

A silhouette of a person stands on a beach, looking out at the ocean. The sky is a deep, dark blue, and the waves are white and frothy as they break on the shore. The person's reflection is visible in the wet sand.

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INTERSTICE

A Journal of Unfinished Ideas and
Emergent Practice

Interstice Journal

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EDITOR'S NOTE

There is something profoundly human about unfinished things.

We spend so much of our lives moving toward completion. We are taught to arrive, to resolve, to be certain... About the things we want: /to achieve/ ... our ambitions, our identities, our relationships, our purpose. About the places we long to reach, the dreams we hope to fulfil, and the futures we imagine waiting for us. We celebrate what is polished, perfected, and complete, as though the value of existence lies only in what has successfully reached its final form.

And yet, so much of what it means to be human exists somewhere in between.

Between the knowing and the understanding. Between the longing and the contentment. Between who we were yesterday and who we are still trying to become tomorrow.

We are, in many ways, unfinished creatures.

I believe that is why creativity has always fascinated me, because creation mirrors life itself. Rarely linear and hardly certain. It meanders through hesitation, revision, instinct, doubt, discovery, abandonment, return.

In our minds, ideas emerge, disappear, transform, and sometimes remain suspended in forms we do not yet know how to complete. And often, we hide these moments, only to reveal what feels ready, what feels resolved and what appears whole.

But what if incompleteness is not something to hide?

What if the fragment carries as much truth as the finished work? What if the sketch, the abandoned draft, the half-written poem, the photograph left uncropped, the thought that never fully arrived... what if these things matter just as deeply as what eventually becomes final?

Interstice was born from that question.

This journal exists as a space for the unfinished. Not to be seen as the evidence of failure, but rather as evidence of process. To serve as an archive for uncertainty, experimentation, process, and the deeply vulnerable act of creating before the final arrival of certainty.

The works gathered in this first issue remind us that creation is rarely a destination. To be and become is a continuous, almost unending act. A negotiation between intention and accident, in what we imagine and what eventually reveals itself to us.

Perhaps life itself is not so different.

We are all, in one way or another, works in progress, constantly revising, searching, evolving, leaving parts of ourselves unresolved as we move through the world. There is beauty in that condition. There is honesty in unfinished things.

And maybe the most meaningful parts of our existence are not found in arrival, but in everything that happens in between.

This is where Interstice chooses to exist.

In transit...

— Seyram Klu De-Souza
Founding Editor

FOREWORD

And if “THE WORLD CONTINUES WITHOUT US”, why are we obsessed with permanence and the finished? And if the ritualistic nature of living puts us in constant liminality, why do we rush towards permanence or the finished?

In film, the editor knows the quiet weight of the final cut because there is a distinct power in the unresolved frame, the moment a narrative refuses an expected end and cuts abruptly to black. Oops an open-ended film? An open-ended film does not abandon its story; it puts the audience to work. It trusts the audience to infer, to project their own longing, and to inhabit the silent space after the credits roll. This journal lives in that exact cinema of suggestion.

This journal exists because we believe the unfinished is not failure. The unfinished is a mode of thinking in its own right, a mode of doing that keeps its seams visible and lets you watch the decision being made rather than only its result. In the African worldview, art is a dynamic process rather than a static artefact. A community song is never truly finished, as it continues to evolve with each performance, recitation, or transmission. The work remains an ongoing dialogue among ancestors, living artists, and generations yet to come. A finished work tells you what it thinks. An unfinished one lets you watch it as you think.

A Journal of Unfinished Things and Emerging Ideas is crucial to the life and work of artists. Art is never finished, for what art means to the world is that it is constantly questioning, provoking and shaking social equilibrium. The contributions are from poetry, photography, prose, creative non-fiction, and painting.

What unites the pieces is not just a shared subject but a shared willingness to linger in the INTERSTICE a little longer than is comfortable. Some pieces are incomplete drafts that never became the larger work. Others are complete as objects but unfinished as ideas, circling questions they refuse to resolve. And other pieces document the unfinished as a condition of being alive. True beauty rests in impermanence (wabi-sabi) and the generative power of negative space (ma). Across cultures, the unfinished is celebrated as the only state through which life can continually flow.

We invite you into the INTERSTICE. Experience the ordinary as extra-ordinary. Let the works in these pages keep working on you, as unfinished things do. Not because they failed to arrive, but because arrival was never the point. Nothing here is incomplete for lack of effort. Rather, these works are deliberately left open, waiting for you to have an experience!!!!.

— Aseye Tamakloe
Visiting Editorial Advisor

SPECIAL REFLECTION

In Praise of the Unfinished

I grew up in an artistic family, and perhaps because of this, I have always been particularly aware of the atmosphere in which creativity takes place. Inspiration rarely comes from nowhere. It is nurtured by freedom, experimentation, and the feeling that an idea is allowed to exist before it has fully found its form.

This is why I have always found unfinished works so compelling. A sketch, a draft, a fragment, or an outline is not simply something waiting to become a finished work. It already carries something of the artist within it. Sometimes, it reveals more about the creative process than a completed work ever can.

To look at unfinished work is to witness an idea in motion. To see how something begins, changes direction, hesitates, and perhaps remains unresolved. There is something intimate about this. It feels almost like being allowed behind the scenes of a theatre, into a space where the work is still vulnerable and becoming.

The creative process is not always easy. Artists may doubt their ideas, fear criticism, or pause their work because they are not yet ready to expose it to others. Sometimes, unfinished work is not abandoned at all. It is simply waiting for the conditions, confidence, or moment that will allow it to continue.

This is what makes Interstice meaningful to me. It creates a space for ideas at different stages of becoming; to be seen, shared, and encountered without requiring them to first arrive at completion.

I believe there is value in allowing ourselves to see not only what a work has become, but also what it is still trying to become

— Prof. Ekaterina Shekova
HSE University,
Saint Petersburg

First Impulses

Who am I?

Sheini Neindow Dave

Visual Trace Of Unfinished Works

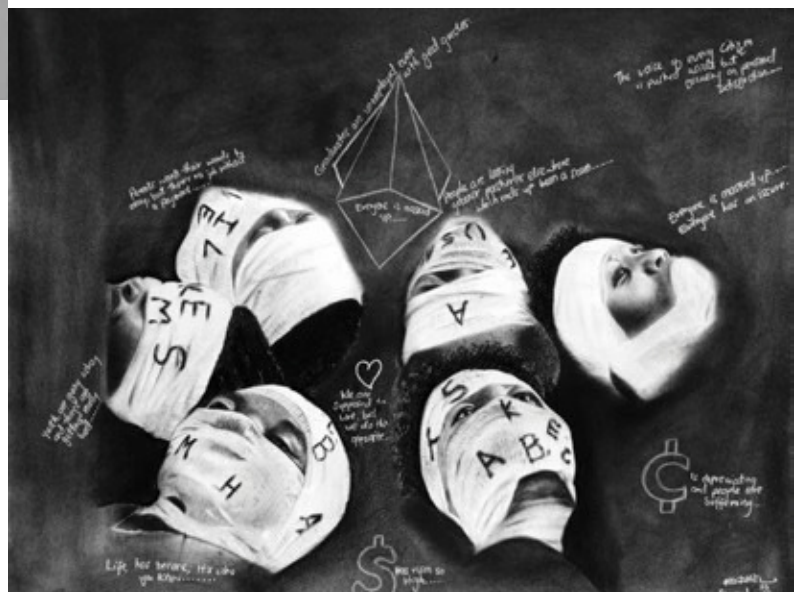
Context Note

Through my studio practice and personal engagements with the family archive- photographs, I aim to create visual representations that encourage reflection on the very close contact that exists among the family's experiences that in one way or the other has an influence in the 'now' we find ourselves in.



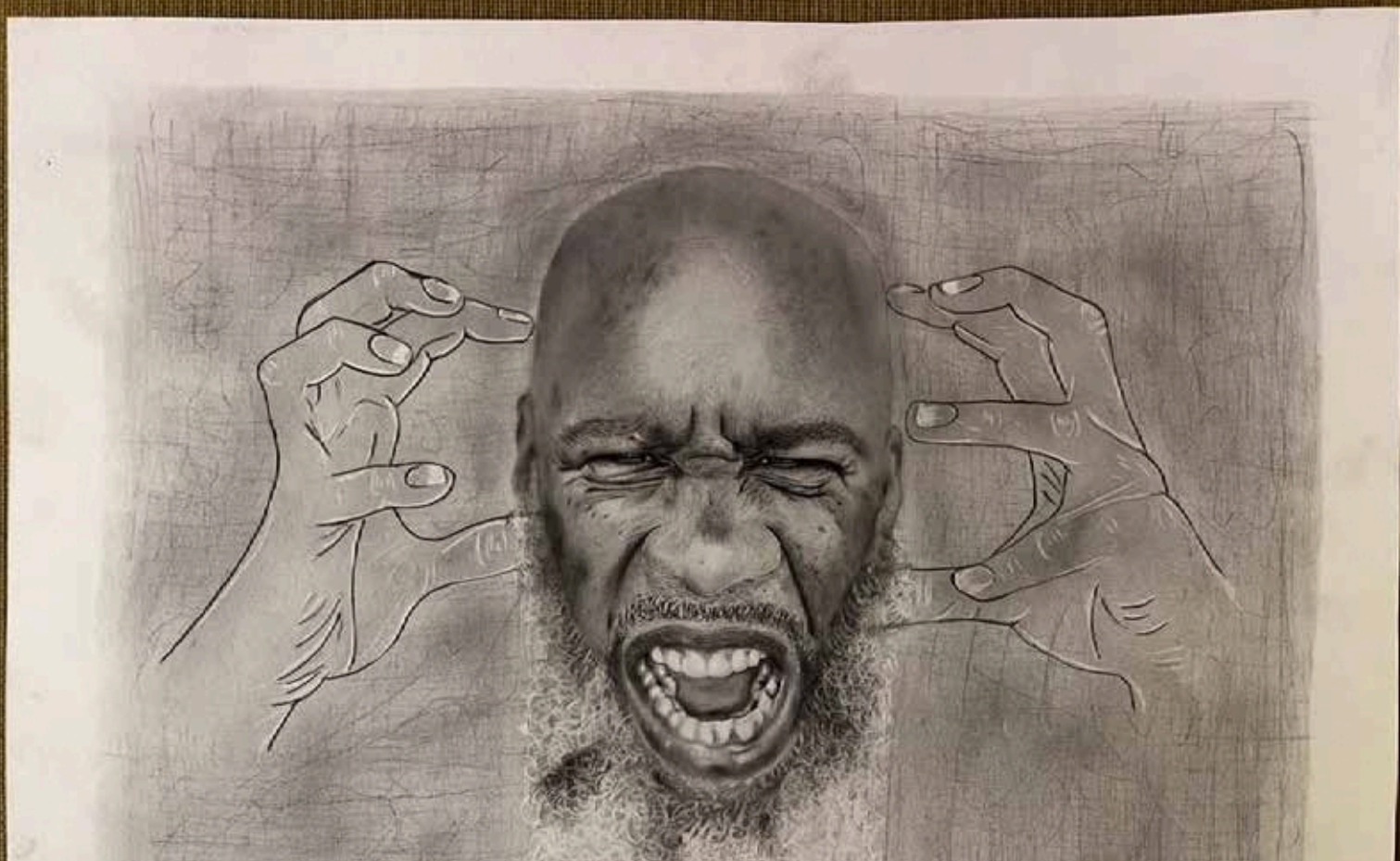
My work re-enacts that life or world that pretty much existed. Working across drawing, but exploring other aspects like painting, ceramics and mixed media, I engage processes that allow materials to speak about time,

use, and human interaction especially personal family experiences. I am interested in the relationship between modernity and contemporaneity. Treating every word, sentence and memory as a data base containing every detail.



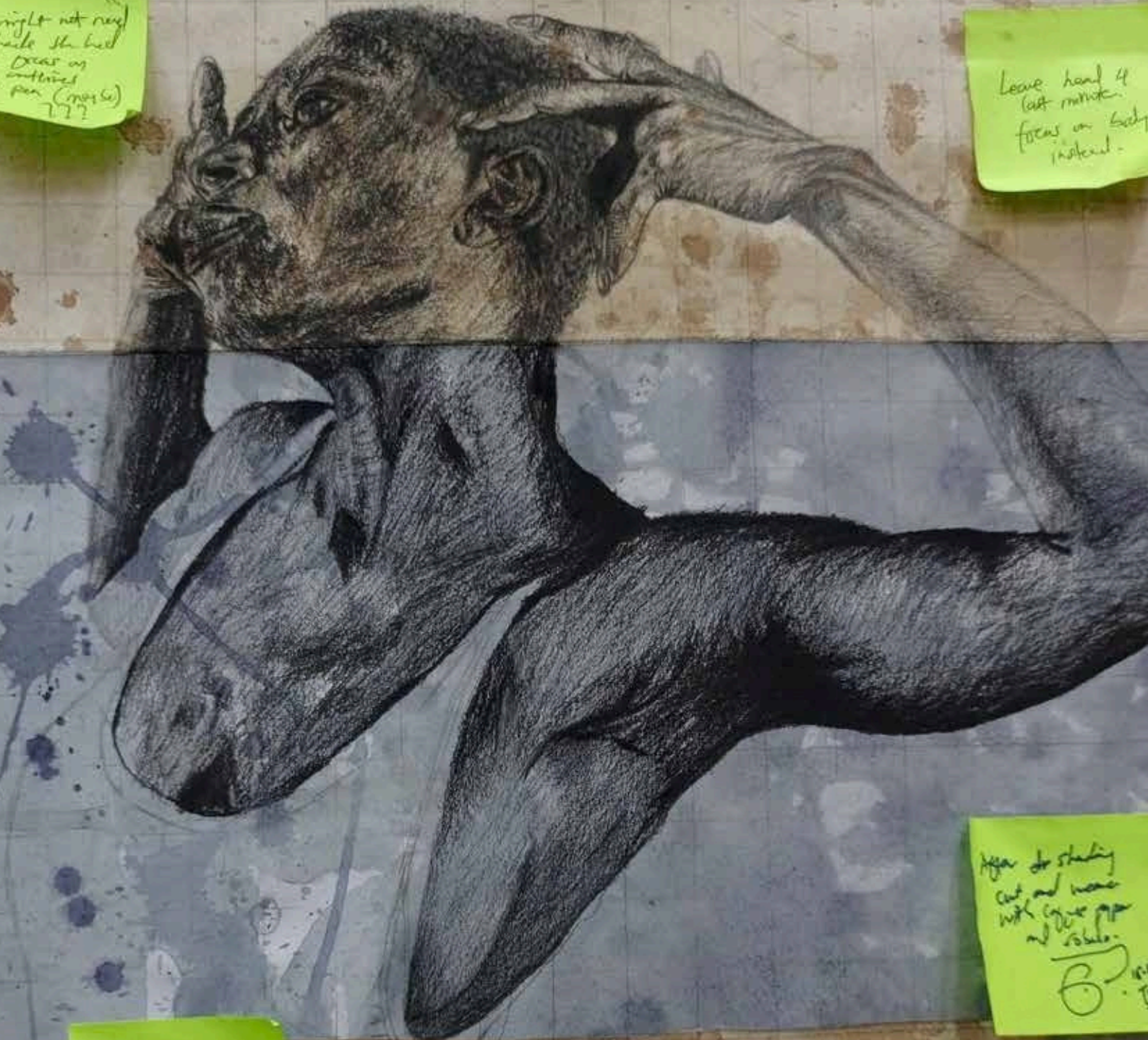


My work is meant to achieve that objective of reconstructing, bringing back to life that living memory and history that always existed in these photographs that find another home to itself on paper.



right not very
make the head
dear as
outlined
pen (gross)
???

Leave hand 4
last minute.
focus on body
instead.



After do shading
cut and move
with figure paper
re-shade.
B.

No shading here
↓



Utopia & Mania

Sketch With Reflection

Дарья Darya

Context Note

Первая работа холодная, распадающаяся, человек появляется и исчезает. Образ человека, растворенного в своей идее. Синие и черные оттенки создают дистанцию. Незавершенность здесь как невозможность достроить идеал.

Context Note (Translated)

This first work is cold and disintegrating; a figure appears and vanishes; an image of a person dissolving into their own idea. Shades of blue and black create a sense of distance. Here, the unfinished quality represents the impossibility of fully realizing an ideal.





Вторая работа более агрессивная и эмоциональная. Красный цвет здесь как импульс, тревога. Главный элемент - горизонтальная полоса через глаза. Читается как цензура. Если бы работа была полностью завершена, то она потеряла бы напряжение.

The second, is more aggressive and emotional. Red serves as an impulse, a sign of anxiety. The central element is a horizontal band across the eyes, which reads as an act of censorship. Had the piece been fully finished, it would have lost its tension.



Dipo

Enoch Nii Adjei Laryea

Visual Trace Of Unfinished Work; Sculpture

Context Note

The sculpture pieces from this collection remain unfinished hardly because they were abandoned, but because I refused to rush the process. The clay held its own resistance cracking slightly under pressure, softening when I needed firmness, forcing me to slow down and listen. Time itself became a challenge, both in hours spent, and in the patience required to allow the figures to



reveal themselves rather than be forced into completion. There were moments of doubt when the proportions felt off, when the expressions didn't quite carry the emotion I intended and when my hands felt out of sync with my vision. Still, in that tension, something honest emerged. The unfinished surfaces speak of that struggle: fingerprints, rough textures, and quiet interruptions that tell a more truthful story than perfection ever could.

Fragments Of Seeing

In The Silence Between Dreams

Suneeha Tahir

Unused Image Or Photograph

In the silence between the dreams

I drift in stillness, quiet unseen

For what may come,

Or may have been

I remain,

A shadow caught between



I stopped at a point where it didn't quite feel fully done, but also not empty. It felt slightly off. It felt like something was missing, but at the same time, it almost completed itself. I liked that in-between feeling.

To me, leaving it unfinished lets it stay open, more quiet than clear. It doesn't try to explain everything. It comes from nostalgia, small memories like the carousel from my childhood. A kind of joy I certainly can't go back to, just hold onto for a moment.

Hope For The Light & Others

Chekmareva Maria Artemovna

Unused Image Or Photograph

С начала 2014 года многое начало меняться, переезжали с родителями из одного города в другой, после вернулись домой. 2023 год - переезд в Крым.

In early 2014, a lot began to change: my parents and I moved from one city to another, then returned home. In 2023, I moved to Crimea.







Войны, смерти и недолгое нахождение под дулом автомата стали дополнительными факторами, побудившими к реализации давней мечты о становлении фотографом.



Wars, deaths, and a brief period spent at gunpoint became additional factors that prompted the realization of a lifelong dream of becoming a photographer.



Чыкчырык/Фотки бомба

Пырин Арсений Андреевич

Pyrin Arseniy Andreevich

Unused Image Or Photograph



Сейчас нахожусь в городе
Санкт-Петербург и
продолжаю собирать мини
коллекцию снимков.

Основной пласт
фотоснимков
характеризуется тревожной
составляющей, но есть и
небольшие исключения.





I am currently based in St. Petersburg and continue to assemble a mini-collection of photographs. Most of the photographs are characterized by a disturbing element, but there are a few exceptions.

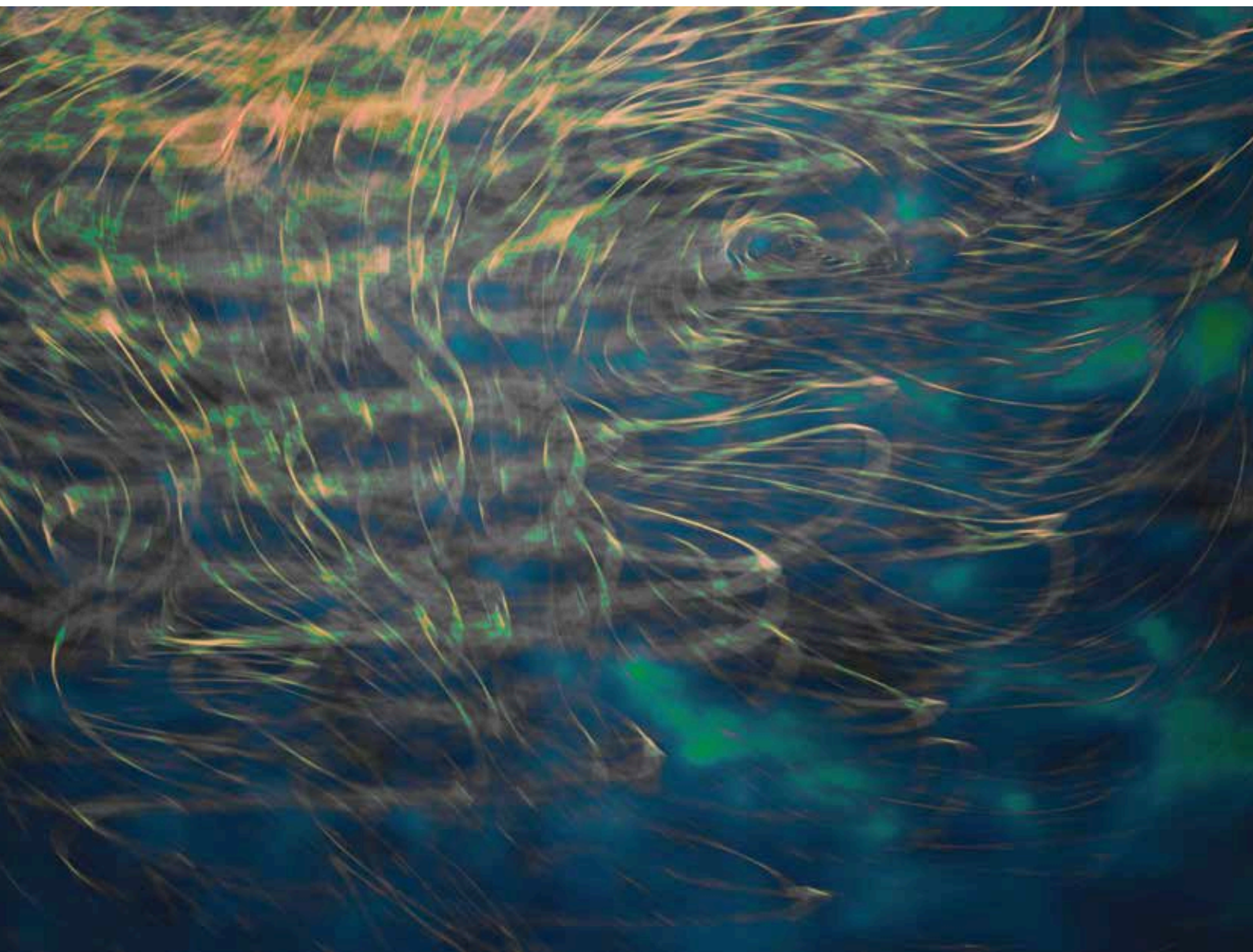


Следы (Traces)

Иванова Полина Ивановна

Ivanova Polina Ivanovna

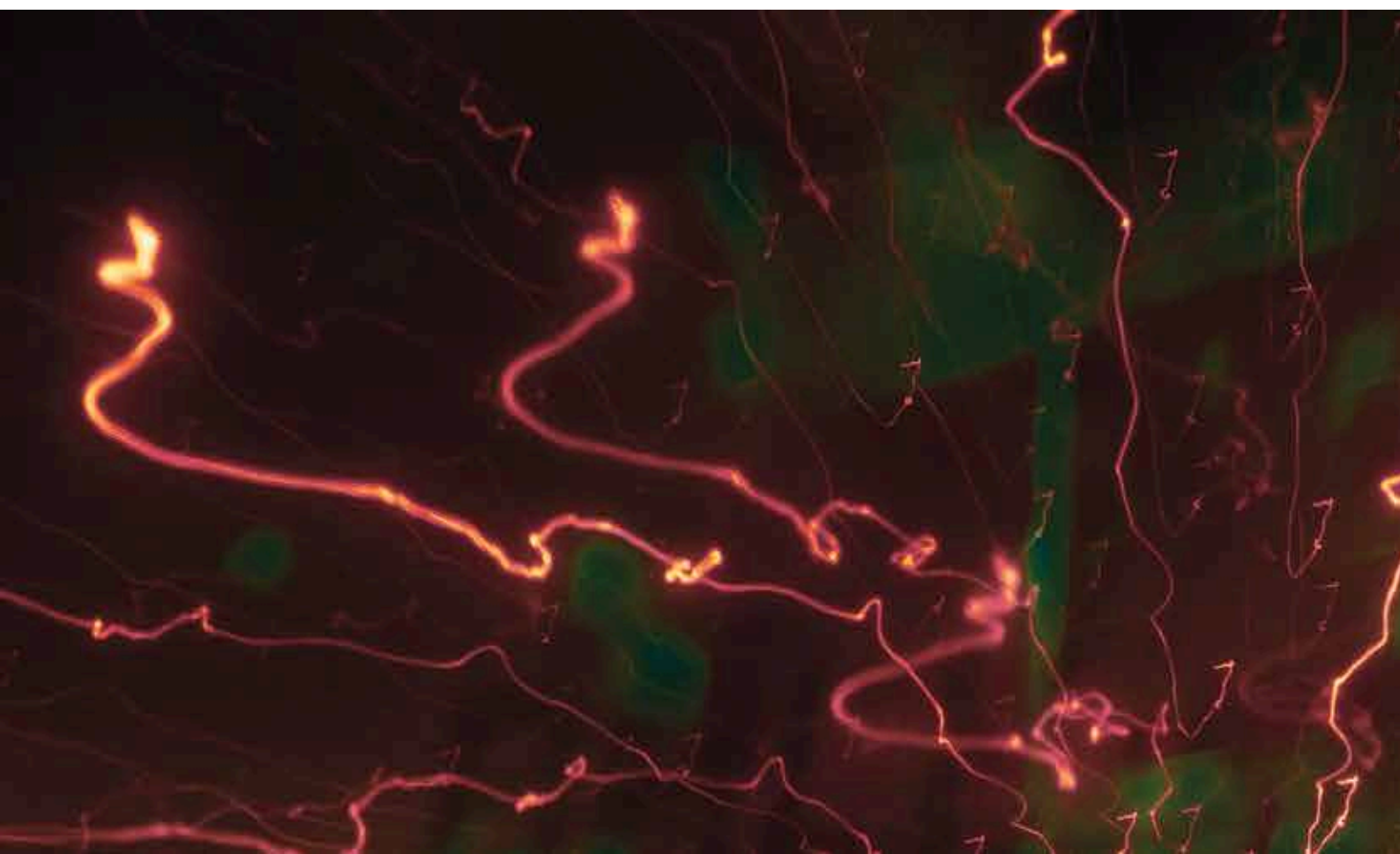
Unused Image Or Photograph



Серия «Следы» — это история про мои эксперименты, про попытки зафиксировать свет как движение и следы в пространстве, которые не видны человеческому глазу. Изначально мне хотелось выстроить конкретные и абсолютно определенные образы, которые жили в моей голове. Но все они начали разрушаться из-за абсолютно нелепых случайностей, которые было сложно отследить и исправить. Вся моя работа подчинилась хаотичности и неидеальности, к фиксации ускользающего.

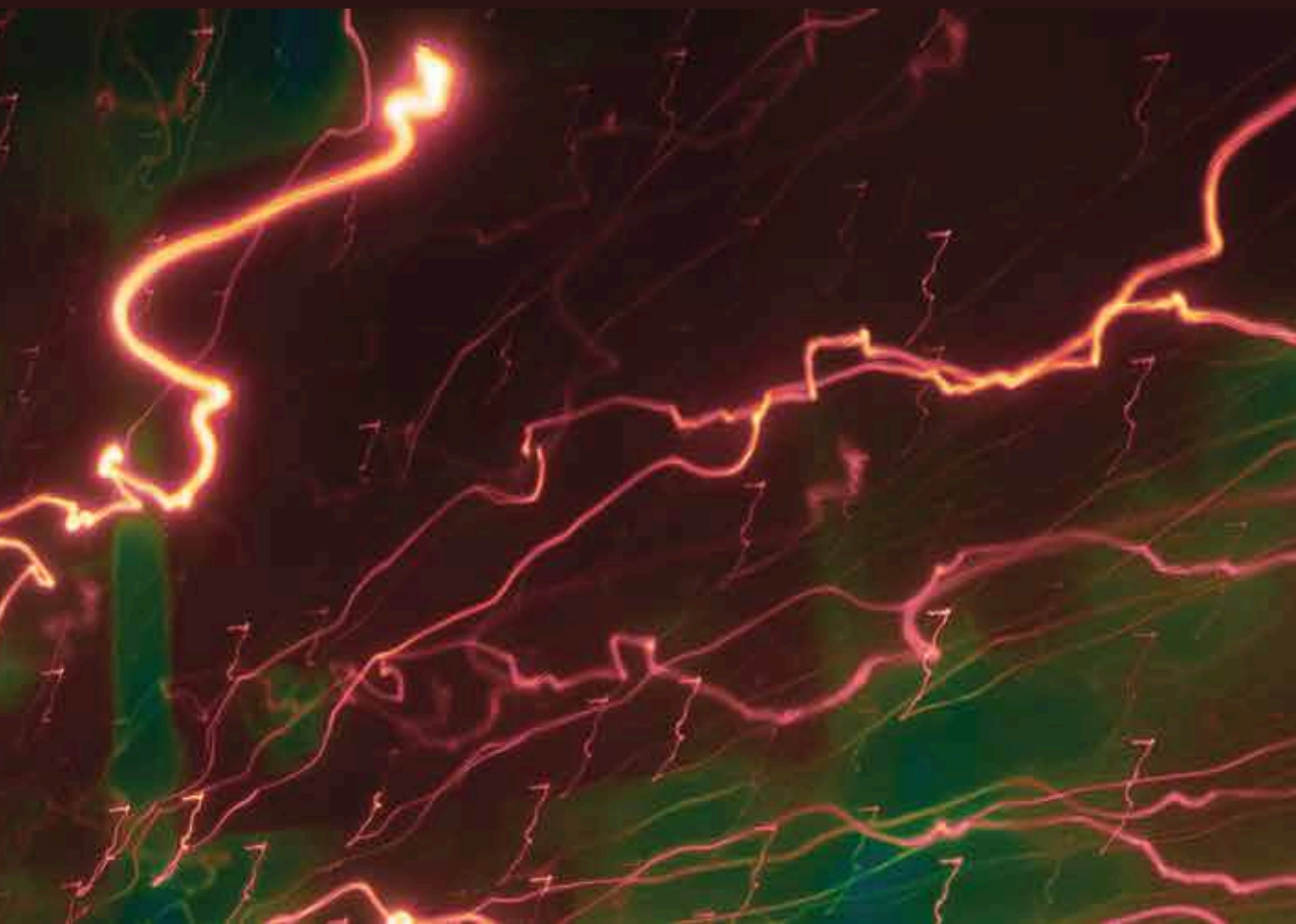
Именно это сделало мою работу наблюдением и попытками удержать то, что невозможно удержать. Поэтому я не могу назвать эту серию завершенной, ведь она была процессом и пробой, где каждый кадр является одним из случайных вариантов поймать неуловимое.

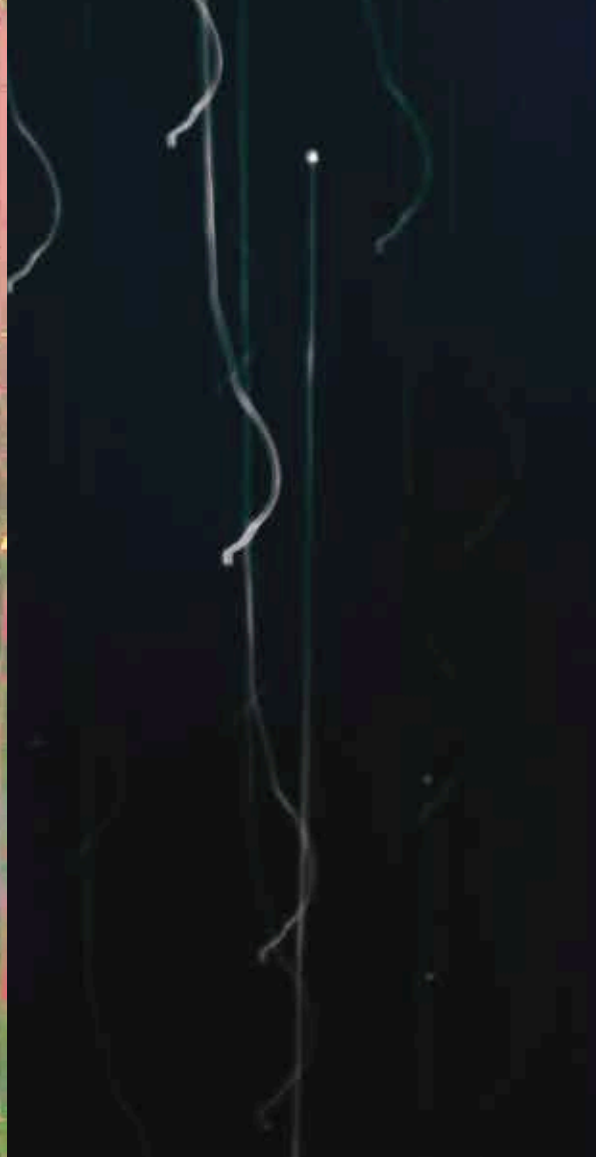
Также я решила сделать исключение и включить в серию один кадр, где свет не иллюстрирует движение, а приобретает конкретную форму, застывая на лице. Мне понравилась идея трансформации формы следа, от абстрактного к прямому.

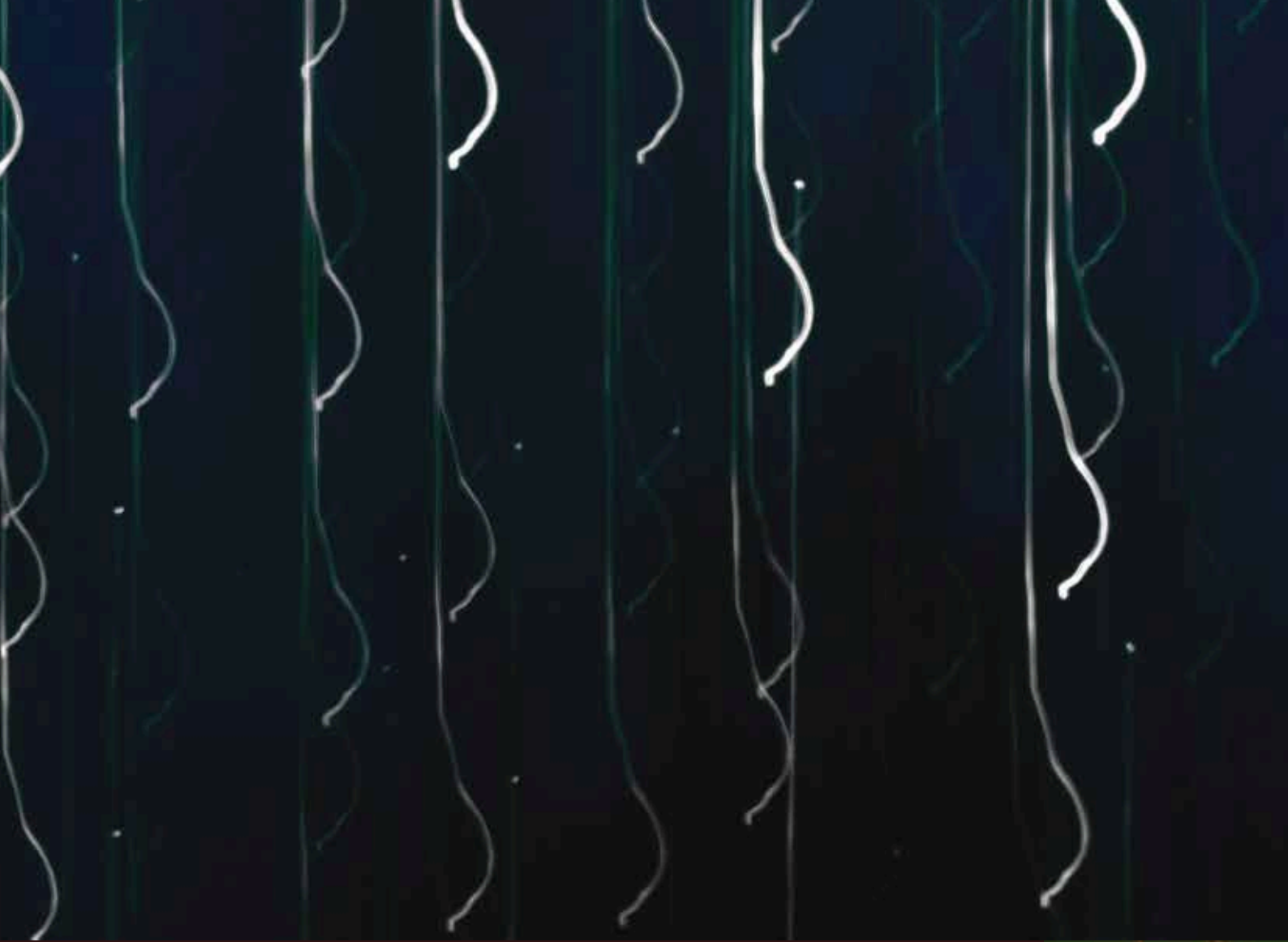


Translation

The "Traces" series is a story about my experiments about attempts to capture light as movement and as traces in space that are invisible to the human eye. Initially, I wanted to construct specific, clearly defined images that existed in my mind. However, they all began to fall apart due to utterly absurd, random occurrences that were difficult to track and rectify.







My entire body of work became defined by chaos and imperfection by the act of capturing the fleeting. This transformed my work into a process of observation and an attempt to hold onto the unholdable.



Consequently, I cannot call this series complete; it was a process and an experiment, where each frame represents just one of the chance attempts to capture the elusive. I also decided to make an exception and include one shot in the series where the light does not illustrate movement but takes on a concrete form, freezing upon the face. I liked the idea of the light trail's form transforming from abstract to direct.





The Private Interior

The Messy Side Of Therapy!!!

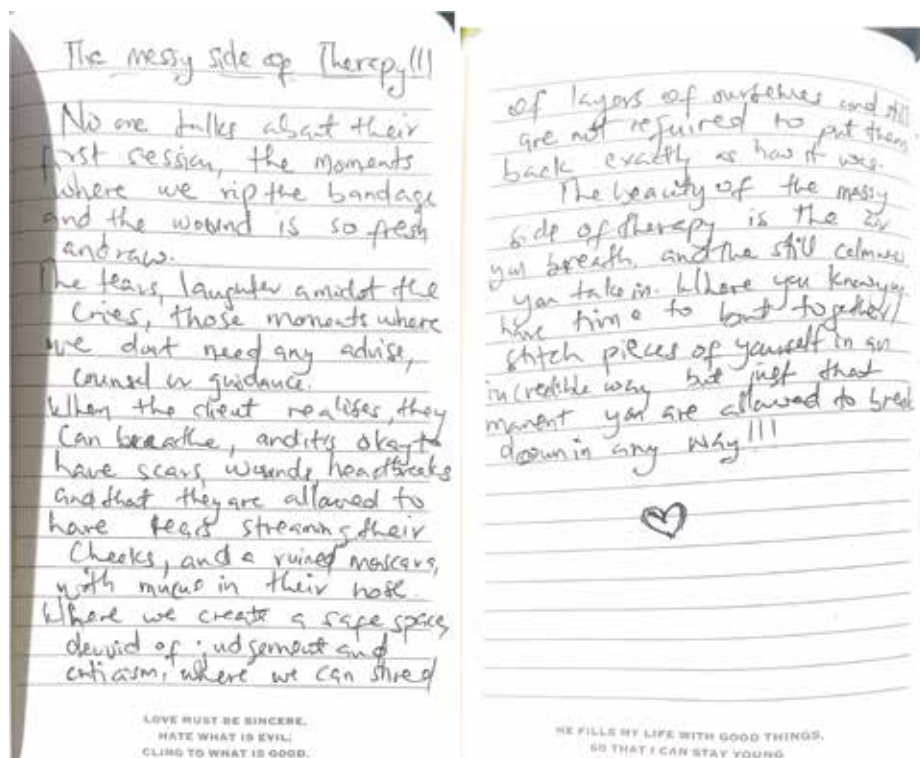
Portia Mensah

Unfinished Poem

No one talks about their first session, the moments where we rip the bandage and the wound is so fresh and raw. The tears, laughter amidst the cries, those moments where we don't need any advise, counsel or guidance.

When the client realises, they can breathe, and it's okay to have scars, wounds, heartbreaks and that they are allowed to have tears streaming their cheeks, and a ruined mascara, with mucus in their nose. Where we create a safe space, devoid of judgment and where we can entiasm, where we can shred of layers of ourselves and still are not required to put them back exactly as how it was.

The beauty of the messy side of therapy is the air you breath, and there the still calmness you take in. Where you know you have time but together stitch pieces of yourself in an incredible way but just that moment you are allowed to break down in any way!!!



Chasing Solitudes

Winniefred Frederica Gbemuotor

Unfinished Poem

I have been chasing solitudes,
the great Alone.
Accepting that we can be apart, together.

Finding sacred space
as our attention naturally dispaces.

Solitudes;,
chasing myself,
chasing voices

-in my head,
ensuring that they are locked in here with me.

I have been chasing a quietude in our dimension;,
the specific point where everything blurs,
upside down, folds into itself.

I have been chasing solitudes;,
the air from my father's fan,
the voices it birthed from the babbling of a child,
the tranquil transition into having sisters I could blabber with
to a dusty fan,
the great Alone.

Untitled

Winniefred Frederica Gbemuotor

Unfinished Poem

There is a world
at the corner of my eye.

At first, I thought
there was someone
touching my hair
but no.

No one's touch
could ever feel as fluid,
be as radiant.

No, I could see this
even in the dark:
a veiny flow of current
in thundery skies.

As I realized
my misapprehension,
I grew alert,
desperately trying to see
what the next flow would bring.

A little bit of sunshine,
some warmth
(sourced from my inherent madness),
two men tugging at chains,
trying to reach each other;

a fold in a nearby plane,
leaking invisibly
at the corner of my eye.

Ikúṣìkà

Winniefred Frederica Gbemuotor

Unfinished Poem

You're in a better place.
It was when I sat alone
in the living room
that they came and told me.

In that room where we were supposed
to make life,
in every sense of the word
they said how much of a failure I am.
It is in that room
that they told me,
that my dear love preferred l'au-delà.

Yes, as my eyes walked in the deep,
to catch a soul
that decided to retire early,
I was informed
that you, my dear love,
are in a better place.

That home wasn't enough,
my warm meals,
my hugs,
my love.

They said
I couldn't keep you.

You're in a better place?
You?

You who traced the crevices of my body
as if it held the map
of my life and yours.
You who told me
we are on this journey together.

Ah, ifẹ mi, Femi
you who called me an art canvas,
tattooed my mind with hope,
and my hope with you.

You leave me here
with shards of your brokenness.
My whole being infiltrated
by holes of you
that no one can fill.

You are, apparently,
in a better place;
better than me.

Концерт Газманова

A Question for People. A Question for Feelings.

Egorova Arina Vadimovna

Unfinished Poem

Егорова А.В.

Вопрос к людям.
Вопрос к

чувствам.
Я голоден.
Я холоден.
Я не речист.
Так говорил после я.
В лужу твое пальто белое...
Тыведьнеубьешьза это меня?

Моё письмо к тебе догорает,
Я несталаегоотправлять
Я помню,кактыговорил мне это.
Зачем мне себя отравлять?

Долгозализыватьраны пришлось,
Чтобыпочувствовать вновь.
Тот слабыйсветвдуше,который
Многиедаженепочувствуют
вскользь.

Они словно звери голодные
Набрасываются на меня.
Я одинокий щенок на дороге.
Пожалуйста,заберите меня.

I am hungry.

I am cold.

I am not one for many words.

At least,

that's what I told myself
afterwards.

Your white coat into a puddle...

You wouldn't kill me for that,
would you?

My letter to you is burning away.

I never sent it.

I remember you once telling me
that.

Why should I poison myself?

It took a long time to lick my
wounds

before I could feel again.

That faint light inside the soul
that so many people
would never even notice in
passing.

Like starving beasts,

they throw themselves at me.

I am a lonely puppy

by the side of the road.

Please... take me home.

Я буду вам верным другом,
Если вы верны мне.
Но если сделают больно,
Я сделаю вдвойне.

Все это зло в головах ваших,
Потому что терпели сполна.
Но зачем вам делать также?
Делать больно тому,кто не
желал зла?

Чтобы он сидел ночами,
И думал,какой он урод.
Восхваляя вас все горячее
И леденяще ненавидя себя.

Тепло твоих плеч нарастало,
Признаться, я таяла от зла.
Я знала,что будет больно.
Я всегда готовлю себя.

Но вот твои окна открыты
Они промерзли насквозь
Как думаешь снова получится?
Прогреть их,
Прочувствовать?
«Любовь»?

Ведь будто нечисть это
чувство,которое
Распыляет все в брызги,как
кровь.
Как думаешь стоит такое
Снова проживать вновь?

I will be your faithful friend,
if you are faithful to me.
But if someone hurts me,
I will hurt them twice as much.

All this evil
lives inside your heads
because you yourselves
endured so much of it.
But why become the same?
Why hurt someone
who wished no harm upon you?

So that they spend their nights awake,
wondering what kind of monster they
are.
Praising you more and more,
while freezing themselves with hatred.

The warmth of your shoulders kept
growing nearer.
I must admit—
I was melting from all that bitterness.
I knew it would hurt. I always prepare
myself.

But now your windows stand open.
Frozen all the way through.
Do you think it is possible once again to
warm them, to feel them,
to call it "love"?

For love feels almost
like some unclean spirit
scattering everything into crimson
splinters,
like blood.
Tell me... do you think it is worth living
through something like that again?

Interlude

Flight Of The Bumblebee

Unfinished Poem

I read a lot growing up. And what that means is that most of my definitions for words are very contextual. This includes virtuoso. I don't recall where I first saw this word, but for the forever I've known it, I have always attributed it to brilliance, or an attempt at perfection. I looked up the word for the first time today at 2:03 a.m., and I find it deeply poetic that the true meaning of the word is not lost if one decides to rely only on my attribution. Exceptional technical ability in field x. Where x is whatever activity is being spoken of. That's what virtuoso means.





The first time I heard Nikolai Rimsky-Korsakov's Flight of the Bumblebee, I was on the balcony of the Philadelphia Barnes Foundation home with Mj. Stephen-leo-ken, watching Mimi Stillman and pianist Gabriel Globus Hoenich. First Sunday Family event. I stared in awe, as I always do when it comes to anything related to the arts. 2 minutes of splendor that feels untrue when you attempt to even speak of it. My love for classical music stems from my first hearing of my Dad's reenactment of Rachmaninoff.

When I was 6, we had a small grand piano (about 5 feet long) built by Chickering & Sons. I would dabble on the keys whenever I walked through our living room, and on Saturday evenings, I'd delight in watching my dad practice. His fingers would flit from black to white so effortlessly, and that magic would so captivate me that I'd start listening to classical music so I could have a bottomless pocket of number requests. And oh how that man indulged me; playing for hours unend till Dr. Sabina pulls us away, literally into the adjoining dinning area for a late lunch.





Beethoven's Ode to joy was the first thing I learnt to play.
The practice it took, my earliest conception of dedication
and commitment.

Dzorwulu - Carlisle

Evangel Yorke Acquaye

Unfinished Poem

The Vandas were glowing this morning, as if they had borrowed a little color from the sunrise. The petals are an interesting shade of purple, and the brightness reminds me of that summer in Carlisle where the mornings smelled of pine and the fields glowed to the rhythm of birdsong. Where my grief lost its voice and I re-found my pen.

Spark

Oh my dear, you've broken me. You've held my hands and walked me to despair. You have torn me apart and yet everytime I see you, I fall anew. I am dying, you're killing me, and yet you're my biggest lifeline.

The one who got away

"Leo, I love you—r shoes."

Grandma things

My love taught me how to crochet, and together we made me a laptop sleeve. The story is glamorous in its simplicity. The image is endless in its connotation.

Bernadine Evaristo

Girl.

Woman.

Other.

.

The Last Amazon of Dahomey, written and directed by Bonsu

where in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries served the king

women who lived in the king's compound and food and female slaves

who left the palace preceded by a slave girl

men to look away or be killed

who became the palace guard because they to chop off the king's head or commit suicide

who were trained to climb palm trees

who were sent into the bush to hunt

their own

who were crack down with their

loved their enemies with ease

who fought the Yoruba and the

colonies

who grew to an army of 10,000

king

who were not allowed to

child born to them was killed

on first hearing of their

among themselves

supposed

and the king's

the last Amazon

among the

cast out of his bedchamber and forced to join his female combat troops where she survives the hazardous induction and rises up the ranks through her powerful physicality and cunning battle strategies to become a legendary Amazon general who shocked foreign observers with her fearless ferocity

Amma shows Nawi's loyalty to her many women lovers long after the tides of them, making sure the king assigns them lightweight domestic duties rather than kick them out of the compound to a life of prostitution

the end of the play, old and alone, Nawi reconnects with her past as, who fade in and out as spectres, courtesy of holograms relives the wars where she made her name, including the ones instigated to provide captives for the abolished slave trade in Americas, with outlaw slave ships outrunning the blockades in do business with him

proud of her achievements projections show her battles in action, thunderous armies of Amazons brandishing muskets and machetes

g and swelling towards the audience

illing, terrifying

Nawi's death

ly fading

as Dominique could have flown over to see a play she had ten years ago when Amma wrote it taken this long to get staged because every company had it down as not being right for them

the middle
days, remen
age to the le
hidden do
existence

it was alm
wearing men'
straight out of
the dance fl

Really! It's all that needs said.

The Cup. The Glass.

I have seen the sad and fading light. Jackhammers at my headboard. I've had days when I was unable to write. And the storm leaned against the glass as I pressed my palm to the window. Mocha cooling in its cup, steam folding in the air I breathe.

They say misery it is, who acquaints man with strange bedfellows, so my sadness collected in the spine of a book, in the curve of my glasses —cracked along its bridge, light bending at angles I cannot hold

I am here,

on the edge of a chipped China with love waiting in its corner bearing the weight of a patient shadow.

Rain replaces snow, writing my room into a script.

I burst a vein

I touch the cup again

And the record stops.

But my fingers remember the melodies, the days gone by, when sorrow bore me witness.

But my fingers remember the melodies, and I hum a prayer for lingering grace.

Desire. Dance. Oblivion.

Last Seat, Bus No. 2

Seyram Klu De-Souza

Marginalia

Last Seat, Bus No. 2

8:15 pm, Исаакиевская площадь (St. Isaac's Square)

I see the cathedral differently from here.

Not from the inside.

Though, from here, I only catch glimpses of whatever sacredness
lives in that place
from a moving machine running on asphalt.

Nor from the steps where people gather to admire it.

People—

...I will come back to people.

Only from bus number 2 enroute to Admiralteyskaya Metro Station,
through a piece of glass

...that separates me from the big blue outdoors, for a moment.
This is how we experience the most beautiful things? I wonder...

From a distance?

Briefly and enroute?

Saint Isaac's Cathedral has been standing there, long long before I
arrived. It will remain long, long after I leave... Hopefully...

And yet, there is something comforting
yet unsettling about all this you see.

To think that a place can hold its ground
while generations of people move through it.

People who've loved, people who've lost.

People who believed they had finally arrived

only to discover that getting there
was just another door
with another window behind it?

I wonder what it feels like.
To spend centuries in one place.
To never pack a bag, to never say goodbye.

To never have to ask:
Where do I belong next?

Perhaps this is why I envy buildings.
I envy them... Because they are allowed to stay. They are meant
to...

But even then, I may be mistaken.
Because even the cathedral changes.

The stone darkens, the gold fades and cracks appear.

The years leave their fingerprints.

Nothing truly stays untouched, I've garnered.
To think... permanence is only another form of movement... A much,
much slower one.

A movement so patient that we all mistake it for stillness.

I think about all the people who built it. The hands that placed the stones.

The workers who spent years creating something they might never see completed.

Sigh...

The bus keeps moving. The cathedral watches.

How many winters has it witnessed? How many footsteps? How many broken hearts carried past its doors?

A place for sure remembers differently from us, people. We leave fragments of ourselves everywhere.

In streets...

In rooms...

In photographs...

Sigh...

The strange thing about a window is that it allows you to see everything without ever letting you touch it.

I often wonder, if maybe that is what life is. A series of beautiful (and not so beautiful things) to encounter briefly. Things we cannot keep. Things we can only... witness?

My mind supplies a soundtrack here; mood music behind all this wondering...

Something about time.

Something slipping through fingers.

I almost mime along.

...



ПОБЕДА!



The cathedral disappears in the distance.

For a moment, I wonder if it noticed me.
I laugh... But of course it didn't.

Maybe that is not the point. Maybe we do not
need every place to remember us.

Maybe it is enough... that for a brief moment,
we were there.

Looking, passing through
I'll see you tomorrow...

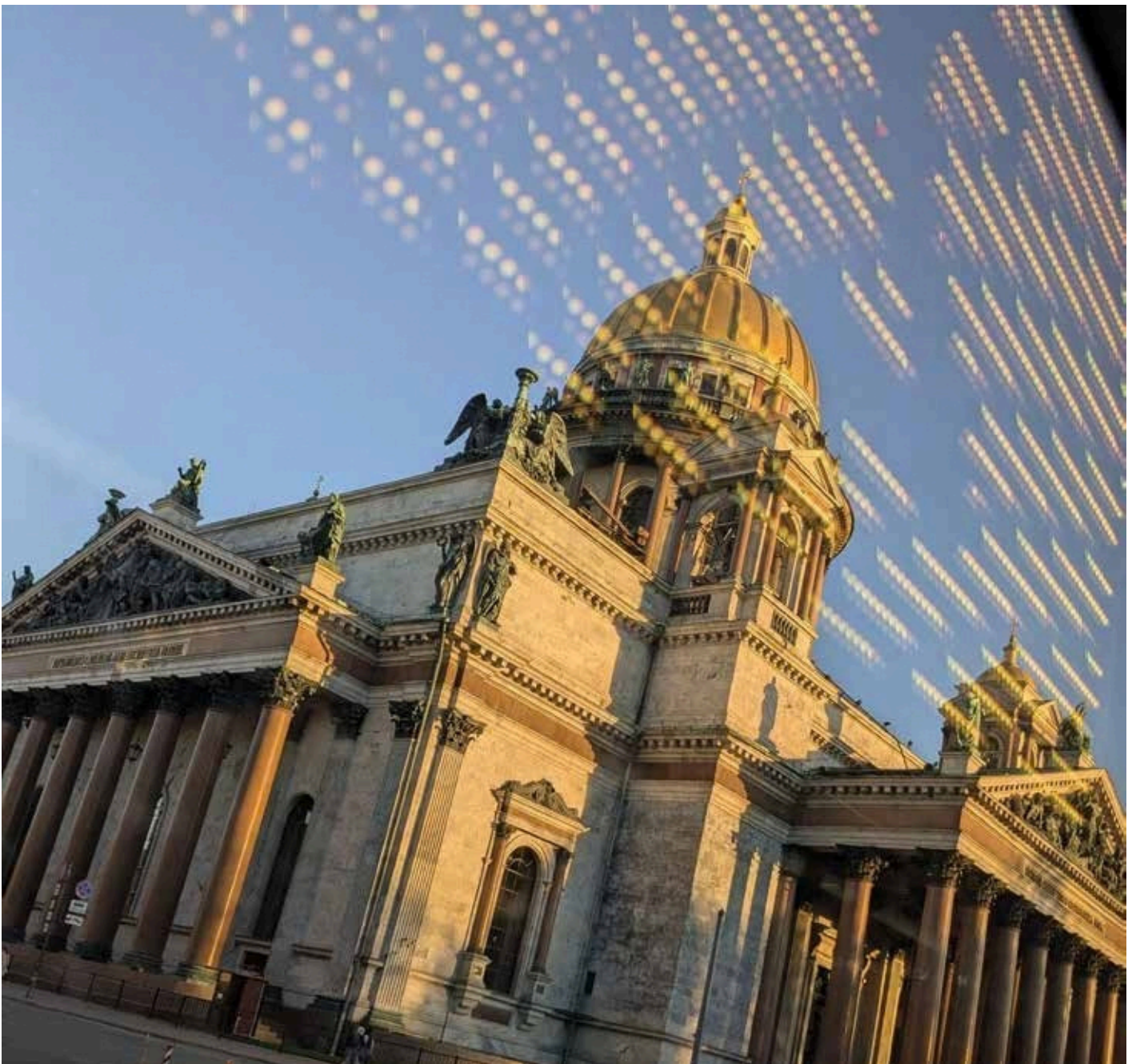
Context Note

I wrote Last Seat, Bus No. 2 in the beginning of spring during my daily journey home from work. From the last seat of the bus, I would often watch Saint Isaac's Cathedral appear through the window and then slowly disappear behind the movement of the city.

At first, I was simply fascinated by the image of it. The cathedral standing still while I moved past it. But, over time, I began to think about what it meant to remain in one place while everything around you is constantly changing. This cathedral has witnessed generations arrive and disappear, while I, like so many others, am always passing through.

I began to think about permanence, about the places we leave behind, and about the versions of ourselves we are constantly moving away from. I wondered whether anything is ever truly still. Even the cathedral, which appears so permanent, has weathered, aged, cracked, and changed.

This piece remained unfinished because I could never really arrive at a final answer to these questions. It was written in fragments, as thoughts often come to me.



Things Left Unsaid

Wedding

Loretta Abia Fanou (K. Daki)

Unfinished Poem

The ceremony
One, long looked up to
From an age unknown

It is seen either in our parents
Our teachers
Our neighbors, or even
Our churchgoers, if that's a word

Ladies stress about it
Guys? They play tough
Family?
They even do the planning for

Does it tell you anything?
Even if one is to throw away the symbol, it does not break the
relation.
How

Context Note:

Although the poem already contained its central reflection on marriage and symbolism, I considered it incomplete in 2023 because I felt the thematic progression had not yet fully matured. The piece questioned the relationship between the marriage ceremony and genuine human connection, but I sensed there was still more emotional and structural depth to uncover. I wanted to put in the fact that some people are not married by law. Some were not married in the church, and yet they proclaim themselves married and society accepts it. I wanted to add the fact that some people go into marriage to prove a point. Some pretend to be married with their partners because of the title and go behind their spouses to betray them. There was also so much more good I could put in this piece.

Also, I suppose my thinking at each stanza ran out and had to be expanded but I may never really know because I did not complete the piece.

Finally, I never gave it a title but since your platform is asking for one. I will make it the most obvious in my opinion. Hopefully, people would get to read the whole piece before seeing the title. I wondered at the time of writing and I still do, if this piece could exist in terms of weddings mainly without me having to add the whole marriage factor. The ideas were many. Writing them was a bit tough. Because how do I write the difference when I do not exactly know how to separate them yet?

BOYS DON'T SING

Verny Joy Oforiwaa Mawufemor

Unfinished Story

Page 1

Chapter one

The first time a baby's cry filled Mr. Ofori's house,
Betom, a suburb in Koforidua, was wrapped in a cold night.
The sound stretched, crept through shutters,
shook the old bones of wooden doors,
and woke the street from its half-dead slumber.

Ma Sheila heard it too.

Bulky, folded into her old wooden chair,
a retired primary madam who never greeted,
never nodded, never looked.
She hissed—
a long, sharp thing that sliced the air like a cutlass.
Even the walls flinched.
Even the ants turned their heads.

Akwasi Ntia stirred.

A taxi driver who loved a new thing every market day,
tipped his head to the window, blinked,
decided against curiosity,
slid back into sleep.

But Anti?

Anti stepped out.
The cold licked her bare arms,
but she walked—
twenty steps to Mr. Ofori's porch.
She knocked.
Shifted the cloth on her shoulder.
Knocked again.

Page 2

The door yawned open.

"I hope all is well."

Her voice dripped with something sweet,
too sweet.

"I heard the sounds and..."

"Yes, all is well."

Mr. Ofori knew better.

Knew that Anti's concern was a basket with holes.

By dawn, even the mosquitoes would have the story.

She turned, humiliated,

her own shadow whispering about her.

"Don't you think we should take him to the hospital?"

Mr. Ofori asked again.

His wife Matilda, affectionately called Maa Tilly sighed.

How could she explain?

The child wasn't sick, no.

It was just a thing babies did—

a wailing protest when new parents
dared to close their eyes too.

Page 3

Chapter two

Five days later, they gathered—

under the big tree, a few steps from the house.

The drums coughed, men clapped and women sang.

Mr. Ofori, chest puffed, voice thick with pride:

"He shall be called BENJAMIN KWAKU OFORI!"

The first time he had ever felt like a man.

The weight of a son in his hands made his shoulders broader.

"He shall be a pilot."

His voice stretched above the leaves,
above the sky, beyond Betom.

"He will drive my wife and me in an aeroplane
to the white man's land.

Page 4

Beside him, Maa Tilly grinned, teeth catching the sun.

Asabea, her best friend, clapped and swayed.

Gladys, her silent rival in the neighbourhood, was there too.

Gladys, who had birthed a girl four months earlier—

But today, the greater merry belonged to Maa Tilly.

For her baby was new.

Her baby was a boy.

And in a gathering like this,

a boy was worth the louder laughter,

the sweeter songs,

the stronger drinks.

Maa Tilly stood suddenly.

White kaba, blue-patterned slit,

And a Bonsu cloth wrapped over her shoulders
like a king's robe.

She swayed—

and the cloth swayed with her.

Page 5

Eighteen years later,

Benjamin wasn't flying his parents to the white man's land.
He was driving them—
to the hospital for stitches,
to the police station for answers.

They knew all the officers by name.

Knew all his teachers—
from seven different schools.

Knew their boy wouldn't change.

Knew he would die if they didn't step in
when Officer Wayo called that night.

And so, they went.

Again.

Page 6

Chapter three

The trip back in the red Toyota Camry 2005 was silent, suffocating.
The air sat thick between them, heavy as regret.

Mr. Ofori turned the dial, let the 7 o'clock news fill the silence.

His chest rose and fell, slow and angry, like an ox ready to
charge.

Maa Tilly turned to the window—

watched children kicking up dust,
playing near their mothers' shops and food joints.
For a second, she wished Benjamin had been one of them,
barefoot, laughing, innocent.

Context Note

This piece is still incomplete because it represents my very first attempt at writing poetry/prose, and I'm still learning how to fully shape my voice and structure my ideas. At the time of working on it, I realised I wanted to take a step back and develop it more intentionally rather than rush the process.

I also moved on to exploring other stories and creative directions that were calling for my attention, which made it difficult to give this piece the focus it needed. However, I see that as part of my creative growth rather than a setback.

Right now, I'm giving myself time to revisit it with more clarity, experience, and refinement. I want the final work to feel complete, authentic, and aligned with the standard I'm building for myself as a writer.

Benjamin stared at his lap.
He knew the rules of this ride:
they wouldn't speak if he didn't.

Still, he muttered,
"It wasn't my fault this time."

Page 7

Mr. Ofori turned the volume up.
Drowned his son's voice in the static of radio waves.

Maa Tilly wiped a silent tear.

"That's what you do all the time," Benjamin said.
"You don't even care to hear me out."

The car screeched to a stop.
Maa Tilly's hand shot out, found her husband's arm.
"My husband, not now. Not here.
We've all had a tiring day."

A pause.
A long, angry pause.

Then, the wheels rolled again.

Page 8

Mr. Ofori didn't sit.
Didn't ease into the decision like a father burdened with guilt.
He stood tall, final, voice like a judge handing down a verdict.

"I've come to the realization that you won't change.
I've made my peace with it.
Two weeks from now, your uncle will pick you up.
You'll be enrolled in the Souls Harbour Christian Military School
in Obuasi.
During breaks, you'll stay with him and his family in Mpasatia.
You will only return home after passing out."

A small whimper broke the air.
Justice.

Page 9

Then, a laugh.
Sharp, bitter.
A cackle splitting through the tension.

"You would rather send me away than deal with me?
Your own son?
You're a coward."

The slap cracked like lightning.

Mr. Ofori's voice shook with something between rage and
exhaustion.

"I've tried—God knows I've tried."

Page 10

"I'm sending you somewhere that'll do what I can't—
beat some discipline into that thick skull of yours."

Benjamin scoffed.

"Oh, that's rich."

The World
Continues Without Us

Seen & Heard Stories from Pretoria 012

Sipho Ndebele

Unused Image Or Photograph



A large portion of the original photos were lost due to an external hard-drive crash and the remaining photographs were just a shadow of what the collection was meant to be.

I had plans to re-do the collection but work commitments got in the way and i have since moved from Pretoria









Untitled

TeboPixels
Untitled Photo Series

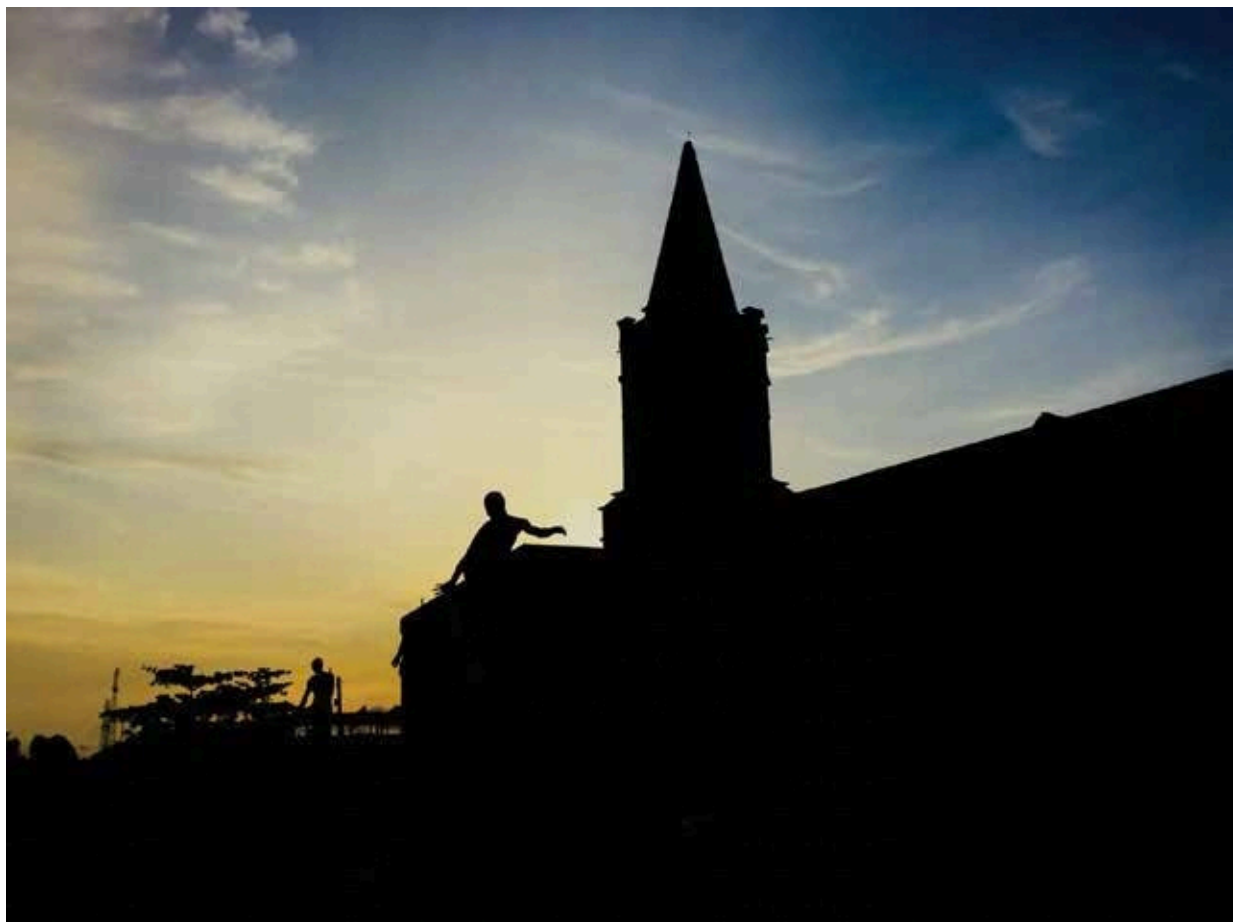
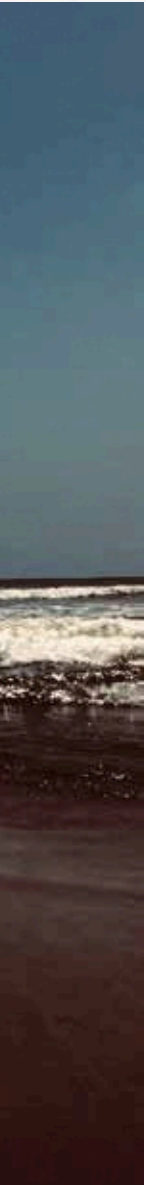




During COVID, life came to a standstill. The streets of Accra emptied, and the world was forced to tone down its pace. In my photographer's eye, everything turned capture-worthy. My friend. Y)ngo bi sene nua, friend turned brother, enjoying the beachwaves, sunset rushing for a kiss of maamewater's salty lips.









The black star square, formerly full of life, now deserted, alone in its wanting. These images tell of a story of how the stewards lock themselves behind doors when a predator stronger than them emerges.

The Three Wise Men.

The ephemerality of life makes it into its own paradox. You try to understand it, and all it offers you is Circles.

Men on stilts. Men reaching for the heights.

Man born child. Child grow into man. Man born child. circles.







About The Contributors

Sheini Neindow David

My name is Sheini Neindow David, I am a visual artist from Tamale, Ghana, whose practice explores the archival recordings through photographs taken as part of my family's heritage and the life that exists within them. My work reflects on themes of memory, transformation, history, legacy and cultural identity, often finding ways in which all these stated facts reflect the connections between 'then and now' – contemporaneity.

Working across drawing – but exploring other aspects like painting, ceramics and mixed media, I engage processes that allow materials to speak about time, use, and human interaction especially personal family experiences. I am interested in the relationship between modernity and contemporaneity.

Through my studio practice and personal engagements with the family archive- photographs, I aim to create visual representations that encourage reflection on the very close contact that exists among the family's experiences that in one way or the other has an influence in the 'now' we find ourselves in. My work re-enacts that life or world that pretty much existed, treating every word, sentence and memory as a data base containing every detail.

My work is meant to achieve that objective of reconstructing, bringing back to life that living memory and history that always existed in these photographs that find another home to itself on paper.

Дарья Darya

Я Дарья, из маленького далекого городка России. Искусство влекло меня всегда, да и моя прабабушка сильно повлияла на мое восприятие художеств. С раннего детства я много рисовала, потом закончила художественную школу и поступила на графического дизайнера

Translation

I'm Daria, from a small, remote town in Russia. Art has always drawn me in, and my great-grandmother had a profound influence on my perception of it. I drew constantly from early childhood, then went to art school and eventually enrolled in a graphic design program.

Laryea Enoch Nii Adjei

Laryea Enoch Nii Adjei also known as Sage (1992) is a multi-disciplinary artist based in Accra, Ghana. He earned a High National Diploma in Industrial Arts from the School of Engineering at the Tamale Technical University.

He is a multi-disciplinary artist whose work includes painting, ceramics, illustration, graffiti, murals, and sculpture. Using these media, he engages audiences in an open dialogue on a variety of discursive cultural themes. Nii Adjei works with a variety of traditional media such as pencil, ink, pastel, charcoal, chalk, acrylic and oil paint. He is also skilled with more (work for unique) media including clay, cement, fiberglass, and body painting.

Suneeha Tahir

Suneeha Tahir is a designer and artist from Hyderabad, Pakistan. Her work blends digital and hand-drawn approaches, often leaning into expressive lines and playful imperfections. She has exhibited and been published internationally, including at the International Poster Biennale in Lublin. In 2024, she presented her first fine art work in a group show at VM Art Gallery, Karachi. She is currently studying Arts and Culture Management in St. Petersburg, while continuing to explore her practice and place within the arts.

Chekmareva Maria Artemovna

Родилась 10 февраля 2008 года в городе Лисичанск, Луганской области. С начала 2014 года многое начало меняться, переезжали с родителями из одного города в другой, после вернулись домой. 2023 год - переезд в Крым. Войны, смерти и недолгое нахождение под дулом автомата стали дополнительными факторами, побудившими к реализации давней мечты о становлении фотографом. Сейчас нахожусь в городе Санкт-Петербург и продолжаю собирать мини коллекцию снимков. Основной пласт фотоснимков характеризуется тревожной составляющей, но есть и небольшие исключения.

Translation

I was born on February 10, 2008, in Lisichansk, Luhansk Oblast. In early 2014, a lot began to change: my parents and I moved from one city to another, then returned home. In 2023, I moved to Crimea. Wars, deaths, and a brief stint at gunpoint became additional factors that prompted me to realize my long-held dream of becoming a photographer. I am currently based in St. Petersburg and continue to assemble a mini-collection of photographs. Most of the photographs are characterized by a disturbing element, but there are a few exceptions.

Иванова Полина Ивановна

Я думаю, меня все еще нужно называть исследователем. Не художником, не дизайнером, не фотографом, а тем человеком, который до сих пор нащупывает свое визуальное восприятие мира, пробуя разные образы, приемы и языки. И фотография стала для меня, пожалуй, наиболее естественным методом трансформации своего видения. Это ~~возможность~~ возможность остановиться и увидеть в привычных неординарные трактовки, разглядеть то, что часто остается за рамками нашего фокуса из-за спешки и стиля жизни. Укрупнение кадра и работа со светом это то, что я сильно ценю и часто использую, ведь они позволяют мне передавать совершенно иные ощущения от объекта, дают возможность найти и подчеркнуть его неожиданные грани. Фотография для меня — это история про развитие и находки, про случайности.

Translation

I think I should still be called a researcher. Not an artist, a designer, or a photographer, but someone who is still feeling out their visual perception of the world, experimenting with various images, techniques, and languages. And photography has become, for me, perhaps the most natural method for transforming my vision. It is an opportunity to pause and see extraordinary interpretations within familiar silhouettes—to discern things that often fall outside our field of vision due to the rush and pace of modern life. I deeply value and frequently employ close-ups and lighting techniques, as they allow me to convey a completely different sense of a subject, enabling me to discover and highlight its unexpected facets. For me, photography is a story of growth, discovery, and serendipity.

Portia Mensah

My name is Portia Mensah, and I am a Clinical Psychology intern with a deep passion for understanding people and promoting mental wellness. Outside of my professional life, I find comfort and expression in reading, writing poetry, and cooking. I call them “little pockets of joy”. It helps me unwind and reconnect with myself after helping others navigate their mental health journeys.

Poetry, for me, is more than art; it is a space where emotions breathe freely and stories find meaning. I enjoy blending my observations, and experiences into words that resonate with others. My interests reflect my desire to become an all-rounded person, someone who not only works within mental health but also channels creativity, and compassion into everyday life. Through both psychology and poetry, I hope to inspire healing, and self-expression while continuing to grow into the best version of myself.

Winniefred Frederica Gbemuotor

Winniefred Frederica Gbemuotor is a Ghanaian poet, communication professional, and graphic designer. Her work engages abstract ideas and embraces ambiguity, often exploring memory, grief, and love through layered, shifting perspectives.

She has contributed to national and international conversations as a discussant, including at UNESCO's Transforming Education Summit and LifeLink Tertiary Model UN. She currently serves as Social Media Management Assistant at UniMAC, where she works across content creation, photography, and videography. She is guided by the belief that small details shape larger meanings, a philosophy that informs both her creative and professional work.

Loretta Abia Fanou K. D

K. Daki is the name I prefer to use on stage. I am a writer drawn to the intersections of image, thought, and experience where ordinary moments begin to carry meanings beyond themselves. My work moves across poetry and reflective prose, exploring identity, perception, relationships, and the subtle structures that shape how we understand the world. I am interested in how language transforms lived experience, how the personal becomes symbolic, and how symbols sometimes return us to the personal in unexpected ways.

I often write through imagery and voice, allowing objects, spaces, and ideas to speak, shift, and sometimes contradict themselves. My pieces sit in the tension between clarity and uncertainty, observation and questioning, silence and expression. At its core, my writing is an ongoing attempt to notice more closely and to trace how meaning is formed, fractured, and reimagined in everyday life.

Sipho Ndebele

Sipho Ndebele is a Zimbabwean-born filmmaker and cultural practitioner whose work moves between observation and memory, tracing the textures of African life with a quiet, attentive gaze. Drawn to the spaces between movement and stillness, intimacy and distance, he approaches storytelling as a way of listening closely to people, landscapes, and the unseen rhythms that shape everyday experience.

Working across feature films, documentaries, and television productions throughout Southern Africa, Sipho's practice is guided by curiosity, observation, and a deep interest in stories that feel lived-in and emotionally honest. His work reflects a careful attention to atmosphere, character, and the layered complexities of identity, memory, and place.

Outside filmmaking, he is drawn to arthouse cinema, jazz records, hiking, coffee brewing, and street photography places and rituals that continue to sharpen his attention to detail and deepen his understanding of the world around him. Through his work, Sipho seeks stories that feel deeply rooted yet unbound by geography, carrying the intimacy of lived experience across borders.

Verny Joy

I am Verny Joy, a Ghana-based creative storyteller, photographer, and journalist working across comics, animation, and digital media. I am the founder of Studio KVR, an African creative studio focused on building original characters, comic universes, and animated stories rooted in culture and designed to connect with global audiences.

Tebo Pixels

Tebo Pixels is a Ghanaian visual storyteller specializing in professional photography, videography, creative media production and a great mindset for creative directing. Beginning with a passion for capturing authentic moments and compelling narratives, Tebo Pixels has built a reputation for delivering high-quality visual content that connects people, brands, and communities. With experience covering corporate events, conferences, sporting events, restaurants, fashion, real estate, lifestyle campaigns, and commercial projects,

Tebo Pixels combines technical excellence with artistic vision to create images and documentary that leave a lasting impression. Every project is approached with precision, creativity, and a commitment to excellence, ensuring that every frame tells a meaningful story with great emotions. Driven by the philosophy that every moment deserves to be created, remembered and kept beautifully,

Tebo Pixels continues to collaborate with businesses, organizations, public figures, and individuals to produce impactful visual experiences that inspires generations. Tebo Pixels is committed to maintaining the highest standards of professionalism, ethical media practice, and respectful event coverage while delivering compelling visual documentation of every assignment.

Egorova Arina Vadimovna

Меня зовут Арина, мне 21 год. С самого детства являюсь творческим человеком. Я пою, пишу стихи, рисую. Сейчас учусь на режиссёра, надеюсь в будущем обрести известность своими работами.

Translation

My name is Arina, and I'm 21 years old. I've been a creative person since childhood; I sing, write poetry, and draw. I'm currently studying to become a director, and I hope to gain recognition for my work in the future.

Pyrin Arseniy Andreyevich

художник, музыкант, фотограф - работаю в спб, учусь во ВХУТЕИНе

Translation

Artist, musician, and photographer—I work in St. Petersburg and study at VkhUTEIN.

EDITORIAL TEAM

About

SEYRAM KLU DE-SOUZA

Founding Editor



Seyram Klu De-Souza is a Ghanaian cultural strategist and creative writer whose work operates at the intersection of arts, cultural diplomacy, and socially engaged practice. Her intellectual and creative interests center on how culture functions as a site of memory, agency, transformation and most recently, ekphrasis.

With academic training in film, international relations and arts and culture management, she approaches cultural production as both a critical inquiry and a tool for public engagement, designing initiatives that position creativity as a force for dialogue, equity, and social imagination.

She has contributed to major cultural initiatives including film festivals, exhibitions, and interdisciplinary arts programming. She is the project lead for Dear Legachi, a transformative initiative dedicated to empowering children across Ghana, through education, advocacy, and the arts.

As a writer, Seyram works across poetry, prose, and creative nonfiction. Her work has appeared in Brittle Paper, Nenta Literary Journal, and the Lucky Jefferson collection, and she was a finalist for the Adinkra Poetry Prize. Her literary voice is noted for its attentiveness to interior landscapes, history, and the quiet architectures through which individuals hold memory and identity.

She is the founder and chief editor of Interstice, a journal dedicated to unfinished works, fragments, and emergent artistic processes. Through her research, writing, and curatorial initiatives, she is committed to building transnational cultural platforms that foster intellectual exchange, support emerging voices, and reframe how creativity is understood as an evolving, human process of inquiry and expression.



About

EVANGEL YORKE- ACQUAYE

Co-Editor



Evangel-Léo-Ken Jnr Yorke Acquaye is a multifaceted young Ghanaian writer, activist, and aspiring attorney-dentist (yes, you read that right!). A passionate human rights advocate who holds literacy and art in the highest esteem, Leo is a writer at heart whose voice is amplified by his love for humanity, the arts, and his dream of an Africa where illiteracy is nearly nonexistent.

Through his work, he embodies the spirit of a budding changemaker. As the Founder of Dear Legachi, Leo dedicates himself to empowering the younggirl child and fighting against domestic violence, child marriage, and all forms of abuse. He creatively integrates STEM, filmmaking, poetry and the arts into his mission of empowerment, restoration, and dismantling archaic cultures that suppress true humanity and kindness.

When he is not writing, Leo co-leads Rhetoric Orchestra and manages the Creatives Project Ghana community. A prolific poet with hundreds of pieces to his name, his work has been featured or is forthcoming in esteemed publications such as Isele Magazine, Nenta Literary journal, The Shallow Tales Review and the Adinkra Poetry Prize issue, among others.

As an Ambassador for Youths and Rights International and an advocate for Read Ghana, Leo's passion for social justice and education shines brightly. A self-proclaimed feminist, he is unafraid to challenge the status quo. He firmly believes that art is essential and that writing provides stability in chaos.

Leo is a writer, a fighter, and a lover.



About

ASEYE TAMAKLOE

Visiting editorial Advisor



Aseye Tamakloe is a filmmaker, film educator, and cultural activist whose work merges cinema with advocacy, memory and placemaking. With nearly two decades of experience in Ghana's film and television industries and beyond, she has become a significant figure in shaping African cinematic landscapes.

She has served as a co-programmer for Film Africa Festival, London's largest celebration of African and African diaspora cinema, organised by the Royal African Society, and as the Festival Director for the European Film Festival Ghana.

She is also a juror for the Feature Narrative category at Philadelphia's renowned BlackStar Film Festival. She is a board member of the National Film Authority (NFA) in her home country, Ghana.

Her practice focuses on creating and protecting inclusive platforms, which is why she established NDIVA Women's Film Festival. An initiative that showcases, preserves, and celebrates work created by, for, and about women.

Her acclaimed documentary, "When Women Speak" continues to be screened worldwide. Aseye Tamakloe is also a PhD candidate at the Institute of African Studies, University of Ghana.

Her research interests are in the fields of African Cinemas, African Urbanities, African Literature, Popular Culture and Gender studies.



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ABOUT ANANKE PROJECTS

Ananke Projects is an independent creative and curatorial platform initiated by Seyram Klu De-Souza and founded on the belief that artistic expression is not optional, but essential to how societies think, remember, heal, and imagine new futures. Named after Ananke, the Greek personification of inevitability and necessity, the platform exists as a space where art is understood not simply as aesthetic production, but as a necessary force for dialogue, transformation, and cultural meaning.

Working across publishing, curatorial practice, interdisciplinary collaboration, research, and cultural programming, Ananke Projects is committed to creating thoughtful spaces where artists, writers, filmmakers, and cultural practitioners can experiment freely and engage deeply with ideas that shape contemporary life.

Interstice emerges as the inaugural publishing initiative under Ananke Projects — the first expression of a long-term vision dedicated to nurturing process, experimentation, and forms of creative practice that exist beyond conventional expectations of completion.

At its core, Ananke Projects exists for one simple reason: because art must.

“Nothing living was ever meant to be complete. Perhaps the process alone is always enough.”

