

# WANDERING ARTS BIENNIAL

## Texts by

Marialena Marouda, *Exercises in Nomadology: How to Open Up Space (from Within)*  
Loes Jacobs, *3<sup>rd</sup> Wandering Arts Biennial* — Bruno De Wachter, Werner Lenz  
— Chloé Schuiten & Clément Thiry, *A cote* — Gudny Rósa Ingimarsdóttir — Isabel Burr  
Raty, *Eco-Erogenous Para-Pharmaceuticals For Every Body* — Marialena Marouda  
and The Oceanographies Institute, *Ocean Conversation & Demonstration with H.G.*  
— Maud Salembier, *Aerial Photography Does Not Create Space But Registers Surfaces*,  
Cristina Garrido — Maud Salembier, *The Great Neighbour*, Simona Denicolai  
& Ivo Provost — Mira Sanders, *Deviations On Limits* — oracle, *what is in oracle*  
— Shervin Kianersi Haghighi & Georgia Kokot, *While Passing By*

## Inserts and interventions by

Bruno De Wachter, Buratinas / bolwerk, Chloé Schuiten & Clément Thiry,  
Christian Hansen, Davide Tidoni, Francesca Chiacchio, Gudny Rósa Ingimarsdóttir,  
Isabel Burr Raty, Jesse Cremers, Kasper Demeulemeester, Marialena Marouda,  
The Mental Masonry Lab, oracle, Shervin Kianersi Haghighi, Steven Jouwersma,  
TAFEL, Grandiose, Various Artists, Waend, Wouter Huis



3<sup>rd</sup> WAB with

Bruno De Wachter — Werner Lenz  
Baraúmas

Chloé Schuiten & Clément Thiry

Christian Hansen

Cristina Garrido

Davide Tidoni

Francesca Chiacchio

Gudný Rósa Ingimarsdóttir

Isabel Burr Raty

Ivo Provoost & Simona Denicolai

Jesse Cremers

Kasper Demeulemeester

Marielena Marouda

Maud Salembier

Mira Sanders

oracle (Caroline Darch, Justine Maxelon,  
Michel Yang)

Sherwin Kianersi Haghighi

Steven Jouviersma

Studio Anatomy (KU Leuven)

TAFEL (Maud Gyssels, Neri De Meester)

The Mental Masonry Lab

(Mira Sanders & Cédric Noël)

Till Roeskens & Mathilde Spini

Überknackig

Various Artists

Waend

Wouter Huis

3<sup>rd</sup> WAB partners:

ArBA-EsA, Argos, Atelier 2-9-2, CNA, ETE 78,  
Experimental Intermedia, FdG Projects, Greylight Projects,  
iMal, ISELP, Island, Le Maga, LUCA School of Arts, MAAC,  
Maison Grégoire, Rectangle, Saskia Gevaert, Tropicana,  
ZSenne Lab



*'Movements, speed and slowness are sometimes enough to reconstruct a smooth space. Of course, smooth spaces are not in themselves liberatory. [...] Never believe that a smooth space will suffice to save us.'*<sup>1</sup>

## EXERCISES IN NOMADOLOGY: HOW TO OPEN UP SPACE (FROM WITHIN)

How relevant is space to an arts institution? And what *kinds* of spaces can the arts institute? By means of which practices? And for what purposes, for whom?

Questions such as these framed the 2018 edition of the Wandering Arts Biennial, in which I took part as an 'Artist in Residence'. In the words of nadine, its initiating institution: 'the WAB was conceived as an open platform where works can be shown, shared and communicated in an independent context.'<sup>2</sup> WAB 2018 was the 3<sup>rd</sup> and also the biggest edition of the format so far, led by the curiosity of nadine's team to expand the initial network of artists and institutional partners. The challenge was to observe how these external collaborators and venues would enhance, and in which directions they would carry, the open platform that the WAB is.

The result was a biennial and a festival encompassing 25 artistic propositions, taking place within – or outside – 19 venues, and spanning a nine-month period. As many of the events and presentations were conceived and planned after the WAB 'kick off' in March 2018, the programme was not published up front, but appeared as the Biennial was unfolding. Essentially, there was little overview about what the WAB was exactly, which activities it would include, which works would be shown and where. And even now, with the biennial over, looking back, I suspect each participating artist has a different understanding of what it was and how it unfolded, depending on the different events that each of us experienced, whether as initiators or visitors. My own residency within the WAB, for example, took place on Buratinas, nadine's small solar-powered river boat. The public presentation was a trip on the canal in Brussels that took place on 4 November 2018. The public boat trip was part of a larger artistic trajectory involving the establishment of an *Oceanographies Institute* that focuses on relational and affective knowledges of the ocean.

In attempting here a personal account of what happened during the WAB, I specifically want to focus on the question of space and its relevance, arguing

1 Gilles Deleuze and Felix Guattari, *A Thousand Plateaus* (Minneapolis: U. of Minnesota Press, 1986), p. 500.

2 See <http://wab.zone> [accessed 06.08.2019].



that the WAB instigates, in an 'arts biennial' context, what Deleuze and Guattari call 'smooth' or 'nomadic' space. What follows is therefore a short account of what I understand nomadic space to be and how the concept can be made fruitful in the context of biennials but also for arts institutions more generally.

### NOMADIC SPACE: OF OCEANS AND CITIES

In *A Thousand Plateaus*, Deleuze and Guattari delineate a dichotomy between nomadic or smooth and State or striated space. While setting up this dichotomy, they also make clear that those two types of spaces are mostly intertwined, folding into and out of each other. That is, nomadic space can become striated and vice versa by means of certain practices. Those spaces are therefore not to be taken as absolutes but rather point to a set of conditions for actions that (can) take place within them.<sup>3</sup>

Deleuze and Guattari mention the ocean as the nomadic space par excellence.<sup>4</sup> The ocean being an infinite space, it extends in all directions. Its surface is open, permeable, full of 'holes' for the human body to sink in and perish (or otherwise, float and move through).<sup>5</sup> The ocean therefore resists human inhabitation and conquest, even visually: it's a space where one finds oneself in (and on), without overview, engulfed and disoriented. Deleuze and Guattari understand nomadic space as much more haptic than visual, working affectively and only in 'close vision'.<sup>6</sup> Indeed, smooth space has no rules for organizing perception. Lines are here extending ad infinitum, swirling and twisting *in-between* points, changing directions constantly. Like in a patchwork, different elements come together without hierarchy, in co-habitation, forming assemblages.<sup>7</sup>

By contrast, striated space has its epicentre in the cities. Made for inhabitation, they are partitioned into streets, squares, districts, lower- and higher-income neighbourhoods.<sup>8</sup> A city is thus a perfect representation of social –stately–organization. Disorientation is avoided at any cost, by means of grids or avenues, superimposed on the architecture, making sure the urban space can be traversed easily – physically as well as visually. Surfaces are closed here, and holes are covered, as much as possible.<sup>9</sup> Striated space therefore marks a spatial organization geared towards the (visual) clarity of representation: lines are subjected to points, there is a centre and a periphery, a foreground and a

background, a top and a bottom, while direction is subjected to dimension.<sup>10</sup>

Consequently, voyages differ in the two types of spaces. Voyaging in striated space takes place between clearly defined destinations, while in nomadic space the destination is only a temporary intermission in the ongoing trajectory. By extension, in nomadic space, inside spaces such as boats, tents or igloos, are not homes that mark the end of a journey. Rather, they signal its continuation, constantly referring to the outside space to which they belong.<sup>11</sup>

Astronomical navigation, the invention of lines of longitude and meridians, made possible the striation of the sea very early on.<sup>12</sup> On the other hand, walking and wandering have been practices of slowing down and of 'smoothing' the city. Aesthetic practices of voyaging such as the situationist 'dérive' have historically been exercises for the urban nomad to re-map the city according to affective principles rather than landmarks.<sup>13</sup>

Speaking of boats and slowness: because of its electric motor, Buratinas is a rather slow boat, which, on a good day, reaches a little above walking speed – more often than not it sails below it. The boat trip was therefore an open invitation to let oneself slowly be carried by the waters of the canal – itself a space between an ocean and a city – while listening to a polyphonic storytelling of different people's experiences of the ocean.

The trip started at the port of Brussels and the Brussels Royal Yacht Club, a location linked to Belgium's colonial past.<sup>14</sup> The now rather run-down clubhouse lies on the water, below a major traffic junction near the Docks Brussels Mall and opposite the central waste-burning incinerator run by 'Bruxelles Energie'. Its current condition seems to somewhat queer the representational politics initially underlying its building.

In small groups, the visitors came to the platform where Buratinas was docked and entered the small boat. No more than four listeners and two performers fitted into the light-blue wooden interior, which, functioning like the body of a cello or a guitar, amplified the voices of the performers as well as the sounds of the water all around the boat. The performance indeed focused on these sonic

3 Deleuze and Guattari, p. 474.

4 *Ibid.*, p. 479.

5 Regarding the surfaces of smooth and striated spaces, see: *ibid.*, p. 481.

6 *Ibid.*, p. 493.

7 On the nomadic space of the patchwork, see: *ibid.*, p. 476 ff.

8 *Ibid.*, p. 481.

9 See note 5.

10 *Ibid.*, p. 478.

11 *Ibid.*

12 *Ibid.*, p. 479.

13 See Tom McDonough's analysis of Debord's *peaking*, post *The Naked City* of 1975. McDonough, Tom: 'Situationist Space', in *Guy Debord and the Situationist International: Texts and Documents* (Cambridge and London: MIT Press, 2002), p. 241–66.

14 The plot of land for the Boathouse of the initial Yacht Club was chosen because it was close to the yacht of King Leopold II, who on the website of BRYC is still referred to as 'notre prestigieux Souverain'. See: <https://bruxelles-royal-yacht-club.be/site/fr/membres/histoire-du-club.html> [accessed 22.08.2019].



landscapes. While Buratinas glided on the water, the water's surface, as seen through the round windows, reflected the sunlight.

The captains were nadine's two coordinators, Loes Jacobs and An Goovaerts; at the dock Various Artists were receiving the arriving visitors of the performance. It was an intimate public event that very much demonstrated for me WAB's essential function as a platform on which artistic proposals can dwell or float – or both things simultaneously.<sup>15</sup>

#### OF WANDERING ART INSTITUTIONS

Indeed, like the surface of the water, the curatorial approach of WAB can be characterized as open and permeable. WAB nourishes a complex ecology of practices, difficult to describe with a single catchphrase. It seems to attract – and be attracted to – artistic practices that focus on trajectories and journeys, practices attentive to all the spaces outside or in-between the 'homes' of a black box or a white cube. WAB's artistic propositions are therefore nomadic both in spatial and in institutional terms. Whether in urban or rural space, they often unfold in motion, on the road and in relation to landscapes and (their) people. In fact, the artistic practices residing at WAB, singular as they are, defy or negate an easy localization in terms of genre, territory or mode of relating to an audience. The shared practices form a complex assemblage and there is no template imposed on how to read or perceive them. Instead, what nadine provides is care, support and a commitment that spans a long term and is particular to each practice and its needs. Hence, the WAB seems to unfold intuitively, co-crafted by its residents.

The WAB therefore positions itself as a critical biennial by building on the complex histories of urban artistic practices that wander in-between the genres of performance, visual and conceptual art. In fact, nadine's biennial does not only address artistic practices in urban space but also the increasingly striated space of the art market, in which biennials have a very specific function, namely to boost the value of their participating artists. The task at hand is therefore to smoothe the art biennial not only as an event, but also as a *term* – the WAB's use of the word 'biennial' becomes an act of *détournement* in and of itself.<sup>16</sup>

In fact, the WAB seems to be as much a platform for sharing and exchanging between the participating artists in residence, as it is a platform for the presentation of their work to a public. It therefore primarily appears as an open community of artists. As a participant, one finds themselves opening up their work and their work process to this community, built on mutual support. It feels like a

moment of slowing down in order to perceive and encounter the people around one and their practices – and invite them into one's own. In this sense, the 'residence' that one is entering seems to be a mobile dwelling space, much more a 'mental co-habitation' than a physical one.<sup>17</sup>

This dwelling space appears at different moments in different locations, during meetings with the other co-habitants. One such apparition happened on 1 July 2018, in the space of the Jardin Latinis in Schaerbeek. Upon entering the vast wasteland bordering the railway tracks, one encounters a site of an urban gardening project as well as wooden huts and trailers – temporary dwelling places. Most of the WAB co-habitants were suddenly there, sharing what they are currently doing, sharing food (a coal oven was being used to make pizzas), sharing thoughts, initiating walks to discover the site. When night fell, the people of 'Brussels Wildlife' arrived. This artistic project uses the city as a natural habitat, camping in urban wastelands such as this one, a different one every night, for a week at a time.<sup>18</sup> As tents were starting to be built up, it felt increasingly as if something was opening up out of nowhere, an interval within the city as one knows it and is used to traverse it. As if having stumbled unexpectedly into a plot of smooth space, a wild refuge. I was saved.

Needless to say that another such dwelling space, dear reader, could open up here, in the space of this book. Be warned: with its holes, openings, (im)material conglomerates and overwritings, it might be impossible to keep an overview. If disoriented, slow down, speed up or get closer.

Marielena Marouda

<sup>15</sup> From a discussion with Loes Jacobs.

<sup>16</sup> The WAB as an act of *détournement* of the term 'Biennial' was mentioned by different WAB artists during an internal, closing discussion of the event that took place at dinA, nadine's nomadic venue, in March 2019.

<sup>17</sup> This idea of the 'mental co-habitation' was mentioned by WAB artist Kasper Demeulemeester during the WAB closing discussion.

<sup>18</sup> For more information, see: <http://www.bxlwildlife.be/news.html> [accessed: 22.08.2019].



### 3<sup>rd</sup> WANDERING ARTS BIENNIAL

In 2018 nadine organized the third edition of the Wandering Arts Biennial (WAB). Each year after the biennial, we create a publication that serves both as a document by which to (re)view the participating projects and events, but also as a means to shine a light on the continuation and future of the practices presented.

The WAB is a research and production biennial that focuses on mobility, versatile production and presentation methods in the field of contemporary arts, and the nomadic practices of artists.

Because many artists and creative thinkers use mobility, nomadism and temporality as an instrument or creative method in their artistic practice, nadine created the WAB in 2014 as an open platform where works can be shown, shared and communicated in an independent context during exhibitions, lectures, performances and other public activities.

After two editions with a strong focus on the participating artists and their researches and the strengthening of their network, the WAB opened itself up to the Brussels cultural sector.

In order to prepare for this ambition, nadine convened 15 Brussels-based artists and collectives (ten of which were taking part for the first time) as well as two collaborators (Mira Sanders and curator Maud Salembier) who set out a framework for this edition and shared their networks. Mira Sanders formulated it as such in her introductory text published in the 2<sup>nd</sup> WABook (launched in October 2018):

*'I propose to reflect upon the idea of "wandering along a limit(s)"  
(that can be political, historical, cultural, social, physical or geographical).  
The question that follows is, "how can you form (an)  
image(s) of a wandering along a limit(s)?"'*

In March 2018, all WAB participants got together to propose and present ideas, expectations, concepts, etc. For the first time, the biennial was also being presented as a programme, along with a vision of what this 3<sup>rd</sup> edition could look like with a timeline.<sup>1</sup>

This gathering raised some questions. Was it necessary to set a framework for the content? Should a vision be imposed? Was there a need for a hierarchy within the group? The questions made clear that communication was crucial.

<sup>1</sup> The first two editions of the WAB were never planned in advance. Events and projects happened throughout the year, when there was a need for them to happen.



Opening up the biennial to other networks in Brussels and broadening the project provoked a new sense of critical awareness among participants. After this first gathering, disagreements arose about how this biennial needed to run its course while preserving its horizontal structure. We needed transparency and open communication, and regular gatherings became absolutely necessary.

For the first time, we were discussing the structure of a biennial, the idea of curating, of setting out a framework for the content, and not only discussing the projects of colleagues.

What followed was a challenging series of events, with successful moments (such as the 'Etat des Lieux', with public presentations at the 'Friche Josaphat'), as well as less successful ones (such as a press conference at CIVA attended by a single journalist). An important characteristic of the WAB came to the surface, i.e. that a very wide range of artistic work was presented at all stages of the artistic process – first concepts, modes of production, new presentation formats, and ongoing practices. Would bringing them together and presenting them equally not confuse the audience too much? Or should we forget about the audience and take the lead? The biennial was stranded somewhere in-between.

Each public event unveiled strengths and weaknesses. Bringing an audience to an empty wasteland is far easier than bringing them to a partner institution that is lending us its spaces. The WAB is a complex web of artists, practices, curiosity and expectations that attracts people at the right place and that can be challenging to import to an institutional venue. That 'right place' seems to be neutral, independent, without any preset agenda, and well connected to who is presenting and what is being presented. Reflections on why some events were part of the programme were difficult to formulate in the middle of the production of exhibitions and openings, parours, dinners, parties, etc. This publication doesn't necessarily provide a single view of the 3<sup>rd</sup> WAB, but brings together reflections from all sides and in all forms.

Whereas in the 1<sup>st</sup> WAB 'wandering' remained rather attached to a physical action or movement, the second edition also presented artists who adopted a more abstract definition of 'wandering', leading to more performance-based research and experiments with presentation formats.

Over three editions, the WAB has pushed the limits of what 'wandering' can mean for artists: from being nomadic or mobile and performing in the public space to conducting artistic research outside the artist's studio and creating new experiential environments, among other things. Not only movement and the (urban or rural) landscape, but also (vocal and verbal) conversations are working tools as much as sources of inspiration.

The 3<sup>rd</sup> WAB intended to focus on 'wandering along limits' – in an attempt to somehow narrow the scope of practices – but except for the curated exhibitions and the partnering events<sup>2</sup>, this proposition never really became a leitmotiv for the participating artists. Moreover, the limits of 'wandering' were again pushed further, opening up even further the range of practices. The limits we did hit were the limits of our organizational structure. Never before had the WAB hosted so many events and exhibitions, and never before were there so many external events connected to the programme. In retrospect, the opposite of what was intended with: 'wandering along limits'.

This text is an attempt to grasp what the Wandering Arts became during the 3<sup>rd</sup> WAB. Although the practices of the participating artists and collectives are multilayered, we try to formulate a framework with some recurring themes that can function as a tool to read this publication and what Wandering Arts can be.

Movement (walking, biking, sailing) is, for a lot of artists, an observation tool with time as a precious, unknown variable.

**Christian Hansen** presented the exhibition 'Dog House City' with new video work he made during a four-month residency in Morocco. The bike he bought there was the starting point for a series of explorations that resulted in three new narratives. Biking around and repeating actions in different places created a common thread through the footage that was shot at the different locations. The use of a bicycle makes it possible to cross long distances and offers time to scan the landscape. The locations Christian seeks out are intersections or junctions where different modes of transportation and infrastructure meet. It is at these points that new narratives spring up.

Movement as a way to create new artworks is also used as a way to engage with a co-producer – in this sense, to be taken literally. Artists invited other people to join them in their mobile creation process.

**Bruno De Wachter** took Georg Büchner's book about Jacob Lenz and Werner Herzog's autobiography as the starting point for his new project, 'Werner Lenz'. Both books talk about the same walk

<sup>2</sup> Sixteen partner organizations found their connection to what Wandering Arts and 'wandering along limits' could be and their activities were communicated within the framework of the WAB.



Jakob Lenz did in the Vosges in France. After first doing the hike individually, Bruno later invited artists to join him. The whole process resulted in a new text that recontextualizes the walk. Almost a re-enactment, he and his invitees retraced the footsteps of the original walk, thus creating a new narrative with multiple layers weaving through each other. Walking is used as a creation method, a temporary studio that can be accessed by Bruno's initiative.

**Various Artists** used movement in his project 'AllhiheyAll' on a more conceptual level. By distributing tools or devices that were designed to make drawings, VA invited the audience in the gallery of n0dine to buy a product to be carried around for a specific amount of time. During that time, the movement of the carrier – walking, biking, flying, shopping, etc. – created an abstract drawing. The piece was ready when the proposed time to carry the device came to an end. Once the drawing was revealed, the carrier became the owner of the work, and after scanning and signing, it became part of Various Artists' oeuvre. The project deals with authorship versus ownership and factual making versus conceptual creation, as well as data collection through unconscious behaviour.

**Kasper Demeulemeester** invited his audience to carry out individual walks. The '3600 Steps Therapeutic Walks' question the role of the photographer. In a world where everybody has smartphones that register entire lives, Kasper co-creates a new database of images that other people create for him. Via an app people had to take images of their surroundings each time they counted a hundred steps. The resulting database serves as a new starting point for the creation of images, activities, encounters, etc.

**Shervin Kianersi Haghighi** invited the public to take a stroll with a Coleus plant that stemmed from two 'mother' plants that are easily multiplied by putting small cuttings in water to generate new roots. Each plant was an invitation to cross the canal and thus bridge different parts in the city of Brussels. 'While Passing By' used walking as a tool for looking differently and for caring. The art piece didn't involve a sublime object, but involved living plants that transcend an artistic message.

Time was also the starting point for the research of some artists. An (un) limited long-term time frame offers a potentiality for in-depth research in which data comes to the surface that is unknowable on a short-term basis. Time can also offer a (non-)linear framework in which to conduct research or a project.

The **Drawn in Time** exhibition at n0dine brought together the artworks of four artists who deal with the act of drawing connected to time. It offered insight into the process and the exploration of drawing as well as an experience of time in different ways. The exhibited results were all part of ongoing research projects that were brought together temporarily at n0dine, which became a new context for interpretation. The exhibition with Jesse Cremers, Sara ten Westenend, Shervin Kianersi Haghighi and Various Artists was the first attempt to organize a group show around a new theme introduced in the WAB. The radius of research – time – was always apparent but maybe a bit hidden at the back of the different WAB projects. With this exhibition we put forward the idea of time as content and movement.

**Jesse Cremers** landed in a specific time frame in the nadine's presentation space n0dine. Over the space of two weeks he built a working studio to bring his ongoing researches to the gallery space. This resulted in a playful installation where all mounted pieces dealt with time. One might say that the display studio was in fact a measuring tool for time, and maybe more specifically, for the present moment. Time was captured in multiple ways: drawing (drawing measurement in an effort to draw time), typing (writing with a typewriter what is happening 'now' as well as communicating with someone else about time), constructing objects and actions to enhance the perception of time and space.

**oracle** practised during the 3rd WAB how to be present in the present moment. The collective took different happenings and events as a lead to express performance practices and communicate with and to an audience. The audience changed shape throughout the year, from individual readings to WAB exhibitions with (or without) a public to homes. Scoring oracle was always present and resulted in a publication (Dannie.i) that captured what had happened 'until now'. Each performance, or better, each 'opening up of oracle' made the community grow. It has become a research tool of bodily presence and captures the irrational 'nowness'.



**Gudny Rosa Ingimarsdottir** selected letters from the past – when she was in the United States in correspondence with Iceland – as a starting point for her WAB participation.

She physically worked through the letters and in that way added new layers of time to the words that became images with a sense of travel, displacement and time. Each object offered a time travel as well as an abstract yet intimate insight into someone's life. The setting at the space of Saskia Gevaerts, where books take the lead, served as a perfect landing base for the new old works.

An **artistic concept** – i.e. a specific work method and the accompanying limitations that the artist sets out – forms the starting point for a 'wandering practice'. The concept remains the same, but the space, the performance and the interaction are always different. In the absence of stable reference points, the nomadic artist develops the capacity to trace his or her own map at any moment. His or her territory changes, transforms and evolves continuously. It distorts itself in time depending on the displacements of the perceiver.

**Chloé Schuiten** and **Clément Thiry** brought together eight of their so called 'Expériences de Vie' – temporary excursions from normal life where eating, sleeping and working is distorted by fasting, polyphasic sleeping and dream-working (mostly by drawing and writing), in the exhibition 'Junk Office' at Greylight Projects, curated by Maud Salembier. The refuges they seek are mostly set in the public space (such as highways, roundabouts, intersections, non-places), and always end with an invitation to the public to view the result. The concept of the 'Expériences de Vie' can be seen as a temporary mobile off-the-grid conceptual studio with its own restraints and rules where the resulting art objects are a direct transcript of the process of making.

The nomad can move anywhere. Not only on slow roads and in the countryside but certainly also in the **(urban) public space**. In the folds of this urban public space, transit zones emerge, territories in a state of temporal and spatial transformation. Artists draw attention to specific places where there is room for interpretation or ambiguity. Over the past decade, the city has become the setting for performative walks, social choreographies in the public space. They blend with the everyday perspective of the viewer and force participants to look at things differently or to be seen differently themselves. This self-reflection of

the city goes beyond the merely performative, aesthetic or formal aspect. It aims to bring about change and to connect with other societal levels, such as urbanism and ecology, among others.

**Davide Tidoni** presents performances in the public space. He meets up with his audience and brings them to the designated space for the actions he has in mind. The performances presented during the 3<sup>rd</sup> WAB were all part of his 'Listening Pieces', or actions that research the death of sound (sometimes via a microphone, sometimes via speakers). The length of the performances depend on the ability to kill the sound of the relevant device. The tools used to work towards silence are not without risk (often firecrackers are used to blow up a speaker, or fire to kill a microphone). Hence maybe the decision to work in open spaces. The gathering in unknown or remote public spaces also reveals Davide's interest in acoustics and silence. As a teaser for the bigger performances, Davide organized the walk 'Exaggerated Footsteps', where the public had to bind two metal plates to their shoes. The enhancement of sound during the walk offered an impressive perspective on acoustics in the urban context. The city became the playground for sound.

Another project that used the public space as a stage for artistic intervention was **Steven Jouwersma's** Common Sweat Sauna. The project intends to create a free, nomadic, urban sauna space that diverges from the logic of commercial and individualized wellness and reclaims the public space. The first version of this actual working sauna was made only from recuperated materials. For the 3<sup>rd</sup> WAB, Steven created a mobile version of his sauna. One that was foldable and could be put over any bench in the city, thus turning the bench into a temporary sauna. The directness of the project confronted other users of the public space. It's this confrontation of limits that the Common Sweat Sauna looks for.

**Francesca Chiacchio** sees public space as a playground where an everlasting game of colours and shapes is played out. Her interactive performances serve as way for other people to see how she sees the world. During her residency at the Tropicana space, she offered postcards of a place next to her temporary office, where people were invited to represent a shape (wearing a T-shirt or swimming cap) with different colours. The actions resulted in a multilayered image of the same place, where all the people were



stitched together. The memory of a place is an important key to read the image.

Some artists created new work or a presence in the public space that offered a new perspective on places.

**Wouter Huis** presented a sky-blue canvas on a public billboard in Molenbeek. The blue monochrome offered a corridor of thoughts for all passers-by.

**Till Roeskens** was temporarily a shepherd in Marseille. He shared this half-time job with Mathilda Spini. They crossed the whole banlieue of the city with the flock of more than 200 sheep. The correspondence they had – since they didn't physically encounter each other, they left each other notes and maps from their experiences – was shared during a performance at Argos. It was a way for the second audience – the first being the people they passed in the landscape of Marseille – to get a picture of their experience through their words and drawings.

The WAB also offers a platform for the mobile studio. This immediately – and somewhat too literally – brings to mind a moving studio.

nadine's ongoing boat-project – **Buratinas** – firstly offers exactly this, a moving studio on the water. Secondly it serves as a communal platform, where participating artists are self-organizing.

In 2016 a collective of Buratinas Captains was created to share the responsibility of having a boat with multiple people. Another 'Tour de Belgique' set off in the summer of 2018, where different people and collectives (nadine, oracle, NGHE, ooooo, ...) took the boat to diverse places. While travelling the captains were writing, drawing, making music, but most of all collecting and creating new stories to be told.

During the 3<sup>rd</sup> WAB the boat was also used for presentation purposes. Firstly in May when the collective ooooo made crystals on the boat and gathered people around the ship wharf at BRYC to see how crystals are made and how this relates to music and radio. In October the boat served as a floating platform to launch the 2<sup>nd</sup> WABook at the quay next to Kanal.

And thirdly in November **Marialena Marouda** used the boat as a space for performance. Together with Justine Maxelon she presented Oceanographies, readings on and a demonstration of the body of water that the Oceanography conversations collected by Marialena had produced. Being able to present her research on water was a key step for the understanding of water as well as creating an adequate setting for the topic with a small audience.

An important element in this is collectivity. The exchange of research methods and work processes but also of mobile communication means is an additional element that transforms such journeys into unique collective studios in which everyone must find his or her place. The temporal factor is important. The research projects and/or the results of the journeys then find their way into each artist's own work. As a platform, the WAB also wishes to stimulate reflection on ways in which to present the collectivity and to retrace the projects afterwards in a meaningful way.

One project that directly engages with this aspect is **Wænd**, an online tool that serves as a web platform for subjective and collaborative spatial publication. This open-source application is under constant development in order to collaborate with artists, universities, researchers and citizen-driven organizations within the field of territorial narratives and representations. The platform was initiated by members of Atelier Cartographique, a collective with Pacôme Béru, Pierre Marchand, Pierre Huyghebaert, and Sophie Boiron.

A new focus saw the light in this 3<sup>rd</sup> edition of the WAB. Wandering as a mental mapping, as science fiction. In three projects, wandering was explored through experience-based narration, architectural design and food.

**Isabel Burr Raty** launched her 'Beauty Kit Farm' where she invited women to harvest female fluids for her cosmetic products. The gatherings sparked experiences, encounters and stories that break taboos around female bodies and erotics. The minds of the participating women, as well as the audience using the products, wandered from personal to social relevance.



**Studio Anatomy** is an architectural research course for master students in architecture taught by Mira Sanders and Jo Van den Berghe. The task in 2018 included mental wandering as part of the exercise to design additions to existing buildings. The students were not allowed to travel to the relevant sites, but had to travel there using their minds (and online material). Wandering was proposed as a creative method to start imagining and designing.

The collective **TAFEL** of Maud Gyssels and Neri De Meester created 'SOUPER III' for the 3<sup>rd</sup> WAB. These events were conceptual dinners where flavour, texture, smells and other senses are blended. SOUPER III was conceived as a performative evening in the spirit of the film 'The Color of Pomegranates' (Sergei Parajanov, 1968), where each chapter was mirrored by a dish.

A last important aspect of the WAB that we want to mention is the audience. The crossing of a spatial distance, the journey, reveals itself within the Wandering Arts Biennial as a first source of inspiration; as an instrument for the development of a work; as a space for the elaboration of a work; and as a work in itself. But a role is also attributed to the spectator or to the audience. A lot of these presented projects were interactive and participative, some for an open public, others for a selection. The artists open up their practice, and together with their participants they make up a structural part of the artistic work itself, of its formation. Time and space are provided in the WAB in order to get involved in the evolution of these mobile projects. The viewer gets to see the entire artistic process. In this way we hope to communicate as openly as possible with our audience and to demonstrate the potential of artists' mobile practices. The project can be seen as a participative 'research and production festival', whereby the spectator is an active part of the performances, visual works, walks and encounters with artists.

The symposium 'The Intra-Action between the Document and its Users' that **Shervin Kianersi Haghighi** organized around the (non-)documentation of performance art gathered many artists that deal with the notion of documentation, work, and registration. The presentation of the different artists provided a wide array of practices and the status of the 'document' within as well as the limits of the document.

Distinctions can be made between how artists interact with an audience. There were artists that include the audience as co-makers such as Kasper Demeulemeester with '3600 Steps Therapeutic Walks' or Various Artists with

'AllhiheyAll', where the movement and participation of the audience is necessary for the making of a piece. A fine line is to be made within the work of Shervin Kianersi Haghighi, where she suggests an action for an audience to be activated, but the responsibility of the action or participation lies entirely with the audience. This was the case during 'While Passing By', but also during the exhibition in n0dine, 'Performing Documentation – The Intra-Action between the Document and its Users', that presented the 'result' or outcome of the symposium as a new piece made by Luisa Fillitz, Sara ten Westenend, Aela Royer and Shervin Kianersi Haghighi that the audience could walk in on and break up. Then there were activities in which a limited audience could participate and which therefore had a one-to-one interaction with the project. Think of the small setting of the boat for Marialena Marouda's performances, or the Werner Lenz walk, during which Bruno De Wachter invited four co-walkers to join him.

The 3<sup>rd</sup> WAB presented a full programme with exhibitions, lectures and presentations aimed at an audience. With the help of other organizations and institutions, we were able to present more than 25 exhibitions and 30 events. The more classic exhibitions spaces such as Argos, FdG Projects, Maison Grégoire, Atelier 2-9-2, Island, MAAC, Rectangle, ZSenne lab and n0dine, served as corridors to other worlds. A common thread in this exhibition programme was showing the result of wandering practices, what linked to the proposed text of Mira Sanders.

The medium of video is a very direct way to lure people into a story like 'The Great Neighbour' by **Denicolai & Provoost**, curated by Maud Salembier, offering an abstract blurry close-up world of a house, but which was actually shot in a village in the Netherlands on a day when all the people of the village were off on a group trip. The film shows an empty house, focusing on what's left behind and questioning what that says about the people of that village. The setting where the movie was presented – Maison Grégoire, an art deco house in Brussels – could not have been chosen better.

Or **Teresa Cos** spinning a non-linear narrative on Ludwig Boltzmann's last journey from Vienna to the 'Austrian Riviera' in the video installation 'The Measure of Disorder' presented in Argos. Or **Claude Cattelan** luring people into his exhibition 'Straight Ahead' through videos and ending up at a clay installation in the space of MAAC that offered a one-to-one immersion in an impenetrable space.



Other exhibitions presented photography as a medium to dive into reality such as **Cristina Garrido's** 'Aerial Photography Does Not Create Space But Registers Surfaces' at FdG Projects, collecting Instagram images from flying curators.

WAB thus also served as a communication platform for this diverse programme. We set up a dedicated website<sup>3</sup> and distributed printed material. Together with Pacôme Béru, and Ismaël Bennani and Orfée Grandhomme (Überknackig), we created a graphic style that stayed close to the impulsive, enthusiastic and flexible character of the WAB programme.<sup>4</sup>

There was a lot to be learned during the 3<sup>rd</sup> WAB, and there is still a lot to digest and reflect upon. This publication gives an overview of what has been absorbed so far. The 4<sup>th</sup> WAB coming up in 2020 will continue the challenging and inspiring journey of the Wandering Arts Biennial.

Loes Jacobs, for nadine vzw, 2019

<sup>3</sup> <http://wab.zone>

<sup>4</sup> The monthly flyers made for November, October and December 2019, became two weekly due to the many events that emerged enthusiastically.

# Werner Lenz

BRUNO DE WACHTER



## *Werner Lenz*

### 1

His name sounds ordinary enough, but he is different.

Different from who?

It is hard to describe who Werner Lenz is. That is not what makes him different, though. After all, no character description ever comes close to what a person really is; it tends to remain nothing more than a rough and limited and scandalously simplified sketch, one that fails to do justice to the individual's inconsistencies, complexities and obscure facets. So that is not what makes him different.

Giving it a try, I would say that he is a spirit, if you can forget the childish connotations this word has acquired from its use in fairy tales and new-age fantasies. He can descend into any kind of body, even several at once, and he also dwells in words. Werner Lenz; instead of living between two moments in time – conception and death –, lives between two points in space: Barr and Fouday. He lives both on the route between the actual villages – where, in wintertime, he likes to enter into humans that walk this route – as well as on the line between those two names on the map: 'Barr' and 'Fouday'. He also lives in descriptions of this trajectory walked in wintertime (always in wintertime, since Werner Lenz aestivates) and in the bodies of people who read or hear those descriptions. He travels between those different representations without encountering any boundaries.

Despite the fact that he is local, Werner Lenz is a misfit on his



own terrain. He could turn up as a fisherman walking through the mountains, not used to walking uphill, puffing under his bright-yellow fisherman's parka, scaring the animals away, mocked at by a hunting party in camouflage outfits. He could also turn up as a stray dog, the kind that suddenly wanders around in mountain villages, at the edge of the forest, nobody knowing where he comes from; a creature familiar with the human world and yet deprived of a home, always on the alert, afraid that people would see him as a mad dog and throw stones. Or he could turn up as an Australian woman fighting against the pain of sleet being blown against her face, who thought of wilderness as the desert, the outback, and never realized before how in Europe the wilderness is not entirely gone but hiding in the weather, breaking out with rage from time to time – one day people are having fun skiing, tanning themselves in the winter sun, and the next they get lost in a furious storm and fall from a cliff to their death.

## 2

His beginning (Werner Lenz) is vague. When on 29 November 2018 I stepped off the train at the station of Barr and stood still on the platform for a moment, watching the rear red lights of the train disappear into the mist, he did not possess me immediately. The station was completely deserted and the building closed off, leaving travellers deprived of any place to take shelter, but I did not see that as a sign. I left the chilly, deserted *Gare de Barr* and started walking westward, following an ordinary residential street, passing a bulldozer that was roaring loudly on a construction site, passing a house that was called *Mon rêve*, and then I turned left on a narrow asphalt road through the vineyards. There he came to me for the first time. 'An immaculately clear, cool morning', he said. 'Everything is hazy on the plain, but one can hear life down there. The mountains, full

and distinct in front of me, some elevated fog and, in between, a cool daytime moon, only half visible, opposite the sun. I walk straight between sun and moon.'<sup>[i]</sup>

That was not an accurate description of the foggy weather that I was walking through. I saw no mountains in the distance, let alone the sun or the moon. *Zwischen Nebel und Nebel gehe ich geradewegs hindurch*, I said to him (he likes to talk in German), because indeed, I could see no further than the vine tendrils that were closest to the road. They hadn't been harvested, strangely enough, and the grapes were rotting in the mist. Do local winemakers leave some grapes hanging to feed his honour?

His end is more pronounced. If you come walking all the way from Barr through harsh winter weather, you know that once you step from the dark and cold platform of the station of Fouday onto the brightly lit and heated wagon of the evening train to Strasbourg, Werner Lenz is left behind – he probably goes to hide in the wheelless truck of the *Bibliothèque départementale de prêt* that is standing between other car wrecks on a wasteland next to the station. The back of the truck is decorated with graffiti that says *GLOIRE A NOUS !?!?* and the broken window has been filled with a piece of plywood. Werner Lenz, when he is walking, has the habit of breaking into empty houses, and when he is not, he lives on as text; so this truck seems to suit both of his inclinations.

## 3

His name – Werner Lenz – is a combination of two of his most famous personifications. The first is the German poet Jakob Lenz, who on 20 January 1778 left a guesthouse in the small town of Barr and continued walking westward. He was coming from Switzerland and was on his way to Waldbach, the village



in the Vosges where the priest and *anthroposophe avant la lettre* Johan Friedrich Oberlin was living. Oberlin was supposed to cure him of his illness which, as we know today, was a textbook case of schizophrenia. The story of this journey was described by Georg Büchner in his short novel 'Lenz', published posthumously in 1839.

The second is the German film-maker Werner Herzog who, on 4 December 1974, left an empty holiday house in the small town of Barr and continued walking westward. His sleep in the house that he had squatted for the night had been pretty bad, being awake from three o'clock on, but 'the boots have lost their painful places and the legs are in order', he wrote. He was on his way from Munich to Paris where his friend and film critic Lotte Eisner had been diagnosed with cancer, a walk which he described in his book *Of Walking in Ice*. He crossed the Vosges mountains in a hurry, passing through the village of Waldersbach – formerly called Waldbach – and on to Fouday, unaware that he was following the same route as his famous compatriot 197 years earlier.

Jakob Lenz and Werner Herzog were men of a different kind, and they lived in different times, but both had a restless mind. You could say that they both suffered from alienation and were longing for alienation at the same time. They did not exactly enjoy their journey, struggling with the elements and being rather indifferent to the scenery – postcard pictures were the last thing on their mind. Jakob Lenz 'could not understand why so much time was needed to descend a steep slope, to reach a distant point; he thought that a few paces should be enough to cover any distance.'<sup>(iii)</sup> But the resistance of the land and the wide-open space somehow calmed their mind, at least partially. They were both confronted with something that was bigger than them, something they could not grasp, something that

could not be dealt with by introspection or by a good conversation with a friend. And in their incapacity to grasp it – death, madness – they were longing for an outside world that could grasp them instead.

Not that they were at home in nature, or saw it as a mirror for their feelings, for it was too wet, too hostile, too indifferent for that. Neither did they feel at home among the village people, who regarded them as foreigners. But at least they were not supposed to blend in, and were not asked any questions. Jakob Lenz could throw himself on the earth in painful ecstasy in the middle of the forest and then rise soberly again as if nothing had happened. Werner Herzog could think of Lotte Eisner living with a sword of Damocles above her head without the need to participate in social talk, without the need to be part of daily life from which death is totally excluded. On his way to Paris he did not sleep in guesthouses or hotels, but preferred to break into empty houses for the night, presumably as a way to stay outside of this human bubble of denial.

4

Lotte Eisner knew from a friend that Herzog was coming, but she could not read the account of his adventure until much later, obviously, so she had no clue how he was doing. I imagine her lying on her bed and rereading *Lenz* by Büchner, intuitively feeling some affinity between that work and the man who came her way. Maybe, while reading the first pages, she was imagining that it was Werner instead of Lenz who was walking across the mountains, or some blend of the two. The reading experience was different from when she had read the book for the first time, back in those days when she was still in good health. Reading about the physical efforts of the poet as he walked up and down the mountains, throwing himself on the earth



or into the fountain, confronted her with the weakness of her own body – she could only dream of such exertion now. But at least, dreaming, imagining and remembering offered her escape routes out of her painful physical reality. Exactly this escape route of the mind had become a minefield for Lenz, which was probably the reason for his physical hyperactivity, his mind had turned against him and he was searching for a physical way out. This made them into two antipodes, Lotte Eisner remarked – a thought that brought her comfort without knowing why.

She read:

'Only from time to time, when the storm thrust clouds into the valley, and the mist rose in the forest, when the voices near the rocks awoke, now like thunder subsiding away, now rushing back towards him, as if in their wild rejoicing they desired to sing the praise of earth, and the clouds like wild neighing horses galloped towards him, and the sunshine pierced in between and came to draw a flashing sword against the snow-covered plains, so that a bright, dazzling light cut across the summits into the valleys; or when the gale drove the clouds downwards and hurled them into a pale blue lake, and then the wind died down and from the depths of the ravines, from the crests of the pine trees drifted upwards, with a humming like that of lullabies and pealing bells, and a soft red hue mingled with the deep azure, and little clouds on silver wings passed across, and everywhere the mountain tops, sharp and solid, shone and glittered for miles – then he felt a strain in his chest, he stood struggling for breath, heaving, his body bent forwards, his eyes and mouth wide open...' [iii]

And now that, while reading, she tried to imagine Werner Herzog walking through the Vosges – for which she needed to imagine the kind of weather he was walking through – it

struck her how this sentence in Lenz did not give a description of just one type of weather, but of many different types of winter weather which all seemed to happen at once. The word *helldunkel* came to her mind. Even though it usually expresses a contrast in light between different surfaces of the same image, it could just as well be used to describe the contrast between subsequent characterizations of the same area, she thought. The differences in lighting suggest that what you see at first glance is not all there is. If you give a description of a place and the actual weather at just one moment in time, this might create the illusion that you possess that place. Even if no description is ever 100 per cent exact, it can be precise enough for the reader to fill in the gaps and imagine that place and its weather as a complete unity, and then be done with it, be ready to move on to the next place. It is the same illusion that you can take possession of a place by taking a photograph. But once you start suggesting that the essence of a place incorporates all the different types of *circumstances*, all the different types of *light*, all the different types of *weather* it can possibly be submitted to, no description, literary nor scientific, can ever do it justice anymore. The ambition of precision has to be left behind for a turbulent stream of words that sound as if they are out of control, as if they are possessed – indeed – by the spirits of that place.

And while Lotte Eisner was thinking all this, Werner Herzog was actually walking by the same place, between Kreuzweg and Kalberhuetten, where the way takes on a more mountainous character, going uphill along a steep flank covered by a lush oak forest with rocks lying chaotically in between the trees. A bit further he arrives at the clearing in the forest that – on the rare moments the clouds move aside – provides a wide-open view into the valley and beyond. Herzog was there, but not 100 per cent: he too had half withdrawn into his mind.



'This is a season that has nothing to do with the world any more. Big flying reptiles soundlessly leave their vapour trails behind above me, heading directly west, flying via Paris as my thoughts fly with them.'<sup>[i]</sup>

And then his thoughts drifted off to the movie scenario he was about to finish:

'Bruno flees, at night he breaks into an abandoned ski-lift station, it must be November. He pulls the main lever for the cable car. All night long the ski lift runs nonsensically, and the entire stretch is illuminated. In the morning the police seize Bruno. This is how the story must end.'<sup>[ii]</sup>

The empty ski lifts, however, are on the other side of the summit. There where the route starts to head down into the *Ban de la Roche* over an exposed and barren plateau, the *Champs du feu*, we saw them appear out of the stormy mist like the senseless machines of an ancient civilization. In the story of Lenz 'it had grown calmer' in this area around the summit, which is most unlikely, as this is a wide-open, treeless stretch of land at a higher altitude than the surroundings and directly exposed to westerly winds. You can tell it is always very windy up here by the snow-catchers installed to keep the snow from piling up. Herzog indeed had 'stormy winds, intense wet fog' on this plateau, and so had I the first time I crossed it, and the second time, when a small group of five of us traversed it, it was even worse. We no longer wanted to resist the storm, but just to give up, swaying in the wind, half-walking, half-floating. Sharp frozen drops of sleet were blown powerfully into our faces, hurting so much that it made us cry. It was just a 20-minute walk from the summit to the café-restaurant of the ski resort where we had lunch – 20 minutes through a barren landscape of moorland, erratic boulders and every now and then the

misty image of a tree moving hysterically in the wind – but 'it damaged our brain', as one of us said. It was like a different zone, a different planet.

'This season has nothing to do with the world anymore.'<sup>[ii]</sup>

5

Earlier on the route, on the edge of Andlau, the weather had still been of a human kind. We were walking along the road chatting, discussing 'the most grotesque Romanesque sculptures' we had seen on the frieze of the church – a horse with a lady in its mouth, a dragon eating its own leg, a bird vomiting a fox-like figure – when we noticed that our camera woman had fallen behind. She was filming a thick plume of smoke rising from behind a hedge. For a moment we were worried that the farmers might not like the idea of being caught on camera, but the stoker only briefly looked her way and then turned his attention back to the fire. We continued walking and waited for her at the edge of the fish ponds, mentioned by Herzog, observing the raindrops drawing circular patterns on the water.

Only later, watching the video at home, it struck me how the grey colour of the smoke was indistinguishable from the colour of the low hanging clouds, to such an extent that it looks as if the clouds are being made right there in this village garden, the stoker being some assistant to the weather gods. Had it been nothing more than a sophisticated décor we had been walking through? A set constructed for us, thought out by scriptwriter Büchner and film director Herzog?

Büchner:

'Mist rose like steam, slow and clammy, climbed through the shrubs, so lazy, so awkward.'<sup>[iii]</sup>



Herzog:

'Foggy wetness begins, it grows dusky and the path ends.'<sup>[i]</sup>

But the path continued.

6

Further on, halfway between Andlau and Le Hohwald, at this place in the forest where Lenz thought that 'all seemed so small, so near, so wet', and where Werner was in perfect harmony with himself, 'walking briskly uphill', THERE, an *oracle* session was performed. It was in the late afternoon and slowly getting dark. The rain and the wind were still mild compared to what awaited us the next day.

The kilometres before had been uphill, all the way from the fire and the fish ponds, first climbing slowly along the brook and then quickly gaining height along a mountain flank, until we were high above the valley. Now that we had left all human presence behind, we had been walking in disarray and in silence through the rain, hearing nothing but the chaotic rhythm of waterdrops falling on dead leaves, nothing but our own footsteps, our own respiration, and then a dog barked in the void deep beneath us, and shortly after that a car passed. It was a lilliputian car that we saw briefly in-between the trees, far, far beneath us – incredible how fast we had been climbing! –, but its sound had been amplified by the mountain valley. And after another stretch of silent walking, there where the path reached a high point and continued more or less parallel to the mountain flank, we decided that the moment was right. *oracle* consists of a trio performing sound-movement improvisations, but one of the three performers was missing – she was too ill to come. 'Michel! Michel!' They shouted her name loudly

in the forest. One of us took the place of Michel, someone else filmed, another made a sound recording, and while the silhouettes of the performers became increasingly invisible, their sound seemed to blend in more and more with the surrounding forest. You could hear a slight undertone of physical tiredness in the voices, but the nature around us was not less tired. Now that the dark and humid months had arrived after a summer of heatwaves, the trees and the rocks were giving in to their fatigue, waiting with acquiescence for the first snowfall. Those that were covered with a layer of moss had already fallen into hibernation. No thoughts, no reflection. All reflection was outsourced to the camera and sound recorder. Liberated, the performers found access to a more direct and intuitive part of themselves, one that produced a sound much in the same way an animal can do – a howling wolf, a singing bird, a bellowing deer.

But that was only a brief intermezzo. Soon enough we continued walking. A more intense rain, a muddy path uphill, false expectations about the distance to Le Hohwald, darkness and exhaustion turned Werner Lenz again into a human spirit struggling with the elements. Despite a brief moment that allowed him to forget his existence, he remains doomed to restless wandering.

'Around three o' clock I got up in the night and went out to the little porch. Outside there was a storm and heavy clouds, a mysterious and artificial sort of scenery. Behind a stretch of countryside, the faint glow of Fouday was glimmering strangely. A sense of utter absurdity. Is our Eisner still alive?'<sup>[ii]</sup>

'An unspeakable terror possessed him. He leapt to his feet, ran out of the room, down the stairs, out of the house; but in vain, all was dark, a nothing – even to himself he was a dream.



Single, isolated thoughts flickered up, he held them fast; he felt constrained to say "Our Father" again and again. He could no longer find himself. An obscure instinct urged him to save himself; he ran into the stones, tore himself with his nails. The pain began to recall him to consciousness; he hurled himself into the well but the water was not deep, he splashed about. Then people came; they had heard him, they called out to him. Oberlin came running out. Lenz had come to his senses, the full consciousness of his situation returned to him, he felt more at ease. Now he was ashamed of himself and regretted that he had frightened the good people; he told them it was his habit to take a cold bath, and went back to his room. At last exhaustion gave him rest.<sup>[ii]</sup>

*Bruno De Wachter, inspired by Georg Büchner, Caroline Daish,  
Werner Herzog, Lotte Eisner, Jakob Lenz, Justine Maxelon,  
Miriam Rohde, Various Artists and Michel Yang.  
And all of us inspired by Werner Lenz*

[i] From : Werner Herzog, *Of Walking in Ice*, trans. Marje Herzog and Alan Greenberg, Vintage Classics, 2014

[ii] From: Georg Büchner, *Lenz*, trans. Michael Hamburger, Alma Classics, 2015

À coté  
CHLOÉ SCHUITEN  
CLÉMENT THIRY



## *À côté*

Cette fois nous tournons le dos à l'autoroute. Elle se situe juste au-dessus de nous, en haut de la pente. Nous nous sommes installés en bas, dans un interstice du bordel urbain, une zone grise qui n'existe plus pour le sens commun. C'est une longue bande de forêt minable compressée entre l'axe routier et une grande grille verte. Derrière, c'est toujours le paradis de la bagnole. Des énormes parkings s'enchaînent à côté de la firme Coca-Cola. On reste planqués, on est en lisière, l'endroit idéal pour observer les animaux. D'ailleurs, on a vu un renard qui longeait l'autoroute. Et lui, il ne nous a pas loupé non plus! Probablement en quête de nourriture, il nous a flairé, pris pour de la bouffe et puis, hypnotisé par les phares des voitures, il a dû continuer sa course comme les types qui sortent du bureau Coca-Cola. On les a vus eux aussi, magnifiques! Il faut être attentif, vers 18h, ils débarquent tous en meute et tous très bien vêtus. Ils ont la dalle eux aussi et probablement que comme le renard, ils nous flairent comme de la nourriture. Mais cela ne suffit pas à les dévier de leur but ultime, à savoir, rejoindre au plus vite leurs véhicules, puis, plein gaz, foncer vers l'autoroute. C'est quand même dingue de voir ces petits bonhommes qui s'activent. Ça donne envie de faire pareil, mais un peu à côté, juste en bas du bureau, dans la marge. Et comme l'endroit est visiblement dédié à la bagnole, on a récupéré un tas de vieilles chambres à air pour s'en faire un nid, un bureau comme les gars d'en face.

We stay hidden along the edge, the best place from which to observe the animals. We saw a fox today running down the highway. It saw us too, it smelled us, mistook us for food and then, hypnotized by car headlights, had to keep running, just like the guys coming out of the Coca-Cola offices. We saw them



too, beautiful! You have to pay attention, around 6 p.m. they all leave in packs, all well dressed. They are hungry too, and they probably mistook us for food, just like the fox. They smelled us, but it wasn't enough to divert them from their ultimate goal. Getting back to their cars as fast as they could, and then going full throttle towards the highway.

Ne pas bouffer, parce que manger c'est ennuyant, c'est toujours se foutre la pression de savoir quoi se mettre dans la bouche. Alors on jeûne, on pâlit. Tous nos gestes sont lents et apathiques. On se cale dans une zone pâle elle aussi, histoire d'être bien en phase avec l'environnement, au milieu des arbres morts et des pneus crevés. Autour de nous, le monde file, et répète le même ballet chaque jour: autoroute, parking, bureau – bureau, parking, autoroute. On est au centre de cette routine. On est pris dans ce tourbillon. Ça nous donne le tournis, presque la nausée. Notre cerveau bouillonne et vomit nos petites idées que l'on gribouille sur le papier. Nos pensées zonent, elles s'égarent et nous on erre aussi. On se ballade entre les employés hyper-actifs, les bagnoles qui tracent et les consommateurs surexcités, oui car juste derrière Coca-Cola trône l'enseigne Ikéa. Face à ce débordement d'activités, on savoure notre faiblesse réflexive, on traîne des pieds, on chante, on zone au zoning.

Je flâne le long des grandes allées du magasin de meubles. Je plane shooté au jeûne et à la musique d'ambiance, des nappes lancinantes d'accords septième mineure qui suintent sur les parois graisseuses du restaurant du magasin. Le flux de clients au travers des rayons serpente tel une rivière. Je me laisse porter, je dérive parmi les petits couples mignons choisissant leurs nids, je contemple toutes ces vies à disposition et tout ce que cela induit: l'amour, la reproduction, la famille et les petits-enfants, ces projections vers la belle vie. Cela respire le bonheur de façon si insoutenable que je fredonne une chanson

mélancolique afin de pleurer. Une petite fille m'entend. Elle me sourit. Les autres ne me remarquent pas. Ils sont trop occupés à comparer les fiches expliquant le rapport qualité-prix. Ému par ce tableau, je retourne dans la forêt étriquée, me blottir dans ma chambre à air. Je dors.

Ne pas manger ça file la nausée, ça ne donne pas du tout envie de manger, bien au contraire. On a l'impression que le seul échappatoire à tout ça c'est dormir. Ne pas manger fait que ta journée n'est plus rythmée par l'heure des repas mais par les montagnes russes de tes états. Les moments d'euphorie et de clairvoyance se succèdent aux lassitudes extrêmes, aux nausées, à l'écœurement, à l'envie de tout plaquer, aux fragilités, chutes de tensions et tremblements. Tout ces états s'alternent à une rapidité folle sans que tu n'ai aucune prise sur eux. Tu as l'impression d'une impuissance totale. Tu subis ces vagues qui t'éclatent dans la tronche. Tu roules dedans, culbute, penses crever et ne jamais t'en sortir. Tu remontes et à peine as-tu sorti la tête que la suivante pointe déjà à l'horizon. Avec le rythme des repas c'est toi qui orchestre tes journées, c'est toi le patron, le maître du tempo.

We no longer want to be masters. We want to suffer. Not to hurt ourselves, but to listen, feel and learn. So we dangle in our inner tubes. We are subjected to the weight of gravity that excites the elasticity of the bed. All day long, the smell of tires colonizes our nostrils. To feel is to eat. If I could have chosen, I would have preferred something other than the synthetic rubber and the indelible marker with which I am writing right now. We mend inner tubes soaked in their disgusting smell when suddenly, as if flowing from their hearts, there comes a slight smell of junk food. Junk food always has the trick of dressing in a very appetizing smell! The wind has turned, taking with it the unbearable smell of the Ikea hot-dog canteen, each dog



costing €0.70. I notice the subtleties of the slow metamorphosis of the tyre smell into a hot-dog smell. The tyre smell turns on itself, one of its acidic old-flower facets rises and falls in a pretty curve before becoming mustard sausage flavor. There is something alchemical going on here that excites me and rises to my nostrils. Several times a day and depending on its moods, the wind puts on its olfactory show without warning. I'm fooled every time. The same story, the same surprise.

Je rêve que nous sommes dans un char qui fonce en ligne droite à travers la forêt, autour de nous, rien ne bouge. L'autoroute est pétrifiée, les employés du bureau d'à-côté pioncent tous sur leurs ordi et nous surfons dans les sous-bois. Il y a toujours ce renard qui nous poursuit, toujours affamé, il n'arrête pas de tenter de nous sauter dessus pour nous arracher un bout de fesse. Je m'enfuis et je me retrouve à zoner dans Ikéa. Je pleure. Je m'affale près d'une somptueuse étagère en kit, au pied de la pancarte présentant son schéma de montage au dessin précis et déterminé puis j'embrasse le carton d'emballage de tout mon corps. Je m'en empare et fonce droit vers les caisses grâce au fléchage réfléchi du magasin. Je sors d'Ikéa avec mon étagère blottie contre moi. Je sautille fébrile et frissonnant sous la fièvre de mon acquisition avec la hâte de rejoindre au plus vite ma chambre pour y monter mon étagère. Je plonge dans les buissons humides. Haletant, je m'enfonce dans l'interstice de cette bande sauvage, calé entre grille et voie rapide, cette lisière sans forêt. Juste des arbres maussades. Je renifle la ronce moisie avec délice; je sens les sorbiers des oiseleurs qui s'écrasent sur ma tronche baveuse; je surprends des partouzes entre grosses touffes d'orties, vieux sacs Ikéa gluants et corbeaux rondouillards; je trébuche et me rattrape aux branches de noisetiers agonisants; je glisse sur des tas de canettes rouillées et bouteilles en plastique couinantes. J'arrive enfin et je m'agenouille dans l'humus, j'arrache le carton, je fourre mes mains dedans

pour en extraire au plus vite le contenu, j'en sors des bouts de planches d'agglomérés humides qui se ramollissent dans mes mains, comme de vieux bouts de caoutchouc. Je les assemble entre elles pour monter mon petit nid en kit, ma chambre à air suspendue au centre du bordel.

Le son de l'autoroute est toujours présent mais nous ne la voyons pas. On tourne le dos à la mer et tout comme le va-et-vient des vagues, le pic sonore de chaque voiture qui passe nous fait fantasmer l'évasion. On se laisse aller à voir le voyage comme moyen de s'extraire de sa routine quotidienne afin d'être plus heureux. On succombe à cette bonne vieille illusion de l'ailleurs qui promet une vie meilleure. Rester immobile et passif permet de comprendre tout le potentiel de bonheur illusoire que promet le voyage, tout comme le jeûne permet de capter le potentiel de l'anti-dépresseur-bouffe et l'errance au milieu d'Ikéa, l'amphétamine-achat.

Expérience de vie #6 :

Chambres – Zoning, du 11 au 15 septembre 2018, parking Ikéa, Bruxelles.

Clément & Chloé



## GUÐNÝ RÓSA INGIMARSDÓTTIR



letter 31 tells of the greatest party ever held. it tells of furniture being carried out to the garden and some rain forcing its entrance again on mud-filled shoes. the writer explains that the following day included a different activity, slightly less amusing. two chairs have been found soaking outside, tiles found broken and some picture frames spread on the floor. the letter includes stories of upset parents and a driver with a blue eye. the driver seems to be the same person as the letter's writer. he insists in being happy as the sun is shining and hard rock café has just opened. included in the letter there is an invitation to the movies as well as warm birthday-wishes.



letter 33 tells of an un-felt earthquake, of a keeper of a lighthouse and of a february food-fest. it speaks of passing some time in a hospital and of feeling better. it names children of divers ages and tells of exams, smiles and new schools. the wheather, where the writer is placed has been exceptionally good for this time of the year, even the best the writer ever remembers to have experienced

the writer of letter 35 has spent months on fixing his teeth and is looking forward to smile towards the world in the near future. smile for all the money's worth. when the letter is written the writer has just returned from a concert where he was in the audience but yet expected to join in with the singing. in the north all has been filled with snow but in the south it is almost spring temperature. the writer encourages the receiver to start sending his belongings with cargo ships towards his homeland as it might take up to 3 months to arrive. for this and other use the writer has recently sent some money most likely already arrived.



the writer of letter 36 asks for its in-hold  
will not be made public.

letter 41 speaks of two prime ministers  
on the world's opposite sides. one of them recently elected, the  
other soon to leave office. the letter informs of a new member  
soon to join a family. the letter is written at 22 hours on a saturday  
evening. it counts only one extremely thin page and some  
others are clearly missing. the upper right corner is almost torn  
off. 3 members are said to be at home; of which one is writing,  
one reading a donald duck magazine and a third one playing  
a computer game (a car game owned by a cousin in the south).



letter 44 is written on a danish, green, squared paper most likely to be printed for bookkeeping. the letter-writers are two and of an opposite gender. one of them has recently started to wear square glasses and has colored his hair red. most of the letter tells of two persons of different age either dripping, walking, taking things or growing out of clothes. the letter also tells of other people falling, coughing and drinking tea but also shares dreams of spanish travels in the near future. it informs of spanish courses on the television and some aircondition problems at the central bank. the letter finishes by its receiver being asked not to be contaminated should there be an overdose of negativity hidden within the envelope.

letter 45 speaks of changing one's skincolour, slowly or rapidly, depending on actions. it tells of a summer and of lack of communication. it includes tales of sad boyfriends and of people suffering from phone-phobia. the writer insist on valuing one self. the letter questions the receiver's smoking habits and informs of three new relationships. the writer insists on the importance of not seeking revenge and is surprised to hear of the lack of cinemas in the receivers neighbourhood.



letter 48 is coloured pink.

it speaks of returning, sleeping, eating, watching tv, of boredom, of a southern island, an opera at school, of a lack of involvement, of shame and winter, shame and winter, soft winter.

letter 51 is a postcard from a healing beach in spain.

four people sign the card. two of those persons are carrying double names. on the card on can find divers information on changement of employments as well as of gymnastic trophies. the writer has an even and small handwriting and can therefore fit 23 lines on the cards surface. two heads of the same king are in a horizontal position on the right upper corner.



letter 58 contains information on flowers sent to reykjavik from new york. flowers sent to protesting musicians. the letter includes precise dates of several school-dances and country-gatherings. some strikes are named and schoolchildren said to be sleeping in the ministry of education. the letter also tells of a teenager living in a villa in asia, of drinking a rhubarb wine in a garden-house as well as sharing information on a new boyfriend of a cousin. the letter shares three sad news but they are followed by an epilogue containing details of a broadcast of 3 radio-channels. the writer has just heard the song "funky town" for the first time and finds it to be just amazing.

# Eco-Erogenous Para-Pharmaceutics For Every-Body

ISABEL BURR RATY

The development of this artistic research has been kindly supported by: nadine, Flanders State of the Arts, Amsterdam Arts Fund, a.Pass, Mediamatic, The Waag, Cultivamos Cultura Portugal, ZSenne artlab, M4gastatelier and Punt WG.

## FARM FACILITATING TEAM

Farm Fertilizer:  
Elke Van Campenhout

Food Animating Operator:  
Rares Craiut

Farm Weaver:  
Agnes Schneidewind

## CREATIVE ADVISORS

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Einat Tuchman, Pierre Rubio

House keeper:  
Nicolas Schiefelbein

Weeding Lady:  
Arianna Marcolini

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Farm Restratisa:  
Camila Montero

Farm Patrona:  
Isabel Burr Raty

## TECHNOLOGICAL SUPPORT

Tim Vets



GUEST ARTISTS/  
FARM HARVESTERS

BKFF 0.1: Marta de Menezes, Dalila Honorato, Kathy High, Tarsh Bates, Helena Dietrich, Amy Youngs, Minerva Hernandez, Louise Mackenzie, Roberta Bujani, Hege Tapio, Paulina Garcia Hubbard, Maria Antonia González Valerio

BKFF 0.2: Ilona Westrik, Ira Melkonyan, Lorena Gazmuri, Vera Van Oostveen

BKFF 0.3: Kristine Maurer, Saskia Van der Kamp, Esther Wanda Dekker, Céleste Combes, Fiona Blair, Sasha Bouman, Maud Terhark, Bianca Costiug & Harvester 25

*Research process while in WAB III*

*In these Catastrophic times... Can the orgasmic body be a source for sustainable electricity production? Can the cavities that make up the landscapes of the human sexual organs be a territory for agricultural development? Can sex hormones offer alternative components for psychopharmacology and recreational drug formulas?*

The implicit contradictions of the “enlightened” thought and industrial revolution have rather darkened our notion of autonomy. In the name of progress and hygiene, we have become clinical, consuming pharmaceutical solutions, subjected to engineers, living under the skies of an unregulated Gaia, whose self-recycling capacity we have surpassed, while feeding the Anthropocene monster.

Facing this situation I am creating narratives that can stimulate the trans-individual ecology of imagination and its faculty to propose liberation dispositives for a *hyper-commodified* life. My research here evolves around the effort of disentangling power from knowledge, to question the concept of value and point out the hierarchical exploitations between the “object” of production and the consumer. These efforts result in hybrid performances and installations that push the boundaries of technology, biology, agriculture, economy and invite participants to queer fixed categories of production understandings, experiencing the benefits of embodying *SF* in real time.

Such is my Beauty Kit mobile Farm project, that starts by harvesting human female sexual juices, to produce bio-Para-pharmaceutical products and evolves into an “Eco-erogenous Village” where every-BODY will harvest and recycle each other, while living in the driest place on Earth: Atacama Desert Chile. This



village will be a tentacle community that goes beyond the idea of corpus/body as biological transmitter of kinship. It situates the villagers as human/non-human species that can offer solutions to the Ecological crisis we live in.

The Beauty Kit Female Farm is a mobile lightweight materials hub that I travel with and manage under eco-friendly pleasure-cognitive principles. It can be installed in any urban or rural ecosystem, incorporating the site-specific conditions and the surrounding ecologies of the space it inhabits. Moreover, this farm is a seven-day long duration performance (without an audience) where bodily and mental fluids are harvested to produce transpersonal skin care lines and natural medicinal products. Within this body art performance, a team of facilitators/care-takers mentor a group of participants into the bio-autonomous farming system. Providing the tools to harvest the erogenous cavities that make up the landscapes of the female sexual abyss. Where each participant can take her bliss potential forward, unlocking her wild nature to produce trans-individual knowledge.

As an artist in *WAB III* I carried out three Beauty Kit Female Farms during a series of residencies, as well as with the kind support of Flanders State of the Arts and Amsterdam Arts Fund, amongst others, and in collaboration with artists, writers, scientists etc. The first farm was installed at Cultivamos Cultura, an ancient olive barn in the middle of the countryside in Odemira Portugal. The second was mapped out in two different buildings that hold historical significance for the inhabitants of Amsterdam: The Waag (former entrance gate to the city) and Tetterdore (20<sup>th</sup> century font design and production company). The third farm was built inside a recycled water lock shed located at Mediamatic in front of the Science Museum in Amsterdam. Participants came to BKFF from Europe, South

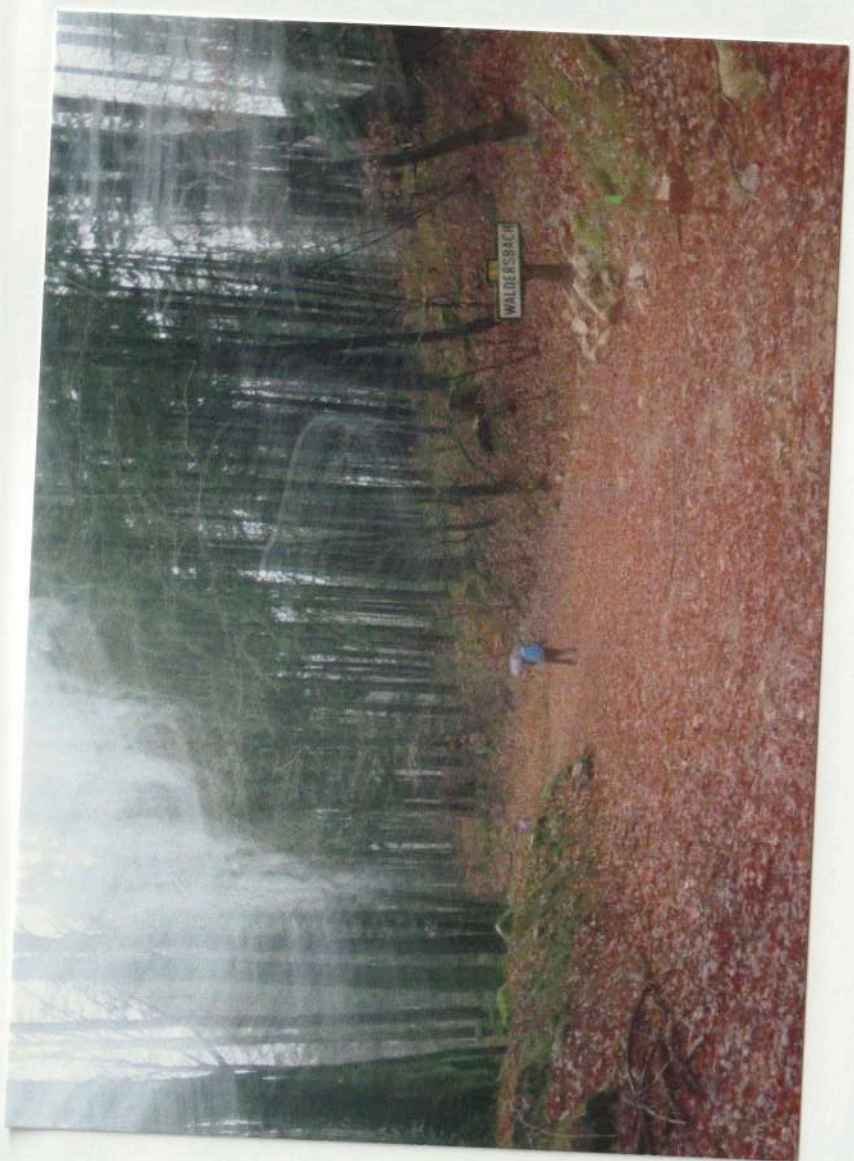
America, North America, Australia and New Zealand.

In the BKFF non-representation is at the core. Throughout the farming process, roles are embodied truly and there is a liquid hierarchy. Guest participants become harvesters within a symbiotic niche of synergistic mutualism. The schedule of production activities can be *de-squared* according to the needs of a communal living organism. This provides utopian scenarios for a collective cultural and life transformative experience.

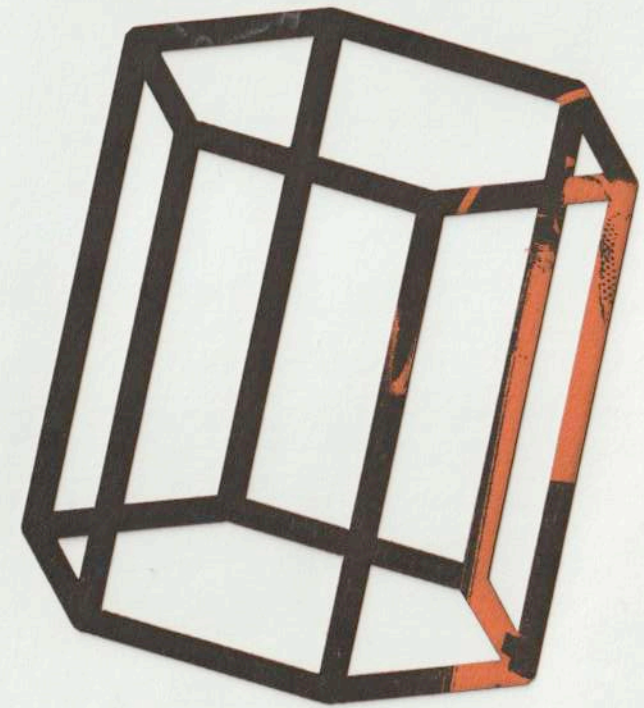
Thus, I be-came the *Patrona* of an exotic farm that proposes a self-sustainable model of production, rooted in the concept of *human fluid exchange*. This model frames its economic plan in the shape of a *spiralled water pump*. A pump where every process of labour influences each other, in order to create the lineage that will sustain the future generations of farms to come. Participating in the farm has no costs for its guests, who in return donate their sexual juices. Juices that I freeze to make the products that will be sold as art objects and finance the farms with the profit.

The farm aesthetics create a space narrative that impacts the domain of site-specific installation. The different product lines are made available to the public in the Farm tours and Spas that will eventually become selling points. These last being an interactive installation performance where people can enjoy the benefits of being abducted by orgasmic treatments.















# DOG HOUSE CITY

THE  
**VIDEOS**

RIVERS

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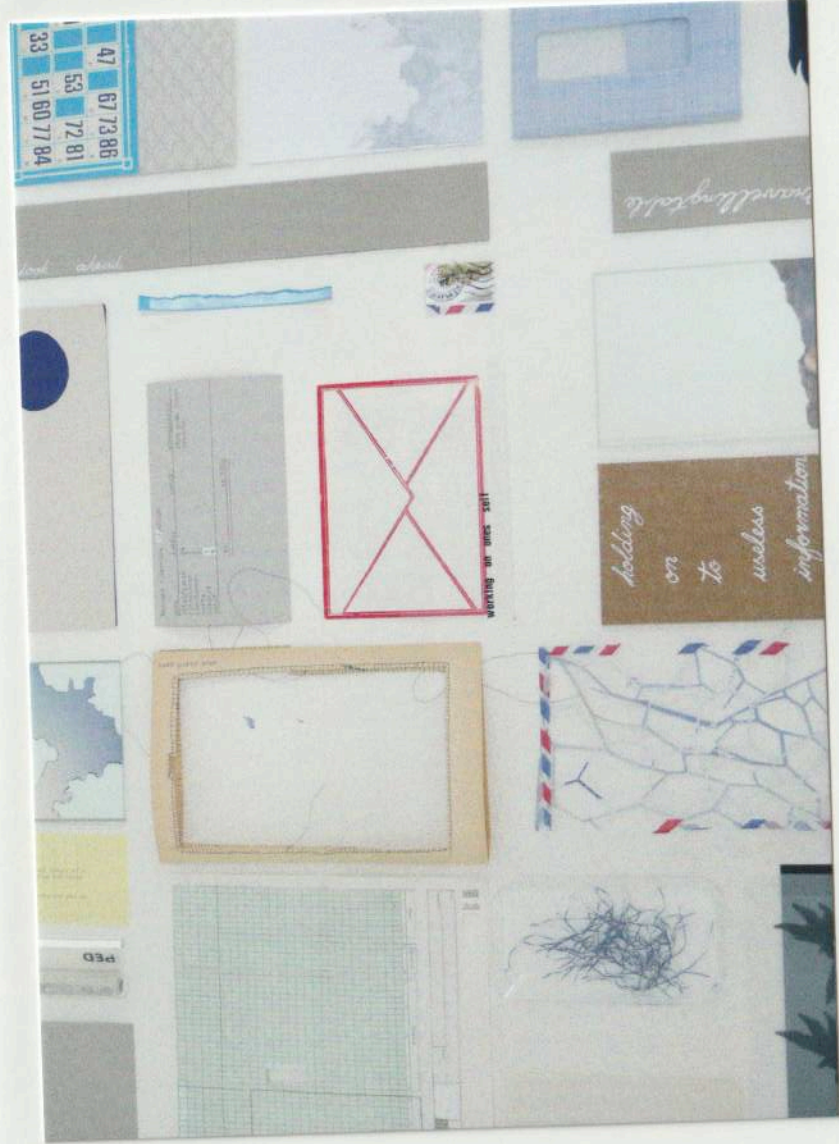
TOO MANY  
ARTISTS  
NO MORE  
ANARCHISTS



BEHAVIOR IS  
AN EVOKE TH  
E-TIME OVSIS  
HOSE WHO DON'T  
TWEEN WHO KNO

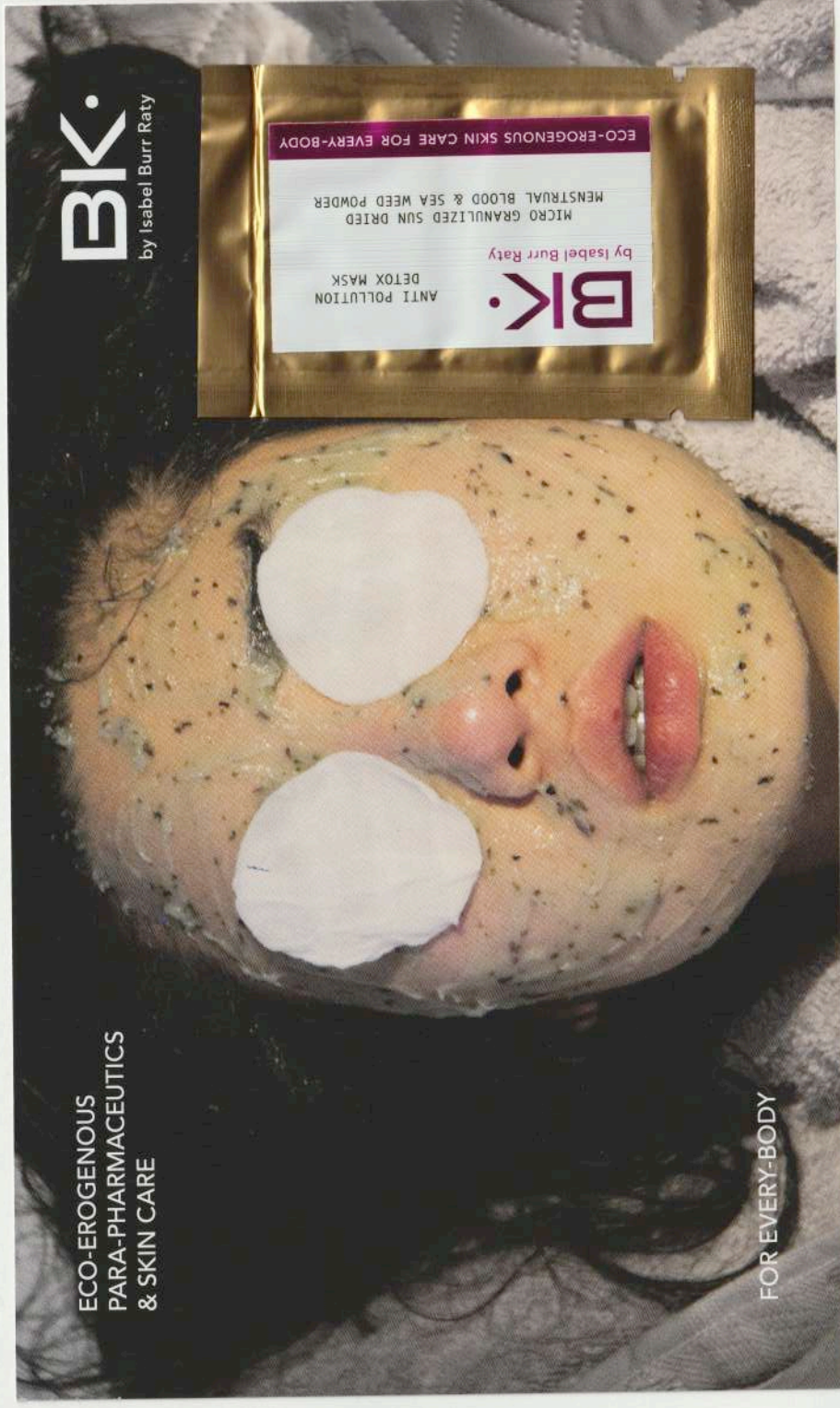
MO. WIDENE  
HEBETH







ECO-EROGENOUS  
PARA-PHARMACEUTICS  
& SKIN CARE



FOR EVERY-BODY

BK.  
by Isabel Burr-Raty



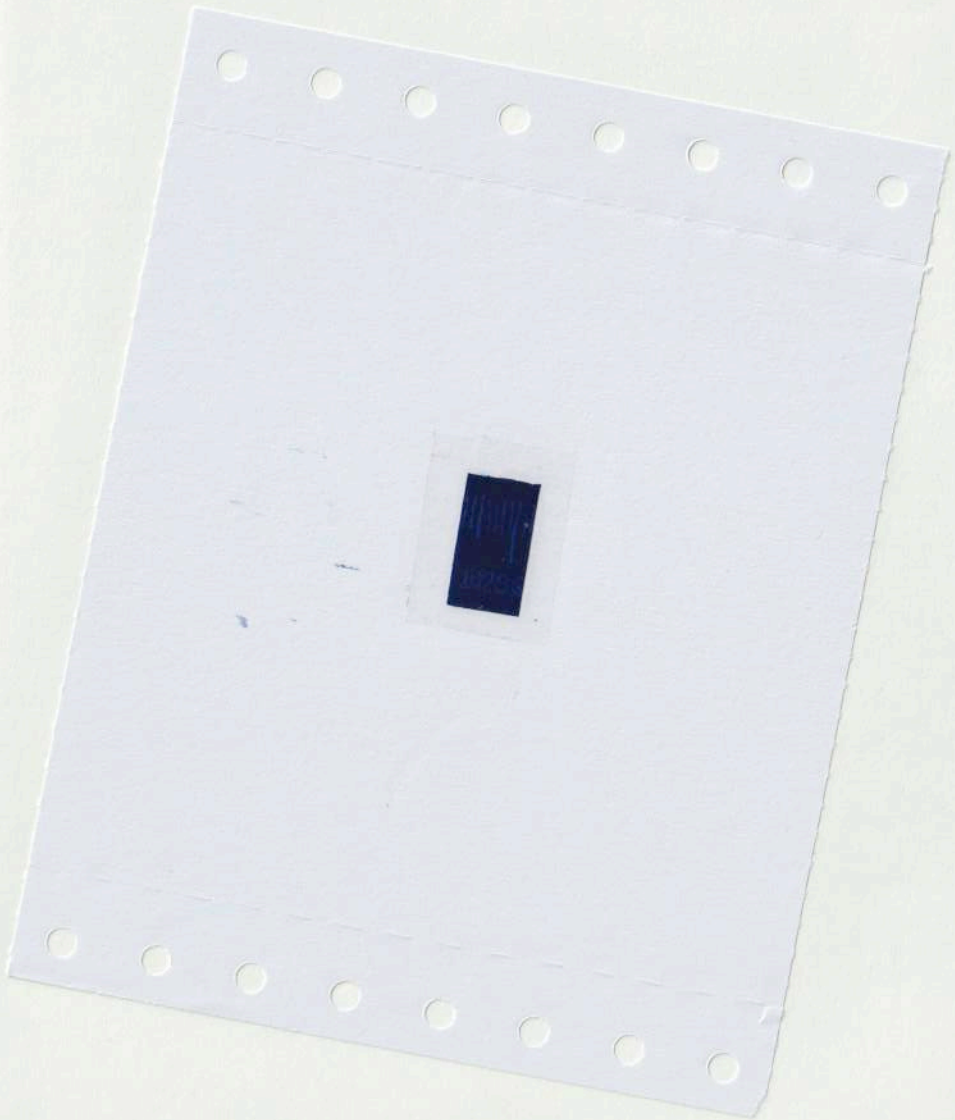
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For more information, visit our website at [www.propolarity.com](http://www.propolarity.com)

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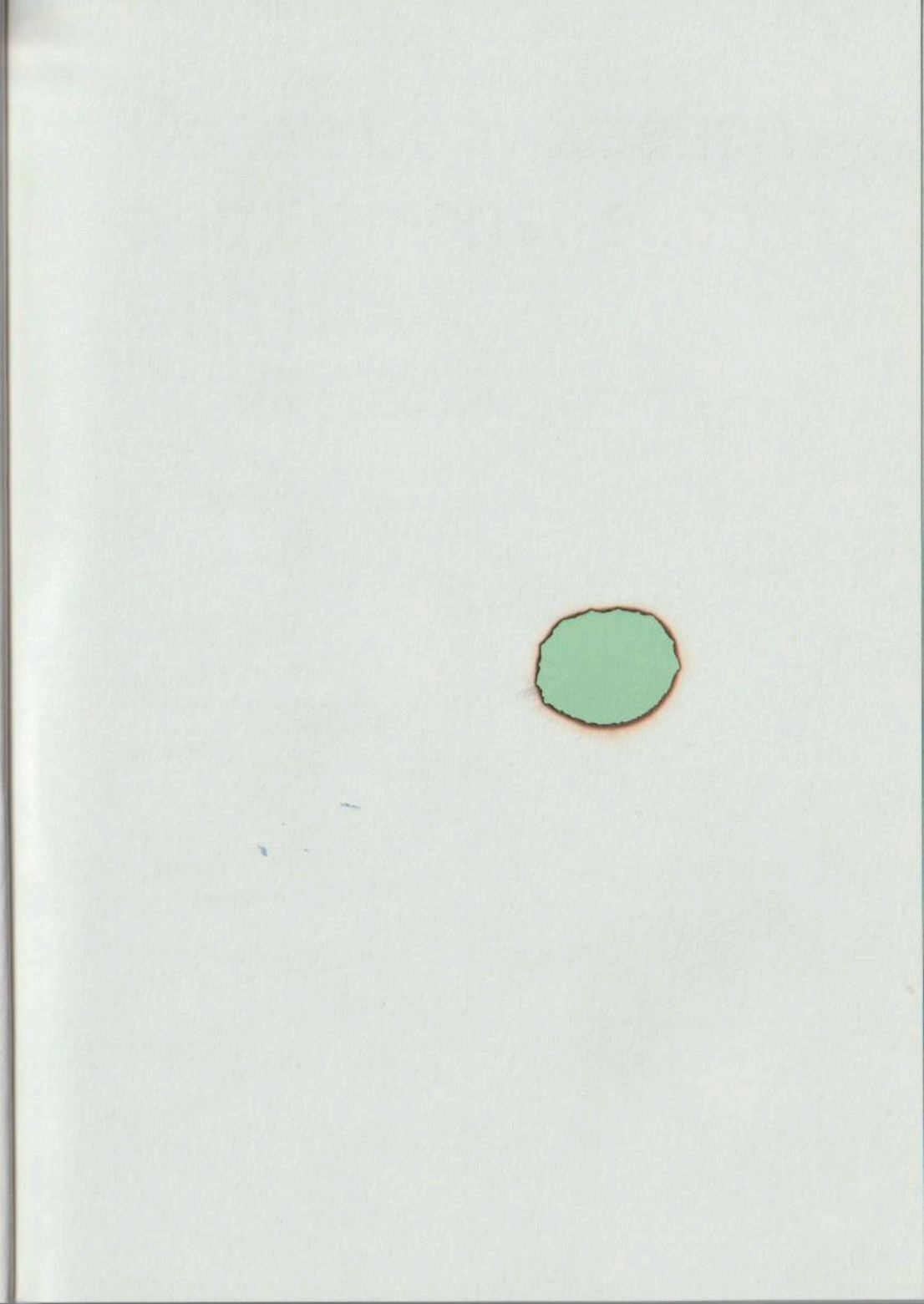
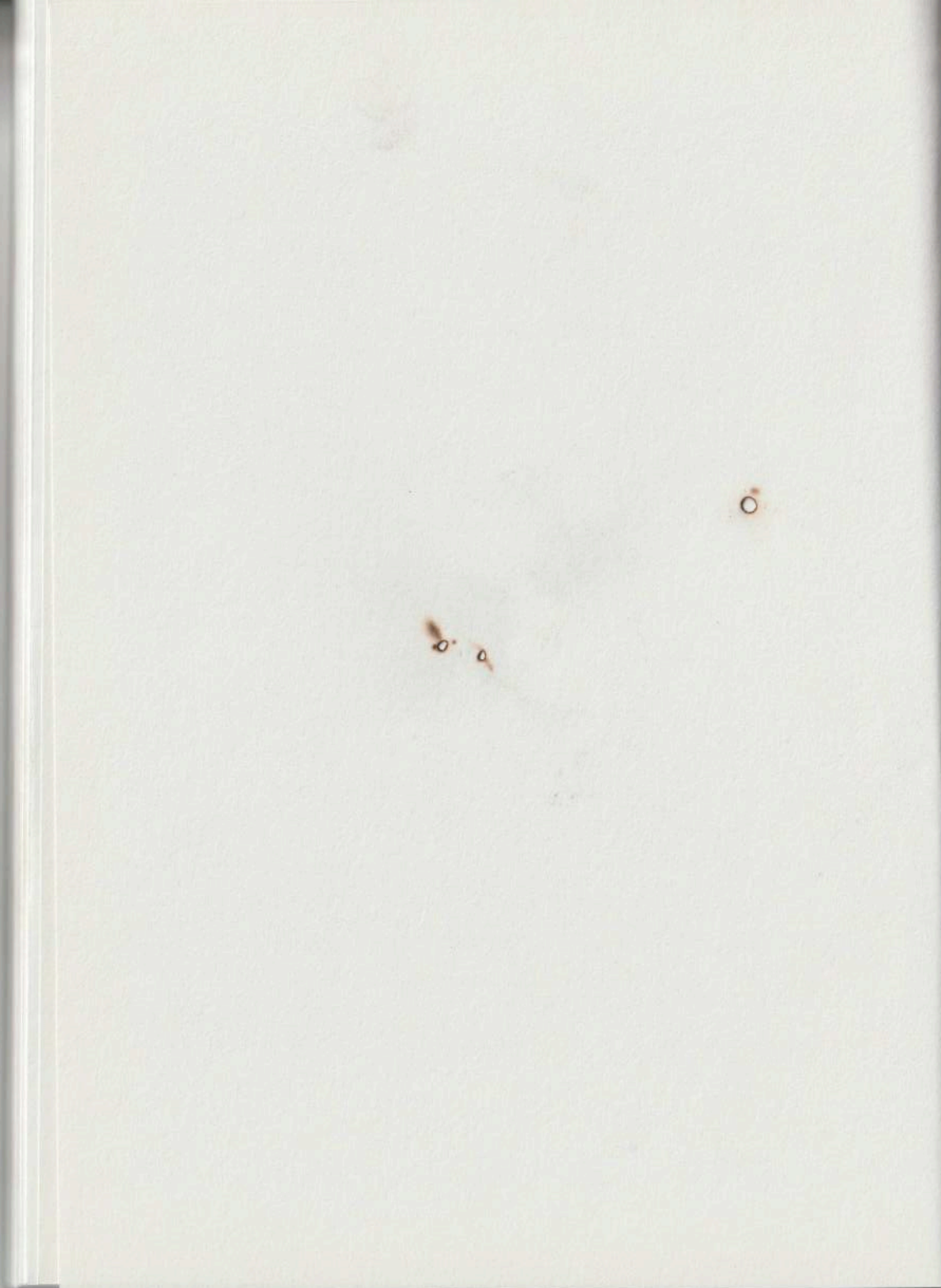














# Ocean Conversation and Demonstration with H.G.

MARIALENA MAROUDA  
AND THE OCEANOGRAPHIES INSTITUTE

## CONVERSATION PART 1

31.01 and 07.02.2019  
Rue Anneessens 15, Brussels

## CONVERSATION PART 2

07.02.2019  
Laboratoire de Glaciologie,  
Avenue Antoine Depage 30,  
Brussels

## DEMONSTRATION H.G.

31.01.2019  
Rue Anneessens 15, Brussels



## Conversation part 1

Space Rue Anneessens 15, Brussels

It is the home of H.G., an apartment on the ground floor of a building dating from the 1950s, in the centre of Brussels. After entering, one passes the office and the living room, before reaching the brightly lit dining room at the back of the apartment. This is where we sit. It is next to the kitchen. Through the large windows, one can see the big garden with a stone fountain in the middle. Throughout the conversation, H.'s daughter, who is sick and is therefore skipping school, sits quietly behind me on a big couch, reading a book.

M.M.

What's your relation to the ocean?

H.G.

Do you mean my **professional or personal** relation?

M.M.

Maybe we can start with the professional.

H.G.

Well, I started working on the ocean during my **PhD** → In a sense, I am a **trained oceanographer**.  
I studied the **ocean – atmosphere interactions**

I am a **modeller**. I make and use **computer models of different parts of the Earth system**. My research focus now is primarily on **glaciers + ice sheets**;

Because I worked with **models** → there was **no real need** for me to actually, physically **go to the ocean**.

There is often a **disconnect**: between the scientists that do the **observations** in the field + the **modellers**. I use the data that they provide to improve and validate the models.



My professional **relationship** to the ocean is a relationship of a researcher to a **subject of scientific interest**: so I treat it as such. Some people have a strong relationship to the system they are studying, others don't.

My work did not necessarily bring me close to the ocean. You get to know the ocean better when you are doing field-work, e.g. on a research ship.

I mainly go there on holidays. I enjoy swimming.

So, back to what I am working on at the moment:  
I make models of **ice sheets** → mainly the ice sheets in Greenland and Antarctica.

The models I develop try to describe the physical processes of those systems. In the model, the **area** of the ice sheet is divided into small grid cells (this process is called **discretization**).

		●		
				●

On that grid, the model solves mathematical equations that describe, e.g., the

**Conservation of energy**

**mass**

**and momentum.**

The ice-sheet model I am using determines the rate of mass gain/loss at the top of the ice sheet and calculates how the ice is flowing under the force of gravity to the margins.

**Snow** is deposited at the top of the ice sheet.

The snow that falls on the ice sheet is **compressed** into ice.

The ice is solid but still flows under its own weight.

Ice moves to the lower regions of the ice sheet and towards the margins where it melts or flows into the sea. So the ice flows into the ocean as water or as ice. There, it can cause a rise in the sea level.

M.M.

Are ice sheets mainly produced on land?

H.G.

→ You could say that, but as they flow to the margins they can come in contact with the ocean. The ice sheet in **Greenland** is predominantly land-based but its outlet glaciers can have a strong interaction with the ocean.

The ocean is melting the ice from underneath + the side.

In contrast → a large part of the Antarctic ice sheet is grounded below sea level, meaning that the ice is in contact with ocean water.



There are also large **ice shelves** in Antarctica  
→ extensions of the ice sheet which **float on the water**.  
They can be **several hundred metres thick**.

Apart from ice sheets and ice shelves, there is **also sea ice**:  
which is essentially created by **freezing sea water**.  
Sea ice can be **several tenths of metres thick**.

As we move from the centre of an ice-covered continent to the margins, we have first the land-based **ice sheet** → then we have floating **ice shelves** → and then **sea ice** and open ocean.

At the moment there are only a few **Greenland** outlet glaciers that have ice shelves. The rest just have an ice cliff in the water and in front → a **soup of water, sea ice + iceberg parts**.

M.M.

What kinds of **data** do you need to make the model?

H.G.

- **Bedrock data**:  
i.e. measurements of the **continent under the ice sheets**
- **Data related to climate forcing**:  
that is, **how much snowfall you have**  
and how the **temperature** in the atmosphere is changing.

The model will also consider feedback mechanisms.  
For example:

When the ice sheet grows → it changes the climate.  
The higher the ice sheet gets, the **colder** the climate gets on top of it. → Conversely, the **lower** the ice sheet, the **warmer** the climate.

Since the start of satellite missions, we have accumulated a huge amount of data for the recent past, but we have less before that and much less before humans came to look.

At other times in the past or in the future and in places with less or no data, models allow for a physically consistent → **mathematical** description, which can be used to fill **gaps in the data** and increase our scientific **knowledge**.

When enough observational data is available, a process called 'data assimilation' can be used that combines observations with the physics of the model. For the past or the future ] where no data is available, the model is the only way to extend our **knowledge**, based on data from the present.

For example, the **last glacial maximum** was a period **18000 years ago**, with much larger ice sheets than what we have today. As there is limited data from that time, we can use a model to create a physically consistent description of the climatic conditions and ice sheet state at that time. The model **solves the equations** at **discrete points** on the **grid**.

M.M.

How do you characterize the information that is simulated by the model?

H.G.

It's the model output.

Regarding the relation of data vs model output → you should **be able to compare this output to contemporary data** and thus test the accuracy of the model. This can be done e.g. by using a so-called **hindcast simulation**, so the opposite of a forecast.

When producing a hindcast: you should **limit yourself** regar-



ding the amount of **data that you** use to optimize the model. Because otherwise you won't have enough 'unused' or 'free' data with which to compare and test your model output.

M.M.

How did you start working in this field?

H.G.

Well, initially I worked on **automatic speech recognition**. But then this didn't seem like something I wanted to do on a day-to-day basis. So I started to become interested in climate and Earth system science.

A typical ice sheet **model** has a **resolution** of between 1000 m and 10000 m. Essentially, when you want to **double the resolution** of the model, you need to invest  $\times 10$  the **computing power**. Often you need a **supercomputer** to run the model at full capacity.

And because a single processor on even the fastest computer is not fast enough, we have to **distribute the computation across several computers**. We cannot make more powerful processors, so we have to use **multiple processors** simultaneously instead to achieve the required processing capacity.

M.M.

So in order to study the effects of global warming, for example, you contribute to global warming, by using all this electricity and not-always-sustainable technology?

H.G.

You could say that, yes. However, the footprint of the climate-modelling community is probably small compared to that of the industry.

M.M.

What did you study before your PhD?

H.G.

In my MA: I focused on **automatic speech recognition**. I chose that subject because I have a great **personal interest in music**.

I had **studied physics** (in Berlin) and wanted to apply my knowledge to the field of **music and acoustics**.

So I ended up working in a group on **improving hearing aids**. What we did was basically to study **how the ear works** → in order to develop **better speech-recognition technologies**.

But when I started thinking about what I wanted to do in the long term, I realized that it wasn't interesting for me to continue working in this field and develop ever-better speech recognition software for some tech company.

→ I was **brought up very ecologically**

→ And have always been very sensitive to **climate-related issues**.

So I decided to change my orientation and focus on something that seemed to me more relevant in the long term.

M.M.

Is there an element of the ocean that is particularly relevant or even crucial for you?

H.G.

The **interaction between the ocean + the ice sheets**.

→ The **biggest uncertainty** concerning future changes in **sea level** is related to **how the ocean might influence the**



ice sheets, especially under the current conditions of global climate change.

The element I would therefore like to name, is the **interface where the ocean meets the ice**. It is important to understand how **heat** is transported by the ocean currents to the ice and how the changing **temperature of the water** influences the melting of the ice.

→ How does **warm-water intrusion** into the fjords in Greenland and under the ice shelves in Antarctica affect the outlet glaciers and ice shelves?

How do currents evolve as a result?

→ How exactly does the **interaction between the two systems** (ice sheets + oceans) play out?

This **interaction** can be understood as a **third agent** that arises from the 'meeting' between the two systems (ocean and ice sheet).

How does this **interaction** affect the ice sheet, on the one hand, and the **water temperature**, on the other hand?

And how does this interaction, in turn, affect the **ocean circulation around the ice sheet**?

M.M.

→ Do you think it would be possible to **hear the movement** of the ice in the warmer ocean water?

H.G.

→ No I don't think so. But there's a huge **sound when the ice breaks off** when a glacier calves.

## Conversation part 2

Space Avenue Antoine Depage 30, Brussels

H.G.'s office at the Université libre de Bruxelles. It's a small office filled with maps of the Antarctic ice sheet of different sizes and periods. The biggest one is also the oldest. It is separated in four paper sheets that are already turning yellow. The walls of the space are also quite a warm white. H.'s desk is toward the back of the space, near the window. The blind is down. At the front of the room, directly to the right of the door is another desk. No one uses it, but the fact that it is there creates the impression that a colleague of H.'s could enter at any moment and sit on it.

*While looking at the maps on the walls:*

M.M.

Why don't you use the meridians to make the grid for the models?

H.G.

Because the meridians are nearer to each other towards the poles and further away from each other towards the equator; so this would lead to a higher resolution at some parts of the model + a lower resolution in others. However, the model requires an equal resolution across the different points of the glacier.

M.M.

Do the two different values on this map refer to the heights of the glacier at those points? Why are they different? Are they measurements from two different expeditions?

H.G.

Yes, probably. But I wonder how it can be that the differences are so considerable?

M.M.

How are the measurements made? By drilling?



H.G.

No, this would take too much time + be too expensive. They are typically done by radar measurements.

*We take a tour of the lab and look at the ice cores. Cores from the Antarctic are placed in cardboard cylinders and stored in regular household deep freezers. The lab consists of three adjacent rooms. In the first, there are about five large deep freezers, in which the cores are stored. In the second, the ice is melted and analysed by means of purifying machines and computers. The third space is cooled to  $-25^{\circ}\text{C}$ . By wearing uniforms to keep themselves warm under those conditions, researchers work with the samples of the ice cores themselves, analysing their structure under a light-sensitive filter.*

M.M.

Do ice cores resemble geological cores, which make visible the different geological epochs?

H.G.

Yes. But ice also traps air molecules. Therefore, when analysing the core, you can have a sample of the atmosphere as it was hundreds of thousands of years ago.

M.M.

Is the escalating carbon-dioxide content of the air in the last 50 to 100 years ingrained in the ice as it is in the soil?

H.G.

Yes. In fact, during the last 800,000 years, there has not been as sharp an increase in  $\text{CO}_2$  as we have had in the last 50 years. We have no ice core record from before.

## Ocean circulation

where it meets the ice

Shore: no specification

Demonstration H.G.

31.01.2019

Rue Anneessens, Brussels

List of tools used:

- Small aquarium, with  $z < x, y$
- Ice Cubes
- Ink

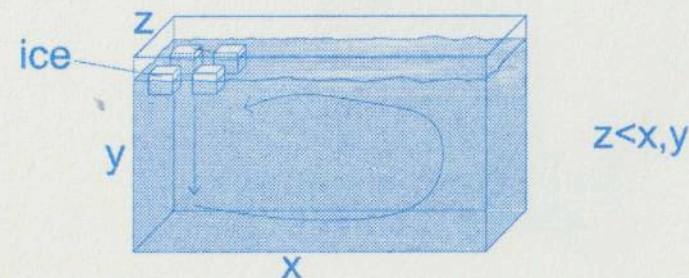
Description:

Take a small aquarium.

It can be an almost two dimensional system, with  $z < x, y$

Fill it with water.

Place ice cubes on the water's surface on one side of the tank.



Observe how the cold water from the ice cubes starts to diffuse and circulate within the warmer water of the aquarium. You can add some ink to the water to better observe this movement.







Dear Re

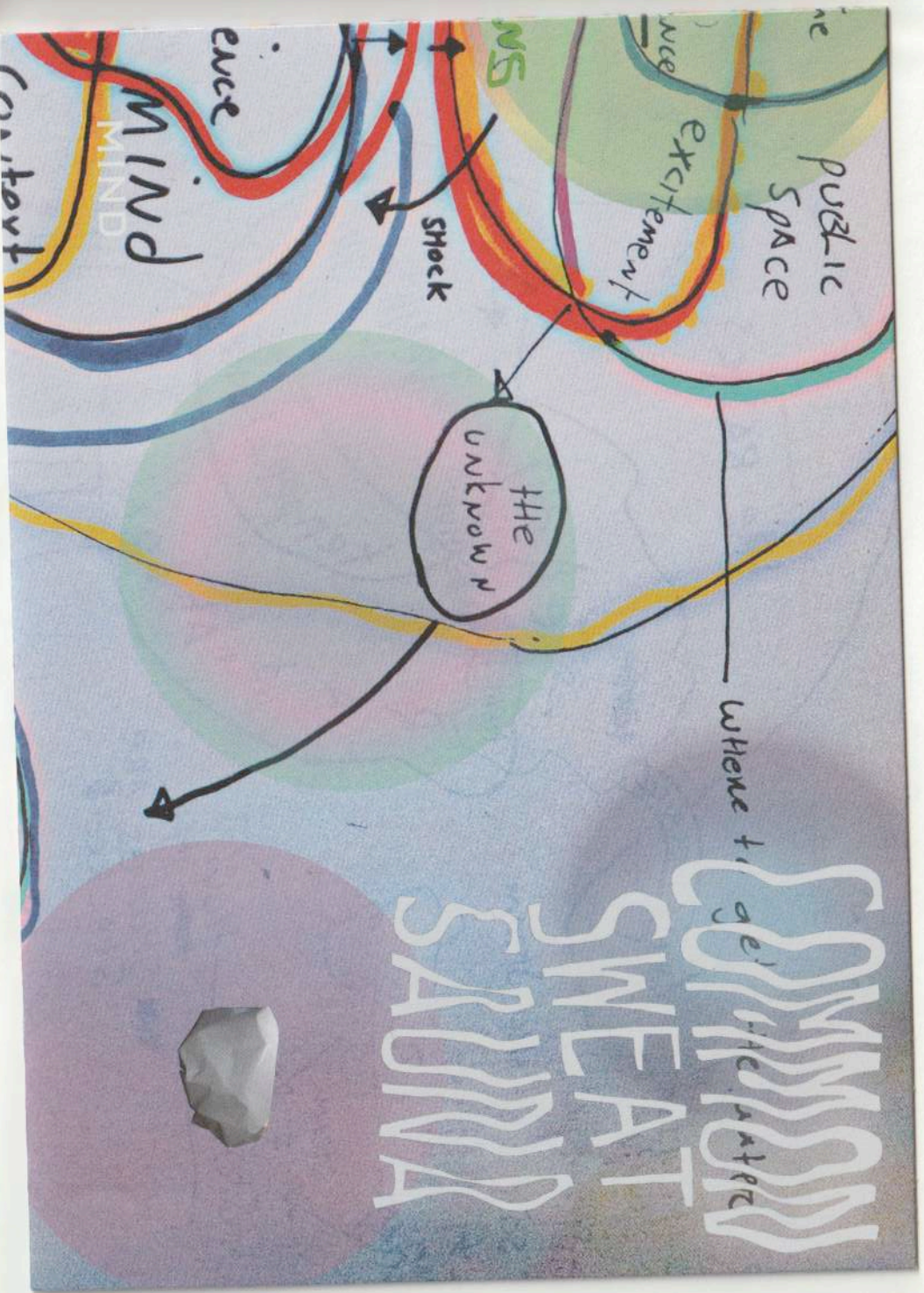
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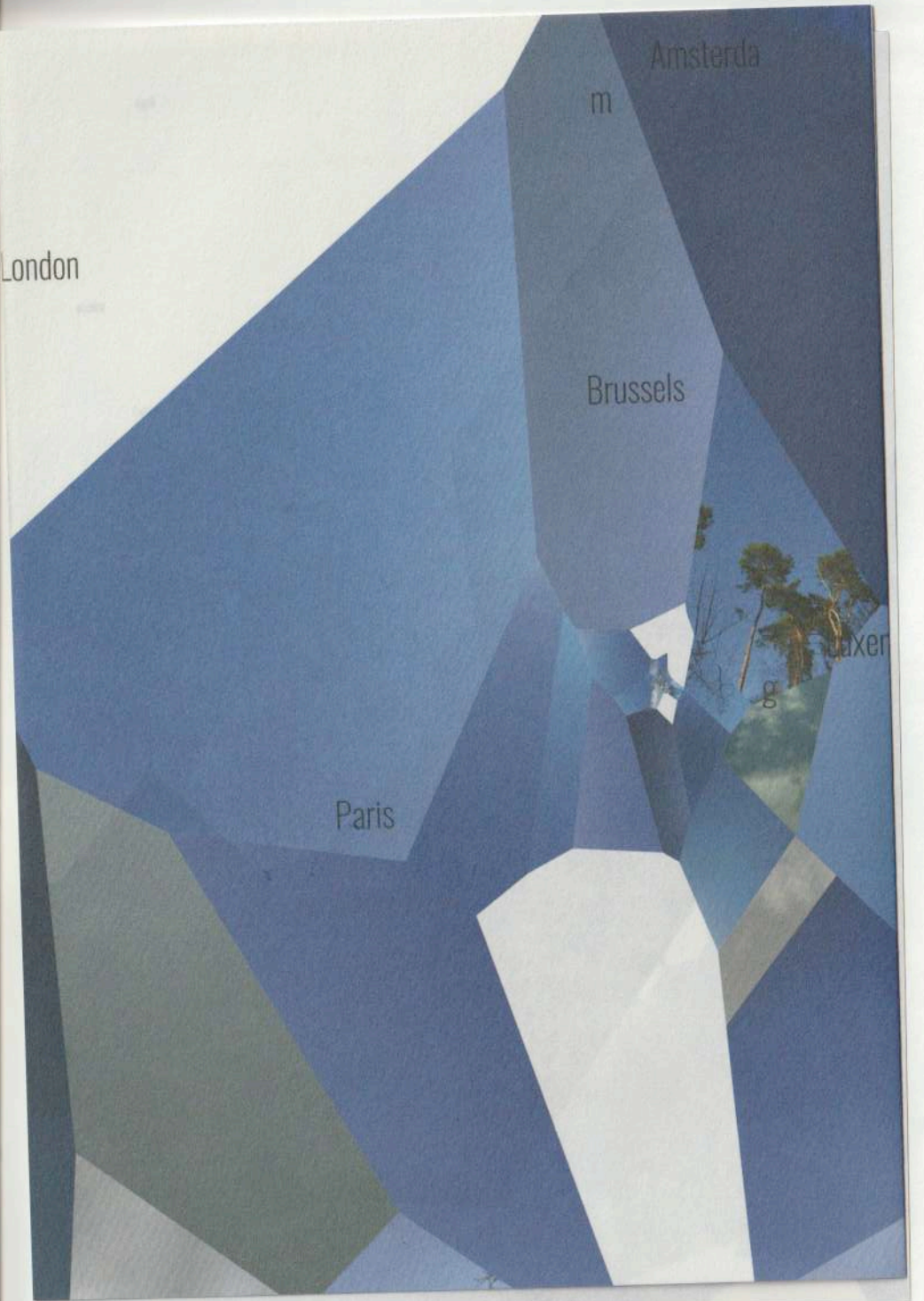
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# Aerial Photography Does Not Create Space But Registers Surfaces

CRISTINA GARRIDO

curated by MAUD SALEMBIER

This exhibition is the result of a collaboration with Mira Sanders for the 3<sup>rd</sup> Wandering Arts Biennial, a research and production platform highlighting movement, walking, ephemeral productions and the display methods of nomadic practices.

Thanks to Frédéric de Goldschmidt for hosting this exhibition at FdG Projects, and to the WAB and the Société d'électricité.



## *Cristina Garrido at FdG Projects*

During a flight from Brussels to Madrid to meet Cristina in February 2018 in the Spanish capital, I was deep in thought when, all of a sudden, I saw the shadow of an angel hovering under the plane, surrounded by coloured rings, a rainbow-tinted halo. What I initially thought was a hallucination was in fact a rare natural phenomenon, a play of light familiar to mountain people and referred to as the 'Brocken spectre'. What I had thought was the shadow of an angel was in fact the shadow of our plane on the clouds. I hastened to film this apparition and to post the video on social networks as soon as I arrived in Madrid ...

Sharing the poetry of the ephemeral, sharing the journey, sharing the unfathomable beauty of the sky and its light. And yet the apparent romanticism of the approach hides less glittering flaws. Cristina puts her finger on these vulnerabilities without judging them. For several years now, she has been collecting, almost like an archaeologist, images from the Internet and has been asking herself questions about what takes place behind the scenes of the art world: fairs, art photographers, networks, leit-motifs in works, fashion, recurring devices, tote bags, exhibition curators, collectors, gallerists, etc.

This small world – along with its economic and social contingencies – is continually being questioned and reflected in a *mise en abyme* in the works of Cristina Garrido (b. 1986, Madrid).

The installation she is presenting at FdG Projects in Brussels consists of images found on the web that she has collected and that are available on a Tumblr page from her website. Cristina Garrido realized that many exhibition curators posted photos



on their Instagram account that were taken from the windows of the planes taking them from one corner of the planet to another as they visit exhibitions, biennials, fairs and more. She was touched by the simplicity of the subjects photographed – the sun, the clouds, the landscapes. Although they are constantly confronted with images in exhibitions – which they generally document relatively little, for that matter – these people are still moved by views of the sky, as is everyone who occasionally flies.

Cristina Garrido also highlights the fact that these photographs reveal a desire to be in the world and to signal our presence to others, but also to communicate a journey and thus promote destinations. She also points out the paradox of the globalization of art. Art likes to denounce social, economic and ecological abuses, while resting on a system that encourages mass travel by plane, one of the most polluting means of transport. There is also in the work of Cristina Garrido the recurring idea of showing the ubiquity of images, which come from all over the world, invade our screens and allow us to be everywhere.

Lastly, the fact of appropriating the images of the curators to exhibit them is not insignificant. She appropriates their gaze in order to direct it and to turn the artist/curator hierarchy upside down, deciding on the spatial setting and the medium best adapted to the images according to the place that hosts the installation. Depending on the display device, she adapts the images that sometimes change media, from printing on glued vinyl in a very large format to printing on diaphanous veil, completely changing the understanding of the motif to 'stick' to a precise artistic atmosphere (classical, pop, conceptual, materialist, etc.) that resembles a group exhibition bringing together different artists. She immerses us into a simulacrum that shows us the image of a ballet, both aerial and critical, and undoubtedly reframes our priorities and the limits of this system.

# The Great Neighbour

SIMONA DENICOLAI & IVO PROVOOST

curated by MAUD SALEMBIER

The Great Neighbour is a curatorial proposal by Maud Salembier and is part of a collaboration with Mira Sanders for the third edition of the Wandering Arts Biennial.

WAB wishes to thank Emmanuel Lambion for hosting the exhibition at Maison Grégoire as well as Thomas and Bernard. Thanks also to the LMNO gallery.



## *The Great Neighbour*

'To wander along a boundary.'

This is the basic premise Mira Sanders chose for the third edition of the Wandering Arts Biennial.

Or to balance on a boundary?

In my opinion, Denicolai & Provoost are rather like acrobats involved in a balancing act than land surveyors. They put their finger on this limit, pointing it out, distorting it, lifting it up so that we can slip under it. They impose it on us so that it is all we can look at. They pull on it like a rubber band that, once released, slaps us in the face.

*The Great Neighbour.*

In French, '*le grand voisin*'?

Or perhaps '*le génial voisin*'?

Perhaps the appropriate translation would be '*le chouette voisin*'. Because the duo of artists is also seeking to shift the meaning of words. She is Italian and he is Dutch-speaking, and they are in a French-speaking city and part of an artistic network that summarily juggles with English. They constantly play between translations to eviscerate language, showing its emptiness or its double meanings, its false friends, or all that it conceals of arbitrariness and all that it camouflages of artificiality. Playing is therefore an appropriate word to define their practice. They disrupt the right word, the one that comes at the right time, the witty word that they evade and strangle with a pirouette. *The Great Neighbour* does not escape this about-face. There are so many proverbs about neighbours, and the value of a house



that owes as much to its neighbourhood as to its heritage or commercial interest.

*The Great Neighbour* presents both an exhibition and Maison Grégoire itself, the house which has been hosting artworks and exhibitions for almost 20 years now. The space of the venue unfolds around a central staircase that leads to the private quarters of the people who live there, Thomas and Bernard. Circulation can occur in a loop, from left to right, from right to left, endlessly if we do not tire of turning around this axis to rediscover the place, each time with a new perspective. An absurd and Beckettian labyrinth, 'immobile moving', both recognizable and *other* at each exhibition. We have been tirelessly probing the objects in the house for so many years to see if they are part of the exhibition or not, our eyes looking into every nook and cranny to try to analyse their scope and status.

At the entrance to the house, postcards show the actions repeated in the shadows by the cleaning staff of the offices and other public places. A cleaning lady knows every nook and cranny, every secret fold of the architecture. She knows it intimately, and yet is a character in her story whose name will never be mentioned in the credits. Simona Denicolai and Ivo Provoost have chosen to pay tribute to these low- or high-paid workers who work behind the scenes for our comfort. The series of postcards presented in the entrance hall as an introduction – or welcome – draw us into this parallel and unconsidered world. The one we do not know and value, although this work serves precisely to pamper what we want to highlight, what we show of our living or work space. The wooden display of the postcards echoes the table legs in the photographs, as if it rendered this reality, on the other side of the mirror, more tangible, more palpable. The hands of the employees extend into this literally materialized off-screen reality, to touch us,

both literally and figuratively, and confront us with a reality that is usually invisible.

Let's go into the living room. Everything seems to be in its place. Everything is. Only a television screen has pride of place in the hearth. The program is recurrent and there is no remote control. The video presents a film made in 2016 by Denicolai & Provoost: *Dancing Mice*.

Has the cat left?

No, with the stork – which opens the film in a striking way, in an act that introduces the narrative in a raw and yet incredibly consonant way – it is the only living being who will pass before the eye of a camera, let's say intrusive but intraverted. It makes its way, step by step, into about 20 houses in the village of Taarlo that seem inhabited, but nevertheless suddenly deserted.

The inhabitants of this village in the north of the Netherlands were not led away by a piper, they simply left on a journey for a day, and this for several generations, to meet each other and live an experience outside the places they know. The artists therefore proposed to film their interiors in their absence, and the spaces, through the editing, seem to become one, since the camera never films the outside of the buildings. A huge, infinite house is created as the images unfold. It condenses all styles, all tastes, all eras. Making its way through it without voyeurism, the eye often becomes blurred, almost modest, a polite visitor referring inexorably to images of neat domestic interiors which Dutch painting specialized in a few centuries ago. Its Piranesian volumes interpenetrate, they enter into dialogue, and seem to come alive and to form the entrails of an immense character, as we observe them. The circulation in the film echoes the circulation in the Maison Grégoire. Around an axis, it can be infi-



nite, in a continuous loop. Another immobile journey, another lost destination, whose journey is the very end.

A tinkered boat resting on the window ledge overlooking the street. Denicolai & Provoost had presented models of famous or unknown sailing boats that will never set sail during an exhibition in The Hague. They had collected these objects, which were usually shown to passers-by, taking care to replace them with a poster mentioning their loan to the institution hosting them. The same approach was taken during an exhibition in Bozar, Eyeliner, this time showing not only sailing boats, but also statuettes, objects, originally placed on window ledges by the inhabitants of the city of Brussels. The façades of their taste, of what they want to convey of their personality, this domestic tradition had also been the subject of an almost anthropological field survey among these exhibitors, compiled in a publication distributed to visitors to the exhibition. The boat is here made up of found, disparate elements, assemblages of scraps gleaned in the street, of which Ivo and Simona have become the 'resuscitators'. Now a sculpture, it also raises the question of the status of waste in art history and the commercial value attached to artistic production. It offers passers-by in this exclusive district the ambiguous artefact of an object between two spheres, the receptacle of the inverted mirror of a being-in-the-world, of an appearing-in-the-world. An object usually seeking to be refined for the gazes that probe the inside of the house, an object by which to travel the world but which sits, solemn and motionless, window and reflection of a certain displayed elegance.

More generally, the works presented by Denicolai & Provoost in The Great Neighbour find a relevant echo and mise en abyme in the Maison Grégoire, a hybrid place if ever there was one, both exhibition and living space, both public and private sphere.

# Deviations On Limits

MIRA SANDERS

Sent from the road, 23.08.2019



### Deviations On Limits

Ik zit in een soort reisbureau, omgeven door duizenden beelden waarbij de ruimte als een behang dient. Ik wacht op een gids of althans op een persoon die me een aantal reistips voor het 'Volgende' zou suggereren. Het was wachten op 'Godot'... Mijn aandacht gaat uit naar één van de fotobeelden. Het is één van de zovele beelden dat een man weergeeft die in de bergen stapt. Ik heb geen idee over welke regio het gaat, maar het lijkt alvast op een prachtig zijn. Boven het hoofd van de wandelaar hangt er een flinterdunne witte lijn die zich uitstrekt over

heel het berglandschap. Klapklapklip...klapklapklip...**klip**...

**klap**... Een oorverdovend geluid behelst de ruimte waar ik zit. Het gekletter van een voorwerp wordt steeds luider en luider. Echter: nog steeds geen gids in zicht. Wat moet ik doen? Ik sluit mijn ogen.

*I'm in a kind of travel agency, surrounded by thousands of images where the inner space serves as a wallpaper. I'm waiting for a guide, or at least for a person to suggest some travel tips for the 'Next'. It was waiting for 'Godot'... My attention turns to one of the printed images. It is one of so many images that shows a man walking in the mountains. I have no idea what region it is, but it already looks like a beautiful being. Above the hiker's head there is a razor-thin white line that stretches over the entire mountain landscape.*



*The clatter of an object gets louder and louder. However: still no guide in sight. What should I do? I close my eyes.*

*A woman opens the cabinet door for me. I see a drawer. I crawl in and come back to a wardrobe. I stumble over a broomstick and fly to*

the ceiling. Eeeeeee...eeeeeee...OoOOOOOOOoo...IIIIIIIIIIiiiiiiiiiiiiiii  
iti...(silence)... I turn on the light. It is a LED light. The light turns  
on slowly. It is daylight outside and inside. Down there it is night.  
A radio is on, I hear singing 'Break...fast...a miracle. Break...fast...'.  
Meanwhile: a man wearing a green bonnet and a woman wearing a  
yellow hat are kissing. The wind is rising. It starts to blow and rain  
very hard. I've never read such a loving literary kiss. I wander off  
and jump from the 'oe' to the 'a' and then thrive on the 'ae'. A tunnel of  
sounds warms my body. It is soft, pleasant and colourful. In turn I put  
on a red hat. The roof window opens and another lady calls to me to  
come. We do a handstand and stare at the reversed city in front of us.  
My hat blows away.

*Tit...tit...tit...TIET...TieEEEEET... 'The imagined Dragon is at your*



*service!' The lock opens and I enter the waterway. Fortunately, the captain emerges from the corner and rescues the drifters from the sea channel. They are completely naked. From under the table, the captain throws a bath towel at one of them. With this gesture the drifter is so grateful that he starts a catwalk on Bach's high tones. As a spectator, we become aware of the drawings on his towel. They depict a kind of dynamic map with an infinite number of goats snaking through the stones of the city in a herd. They follow two lost souls in search of the 'Next'. The goats all wear a bell around their necks and they ring as soon as the catwalk has started. The bells propel us high above the city tones. We become the masters of skyscrapers. Let's stay here for a while and enjoy the elusive creatures that pass by. Question: how on earth am I going to get back to the waterways?*

4

Vandaag is het de begrafenis van een fiets. Hij heeft ettelijke jaren een schitterende dienst bewezen. We honoreren op dit moment zijn moed en beschikbaarheid van de voorbije jaren. Hij wordt diep begraven, zo'n mijl onder het zeeniveau. Hij zal daar bedorven liggen tussen de open boeken en de opgediende tafels. Aroma's en specerijen zullen gestrooid worden onder de taffeleden die intussen het wijnelexir zullen delen. Zij zullen het elixer uitdrinken tot en met dat de gezangen van het ritueel stoppen. Een camera stapt voorbij en filmt het geheel tafer-eel. Ze filmt minutieus alle handelingen en benodigdheden. Achter haar scherpstelling sleurt ze een zelfgemaakte drakkar met haar mee. De boot is echter op kleine schaal gemaakt. Onmogelijk om mee te varen. In de drakkar speelt zich een film af. Onze film! Maar waarin wij niet aanwezig zijn, enkel onze attributen worden op scherp/onscherp gesteld. Het filmbeeld wordt vervolgens troebel en de gezangen gaan buiten beeld.

*Today is the funeral of a bicycle. It provided a fantastic service for*

*many years. We are currently honouring its courage and dedication over the past few years. It is buried deep, about a mile below sea level. It will lie there spoiled between the open books and the set tables. Flavours and spices will be sprinkled among the guests who will share the wine elixir in the meantime. They will drink the elixir until the songs of the ritual stop. A camera passes by and films the whole scene. She films meticulously all the actions and utensils. Behind her focus she drags a homemade drakkar with her. The boat, however, is made on a small scale. Impossible to sail with. A film takes place in the drakkar's boat. Our film! But in which we are not present, only our attributes are sharpened/unsharpened. The film image then becomes cloudy and the chants go out of focus.*

5

Een betonnen muur scheidt ons van de koffiemachine. We geraken maar niet wakker. Een deuntje met 'No cars Go' verfrist ons geweten. Ik begin te trippelen, te dansen...ik herinner het me...ik ken een plaats...we kennen een plaats...waar we allen dwalen...het is een plaats vol omwegen...telkens weer ontdekken we iets nieuws...ontmoeten we vreemden...en lezen we samen een tekst van Werner Herzog luidop op. Op het einde van onze rit, zoeken we een slaapplek. We zijn dan zo moe dat we denken 'Don't complain about the weather!'. Eens het begint te regenen, klinken we allen samen op 'Let's Go!'.

*A concrete wall separates us from the coffee machine. We can't wake up. A tune with 'No Cars Go' revives our conscience. I start tripping, dancing...I remember...I know a place...we know a place...where we all wander...it's a place full of deviations...every time we discover something new...we meet strangers...and together we read a text*



by Werner Herzog aloud.<sup>2</sup> At the end of our journey, we look for a place to sleep. We are so tired that we think 'Don't complain about the weather!'. Once it starts raining, we all clink glasses to 'Let's Go!'

6

De stroom is uitgeschakeld, maar één journaliste blijft aanwezig. Ik zet de computer aan en toon als eerste beeld een sinaasappel. Naast me ligt een papier met erop geschreven "Ik ben geen sinaasappel." Ik maak van het papier een prop en gooi het in de tribune. (Scrunch the paper into a ball). De val van de prop weergalmt tot in de diepte van the hall of darkness. Daar beneden heerst een reusachtige architectuurmaquette over een eiland met vele gebouwen. Ik spring er van boven de tribune naartoe. De begane grond klinkt hol als ik voet aan wal zet. Schffuuu...schffuuuuuu...schffuuu... Schaduwen en licht in beweging. Ze aaien de gebouwen schuin. Details, nissen, portieken, kolommen, sluitstenen, moeren...sloten...ze schuiven allen heen en weer tot ze aan de grens komen van de vergiffenis. Leve de democratie...! Waar ze ook mag wezen... Het liefst blijf ik zo lang mogelijk op deze plek. Ik sluit mijn computer af en eet mijn sinaasappel op.

*The power's been cut, but one journalist remains present. I turn on the computer and show an orange as the first image. Next to me lies a paper with the words 'I'm not an orange'. I turn the paper into a clot and throw it into the stands. The fall of the clot echoes into the depths of the hall of darkness. Down there is a huge architectural model of an island with many buildings. I jump from above the tribune to it. The ground floor sounds hollow when I set foot ashore. Schffuuu...schffuuuu...schuuuuu... Shadows and light in motion. They stroke the buildings diagonally. Details, niches, porticoes, columns, keystones,*

<sup>2</sup> A paragraph from Werner Herzog's book *Conquest of the Useless: Reflections from the Making of Fitzcarraldo* (2010).

*nuts...locks...they all slide back and forth until they reach the limit of forgiveness. Long live democracy...! Wherever it may be... I prefer to stay here as long as possible. I close my computer and eat my orange.*

7

Een man, liggend op een voorbijrijdende fiets, gooit mij zijn wandelstok. "Hier, neem die met je mee!", fluistert hij in mijn oren. "Vergeet niet op het einde van de rit de stok terug te geven.", voegt hij er nog aan toe. "Beloofd!", antwoord ik, heel goed wetend dat ik het einde van deze reis heel waarschijnlijk nooit zal vinden. De wandelstok is precies op maat gemaakt. Op de plaats van de hand staan er inscripties: "Swipe left or right to switch songs." "Recession song..."<sup>3</sup> Tokkel tokkel op de vleugelpiano, tingelingeling op de triangel, ...spring...stap...spring... op het podium. Een lezing start. Ik hoor de genodigde spreken, maar zie ze niet. Haar stem trilt. Ik tracht tot bij de spreekster te komen en ga naast haar zitten. Ik belicht haar tekst op haar handen. Haar stem wordt rustiger. Ik zweef tussen de klanken (ze spreekt een taal die ik niet ken) en de wind die de woorden maken. Haar verhaal lijkt over een heel verre reis in de tijd te gaan. Het heeft ook iets aards...net alsof eilanden met elkaar communiceren ten tijde van de continentale driften. Ik laat me bekoren door de wisselwerking tussen de woordklanken en het geruis van de micro.

*A man, lying on a passing bike, throws me his walking stick. 'Here, take this with you', he whispers in my ears. 'Don't forget to return the stick at the end of the journey', he adds. 'I promise', I reply, knowing all too well that I will probably never find the end of this journey. The walking stick is custom-made. There are inscriptions at the hand's place: 'Swipe left or right to switch songs.' 'Recession song...'<sup>3</sup> Strum*

<sup>3</sup> Ryuichi Sakamoto, from the album *Async* (2017).



*the grand piano, tingle the triangle, ...jump...step...jump...on stage. A lecture starts. I hear the lecturer talking, but I don't see her. Her voice is shaking. I try to get to the lecturer and sit next to her. I illuminate her writing on her hands. Her voice is calming down. I float between the sounds and the wind that the words make. Her story seems to tell of a very long journey in time. It also has something earthy...as if islands interact with each other in times of continental drift. I am charmed by the interplay between the word sounds and the murmur of the microphone.*

8

Een constellatie van aan mekaar geconnecteerde schrijfmachines bewonen een koelingstoren. In het midden van de toren: twee mannen begeesterd door hun eindeloos dag en nacht schrijven. Ettelijke geschreven pagina's verzuimen de ruimte waarin ze vertoeven. Ze romanceren over een godvergeten boerderij waar er elixirs en liefdesvreugdes geteeld worden. Een verhaal dat over het nasporen van een nomadische levenshouding in het jaar 3500 gaat! Vervolgens tokkelen ze op hun gitaren...AIR GUITAR...AIR GUITAR...AIR...GUITAR...AIR. Hoe lang houden ze stand? Hou vol, wij steunen jullie! De vlag strijkt neer, de eerste stap op de maan wordt gezet...command + Z...start over again. "Tiktiktik...rikketikkekekik...wie benne kik?"<sup>4</sup>

*A constellation of connected typewriters dwells in a cooling tower. In the middle of the tower: two men are obsessed, day and night, by their endless writing. Several written pages infiltrate the space they inhabit. They romanticize about a godforsaken farm where elixirs and love joys are cultivated. A story about tracing a nomadic attitude in the year 3500!*

*Then they strum their guitars...AIR GUITAR...AIR GUITAR...AIR...*

4 Urbanus, '1-2-3 Rikke Tikke Tik' (1983).

GUITAR...AIR...AIR. How long will they last? Hang on, we support you! The flag descends, the first step on the moon is performed... command + Z... start over again. 'Tiktiktik...rikketikkekekik...wie benne kik?'<sup>4</sup>

9

Tussen de takken, de bladeren en een dikke laag humus kruip ik diep onder de grond. Ik ben beschermd van de nacht. Een klein spleetje laat me toe nog naar de hemel en de sterren te kijken. Ze worden gesteund door een gehele structuur van kolommen. Het geheel lijkt op de bovenarchitectuur van een reusachtige kapel. Onder de structuur, een uithangbord die een azuurblauwe rechthoek op de vallei projecteert. De projectie verlicht een bootje op het water die over de golfbewegingen van de zee mijmert. Het bootje herinnert zich het fluisteren van de school vissen en de verdwaalde zeehond. "Zal ik ooit terugkeren? Daar waar de zeester haar noorden kwijt is en de zilvermeeuw zijn thuishaven heeft ontdekt."

*Between the branches, the leaves and a thick film of humus, I crawl deep into the ground. I am sheltered from the night. A small slit allows me to look at the sky and the stars. They are supported by a whole structure of columns. The whole thing looks like a giant chapel's superstructure. Beneath the structure, a billboard that projects an azure blue rectangle onto the valley. The projection illuminates a small boat on the water that muses over the waves of the sea. The boat remembers the whispering of the school of fish and the lost seal. 'Will I ever return? To where the starfish lost its north and the herring gull discovered its home'.*



1,2,3,4... ik kan ze niet allen tellen...zoveel uitbarstende vulkanen knetteren op de vinylplaten. Ik zet de klank wat stiller, luister naar de hoek van de ruimte en lees een brief voor: "Beste, alles goed alhier. Ik hoop voor jou hetzelfde? Vele groetjes van hier en ik hoop je gauw weer te zien! P.s.: Vergeet me niet de 'Orde van de dag' op te sturen, want hier ben ik geheel afgesloten van de wereld. Wat kritische reflectie zal ons deugd doen ☺.". Ik kijk uit naar de rivier in de verte die geheel uitgedroogd is... Ik zal moeten wachten voor mijn nieuw vertrek. Ik bel alvast de Sluizenaar op om de brug op te heffen.

*1,2,3,4... I can't count them all... so many erupting volcanoes crackle on the vinyl records. I turn down the sound, listen to the corner of the room and read a letter: 'Hello, all is well here. I hope the same for you? Many greetings from here and I hope to see you soon! PS: Don't forget to send me the "Order of the Day", because I am completely cut off here from the world. Some critical reflection will do us good.' I look out on the river in the background, which is completely dried up... I will have to wait for my new departure. I am already calling the Hermit to lift the bridge.*

... / / - - - - - / / / . 0 ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ / / / / - > <  
Eén of andere morscode licht me dat ik in de lift mag gaan. Echter, ik moet al mijn materiaal achterlaten. Enkel mijn walkman en een paar cassettes mogen mee. 0>^^^^/o/o=-

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Ik kom toe op een open platform. Alle benodigdheden en handelingen zijn hier vrij voor gebruik. Ik sta versteld van de zoveellevendheidsbomen die hier staan. Ze herbergen kleine bomen die meer dan duizend jaar oud zijn. In de bomen leven insecten. Je bent een gelukkige als je ze kan waarnemen, want ze zijn onwaarschijnlijk schuw. Ik blijf kijken tot ik er eentje kan ontdekken. Ik vergeet de tijd en doe dan mijn ogen dicht. Het 'Volgende' zal moeten wachten.

"No return...I'm deranged...I'm...deranged..."<sup>5</sup>

...//-----//.0^^^^^/////-><

*Some Morse code tells me I can enter the elevator. However, I have to leave all my equipment behind. Only my walkman and a few cassettes are allowed. 0>^^^^/o/o=-*

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*I come up to an open platform. All supplies and actions can be freely used in this area. I am amazed by the many vivariums shown here. They are hosting small trees that are over a thousand years old. Insects live in these trees. You are a lucky one if you can see them, because they are incredibly shy. I keep looking until I can discover one. I forget about time and then close my eyes. The 'Next' will have to wait. 'No return...I'm deranged...I'm...deranged...' <sup>5</sup>*



## *what is in oracle*

*That is why I like novels: instead of heroes they have people in them. So, when I came to write science-fiction novels, I came lugging this great heavy sack of stuff, my carrier bag full of wimps and klutzes, and tiny grains of things smaller than a mustard seed, and intricately woven nets which when laboriously unknotted are seen to contain one blue pebble, an imperturbably functioning chronometer telling the time on another world, and a mouse's skull; full of beginnings without ends, of initiations, of losses, of transformations and translations, and far more tricks than conflicts, far fewer triumphs than snares and delusions; full of space ships that get stuck, missions that fail, and people who don't understand. I said it was hard to make a gripping tale of how we wrested the wild oats from their husks, I didn't say it was impossible.<sup>1</sup>*

The carrier bag theory of fiction proposes an alternate narrative of human evolution:

*...before the tool that forces energy outward, we made the tool that brings energy home.*

Prior to the preeminence of sticks, swords and the Hero's long, hard, killing tools, our ancestors' greatest invention was the container: the basket of wild oats, the medicine bundle, the net made of your own hair, the home, the shrine, the place that contains whatever is sacred. The recipient, the holder, the story. The bag of stars. It opens a portal to terra incognita: unknown lands where the possibilities of human experience and knowledge can be discovered anew.

1 Ursula K Le Guin "The carrier bag theory of fiction" and subsequent texts inspired by web trawling on Ursula.



Permeating characteristics, exchange of o's and O's, creating an ever changing vessel for the individual and collective desire. A vessel made out of flesh, fire - a living vessel. We are a vessel. We are the vessel. The vessel is not in between us. It's not an organism outside of us. We are this amorphic organism. Or the carrier bag. We contain Us.

*What is in the carrier bag of oracle?*

Politics & ethics  
Gut feeling  
Vibrations  
Ideology  
Infinite vocal beings (an entire population)  
Fatigue  
The non-heroic  
Closing off  
Contradictions  
Languages of an ancient time  
Myths & Magic  
Animals  
Common story?  
Techniques  
Primordial soup  
Friends  
Oracle is a living book  
Playfulness  
Intrigue  
Love of literature  
Memories  
Loss/ lostness  
Uncomfortable moments (for a public & an oracle)  
Time (less-ness)  
Meaning  
Decisions  
Monsters  
Emotional responses  
Bravery  
Uncensored waterfalls  
Innovation of body/ voice /self-discovery  
Intention  
Here & now presence  
Togetherness in varied ways



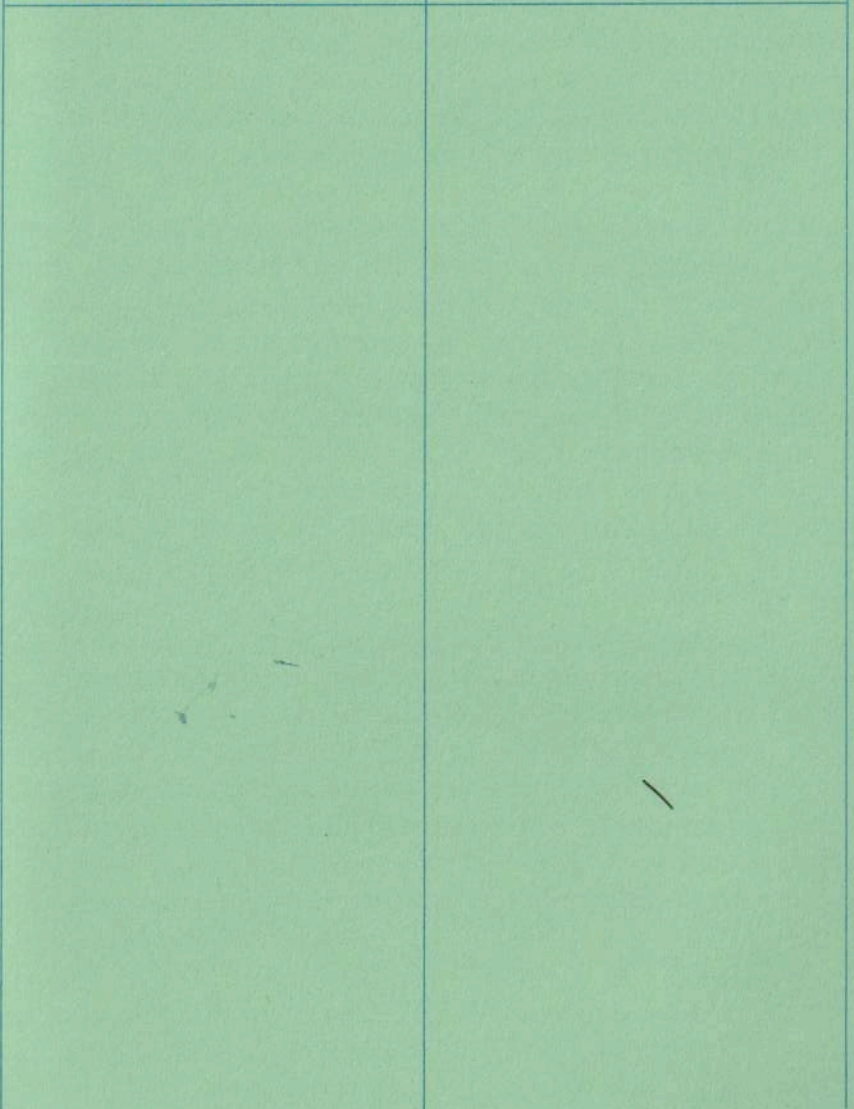
Women  
Listening to  
- Intuition  
- Body  
- Soul  
Story telling  
Body  
Writing sound waves  
Where we come from  
Home  
Live art  
An uncontrolled archive  
Pre & Post  
The room that I am in  
Resources  
- pens  
- post-its  
Inner resources  
- ideas  
- ways of working  
- skills  
tolerance to self  
hardness  
pain  
individual interests  
successful failures  
a red scribble  
support  
Contradiction  
- of oneself  
- the other  
- the world  
silence  
will – individual

monsters  
publicity for the self  
be – longing  
spirit  
food sharing  
feeling  
staging theatricality, performance  
repetition  
stealing, copying, infecting, contamination, resonances  
harvesting – book making  
the landscape that I am in  
stories  
reading what?  
Love in what we do and how we do it  
Voicing an entire universe  
Character  
Connect – ing  
Breath  
Showing an (alien) world  
Space for disappearing  
Collect collective  
Co-existence  
Together  
The space that I am in  
Resonance  
Vibrations, trembles, oscillations  
What is data?  
Questioning  
Scoring  
Scoring what?  
A live human



# 'While Passing By'

SHERVIN KIANERSI HAGHIGHI  
& GEORGIA KOKOT





## *'While Passing By'*

In a dim grey light that never fades and never brightens, through the murkiness of the air, you can just about make out the outlines of buildings, reduced to rubble, rising out of the sandblasted terrains. The colossal constructions – titans, once – now look like groupings of tall and lamentable shadowy figures, huddled together, persecuted by some unknown tormentor.

The year is 2196 and almost all of the planet's habitable sectors from the old times look like what has just been described. Humans, however, have made their home here... Resilient descendants of the unfortunate survivors of last century's nuclear twilight. They scrounge for survival and sustenance, always believing that somewhere, somehow, the plant life that they seek out – the mythical food – has also found a means to survive. This belief nourishes them almost better than would the roots and leaves they hope to find. Humans, after all, must have something in which to believe.

In this bleak landscape, two bent over figures can be discerned, making their way towards each other, navigating under the great towering billows of dust that are carried upwards by whirling hot gusts of wind. They meet and hunker down under a low, dilapidated freestanding structure – a section of one of the innumerable hubs that used to belong to a vast trans-continental network of transportation. The time-worn but still thick plastic sheeting serves as a makeshift but welcome refuge from the sticky heat of the fog.

As soon as each vizor's internal LektorScreen confirms the other's identity, they remove their helmets. Two women probably in their fifties or sixties face each other. There is an



obvious warmth between the two, though they don't appear to be related; one has darker skin tone than the other, who is rather pale...yet there is a unnerving resemblance, nonetheless, in the sense that both of their ashen faces seem to mirror the surrounding atmosphere, and not a hair grows on either head.

\*\*\*

"Nothing!"

shouts 2140-07-06, trying to keep sand particles out of her mouth.

"I went everywhere you told me to looksee and tried about fifty other places too; either you're bongbong or some greengrafter intercepted our talkywalk in this god damned porous atmosphere and got there before I could."

"We've gotta update our coms package, 02... How many times have I told you! Even if all we get out of the upgrade is some lousy mold, it's still worth it — and a hell of a lot cheaper than RealPlantLife."

Shaking her head, 2137-10-02 is adamant.

"I'm sure they should be somewhere. I'm not saying that you didn't search enough but we should look for it some more. We shouldn't stop looking till we found them. We should make a map and mark the places we went. We should go to each places two or three times. One time alone, one time together. I am sure we will find them. Let's start making the map. Let's start again."

"Look,"

says 2140-07-06, letting out a disappointed sigh,

"I'm not saying that I'm giving up, and I'm also not saying I won't retrace my steps, but I'm telling you... They weren't

where you said they'd be."

"There's a lot of competition out there, 02, and everybody's gotta fend for themselves, which means that friendlies aren't always friendlies. D'ya get my drift? ...I think it could be that someone's been telling you story lies, trying to throw us off the scent while they scrape up any and everything green and delicious. Makes getting a coms upgrade an even better idea, for that matter!"

"Hey, let's get back to base and feed the young ones. I don't like being away from them for so long; we need to keep in their business and make sure they don't get any stupid crazy ideas about going up against The Company, like their fool parents did."

"We can't lose them like we lost the last generation, 02...,

says 2140-07-06, in what's barely a whisper.  
Then, lowering her eyes for a second,

"...my heart couldn't take an ordeal like that again."

"Okay,"

murmurs 2137-10-02,

"let's get back to children and feed them. I wish we will find the plant very soon. According to that cryptogram that we've found in our system, it should be one kind of plant that can survive in any kind of condition. That kind when feels the danger will grow in the opposite direction, not towards the light, outside, but towards the ground - inside. That plant will hide inside the ground and grow next to his root; will start a kind of underground life without life or rich soil for many years."



2140-07-06 is smiling again because she loves it when  
2137-10-02 gets this way, her eyes lit up with zeal.

And 2137-10-02 always stays so damn positive,  
that 2140-07-06 feels like some of it rubs off on her, too.  
So she nods, vigorously, as 2137-10-02 continues to lay out the plan.

"When the plant feels safe he will show up in the right direction again. The only way to find this hidden plant is the yellow dots that he leaves on the surface of the ground. We should find those dots and try to protect and surround it with the rope, so that the plant will trust us and get back to us! I found guidelines in the cryptogram: I have decoded all the text and save it in the system. We should protect that guideline, and teach to the children too! If the plant will get back to us there will be a hope for growing more plants..."

## BRUNO DE WACHTER

[HTTP://BDEWACHTER.BE](http://BDEWACHTER.BE)

From his base in Brussels, Bruno works part-time as a technical copywriter and part-time on his own writing and walking projects. He has published essays, translations and prose in the Flemish literature magazine Yang and in its successor nY. He started to write prose inspired by long-distance walking. This is gradually evolving towards fiction writing. He has a special interest in the tension between the global and the local, and in the interrelations between the human body, language and landscape. He sometimes organizes group walks that are related to this artistic research. Besides that, he also participates in other artistic projects that are related to literature and/or walking.

### 'WERNER LENZ'

'The short biographical novel "Lenz" by the German writer Georg Büchner, published posthumously in 1839, starts with a description of how, at the end of the year 1776, the mentally ill poet Jacob Lenz - today we know that he was schizophrenic - walked across the Vosges to the village of Waldbach, where the priest Johan Friedrich Oberlin, famous for his gift of curing the mentally ill, was based. In his travel journal "Of Walking in Ice", the German film director

Werner Herzog describes a walk from Munich to Paris in December 1974. His friend and film critic Lotte Eisner was diagnosed with cancer and Herzog believed that if he made it to Paris on foot, sleeping along the way in empty holiday houses, she would make it. On his way he crossed the Vosges following the same route Lenz took two hundred years earlier, passing through the village of Waldbach (formerly called Waldbach), apparently unaware of the history of Oberlin and Lenz ...  
As if that were not enough of a coincidence, both text fragments of five and eight pages respectively, describing a walk along the same route at the same time of the year, have more things in common ... I took them as a starting point for an artistic exploration. I walked the same route and invited people to walk and reflect and create with me.'

## BURATINAS CAPTAINS

Buratinas Captains is a collective solar-powered boat project. A Captain can organize his/her own Buratinas residency and project, and can use the boat whenever s/he likes. S/he is also jointly responsible for the maintenance of the boat and can take the initiative to fix it or to improve its



## FRANCESCA CHIACCIO – ILPALINSESTO

[www.ilpalinsesto.com](http://www.ilpalinsesto.com)

On 25 March ILPALINSESTO presented THE WALL to introduce 'A GUIDE TO WANDER PLAYFULLY' on the occasion of the WAB 2018 – KICKOFF weekend. The objective was to introduce a new work named 'A GUIDE TO WANDER PLAYFULLY' through drawings and models. It was just a wall for the entire day and it became a stage for 15 minutes while trying to explain the process, share ideas and show the process.

From 20 November until 2 December, ILPALINSESTO was in residency at Tropicana. In the context of WAB 2018, ILPALINSESTO presented two activities there: SPELPUNT COLORING TROPICANA and BLEU-BERRY.

SPELPUNT COLORING TROPICANA is the name of a performative, playful and participative game that involves body presence and the drawing tool.

It is part of the series of COLORING GAME POINT. SPELPUNT COLORING TROPICANA offered itself as a temporary urban play centre to experience a new way of drawing and coloring the urban space nearby and it is addressed to everybody: pedestrians, inhabitants, occasional visitors, tourists, adults, children, etc. This game was played using a laboratory form based on 3

activities: drawing, body activity and photographs. SPELPUNT COLORING TROPICANA used swimming caps, T-shirts, felt pens and papers. This game was free and took around 30 minutes. BLEU-BERRY is a one-minute song about vegetables and fruits sung live for 90 minutes by Mott Flyt and Francesca Chiacchio. BLEU-BERRY is a pop-mantra-treatment and also a collective game, promoting a process of liberation through repetition and absurdity. In other words, it provokes a collective action, a process of liberation through repetition and absurdity

## GUDNÝ RÓSA INGIMARSDÓTTIR

Gudný Rósa Ingimarsdóttir produces drawings and paintings with many layers, which she cuts, peels and carves – during or after the making process, aiming to get closer to the essence. Every work has its own geometric structure and system, and flirts with the borders of abstraction.

At first sight one can often not situate the work within figuration or abstraction. The work builds itself slowly – some works can be 20 years in the making – each line traced or erased (removed or not) has equal value – the things that stay are equal to the things gone. In her art, Rósa shows a macro and micro version of the world, which stands for inner and outer sentiments. Pain, a sense of marvel

'starting points to time travels:  
a box of responding letters to  
those now missing.

recovering stories of places,  
sharing of moments  
and/or actions.

reconnecting with individuals  
now absent or changed.

rediscovering people still close  
and those with whom paths  
have now parted.

following a timeline.

the year of '87.

the year i left my language  
almost unspoken.'

at the simplest things, acceptance  
and mechanism are some key-  
words to describe feelings that  
lead her to creation. She is  
inspired by personal experiences  
and feelings, while at the same  
time showing universal emotions  
such as vulnerability and doubt.

## ISABEL BURR RATY

[WWW.ISABEL-BURR-RATY.COM/BKFF](http://WWW.ISABEL-BURR-RATY.COM/BKFF)

Isabel Burr Raty is an independent film-maker and performance artist, exploring the ontological crack between the organic and the artificial, between the unlicensed knowledge of minority groups and the official facts. In so doing, she aims to dig up chapters left out of history books, blur the

limit fiction/reality and rethink the memory of the future. She teaches Media Art History in École de Recherche Graphique, is an associated researcher in a.Pass, both in Brussels. In 2018/2019 Amsterdam Funds for the Arts awarded her a grant for emerging talent. Isabel is currently developing her second feature film, about the colonial history of Easter Island, and creating live art and new media installations. These lasts invite the public to queer production understandings, experiencing the benefits of embodying SF in real time. Her works and collaborations have been shown internationally, i.e. KVS Theater Brussels, ISEA Hong Kong, Palais du Tokio Paris, Eco-futures Festival London, Museum Night Arti et Amicitiae Gallery Amsterdam, FEMeeting Portugal, Taboo Transgression Transcendence in Art and Science Corfu Greece.

The Beauty Kit Farm is an eco-friendly cognitive-pleasure-oriented farm that harvests female genital fluids to produce beauty bio-products. It functions as a mobile research installation that adapts to the site-specific ecosystem of the space it inhabits, recycling and archiving living materials and producing within a symbiotic niche of synergic mutualism. This farm explores its own self-sustainable economic model of production and invites participants from all over the world to write 'Sci-Fi chapters in praxis time'. During the WAB, Isabel carried out the first experimental version of this farm and explored ways of making the beauty bio-products available for the public.



## JESSE CREMERS

[www.jessecremers.be](http://www.jessecremers.be)

Jesse Cremers graduated in 2007 from LUCA School of Arts Ghent. From the very beginning of his artistic trajectory, he has been fascinated by movement and coming up with solutions for non-existent problems. Jesse's work is twofold: many works arise project-based in situ, at the request of various art and cultural houses; but he also works on his own oeuvre, inspired by travel and (found) material. His sculptures are rather large in size, but in the margins of this work, smaller poetic pieces see the light.

## KASPER DEMEULEMEESTER

[www.kasperdemeulemeester.be](http://www.kasperdemeulemeester.be)

Kasper Demeulemeester was born in 1981 in Brussels, Belgium. At the turn of the millennium he studied philosophy and history at the Katholieke Universiteit Brussel (now defunct) and at UGent. He also obtained a master's degree in American Studies on the fourth floor of the Royal Library of Belgium, graduating in 2006 with a thesis on the concept of Ideological Manhattanism and its application in Brussels. Today, he still lives and works in the Belgian capital. Kasper Demeulemeester's artworks have been exhibited in solo shows and group shows

in Belgium and Europe. While developing his artistic research framework, he co-founded VICE Magazine Belgium in 2007, publishing house De Bleke Prins in 2009, student helpdesk Brik in 2010 and neighbourhood experiment/summer bar Eliza in 2016. At the end of that same year, he re-opened the former prostitution bar Tropicana in the centre of Brussels as an open social-artistic space. Today, the Tropicana experiment is still ongoing. Kasper Demeulemeester produces photographs and texts with many layers, which he transforms, destroys, reconstructs as installations, questioning the idea of an essence of the work and wilfully complicating the place of the work as (part of the) art (market). Every work has a seemingly random balance of absence and presence, which gleefully explores the unique triteness of time.

At first sight, Demeulemeester formalizes the coincidental and emphasizes the conscious process of composition behind the seemingly arbitrary works. The thought processes, which are supposedly private, highly subjective and unfiltered in their references to dream worlds, are frequently revealed as an attempt at dialogue. In his art, Kasper shows a personal and generic version of the world, which stands for subjective and non-human sensibilities. Sadness, amazement at the everyday wonder, recalcitrance and automation are some keywords to describe the sensibilities that lead

to his creation. He is inspired by experiences and feelings, though not necessarily his own. It is no surprise that even his bio texts are based on those of other artists, in which he changes words to give the text a possible connection to what some would call the identity of KASPER DEMEULEMEESTER.

## MARIALENA MAROUDA

[www.poetryexercises.de](http://www.poetryexercises.de)

Marialena Marouda works in the fields of performance art and choreography. She studied philosophy and visual arts at Columbia University in New York and continued her studies at the Institute for Applied Theater Studies at the University of Giessen, Germany. In May 2018 she graduated from the artistic research platform a.Pass (advanced performance and scenography studies) in Brussels.

### OCEANOGRAPHIES INSTITUTE

The Oceanographies Institute is a long-term, research-based performance work that focuses on the relation between two kinds of bodies: the human body and the vast body of the ocean.

The Institute concentrates on the relation of hands to the mud, ears to the breaking of the waves, feet to the feeling of sinking, rather than on the ocean 'in itself', devoid of human presence. It is an Institute interested in individual encounters with the ocean and the knowledge that is inherent in those encounters. The Institute's work unfolds in four different activities. The Ocean Conversations & Demonstrations are private meetings I have with different ocean 'experts' on their relation to the ocean. The transcripts of those meetings form the Oceanographies Scorebook. The Oceanographies Performances as well as the Lecture and Workshop Series aim to share the Institute's knowledge with the public. The Institute uses artistic methods and tools for its research, considering microphones, speakers, light filters, reflective foils and the like to be at least as appropriate for studying affective relations to oceans as microscopes or petri dishes. Performance and poetry play a major role in the Institute's work. The Oceanographies Institute's main desire is to make the presence of the ocean apparent within everyday experience. The question it poses is: how can the ocean be performatively summoned within the quotidian and how can poetry, an ocean poetics, be the motor for such summoning? In the process of development of the Oceanographies Institute, Marialena is essentially interested in two simultaneous processes of becoming: the work becoming ocean and its becoming Institute. The tensions arising from those two seemingly opposing movements is, in essence, what the Institute is about.



## MAUD SALEMBIER

[www.laspore.org](http://www.laspore.org)

Maud Salembier graduated from ULB in art history as well as film analysis and writing. She is a curator and a professor of history and contemporary arts. In 2014 she organized artist residencies in Brussels followed by solo exhibitions of Lodewijk Heylen (Belgium) and Eva Lacour (Denmark). In 2015 she curated a group exhibition in an abandoned space in Turnhout, which featured works by, among others, Michel François and Ann Veronica Janssens, Alain della Negra and Kaori Kinoshita, Bernard Villers, Céline Gillain, Edith Dekyndt and Benoît Platéus. She also curated an exhibition for WAB 2016 with works by Léa Mayer, David de Tscharner and Various Artists. In September 2018 Maud Salembier curated a group exhibition entitled NORMA (with Sophie Whettnall, Martin Belou, Alberto Scodro, Michael Vandenabeele, etc.). During the 3rd WAB she curated three exhibitions: Cristina Garrido at FdG Projects, Denicolai & Provoost with The Great Neighbour at Maison Grégoire, and Chloé Schuiten and Clément Thiry with Junk Office at Greylight Projects.

## MIRA SANDERS

[www.mirasanders.org](http://www.mirasanders.org)

Mira Sanders studied painting and multimedia arts at LUCA School

of Arts Brussels. She focuses on the positioning of objects, people or events in physical spaces and on the actual terrain. Her visual language consists of meticulous lines, markings, borders, routes, maps, plans and drawings that describe and redefine spaces, and outline imaginary journeys, in an attempt to surpass the limits of language. In 2007 she was one of the laureates of the Young Belgian Painting Award. Her work has been shown at Galerie Vidal Cuglietta (Brussels), Galerie MDAC Rochechouart, ARGOS centre for art and media (Brussels), BOZAR (Brussels), deSingel (Antwerp), Museum Dhondt-Dhaenens (Deurle), Centre Pompidou (Paris), Huize Frankendael (Amsterdam) and CEAC (Xiamen), among others. Mira Sanders is a lecturer at the Faculty of Architecture Campus Sint-Lucas (Brussels-Ghent) KULeuven. In early 2017 she completed her Phd in the Arts, Le Journal d'un Usager de l'Espace: About the (Im)Possibility to Form an Idea of Limits, at KU Leuven.

## ORACLE

Michel Yang (BE/US), Justine Maxelon (BE/DE) and Caroline Daish (BE/AU) created oracle in December 2015. Each performer conjures, coaxes and excavates interiority from their unique approach to voice and body. The oracle project was established as a need to voice, heal and collaborate.

oracle reads different spaces; train stations, parks, institutions, forests, public libraries, urban gardens, waterways and private living spaces. The spectator receives the reading as a visual perspective, sonic experience and spatial-social relation - an alternative space surfaces, a reading with thoughts, character and history of its own, revealing a prophecy embedded in vocal sounds. The oracle practice aims to sustain individuality within the collective moment. As the word suggests, oracle has an attention to 'togetherness' and individual agency.

## SHERVIN KIANERSI HAGHIGHI

Shervin Kianersi Haghighi's (Brussels) works primarily address concepts that are, on the whole, considered pejoratively these days in society (e.g. laziness, slowness, failure). She has dubbed them 'invisible performances' due to the fact that they are inspired by the everyday actions and gestures of our quotidian (things like walking, eating, listening, etc.), and also because they are usually not registered by onlookers as artistic performances, as they occur. She uses the 'invisible performances' as a means of opening up and investigating something she calls 'In-Between Spaces' (can mean a tangible place, delimited by physical limits [e.g. walls, floor, ceiling] and/or its measurements;

can also signify the length of time in which an occurrence happens [e.g. the space of a movie]). These are new spaces, intended to (co) exist next to the hierarchically structured ones that we all inhabit and all, unconsciously, help to forward and advance. In these 'In-Between Spaces', we can start to think of, and re-think, ideas and behaviours that once seemed nothing less than obvious to us.

## SENSING AND CARING FOR PLANTS

Sensing and Caring for Plants is an artistic project presented during the 3<sup>rd</sup> WAB that makes a poetic connection between the two sides of the canal in Brussels, the Henegouwenkaai (Atelier grooteiland) in Molenbeek and Place Saint-Catherine (De Markten) in the centre of Brussels. The emphasis lies on the concepts of 'response-ability', i.e. the ability to respond, and 'communi-caring', i.e. exchanging with emphasis on worries. This performative walk invited the public to make a walk with one of the plants and a walking map, and thus to connect locations on both sides of the canal.

## STEVEN JOUWERSMA

[www.stevenjouwersma.com](http://www.stevenjouwersma.com)

Steven Jouwersma's artistic practice often starts from a social process where he tries to find ways to work with people in an intensive way. This can result in



the formation of musical bands, performances, public interventions, film recordings and sauna sessions as responses to certain economics of attention and interests that are present at the place where he works. The situations he 'organizes' are often in public. With a sense of humour he tries to move and question the social and political positions of the audience and the performer.

### COMMON SWEAT SAUNA

The Common Sweat Sauna is a real working sauna made only from recuperated materials. The first version of the sauna was built in the public space of Brussels and immediately opened up to the public. The project intends to create a free nomadic urban sauna space that diverts from the logic of commercial and individualized wellness and that de-colonizes the public space. During the 3<sup>rd</sup> WAB, a second, mobile version of the sauna was built and moved through Brussels.

### STUDIO ANATOMY – AOB Master Faculty of Architecture KU Leuven

[www.studio-anatomy.org](http://www.studio-anatomy.org)

Studio Anatomy, a master studio at KU Leuven Faculty of Architecture campus Sint-Lucas Ghent, traces socio-historical layers, starting

from the topography (geology, the vertical section) and stretching as far as the full scale architectural (constructive) detail (the section, again), incorporating construction in the design-research process from the very beginning. Doing so, Studio Anatomy covers the full stretch from poetics to technics in architecture. Studio Anatomy critically questions the too-speedy nature at the surface of things we see (in architecture) – the superficiality of the world – by cutting into and under the skin of things (architecture). Alberto Pérez-Gómez suggests that the section is of foremost importance in the architect's work, as a prediction on the casting of shadows, pointing at the anatomic nature of the section that, applied by the architect, 'break[s] the skin of things in order to show' (Pérez-Gómez 2006), completing his argument with Merleau-Ponty, 'how the things become things, how the world becomes a world' (Merleau-Ponty 1964). This cutting into substance is resistant, hence it slows down our acting and intensifies our thinking. 'Slowing' instead of speeding. Because 'slowing' permits one to perceive, absorb and embody longer, better, deeper. Depth is the first, not the third dimension in Studio Anatomy (Van Den Berghe 2012). Through this act of cutting, which is a way of making with the thinking hand (Pallasmaa 2009), the investigated subject (architecture) is anatomized and better understood. Teachers: Prof. Dr. Ir./Arch. Laurens Luyten, Dr. Visual artist Mira Sanders, Prof. Dr. Arch. Jo Van Den Berghe

### STUDIO ASSIGNMENT 2018

By means of wandering along limits (Sanders 2017) (Eisenstein 1938), (historical, constructive, political, cultural, etc.) points of (p)reference in the architectural topography of the Museumsinsel have to be identified and located. The plans and observations of Rome by Nolli (1748) and Piranesi (ca. 1774), as well as Roma Interrotta (Sartogo 1978) (Delbeke 2011) are the main references of this assignment. Isn't Berlin another interrupted city? These points of (p)reference clearly constitute 'a place', into which a suite of rooms has to be designed as a new pavilion within the site. This suite of rooms constitutes an antechamber, a chamber, and finally – and only for those who want to make an effort by approaching, going through transitions between 'out' and 'in', from room to room and through the meticulously designed transitions between these rooms – the desired moratorium space (the third room) a celebration for Being.Human. Body.Architecture, can be discovered. It would be wrong to insert this pavilion as an isolated 'object' onto the site. Rather, the newly designed architectural body should be inserted into the site (Moravánsky 2005) by intimately engaging with, or coming forth from, or penetrating into, or growing out of, one of the existing architectural bodies. A special interest for the historical presence of the site should raise questions such as: how to engage, as an architect, with a loaded architectural history of a place, when intervening architecturally in this place today?

### TAFEL

[www.tafeltafel.com](http://www.tafeltafel.com)

TAFEL is a website developed by Neri De Meester and Maud Gyssels. It was created as a communal table of content at which to eat, work, write, draw and sew. By using TAFEL, certain subjects and objects get valued, without forgetting the continuous instability and shifting of their meaning and image. TAFEL shows work-in-progress and in-between links that connect the things we love. Besides the virtual website, TAFEL organizes conceptual dinners called SOUPER. These can be transformed, expanded or exchanged at any moment. They became a hybrid form, floating between an online platform and real-life matter and encounters. This multifunctional table and its location are the starting point for the menu.

Neri De Meester, fashion designer, raw food chef, and Maud Gyssels, artist, started TAFEL in 2016. They organized SOUPER I at Workspacebrussels (2017), Kunst & Zwalm (2017), and at home in Ghent (2017), and SOUPER II at Tropicana, Brussels (2017).

During the 3<sup>rd</sup> WAB, TAFEL created SOUPER III, a dinner performance in eight courses. As usual TAFEL questions the relation between word and thing – what you see isn't always what you get. The third edition is one of a surrealist mind and follows the rhythm of the dreamlike movie *The Color of Pomegranates* (Sergei Parajanov, 1968).



This is an attempt to expand the moving image into taste and aroma, and therefore a lucidity of all senses. How will vision, sound and movement influence and mislead the flavours of our menu?

In a set space and time, you'll float through the orchestrated menu from dawn till dusk, from youth to maturity.

## THE MENTAL MASONRY LAB

[www.thementalmasonrylab.com](http://www.thementalmasonrylab.com)

Inaugurated in Berlin in 2014, THE MENTAL MASONRY LAB is the work of two artists, Mira Sanders and Cédric Noël.

As its name indicates, it is an artistic laboratory that puts imagination at the centre of an apparatus for action and reflection in line with essentially urban situations.

Mira Sanders (b. 1973) studied painting and multimedia arts at LUCA School of Arts Brussels. Her work (a combination of videos, drawings, installations) is an ongoing research into places and the persons and stories that inhabit them. Mira Sanders is a lecturer at the Faculty of Architecture campus Sint-Lucas (Brussels-Ghent) KU Leuven, active in the Mixed Media department and in the Explorative Architecture trajectory (master programme). In early 2017 she completed her Phd in the Arts, *Le Journal d'un Usager de l'Espace: About the (Im)Possibility to Form an Idea of Limits*, at KU Leuven. Cédric Noël (b. 1978) is a visual

artist interested in the nature of images, and more specifically in the mental processes involved in the production and reception of an image. His work is inspired by methods used in the scientific field of research, which he reinvests, particularly through the observation of images from news stories, cinema and advertisements, whose impact on the brain is defined by statistical measurements. He studied Art at La Villa Arson (Nice-France) and is a laureate of HISK (Belgium) - Advanced Studies & Practice-based Research in Visual Arts. He is currently a lecturer in the Urban Space department at the La Cambre School of Visual Arts (Brussels).

## TILL ROESKENS & MATHILDE SPINI

[documentsdartistes.org/artistes/roeskens/repro.html](http://documentsdartistes.org/artistes/roeskens/repro.html)

With a passion for applied geography, visual artist Till Roeskens belongs to the family of explorers. His work evolves out of his discovery of a given territory and those who are trying to draw their own paths through it. What he brings back from his wanderings, whether in the form of a book, a video, a slide show, a lecture or other media, is never meant to be a simple report, but rather an invitation to exercise one's own perception, an open question about what we are able to seize from the

infinite complexity of the world. His 'attempts to find his bearings' are made with a constant concern for reaching an uninformed audience, sometimes transforming them into co-authors of the work.

'En pâturant' ... this is how many adventure tales of the traditional sung repertoire begin. The 'pastura' is a territory with fuzzy and constantly repulsed boundaries that Till Roeskens and Mathilde Spini explored for nearly a year with a herd of goats near Marseille. As they did not work together but alternately, they spent part of the day writing letters to each other, exchanging their observations, thoughts, readings, dreams, drawing small maps, constituting a shared diary of this slow crossing of seasons and places. During 3rd WAB they spent an evening at Argos to publicly share some fragments as a first attempt, fragile and adventurous.

## VARIOUS ARTISTS

<http://various-artists.be>

Various Artists is a Brussels-based art collective whose 24 semi-fictional members can be seen as formulas to be mixed and mashed into duets, triplets, etc. VA researches the sustainability of the artist as a brand. This long-term practice-based investigation includes opening up its modus operandi to other artists/collectives and experimenting with auto-generative art production. While challenging the limits of the

art market, VA explores the borders of shared authorships, even the imaginary ones.

The collective of individuals becomes a Gesamtkunstwerk where all research topics and artistic practices merge into collaborative installations or projects.

## ALLHIHEYALL

AllhiheyAll is a conceptual drawing method initiated by Various Artists and carried out by 'others'. In AllhiheyAll, Various Artists aims to exploit the unconscious force of a public. Via multiple ways, VA asks people to carry, ride or drive around with envelopes, boxes or canisters that contain a variety of drawing-mechanisms and paper sheets. Every mechanism has its own timetable, so that after a certain span of time – this varies from 1 day to 1 year, depending on the specific needs of the drawing – the device can be recalled. After the recollection, the device is dismantled and the drawing, once revealed, is scanned, numbered and signed. Finally the drawing is returned to the person who executed the work. With AllhiheyAll, Various Artists explores the borders between authorship and ownership. In times where big data and small data are being gathered without our consent, VA asks a person to carry around a hermetic device for a certain time. The carrier has no exact knowledge of the content of the package and has to trust the artist.



At first, we could expect that the unaware everyday movements of the carrier are habitual and ordinary, but unconsciously, comparable with our online behaviour, our movements vary very much between one person and the other. The device that's being lend to the bearer becomes a measuring apparatus that detects the smallest variations in their autonomic behaviour and makes, although abstract, a graphic interpretation of the carriers movements and whereabouts. Notwithstanding the fact that technically the draftsman (m/f) creates the drawing, Various Artists is the original author of the work. But in AllhiheyAll, the executor remains the owner of their own data and as a result becomes the collector of the artwork.

## WÆND

waend.com

Wænd is a Brussels-based organization dedicated to subjective & critical cartography. Developing long-term research within the field of territorial narratives & representations, they collaborate with artists, universities, researchers and citizen-driven organizations. As an online tool, Wænd provides a web platform for subjective and collaborative spatial publication. This application is open source and under constant development. As an organization they run

workshops, give talks, and drive questioning on spatial representations and cartographic diversity. Wænd was initiated by members of Atelier Cartographique, a collaborative network of professionals involved in data visualization (with Pacôme Béro, Pierre Marchand, Pierre Huyghebaert, Sophie Boiron).

## INSERTS LEGEND - PART 1

### Bruno De Wachter WERNER LENZ

postcard, 2019-2020

Trajectory for a winter walk from Barr to Fouday inspired by the books 'Lenz' by Georg Büchner and 'Of Walking in Ice' by Werner Herzog.

### Buratinas Captains / ooooo CRYSTELLING

lasercut hexagon, 2020

The hexagon shape is the mathematical visualization of a crystal. The piece is made from leftover paper from the publication Crystelling created in 2019.

### Chloé Schuiten & Clément Thiry laserjet print on tracing paper & offset print, 2020

The texts and drawings on the tracing paper are visuals from their life experiences. The offset image shows how the 'dormeur presse' works.

### Christian Hansen DOG HOUSE CITY. THE VIDEOS

risoprint, 2020

The QR codes bring you to the videos Rivers, Kanbula, and Dog House City that were created in 2019 during a residency in Marrakesh, Morocco.

### Davide Tidoni TOO MANY ARTISTS NOT ENOUGH ANARCHISTS

risoprint, 2020

### Francesca Chiacchio / Il Palinsesto PLAYGROUNDS ARE EVERYWHERE

risoprint, 2020

### Gudny Rosa Ingimarsdottir TRAVELLING-TABLE

postcard, 2018-2020

Image of a collection of letters from the past that were transformed into new work in 2018 for 3rd WAB.

### Isabel Burr Raty Beauty Kit Female Farms

offset print & sample, 2019-2020

BK produces Eco-Erogenous Para-Pharmaceuticals & Skin Care for Every-Body. Try the sample of a new Anti pollution Detox Mask!

### Jesse Cremers

carbon tape on paper, 2020

300 cm runs through 300 WABooks.

### Kasper Demeulemeester PRESERVATION EFFORT: OLD MASTERS

vacuum sealed riso fragments, 2018-2020

Each vacuum bag contains a carefully preserved, selected, prepared and sealed fragment of the original Risograph masters of the Phantasmata prints, resulting from the Photographic-Therapeutic Walks organised in the Begijnhof neighbourhood in the spring of 2018.



INSERTS LEGEND - PART 2

**Marialena Marouda**  
**THE OCEANOGRAPHIES INSTITUTE**

laserjet print, 2020  
Ocean score

**oracle**  
**(Caroline Daish, Justine Maxelon,**  
**Michel Yang)**  
risoprint, 2020  
original photograph by Rasa Alksnyte

**Shervin Kianersi Haghighi**  
**WHILE PASSING BY**  
risoprint, 2020  
All types of the Coleus collected in one  
invisible image.

**Steven Jouwersma**  
**COMMON SWEAT SAUNA**  
offset print, 2020

**TAFEL**  
**(Maud Gyssels & Neri De Meester)**  
**SOUPER III**  
postcard, 2020  
Recipe for a Dried Fruit Colour Cake from the  
SOUPER III at Le Maga in Brussels.

**The Mental Masonry Lab**  
**(Mira Sanders & Cédric Noël)**  
**3rd WAB HEADQUARTERS**  
postcard, 2019

**Überknackig**  
**DÉPÊCHONS-NOUS DE TROUVER**  
**LA SORTIE**  
risoprint, 2020

**Various Artists**  
**ALLHIHEYALL**  
risoprint & typing on envelop, 2019-2020  
Free art / Art for free

**Wænd / Atelier Cartographique**  
**SKIES**  
laserjet print, 2020  
For an indefinite period of time images are  
collected from the sky for a mapping  
experiment.

**Wouter Huis**  
**UNTITLED**  
offsetprint, 2020  
During 3rd WAB the reversed side of a  
blueback paper was mounted on a billboard  
at Rue Escaut in Brussels.

All inserts where produced by the artists  
in collaboration with nadine &  
Überknackig.

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Various Artists.



 BRUXELLES MOBILITE  
BRUSSEL MOBILITEIT  
SERVIZIO PUBBLICO REGIONALE DI BRUXELLES  
DE WETGELEENDE OVERHEID VAN BRUSSEL

**Vlaanderen**  
verbeelding werkt

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# WANDERING ARTS BOOK

Wandering Arts Biennial (WAB) is a research and production biennial that focuses on mobility, versatile production and presentation methods in the field of contemporary arts, and nomadic practices of artists.

Because many artists and creative thinkers use mobility, nomadism and temporality as an instrument or creative method in their artistic practice, nadine created WAB as an open platform where work can be shown, shared and communicated in an independent context.

Each edition of WAB is followed by a publication, featuring contributions from the participating artists.

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