



# Imagine

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Imagine living in a world where you and your people were supposed to be free on your own land. But something is off and you can't quite figure out what it is.

Several of your friends have committed suicide. You have been sexually molested and abused since childhood throughout your teenage years. You know there's a bigger connection to the history but you don't know how or why. When you went to school, you visited most of your classmates. A new child got into your class. A child from across the sea. You got curious and went to visit their home too. You could immediately tell that their home was bigger than yours. Their furniture was newer and shinier and even though you didn't know anything about design, you could still tell that this furniture was more expensive than the furniture in your own home. Even if you couldn't see that the furniture was expensive with your eyes you could still figure it out because you were not allowed to touch anything. Especially not that lamp. You got to the classmate's room and they had more toys than you had ever seen before in your entire life in one single room. Toys that you didn't even know existed. More toys than one child possibly could use. But even though there were a lot of toys the room was still very well organized and clean. It was a day to remember, when your family got the first computer at home, a computer for your family to share. But this child had their own computer in their own bedroom, a television and a phone. Like a small apartment even though it was just a children's room. Even though you wanted to, you couldn't hide that you were extremely amazed and impressed. Which left your classmate to give you some of the stuff they never used anyway, because they just bought it on some market in a country you never even heard of. Your classmate gave you some stuff that you knew, you normally never would have gotten any other places you knew. Now this didn't happen once or twice during your childhood. This happened again and again. Because these kind and sympathetic children didn't stay in your country. These children left after a few years to be replaced by new children who came from overseas.

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Now every time you saw someone wealthy, you thought to yourself: "That person can't be from around here." Even if you saw someone who looked and sounded like you with this glamorous life, you thought: "Then they must have a dad from that other country."

You still cannot speak your native language because of the segregation during your time in school, so you couldn't have a real conversation with your great grandmother, when she was alive. It was your burning wish to talk to her because even when you couldn't communicate with her verbally, you still felt that she was the kindest old family member that you would ever meet. One of your caregivers and closest relatives has a drinking problem, but you can't talk about it, because it will stigmatize your people further. As a teenager you have to move to that overseas country because of your mother's new marriage. You yourself have struggled yourself out of the drug abuse and eating disorders, that you had, before you became a parent. But you have to keep that a secret too, so that your native children won't get forcibly removed from your care by the government. And you keep getting called pretty considering your race that is.

And most of the subjects above are used by many of the politicians from across the sea, as a proof that your people never, ever should fool yourselves with thoughts about independence and sovereignty. But your newspaper never points it out, because they agree with the politicians from overseas. In fact, the management for the newspaper are from overseas as well. If you start questioning their statements and debating them, the newspaper simply blocks you from participating on their platforms anymore and you are left to sound paranoid if you speak out about the conditions in your country.

Your whole life and your whole world are like this. Now you must take an education while navigating your world of chaos and silent suppression. You are being asked to learn a third and a fourth language. You have to care about numbers and scientific literature about a country that isn't yours but nothing about your own country. You have to get up. Get on time. Do your homework. Forget about your traumatic upbringing. Talk more. Talk faster. Talk louder! And if you don't succeed, then it's your own fault, that you now have to look at the people from your childhood, the people from the country 3,000 kilometers away, getting most of the well-paid jobs, because they managed to finish that education. You have to see them come and go, because your home is such an exotic adventure. Then they get sick of your country because it isn't exactly like the one, they come from. Then they leave but they still keep that well paid job. They can just work online and take a few business travels from time to time. You might even be homeless while observing them. You have to see them build up their work, which often collapses when they leave and return to their own home. Then a new adventurous replaces the last one, doing the same job for a while. Because sustainability in the labor

market isn't a thing. Because only a few workplaces take the time to build up some of the local people who are living, staying and dying in your country. Actually, many of the workplaces are owned and governed by the people overseas. If one of your own politicians as much as mentions the possibility for organizing a sustainable labor community they get accused of racism. And who will bring those accusations publicly? The newspaper.

After many years of attempts you have to accept that you'll never get that degree that you worked and hoped for. You are simply too broken. But still believing that you have something else to offer to your surroundings, because on the other hand, you're not completely broken yet, right? Now you're digging in old and new literature about your own land, about your ancestors. Digging in old documents. Learning yourself to read and understand academic and complicated texts. Digging in anything that explains when, where and why, are the things this way? How does it all work? You're networking and talking to a lot of people about these conditions and finding out that your people's side of history is completely overlooked and overruled, because it wasn't written down. Because your ancestors communicated vocally and not by pen. As it turns out you find out that you and your people aren't completely incapable eskimos, but Indigenous Inuit with highly developed knowledge, passed on generation after generation. Indigenous knowledge that you actually already practiced but never took any notice of, because it used to be looked down upon.

Imagine finding out that there are similar people in this world with a similar history, experiences and challenges. Imagine a whole new energy and faith in yourself, your people and your world. Imagine the light for a suffering soul. Wouldn't you want to share this light too? Now you're writing poems, books, political pieces. Doing interviews and debating on screen. You're drawing and painting. Singing with the homeless. Filming and acting. Creating satire and having fun. Inventing and practicing ways to communicate and talk about these difficult subjects.

Only to be met with: "It must be your traumatic upbringing that is talking. Your lack of historical understanding is showing. What's your academic background? You are ungrateful and too much!"

Too much? Am I too much? No. No. You on the other hand. You are too little.