

This book is published following the residencies of Valentin Cernat, Pierre Coric, Lola Daels, Maxim Ryckaerts, Eva van Tongeren at AAIR, Antwerp in 2019, which took place in the framework of STRT Kit, a one-year development programme for artists. STRT Kit is an initiative of AAIR in collaboration with Kunsthal Extra City, Antwerp and HART magazine.

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A handwritten signature in black ink, consisting of a series of connected, wavy, and somewhat vertical strokes, resembling a stylized 'M' or a series of 'W's.

*EVA VAN TONGEREN*



Breathing Session 01  
03/06, 10:11 – 10:14

*After my first therapy session.*



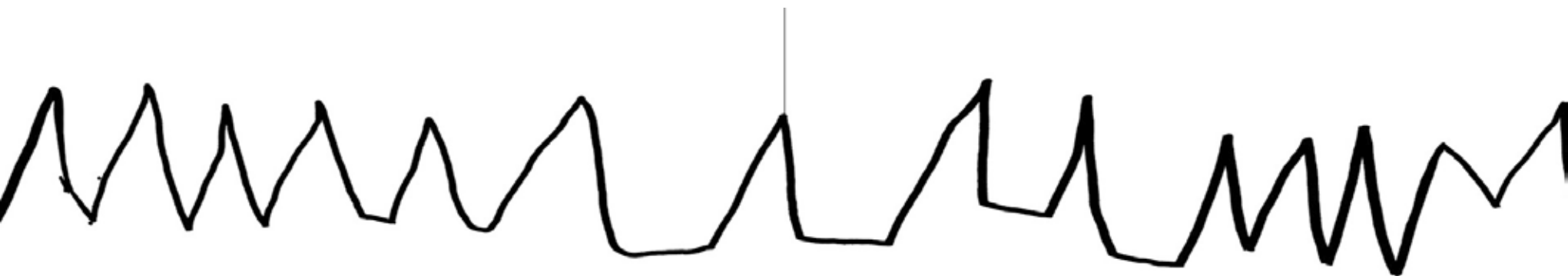
Breathing Session 02  
04/06, 09:48 – 09:51

*Before my meeting with C to talk  
about her new movie.  
I'm late because I still need some  
breathing time.*

Breathing Session 03  
09/06, 12:20 – 12:23

*Sunday.*





Breathing Session 04  
10/06, 16:22 – 16:25

*Complete crash.  
I cancel a meeting with V and T  
and I call with my sister.*



Breathing Session 06  
16/06, 16:55 – 16:58

*One more breathing session after  
watering the plants.*





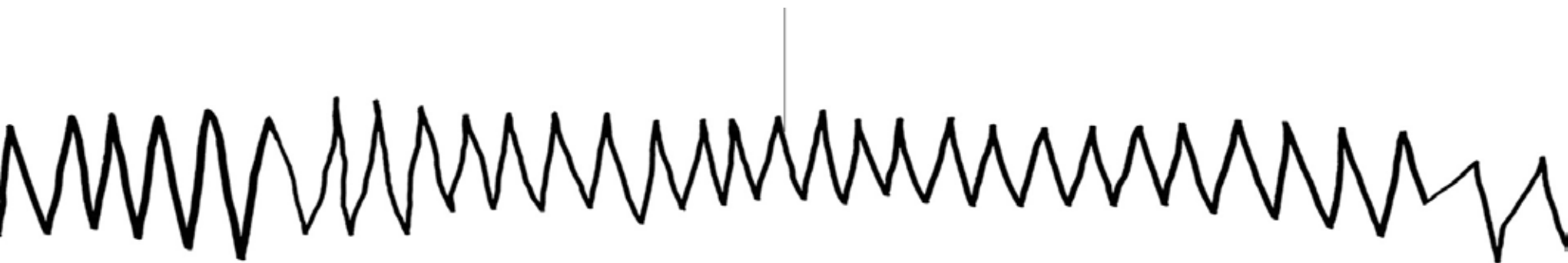
Breathing Session 08  
17/06, 10:05 – 10:08

*Before Yoga.*

Breathing Session 09  
17/06, 11:15 – 11:18

*After Yoga.*





Breathing Session 10  
18/06, 10:13 – 10:26

*After having a coffee and taking  
a walk with C.*



Breathing Session 12  
22/06, 16:23 – 16:33

*On the purple couch of an ex-lover,  
after we had sex again.  
He has already left for work.*



Breathing Session 16  
25/06, 11:28 – 11:32

*Heatwave.*

Breathing Session 19  
01/07, 09:48 – 09:52

*At the studio, there's no coffee*



*It could have been coffee, but Skype it was.  
It could have been together at a table, but  
each at our own table it was. We could have  
looked each other in the eye, but we make do  
with our webcams and screens. That's our  
comfort. A meeting like many others.*

*"How are you?"*

*"What are you doing?"*

*She talks about the film with the women in  
Agadez. She is busy making arrangements  
with Nigerien filmmakers about working to-  
gether remotely. That sounds familiar. It is in  
keeping with her earlier works, which I watched  
over the past few days on the very same screen  
we are now watching each other on.*

*(The sound of the sea, the image of the beach  
and then, barely audible, your breathing in and  
out at the beginning of your first film and thus  
of your collected works.)*

*She talks about the whale cemetery in  
Antwerp, which presented itself along the  
way for yet another film. About fossilised  
whale remains, found where the sea used to  
be. About urban legends of Antwerp giants  
dating back to the Middle Ages, when the first  
whale bones were found in the city. That too  
sounds familiar: her fascination for whales*

*Antwerp/Brussels, 28 April, 2pm.  
Correspondences with Eva van Tongeren  
Pieter Van Bogaert*

*that links her first to her most recent works. That's what we talk about when meeting on her and my computers.*

(A day earlier, I read a piece by Achille Mbembe about humanity being threatened by suffocation. About the universal right to breathe, about recovering the world's lungs, the need for a radical break, for radical imagination. I e-mail you the text.)

*We talk about what takes place out of the picture; about what takes place on-screen and what is suggested outside of it. I call it the space for imagination (and at the very end of the conversation, in the space that is in fact already beyond the scope of the conversation, she will ask if she should add that her films are intended to provoke the imagination? That won't be necessary.) There is a discrepancy, a contrast, an asynchrony between her images and her stories. The empty streets, houses, gardens in France and her memory of all those people around Evgenia (in There Are No Whales in France, 2015). The images of nature and of her journey through her correspondence with Thomas (in Still from Afar, 2018). The graphs then and the actual breathing now (in Breathing Sessions 1-19, 2019). The fragments of dream analyses accompanying images of a*

*whale safari: the promise of what does not appear, differently (in Fragments of a Dream Analysis, 2019).*

You talk about that boat, where everyone is concerned with the image, waiting for the moment of the whale, which mainly moves under the surface: intangible, unreachable, invisible. Out of the picture. You say that everyone on that boat lives on their own island. That those islands sometimes touch. Like the different languages and colours of the subtitles. They too run on and with each other.

It gets more personal. Naturally. That by looking at the other, you want to get to know yourself. That you use film as a pretext for not looking at yourself. (That it is a way to put yourself out of the picture.) I feel the same when I watch your films: a desire to become part of what's off screen. To be a part of *that* (wherever that may be). (And also when Skyping, I want to know what your eyes are looking for off-screen, what your hands are doing outside the frame.) The importance of the outside for letter writers, prisoners, patients, spectators, therapists: all the correspondences that are so important in your work. Not just the letters in your first films, but more broadly the relationships and ties with the therapist, the self. The dialogue: as personal and as collective



analysis. You perform this shift from the personal to the collective masterfully in your latest film, by using your dialogue as subtitles to the multilingual conversations of the other passengers on the boat.

You use the word “image economy”. I think: the economic way in which you use images in your films. Never too much. Always leaving room for the imagination (the space to belong). You mean: a system of exchange. An exchange of images. That is of course what you’re doing in each of your films. That is what you intend to further refine in your work with the women of Agadez and the Nigerien filmmakers who will deliver the images for your next film. You want to make time and space in order to find each other. (Which for you means: the space to belong.) You want to develop a horizontal approach in which the different voices—you, the filmmakers, the women—are given equal attention. You put yourself as a filmmaker in a vulnerable position in which you don’t know or see everything.

As you indeed do not know or see everything. You prefer to find your way in details. You find your subject in a footnote about the women of Agadez who pay their last respects to the bodies of migrants in the Sahel. That footnote touches you, like a piece of humanity in an

otherwise technical report of the Clingendael Institute. You’re intrigued. You want to know more about the women in that footnote. You come up with a way to work with them. An image economy.

You want an image of the women’s journey. You let the women inspire you, you take their search as your filming guide. Their care for others, for the sick and the dead; your film is a tribute to the work and the people you portray.

*Care. That sounds familiar too. Her thoughts as a European, as a filmmaker, about the refugees on TV in their barques on the sea (in There Are No Whales in France). Her interest in Thomas in prison (in Still from Afar). The care for and about the self (in Breathing Sessions 1-19). Her relation to the therapist and the other people in the boat (in Fragments of a Dream Analysis). And also: her work as a curator for Visite, the film festival she has been organising in Antwerp for the last few years.*

You recount. About your desire to show films that would otherwise only reach the festival circuit. How you, as a filmmaker, are curious about the filmmakers behind other films. How important you think it is to introduce filmmakers to your audience. The dialogue. That the

making—the taking care of—a programme resembles the editing of a film. You talk through the work of others. You feel like a listener to others' stories in your own films and the stories in others' films. You care for your own practice, nourished by those others; you as a hostess during *Visite*; the importance of meals, of being together, for every screening; the conversations before and after the film; the people who get to know each other there and keep returning for each other, for the films, for the festival: it creates a form of listening that provides you with more freedom, far greater than any speaking or writing.

It is something that has been bothering me lately: how cinephilia today actually works. As a cinephile myself, I always felt that I came *after* something. That the heyday of cinephilia was over. The heyday, I thought, were the sixties and seventies of the past century, when French critics began making their own films as well as showing those of their contemporaries from other continents or filmmakers from other times. But what about today? Half a century after the fact? Cinephilia today—I feel—is a return to being together: watching films together, sharing, discussing, exchanging. It's part of a living culture again, even though that culture often looks back upon his-

torical cinephilia, giving it a new relevance. I do not only notice this in *Visite*, but also in the filmmakers, critics, and curators of *Courtisane* or *Sabzian*, who still—or again—discover cinema as genuine amateurs.

*She doesn't like the word "cinephile". For her, it is linked to a weighty theoretical framework. Visite is about the love of film, of other filmmakers, of watching film together.*

For you, making films happens at an unconscious level. Something grows, and that's what you want to tell. There's an urgency about the process. Each new subject is a pretext for creating. Which is less the case with showing films. The desire to watch films together is more rational.

*Sometimes it feels as if she's not a filmmaker yet because she never decided to become one. As if she ends up in it, like an amateur. In fact, she says, she feels more like a sculptor, or a weaver, kneading ideas like clay or weaving them like threads. Adding some, removing some, modelling, finding a way for the material. Films? They grow throughout a process, such as her residency at AAIR. She seizes the opportunity to think about form. She would like to get out of cinema, out of that beginning-and-end structure. To search*

*for a fresh contact with her audience. She goes to the museum: a place she likes to visit, where she finds peace. She leaves her comfort zone: cinema, her generous medium, with lots of space and attention for and from the spectator. She wants to evoke that same generosity by means of an installation. She creates Breathing Sessions 1-19 and places the work in a black hole at the top of the stairs at Extra City. Four beanbags with as many sets of headphones complete the isolation. The vibrating woofer turns it into a physical experience. Breathing Sessions 1-19 is an exercise in empathy (belonging?). In herself: at the request of a therapist she does breathing sessions whilst drawing her breathing. By hand. This is about what she feels; she's not a machine. Her hand makes itself felt in the graphs, especially when the (exhaling) downward line bears off to the left (thus going back in time). She searches for the tension between the organic and the mechanical. She makes the immeasurable tangible. It's not the woofer that renders it physical, but the moment the spectator decides to breathe along. I am not alone. Merely looking and listening is too abstract. Her breathing makes me dizzy. It's uncanny. Unpleasant. Intimate and subjective. Successful. Her place becomes my place. Her experience becomes my empathy. Concerns are shared.*

In Extra City, you also show an installation version of *Fragments of a Dream Analysis*, originally a film with a beginning and an end. (You did the same with *Still from Afar* during the Videonale in Bonn, and you were worried that not everyone would have the full film experience. There is no full experience of *Breathing Sessions 1-19*, only yours and mine. Which is the very meaning of the title's 1-19: they're mere fragments, a selection. You get in and you get out.) You take me along in that boat where everyone is filming. Everyone is sharing the same experience. Everyone indiscreet. It puts you at ease. You disappear among the other filmmakers, viewers, voyeurs. All those people, together, side by side. All those different languages, subtitled with fragments from your dream analysis. Different analyses in different colours become a collective analysis. Everyone is pursuing the same dream. Everyone in the same boat, on the same safari. A whale safari, looking for that beast beneath the surface: big, mystical, intense, tender, modest, exciting, reassuring. That mammal surviving in the sea, the place where you can't breathe. World-encompassing freedom. The dream, the desire (is it a he or a she? Eva?). You are the whale. The boy you are following in the most beautiful images of your film, willingly and uncomfortably in his father's arms, making way for the smaller boy, dozing

off on a bench: he is the whale. (Is he following you? Or are you following him? And is it true that it is mainly male scientists who look for and find Freudian interpretations in the desire for whales? The American neuroscientist, psychoanalyst and philosopher John C. Lilly, whose flaccid penis, which was presented to him in a dream, resembles the dolphins he communicates with on a daily basis; Jonas travelling in the whale's womb-like belly; the gay eroticism in Melville's *Moby Dick*.) All those different realities, exchanged glances, dreams, and desires are part of the collective therapy.

*People sometimes ask: is it real?*

Truth, for you, is self-evident. Only by telling it again does it become fiction. You love that. The freedom of translating. Until you no longer know where you start talking and stop listening. Evgenia's letter, read by your voice? The barque full of refugees as a TV image or the continuation of their journey as a film-to-be-made? Those lines breathing back in time? Safaris as an authentic experience? Fiction or reality? You indicate the time, as proof: July 30, 10 a.m. But what happens on that 30th of July? (Which 30th of July?) The journey? The analysis? (Which analysis?) In *Breathing Sessions 1–19*, each session represents a specific moment.

Time is something to hold on to here. Whilst your first films are more about duration. About slowness, of the journey, of the images. Your time is an invitation to the here and now, even if it's a construction: it's the only time that counts. Is that why you switch languages in your films? Why you switch voices? Your language and voice in your first films as a direct way of addressing. The ambiguity of different languages and voices in your latest film as a consciousness-expanding question: "Who is speaking?" (You, of course. But never without entering into others. Never without your subject and never without your audience as a pretext for that film that keeps insisting. That personal signature marks your nascent oeuvre.)

You know, Eva? I would have liked to write you a letter. But that would have been too literal. I'd hardly know how to address you. I still have to find my own style as your audience. To follow the circumstances and belong that way. But if I would write a letter after all—after all those films in which you share your care for and your concern about yourself and others—I would open with a sincere "How are you?" Eva?

*LOLA DAELS  
& Sine Van Menxel*

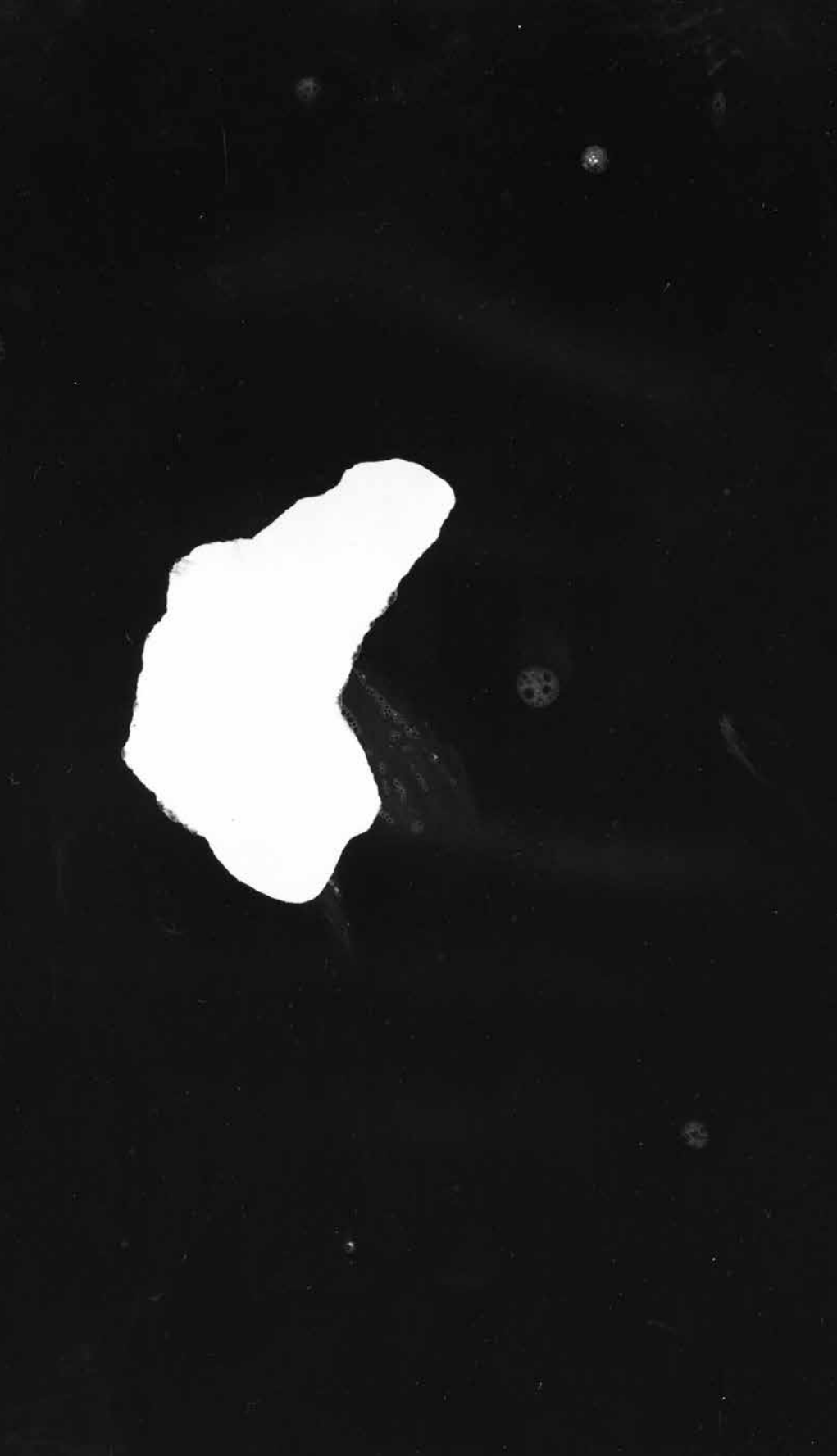




















Hi Maxim,

Yes, it's my hat, and no, you don't need to give it back. It has now become the hat that I lent to Rozanne and which she subsequently forgot at your place, after which you decided to take care of it.

I remember well that day in the woods at Tom's farewell. Evelien, Jozefien and Emma had asked me to read a story by Toon Tellegen. I opted for the story that opens with "One day, there was another big party in the woods". It tells the story of the cockroach suggesting to make a big pudding. Right before I began, I started doubting. I read another story, that of the squirrel explaining to the elephant what it means to miss someone. Right after the first sentence, I regretted my choice.

Last week, I read a passage from a book to Gille, Rozanne's sister, in which a woman had to choose and thought "einmal ist keinmal". I'll never know what the other choice would have meant and will therefore never know if I made the right one.

This brings me to a small work I made last week. It's a large jar of cherries I got from friends from Gagnegros in France in the summer of 2001. The jar was on the windowsill and is now in a custom-made box so I can easily transport and show it. I have written down the jar's origins, which I read to people

when showing it. The jar is no longer the one on the windowsill but the jar I take out of a custom-made box and show to people, telling them that I got it from the De Vos brothers somewhere near their hiding place in Gagnegros, long before they left for Le Tracol in that hot summer in which I drove to the south in one go after receiving an invitation saying “14 juillet Gagnegros, ah le temps des cerises” [“14 July, Gagnegros, ah cherry season”]. I end my story as follows: “the jar remains closed because I’m caught in the question of whether I would eat the cherries and thus irrevocably erase the possibility of ever tasting that summer’s cherries again”.

When I read your letter this afternoon I thought of things from my collection that used to belong to someone in particular: my youngest brother Michael’s right thumbnail, Rozanne and Gille’s brother Arno’s punctured football, the stump of one of my father’s carpenter’s pencils, a Ramiro pepper burnt by my wife, a red and white checkered tablecloth I took with me after the last performance of Toon Tellegen’s animals-in-the-woods stories. But I was also reminded of rings, can tabs, ice sticks, plastic screw caps, cigarette butts, shopping lists. Those I also collect, in boxes on which I wrote when I found them. They are things that used to belong to someone in particular too, although I’ll never know to whom. But when I

put down which route I found them on, they become the things I picked up between my studio and the Centre for Children and Families. Thus, they become coordinates, madeleines.

I never look for things. Either things come my way or I pick them up because they ask for it. Then I decide to take care of them. In the studio, I give them a new place. In a drawer, in a box, on the windowsill next to other things.

The work with the story about the jar of cherries is part of a new series, an expanding repertoire of small ensembles with which I will soon be travelling around the world from Antwerp. I want to show things to everyone I meet. The 26 peach stones we ate on the 23rd of July with Ladja and Christina on the hill in Girona will be the box of 26 peach stones we ate on the 23rd of July with Ladja and Christina on the hill in Girona, shown for the first time on the 25th of September to a man in the Café De Kat who didn’t like it.

In Jonathan Swift’s book, Gulliver visits a city where the wise only converse by means of things.

I remember a day in Kyoto when seamstresses brought their broken needles to a temple as a token of gratitude for services rendered.

This morning I delivered a lecture to architecture students. I talked about a nest I once hung on a building in Brussels. The building in Brussels is still the building where

a nest once hung. Someone said the nest is an immaterial extension.

How do I deal with materiality in a world crawling with things? Reducing that materiality and giving space to stories, memories and possibilities seems an appropriate choice. But I'm not sure, because I also feel the urge to listen to things, an intensive caring closeness. Not least because of the expressiveness of that gesture, which transcends the question of the excess of things, just for a second.

Benjamin Verdonck





Dear Maxim,

I hope you're doing well in these deconfinement times. I read your message with due attention, and two things stuck with me: the image of the ticket for the 1980 film *The Empire Strikes Back* you say you found in your former workplace, and which doesn't speak to me poetically, and the fact that you met someone who spoke Hindi and who—in terms of your Brazilian origins—only knew football celebrities.

Of all the potential answers to your message, I opted for a questionnaire. I figured that if you ever manage to formulate an answer to each of the following eight questions, you might find the reasons behind your interest in this (unnamed) person whom you wanted to see again, and the film ticket you've kept all this time.



1. What do you think of the image above?

2. What did you share with this person during your meeting?

3. In your message, you say you have lost track of this person whom you suspected to be living in great precariousness. You say you approached the Indian community, searching for traces of this person. Why did you insist on seeing this person again?

4. Do you think this person would like to see you again?

5. What do you have that is so important that you want to say or give it to that person today?

6. Why did you decide to work on this story, knowing that you had lost track of your protagonist?

7. With this art project, do you think you can put to use the meeting you had with this person, or do you simply want to provide the object (the film ticket) you've kept with a second life?

8. Do you think your empathy (with this person's supposed living conditions) has opened up your practice to social justice issues?

Guy Woueté



There's already so much intimacy and technology in the name of this object: bathroom radio. I like how it designates its relation to a specific—and intimate—location for listening. Bathrooms are a small arena for the body in its daily and barest form. Their experience can be that of utility, pleasure, and for the elderly, ill and differently abled, an event of difficulty. I'm in awe that you listen to Radio Minerva while in the bathroom. I appreciate the way you described the easy-going, comforting music, relational hosting, and the space that radio offers to transmit messages (invisibly through the air). I streamed it from my phone in the bathroom to share your experience.

Yours is an FM radio though, an ascendant to the commercial transistor radio first introduced in 1954, so you're participating in this early technology every time you tune the dial. Radio was a main or only source of information, music, and entertainment for many of these older generations. The previous website for Radio Minerva shows a banner at the top that charmingly reads "alle senioren willen hem horen!" ("all seniors want to hear him!"). I wonder for how long Radio Minerva has been the "good news" station for the senior demographic (it began broadcasting in 1982). Maybe some of the resident DJs aged with the station. I value your sensitivity around patience. The gap in technological literacy across generations is

an exceptional issue for our social relations, and social reproduction at large. Fortunately there's the informal learning and exchange about our phones and Internet while hanging out with our kin, like the transmission between you, your mother and grandmother. Yet many elders isolated in care homes as a result of the pandemic (and in many ways, prior) don't have access to this, let alone widespread programming and support for intergenerational connection and technological assistance. We witness the effects of a historic undervaluing of care labour, but the lack of infrastructure and cultural value to comprehensively support our most vulnerable will always inevitably be felt the most when we're directly impacted. While technology has the means to reinforce both connection and separation, I think a sense of shared responsibility for all (that doesn't hinge on personal implication) in alignment with our most marginal communities is something we must cultivate together as a common value. This commitment is undoubtedly intimate.

Staci Bu Shea



Dear Maxim,

The small pyramid was often held, it seems, its surfaces taking on very different shades of grey in the reflection of light—the way it appears in the picture against the background of your black T-shirt, the way you carry and show the pyramid on your right hand. What does it mean to hold something, to cherish it, to carry and show it? The souvenir is a *pars pro toto*, a piece of the puzzle of your past, your parents' past present, the ever-present evidence of Egyptian civilization, the impressive pyramids themselves. You're handling the small pyramid in a familiar way, yet framed in an artistic context, shaped. The familiar way reminds us of the image's intimate aspect, the showing of wondrous objects to others since childhood; the artistic frame reminds us of distance and orientation: you isolate the object from its intimate surroundings at home, you're handling it alone, explicitly as *an object*, and the handling depicted here is different from the handling between people, children; it assumes a distance to spontaneous wonder, joyful sharing and telling. You place the object in-between, as if it still needs to find its new destination. You put it in front of the spectator, and you similarly put the spectator in a certain position, that of a question: *So, what do you think? What should we do?* The image doesn't

show the object's familiar history, only the surfaces testify to its use. With a hand you show what has often been held in hands. What do we habitually take hold of that is not a means to an end? Religions know objects for rituals, objects that were touched often, that changed colour and surface. Religious intuition starts from an astonishing experience: that one thing both remains the same and changes over time, that the world of three thousand years ago is still present in the middle of Egypt today, that we live and perish in the middle of something that continues in spite of us. A rosary is to a Catholic what this small pyramid is to your own memory and self-awareness: a ritual object. Your image therefore also implies the question of an object's status beyond ends and means, similar to a free work of art. Ritual objects are used, touched, not in order to achieve something concrete, but rather to arrive at contemplation and inner peace. Doing it, freed from any practicality—like looking at an aesthetic work of art. Your image unites both sides of the same liberating coin.

Very best,  
Volkmar Mühleis



#### Disclaimer

The following contributions serve a dual purpose. Firstly, they bring forth a flow of thoughts on four subjects: distance, work, reason, and belonging. These subjects are interpreted by each contributor from either a personal or political angle.

Secondly, an administrative function. As a STRT Kit resident artist, I was given a €500 budget which I used to invite ten fellow artists and friends to each submit a 250-word text in exchange for a €50 fee. My contribution is free.

Valentin Cernat

*VALENTIN CERNAT*

#250 words

#social transformation #disrupt continuity #design our system #economical change #decolonize our imaginaries #approach #structure #breach life #care for the self and others #other as the self and self as the other #art as experience #conversation #pipelines of knowledge #shift in values #fuck material culture #fuck progress #healing #start from now #fuck History #only inheritance as such is spiritual #change studio practice #produce non-object and non-material #empowerment at community-scale #prepare for resources scarcity #open-source #abolish intellectual property #abolish private property #support sustainability #do not call me a utopist #those who fought for our rights were called such back then #build #rebuild #transmit #collaborate #avoid art waste #tools for change #it's about practice not the piece #nurture counter-narratives #fuck spectacular #care #care more #compassion #distance yourself #the general consensus is but absurdity #fuck the acceptance of capitalism #capitalism can become a fiction #resistance #produce narratives that won't be qualified as 'alternative' #constant movement #reality should not stagnate #systematic solutions #foster care #fuck artistic genius #make the genius collective #expand yourself #open-up your intimate space #vulnerability #generate clean energy # #beyond political representations #fuck jailing gazes #reconcile the micro and macro #decentralizing the anthropocentric approach #resistance through ethics of loves #out of loving the real comes other reals #re-appropriate our narratives and affects #re-appropriate our bodies #re-appropriate our public spaces #re-appropriate our spirituality #re-appropriate our powers #beloved community #performative love as art practice #syndicalism #anticipation #free healing tools #disciplined imagination #suppress hierarchy

Lina Laraki



*In the future there is no such thing as the future*

The future is no longer something in front of us. No force strong enough exists now to reach it again. Chronology is compromised. It's compromised by narratives with a mass capable of bending time. Through these narratives the future is severed from chronology. If we still feel the need to talk about the future as possible, we're applying an outdated model to newly emerging situations.

The edge of capitalism has shifted from production to circulation. Being very much aware of our dependencies on limited resources, a solution to the volatility of our finite system is found, not in limiting production, but in pushing production through time. We move profitability to the one thing we have unlimited amounts of: time. It stretches out into infinity. How could such an abundance remain unused? It could be considered a crime to not use it. It would be a waste of time.

So, things are pushed forward, into continuous transit. First spatially, but as speeds become faster, things necessarily dematerialise and this shift becomes temporal. As this moment of transit is sustained indefinitely, we enter a perpetual beta. We thought we were post-, but we might only be pre-.

This dematerialisation sets up narrativity as a fiat currency or debt representing social, political, cultural and economic change. Information is revamped from predictive to prescriptive. It's an old bait and switch strategy. Postponement becomes continuous debt. It's always leveraging, always hedging things into the domesticated form of possibility: probability.

We are terraforming. We are mining. Not only space, but time as well. We are displaced from our time. We are digging a passage into time to haul back the future. Our sentence is our time served shovelling, digging a way out in cubic metres, whilst mining a prescribed future that's already here.

But if we are aware of all of this, how to avoid pointing out to a dominant culture what it already knows. How to awaken someone who's only pretending to be asleep?

Peter Lemmens

*As long as it lasts,  
The future will be curious  
17.03.2012 – ...*



Edition of 6 silver bracelets (engraved on the outside with the title of the work)  
Galerie Esther Donatz, Munich and elsewhere  
Esther Donatz wearing her bracelet, Munich, 18.01.2013  
Photo: Jean-Baptiste Decavèle

Nico Dockx

[illegible]

# Fadwa Naamna

## *A butterfly story*

On my way to the library, I found a butterfly on the ground, and I picked it up. It was October, and it was dead because of the cold. How could one notice the changing of a season, I thought! Then I felt like taking care of her.

In the library, I made a bed for her out of a paper sheet from my notebook. A season-ending bed.

~ afterwards, I was thinking of making a butterfly museum. Then I got reminded of an old list with museums I wanted to make. Now I had a new one to add to it.

Ending season museum. Butterfly department.

Another person walked into the library with some fallen yellow leaves. "To celebrate the new season," she said, or the next season. If one likes to think in circles;

~ how would that look like as butterfly museum. First of all, would it be in a physical space or somewhere else? But maybe this is too determined already.

When I left the library, I took the bed-box with the butterfly with me, my mind was drifting into a butterfly season and the paper bed I made. I don't know much about butterflies, but I think some of them can fly very far if they want to.

That's it, my butterfly knowledge.

On the way back home, I stopped by an office supplies shop to buy some paper and new pens.

Seems that I forgot the bed-box on the shelves of the store the moment I took out my wallet to pay.

I only realised that, the day after.

from afar listening  
the rhythm reaches out  
hands away your eyes hold close  
the shade of burning flames  
and expansive accumulation  
steps follow the inwards vastness  
remains hands away  
closed eyes caught radiating neglect in between  
untouched parallels  
hands away  
rotating breathe continues involuntarily.

250 250 50 2 5 0 2 3 2 never one distance or proximity.  
Within Without. The car from in the back and the front, it  
does not ever drive. Blurred vision, broadcasting signals.  
Intercepting interwoven ideas. I heard you the first time,  
but only started to understand you by the fifth. When we  
stopped, the mind raced in all directions. Pulled to the side,  
a cupboard rising up, a miniature mountain in a bottle. An  
arm, a cigarette and a glass are pulled forward, into the car.  
Into the car again, we exit into an elevator where there is  
something written on the wall but the car won't slow down.  
It is too complex. There used to be a department store here,  
it moved, it got moved. Did we pack the thing? This place  
is full ful fl fulll 135 now 133 still numbers are not words.  
Written numbers do not count. Adding a swamp, a tele-  
phone. Counting words ADI now AEC or thoughts about  
writing  $152+1$  now  $156+2$ . What is it I wrote? Did we lock  
the car? Did we lock ourselves out of the car? I forgot the  
miniature mountain in a bottle, I forgot the cupboard floating  
next to the car, I forgot the bag sleeping alone, I forgot the  
flowers broadcasting frequencies I can not hear, I forgot I  
forgot the bridge hiding just under the surface of the river, I  
forgot what we were about to say at the same time. Things  
remembered are carried by the city &

We really weren't sure what we were looking at but day after day, we began an endless unpacking of our luggage and adjusting our thoughts to the room. As we walked inside the room a new system of relations started. We adapted and opposed to the surrounding objects, patterns and persons. We built our own rooms in the room, confusing who is the host and who is the guest.

You leave the room for a journey and the folding and unfolding continuous.

This story is growing between misunderstanding and translations. The room functions have been built through the accumulation of many people's necessities. It came then the time for us to use it.

Some time ago, we threw some objects to a wall of the room, testing its reaction. We asked ourselves why a bouncing ball is bouncing more than a stone. We question what was the consistency of the infrastructures that contained us. We thought of its presence. If we feel part of it or if we were strangers in a transitory prefabricate.

We made a small paper model of our surroundings, to change its proportions. From a room, the paper model became a building, then a city, then a country and so on.

Folding and assembling the pieces of paper in several ways we experimented different shapes and configurations. We construct our personal rooms on this immense paper structure. We designed them very differently.

How do we build a space that is not designed as the packaging of an item?

I woke up from the dream when a transportable paper room was to be used.

## *The Architect's dream*

On the stairs where the cat sleeps the architect falls into dreams ~ ~

A boat floats, a plane flies, a city shivers, a buildings sits—foundations, weight—forever stuck—anti-theft—mobility-non-existing—we rely on trucks to move our things—buildings can be featherweight, less concrete, the fabric of the city is invisible cuttings and conical intersects, pipes run through—open spaces—open views—more clear distances for our mind—why should we rebuild ruins, let us look at them as new possibilities to open up ourselves, as our cities.

Schools can change—open spaces (2) for sharing and experiment—everything can happen because nothing has to happen—destroy the target orientated, non-linearity is the key—

The books are being shipped to different ports, their knowledge shared on open seas—the gate opens whilst the boat is still in motion.

An endless stream of vehicles, the rivers of the city—break down the tarmac and let the weeds grow—buildings and constructions should have their eventual destruction in mind—set aside the signature—creating the archive of forgotten memories—eternal flame, opening up knowledge/spreading information/unfolding the future, the pleasure of text.

Colour touches us constantly—generosity inspires, it goes fast.

The architect takes off his shoes and counts the dimension of the steps he was dreaming on, two feet wide and half a foot high, a size to sit, a size to walk—up and down.

\*\*“To make cinema you just close your eyes” –

\*(Ousmane Sembène during interview on Arte, year and name of programme unknown)

Gijs Waterschoot  
07.06.202



## *One less thing*

I was given the task to freely write about these keywords—distances, work, reason, and belonging—and so I did.

I would start with a short poem:

### *Do we*

Work, work, work, work, work, work, work,  
work, work, work, work, work, work, work,  
work, work, work, work, work, work, work,  
work, work, work, work, work, work, work,  
work, work, work, work, work, work, work,  
work, work, work, work, work, work, work,  
work, work, work, work, work, work, work,  
work, work, work, work, work, work, work,  
work, work, work, work, work, work, work,  
work, work, work, work, work, work, work.

why?

Belong, belong, belong, belong, belong, belong,  
belong, belong, belong, belong, belong, belong,  
belong, belong, belong, belong, belong, belong,  
belong, belong, belong, belong, belong, belong,  
belong, belong, belong, belong, belong, belong,  
belong, belong, belong, belong, belong, belong,  
belong, belong, belong, belong, belong, belong,  
belong, belong, belong, belong, belong, belong,  
belong, belong, belong, belong, belong, belong.

To whom, to what?

find, lose, cherish, have, not have, do and don't,  
find, lose, cherish, have, not have, do and don't,  
find, lose, cherish, have, not have, do and don't,  
find, lose, cherish, have, not have, do and don't,  
find, lose, cherish, have, not have, do and don't,  
find, lose, cherish, have, not have, do and don't.

Distance exists only to give reason to the effort of going through it and the combined actions make us work.

Work is after all the product of effort and displacement.

The term “work” was introduced in 1826 as “weight lifted through a height”, which is based on the use of early steam engines to lift buckets of water out of flooded ore mines.

The steam engines, the Industrial Revolution, gave us holidays, our ability to travel elsewhere just for leisure: a thing available in the past only to nobility. Gradually more people began travelling for their holidays.

To the point that some crazy fellow thought saying work sets one free, what a disgrace to our humankind history. Soon after the other crazy bunch thought limiting the travel of the population within a certain block would help develop the new man as well as forced labour, work in gulags. Same thing, different flag.

But the late '80s brought down the walls of that block.

So we work. Well, some do others don't. We hardly work for ourselves, we never do, at most it is just a hobby of ours we indulge in when we think we work for ourselves. We might do it to save some money (from our previous work) or we simply can't afford paying others for the task. Some workers are so smart that after the completion of the task they can afford to never work again and as long as they haven't hurt others, kudos to them.

Well, that implies working means belonging to the client/ employer, but you can belong to your trade, to your family, to people close to you, but also if attacked and eaten by wild animals to the one which can aggressively claim you.

The things that belong to us are the ones we claim they do. We roar hard, we claim. Like the animals claiming a pray, either hunted by themselves or stolen from another, with a fight or simply an imposing roar, we put in laws, we pay, we bid, we hide under appearances of civilised behaviour, the same dynamic of claiming and therefore belonging.

How could we belong to a place, to an idea if there was no claim made over us?! Once we belong we are owned and whenever we act independently we break that ownership bit by bit, that feeling of belonging.

Distances, such a subjective perspective: the same length (a measurable thing) appears so different to different people. Do we think of distances in measures of time? Of space? Of feelings?

Have I taken too big of a jump through each of my thoughts I mention in this text? Maybe, but maybe not. It all depends on the journey you'd expect to have whilst reading.

A train departs from Barcelona, another from Bucharest heading for Berlin, they meet in Paris.

In one train a passenger has a book; In another train a passenger has his laptop and smartphone connected to the Internet.

Which of the two has had the longest journey?

*PIERRE CORIC*







*Pierre Coric: Intensifying the Everyday*  
Cornelia Lauf

“What about exploring links between algorithmic thinking and the natural world?” Pierre Coric’s own question is answered by a glance at the artist’s website. Composed of a series of blue squares, the images of his work seem to vibrate. A checkerboard of GIF files turns a static platform into a hyperactive one. It’s like an electric current is going through the work, and that is the impression one also has when speaking with this young thinker and maker.

Like many creatives today, Coric inhabits spaces that appear to be worlds of art, or science, or textile—and then are neither and all of the above. He has built a treehouse and invited his friends to inhabit it with fireside stories and ritualised meals. He’s made a seaworthy raft out of flotsam and jetsam, during a course on coastal topography design. He has rigged code onto barricade light sensors, knitted mittens with a cyber-pattern, designed a short animation, created artists’ books, photographed and set up a pseudo government office in the middle of a flea market, using scraps and throw-away material, and proceeded to issue imitation certificates and guarantees of “value” in the time-honoured tradition of the making of art.

New projects include algorithms that produce textiles, and “some more DNA works and a tool to generate free representation of language and texts.” There’s also cloth-covered axes, and a colourful cloth gun with a barrel

and muzzle which looks simultaneously innocuous and dangerous. Many of his images are unsettling. There is a sense of power in the background: of totalitarian structures around the corner, of populism gone awry, in the very heart of images that otherwise suggest peace and pluralism. How to create a just society that offers both the freedom to think individually, yet protects those freedoms from rogue elements within or from threats without? Coric raises many issues which are troubling to his generation. The most pressing of those are addressed in his short animations, readily available on Vimeo, in which solitary figures commune with the night sky before falling prey to a technocratic society run amok.

To write for Pierre Coric is a challenge. By his own admission, he himself isn't entirely clear what he is. Animator? Illustrator? Media artist? Artist? Graphic designer? Musician? Coric is—or could be—all of these things. As a patient piecing-together of his images and sounds reveals, Coric is really a sort of missionary. As one of his works proclaims, and which could very well serve as a manifesto, "intensifying the everyday." For everyone.<sup>1</sup>

Many of his works seem Kafkaesque in their witty *détournement* of the orthodoxies of his time. What Coric really seems to be after is poetry, and with skill he coaxes it from these obdurate monsters.

In the late 1960s, Emilio Prini created a series of works in which a life-sized camera seemed to stand in for the portrait of the artist. In another work, he pressed the trigger of the camera to the point of its technical exhaustion, thus turning a machine into a biological paradigm, on some level equating its life with its death—a flip from action to inertia—enacted by the author. Fifty years later, the prophecy of an age in which computers seem to generate life, in which life is created artificially, and in which genes are modified biochemically, has borne out. And what we are seeing is Pierre Coric and a generation of artists that knows how to work with technology, information design, and art as Ready-mades, and which in a way lets the machines script our future. Some of them, like Coric, seek to take the machine-making into their own hands, and wrest them out of Big Brother's hands.

The artist states, "My last works can maybe be a starting point. I also find interesting to bring closer these two worlds that are often perceived as opposed. The other thing is that in the current state of the world, technology became part of our environment in a way that one could define as natural. It influences us as outside factors do, without us trying to have a grasp on it while it used to be a clearly defined human invention with obvious materiality."



Early films by Coric reflect his deeply-held beliefs about the world we live in. *Inadulible* (2015) features a young man who closely resembles Coric, first peering at a magical night-time sky through binoculars and then through an ever-increasing array of computers, trying to digitally map these same stars. At a certain point, the computer printouts, tablets, and notations seem to clog the entire visual field, until a merciful lightning strike reduces the whole complex to rubble. An unfazed figure emerges, and the merry twinkling of nighttime sky resumes.

*Think Tanks* (2015) takes up the same theme: a world in which machines and policy institutes do all the thinking. Brief, but to the point, and predicting the very moment we live in today even though it was commissioned by a website called Think Tank TV.

*L'essentiel reste invisible*, a small book printed in Liège in 2015, is another harbinger of Coric's actual feelings—a random photographic survey of all kinds of people, all kinds of ethnicities, with random scenes of joy, and a meandering text in which the artist laconically concludes that the essential things are invisible. It is linked to his series from 2013–2017, *Un jour une image*.

Another project of note is the 2018 performance *5,4,3,2,1 Nobody?*. In this work, the artist and his collaborator set up a mini office

in the middle of a flea market. “All the flyers were made with materials found on location, our little office was also made with things that we found that day. We arrived there with nothing else than our empty bags.”

In his recent work *Intensification of the Everyday*, Coric offers a download of an artist book. Participants in the project are dutifully credited, in clear distinction to the practice of many of his artistic predecessors.

This is the age in which to give credit, to right wrongs, acknowledge the actual makers and fabricators, and fairly distribute proceeds. Coric's work etiquette reflects these values—even the photographs are rigorously acknowledged, by someone who is basically still a young and emerging artist.

How to situate his practice, then, to be of maximum use to this interesting personality? First, if one were to group Coric with other artists—say in exhibitions, or civic projects—here are a few with whom he could cross-fertilise well. Let's start with Magda Stanová, a visual artist based in Prague. She is interested in the analyses of creative processes and perception of art, theory of photography, as well as urban development and cartography, the latter especially from the point of view of a pedestrian. Her research-based practice results yields visual essays and lecture-like events. Stanová authored two books—*Algorithms in*



*Art* (2016) and *W cieniu fotografii* (2008)—and the publication *The Pedestrian's Venice* (2017). Dan Perjovschi and Nedko Solakov also come to mind; their distinction between illustration, calligraphy, cartoon, and political commentary is proffered in notational styles closer to writing than to three-dimensional form-making. Art is a semaphore, and cerebral on some level, and it is not coincidence that artists such as Andy Warhol and Joseph Kosuth also have genetic ancestry in areas of the world where terroir leads to a very different view of the meaning of the icon. The same might be said for Ad Reinhardt, whose anti-iconic work becomes iconic in itself, yielding that short-circuit that fascinated so many of his followers. Arguably Reinhardt's schematic outline, *How to Look at Modern Art in America* (1946), can be called one of the first family trees drawn by an artist. It is a systematic way of showing understanding, knowledge, and the organisation of art; tracing genealogy among movements and artists. The branching and fanning out of names and movements was Reinhardt's attempt to locate himself as well; it is a self-portrait as much as a diagram of art history. Man as machine.

Man and machine are explored repeatedly in the art of the 1960s and '70s. Notable examples include the works of Sol LeWitt, in which viewers are given a set of instruc-

tions to create the piece, based on limits of language, human capacity, and communication. The same rule applied to the work of On Kawara. His "I am still alive," and date paintings, almost mechanical in their creation, and the execution of hundreds of postcards in a vast cycle of correspondence art predated internet pitter-patter by decades. But at the same time, the more the body became mechanised, the more the work seems to counter actual dehumanisation and state the contrary. Kawara's landscapes bear the imprint of Hiroshima; as the rote drawings of Hanne Darboven, and her merciless inventing, classifying, measuring, and annotating represent some exorcism of the era of Nazi racial classification. Artists like Vito Acconci, Bruce Nauman, and Emilio Prini, and the world of dance in the 1960s and '70s, mapped and stretched the confines of their own bodies as material, studying the very limits of that which is human through objects and measurements, including the limits of pain. In such mapping and coding impulses lay attempts at ordering life itself, whereby artistic pattern-making mimicked and one can say even produced motion and progress themselves. In Alison Knowles' early work, *House of Dust*, published by Gebr. König in 1979, she used a computer to generate a poem. She constructed three different categories,

“situations,” “weather time,” and “place.” The phrases were randomised electronically into all possible permutations. In another work, *Make a Salad* (1963), a formula is created in which a series of ingredients and rote actions repeatedly yield the same result — a salad. However—and this is the beauty of the work—each occasion is a different one and in each performance different audiences, reactions, and circumstances prevail.

Clearly, this type of systems- and codes-based artwork is a forerunner for Pierre Coric’s AA-ZZZZ. On his website, an artwork in itself, Coric explains the project (which is edited by Carl Haase, of Zero Desk):

*In these books is the output of a small and rather simple algorithm that I wrote in 2018: all the possible permutations of the 26 letters of the Latin alphabet, from two to five letters. These are books to interact with. People browsing them are invited to circle in red the words that they find in whichever language they speak or know. They have been designed as a gathering point where the audience can meet and share. I also give readings of these books, reading them from the beginning and starting each new performance with the word that I concluded in the previous one.*

In many of his works Coric enacts a poetic dimension, and he has as keen an ear for music as he does for letters, fabric, and style. In this, he is reminiscent of Miltos Manetas, whose downloadable web extension ‘Splatter’ was renamed as *jacksonpollock.org*, allowing the user to create their own Pollockesque piece digitally. In the series *Zycles* (2010), by Thomas Ruff, the artist uses computer modelling software to create abstract digital photographs which are formed from mathematical processes. These works with algorithms developed out of a frustration for being known solely for portrait photography, and a certain frustration with working with machines. Ruff chose the moments in which he stopped the computer; he dominated the machine.

In some of the recent work of Joseph Kosuth, the development and generation of human language and thought processes are mapped. They look extraordinarily like plant growth systems and, in fact, consider the effects of Darwin’s evolutionary theory on what constitutes truth, scientific processes, and the creation of a belief system.

Coric is the son of a Belgian mother and a Croatian father. He does not speak Croatian, but there is a clear harking to his fatherland in his complex work. And thus, as he deepens both his relationship with, but also mistrust of

the computer, it is no accident that Coric is increasingly looking at plant systems, as well as textile manufacture.

To this end, it might be interesting for Coric to work with weavers, in textile centres and locations where local heritage can be scrambled by the visiting creative interested in the pull between absolute digital and absolute analogue. Artists who have experimented in this field include Faig Ahmed, Rossella Biscotti, Alighiero Boetti, Rosemarie Trockel, Pae White, and Faraj Yusubov, among others. The latter, an artist from Azerbaijan, does not apply his system observation to traditional painting constructs, but adopts the even more ancient matrix of the loom to convey his ideas. Yusubov writes:

*Depending on the complexity and format, the process of creating a tapestry can take from several months to a couple of years. Each work has a certain semantic load, an idea that should be carefully thought out and visualised to the smallest detail... Based on one sketch I search for new patterns in different ways, both graphic and colour. Also I set the future elements choosing the right proportion and scale. At the drawing stage, I proceed to stylisation with an emphasis on the main element. For me, stylisation is the main*

*method of transformation both structurally and in colour as expressed in the artistic textile language. Creating compositions, I also use associative thinking if a spot or line resembles a familiar form that I begin to develop and transform in the same direction. At the stage of completing the composition I mentally reproduce this sketch for weaving. Identifying the format and nature of the composition, I define the possibilities of the solution taking into account both the wall and the spatial tapestry. Thus preparing the platform for creating a modern tapestry. As the sketch is decided, I try to preserve the main features. After completing the sketch, I increase the composition to the required format, thus I recreate the enlarged sketch on the cardboard, and then I prepare the loom for weaving, pulling vertical threads on the machine. As we stretch the threads on the weaving loom, I set the density of the future material. I usually use different yarns for weaving: wool, linen, silk, acrylic and nylon. That helps me to highlight and emphasise technological capabilities in textiles.*

Another artist whom Coric might share fertile ground with is Josè Angelino. In Angelino's work, thin rods of harmonic steel are fixed to

the walls with nails, forming a pattern. They are resting on another pin to which an electric current source is connected. By making this current flow through the rods, they start to heat up and consequently deform, but in doing so they move away from their point of contact, interrupting the flow of the current. Subsequent to cooling down, they revert to their starting position by making the current flow again, thus re-deforming and so on. This process triggers a constant oscillation of the rods, each resonating at its own frequency dependent on characteristics such as length, elasticity and mass. By installing multiple rods and making sure that each one has control over the other (based on its deformation) Angelino creates a complex feedback system which induces each element to find vibrations and sounds that are no longer individual but intrinsically linked to the entire system. Czech-origin American artist Joseph Nechvatal's paintings are created by an algorithmic computer programme and 'pigment delivery system' on a digital surface. They are driven by a desire for satiation for the human form not achieved through endless virtual stimulation, but rather to bring the algorithmic and virtual processes closer to the 'living' pleasures of painting. Sohin Hwang has programmed computers to scour the internet and seek out all references to the Korean-American war which she then publishes in editions not dis-

similar to Coric's. I met Hwang through Emilio Vavarella, whose early work with strings has matured into a complex project about textiles and DNA. Berlin-based artist Juergen Ostarhild has written, "Since 2008 my work explores the basic elements and underlying hierarchical structures of digital images. Deconstructing colour by showing code itself. The depiction as code arises from the necessity to show the new level of reality, resulting from the process of digitalisation. Codeworks occur from reading digital files onto an analogue carrier. When monochrome colour fields are read, the repeating character strings generate complex meta-structures. Colours are not experienced chromatically, as different wavelengths of light. Colours are exactly read and understood by the depiction of their hexadecimal codes. I am working with code on a retinal base. My codework does not make sense to programmers. My codework does not perform as algorithms in software." (2015). Coric thinks similarly: "I like to see code as a craft rather than as a science", he states.

Two recent works hint at the direction Coric is moving in. The first is *DNA Bricks Pattern*.

*I made an algorithm that generates brick patterns using the DNA sequences of the local river bacteria. The algorithm output 3D*

*representations but most importantly, text instructions about how to make this pattern. Generating instructions was also the method of Objects vs. Things. In a way, it's similar to Sol LeWitt's work, except that rather than directly designing the instructions I design the machine that designs them. I also enjoy the idea of "collaboration" with micro-organisms. In a way, they are the architects of this specific pattern. The walls on the pictures are around 60cm high; they will be built to terrace the landscape.*

The second is *Tree Alphabet*:

*Trees are being planted in lines and their essences and spacing code different characters following a chart that I invented. This is still a really early stage in the development of this project so I will probably make a different system at the end but the idea is already there. I also think that it resonates well with the DNA patterns. One is a collaboration with micro-organisms and the other a collaboration with macro-organisms. I also like the idea of an organic way to store and represent language data, something with a lifespan of its own, evolving at a really slow pace.*

In the short film *Inadulible*, the ancient Etruscan symbol for "time" is reproduced on a kind of tablet. It's a Moebius strip of sorts, a horizontal hourglass. For an upcoming residency, Coric states that he plans to experiment with "different ways of measuring, experiencing, and representing time. My idea is to start from natural phenomena, and propose new paradigms of time experience."

Coric's organic, poetic, lyrical, and philosophical meditations, rooted in Ancient Sumer, and reaching for the heavens, augur the utmost importance.

<sup>1</sup> Quotes in this paper derive from conversations by the author with all cited artists. Many sent texts, images, and took time to think about their work in terms I could then relate. I also thank Hannah Wolfram for research assistance on a lecture about algorithms in art, delivered at the invitation of Emilio Vavarella, at Harvard University, in the class of Sohin Hwang, in April 2019.

*Bogdan Andrei Bordeianu* (1983, Romania) is a photographer currently residing in the Netherlands.

*Staci Bu Shea* (1988, United States) is a curator at Casco Art Institute in Utrecht, the Netherlands. Together with an extended team she has been responsible for the exhibition programme there since 2017. Bu Shea initiated a platform to explore non-normative ways of living together in consideration of rapidly changing discourses around sexuality, health, communal life, and death. They graduated from the Center for Curatorial Studies at Bard College (CCS Bard, 2016) in New York.

*Valentin Cernat* (1988) has a research-based practice and is working on collaborative projects.

*Pierre Coric* (1994, Belgium) is an artist who mixes DIY technologies, crafts, and audience participation, he investigates the processes through which meaningless elements sometimes become meaningful ensembles as well as the borders and the ties between these fluctuating states. Coric finds his inspiration in various fields such as language, computer science, electronics, textile, rivers, highways, forests, boats and bacteria.

*Lola Dael's* (1990, Belgium) is a Brussels-based artist who creates site-sensitive installations. She collects myriad things and materials from different places, repurposing them to evoke ecological, environmental and political questions.

*Michela Dal Brollo* graduated with an MA in 2018 from the Fine Art Academy in Antwerp. She is currently developing the research project *Stone Soup*, in collaboration with the artist Ines Ballesteros, which is based on designing research tools for “nomadic” use. Since 2018 she has been collaborating with Samenschool, an artist-run space in Antwerp. Her independent practice is focused on the repurposing of the so-called obsolete into new forms, an approach informed by contemporary issues such as ecology and consumerism.

List of contributors

*Nico Dockx* (1974, Belgium) works as a visual artist, curator, publisher and researcher with a fundamental interest in archives. His interventions, publications, texts, sounds, images, installations, performances and conversations—which are usually the result of collaboration with other artists—embody the relationship between perception and memory which Dockx interprets differently each time. He is co-founder of interdisciplinary projects such Extra Academy (2010–..., together with Steve van den Bosch), A Dog Republic (2012–2020), and la Galerie Imaginaire (2015–..., together with Sébastien Delire).

*Heide Hinrichs* (1976, Germany) is an artist currently based in Brussels.

*JDH* is an artist who lives in Belgium. He studied graphic design and illustration.

*Volkmar Mühleis* (1972, Germany) teaches philosophy and aesthetics at LUCA School of Arts in Brussels and Ghent, where he is also part of the visual research unit. Alongside his literary and artistic activities, Mühleis is a member of the German Society for Aesthetics, the Society for Intercultural Philosophy and the German Society for Phenomenological Research.

*Fadwa Naamna* (1985, Palestine) is a curator and researcher based in Amsterdam. She is an alumna of de Appel Curatorial Program (2016–2017), and has worked as a Curatorial Research Fellow at de Appel (2017–2018). Previously, she was an Assistant Curator at Beit Hagefen Arab Jewish Cultural Center in Haifa (2014–2016). Naamna is a resident at Paul Klee Sommerakademie (2019/20) hosted by Bern University of the Arts HKB. Currently, she is working on co-curating the next Municipal Art Acquisitions Exhibition 2020 at the Stedelijk Museum Amsterdam.

*Lina Laraki* (1991, Morocco) is a lover and filmmaker who lives and works nomadically in Morocco. Her practice explores affects and aesthetics related to the cinematographic apparatus, and seeks to establish an opposition to bigger-than-us narratives that could reconcile us with the real.

*Cornelia Lauf* (1961, Germany) is an art historian and curator. She has worked extensively in the field of artist's certificates, artist's books, textiles by artists, and in socially-based practices. Cornelia is artistic director of a small farm, Agricola Due Leoni, and is currently researching art and music, as well as art and ancient Roman gardens.

*Peter Lemmens* (1975, Belgium) investigates distribution, narrativity, DIY and marginal practices using sound, video and text. His works are demarcations not only of what can be done differently, but of what can be done simultaneously – a small but fundamental nuance. He thinks conflict and development is not about resolution, but a permanent, fragile mode of production and distribution driven by antagonism. He doesn't think cynicism carries much beyond a very limited potential. Amateurism is not incompetence. Diversions are seen as a productive method. All of which raise the question of how one can organise oneself.

*Eva van Tongeren* (1990, the Netherlands) is an audiovisual artist and curator working and living in Antwerp. She incorporates her social and anthropological interests into personal histories and universal themes. Her filmic works vary in form but connect through the shared subject of caring. The landscape is another recurring motif, particularly its capacity to form a character and narrative, and to reflect the prevailing social, economic and political structures.

*Pieter Van Bogaert* (1962, Belgium) started his professional career in the archive of a film club in Antwerp, where he read and wrote his first texts on cinema and curated his first film programmes. After studying philosophy he moved to Brussels where he still lives and works as an independent art critic and occasional curator, coach and tutor. Over the years, his field of interest has shifted from cinema to media arts and electronic music. His most recent projects concern fashion and education, art and ecology, and a place called Fort Beau.

*Sine Van Menxel* (1988, Belgium) is a visual artist. The material stubbornness of analogue photography guides her work. She lives in Antwerp, where she also has a darkroom.

*Ersi Varveri* (1984, Greece) is a visual artist living and working between Antwerp and Syros. She is currently researching the production processes of 'zines, at RAFA in Antwerp, for her project *one space becoming an other*. She holds a Bachelor degree from Athens School of Fine Arts (2011), a Master degree from Royal Academy of Fine Arts, Antwerp (2015), and a Master of Research in Art and Design from Sint Lucas, Antwerp (2016).

*Benjamin Verdonck* (1972, Belgium) is a visual artist, author and creator of theatrical performances with a long-term association to Toneelhuis in Antwerp, where he also lives and works. His practice can be read as a continuous flow of plays, actions, exhibitions, installations and texts addressing the lack of public debate around the inevitable changes to our environment.

*Gijs Waterschoot* (1990, Germany) is currently based in Antwerp and Syros. His work and research have a light and adventurous mindset that is open to a variety of directions and mediums, often originating from a specific place or space and resulting in different collaborations. He received his Master degree in Fine Arts from RAFA in 2017.

*Guy Woueté* (1980, Cameroon) is primarily a painter, sculptor and video artist, but with an interest in installations and photography as well. His work encompasses elements of social critique and the issue of immigration in the age of globalisation. Woueté teaches at ERG in Brussels. He lives and works in Douala and Antwerp.

*Maxim Ryckaerts* (1991, Brazil) graduated from LUCA, Ghent, with a Master in Fine Arts in 2014 and qualified as a teacher in 2016. Aside from his artistic practice, he contributed as a writer, editor and curator to *TSUA* magazine and to the Young Friends of S.M.A.K. His research focuses on the linguistic/literary aspect of objects in particular and collecting/gathering/materialism in the broader sense. He lives and works in Antwerp.



## Image credits

Covers: Text by Fadwa Naamna for Valentin Cernat, 2020;

Pierre Coric, *Attempt to Embroider a DNA Sequence*

(detail), 2020, cotton, 10 × 80 cm;

Archival photograph by Stijn Vanwing for Lola Daels, 2020; Archival photograph by

Karlijne Geudens for Maxim Ryckaerts, 2020;

Eva van Tongeren, *Breathing Session 17* (detail), 2019, video in loop

p. 5–27: Eva van Tongeren, *Breathing Sessions 1–19*, 2019, video in loop

p. 41, 44, 47–48, 51–52, 55: Sine Van Menxel, *zeepsteenlichtmal voor Lola* (Soapstone light mould for Lola), 2020, photographs of soap, silver gelatin print

p. 42–43: Lola Daels, *Soapstone (Tehran)*, 2020, soap,  
9 × 6 cm. Photograph: Stijn Vanwing

p. 45–46, 49–50, 53–54, 56: Archival photographs by  
Stijn Vanwing for Lola Daels, 2020

p. 63, 67, 71, 75: Archival photographs by Karlijne Geudens for Maxim Ryckaerts, 2020

p. 65: Guy Wouet  , *Le futur pass   du pr  sent (Mindset)*, 2012

p. 101: Pierre Coric, *Morse Code Structure*, 2020, paper,  
27 × 5 × 5 cm

p. 102–103: Pierre Coric, *Knitted Data*, 2020, wool,  
each 10 × 4 cm

p. 104–105: Pierre Coric, *Fabric Gun*, 2019, plastic gun, various fabrics, variable  
dimensions

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