

Open Secret
3—18 October 2026

curators: Agnieszka Antkowiak, Lena Peplińska

galeria skala, Poznań
free entry

Open Secret is a travelling internet cinema initiated by Dana Dawud in April 2024, bringing together people interested in how images circulate online. Each screening functions as a kind of “portal,” through which databases compiled by those who have already become part of the network are passed on. To date, Open Secret has been hosted in New York (Earth), London, Lisbon, Milan, Vienna, Tehran, Graz, Berlin (Julia Stoschek Collection), Prague, Tokyo, Dhaka, Dubai, Hong Kong, Copenhagen, Manchester, Edinburgh, Malmö, and other cities. At galeria skala you can see a selection of films by Dana Dawud, Safiya Hawwa, Lotta Tix, Lynn Phyllis Seeger, Poorspigga, Marta Sundman, and Konstanty Konopiński.

@panikapanika - *WAŻNA WIADOMOŚĆ*, źródło:

<https://youtu.be/qDNu-D1mXhk?is=mMr7yezYBj7AAheh>

Safiya Hawwa - *400 trillion vibrations*, 11'29"

Poorspigga - *Wait Please Dont Skip_Love Affirmation_Reprogram Your Mind*, 2'50"

Lynn Phyllis Seeger - *Fault Lines*

Dana Dawud - *Monad 5*, 15'04"

Dana Dawud - *Infantile Desire*, 4'35"

Marta Sundmann - *What Are We Watching Today*, 1'34"

Poorspigga - *Wait Please Dont Skip_If You Ignore Me My Love Will Be Gone From Your Life*, 4'20"

Lotta Tix - *Hey there, stranger*, 1'20"

Konstanty Konopiński - *Unemployment Diaries*, 20'22"

Poorspigga - *Wait Please Dont Skip_I Could Feel Your Aura From 1000 Scrolls Away_Open Your Heart To Me*, 5'09"

The exhibition is co-financed by the Culture Department of the City of Poznań and the Culture Department of the Wielkopolska Voivodeship with headquarters at the Marshal's Office of the Wielkopolska Voivodeship in Poznań.

PART ONE

*The hero tells of his life,
and first, whose son he was and
what came of his choice of trade*

Know first, good gentlemen, that my name I cannot reveal, and the reasons for this you shall learn upon hearing the tale that follows.

My mother chanced to die suddenly of a burst ulcer some few years after my birth. I thus passed into the care of my father, who had once been a drunkard and a robber, but was now in the service of a lord, adding to his measly wages by petty thefts.

When I was but a child, my father was fond of saying:

- Son, surely the thief's trade is no mechanical art, but a liberal one. Here he would give a sigh and, clasping his hands, continue:
- He who steals not in this world, lives not!

This wisdom lodged in my memory after the death of my dear father, who, when the gossip spread by the envious servants reached the ears of his good master and compelled him to confess to having clumsily cut a dozen or so holes in the sacks brought to the mill, was forced by way of penance to join a crusade to serve his master and, as befitted a faithful servant, fell at his side upon the field of battle.

His teachings and lessons I therefore made my own in my early youth, abiding by them faithfully for many years of my life and not seldom imparting them to my companions in misfortune, as though they had sprung from my own head.

- A man is alone in this world and must fend for himself - so I would tell them. - And therefore a man must be wiser than the devil himself.

I must confess, good gentlemen, that despite it all, by a strange turn of affairs, I lived in times hard for thief and rogue; peaceful times they were and not over-rich in adventures or spoils. The days dragged as I lay at ease in a hammock slung between two oaks, and by my father's teachings I lived in the years that followed, keeping myself afloat by petty thefts and misdeeds, like a shipwrecked man upon the water.

PART TWO

*The hero tells of the troubles of his trade,
where he gives an account of the predicament into which he has fallen*

One day there appeared in the town a travelling stall with a cinema, an invention unknown to me, at which even the Pope himself was said to have marvelled, and which was held to be a magical wonder - a moving picture shown upon whitened linen canvas. Curiosity possessed me all that day, until the town-hall clock marked the hour of the screening.

I appeared at the screenings in a manner proper to my trade; having climbed a telephone pole, I crossed the fence and found my way along the scaffolding, there to settle myself comfortably upon sacks of sand and, through a hole cut in the canvas with a pocketknife, watch the show all the blessed evening, smoking the tobacco kindled in my pipe.

Thus I came to love the cinema and made myself most comfortable indeed - I attended the theatre every evening, feasting on bread borrowed from a pantry secured by a shabby padlock, having wrapped myself in a skin taken from a coachman's seat, where he had carelessly left it. And in this blissful state I remained until that memorable evening, dear gentlemen, when an unhappy thing came to pass, a matter kept secret, which I must now lay open before you; sleep overcame me during the screening, and the canvas must have caught fire from the embers of the pipe that had slipped from my limp hand.

Before I could comprehend what devil had carried me off to hell in my sleep and set me upon a hot rock, the theatre was already well ablaze, and the cries of the people fleeing towards the doors brought me to my feet. In the midst of this flight a mad thought came upon me, yet one not foreign to my trade; I ran into the back and, shielding my mouth with a rag dipped in water, snatched up the reels of film, with which I ran to a horse tethered between two oaks; upon him I leapt and rode off into the distance, saving myself from the fire.

God alone, it seems, has me in His keeping, for the fire unleashed behind me spreads through towns and villages, driven by some devilish force, growing ever greater and fiercer, pursuing me over hill and dale for yet another day. In this confusion the films became tangled on their reels, so I cut them into shorter fragments with my pocketknife - yet I would not part with them, for a reason I cannot myself explain; it seems a thief's mind bids him hold fast to his plunder even in the last hour.

I know not who shall read these words when fire has taken all, nor who shall watch my films. I know only that an art at once *mechanical* and *liberal* will be needed to splice together from these cut fragments into the cinema of the world's end.