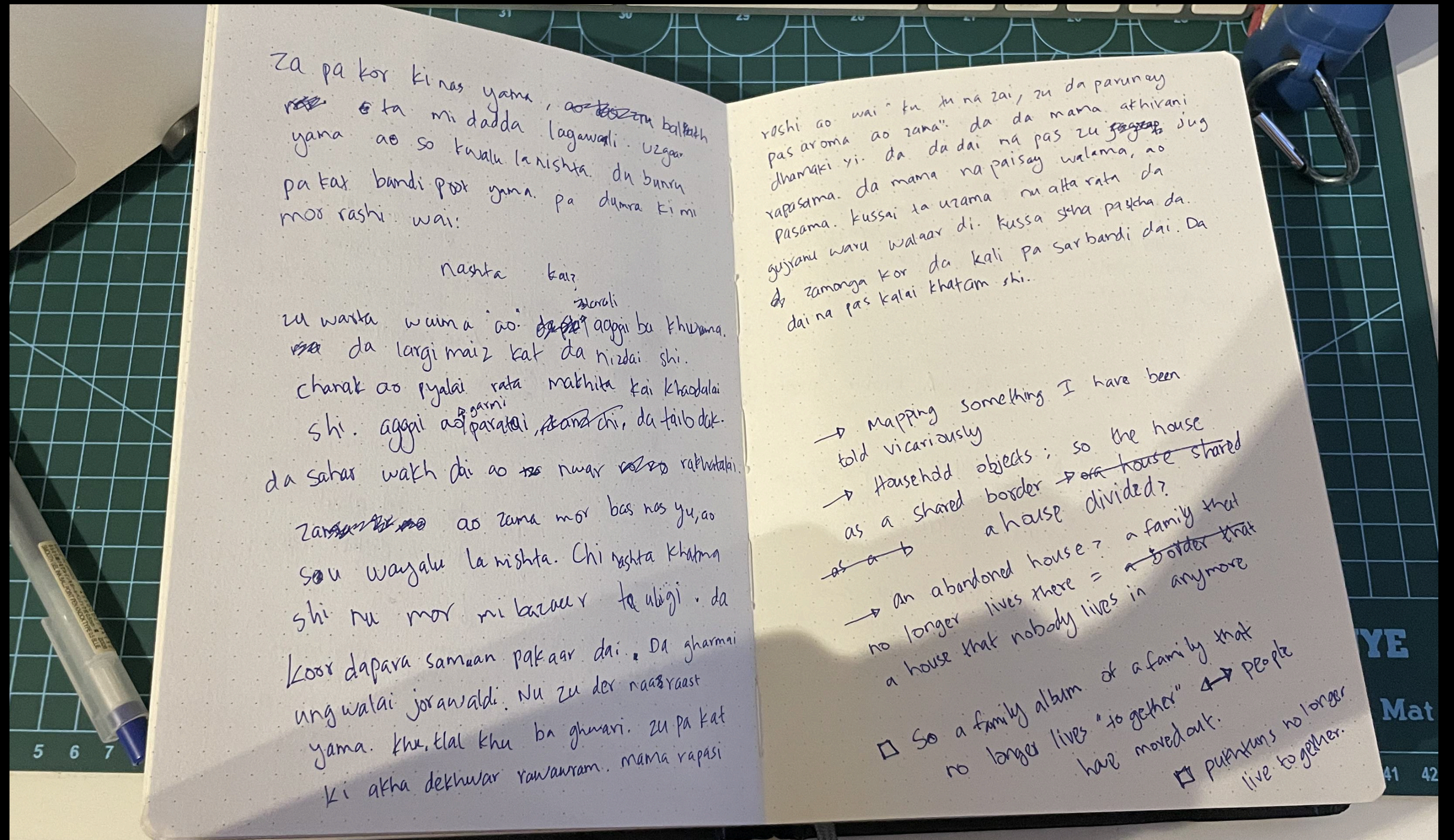
**Performance + Narrative identity =
Film**



Writing Exercise

Iterations

I tried to reimagine how spending a morning in my village was like and I tried to write it down in Roman Pashto



Writing Exercise

A Letter to the Border

~~or did you see them? were you~~
Do you know where they might have
come from? or did they know ^{where} you
came from. I read books about ^{you} and they
say you came after the 3rd Anglo-afghan
war. Did my family also come around
the same time? Was it like the
season of "coming out"? Like being
visible?
I have seen you quite a lot on maps.
I guess that's the only time that I
really "see" you because I have never
been to where you are. I am probably
sounding crazy, I know. ~~but~~ you are
probably
you see
"SEEN" me!!
No, it's
you was
bought
so much
pages of
that w
Islamabad
time. I
which
Those
best

~~you~~
~~ght have~~
~~now~~ ^{where} you
~~you~~
~~and they~~
Anglo-afghan
come around
like the
re being
lot on maps.
me that I
I have never
probably
are
probably thinking "what do you mean!!"
you see me!! but you have never actually
"SEEN" me!!
No, it's true!! The first time I saw
you was ~~in~~ in an atlas that my parents
bought me when I was 9. I loved it
so much, that I would just flip through the
pages all day and tried looking for places
that were familiar to me. Like,
Islamabad, where I was living at the
time. or my ancestral village - Thana
which we would go to every Eid!!
Those were probably some of the
best memories of my childhood. And

Writing Exercise

A Letter to the Border

know of you. I don't know it
I knew you that well, at the time
though. But, ~~that~~ I definitely knew,
there was ~~some~~ another big country
right next to you called Afghanistan.
My mum loved Afghan bread. And
Afghan Pulao was also really liked
at my house! I didn't like the
idea of having carrots and raisins
in rice! They just didn't go well together
but now I do like it! It's delicious.
I sometimes take my friends to
my nearest Afghan restaurant

to share these delicacies with them.
They really like them too! But sometimes
they ask me really troubling questions
about you: like...
what do I think
what do I think
other side?

You know I have never been to the
other side, but the people from the
other side have been to us. My dad
told me ^{once} about how the other-siders
moved to our village when I wasn't born.
He said, "lots of them moved". He
says "he doesn't like them!". They don't
respect us; we gave them so much and

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to share these delicacies with them.
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about you: like...
what do I think of you? and sometimes...
what do I think about people on the
other side?

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Writing Exercise

A Letter to the Border

they are always hating on us. Namak
haram! They write bad comments
on facebook, and they side with our
enemies. I don't like what he says.
I don't know, how to feel about this.
Because, when I met one of the
other-siders the first time, it was a
little girl, ~~girl~~ who was too shy to
speak. Her clothes, dusty and her ~~clothes~~
~~clothes~~ clothes with holes and patches. She
was so ~~sweet~~ came up to me
and ~~she~~ requested me to accompany her
to the shop nearby. but, she could
barely speak. she was so shy, that
all I heard was the faintest voice,
an ~~innocent~~ innocent smile,

~~all~~ ~~her~~ hands ~~all~~
all closed into a fist
for the index finger
she was trying
like in ~~of~~ a "one..."
or perhaps "just listen to me for once!"
~~her~~ hands so small, that the finger
she was so little that I couldn't comprehend
the weight of that one index finger had
on her ~~small~~ small hands. ~~she~~ ~~ran~~
and she ran over to her mother to
Some times I ~~hear~~ hear strangers
saying things about the other-siders
like: "it's because of them, that
our streets are so dirty" or like
"these are beggars, ~~they~~ are not beggars"
the other-siders are ^{all} beggars, ~~they~~
not beggars. we are ~~practicing~~ practicing this side

us. Namak
omments
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Writing Exercise

A Letter to the Border

I address this monologue directly to the Durand Line, which is the border between Pakistan and Afghanistan drawn by the British in 1893.

I am a 26-year-old Pakistani man who grew up knowing the border only through maps, books and family stories. I have never crossed it, never stood at it, never seen it with my own eyes yet it has shaped my entire understanding of identity, belonging and the people on the other side.

The monologue moves between curiosity and tenderness, between the inherited bitterness toward Afghans and my own warm instinctive recognition of them as kin. I ask the border simple almost childlike questions: how old are you, were you born or drawn, did you know my family?

At its heart this is about the gap between official geography and lived human experience.

Filming

Progress



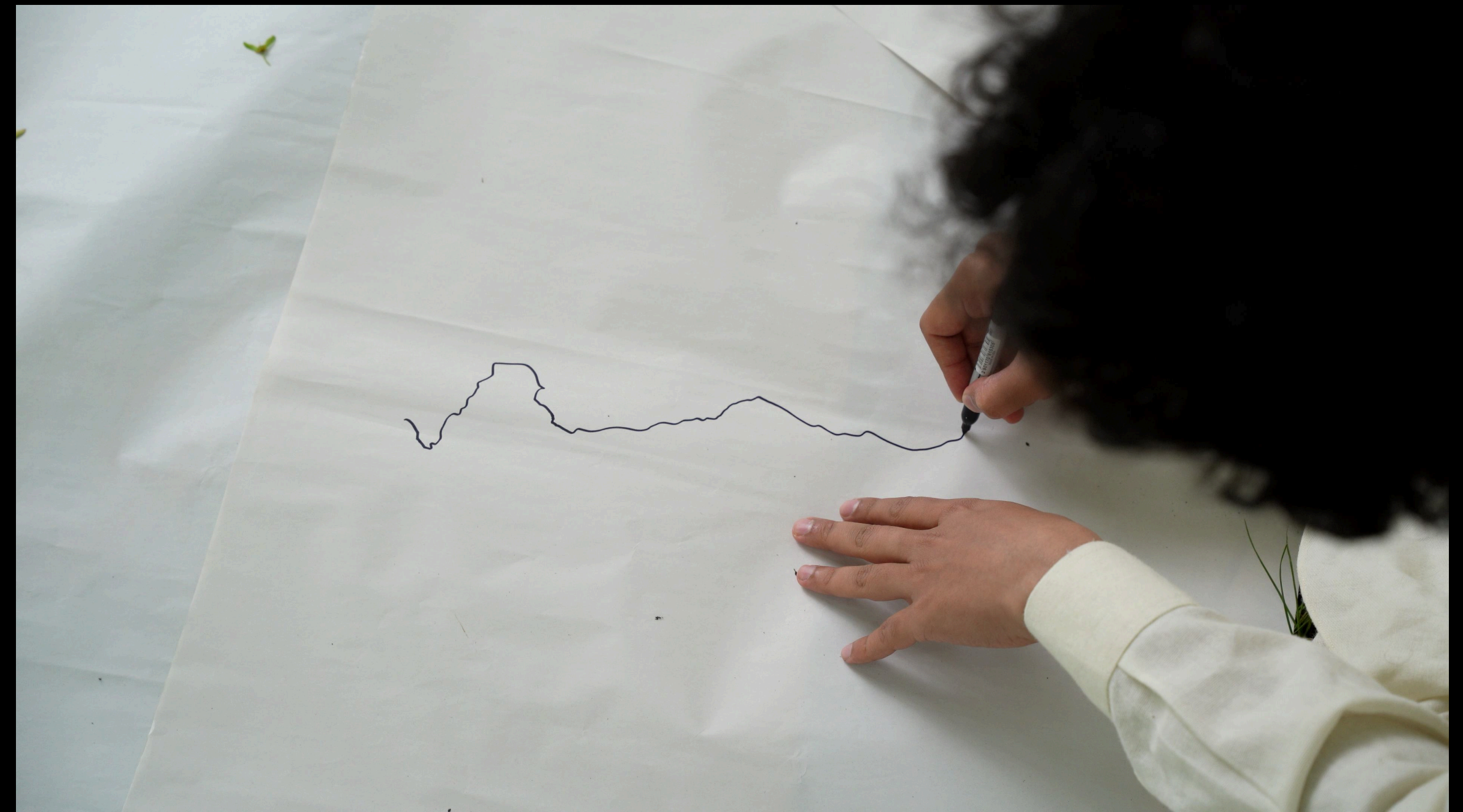
Filming

Stills / Storyboard



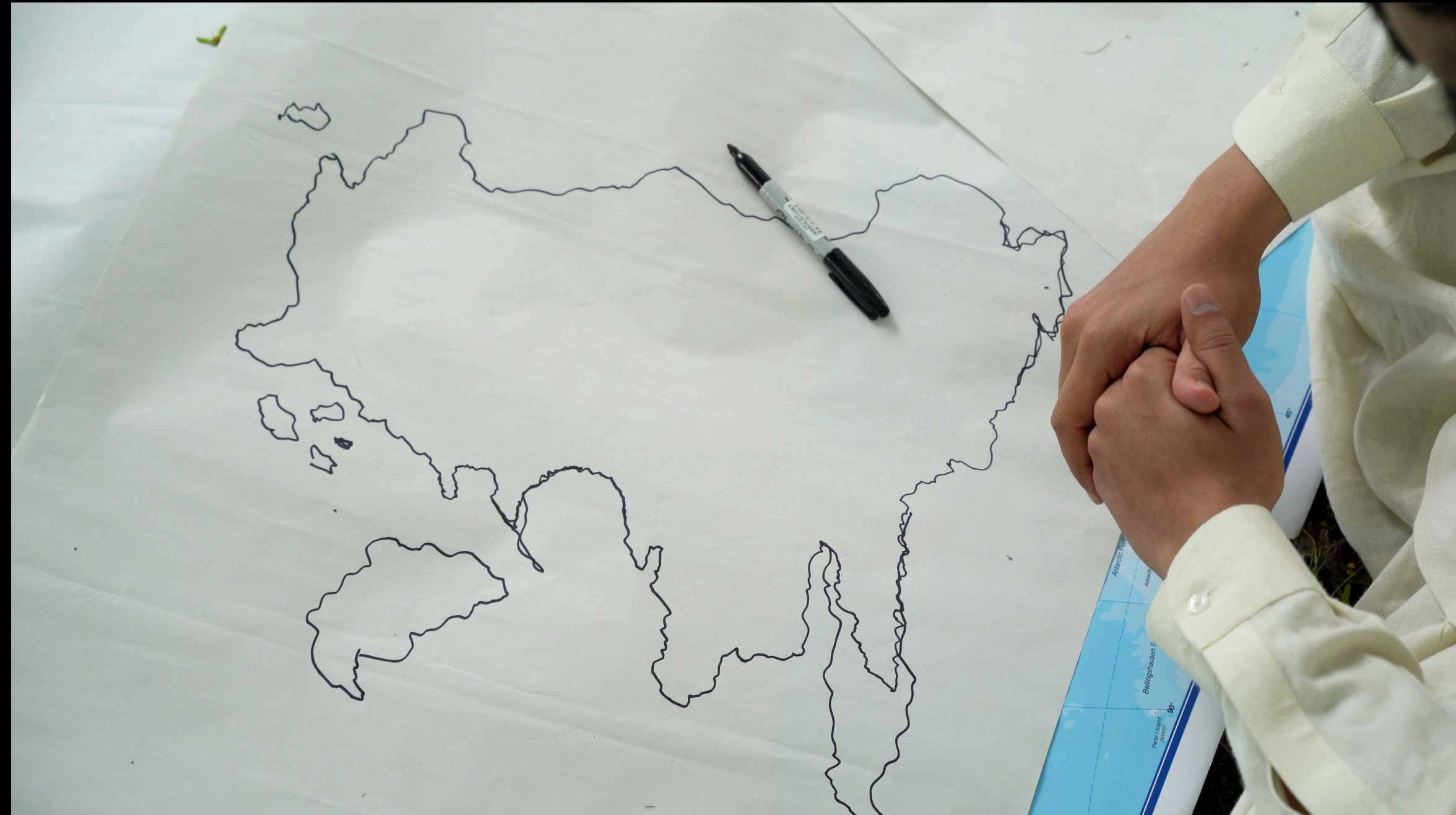
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Stills / Storyboard



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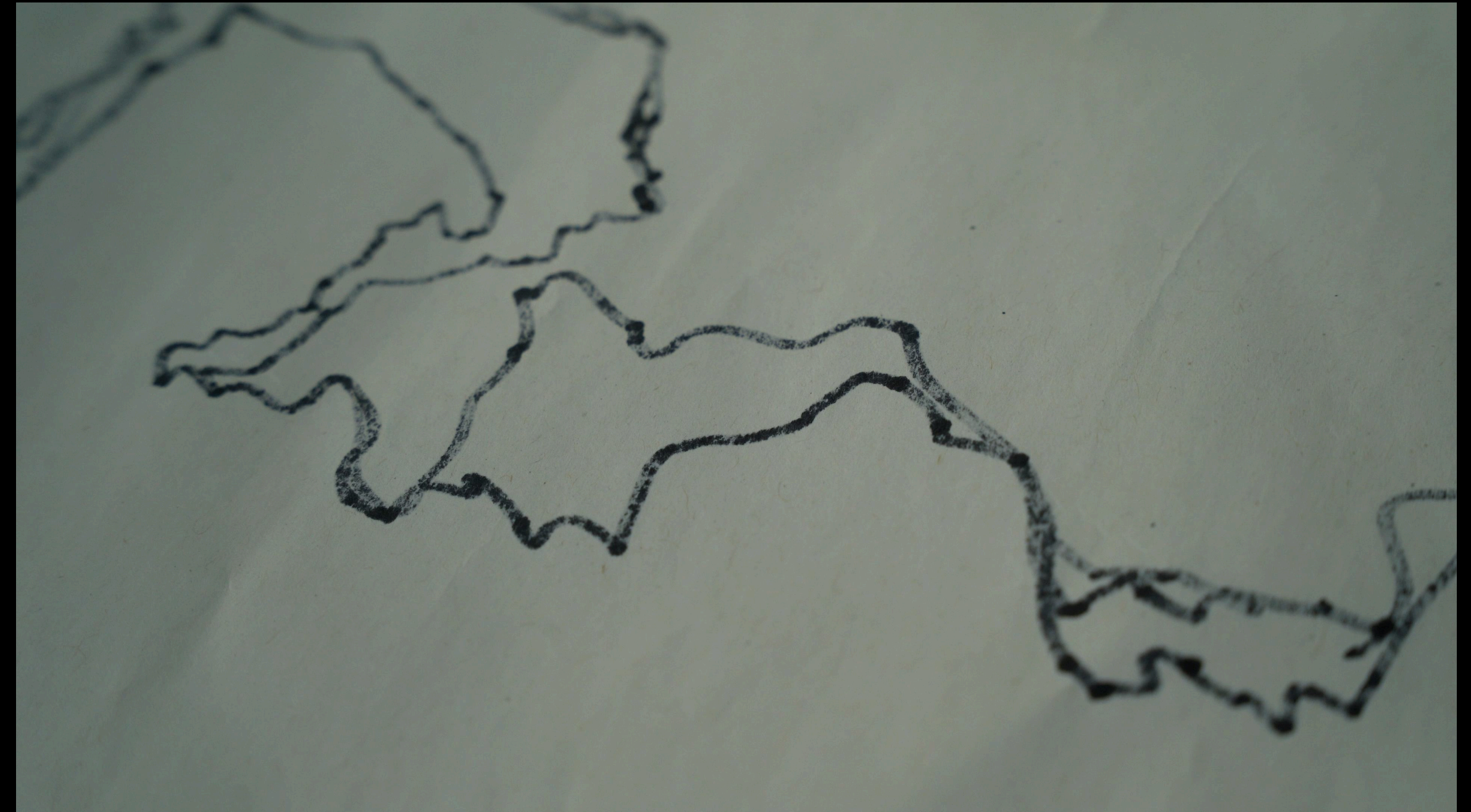
Filming

Stills / Storyboard



Filming

Stills / Storyboard



Filming

Stills / Storyboard



Writing

Context

- **Absence of indigenous visual discourse** on the Durand Line has allowed Western journalism, war photography and colonial modes of image-making to dominate representations of Pashtun identity, conflict and migration.
- Project situated within **discourses of decolonisation, border theory and critical cartography**, questioning borders as neutral lines and reframing them as political constructions that continue to regulate memory, movement and belonging.
- Investigates how imperial border-making, nationalism, propaganda, passport privilege and the othering of Global South identities shape lived experiences across the Pakistan–Afghanistan border.
- **Having a culturally situated and politically implicated practice** that uses archival forms, personal narrative and material intervention to challenge dominant visual systems of representation.

DERA MANANA

thank you :)