

# WANDERING ARTS BIENNIAL

## THE DISTANCE BETWEEN US

*Mathieu Léger*

## CONTRE-POISSE

Buratinas Captains residency  
*An Minok, Danbi Hur,  
Rachel Magnan*

## ELASTIC HABITAT

*Helena Dietrich*

## BXL.WILDLIFE 2016

*bxl.wildlife*

## COMMON SWEAT SAUNA

*Steven Jouwersma*

## ORACLE

*Caroline Daish,  
Justine Maxelon, Michel Yang*

## PORTRAIT OF A LANDSCAPE

*Pierre-Philippe Hofmann*

## PASSAGEN

*hans Andreas R.*

## CIRCLING AROUND (WITHOUT TAKING OFF)

*Bruno De Wachter*

## WÆND

*Pacôme Béro,  
Pierre Huyghebaert,  
Pierre Marchand, Sophie Boiron*

## SAUDADE DE EUROPA

*Various Artists*

Introduced by  
*Mira Sanders*





## SENT FROM THE ROAD

In November 2017 Maud Salembier asked me whether I would be interested in sponsoring the 2018 edition of the Wandering Arts Biennial (WAB), a biennial initiated and organized by the Brussels-based non-profit association nadine. Septembre Tiberghien and Maud Salembier were the guest curators of the 2014 and 2016 editions. Maud invited me to take over for the 2018 edition and to pursue the ongoing reflections with a new itinerary, fed, among others, by my artistic research and experience.

I have never used the term *wandering* to define my artistic approach. I see this movement of the body, through space and time, as a *being* on the road.

Through touch, sight, hearing and smell, I accumulate knowledge about what is happening now near to (and far from) the road. On the road, I experiment different work formulas that enable me to recompose my images/imagination in a different layout.

Everything leads you to reconsider the notion of WANDERING and to think about its definition and its various representations.

From an etymological point of view, WANDERING comes from WANDRIAN (Old English), which in turn is related to WEND (go in a specified direction, typically slowly or by an indirect route) and WIND (the perceptible natural movement of the air, especially in the form of a current of air blowing from a particular direction).<sup>1</sup> This idea of movement, of air, of a wind or breeze which follows a certain direction without necessarily quite knowing where it is going to come to a stop, offers a metaphor for artistic research which I quite like. I perceive in this movement a certain lightness and, at the same time, a rigorous and powerful gesture. This reflection highlights the importance of the creative process and valorizes its progression. The term WANDERING is then understood as a physical act in space, but also as an imaginary journey which the individual wanders through, leaving traces.

But let's return to this concept and to the various representations it evokes. It has long been at the heart of texts, artistic practices and exhibitions.<sup>2</sup> When we talk about WANDERING, we talk about ongoing actions such as roaming, walking, rambling, strolling, ambling and drifting, and many more.

1 Oxford Dictionary, 2018.

2 A lot has been written on walking and wandering: e.g. *Walkscapes*, *The Art of Walking*, *Erre: Variations Labyrinthiques*, *Wanderlust* (Rebecca Solnit), *Selected Statements & Interviews* (Richard Long), *Lignes d'Erres* (Fernand Deligny), *Lines: A Brief History* (Tim Ingold), *Marcher Créer* (Thierry Davila), etc. In this text I am just going to concentrate on some references that are not always made explicit and with which I feel an affinity.

In this rich history of actions and reflections, what is the starting point I would like to adopt for the 2018 WAB?

Why am I – and many others too, for that matter – so fascinated by this history that evokes the issue of movement and its representations?

I am interested in the trajectories that develop and put forward powerful images. The first name to come to mind – among other examples – is Kurt Schwitters. He used to pick up and collect bits of junk which he found as he walked the streets of Hanover.<sup>3</sup> These pieces of junk would be given a place in the MERZBAU, which Schwitters built up bit by bit in his house. Beyond the creative act, his gesture postulated the recording of the positioning of an artist evolving in a given society at a given time.

I am equally fascinated by *A LINE MADE BY WALKING* (1967), by the English artist Richard Long. The title of the work and its photographic image radiate an energy that makes us relive the action, although so gratuitous, of the artist drawing a line in the grass by means of his body, his physical presence, his walking.

Another reference, perhaps less well known, involves the German film-maker Werner Herzog. In 1984, in reaction to German Chancellor Willy Brandt's refusal to see Germany reunited, Herzog undertook to walk the entire length of the German border – a walk he never completed, due to a state of extreme exhaustion.<sup>4</sup> He wrote in this regard: 'always carefully following the border, because it was clear now that only poets could provide unity'.

This idea of the border brings to mind *COMMENT ALLER CHEZ KRIMHILDE?* (2003), a performance-lecture by Till Roeskens (b. 1974).<sup>5</sup> In it, this German artist proposed a never-ending journey that started out from the Strasbourg train station and traversed the countryside but never arrived at a destination.

I am aware that the references that I am briefly evoking all touch on an aspect of movement that evokes the notion of limits: domestic and cultural for Schwitters, anthropological and conceptual for Long, political and physical for Herzog, liminal and absurd for Roeskens.

But is it not also a challenge for me to imagine a precise limit and framework for this 2018 edition of the WAB?

3 'Collecting and Collage-Making: The Case of Kurt Schwitters' in John Elsner and Roger Cardinal, *The Cultures of Collecting* (Cambridge, Massachusetts: Harvard University Press, 2004), p. 72.

4 *Walking Himself into Intoxication*, Werner Herzog, <http://www.spiegel.de/international/zeitgeist/werner-herzog-s-german-comeback-cinema-legend-heads-berlinale-jury-a-677080-3.html>

5 *Comment aller chez Krimhilde*, 2003, Till Roeskens, <http://documentsdartistes.org/artistes/roeskens/repro6-5.html>

So I suggest thinking about the idea of WANDERING ALONG (A) LIMIT(S) and the ensuing question, namely:

How can you form an image(s) of a *wandering* along a limit(s)?<sup>6</sup>

I see this red thread as a path to follow, to question, to refer to over time and to deviate from if necessary. We can also ask ourselves questions regarding the becoming of an image created during the act of BEING on the road:

What stages of transmutation is it going to go through and what will be its status during a public presentation?

What about the exhibition of these images?

What status can we give them and does it make sense?

These are some notes and questions that I would like to propose before taking to the road and I hope that others will crystallize as we progress.

Through different phases (conferences, exhibitions, screenings, performances scheduled in March, June and November 2018), the biennial wishes not only to create points of contact around these questions, but also to weave a network in the city with cultural partners (schools, institutions, art centres). A biennial that already has a short history, but which remains an ongoing project.

See you very soon, on the road.

Mira Sanders, January 2018

PS: I devote a white page at the bottom of this text to the reader.  
See this image as an invitation to travel.

<sup>6</sup> Continuation of my research for my PhD in art. Fragment of *Le Journal d'un Usager de l'Espace: over de (on)mogelijkheid om een beeld te vormen van limieten*, Mira Sanders, (LUCA, KU Leuven, 2012-2017). 'On the (im)possibility to form an idea of limits relies on the 'act of drawing' to explore, along the way, visual possibilities in order to appropriate limits in a place (or context) as objective matter into an artistic vocabulary. The exploratory and intuitive research forms images of a limit(s), a travel trajectory or trajectories, a time, a dimension(s) and places them in an artistic perspective. The research prefers to walk next to the landscaped paths to mark the volatile and mobile, fluid and invisible limits and declare them in a new pictorial territory. Images that emerged from intimate experiences along the way came to the fore step by step during the doctorate. They assumed the appearance of a reasoning or scenario or something linguistic – or all three concurrently. An index was used to gather images, actions and intentions along the way. This index serves as a means to be able to envision continuously a pictorial research (photos, drawings, models, installations, films and maps) and to explore it to its limits.'



## WANDERING ARTS BIENNIAL

Because many artists and creative thinkers use mobility or nomadism as an instrument or creative method in their artistic practice, Nadine created a platform in 2014 titled Wandering Arts Biennial or WAB, where work can be shown, shared and communicated in an independent context.

In 2016 the second edition of the WAB broadened the network of participating artists and as a result, the meaning of 'Wandering Arts' expanded. Where in 2014 'wandering' remained rather attached to a physical action, the 2016 edition also presented artists who adopted a more figurative definition of 'wandering', leading to more performance-based research and experiments with presentation formats.

The WAB has therefore pushed back 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.

A feature of many WAB projects is the LONG TERM over which they are carried out. Time can offer a linear framework in which to conduct research or a project.

Pierre-Philippe Hofmann travelled 2500 km in 112 days spread out over several years for his project PORTRAIT OF A LANDSCAPE. While walking, Pierre-Philippe followed ten straight lines from the Swiss frontier to its geographical centre in order to dissect the territory. Walking was the observation tool, and time was the precious, unknown variable.

Bruno De Wachter's ongoing project CIRCLING AROUND (WITHOUT TAKING OFF) continued through 2015 and 2016, as he explored the surroundings of four more airports. The unlimited 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 was also the starting point for some artists' research.

Artist collective Various Artists initiated the project SAUDADE DE EUROPA to question the growing 'Walmartization' of Europe, a global transformation that is eroding our economic diversity. For centuries travel was closely linked with trade and pilgrimage, both connecting local communities and creating purpose and opportunity. Saudade de Europa revives a fading memory through an object-based form of storytelling using corporate techniques while awkwardly publishing on the online platforms that helped to end an era of trade.



AN ARTISTIC CONCEPT – i.e. a specific work method and the accompanying limitations that the artist sets out – often forms the starting point for a ‘wandering practice’.

Writer and walker Bruno De Wachter’s CIRCLING AROUND (WITHOUT TAKING OFF) set up such a format as he walked around airports on foot with a group of people. 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 hereby develops the capacity to trace his own map at any moment. His territory changes, transforms and evolves continuously. It distorts itself in time and depending on the displacements of the perceiver.

This vast protocol of rules can also be found in the project of Pierre-Philippe Hofmann, who follows straight lines from the periphery to the centre, registering the territory of a country.

Or in Mathieu Léger’s project THE DISTANCE BETWEEN US, which opposes the reality of a territory with its paper version by setting out rules and limits on a map that serves as the guideline for various walks.

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 still 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.

The BXL WILDLIFE project is a good example of this. A group of people roams the city for one week during the summer. Each day they camp in the public space and day after day explore new areas of the city. People who are interested in the project are kept informed by text message and can take part at any moment and join the group. The openness of the project means that a very diverse group of people view the city from a perspective that is very different from their everyday routine.

Another project that uses public space as a stage for artistic intervention is Steven Jouwersma’s COMMON SWEAT SAUNA. The first version of this real, working sauna was made only from recuperated materials. 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.

In all of the above projects, REPETITION stands out as an important leitmotif. The more the path or the format is repeated, the more substantial and layered the project as a whole becomes. We can then speak of a narrative that is (also) self-reflective. For this reason the fact that the platform is biennial is important. Inscribing the recurrent aspect in the platform is a way of drawing attention to the long term of the projects. And although new people will join the platform with each edition, room will always be kept for recurrent projects. In this way an audience can also gather insight into the creative processes of artists.

During the 2016 edition of the WAB, quite some artists created an EXPERIENTIAL ENVIRONMENT for people to activate.

The ELASTIC HABITAT of Helena Dietrich and Janneke Raaphorst offered a laboratory for imaginary bodies. The public was invited to wear a body and activate it in an intimate playground. The experience offered a new temporal habitat for your body and thoughts shaped by textile bodies, sound and a large-scale installation.

Hans Andreas R. created a sculpture, a TORII, for wandering, PASSAGEN. Just as a TORII is a gate, PASSAGEN is a place. It shouldn't be perceived as an arbitrary line that divides in from out. IT IS A STRUCTURE THAT EXISTS TO TELL US THAT THERE IS NO SUCH A THING AS DUALITY, THAT THERE IS ALWAYS NUANCE. THAT WE CONSTANTLY LIVE AT CROSSROADS.

The practitioners of Oracle create a different type of experiential environment. One that is not material but vocal and visual. For both the performers (or practitioners) and the observers (or witnesses), the sense of environment is created by the practice. Whether you are vocalizing your interiority or are observing and transcending your observation in scorings, you are in a bubble created by Oracle.

Another important aspect of the WAB is the AUDIENCE. The crossing of a spatial distance, the journey, reveals itself within the Wandering Arts Biennial as a first source of inspiration (BURATINAS, PORTRAIT OF A LANDSCAPE, THE DISTANCE BETWEEN US); as an instrument for the development of a work (CIRCLING AROUND [WITHOUT TAKING OFF]); as a space for the elaboration of a work (BXL WILDLIFE); and as a work in itself (SAUDADE DE EUROPA; ORACLE; ELASTIC HABITAT, PASSAGEN). But a role is also attributed to the spectator or to the audience. All the presented projects are interactive and participative, some for an open public, others for a selection. The artists open up their practice, their identity, and together with their participants they make up a structural part of the artistic work itself, of its formation. Time and space are provided for in the Wandering Arts Biennial so as 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

The practitioners of ORACLE – a practice initiated by Michel Yang, Justine Maxelon and Caroline Daish – ‘read’ different spaces, from train stations, parks and public libraries to urban gardens, waterways and private living spaces. The ORACLE practice was established as a need to voice, to heal and to collaborate. The spectator receives the reading as a visual perspective, sonic experience and spatial-social relation – an alternative space surfaces, a reading with a character, a history and thoughts of its own, revealing a prophecy embedded in vocal sounds.

Mathieu Léger used the map of Brussels as his playing field or working territory during THE DISTANCE BETWEEN US. Guided by the straight lines of the map (that connect points he randomly marked on the map), he unravels the city and its social, geographic and cultural layers with his observational walks.

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 different people. Another TOUR DE BELGIQUE set off over the summer, where different people took the boat different places. The boat stranded with a faulty engine in Brussels. This didn’t stop the collective of Contre-Poisse from embarking on a journey. Although the boat was not moving, they created a four-day fiction sailing the canal of Brussels. Or how the mobile studio does not have to be physically mobile in order for it to wander the waterways.

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 WEND, 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 organisations within the field of territorial narratives and representations.

as a participative 'research and production festival', whereby the spectator is an active part of the performances, visual works, walks and encounters with artists.

This publication presents the projects featured in the 2016 Wandering Arts Biennial. The artists were free to contribute work related (directly or indirectly) to WAB 2016.

Please note that this book serves as an independent tool for presentation and has no intention as such to define 'Wandering Arts'.



# The Distance Between Us

MATHIEU LÉGER

In my artistic practice, wandering is about protocol, action, and eventual results. The protocol begins with the "territory" I wish to engage. I have a system which creates a pattern of coordinates that are to be visited during a 3 to 5 day walk within the municipal boundary of a city. This protocol involves folding a map and piercing it to produce a series of holes that become destinations. This protocol becomes an action to be produced as an artistic entity; a performative action that involves participants. The basis is an invitation to discover the city in a way that removes any prejudicial ideas about any of the neighborhoods. This "wandering" enables a person to walk, almost randomly, through a city to (re) discover certain sections and to go see what inhabits the coordinates suggested by the protocol. These paths generate some stable routes but also create unexpected challenges for the participants. Maps are never fully accurate, transformations occur almost immediately upon completion of any cartographic document.

The results are both material (maps, photographs, writing, social media documents, GPS recording) as well as metaphysical (transformation of mind, identity, body, space, causality, etc.).

WAB is opportunity, community, relationship, freedom, research, discovery, exploration, thought provoking, challenging, beautiful, continuous, perpetual, in time, through time, of time, in space, through place, about space, about place, constructive, destructive, nonsensical, productive. WAB asks questions, reveals answers, dissolves hypothesis, generates ideas. WAB is a mechanism for the speculation of boundaries and the instigation of territorial engagement.

Wandering is an integral part of my artistic practice and has been since I was a photography and sculpture student, probably even since childhood. Exploration and discovery is an important element in my work. In 2016, my work

was concerned with the effect of new technologies on how we navigate the world, communities, as well as both natural and urban environments. As Rebecca Solnit puts it: « [...] the subject of walking is, in some sense, about how we invest universal acts with particular meanings... Exploring the world is one of the best ways of exploring the mind, and walking travels both terrains. » (Wanderlust: A History of Walking)

I believe « wandering » is a research tool for artists, while also becoming a material for performative gestures within a territory. It can define a place as much as it can recompose a territory. It continues to be an area of deep interest in my work in performance, writing, drawing, video/audio, sculpture, and photography.

My definition of wandering has already changed multiple times in my lifetime. I foresee my definition will change again, hopefully multiple times, if I live long enough. When we wander, new things come to us and change our perspectives, that is the nature of exploration. The only constant in the universe is change, is it not? The more we see, the broader our vision becomes. Sometimes, I think we do not wander, but are directed to specific moments in time and space...

## Wandering Arts Biennial 2016

### Mathieu Léger — *The Distance Between Us*

The Distance Between Us is a research project that investigates the physicality and nature of exploration through walking to random preselected coordinates. This project is an experimental walking project using maps as material to alter itineraries and reflect on how we engage with space in both real and abstract ways. A map of the city is folded and pierced resulting in a series of holes. These holes then become points to which the artist walks in a series of random routes. The path becomes an alternate way to experience the city, without the influence of tourist information or web-based research for destinations. The walks within the City of Brussels invited participants both physically and through online tools, and can be followed via social media on Instagram and Twitter.

#### @MLegerArt

*"This is an enquiry into our engagement with human scales in an urban environment, where distances and space are mostly travelled using cars, buses, trains, etc. The true distance between us is not only spatial and temporal, it is also perceptual."* — ML

Artistic practice :

Mathieu Léger's artistic practice investigates everything; he is curious about notions of the body within systems, conceptually and physically. His work is time based and he views art as a scientific process, which uses multiple methods of observation.

**For more information :**

**[www.mathieuleger.ca/wandering-arts-biennial-2016/](http://www.mathieuleger.ca/wandering-arts-biennial-2016/)**

**The artist would like to acknowledge the support of the following :**

**artsnb** (the New Brunswick Arts Board)

Sheila Hugh MacKay Foundation

Canada Council for the Arts

Nadine

Wandering Arts Biennial



## ***The Distance Between Us*** (WAB Edition 2016)

The idea behind this project is a «stumble upon» site, where curiosity is rewarded. I am interested in walking with people to discuss themes of boundary, distance, and physical limitations as it pertains to travelling (walking). Ultimately, I am curious about people's perception of distance and what they believe they are capable of doing physically. This is an inquiry into our engagement with human scales in an urban environment, where distances and space is mostly travelled using cars, trams, buses, metros, etc. How well do we really know our own cities? How large is your city when you transect it using your body rather than mechanical means?

### **Day 01 (18 November 2016) — 5 points**

**Distance :** 12.5 km one way (20 km return)

**Approximate time :** 3 hours (5 hours return)

**Map :** <https://goo.gl/maps/eHW6JfyQEUH2>

### **Day 02 (19 November 2016) — 5 points**

**Distance :** 12.5 km one way (15 km return)

**Approximate time :** 3 hours (4 hours return)

**Map :** <https://goo.gl/maps/GukffkEDHPn>

### **Day 03 (22 November 2016) — 5 points**

**Distance :** 12.5 km one way (17km return)

**Approximate time :** 2 hours (4 hours return)

**Map :** <https://goo.gl/maps/CfyMYzA5ZnP2>

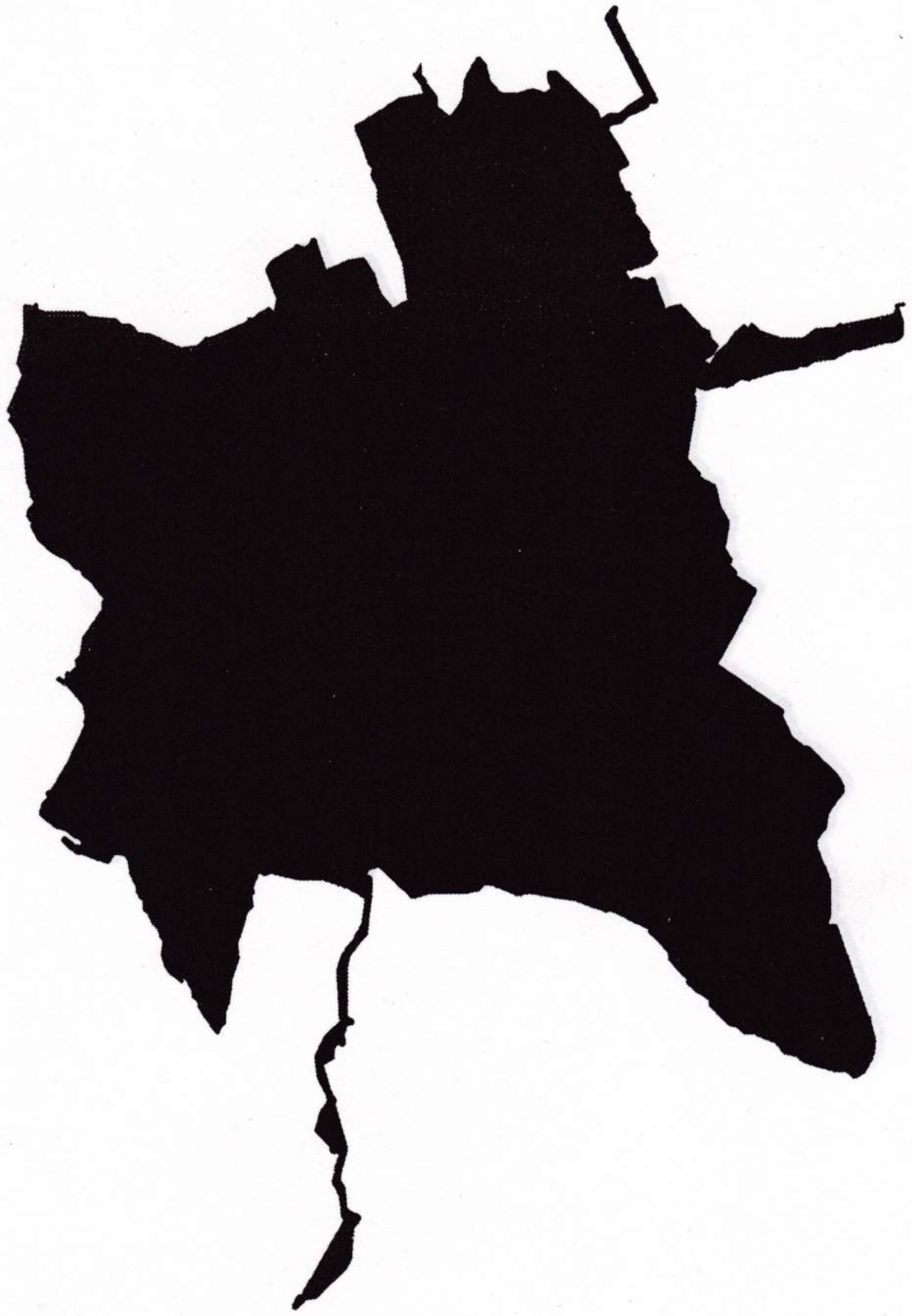
**Please note :** Distances are calculated using Google Maps™.

These distances can sometimes be very different from reality, this route system can be wrong and could have an impact on the walk's distances and times. These calculations are to be used as a starting point, as an estimate of the day's expedition. Participants are free to come for the day or only part of the route. Participants are also responsible for their own snacks and water. Proper clothing and footwear must also be a consideration. The artist, Nadine, and Wandering Arts Biennial are not liable nor will they be held responsible for any participant in any way. Map links were accessed in October 2017 and found to work.









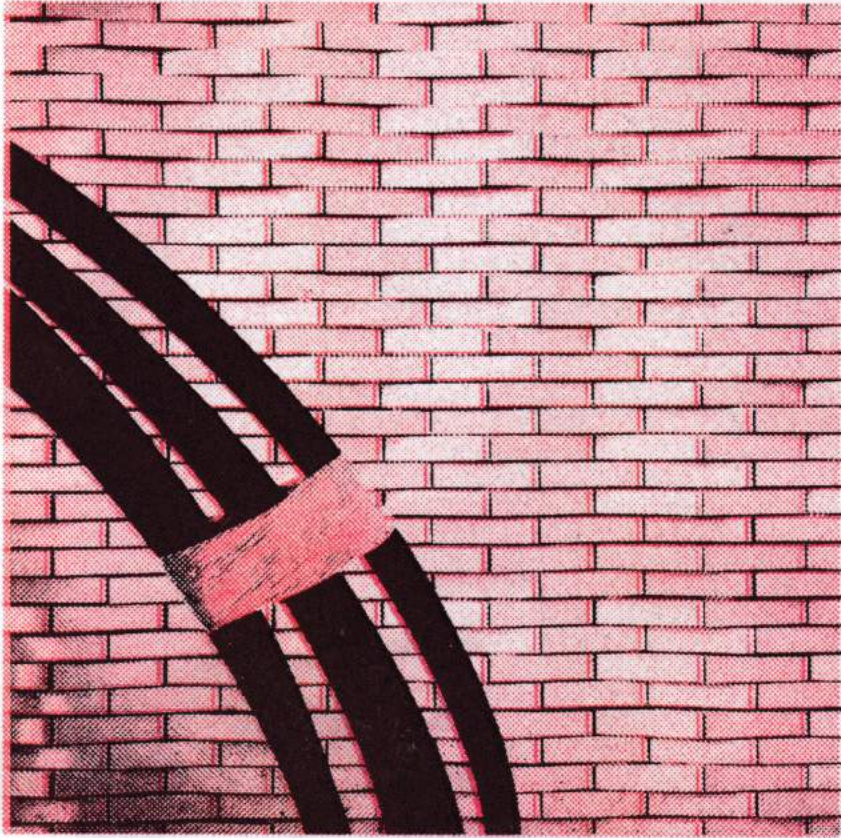


mlegerart

mlegerart #TheDistanceBetweenUs #WAB  
#WanderingArtsBiennial #nadine #Brussels  
#art #BRUSpaces #BXLArt Point 3, day 1

ropsonny, erlesage, remi.richard,  
ish\_but\_not\_quite, lcoar, realestate.spain,  
tuckstudio, slowmotionfan,  
beanthequeen\_ and leonidas\_brussels like  
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erlesage, klappymcklapperson,  
ann3b3rtrand, blake.more.in,  
thelifeofnillick, loewiness, hoitoxa and  
art\_supernova like this

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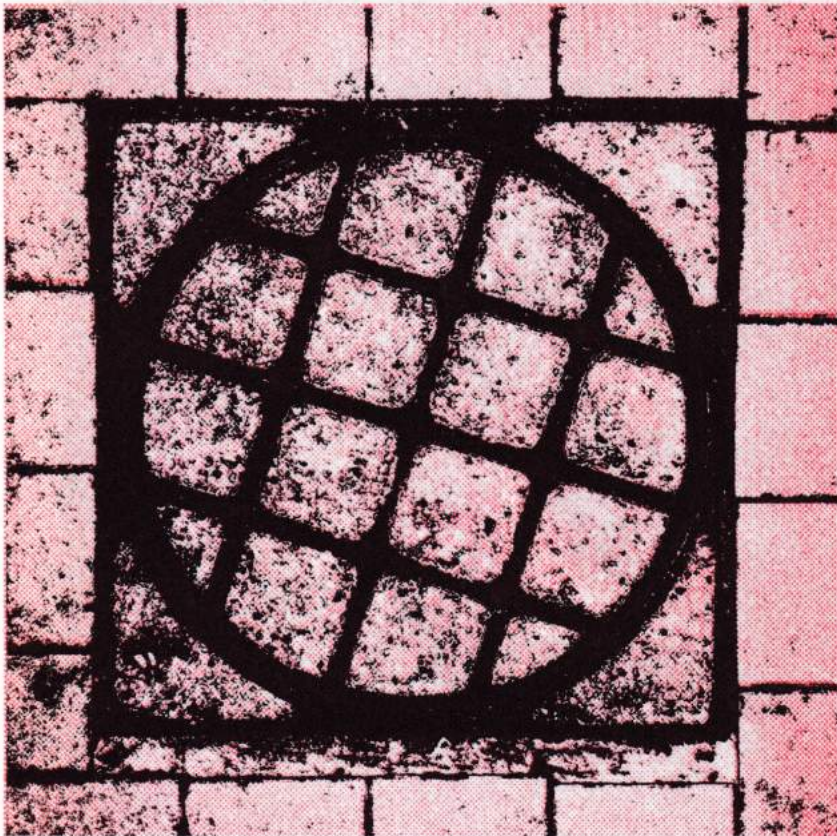
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#interstitialintaglio



15 likes

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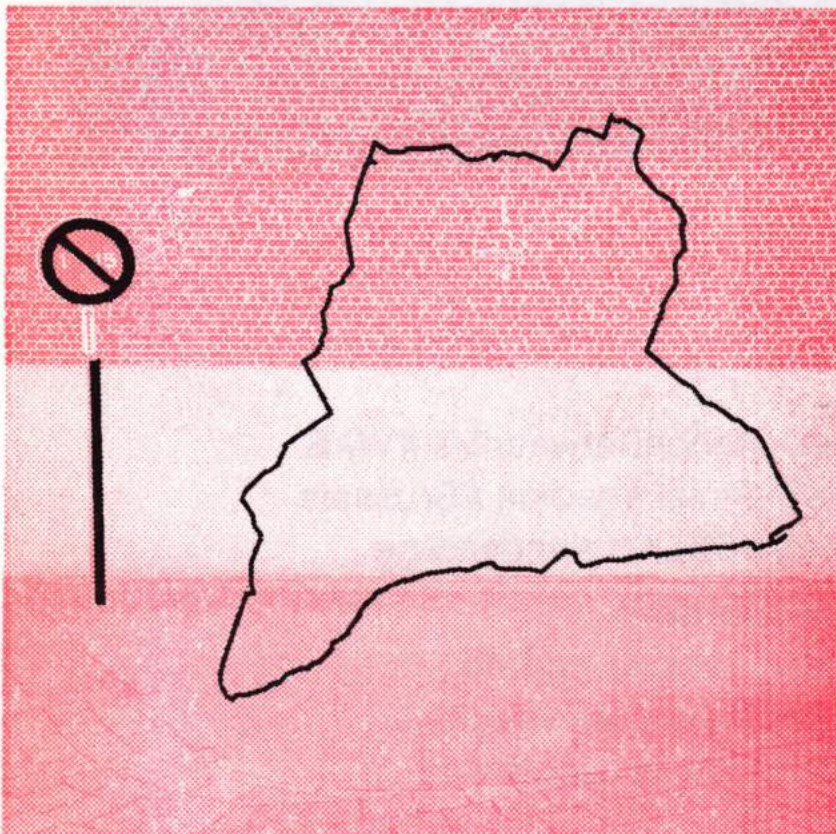
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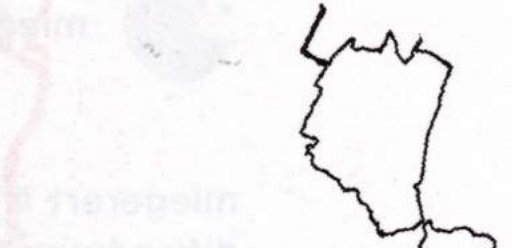
artist.vid, brusselsyogaloft, eriesage, klappymcklæpperson, jane.1999, branch, heiengrandyart, genevieve\_violette guzeltery and art.kevbe like this

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13 likes

NOVEMBER 22, 2018

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surveyorswithoutborders,  
moniquecinimage, loes.va.nadine,  
thelifeofniick, ropsonny, erlesage,  
remi.richard, leonidas\_brussels and  
degalleryart like this

NOVEMBER 18, 2016



-  Day 01
-  Day 02
-  Day 03



50° 51' 01" N



4° 20' 55" E

### ***Coordinated Colours***

The colours represent the coordinates of Brussels, Belgium. The geographic coordinates are converted into RGB values (Red, Green, and Blue are the primary colours in the digital space). 50° 51' 01" N coordinates are converted into 50 Red, 51 Green, and 01 Blue, giving the colour you see in the square on the left in the image above. In the square on the right, the coordinates 4° 20' 55" E are converted into 4 Red, 20 Green, and 55 Blue. Using this method, every coordinate on Earth has a distinct set of colours.

This process was developed by Mathieu Léger for his project *Methodologies for Tourists* (02013-02017\*).

[www.mathieuleger.ca](http://www.mathieuleger.ca)

**\*02017** : This form of date (year preceded by « 0 ») is used to help promote the idea of long term thinking. This is to raise awareness that eventually the « 0 » will be replaced by « 1 » and our actions will impact that era (*Long Now Foundation* — [longnow.org](http://longnow.org) ).









mlegerart

mlegerart #TheDistanceBetweenUs #WAB  
#WanderingArtsBiennial #nadine #Brussels  
#art #BRUSpaces #BXLArt #sécarter

erlesage, hdyck, davidtilkin,  
anniefrencenoel, genevieve\_violette,  
kjtenseoul and atnboivin like this

NOVEMBER 18, 2016

# Buratinas Captains

With Buratinas Captains, the intention is to collectivize the solar-powered boat Buratinas by multiplying its Captains. Each new Captain joins the boat where the previous Captain left it and gets a one-day training from there. Then, the unexperienced Captain is invited to travel wherever s/he likes, for as long as s/he likes.

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 equipment.

*An itinerant and redundant research programme, bridging various artistic and academic practices concerned by the concept of wandering in its broadest meaning. Finalized production is a possibility, not a requirement, while documenting and publishing the evolution of the programme is the main spin.*

In this specific set-up, wandering starts as a training field and requires concentration when learning how to drive the boat, before smoothly becoming a poetic activity, once the Captain has got enough experience.

There are as many ways of wandering as there are Captains.

## CONTRE-POISSE Buratinas Residency

Our Buratinas residency didn't quite unfold as expected. On the day we were meant to set off, even though we had prepared our entire journey, we realized our engine was dead. We learned a few days later that the engine cannot be fixed before a long time. Despite this unexpected turn of events, we still wanted to go through with the project, so we decided to create a fiction. By using the technique of chroma keying, we were able to make real our fictive conditions to make believe. These efforts in the making led us on a long journey. Finally, for our project, roaming is what we were unable to achieve physically but which we wanted to represent in the form of a fictive documentary. This fictive documentary was achieved through the different steps of the development, having an approach seen as our itinerant voyage.

Our project rests at bottom on a fictive narrative. Our itinerant journey did not take place on



<p>the Buratinas boat; the notion of itinerancy embraces our approach to the entire project.</p>	<p>After the exhibition, we decided to translate all this into a magazine. We laid out our pieces and the dialogues of our video, we added some goodies like a DVD, and a keyring in the shape of a fish fritter. We were able to present this edition on several occasions.</p>
<p>After the disappointment of the departure, we realized that we still had the material necessary on a daily basis for a journey that was initially scheduled for four days. In particular, we had to eat the food supplies, so we decided to shoot all the meals we should have shared during the journey in a single day. This is when we specified the fictive conditions: four people, four days, four meals, and four visual productions. In the video, we can see that there are two different activities, so either we are eating or we are producing. We had already foreseen that the sequence for a day would last five minutes and the entire video 20 minutes.</p>	<p>To finish off, we spent four days at the dinA gallery for a residency where we were able to print part of the catalogue. That is where our project came to an end.</p>
<p>All we see on the video are the everyday situations of a residence. But the results were lacking as well as the production to complete our fiction. Because we never had any real time for the production. Based on this lack, we started looking for a space in which we could stay for four days to produce and present the pieces on site. Six months later, in April 2017, we found the Transformers gallery in Saint-Gilles. This was the first step in the presentation of a set of videos and visual projects.</p>	<p>Dead engine &gt; disappointment of the departure = unexpected situation &gt; contre-poisie ('against bad luck') &gt; providing the fictive conditions (space/time division) - space = video (on the boat) / time = visual production (in the transformers residence): protocol 4 people, 4 days, 4 meals per day, 4 visual results per person.</p>
	<p>The contre-poisie magazine collects space plus time.</p>

It is the base camp of itinerant practices. The WAB makes it possible to bring practices into dialogue with one another and it is a way of talking about the notions of nomadism, roaming, journeying. Excursionists cross paths via this main platform; we exchange travel stories.

Octobre  
Rachel  
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"Daubi  
↳ Poisson  
Stéphane  
↳ dessin  
sur T-shirt.  
LEQU (à bananier)  
↳ plant. pour  
serviette.

Vendredi  
↳ rue  
↳ le tournant  
↳ récolte  
pour  
les obj  
Fin

1. syage = 16 min  
2. pause = 4 min  
3. séquence = 4 min

1. matin 1  
4. midi 1  
4. après midi 1  
4. soir 1

(16)

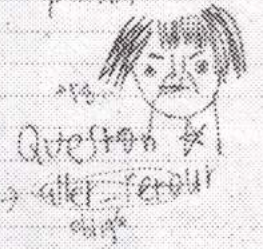
PLANNING

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avec ensemble  
de  
objets  
→ (2) ans,

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Ramen - café, chocolat, etc.	riz, purée	ramen	riz, avocat, sauce soja
livre, saumon	livre, saumon	rien	rien

description à Pécelle  
↳ Laffel  
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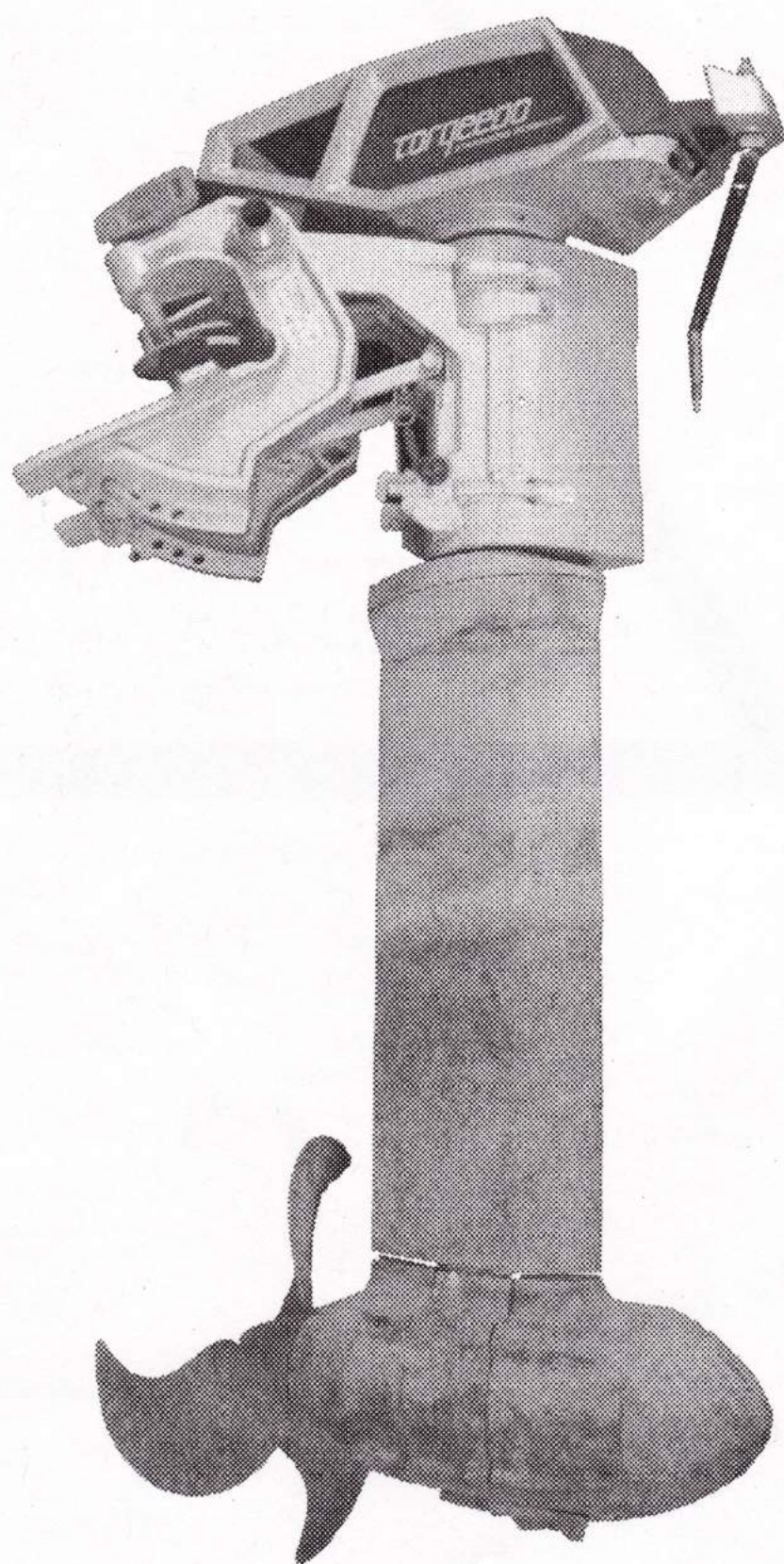
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cert volant  
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LA MÉDITERRANÉE

- POISSONNERIE - VISHANDEL -

ABRIVACE JOURNALIER      DAGELIJKSE ANKERPOST

88 Rue Théodore Verhaegen - 1163 Bruxelles

TEL. 02 537 48 56 - Gsm **0474 78 01 51**



LA MÉDITERRANÉE



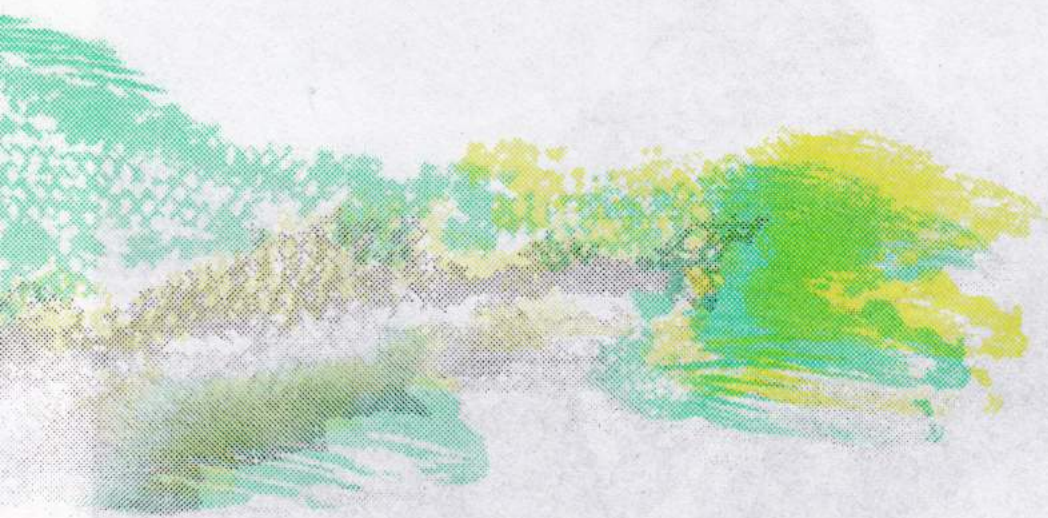
# 日間 **낚시**

CONTRE-POISSE BURATINAS

Nº 22



2017  
03.05



5017  
03.02











C'est pas un projet fini

STAPLES IN BURATINAS

Snakes in buratinas

La vie, le temps à rincer sur la chose au feu.

un petit apelle

pour son confort

un ou sur place

pour le premier

de rebelle

En fait, le temps à rincer sur la chose au feu.

un petit apelle

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de rebelle

STEPHANSTADLER  
MINDK AN  
DANBI HUR  
RACHEL MAGNAN

trans parents  
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LOOK FOR FOOD

HEY

HEY

HEY

HEY

HEY

HEY

HEY

HEY

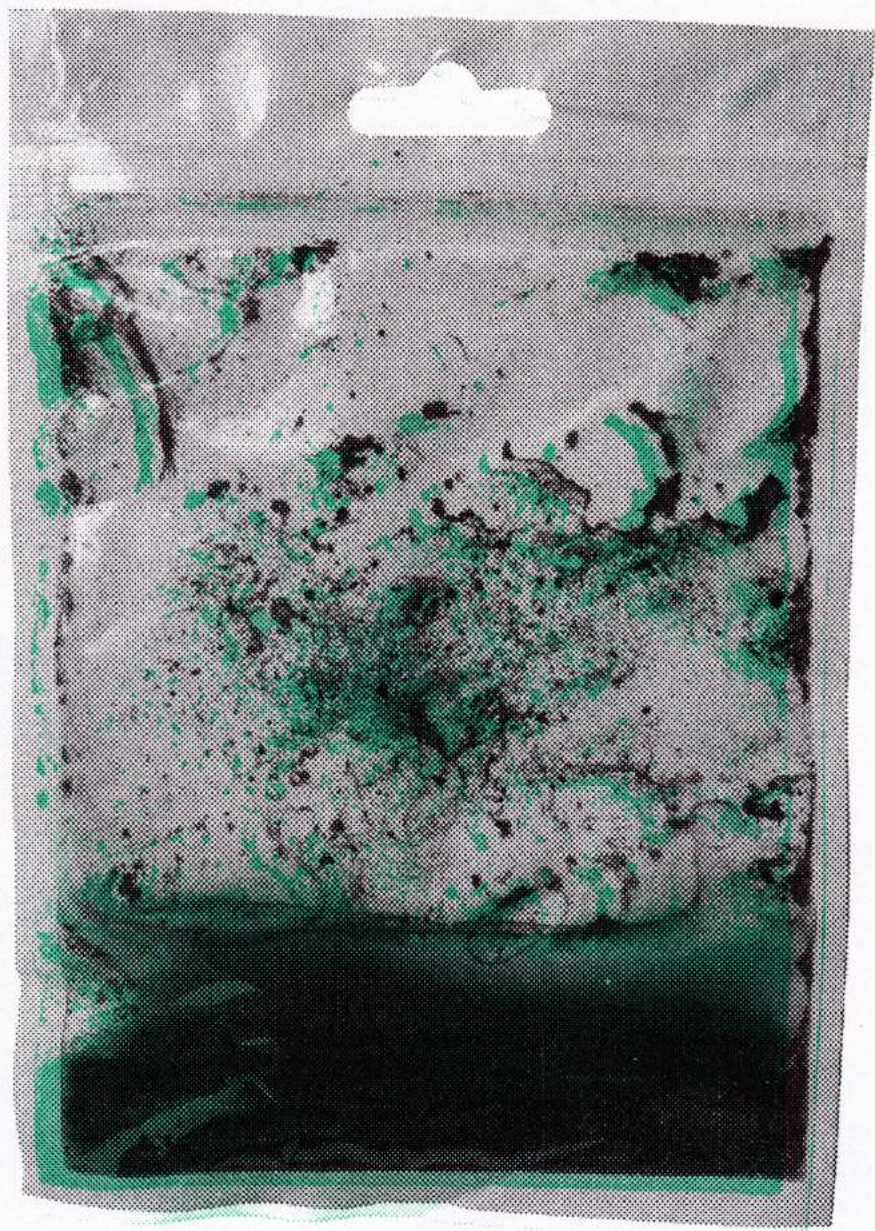
HEY





Tu vois où je veux en venir?

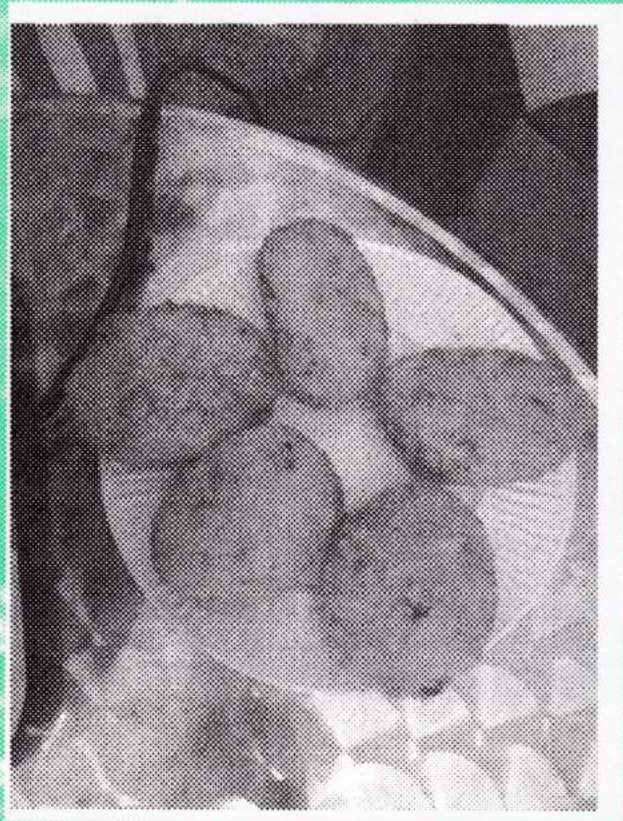
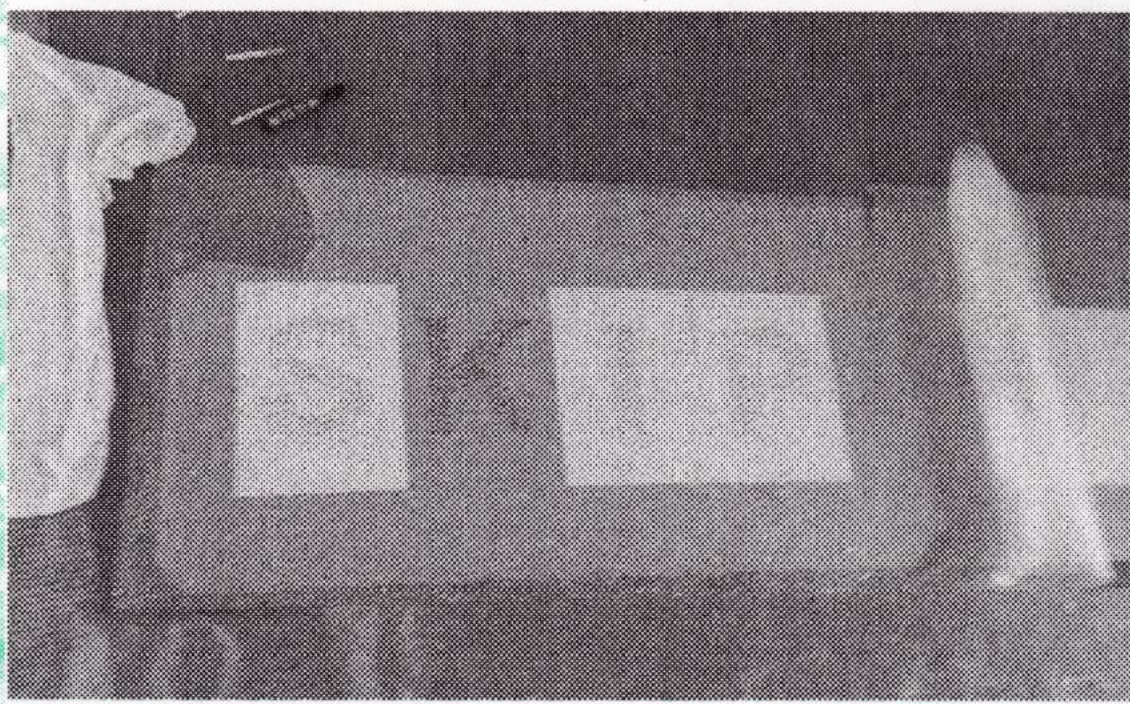












# CONTRE POISSE

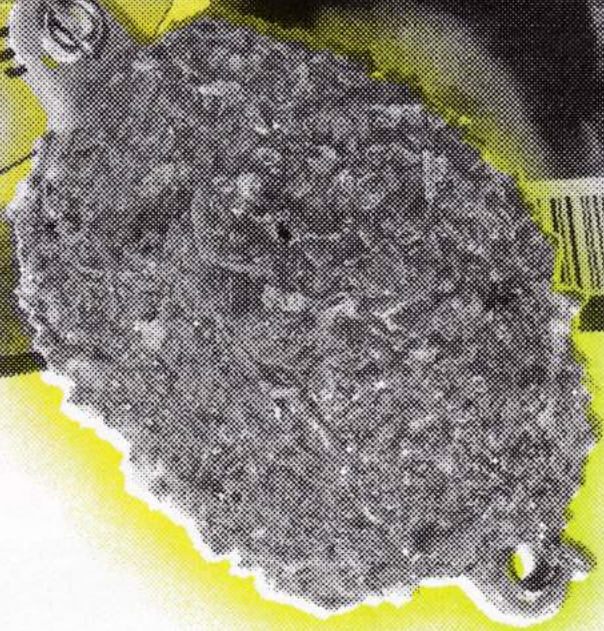
the end

04/10/16  
08/10/16

# 35€

Residence  
**BURATINAS**

**DANBI HUR  
MINOK AN  
STÉPHANE STADLER  
RACHEL MAGNAN**



# Elastic Habitat

HELENA DIETRICH

Elastic Habitat is an immersive installation that explores the imaginary, invisible and speculative body. It offers an invitation to explore and stretch the usual habitat of one's physical and virtual identity.

The public is invited into a sort of playground, where they can explore and animate textile sculptures. The sculptures are based on descriptions of the multilayered metaphysical perceptions of one's body, emerging out of prior one-to-one sessions. In these individual explorations, participants are guided into an 'auto-contemplation' which results in a reconfiguration of the habitual perception of one's presence. The descriptions of these perceptions are then formed into textile sculptures or, better, textile bodies, each the material result of a momentary reconfiguration of a participant's habitat.

The textile bodies are explored by the public entering the playground in small groups, through touching, wearing and thereby activating them. By donning these textile bodies, one is inspired or challenged to explore

one's habitual perceptions. It is a metaphorical invitation to get 'under the skin' and to elude the clear distinction between self and other, inside and outside. Like a *mise en abyme*, these 'relational objects' open up a perpetual cycle of translation between self and other, inside and outside, looping from feeling to movement, to language, to form and material, and back to sensation. The invitation to play with and through these textile bodies offers a space of childlike pleasure and intuitive exploration within oneself, to think and perceive oneself through the senses.

In my artistic practice I developed techniques for participants to discover other personalities within themselves triggered by certain aesthetics, images and clothes. Through experiments with volunteers I encountered whole universes of personalities: the more abstract my stimulation was, the more abstract the personalities. With time I turned my conceptions around and guided participants without the help of clothes to a point of transformative self-perception. In three hour-long sessions I stimulated the participants with methods borrowed from psychotherapy, improvisation techniques and

movement practices in order to sensitize their perception of their whole being – the senses, the body, their thoughts and feelings of that moment. Then I asked them to see this perception as a person/being and to describe it to me. I was intrigued by the alien and science-fictional multi-gendered, super-powered bodies and creatures, which opened up many questions on the functionality and perception of the human body in our current culture. People were mostly surprised by their own stories, wondering where they came from and how they could express the perception of their body in such ways. Words seemed to be insufficient to their perception and language stopped making sense. The recordings of these sessions sound like impossible stories. It seemed as if language had to be changed in order to express what they were experiencing. As if language as we use it had a limiting effect on their perception of their selves. Language is a form of expression, the translation of a perception or experience into an outside, and the same could be said of aesthetics and images, which are also expressions by which to communicate to the outside. If these creatures challenged language, could they also challenge body-aesthetics?

Mostly I asked myself, where have these creatures been before? Why have I never encountered them, and why is there no place for them to exist in this culture?

Why are they not visible?

Most of the figures described had a whole different logic of the body and its functions. They also were both physical and non-physical, floating between material and immaterial conditions. Each experience was very different and a whole new universe appeared before me of what it means to be human. It seemed as if one could stretch the self, displaying an elasticity to being and to the perception of the body as a whole (inside and outside). There were no physical, psychological or social limits to these figures: they were often exploring something that seemed impossible or difficult to the person in reality. So in a way these creatures they described had a therapeutic or healing function to them.

I couldn't help but wonder what these bodies or figures would look like in reality and I was intrigued to see if it would be possible to materialize them. I was imagining them as bodies, which one would be able to wear, to experience what the participants were describing. So my idea was to literally make these figures or bodies, but not as sculptures to be looked at, but as sculptures to be experienced from inside, wearable sculptures.

Does a presence only exist if it is tangible and visible? Is a body

able to exist beyond the tangible and visible? Is the visible the result of the invisible? Can an immaterial body be tangible?

wearable imaginary bodies inspire our own imaginary body.

To encounter an inwardly focused sense of aesthetic or aesthesis, I propose an inward inspection: by examining the body from how it is felt from inside, inner perceptions and fantasies reveal different body-images of the self. These body-images invite us to reconsider the representational qualities and functionalities of the current landscape of body-aesthetics and presences: the forms and materials surrounding and representing our bodies. The alternative beings, creatures, ghosts, bodies and genders that reside as possibilities within our imagination can inspire new perspectives of being. By turning the inside out, I hope to encounter aesthetics and images that are more embodied and related to what one feels inside and whose form and materials establish in their relational nature a more emotional and ecological / sustainable connection to its wearer.

The WAB creates a space where searching, wondering and wandering can take place. It gives a real place to immaterial, experiential and immersive art projects. Art practices with an experiential character have a precarious position, because they often lack material representation. To focus on these art forms in an art economy where viability and marketability often decide is vital for resisting capitalist structures in culture and communities. The WAB creates a space where research, process and experience are valued over representation. Through spaces like this, alternative art forms can grow and thrive.

At the core of this work was the aim to create a wardrobe of and for these imaginary, invisible or speculative bodies. Like a *mise en abyme*, this wardrobe then becomes an invitation to get under the skin of the other by wearing them and to let these

Wandering is a relational practice. Wandering means travelling in and out, turning the inside out and taking the outside in, being in dialogue. Wandering means following a path, while not knowing what will come, following an inner voice, intuition or gut feeling. *Wandering happens in the body and psyche*, travelling from one self to another, from one body perception to another. The path is the connection between its exterior and interior. The path is the relation. It is in the relation that the realization happens.

Womens Magically Bodies

The first chapter is devoted to a discussion of the concept of the magical body. It begins with a discussion of the concept of the magical body in the context of the body and the body's relationship to the world. It then discusses the concept of the magical body in the context of the body and the body's relationship to the world. It then discusses the concept of the magical body in the context of the body and the body's relationship to the world.

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and to enter beyond the tangible and called in the world. It is an aspect of the body's relationship to the world.

In addition to the concept of the magical body, there is also the concept of the magical body. It begins with a discussion of the concept of the magical body in the context of the body and the body's relationship to the world. It then discusses the concept of the magical body in the context of the body and the body's relationship to the world. It then discusses the concept of the magical body in the context of the body and the body's relationship to the world.

At the end of the book, there is a discussion of the concept of the magical body. It begins with a discussion of the concept of the magical body in the context of the body and the body's relationship to the world. It then discusses the concept of the magical body in the context of the body and the body's relationship to the world. It then discusses the concept of the magical body in the context of the body and the body's relationship to the world.

## welcome to Elastic Habitat.

A materialised virtual reality, a laboratory and playground to explore your elastic habitat: the expanded and reconfigured sculpture of your bodily sensations and emotions.

Here you can experience your body as a whole, including its invisible and imaginary parts. You will receive wearable bodies that can be vessels by which to travel into your imaginary body.

You are invited to touch, wear and activate these bodies—by literally getting under their skin. They might carry you into a state of sensorial awareness on the verge of physicality and virtuality.

You can stretch yourself inside another skin.

Feel free to play with the variety of existences, organisms and perspectives that are at your disposal.

Enjoy yourself in this space where both identity and form can be stretched, deconstructed and re-configured.



photography Quentin de Wispelaere  
with Thiago Antunes, Leila Boukhalfa, Kinga Jacewska, Irina Lavrinovic, Asher Lev, Jaime Llopis

THE LIGHT TRAVELLER  
FUTURE ANIMAL



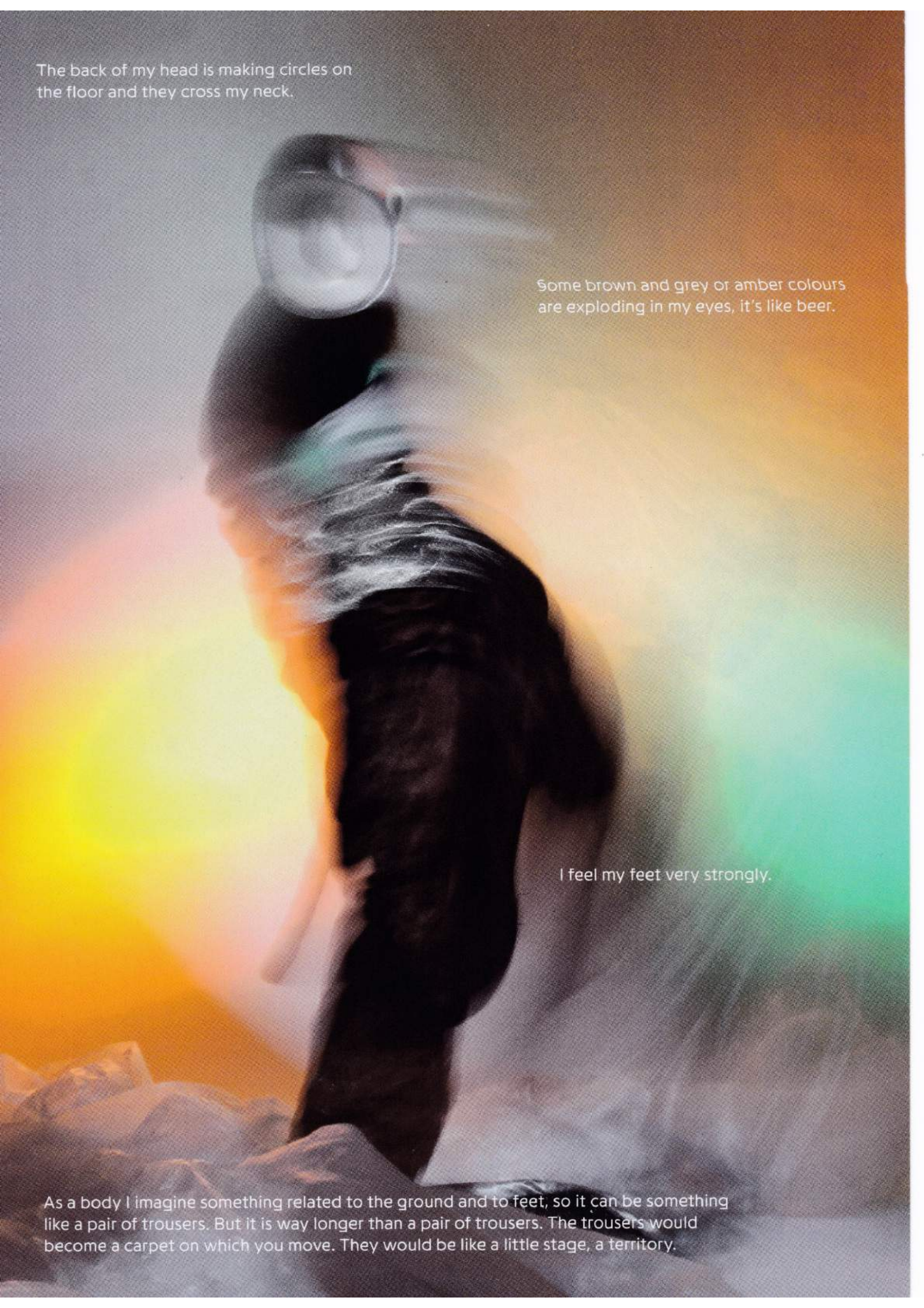
The gown of the light traveller might be made of a material that is stable, delicate, a bit transparent.

It carries the newly discovered ability to send out and dislocate physical capacities and translate them into something where the body never loses contact with the outside physical world.

If circumstances get even weirder, you might need this.

MADONNA POLSKA  
SCARY NORTHERN ANIMAL



A person is shown from the back, wearing a dark, textured, possibly metallic or woven outfit. A large, circular, reflective element is attached to their back. The background is a soft, blurred gradient of colors, including warm yellows and oranges on the left, and cooler greens and blues on the right. The overall mood is ethereal and artistic.

The back of my head is making circles on the floor and they cross my neck.

Some brown and grey or amber colours are exploding in my eyes, it's like beer.

I feel my feet very strongly.

As a body I imagine something related to the ground and to feet, so it can be something like a pair of trousers. But it is way longer than a pair of trousers. The trousers would become a carpet on which you move. They would be like a little stage, a territory.



In the skin, there is a sensation of tightness, of how much can I stretch.  
I imagine the inside also. It is a bit stiff and thick actually.

I need the help from my bones to  
push against the muscles.

It's tight. It's funny, I have to think  
of the casing of a sausage.

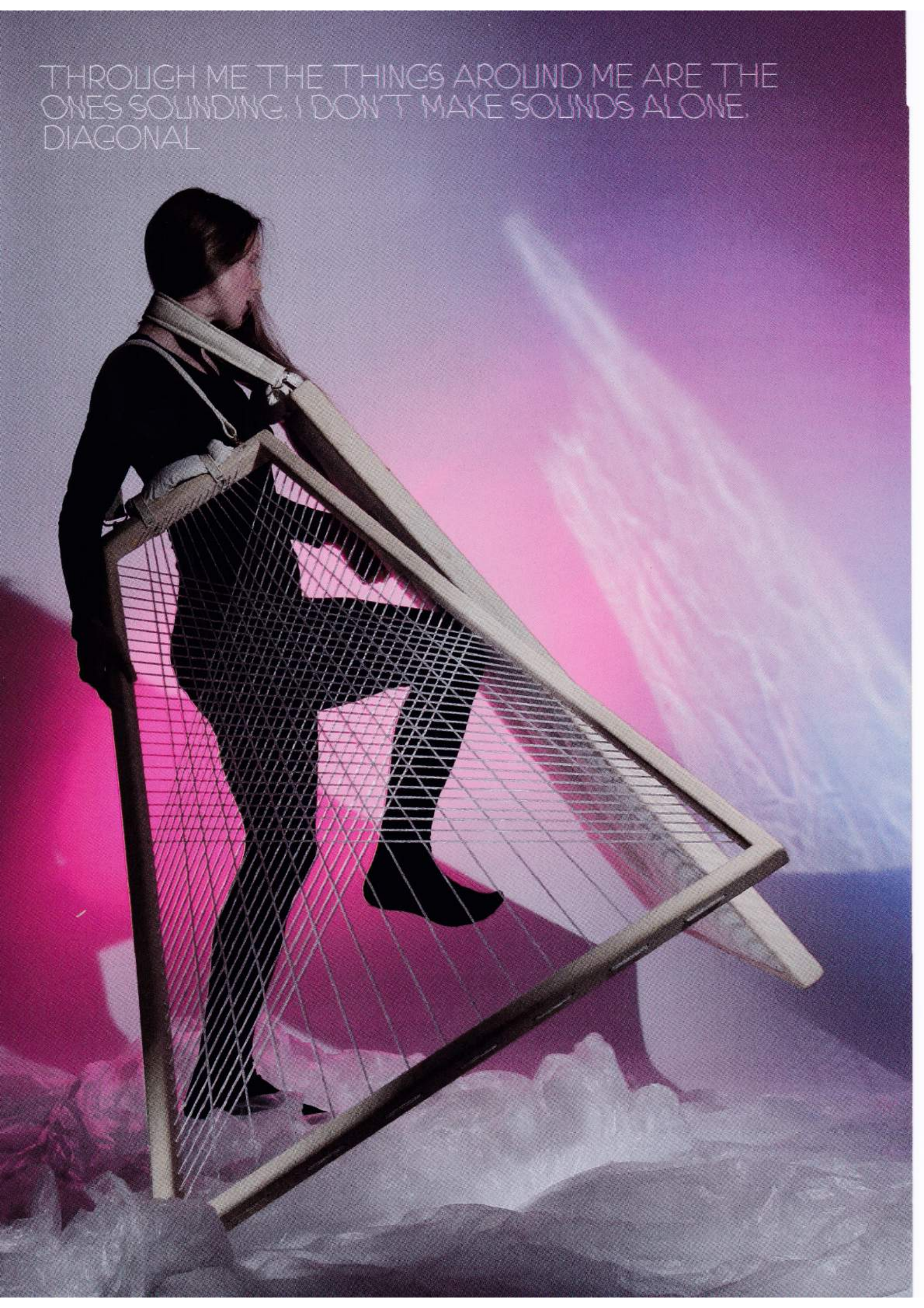
The skin feels a bit moist.  
It's breathing at some points.  
Some areas are a bit wetter  
than others.

It's a bit of an uncomfortable feeling.

I perceive a movement of twisting.  
It's a bit tiring to feel the limitation of the twist.

The skin is expanding and deflating. In the parts where I want to expand I want to blow air into them.

THROUGH ME THE THINGS AROUND ME ARE THE  
ONES SOUNDING. I DON'T MAKE SOUNDS ALONE.  
DIAGONAL





But I have to say that there is one image, if I were to tell you what it looks like, it is not so much an image of this moment now, it came in the beginning and it didn't leave, which is a diagonal. As though there's always something that I can lean on. It doesn't feel like I'm lying down, because it's almost erect, it's almost vertical, but there is an inclination. Almost as though I can change the position and lean slightly diagonally into the other directions of my body. I could lean forward a bit and back a bit. It is not only serving me, but I can also let it lean on me too. So I don't feel so abusive with the material. And then it can shift. Now we're leaning on each other. But it's a negotiation, because if I lean too much on it, on her, I don't give her support. It's a tension between resting and being active.



There is a feeling of being in-between things.

DISMANTLED  
ACCELERATION  
SENSONG



And then it started to enter the space.

Imagining that I'm the disturbance around the objects  
and I'm entering their reality.

I imagine I rub against the skin of the  
whole world that I'm entering

and they feel the reverberations  
of my entrance.



STATUE  
THE GAZE OF THE PAINTER



The body language of my Madonna communicates with every step she takes;  
she takes the freedom to move towards any desired direction.

But once aware of observation she petrifies.

EAGLE SHINING FROM A RESONATING GROUND,  
SHAPED LIKE A DROP, HEAVY, DEEP, VAST  
AND DARK BLUE



Movements come and go,

without defined direction,  
like a swarm of snakes,

like the swaying in the deep sea.

Through this repetitive and formless  
oscillation here and there a direction,

an alertness is piercing,  
reaching out,

mostly to sense,

perceive and receive.

1

TRANSLATION (AS A COSMIC SPECIES MOVING  
FROM ONE PLACE TO ANOTHER)  
TORNADO BIRD





There's a tornado on top of my head.

This tornado is digging a hole in the crown of my head.

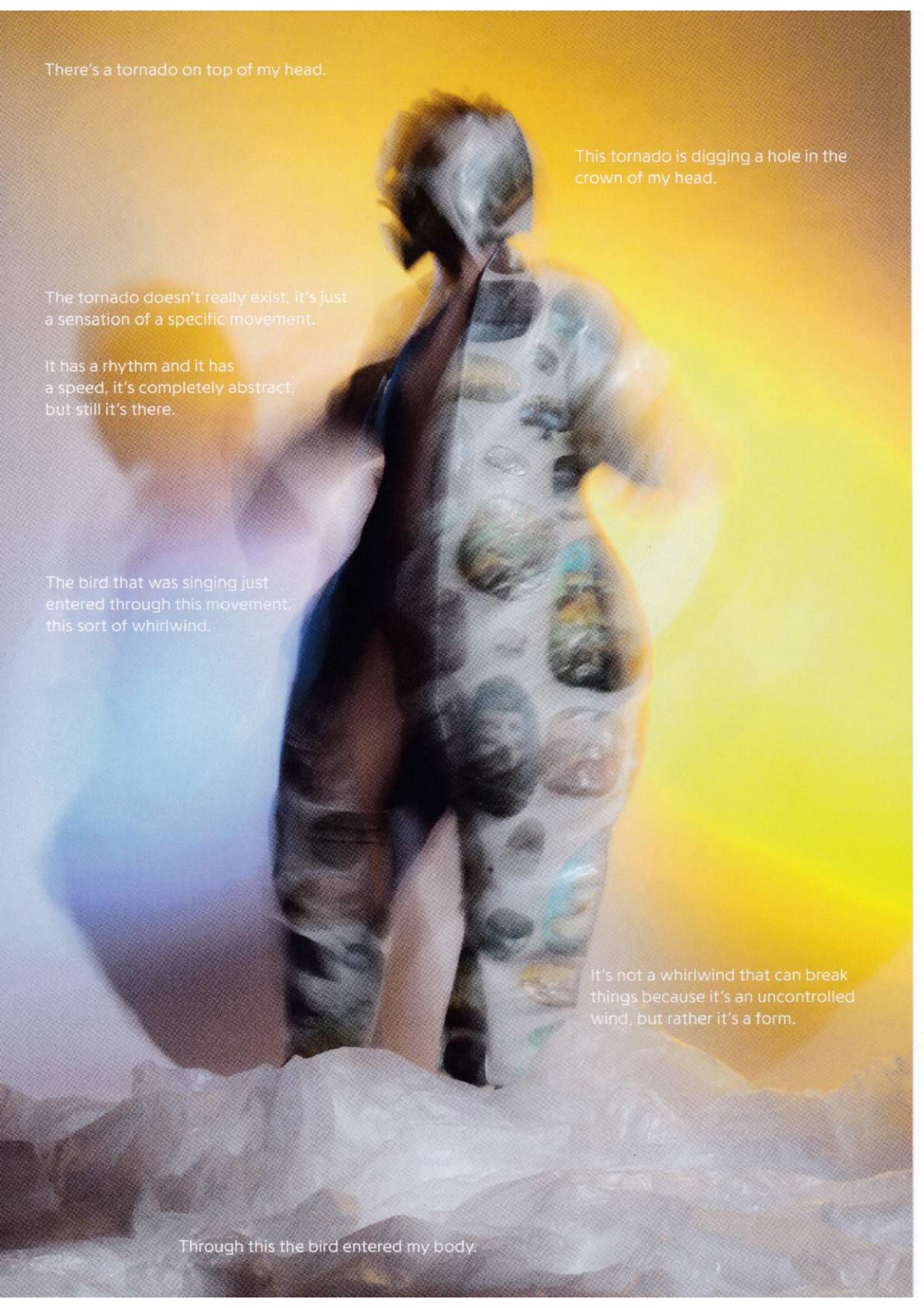
The tornado doesn't really exist, it's just a sensation of a specific movement.

It has a rhythm and it has a speed, it's completely abstract, but still it's there.

The bird that was singing just entered through this movement, this sort of whirlwind.

It's not a whirlwind that can break things because it's an uncontrolled wind, but rather it's a form.

Through this the bird entered my body.



EMPTY PLACE  
WARM-COOL  
FLUENT MEMORY  
ALWAYS NOW



When I see my body in a space, I know it is not only my body,  
it is also everything that I ever put into it;

Experiences I've had, or people I've put into this space.

Physically and mentally.

I know that I'm one piece, but I also know that  
there are pieces of me in the future and in the  
past, and I feel them very physically.

I know my body is now, but I can feel my past body in the past,

not my past body in my body now.



COCOON



It's just very thick here, there is not a lot of information.

And I'm just left here without clarity.

Maybe I could enjoy this shell, but it feels more like it's preventing me from entering the world.

Maybe it is a protection. Like a cocoon.



**concept** Helena Dietrich in collaboration with Janneke Raaphorst | **hosts/performers** Julien Bruneau, Heike Langsdorf, Esta Matkovic, Irina Lavrinovic, Siene Hollemans, Louise Vervaet, Janneke Raaphorst, Helena Dietrich | **research and one-to-one sessions with guests** Helena Dietrich with David Liver, Isabel Burr-Raty, Julien Bruneau, Katharina Smets, Lili M. Rampre, Lynn Suemitsu, Miriam Rohde, Veridiana Zurita | **textile bodies** Janneke Raaphorst with Carly Rose Bedford, Dieneke Hol, Marija Sujica, Nevin Uzun, ruralurban | **set creation** Leila Boukhalfa | **sound design** Lynn Suemitsu | **voices** Julien Bruneau, Justine Maxelon, Irina Lavrinovic, Thomas Proksch, Varinia Canto Vila, Freek Willems | **sound technics** Kenny Martens | **light design** Michaël Janssens | **printed matter, text and design** Helena Dietrich | **redaction** Elke van Campenhout | **Proof reading** Patrick Lennon | **dramaturgical advice** Heike Langsdorf, Marialena Marouda, Julien Bruneau | **scenographic and artistic advice** Miriam Rohde, Veridiana Zurita | **co-production** Buda, Eau&Gaz, Kunstenwerkplaats Pianofabriek, nadine vzw, WP Zimmer | **with the support of** Kaaitheater, Campo | **supported by** the Flemish Government and the Flemish Community Commission



# 'the best of'

BXL.WILDLIFE.2016

	leave your phone number.
(Please consider the following texts as potential songs)	
	The starting point of the first day is set at grand place
bxl.wildlife.2016	the historic, quixotic, politic, symbolic, exotic
'the best of'	centre of brussels
was the last	
of a series	
of five festivals	Directions are not fixed
	in advance
we are planning to continue	Directions are decided
another way	Collectively
	Based on green dots found on an IBGE map
could we do less	Or on feelings
should we do more?	Or on needs
never the less	
and further more	Then walking
	Looking for a pleasant place to camp
Be.brussels	
Be.wildlife	Suddenly all becoming observers of an unknown territory
	Wandering
To be kept informed during the festival,	Often stopping
inscribe yourself,	For a pause, to play



	Deciding on a new direction
Finding	Inviting for the walk
A place to camp	Dismantling the camp
SMS sent	Cleaning the site
Joined us at camp	
	Then walking ... (Repeat 7 times/days)
A place for the fire?	
Places for the tents	
Pitching the tents?	On the last night
Building up the fire	Preparing a party
	Dancing
Go find liquids and solids	Loving
Cooking & drinking	Screaming
Chilling all night long around the fire	Get back
	Home?
Suddenly going for a night walk	
Getting lost	It's an attempt to escape standard space and time
Coming back	
Sleeping	Limits only set by the festival's own conditions
Waking up	Overtaking property
Making coffee	By declaring everything 'campable'
Making coffee again	Following desire's roads
And again	Instead of paths drawn
Until the last sleeper wakes up	Overtake clocked timing

Set by work conditioning	wandering means
When wild awakening	hanging around
Last all morning	without precise goals
	like
Bubbles in a bubble	youngsters in a suburb
	thugs in a mall
The experience is the result	chilling
Memories do the rest	doing nothing
	out of standard space & time
	reappropriating
	urban space
	reconsidering
	property
	full potentiality
	acting as a group
	as a pack
	listening to others
	being part of a
	provisional
	temporary
	moving society
	an attitude
	a goal in itself
	a collective impulse
	a way to observe using the entire body
	a way to get lost where you live

WAB  
as a collection of actions,  
attitudes, gestures, words,  
images and moments

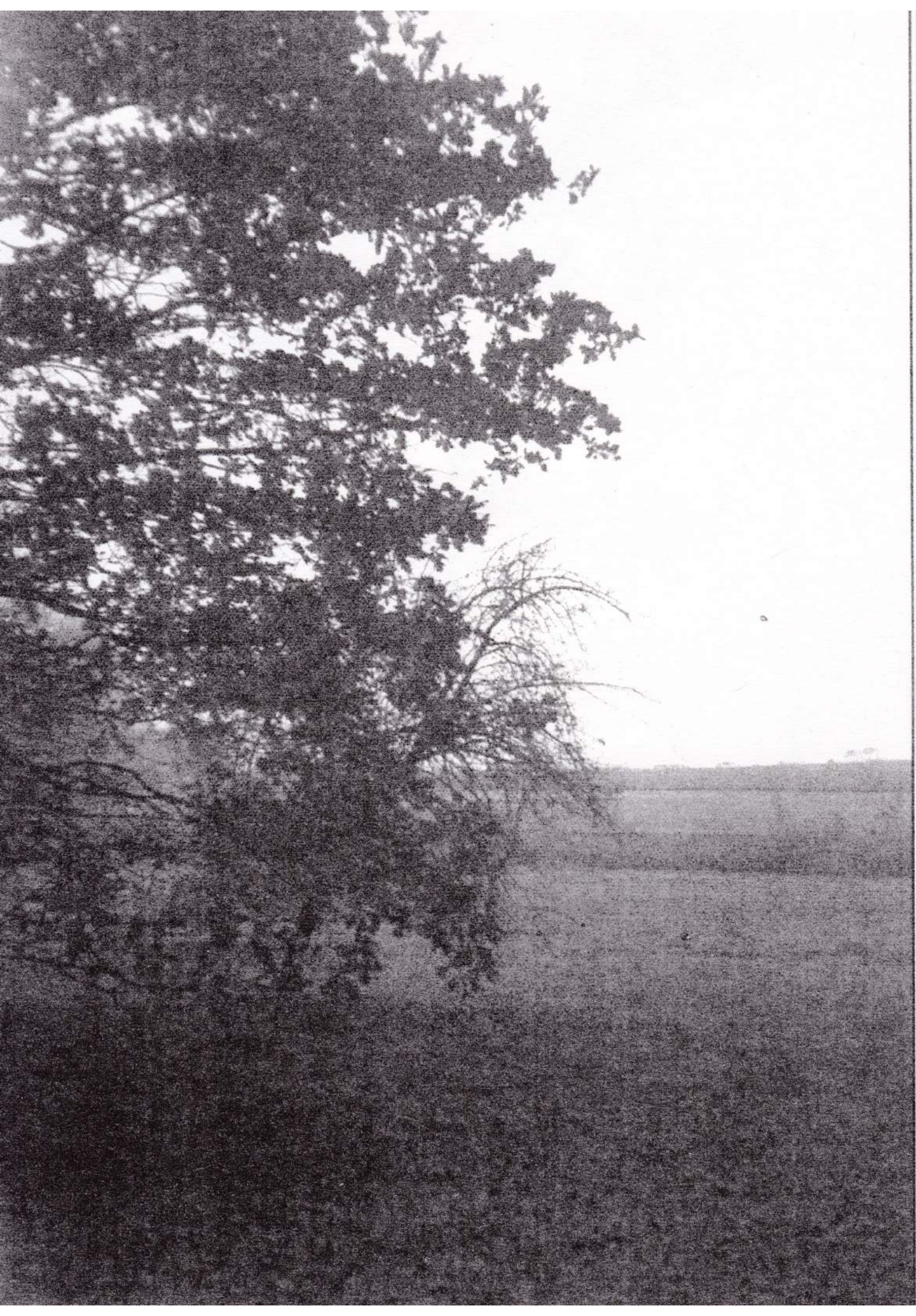
WAB  
as an ongoing research

WAB  
as a container of experiences  
made by walkers, artists,  
explorers, people ...

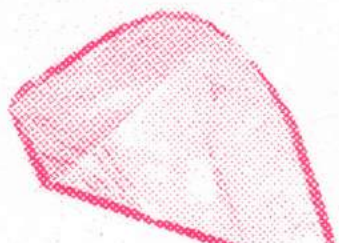
WAB  
as a dictionary of attempts  
incomplete in its definition











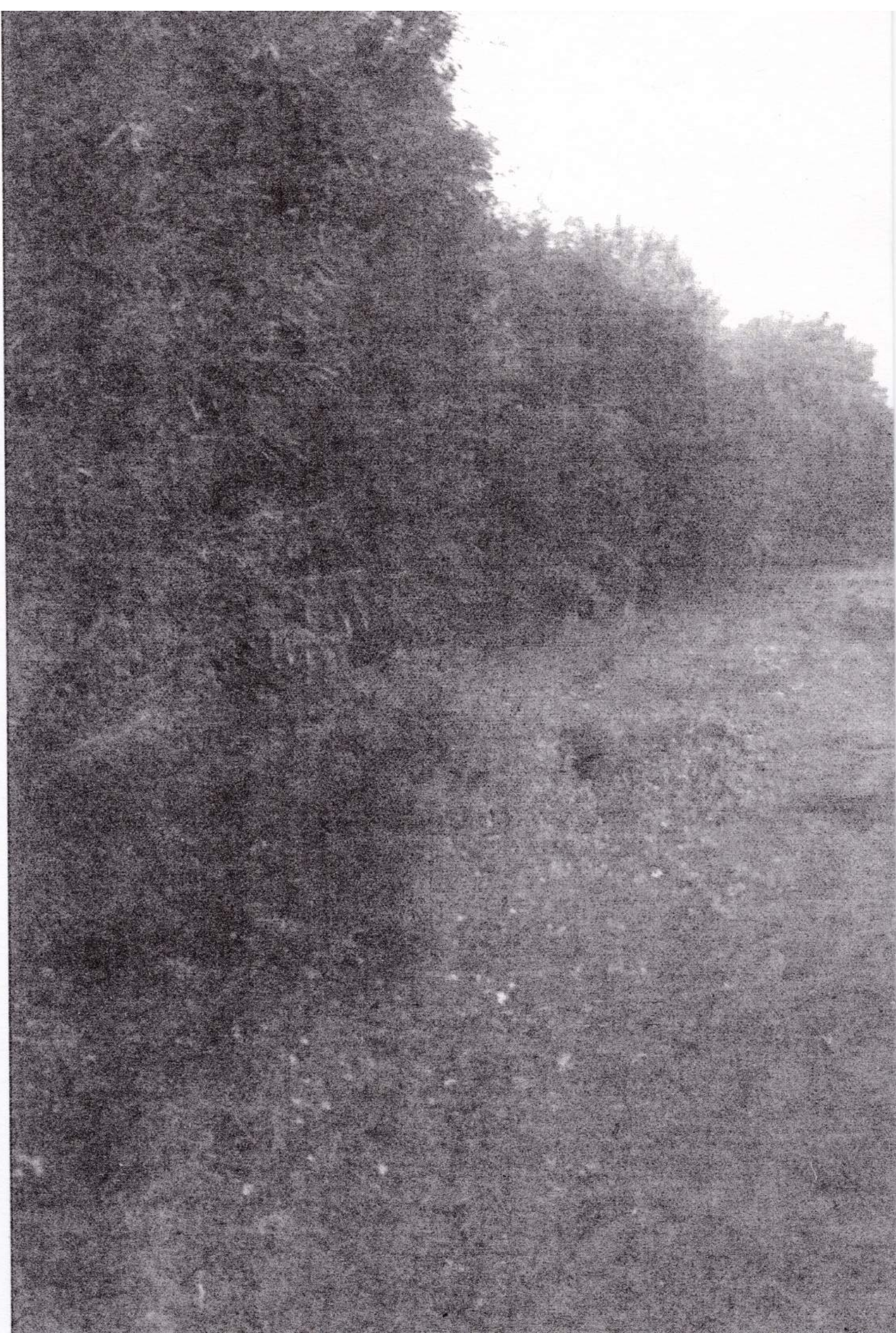


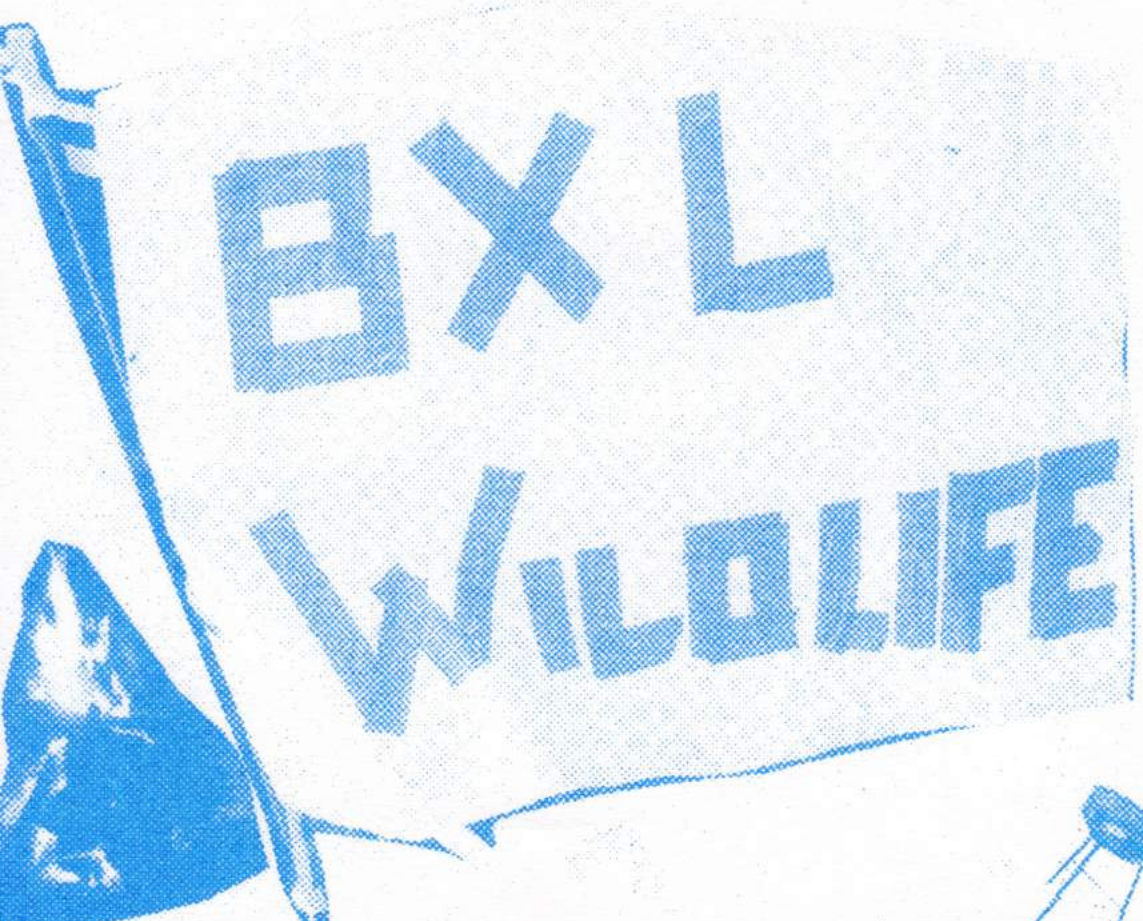
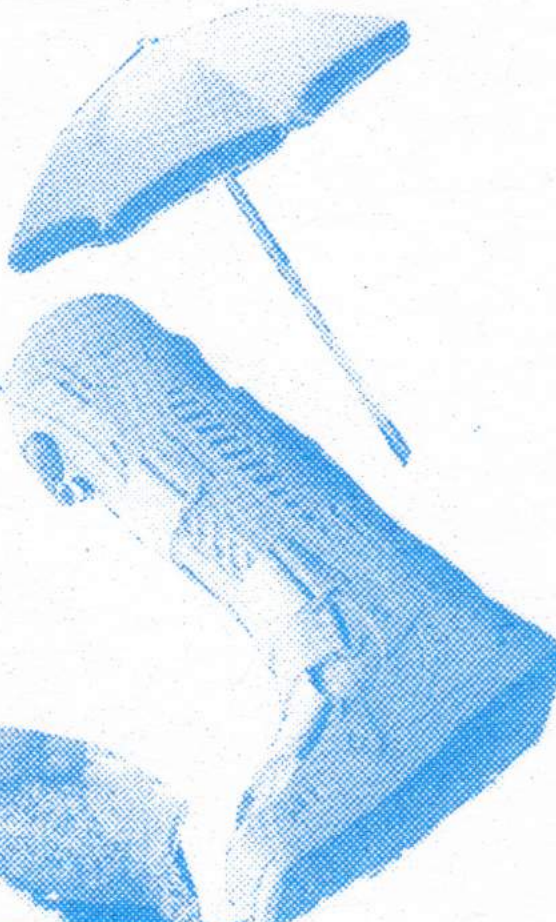










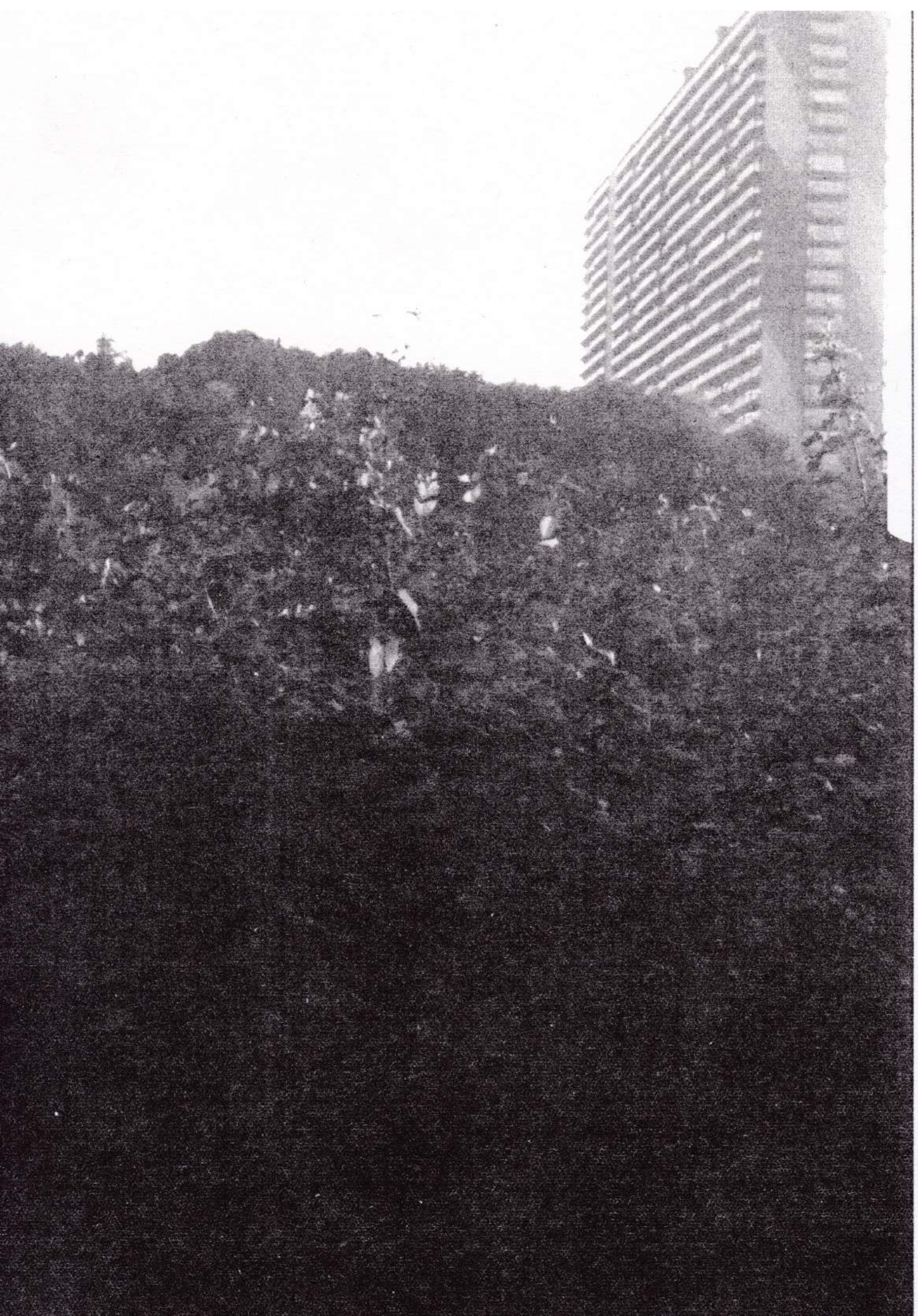


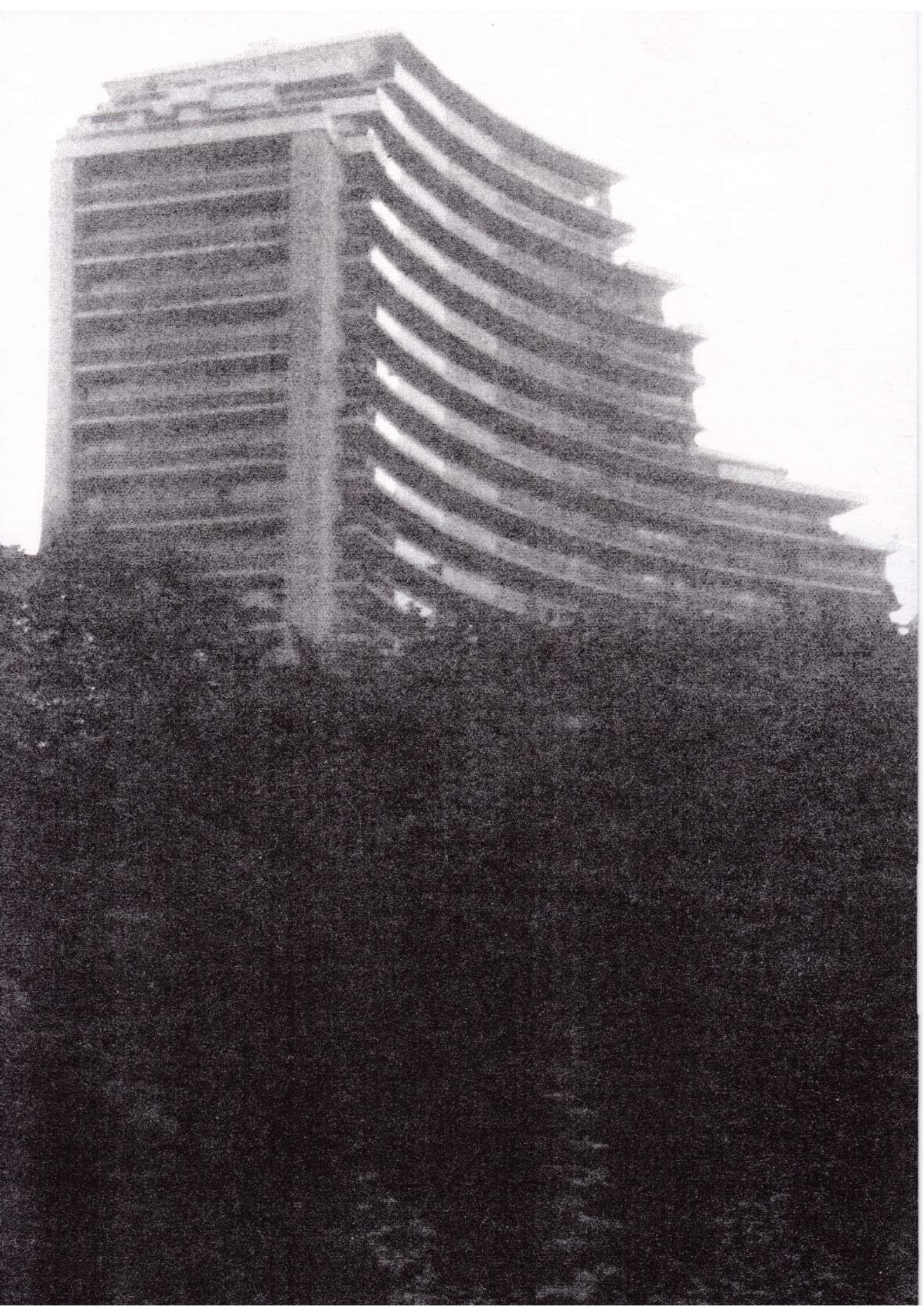


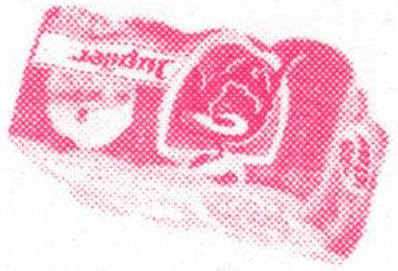
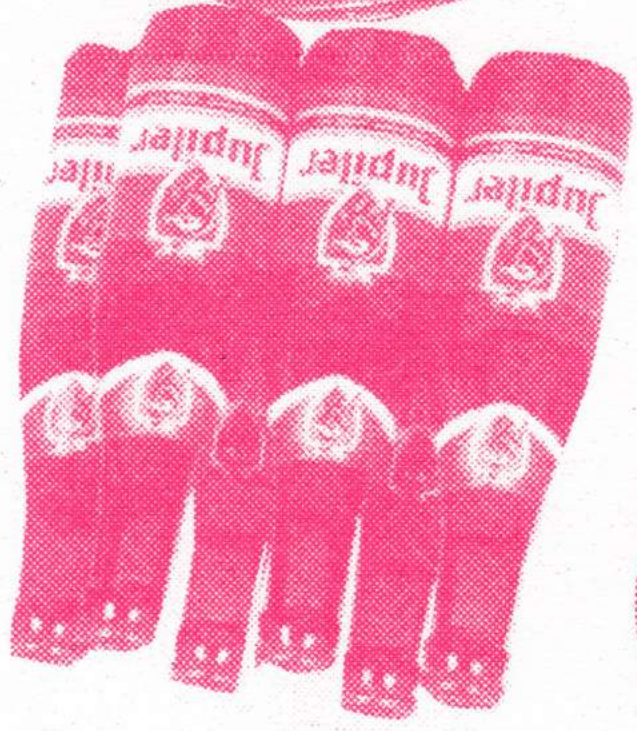


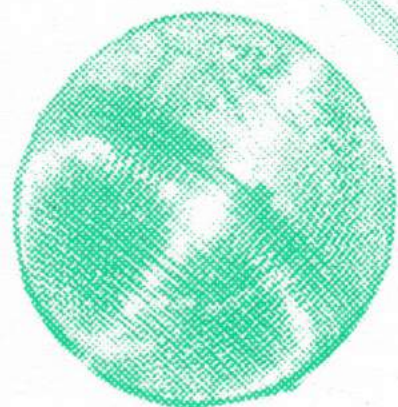
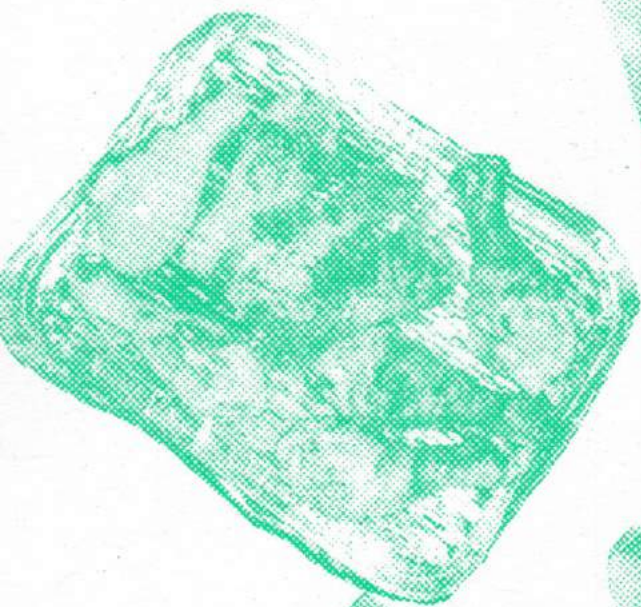


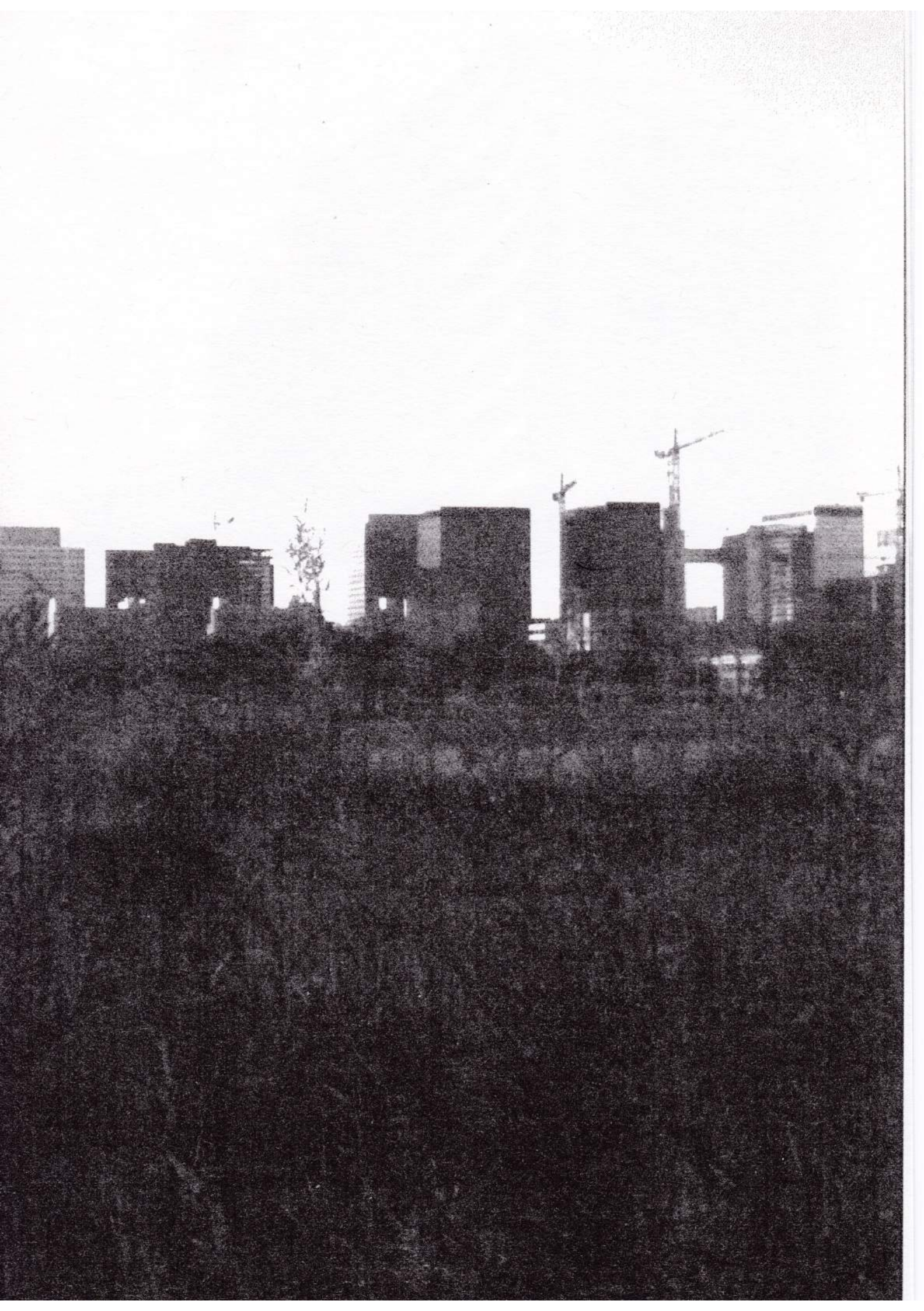


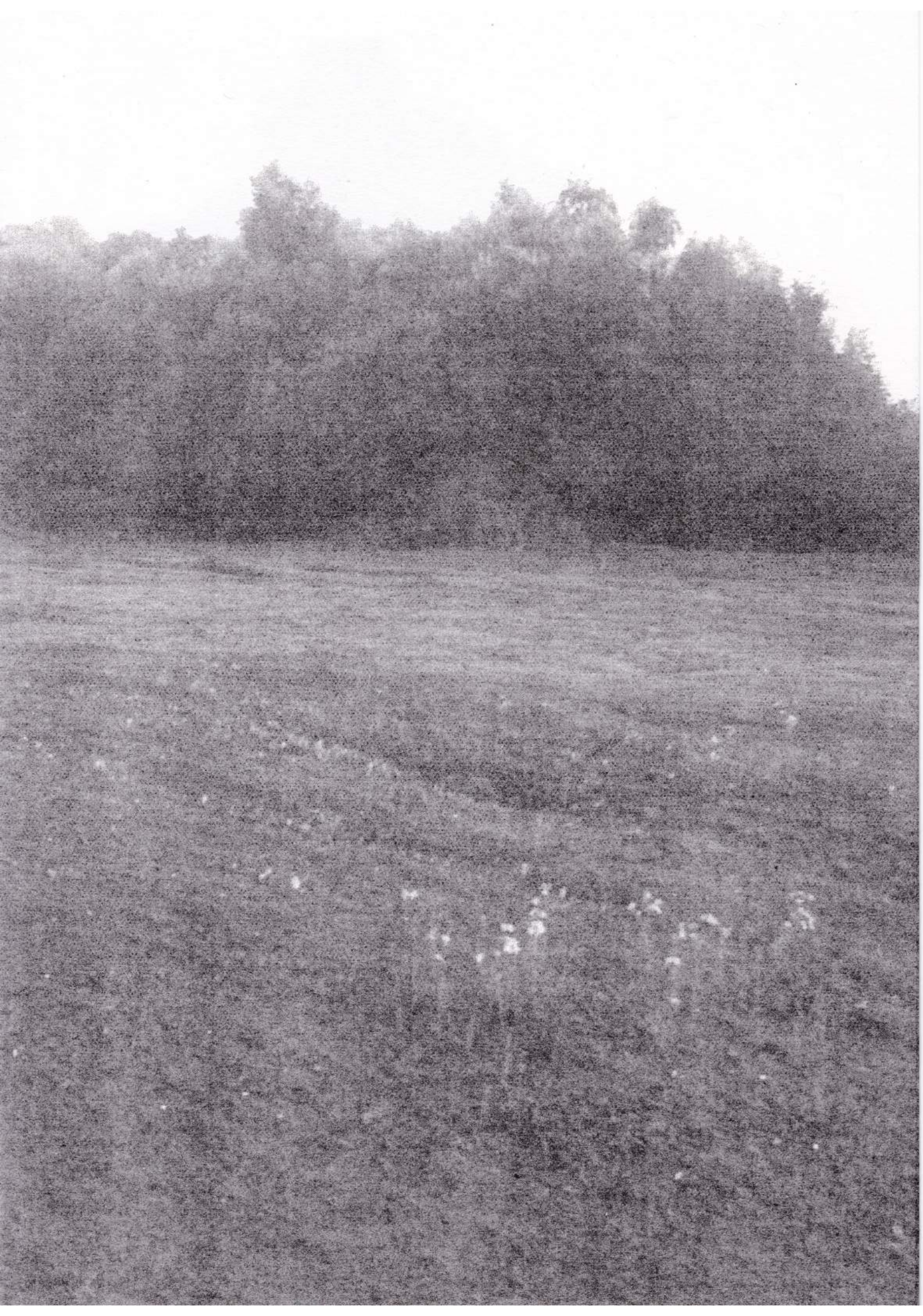


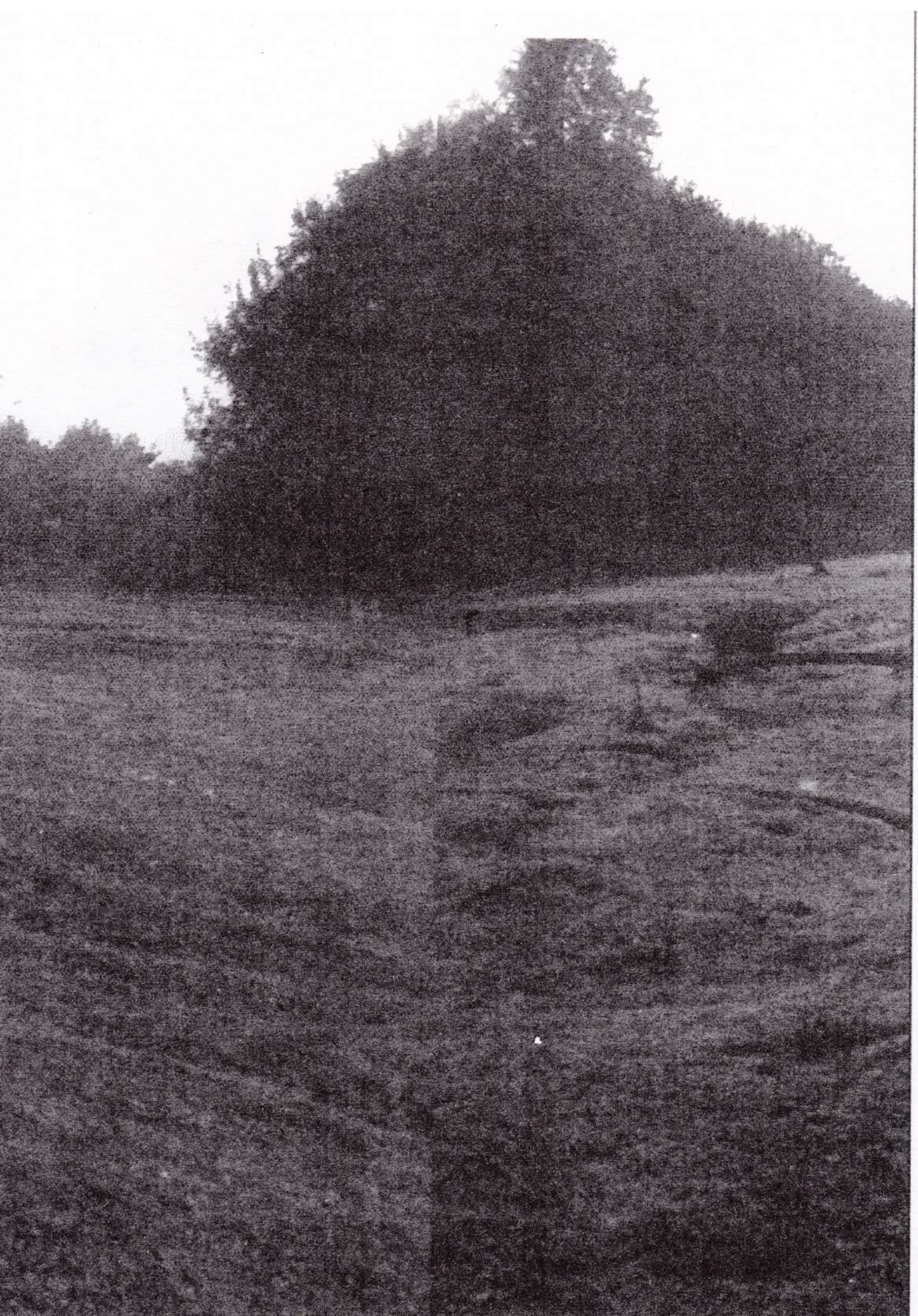


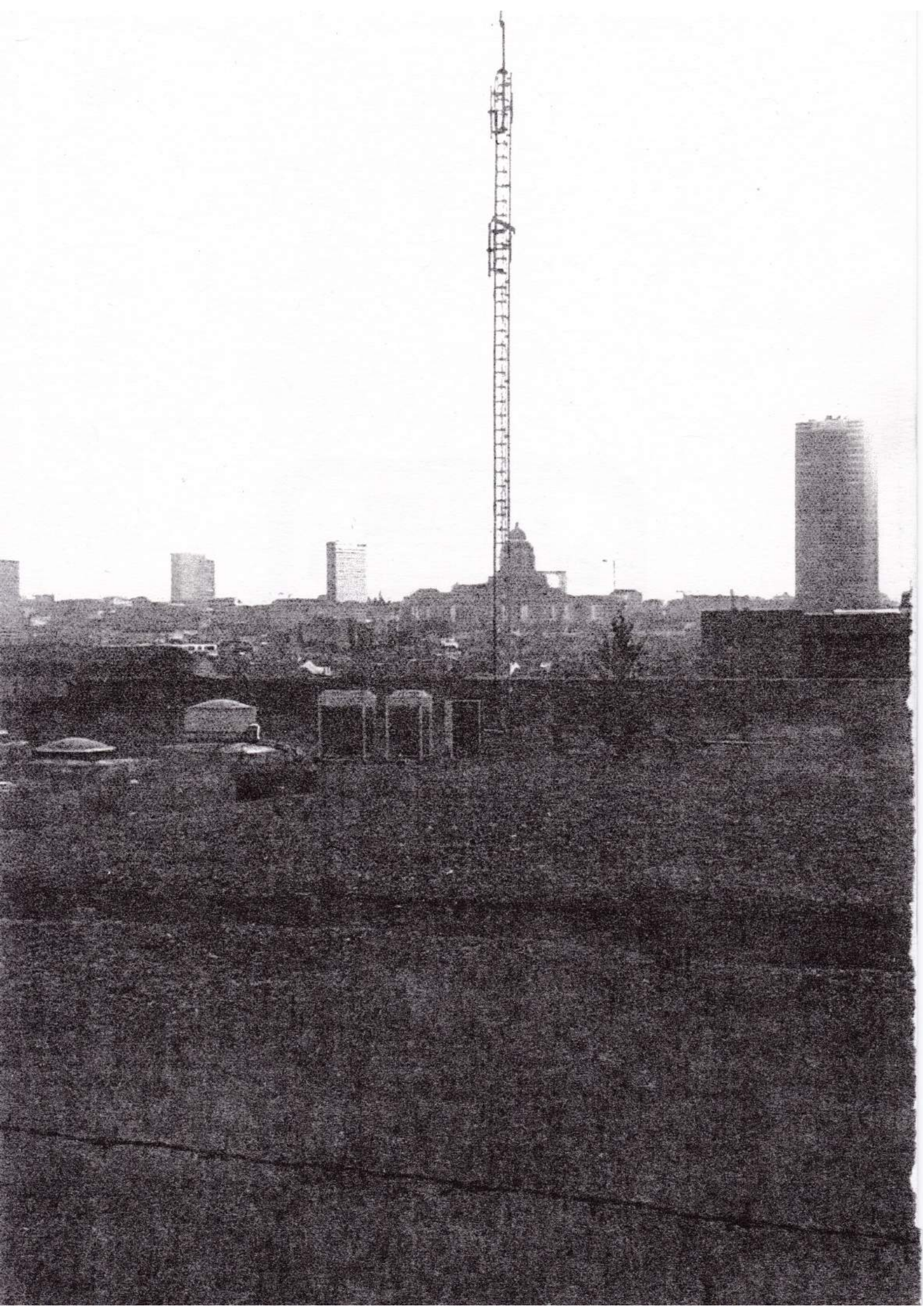
















# Common Sweat Sauna

STEVEN JOUWERSMA

I wandered around with a sauna that I can build and rebuild in public spaces. I take it apart and put it in a van and rebuild it at another place. The building is a way of communicating as well.

Next to the building I keep a newsletter so that interested people can find me in different locations.

If you work in the public space you have to deal with unexpected reactions to your work. There are a lot of factors beyond your control. It is a more democratic situation where people can comment on why I'm interfering in their public space, but of course it's also my public space. In terms of control, as an artist you like to have control over an artwork but in the public space you always move into the realm of possible miscommunication.

My individual creation seeks to invite others. I hope that people appreciate what I'm offering, and my work can only work if people participate.

Basically I'm looking for a different experience of the public space and that experience makes you contemplate public space. The best result I think is what a few people said about opening the door of the sauna and describing it as opening a magic realist dimension. The result is between all the preset expectations about whether it is a real sauna or a conceptual sauna or a shelter for the homeless and that all those expectations meet or get broken when opening the door. You can't contemplate a sauna in the public space without experiencing it. And the sauna worked, which was a challenge at first, so by making it work in practice, the result was there. By wandering you keep the unexpected factor alive.

A collection of artists with a practice that doesn't take place in one place.

Wandering may be close to meandering or may be a practice in a rhizomatic way. I can relate to that since, when you wander, you go from one point to another. On every point you decide whether to go left or right and I can see that happening in my art practice as well. Physically I have been wandering with a sauna in the public space.

I'm not such a fan of focusing on the word 'wandering'. It's a word that defines a lot of different kinds of practices.

**STEVEN JOUWERSMA  
IN CONVERSATION WITH  
THE COMMON SWEAT SAUNA**

Steven: I had a bit early. I think I have to leave you the  
telling fresh and old but. Good they will probably  
Steven: I know, my wife and I have come to an end. I will just up  
once look and then try through the air. Some packages of me will eventually  
Steven: I think it that makes you feel a bit better?  
Steven: Yes... I'm going like you  
Steven: I've been a good idea, and a longer idea that I expected when you first  
made the  
Steven: Yes, it is a good idea with these physical/ventilation insulation plates they  
call them PIR plates as well. I think they've probably bought them for some sit  
placed during the fire and ice 7 years ago. They made a you but still I  
heard  
Steven: On parts of me was a you believe?  
Steven: Yes, and then these insulation plates that become your insulation  
travelled to a pass  
Steven: A pass?  
Steven: That's an old school. These restaurants were a bit of  
frustrated notes and numbers on you  
Steven: I really don't know what all those notes mean but I started to like them  
as much of where I come from  
Steven: Those restaurants also cut the plates up in pieces to make some  
exchanges with them. I took all those cut up pieces and then started thinking  
about you for the first time  
Steven: Yes, that's when I was born  
Steven: Yes, you show down out of materials and especially  
Steven: I remember the Dutch guy, what's his name?  
Steven: Yes, Peter. Peter. He made your parents, and part of the rest  
Steven: The really liked the sea in the beginning  
Steven: I know, but he later got into you. He really in you  
Steven: I saw him sweat many times. We became friends  
Steven: You made quite a few friends. I have them all on the small list  
Steven: Yes, the name is that Dutch guy?  
Steven: The Christian. Christian. He was there when you were born, and  
together with him we moved you around many times  
Steven: I remember one night last winter he lit the stove when I moved to the  
living house in Stockholm. Some Moroccan kids came in because they  
were so curious to see what was inside. They started singing traditional songs  
and I was hearing it. Maybe I recorded them of a Hamburg?  
Steven: Could be. I wish I knew that night but I'm happy to hear you started  
to live by yourself when I was away for a few months  
Steven: I remember that night the mother of Christian was also there and they  
sat together. I and I think they got drunk. It was a magic evening with you  
right for

**steven:** I feel a bit sorry, That I have to leave you here at the dump between rotting trash and old fruit. Soon they will probably shove you away into the burner...

**sauna:** I know, my wanderings as a sauna have come to an end. I will heat up once more and then fly through the air. Some particles of me will eventually become a sauna again I think, if that makes you feel a bit better ?

**steven:** yeah... damn I'm gonna miss you!

**sauna:** It's been a good ride, and a longer ride than I expected when you first made me.

**steven:** yeah, it all started with those Polyisocyanurate insulation plates, they call them PIR plates as well. I think Heike Langsdorf bought them for some art project during the Fire and Ice Festival years ago. They made a yurt out of it I heard.

**sauna:** So parts of me were a yurt before ?

**steven:** Yep, and then those insulation plates that became your insulation travelled to a.pass.

**sauna:** a.pass?

**steven:** That's an artistic research school. Those researchers wrote a lot of theoretical notes with markers on you.

**sauna:** I really don't know what all those notes mean but I started to like them as traces of where I come from.

**steven:** Those researchers also cut the plates up in pieces to make some structures with them. I took all those cut up pieces and then started thinking about you for the first time.

**sauna:** yeah, that's when I was born.

**steven:** yeah, you were born out of materials and availability.

**sauna:** I remember this dutch guy, what's his name?

**steven:** Yeah, Feiko Beckers! He made your benches. and parts of the roof.

**sauna:** He really didn't like me in the beginning.

**steven:** I know, but he later got into you. like literally in you.

**sauna:** I saw him sweat many times. We became friends.

**steven:** You made quite a few friends, I have them all on the email list.

**sauna:** What's the name of that Danish guy?

**steven:** Ha! Christian Hansen! he was there when you were born. And together with him we moved you around many times.

**sauna:** I remember one night last winter he lit my stove when I moved to the morpho house in Schaarbeek. Some moroccan kids came in because they were so curious to see what was inside. They started singing traditional songs while I was heating up. Maybe I reminded them of a Hammam?

**steven:** Could be, I wasn't there that night but I'm happy to hear you started to live by yourself when I was away for a few months.

**sauna:** I remember that night the mother of Christian was also there and they sat together in me and I think they got drunk. It was a magic evening with so much joy.

at least I remember that night when I moved you from the Kambura's in the  
middle of the night. I got out of bed and went to the kitchen to see what



around and cut them up in all these ways to wear my house  
around my kitchen and eating table. That's good. But my main  
thought, my wife, my kids to be born up in the house. I  
got it done before that the kitchen I'm already up in the kitchen  
kitchen and building the house. But the fact that I got to see  
wooden tables were delighted with you when you moved them to take my  
wife with me as early

kitchen. We were so lucky I was building you up in front of James' table  
when I saw two guys throwing away lots of small pieces of wood. I thought a  
little bit and saw it was the ceiling of that kitchen. A wooden ceiling that  
was taken out. I saw that for about 70 years and they were about to build it  
all away to the west. I look around everything and I could make you  
wooden table with a

around I became excited with those pieces of wood, they were so many people  
already finding in an apartment for 70 years looking down. Some of these  
pieces of wood smiled the fact probably out of the kitchen. It gave me my  
creative projects

**steven:** I remember that night when I moved you from the Kaaistudio's to my studio in Molenbeek. I had worked all day to build you up and improve some parts of your roof. I put that bio insulation material on it.

**sauna:** Yeah that wood-wool you got for free from Gosie Vervloessem, she had some leftovers from insulating her apartment I remember. It really made my roof a lot heavier but also kept a lot more heat in. I was becoming heavier every time.

**steven:** True. And once I finished that work it was already night and I lit up your stove as high as I could. I also installed a real Finnish thermometer I got from your friend Loes Jacobs. she really loves you.

**sauna:** aah Loes! I saw her sweat so many times. Thanks for that thermometer, it eventually did not survive the humidity I had to endure and broke down. I think I'm better without a thermometer anyway.

**steven:** But during that late-night test it was working and I could see that I heated you up to 85 degrees Celsius. I could see the flames coming out of your chimney. I was so happy with you, so proud, I had the best sauna experience ever. All by myself. It was as if we made love.

I didn't want to move you anymore. I think that's when I started talking with you.

**sauna:** Yeah that was a crazy night, You fell in love with me that night.

**steven:** It's true, I wanted to keep you for myself.

**sauna:** But you've made me with the purpose to move around. So I wanted to remind you about that.

**steven:** Every material you are made of has been moving around. Your benches were made of red Cedar probably from trees in Sweden. Some nice smelling wood that I got from Elke Van Campenhout. It was the floor for her Bureau d'Espoir project before. Than those pieces of wood moved around and eventually Feiko cut them up and we really sanded them till they were soft as velvet for those naked bodies to sit on. I now took most of those benches and cut them up in put them in my stove to warm my house.

**sauna:** My benches are serving another purpose that's good. But my main structure, my walls, my roof is about to be burned up in the waste disposal. I guess when people read this interview I'm already up in the stratosphere hopefully not polluting too much. But I'm glad that I got so far. Especially my wooden insides were delighted with joy when you re-used them to make my inside walls look so pretty.

**steven:** We were so lucky, I was building you up in front of Zsenne Artlab, when I saw two guys throwing away lots of small pieces of wood. I looked a bit better and saw it was the ceiling of their apartment. A wooden ceiling they were taking out, it was there for about 70 years and they were about to bring it all away to the waste disposal. I took almost everything and I could make your wooden inside walls with it.

**sauna:** I became mature with those pieces of wood, they saw so many people already hanging in an apartment for 70 years looking down. Some of those pieces of wood smelled like food, probably out of the kitchen. It gave me my distinctive character.



... I was thinking, I've never had a proper look at  
the way I look and what I was wearing. I remember  
that they offered. I like how all the material with me because of  
that. Some people become like that and I was a magic realist.  
I remember that she that was the way to go. I was not  
lucky and she was laughing and why came back to have another look  
boy and she was not expecting that when she opened my door. It was an  
of the street. She was a teacher and at that moment I was full of tears.  
I really was. There was a woman who had been to the other side  
course. You people seemed to be happy. Some people seemed to be  
stayed. I like how you created my expectation when I was  
an all.

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course. You people seemed to be happy. Some people seemed to be  
stayed. I like how you created my expectation when I was  
an all.



**steven:** Those guys were very happy as well as it saved them a ride to the waste disposal. It was such a lucky moment I still think about it as something that only happens when you go blindly like traveling. When you get lucky while traveling without a plan and end up in the most beautiful places.

**sauna:** I ended up in some nice places didn't I ?

**steven:** I wish I could have taken you everywhere I went but you are not the lightest art object I've built. Your wood started to be a bit more damaged every time I took you apart and moved you around.

**sauna:** Prettiness comes with a price I guess, but I stood on the terrace of the Kaaistudio's that was cool. I just fit there. And then I was at your studio during some time before ending up behind the morpho house where I lived for almost 10 months. Kids were breaking into me and teenagers smoked joints inside of me. It was all good.

**steven:** You've gone places for sure. it's funny how people didn't see you as a sauna but as a shelter for homeless people sometimes. I used a plastic tarp that was first used as a Roof that Vladimir Miller and Jozef Wouters built in public space. I thought it was the perfect material to make your roof with.

**sauna:** Yeah it worked fine, but maybe that's why people thought I was a structure for homeless people because they use those materials too. I just look a bit like a shack from the outside with all those different used materials.

**steven:** People here think of sauna's as a luxury product not as a shack, so their mind just made it into a homeless shelter when they saw you for the first time standing there at the Zsenne street.

**sauna:** I'm basically a homeless sauna so people were not so far off.

**steven:** True, a bit like a stray dog sauna too as I don't want to be your boss all the time.

**sauna:** Yeah and artists thought of me first as a conceptual sauna as you presented me as an artwork. But I showed them they were wrong and I made them sweat that nonsense out of them.

**steven:** Hey, but did you hear that sometimes a representation is better than the real thing ? as a way to be able to reflect on the meaning of it all.

**sauna:** Not in my case, people forget that actual sweating can be meaningful as well.

**steven:** I like how you crushed every expectation when people opened your door.

**sauna:** Yeah people screamed, or laughed, some directly started to undress, I really like those people. There was a woman who ran away to the other side of the street. She was a muslim and at that moment I was full of sweaty gay boys and she was not expecting that when she opened my door. It was so funny, and she was laughing and slowly came back to have another look inside. I remember those girls that were too shy to go inside but brought pizza. Some people became quite high and said I was a magic realist dimension that they opened. I like how all this happened with me because of the way I look and where I was standing. I never really got a proper floor why was that?



**steven:** I did not want visitors to forget they were in the public space and without a floor people could always see the different street tiles you were standing on.

**sauna:** But I saw them dreaming away when their bodies started to be affected, it's good to dream sometimes.

**steven:** Dreaming about many of you, but there will never be one like you again.

**sauna:** I guess people now have expectations, once they know I'm really a sauna.

**steven:** Yes you are really a sauna my dear friend.

**sauna:** It was a great ride. I feel my structure hurting as well, it's time to burn one more time.

**steven:** I will take your stove with me for the next sauna I'm going to build.

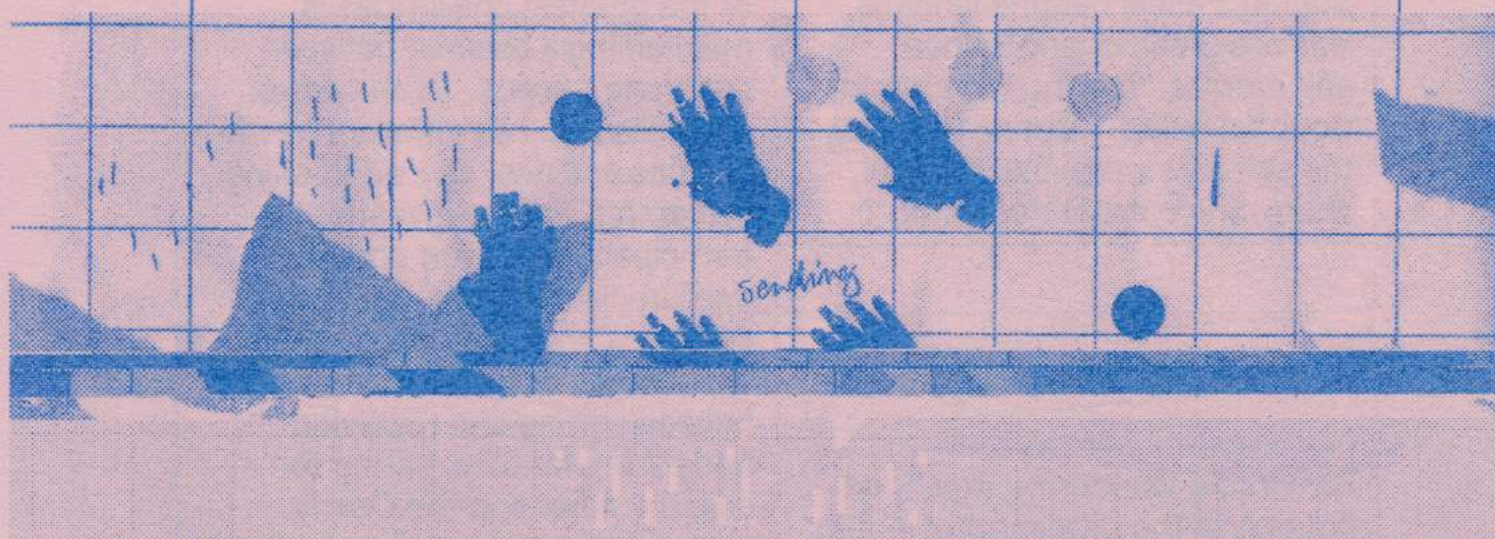
**sauna:** My gas bottle stove that was made in Gent by that friendly guy Firmin. When I start to think of all my little parts that make me, I feel I have been a wandering sauna from wandering materials.

**steven:** there comes the shovel

**sauna:** It's been a good sweat. love you.



# Oracle



Score by Marilyn Grimmer: WAB performance, Morpho House.

Rasa Alksnyte's photos, Rasa!, central station, Loes, Tour n Taxi park, the singing bowl, Natacha Muslera, that smelly black magical stick, Johanna Peine, Anouk Liaurens, my room on the second floor, time management, train journeys, Dourbe retreat, Eva De Groote, Kathleen, Barbara Raes, timing devices, pigeons that accompany us in the streets, trees, parks, cafes to squat and practice in, Myriam Van Imschoot, Gael Santisteva, Phillipe Severyns, family, Helena Dietrich, Nezha Haffou, nadine, An, Les Bains, Kathleen Coessens, The Royal Library of Bxl 5th floor, rooftop garden, Justine's dahl, Eva Peeters, Royal Conseratory of Antwerpen,

Saidja from Kamernest, WP Zimmer, Caroline D'haese, Lede, Maxim, Clarissa and Nika, Tine Ringele, JJ, The Druids, Estelle Lachambre, Gaetan Bulourde, Nelle Hens, Marilyn Grimmer, Patricia Domingues, homehomehome, the woman and dog in the forest who asked is this tai chi, Sanja Tomic, the man at Central Station who asked if this is a meditation practice?, Tine M research woman, Peter De Wel, Boris, Trudo, the place that we first practiced in that no longer exists, Francoise Berlanger, Brussels: it's streets, parks and oddities, egg shaped paper and coloured pencils, "Our" RISO printer, a couple of art institutions in Belgium, Bozar & Marie-Eve, Stevie Wishardt, shamans, corn fields in Galmaarden, us, tarot reading moments, Into The Wild, everyone who saved our Kunstendecreet application even though we

weren't successful, Morpho and dinA, food, the forest, the magical sound space in the Central Station, Pascal hahahahahaha, kids are great, crying, hopes and desires, "staying together in troubled times" - Donna Haraway, the story we write, the story we share, Shelbatra & Hectolitre.

*Being surprised by mobility.*

For Oracle, wandering expanded not only in the process, but in that we had no intention to make an outcome. We came together by happenstance. It was the moment in time that brought us together to practice voice and body. It was a gift and none of us wanted to "make" anything. The direction with which the Oracle practice was guided never had an aim beyond "that what is needed today". We wandered between how the group felt, how each individual was doing or needing for that day. We wandered according to our energy levels. We wandered physically from a borrowed studio space to public space when we had no studio available. The practice wandered outwards into performance and workshop settings. And wandered back inwards to healing ourselves as a group and individually. Ideas wandered in and out in relation to how we were doing. Vocalizing is an alternative, obscure and concrete way to touch the unknown and hostile. Oracle is healing.

Oracle's methods wandered into our ways of dealing with crisis. In any collective, one of the greatest challenges is maintaining a balance between everyone's needs. Each person in a collective has different needs, abilities and desires - addressing ownership, energy investment, participation, or even ego. We use Oracle to voice individual concerns and more importantly to listen to each other. We wander between giving and receiving and asking for care; caring for self, the other and the Oracle.

A cheerful bunch of people wanting to know more than general science can give the "meaning", letting you go with a glimpse of AHA. A medium to a world of fairies, go

An Oracle is a prepared space, ready to receive a reading. People consulting the have reached themselves. An Oracle is a helping hand to find an unexisting truth

EL CARO EL CARO EL CARO The beauty. Oracle is me. Us.

An oracle does not read things as we think it to that these "readings" come to him. It is not that the oracle is select

An oracle must work. He must make him

Not by k

An oracle can oraclize when in a liminal space/state.

To do so he must activate not-know

How does an oracle do this?

The "not-know

While there may be steps

But the oracle herself must arrive to confusion, to surprises

or giving up. One cannot

two  
three

Yo

it is

place is needs to

One strong preser

a point in ti

m. A haven / a ... of the unknown. A possibility to enter a space full of  
ds, talking trees, crying cities, communicating inner bacterias.

Oracle believe that the reading offered is beyond something they could

th. Go Go Go drawing. We are all servants. **ORACLE**

Observing them. I see the channeling.

imagine

be. An oracle makes itself available. But it is also not as we

d and all the spirits & gods & muses come to him.

self available. Activate availability.

owing the rites that call the meanings & messages to come to him.

ng.

ng" space is a door for knowledge to flow.

& rituals, these are only to facilitate getting there.

to going in

plan" this.

You need time. Time is an issue in prophecy.

You need belonging. Different 'worlds' bleeding  
into one another. The voice brings data from somewhere else.

u need belief. In the moment I need to be and this being is not specified no.

not able to be specified. My language is limited. My thoughts of what this

be risky and wandering darkly. Openings. Portals. Dual time. Multi-time.

ce butting up against another or layer over it or arising from. Determining

ne. There are two very different activities flickering together calling for attention.

Waving to our sense of self.

It is void.



The sounds that merged took their own life of existence in the margins of  
with the moment. The voices were part of this big city full of noise a  
wreckage are neither remains nor ruined. Rather a plethora



... sound  
forms are created.

... within the cacophony. I was watching the  
mechanics and thinking of life and

... watching the pain ... or the strategies for being in  
... that moment. And keeping the structure. I still wonder about the

... next level. There must be another

Hiding behind voice. This is another

The noise inside me became  
sound as it encountered the  
sounds of the others.

... ow. But another voice appears. The melody is still th

... gave me space to let

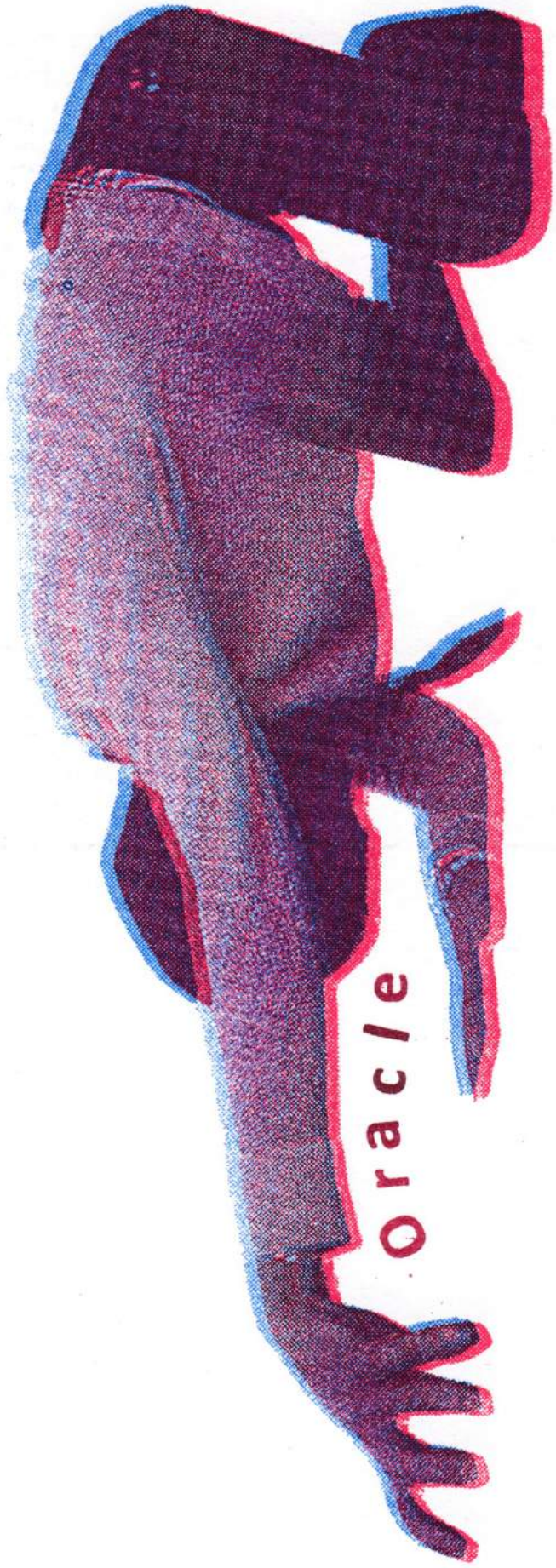
draw what  
you hear

Where are we? Am in an in-between space - neither full nor absent. Our voices can only co-habit. To be along with it. To support it. The body aches. I was less aware of the body. More in harmony with the exterior. More do not wish to exist on its own, isolated, ego's. They wish to merge. I am a part of, to not be alone. How does the environment support me?

How can we sustain ea. Other not just to vocalize but to live & amp; carry on. Whether it is to sustain hearing or to sustain other good moods. Tain difficult moments. To or to sustain ea other through difficult moments. The resistance to necessary to day. Listen. Keep listening. What is needed for the group. Keep finding keep searching for them. There is so much a connection lost, kept. Tending to connect to the other. Words. Hey, g.

Stairs. One march, one here, one here. I am here with you. My own voice makes the others disappearing. Like stairs, you never stay. This connection lost, kept. Tending to connect to the other. Words. Hey, g.

Stairs. One march, one here, one here. I am here with you. My own voice makes the others disappearing. Like stairs, you never stay. This connection lost, kept. Tending to connect to the other. Words. Hey, g.



Oracle





My legs can't hold my body any longer  
 they can't possibly affirm you + care  
 what you can do one can resist  
 the head rising through the body. But  
 here we go, my arms high up  
 are in reception mode

Standing like a tree, standing like a tree.  
 Standing like a tree with my roots deep down  
 -ha ha ha I would fly away, if I could

I'm tired, pain  
 right leg, left arm, what's left is a  
 shaking body, what's left are shaking  
 parts. Unknown voices, your own voice into  
 the unknown  
 body, what's left is a shaking  
 parts. Unknown voices, your own voice into  
 the unknown

# Human Error after...

The traveling through the  
across rebounding spaces

It travels but is neither here nor there  
vibrates, rebounds, follows

It carves the space, trajectory











I can't recall it ever came it but I'll try  
to embody the sound. To repeat is to  
ce of the sound. Otherwise it travels & becomes smthg. Within the  
repetition are sm. Changes. This shows its movement  
its evolution.

It is like an awakeningful dreaming.

Living in repetition  
reinforce the present





Antwerp  
Antwerp

30/01/17  
30/01/17

My 50th birthday. Amazing to spend it in unknown territory.  
My 50th birthday. Amazing to spend it in unknown territory.  
see if it is robust enough. What stays when we throw it to the air  
see if it is robust enough. What stays when we throw it to the air  
and the vulturous environs. Playing  
and the vulturous environs. Playing  
beautiful mural. We were invited  
beautiful mural. We were invited  
action poses  
action poses  
table.  
table.

test the Oracle  
test the Oracle

RATHER A PLETHORA OF FORMS ARE CREATED

THE REMAINING WRECKAGES ARE NEITHER REMAINS NOR RUINED

in the print room.  
in the print room.

IT KEEPS ME STABLE

around one  
around one

THE WALL CRUMBLES & GLASS SHATTERS

Different contexts call for different strategies.  
Different contexts call for different strategies.

LIKE THE WRECKING BALL

THE VOICE IS BREAKING BREAKING APART INTO A SPECTRUM OF BODIES OF COLORS OF FREQUENCIES

The space, the echo, the physical feeling  
The space, the echo, the physical feeling  
and the aurally sparked choreography  
and the aurally sparked choreography

CATCH THIS BASELINE KEPT IT

The play  
The play

BASELINE



What is public space for?  
How can we use it? What is inappropriate?  
Am I appropriating the public space for private use? I am performing.  
Am I performing? Am I a public object when I perform? What is private thought expressed in a public setting? Is nakedness a metaphor or a symbol for the private usage? We have designated public space to get naked and pee in public space is my peeing body a public concern?  
Breathing; my practice so confronting? What binds us?  
Is this type of behaviour anti-establishment? Is this type of behaviour considered illegal? Is that all it takes? \*I watched the 'mad' man sitting alone

Still the question arises why is this concern?

The insects witness the still vocals and provide the movement.









she

her

her

herself

beyond

two

three

she

Handwritten text on the left margin, possibly a page number or reference.





AA.

A.A.



13.





# How to offer an abstruse Prophecy



Walk around aimlessly

Let a place choose you



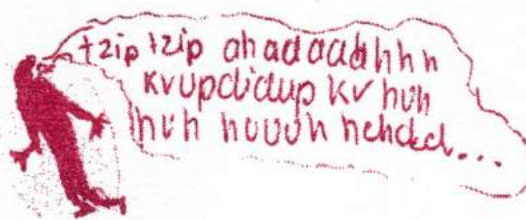
Take a fixed body position and hold the static position during a predefined timeframe. 5 minutes.




Listen until the 'space' (sonic, physical, psychological) invites you to vocalize.

## VOCALIZE

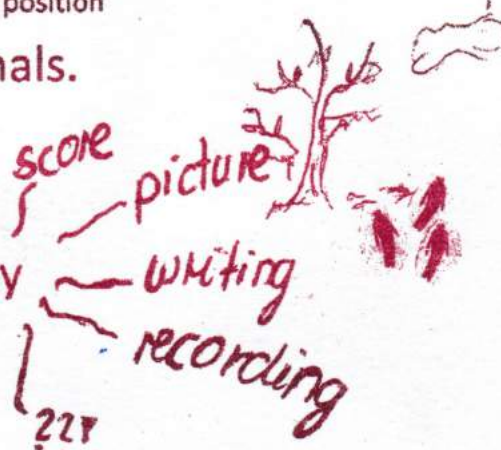
INTERIORITY



while holding your position

STOP  when your timer signals.

Materialize your Prophecy



send your Prophecy to

[oracle.body.voice@gmail.com](mailto:oracle.body.voice@gmail.com)





# Portrait of a Landscape

PIERRE-PHILIPPE HOFMANN

With more than 2500 kilometres travelled, we can certainly say that walking was omnipresent in my project. It was part of my daily life for 112 days spread out over several months, several seasons, several years.

Each day, I would methodically prepare the next day's journeys, open to everything that I would find on my journey. Indeed, I set myself the objective of crossing a territory (a highly picturesque one) while remaining in the immediate vicinity of ten straight lines, from the Swiss frontier to its geographic centre. This *modus operandi* did not necessarily make me traverse the places that a tourist should visit. However, there was a lot more for me to see than just the panoramas and the views onto the Cervin; the rest areas along the motorways, the industrial sites, the housing estates, the commercial surfaces were considered in the same relation to the Landscape.

I had to get up early, sometimes around 5 o'clock in the morning, to reach the day's starting point by public transport. I had to get there early enough to then walk for several hours, a length of time which experience led me to assess with ever greater accuracy as the days went by. In many cases, I had to reach the final destination in time to be able to catch the last bus and get my connections. This frenetic pace ultimately left me few opportunities to make my necessary purchases, to prepare some food for myself. Barely home, generally in the middle of the evening, I had to select the rushes and archive my pictures, prepare the next day's itinerary, get the equipment ready...

In a sense, all my concentration and energy were focalized on my daily walks. And despite the effort that this undertaking demanded of me, my project was never about the achievement, the sports-like activity or endurance. Walking was never an aim in itself, but a simple observation tool chosen for its temporality. My project therefore only underlines my walking.

A laboratory of reality. A pretext for dissidence. An invitation to picking. An organic operation. A festival of indispensable outmoded tests. A decompression chamber. A workroom. A fascination for randomness. An exacerbation of everyday life. A methodical disentangling of time and space. A sharing of intentions, and sometimes also of results.

Unlike walking, wandering implies that you are open to drifting, a notion that is particularly present in my work. It's not always been a matter of wandering physically, involving an actual journey, but of taking the unexpected into account. I always sing its praises.

While walking seems to be an end in itself (with a timing, an itinerary, a physical achievement), the idea of wandering leaves room for the unexpected, for readjustments, for the taking into account of what will happen spontaneously, will obstruct or will encourage the pursuit of an exploration.

For my project Portrait of a Landscape, this empirical engagement was key. Indeed I wanted to contrast the dominant image of a landscape with the image actually perceived on the ground. So I wanted to bring back into the foreground the experience of the world. What am I capable of

observing of it by myself? In what way does this image, which I myself made, differs from that carried by a collective subconscious?

Since 2016 I have noticed how far wandering could also apply to the intangible, to the immaterial, to ideas and souvenirs. The experience of wandering frees up ideas, exalts fleeting souvenirs. It's a bit as if the action of advancing, in time, tirelessly, put me in a particular inner state, a kind of disinterested floating which oscillates now towards the exterior world, now towards the felt and a thought that can occupy all the room that is necessary for it.

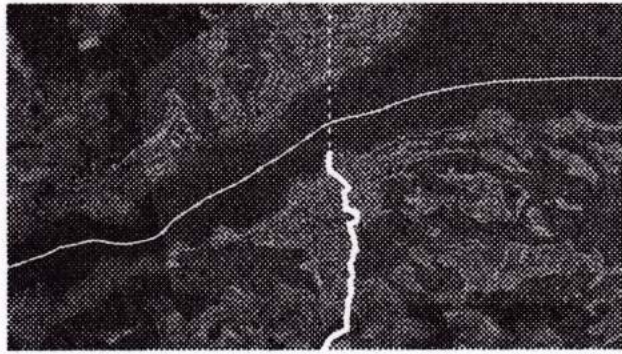
**Portrait of a Landscape**  
a video installation for 72 screens  
by Pierre-Philippe Hofmann



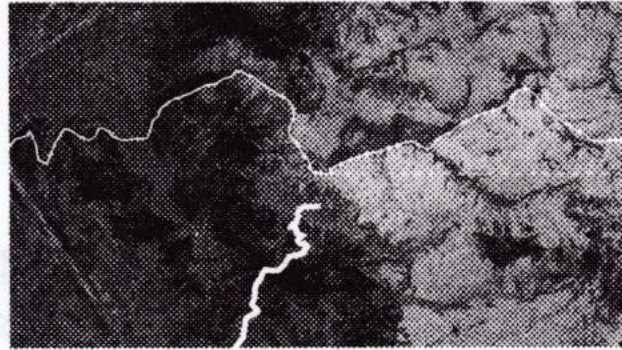
*Sublime we name an object, at whose conceptualization our sensuous nature feels its limits, but our rational nature its superiority, its freedom from limits; in the face of this we thus derive physically our brevity, which we surmount but morally, i.e. through ideas.*

*Johann Christoph Friedrich Schiller  
Of the Sublime ~ Toward the further elaboration of some Kantian Ideas*

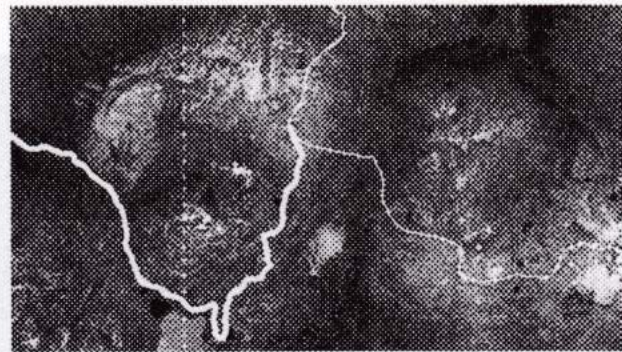
**A**  
9°E - 400m  
Steckborn TG



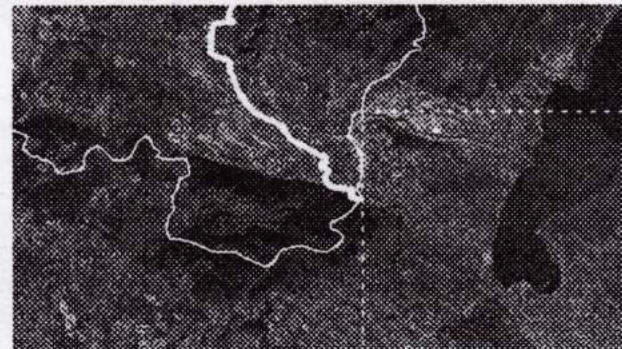
**B**  
47°N - 1501m  
Enderlinhütte GR



**C**  
10°E - 2328m  
Berninapass GR

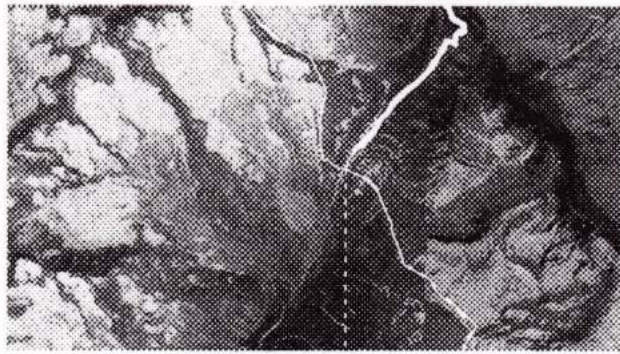


**D**  
45°N 9°E - 230m  
Chiasso TI



**E**  
46°N 8°E - 2853m  
Monte Moro VS

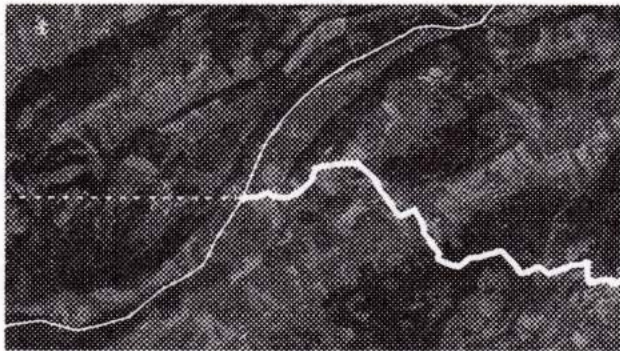




**F**  
7°E  
Col Ferret v5 - 2490m



**G**  
6°E - 379m  
Chancy GE



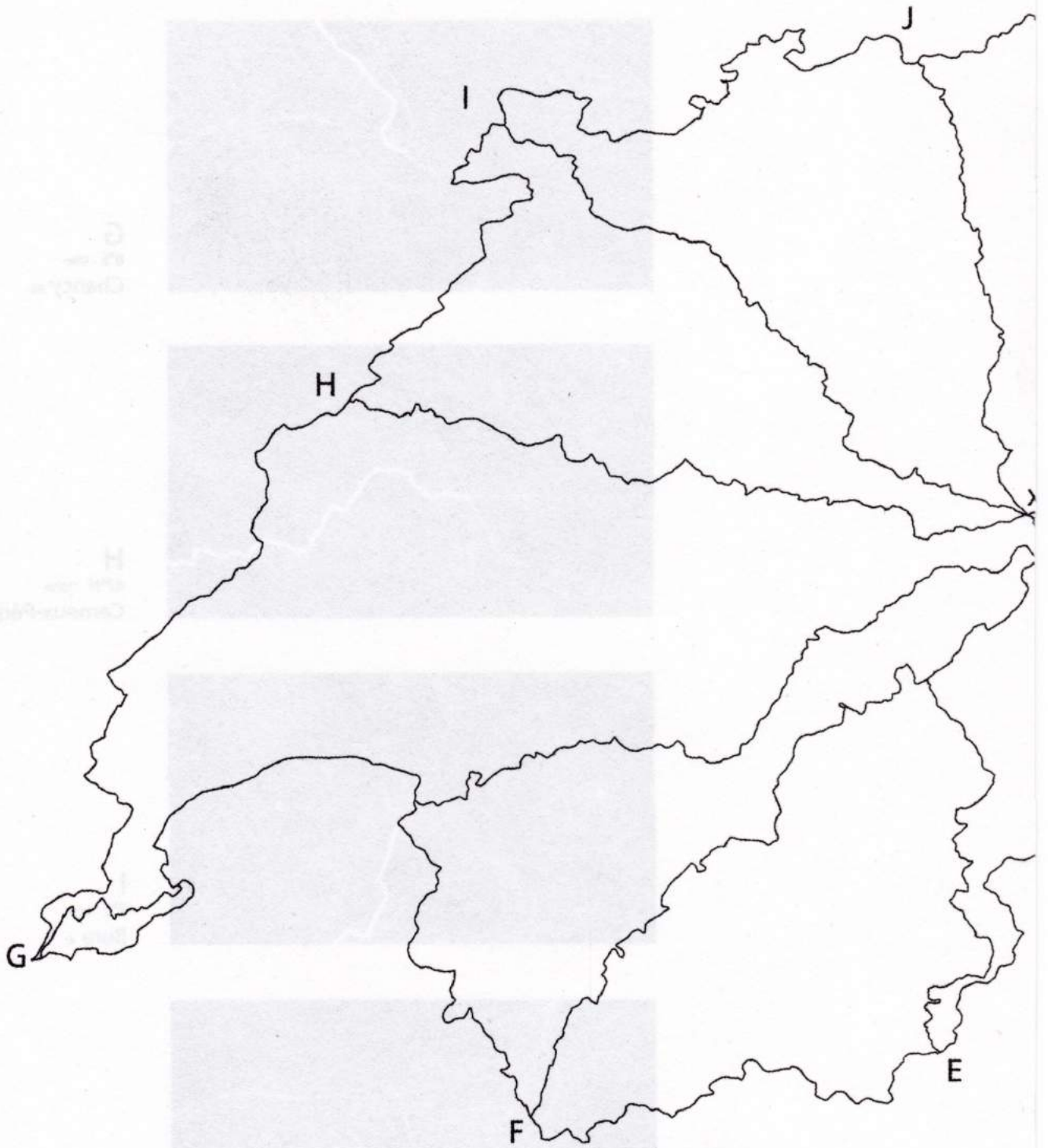
**H**  
47°N - 1107m  
Cerneux-Péquignot NE



**I**  
7°E - 587m  
Bure JU



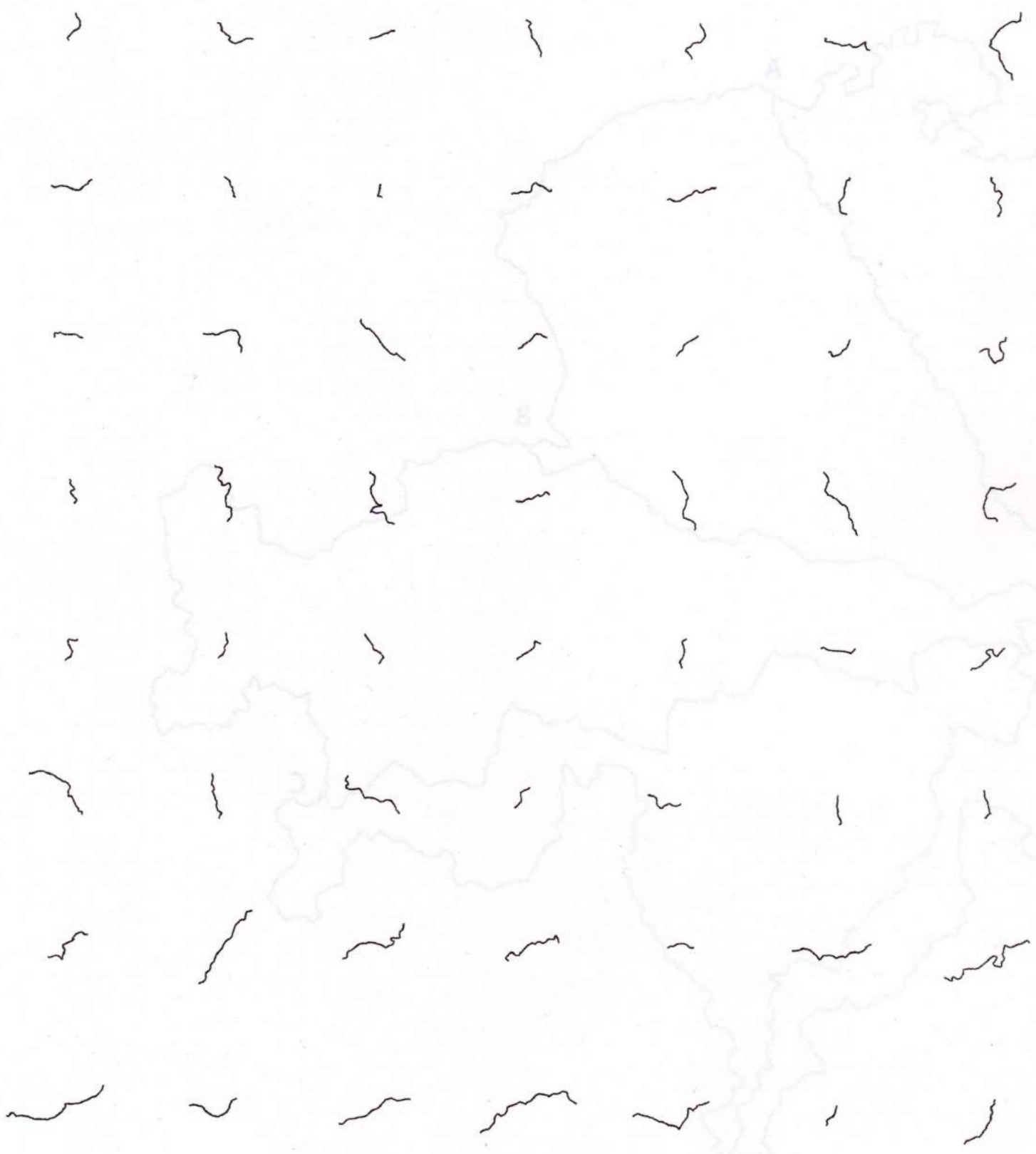
**J**  
8°E - 229m  
Stein AG

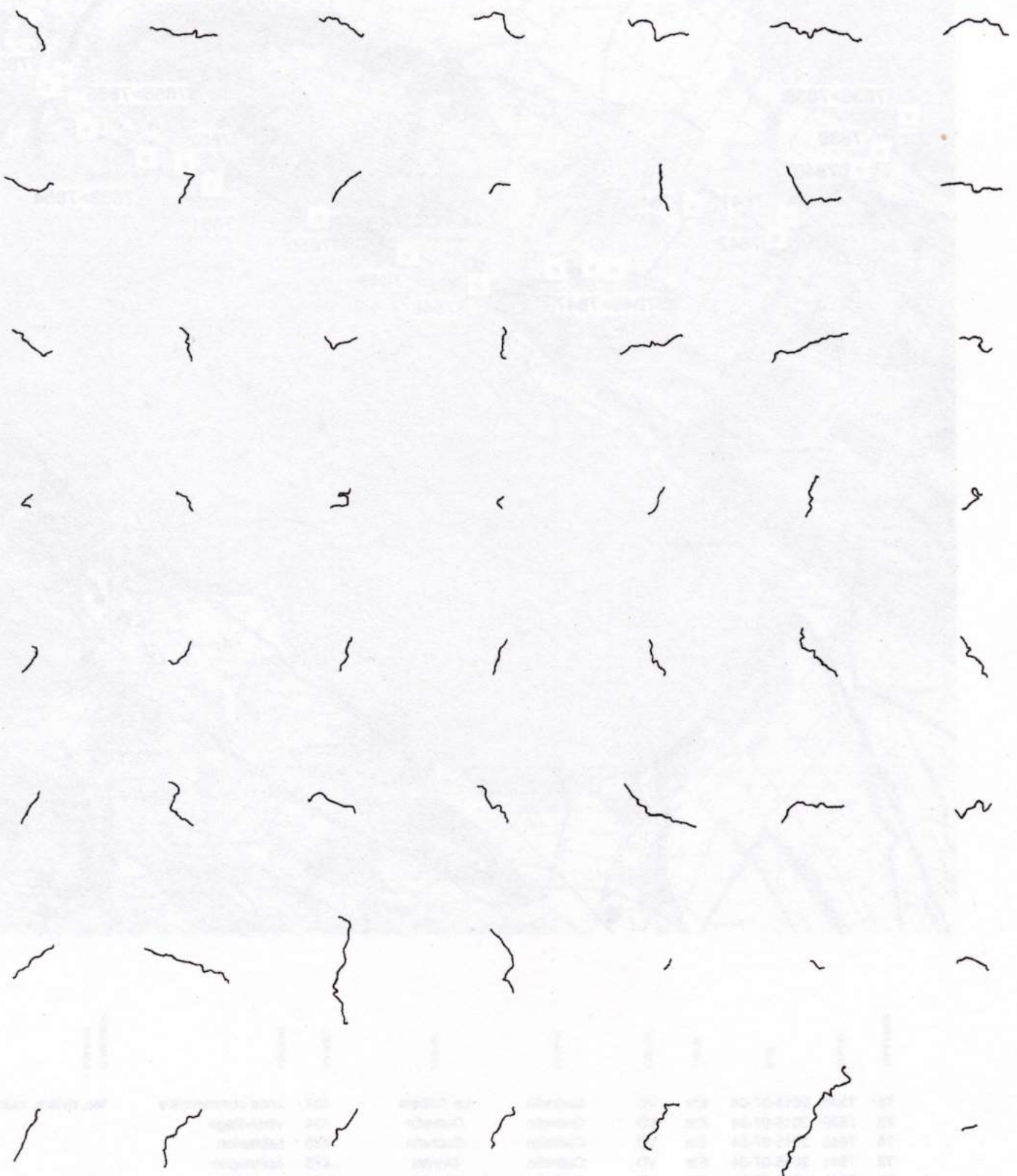


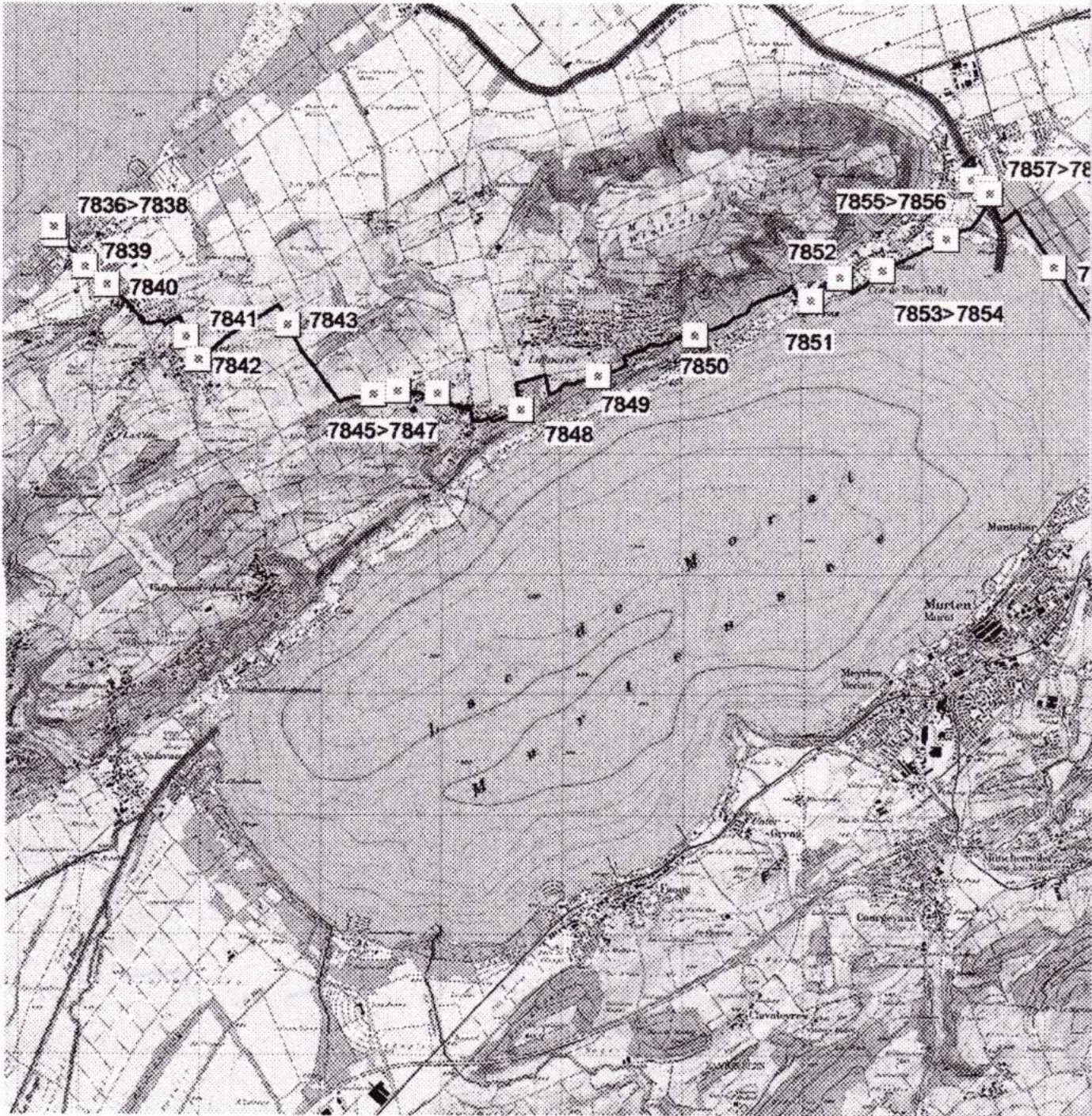


2700 km leading to the middle of Switzerland, Älgi Alp (OW)









TRAJECTOIRE	ID WIKI	DATE	SÉASON	CARACTÈRE	LOCALITÉ	TRIP-POINT	ALTITUDE	SCÉNÉRIQUE	COMPLÉMENT COMPRETE
T8	7838	2015-07-04	Ete	VD	Cudrefin	La Tuilière	434	zone commerciale	lac, rivière, cascade
T8	7839	2015-07-04	Ete	VD	Cudrefin	Cudrefin	434	ville/village	
T8	7840	2015-07-04	Ete	VD	Cudrefin	Cudrefin	435	habitation	
T8	7841	2015-07-04	Ete	VD	Cudrefin	Montet	475	campagne	
T8	7842	2015-07-04	Ete	VD	Cudrefin	Montet	475	campagne	
T8	7843	2015-07-04	Ete	VD	Cudrefin	Pré de Villars	530	campagne	
T8	7844	2015-07-04	Ete	VD	Mur	Les Dailles	505	campagne	
T8	7845	2015-07-04	Ete	VD	Mur	La Rotte	490	campagne	habitation
T8	7846	2015-07-04	Ete	VD	Mur	La Rotte	490	campagne	
T8	7847	2015-07-04	Ete	VD	Mur	La Rotte	490	campagne	chantier

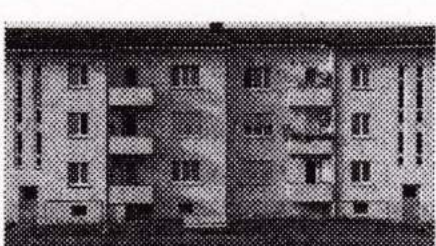
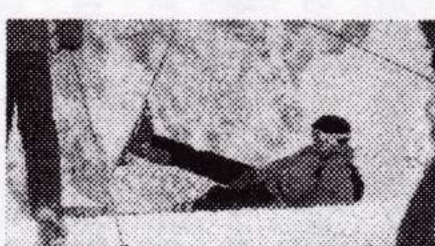
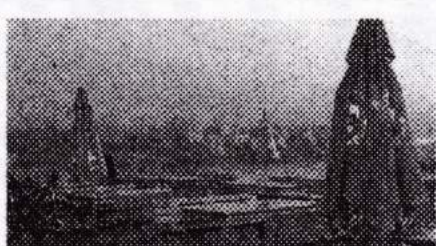
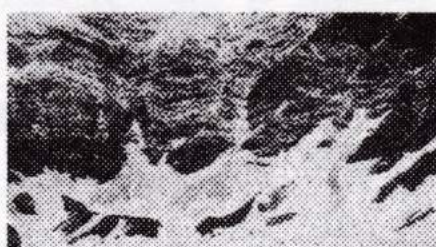
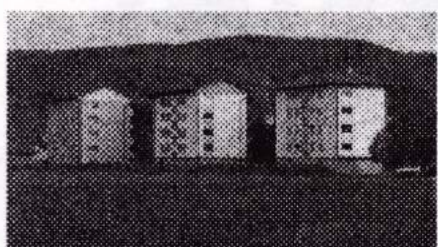
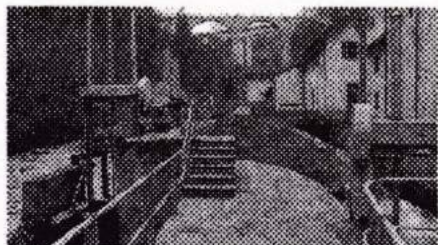


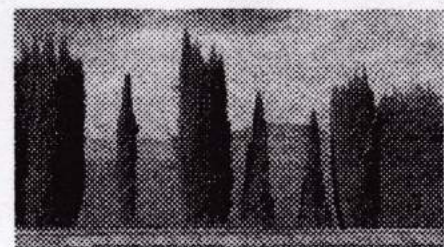
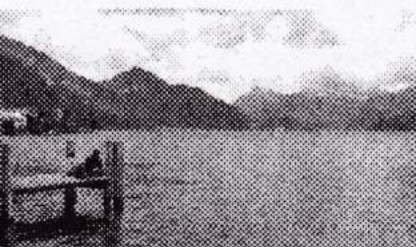
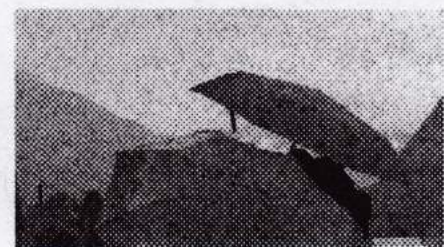
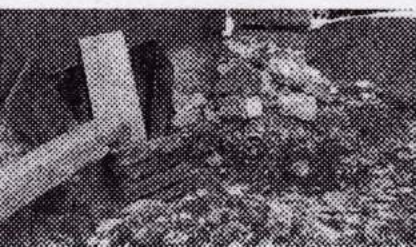
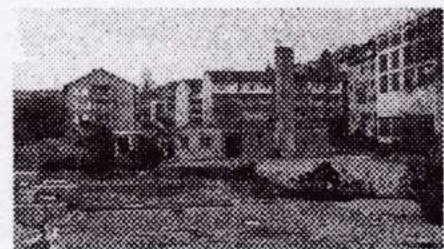
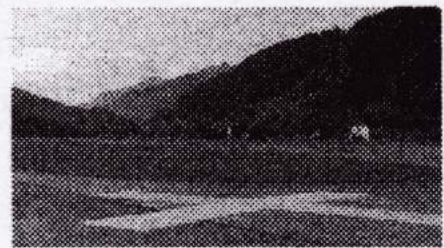
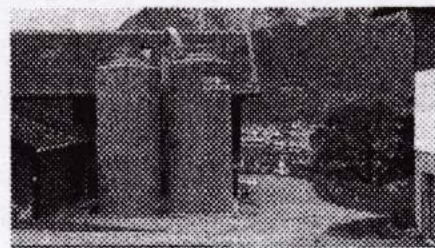
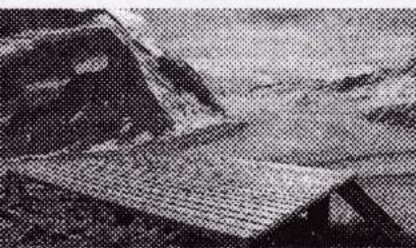
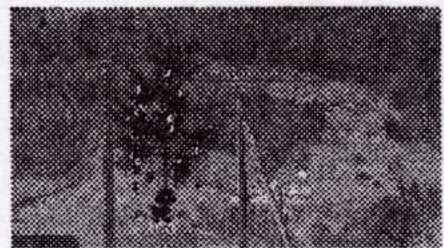
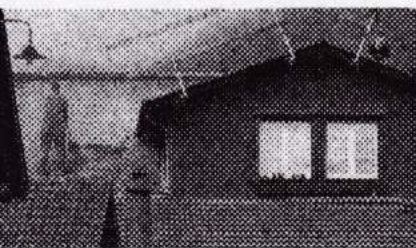
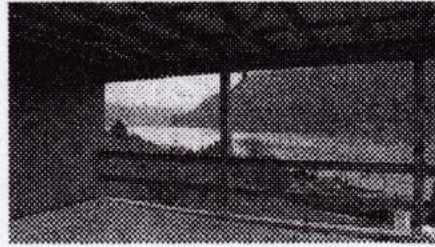
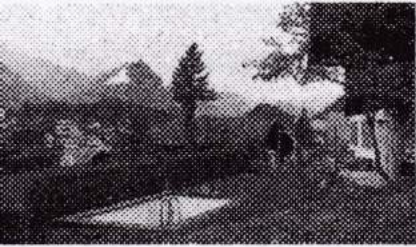
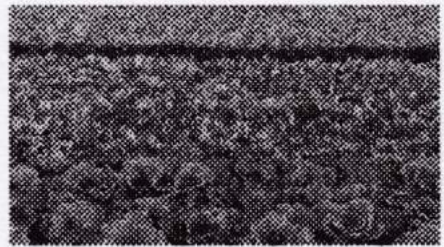
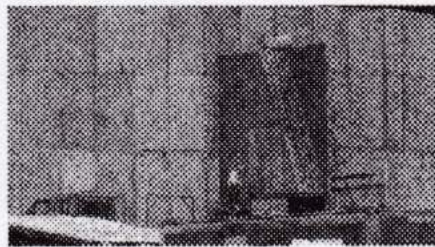
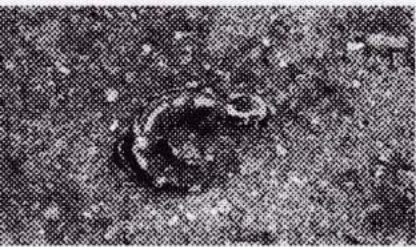
MOUVEMENT	COMPOSITION	QUALITE DU SOUS	TYPE DE COURAGE	COULEUR DOMINANTE	MOTS-CLÉS
soleil	light movement	Well composed	Not usable	medium	baigneurs, lac, voiture
variable	movement	Well composed	Not usable	medium	gris circulation
soleil	light movement	Well composed	Not usable	medium	vert jardin, linge
variable	no movement	Well composed	Not usable	panoramic	vert champs
variable	no movement	Well composed	ok	panoramic	vert serre, champs
variable	no movement	Well composed	Not usable	panoramic	choux, champs, lignes à haute tension
soleil	no movement	Well composed	Not usable	panoramic	jaune cimetière
soleil	no movement	Well composed	Not usable	medium	fleurs, champs, maison
soleil	no movement	Well composed	Not usable	medium	gris ferme
soleil	light movement	Well composed	interesting	panoramic	toit, ouvrier

video shots taken during one day and converted into the database









2700km = 2700 videos of one minute



## The Reluctant Landscape

Between 1964 and 1966 Andy Warhol produced several hundred screen tests (of which 472 still exist). They are short, silent, in black and white filmed portraits of anyone (celebrity or not) who happened to be present at The Factory. For each screen test, Warhol followed a strict procedure: the person to be portrayed was led to an impromptu studio and asked to sit at a table. In front of them one camera, accompanied with one spotlight on the left or right. The person in front of the camera was then asked to stay put for the duration of the filming (which took somewhere between 3 and 5 minutes – the length of one spool of film). There were to be no cuts, no travelling, no movement of the camera, no zooming in or out, just the blank stare of an unwavering machine. Being scrutinized by a technological apparatus for such a (long) period of time led to a certain unease with the subject being filmed. We see them scowling at the camera, squirming on their seats, nervously shifting from one pose into another, anxiously looking for attributes to give themselves something to do while the camera is rolling, getting worked up by this mechanical eye that keeps on staring at them. Somehow, these filmed portraits show the distress (and terror) of being examined by a machine no one is really able to relate to (you cannot seduce a machine, can you?).

In 2012 the visual artist Pierre-Philippe Hofmann commenced a new body of work, called *Portrait of a Landscape*. For this project, he turned the lens of his movie camera to the diverse Swiss landscape. To organize this rather vast undertaking,



he began by drawing 10 straight lines on a map, each line starting from the border and aiming towards the center. He decided not to drive through the country nor to fly over it, but to traverse it on foot. Walking created a slowness that made him more aware of the environment in which he moved. To decide when to make a filmed portrait of the landscape, he devised a simple but clever protocol. Every kilometer he would put his camera up on a tripod and record for one minute the landscape in front of him. Subjecting himself to this protocol, he freed himself of the necessity to make subjective choices: it was no longer a question of whether the landscape in which he found himself was worth recording or not, it was simply a question of him being on the right spot (meaning: one kilometer removed from the previous view and one from the next). Together, the filmed portraits state nothing more than this: these are the factual landscapes the maker was obliged to record.

The use of a camera on a tripod, enhances the rather cool, detached neutrality Hofmann seems to be aiming for. It's fixed gaze, straight ahead, doesn't allow for any narrative tension. Motionless the camera simply records what is there in front of it. Different kinds of landscape emerge, some we would qualify as untouched, natural ones, others as manmade, culturally determined. Most of the time the camera is taking a broad expansive view of the surroundings, only occasionally is it aimed at a telling detail (a lonely flower or an isolated sculpture). Of course, things are bound to happen within the confines of the image – cars are driving by on a faraway bridge, people are doing all kinds of stuff (walking, skiing, fishing or even filming a video clip), leaves are rustling in the wind, etcetera – but nothing of this hubbub really seems to matter. The actions the camera records seem pointless: they never end into something meaningful. They only exacerbate the creepy stillness of the environment in which everything is taking place.

What these filmed portraits ultimately show, is the mere evidence of the landscape, its inescapable presence, its eerie (or should we say sublime?) silence. In forcing us to look for one minute at the landscape right there in front of us, a world which is so tantalizingly close and yet so remote, the filmed portraits awake a sense of loneliness in the viewer. We look, see and recognize, we can itemize and even identify every part of the filmed landscape, but all this information doesn't add

up to something we can relate to. We can categorize the type of landscape, we can enumerate the functions it is supposed to contain, but the landscape itself, in all its brutal materiality, simply eludes us. As such, the quality of this work is not to be found in the sheer number of short films that have been made, nor in the (brave but futile) attempt to give a complete enumeration of the existing Swiss landscape, but in the fact that in every film, this simple truth manifests itself: we don't feel connected with what we see. Something has happened during this short minute we were watching the landscape. Somehow the immobility of the camera, its absolute photographic stillness, has transformed the viewer into an absent observer. It is this feeling of separation that recalls the existential dread the people in Warhol's screen tests must have felt when they were being exposed to a similar relentless mechanical gaze.

(Steven Humblet)

#### PRODUCTION

La Ferme-Asile (Sion), SAM Basel, Umlaut vzw

#### ARTIST RESIDENCIES

Chretzeturm (Stein am Rhein), Altes Spital (Solothurn), Ferme-Asile (Sion) ARC (Romainmôtier), Villa Ruffieux (Sierre)

#### WRITERS

Raphaël Brunner, Steven Humblet, Anne-Françoise Lesuisse, Véronique Mauron, Urs Stahel

#### COPRESENTATIONS

Festival BergBuchBrig, Biennale d'Enghien, M-Museum Leuven, Museum Bruder Klaus Sachseln, Photoforum Pasquart, Nadine vzw

#### SUPPORTS

Fédération Wallonie-Bruxelles, Volkarts Stiftung, Wallonie-Bruxelles International

#### WITH THE HELP OF

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Pascale Viscardy, Stefano Stoll, Sarah Zürcher

All the couchsurfers who welcomed me

Céline, Lissa, Pauline, my mother

# Passagen

HANS ANDREAS R.

Wandering is closely connected for me to my old fascination for the figure of the flâneur. Just going out to be out and to wander around without a specific purpose. A controlled way of seeking encounters with the unexpected. An abstract framework for gathering empirical information.

One cannot talk about the flâneur without continuous flirtations with aesthetics. There is something that makes these two inseparable.

By wandering through time and space, the flâneur generates aesthetic pleasure for himself and maybe it's this joy I want to reconstruct and bring to the spectator. Though not in the form of a representation of my joy that can be observed and overlooked, but rather for them to experience their own variant.

The WAB is a magnet. It attracts those artists who have a high wandering sensitivity somewhere in what they do.

As a magnet it has two poles: one that pulls, one that pushes. For the individual artist it pulls all aspects that relate to the wandering out

of the proposal. At the same time it pushes the artist to go deeper and further with the wandering.

Contradictory, this magnetism makes the WAB act as a compass that shows the way while wandering.

The physical act of wandering is where impressions are gathered. These impressions grow into ideas that keep wandering inside the vast cavity of my head where they sooner or later collide, merge, contaminate and mutate into the idea that has to be created.

This biennial made me realize that the creations themselves wanted to wander because of their ephemeral nature and the idea that they can be passed on in the form of a score and be executed by others.

# Passpaper

NAME: \_\_\_\_\_

1. The first part of the paper is a multiple choice section. It consists of 20 questions. Each question has four possible answers. Only one answer is correct. You must choose the correct answer for each question.

2. The second part of the paper is a short answer section. It consists of 10 questions. Each question requires you to write a short answer. The answers are usually one or two sentences long.

3. The third part of the paper is a long answer section. It consists of 5 questions. Each question requires you to write a long answer. The answers are usually several paragraphs long.

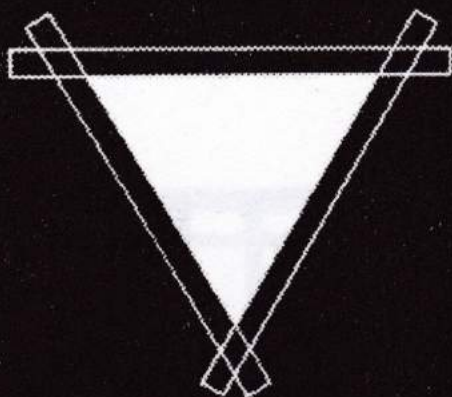
4. The fourth part of the paper is a problem solving section. It consists of 5 questions. Each question requires you to solve a problem. The problems are usually mathematical or scientific in nature.

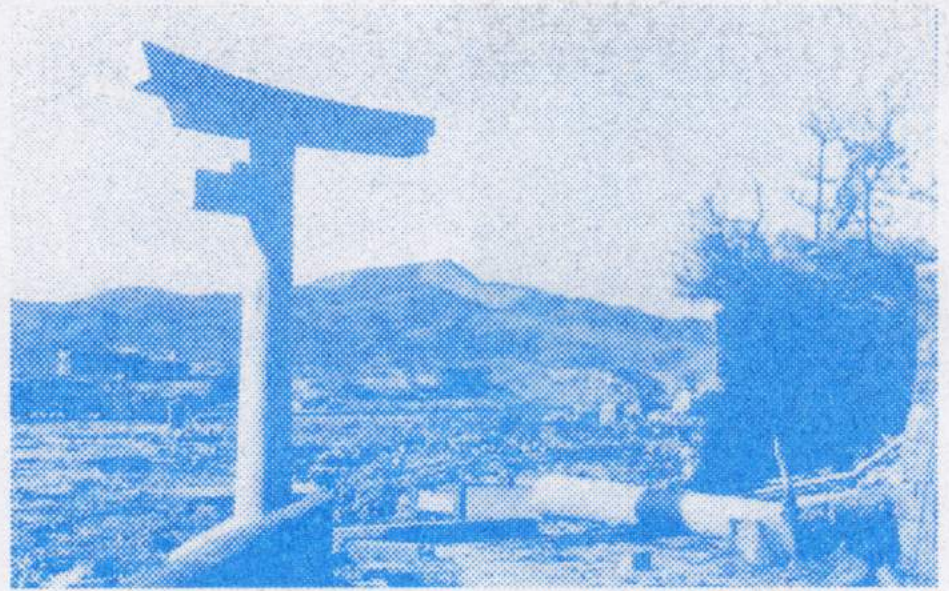
5. The fifth part of the paper is a writing section. It consists of 2 questions. Each question requires you to write an essay. The essays are usually on a topic related to the course.

6. The sixth part of the paper is a reading section. It consists of 3 questions. Each question requires you to read a passage and answer questions about it. The passages are usually on a topic related to the course.

7. The seventh part of the paper is a listening section. It consists of 3 questions. Each question requires you to listen to a recording and answer questions about it. The recordings are usually on a topic related to the course.

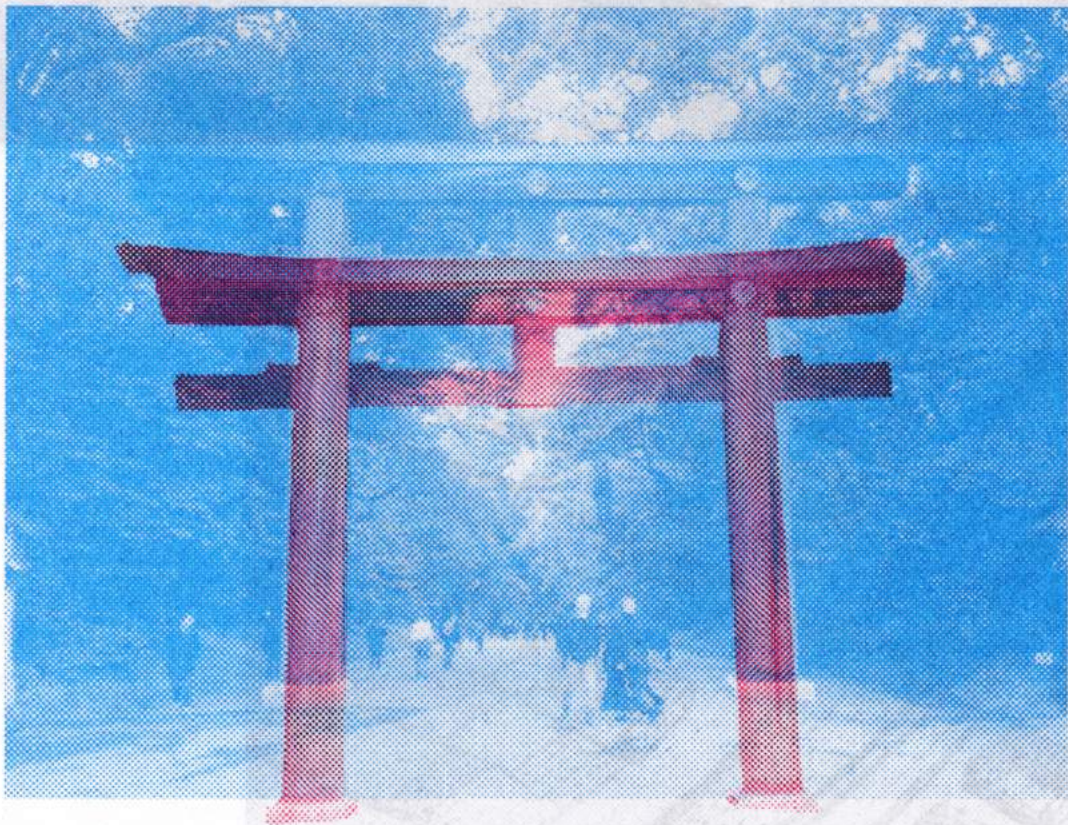
8. The eighth part of the paper is a speaking section. It consists of 2 questions. Each question requires you to speak for a few minutes. The topics are usually related to the course.



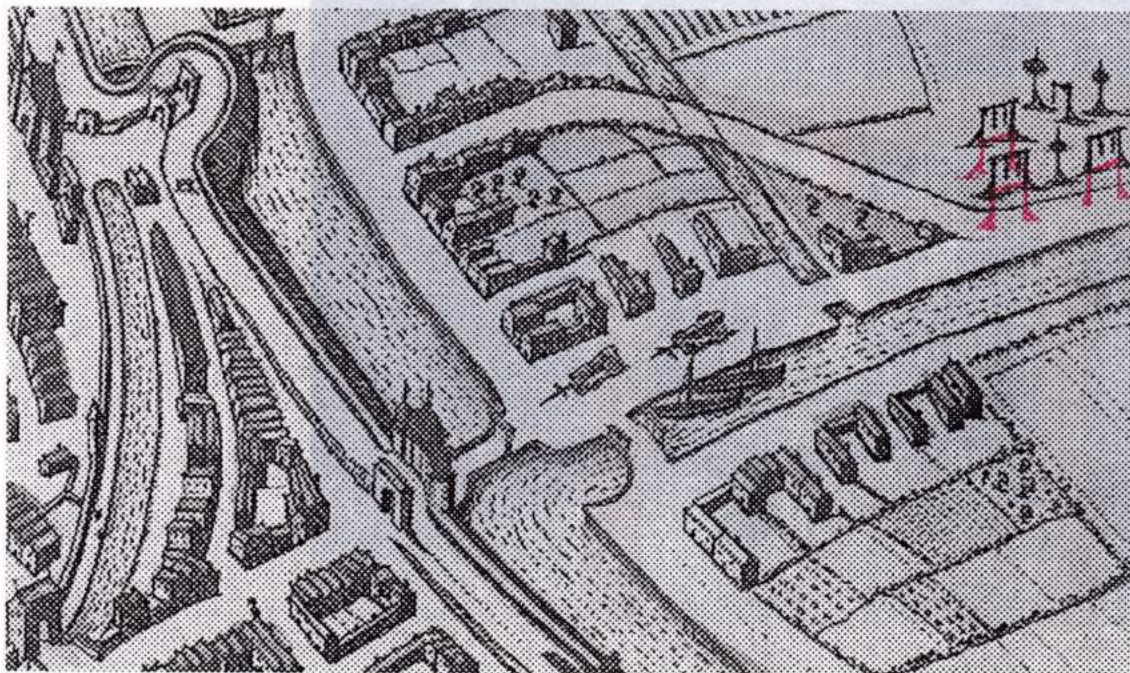
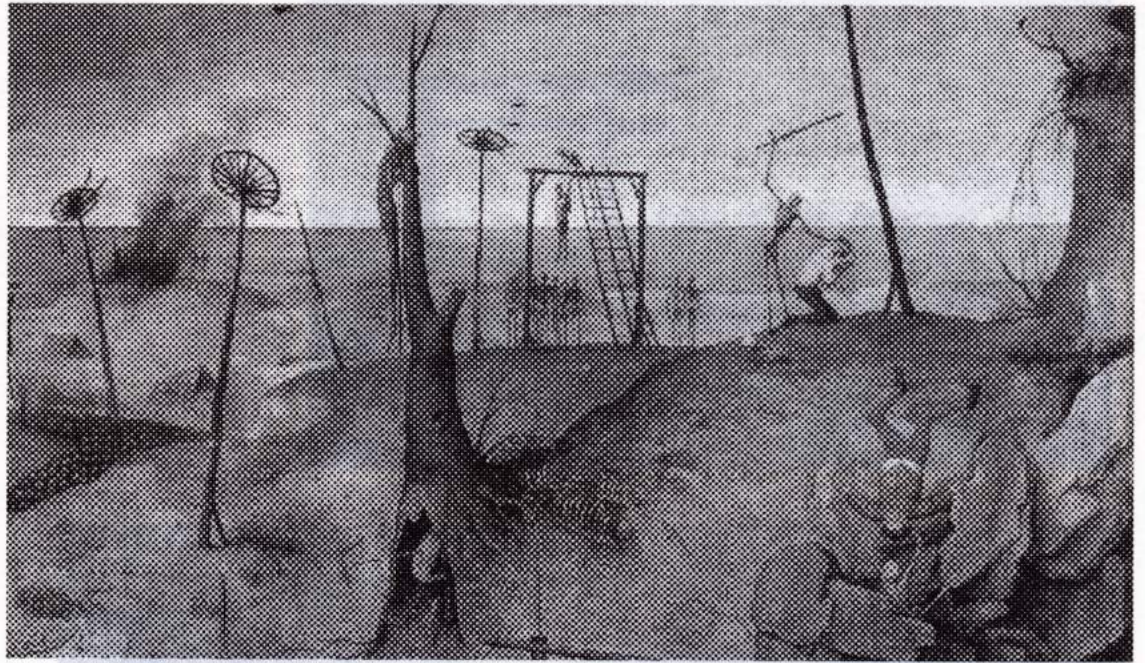
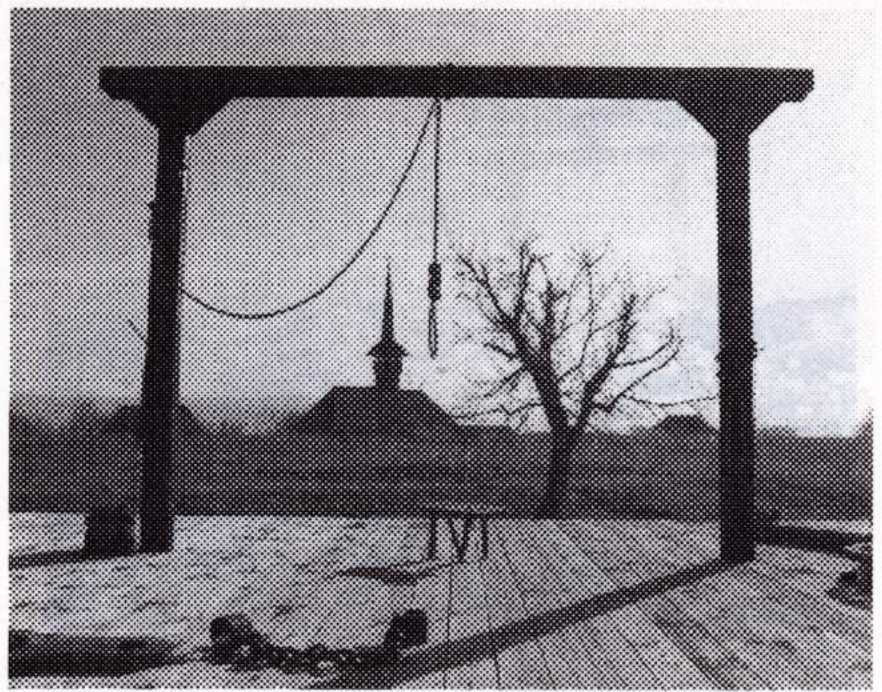


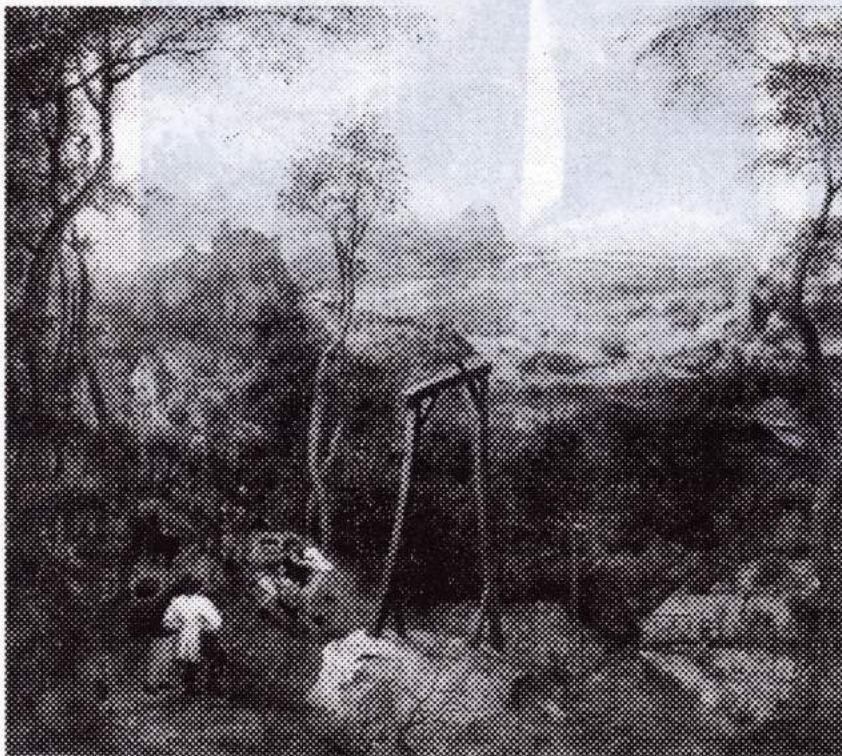
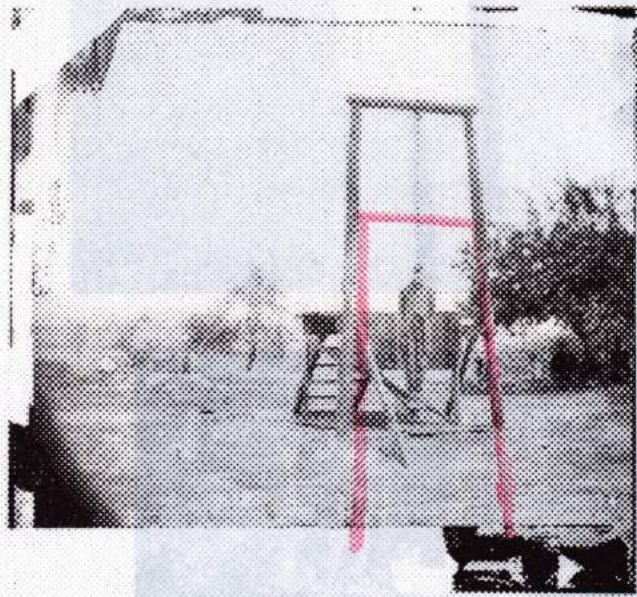
HANJO  
TOSHIO HOSOKAWA



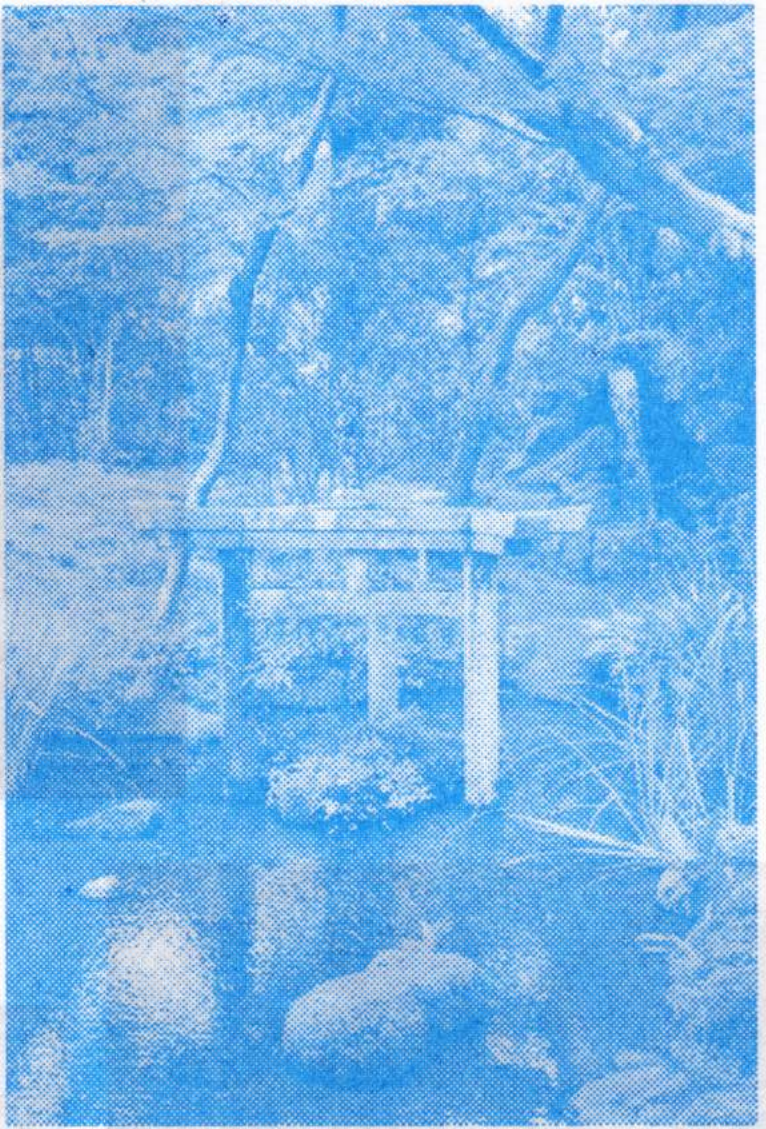
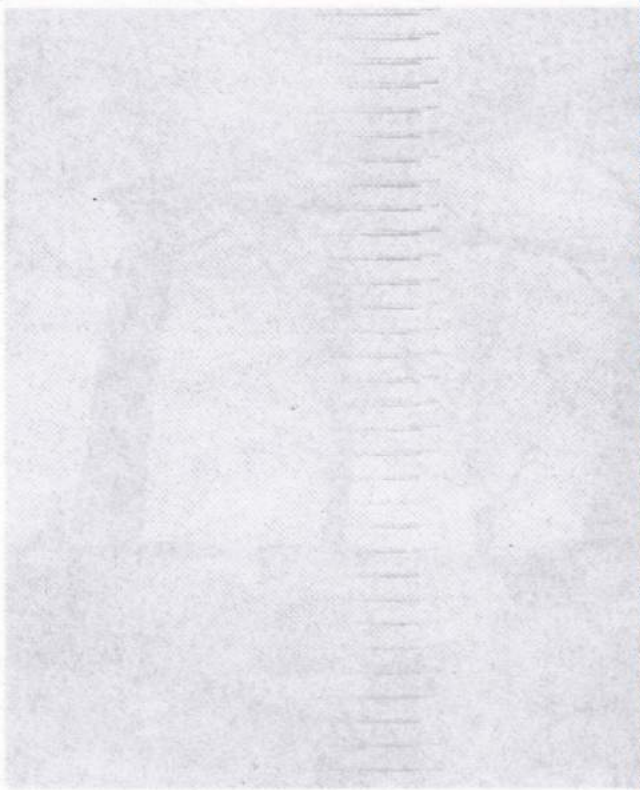


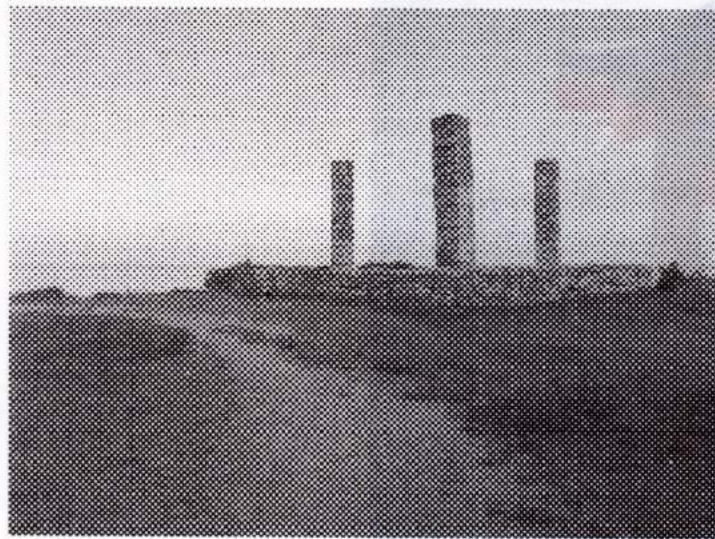
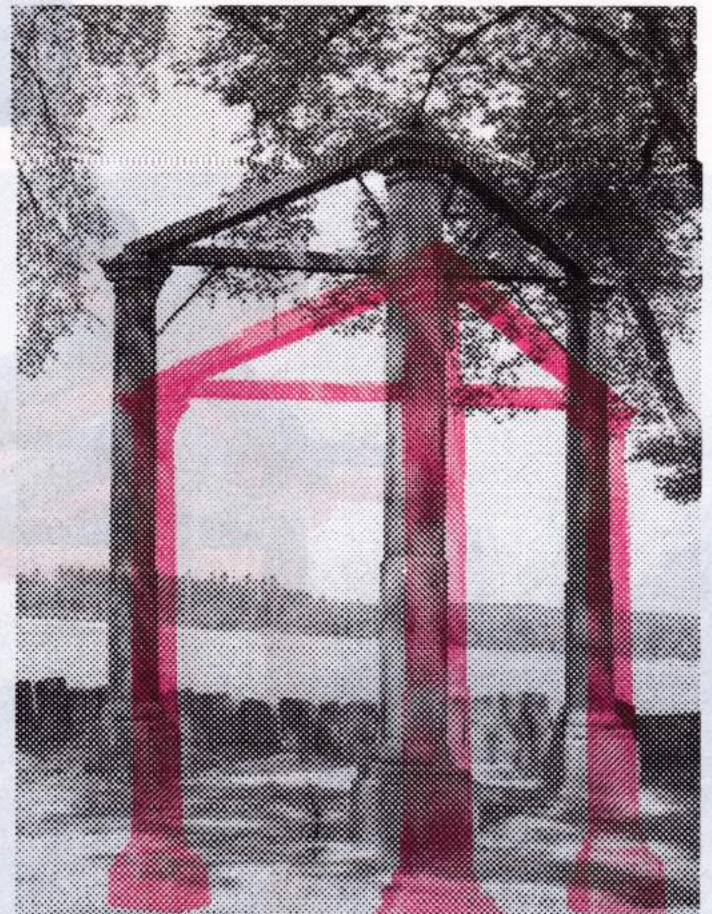
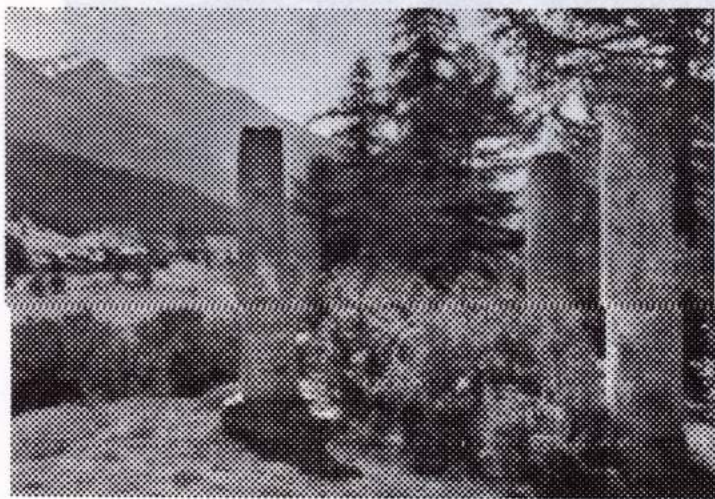


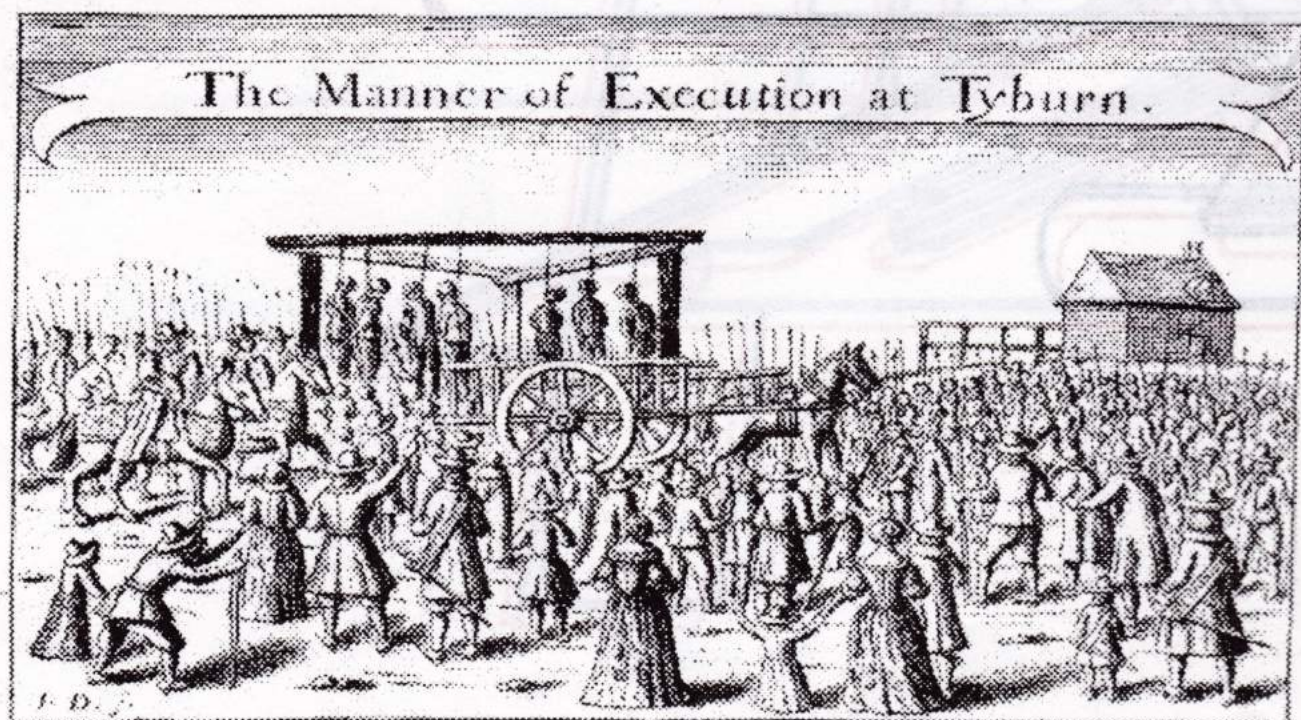
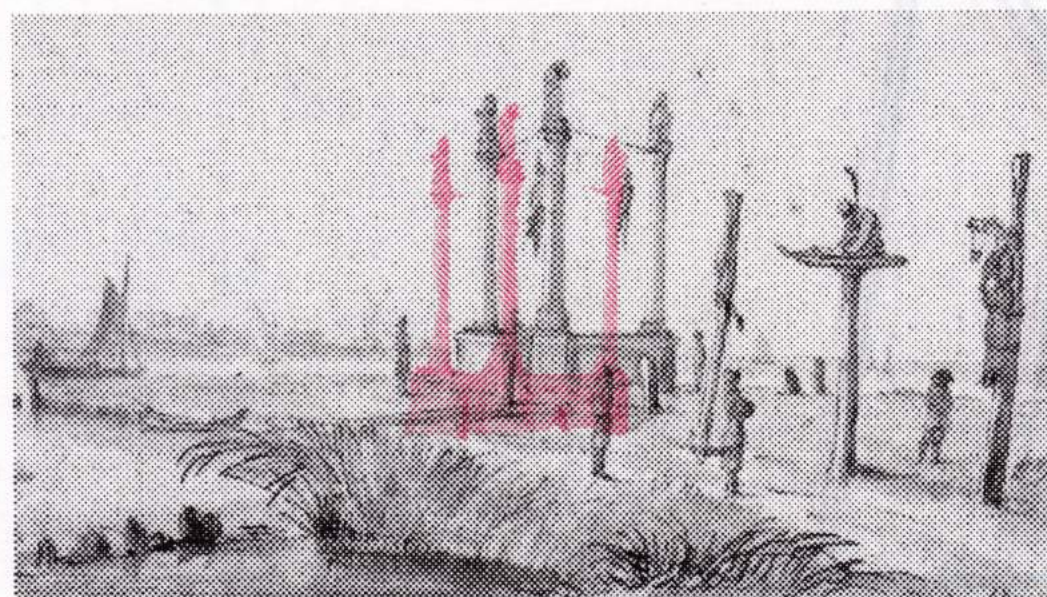
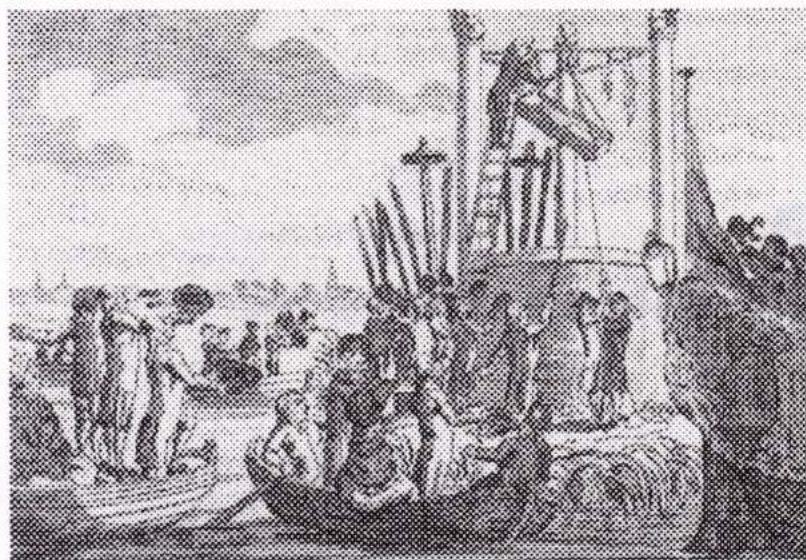








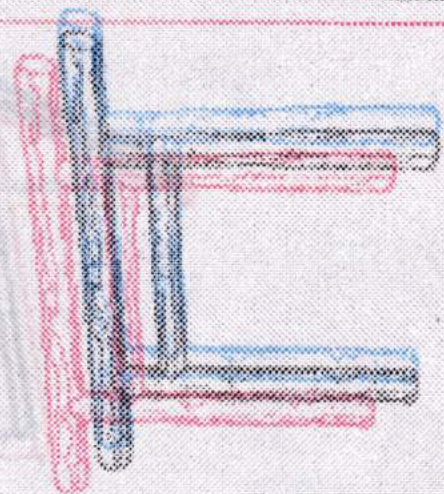
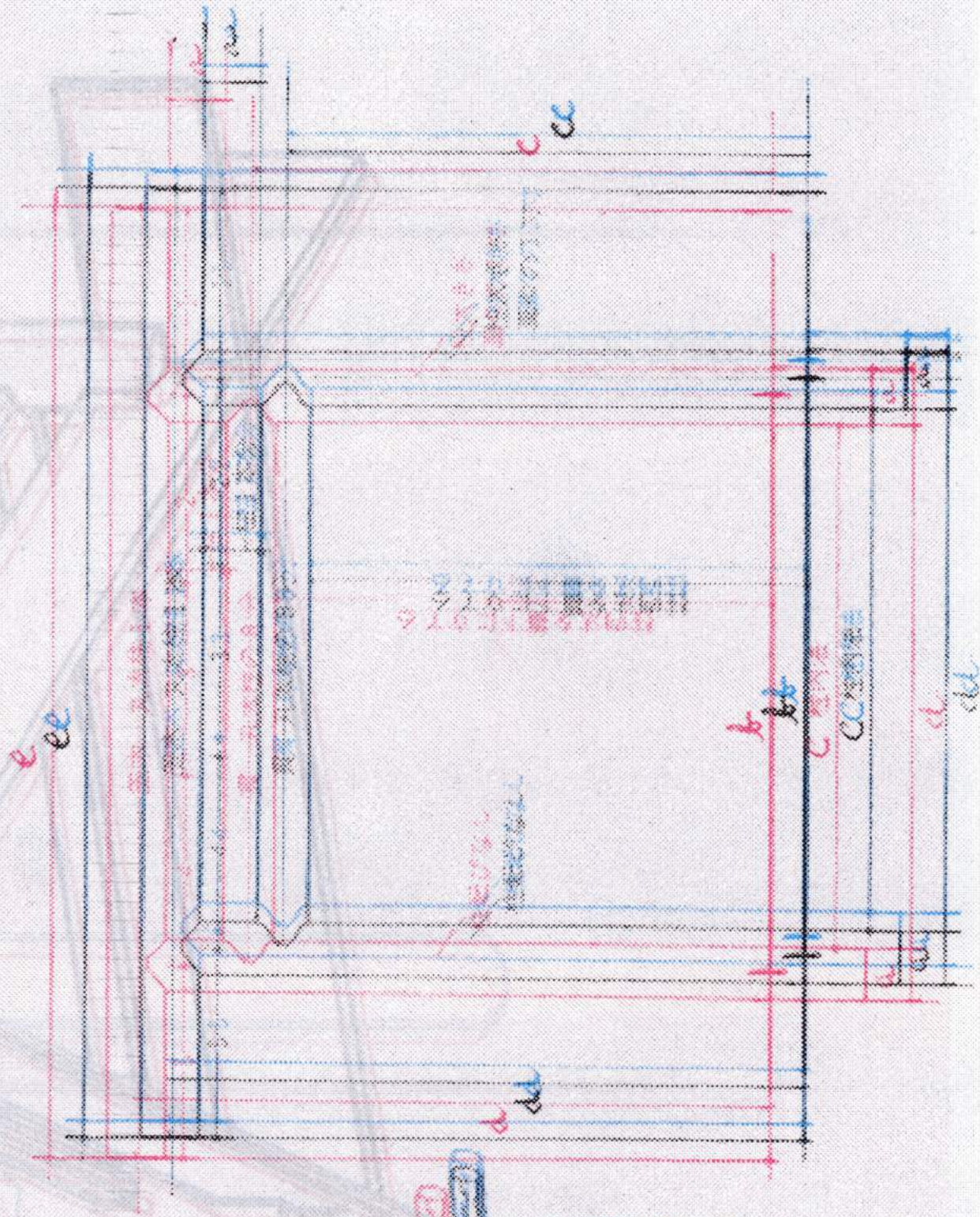


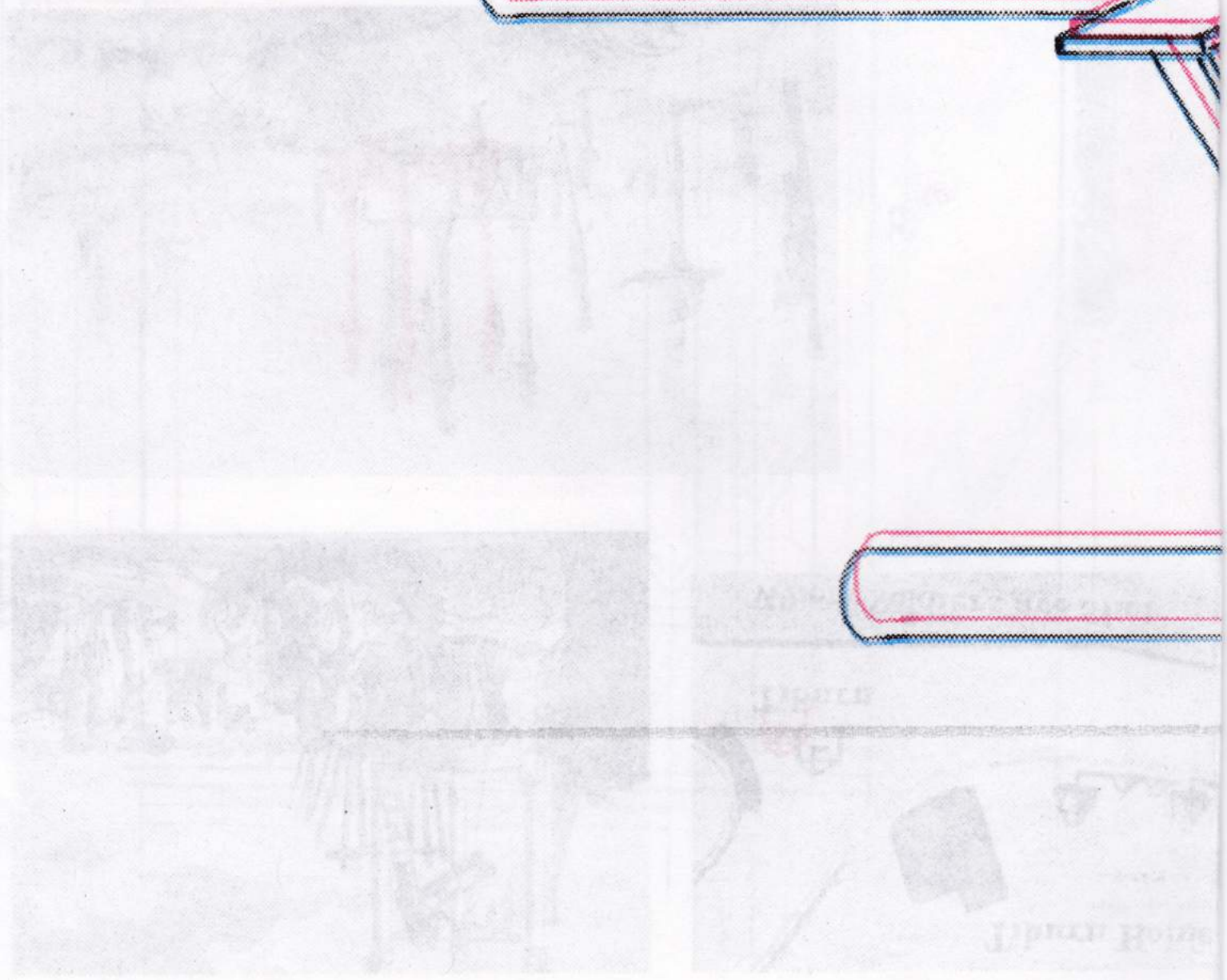
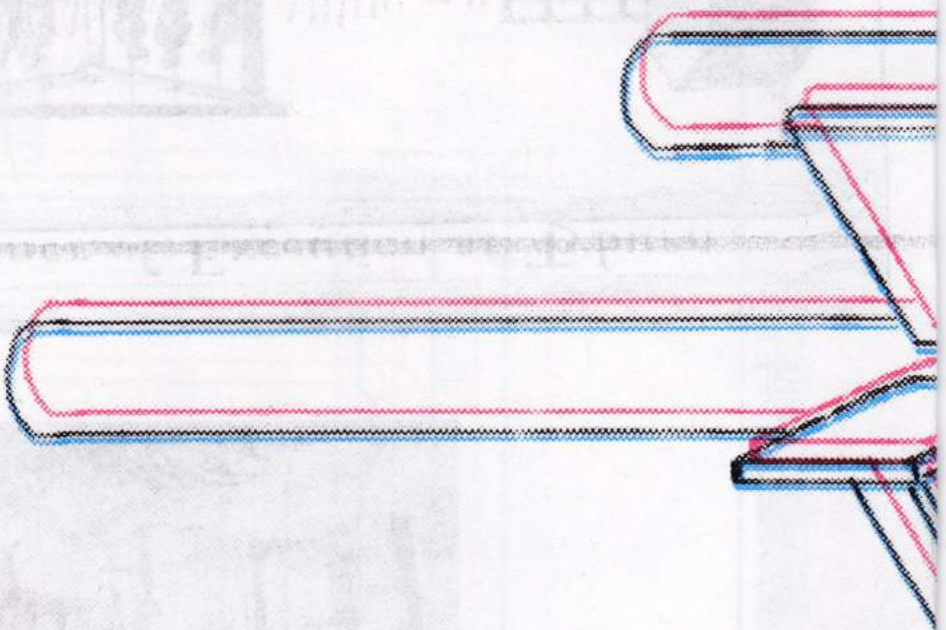
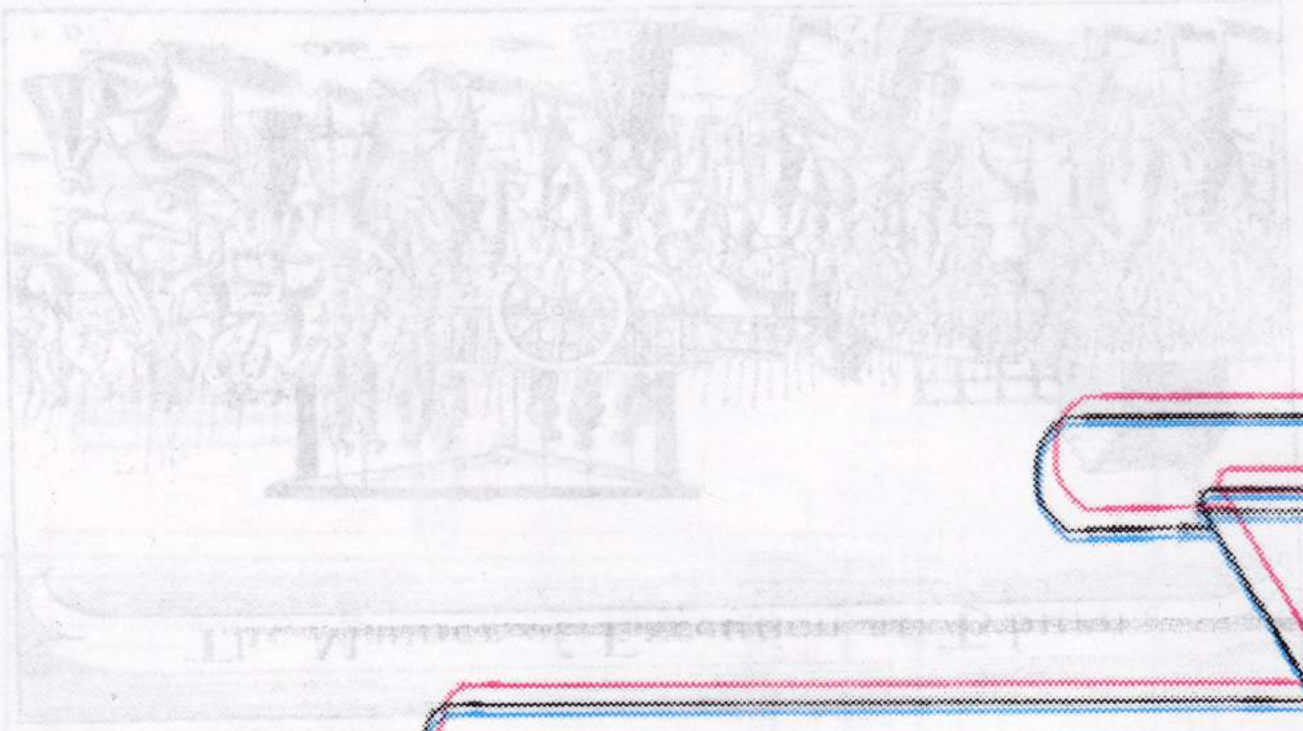


# 神社建築參考圖集

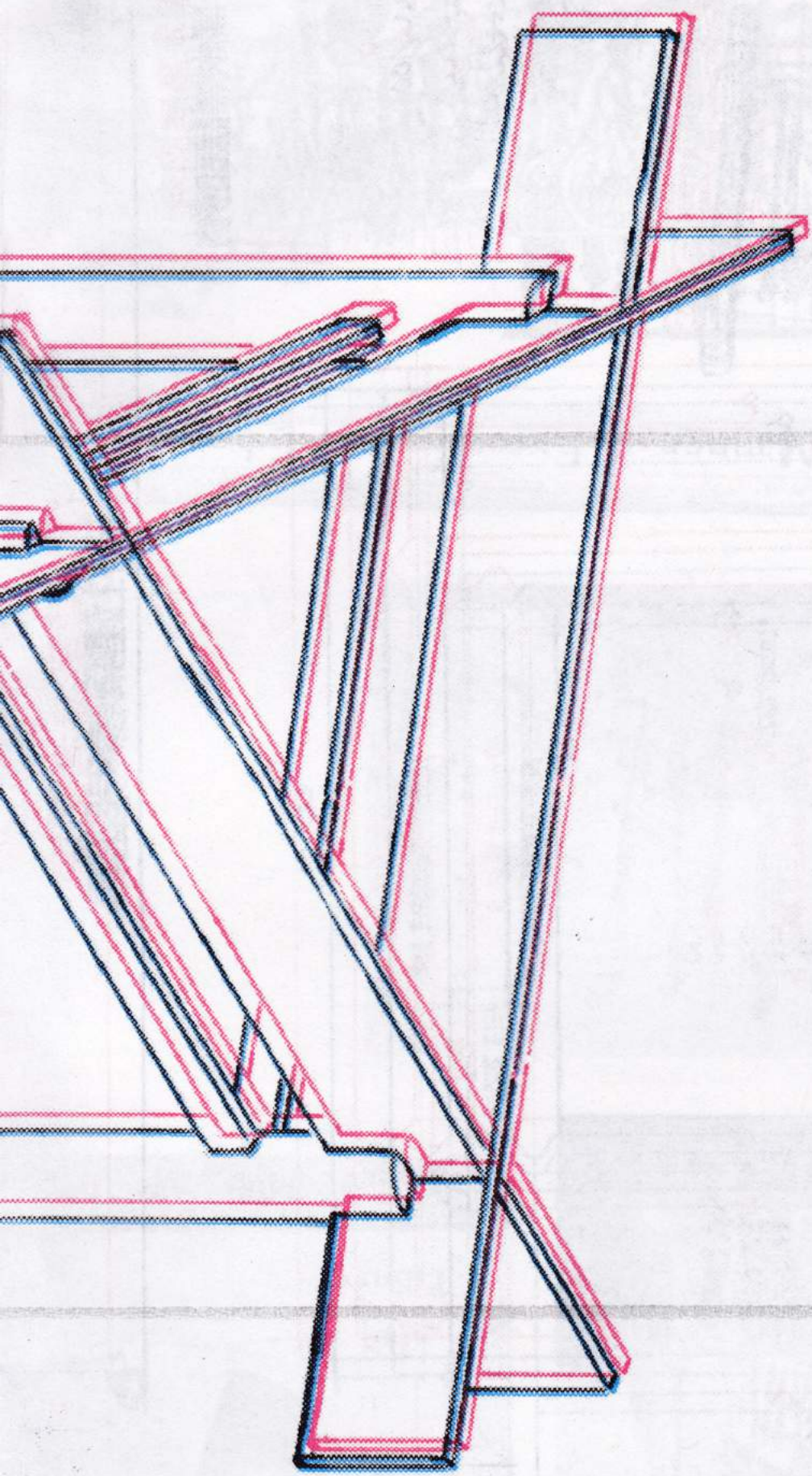
## 黒木鳥居圖例

$a$   
 $aa$   $a \cdot 10$   
 $b$   $b = 2a \cdot 100$   
 $(c = 2b \cdot aa)$   
 $d$   $(c \cdot aa)$   
 $ee$   $(bb)$   $\cdot 55$





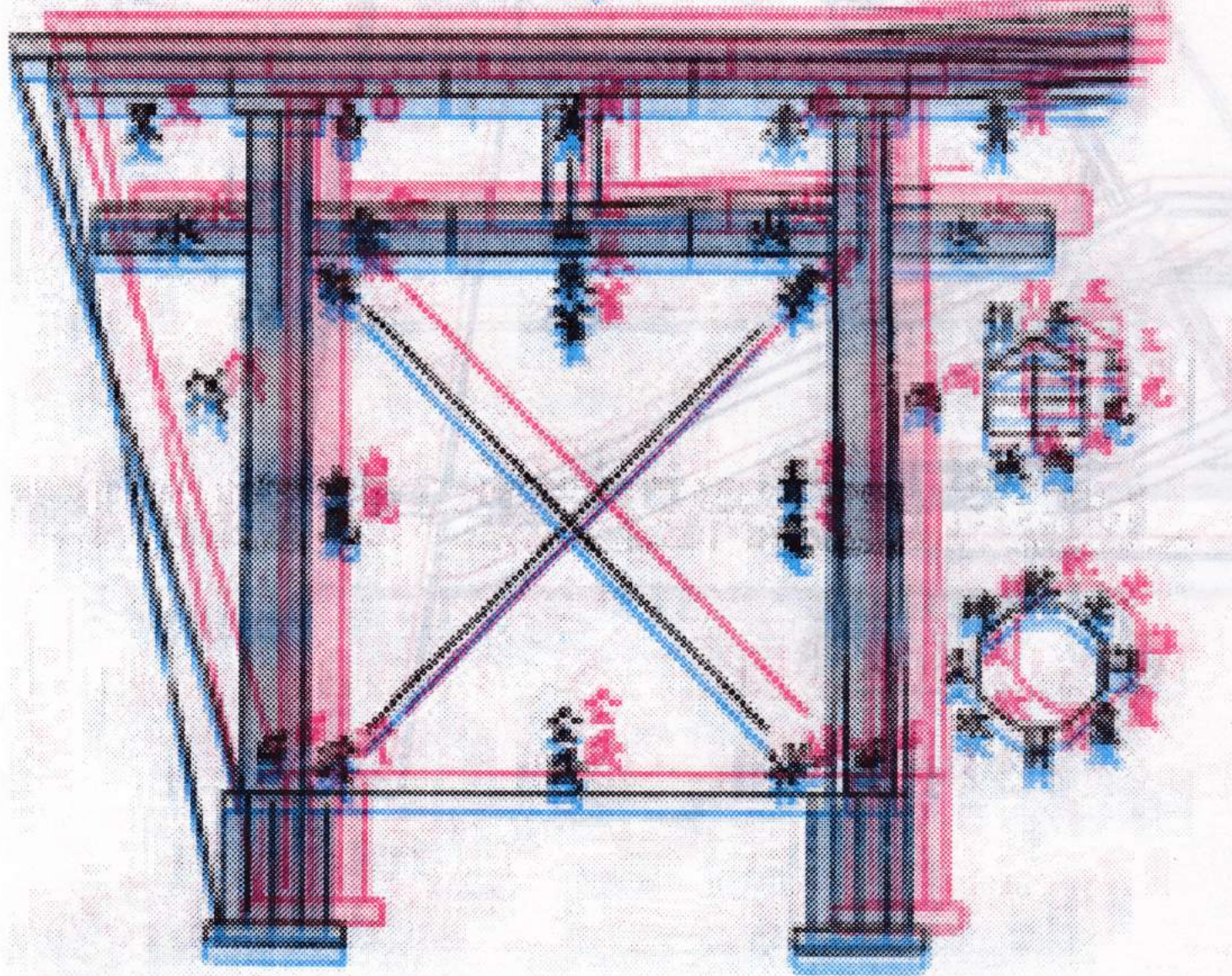




一、此の建物の構造は、  
柱と梁の組み合わせで  
成り立っている。柱は  
基礎に固定され、梁は  
柱の上を横断する。この  
構造は、荷重を支え、  
建物を安定させるのに  
有効である。また、この  
構造は、地震や風などの  
外力に対して、建物を  
保護する役割も果たす。

二、この建物の設計は、  
機能性と美観を兼ね備  
えている。柱の配置は、  
空間を効果的に使い、  
開放感を生み出す。梁  
のデザインは、建物の  
個性を表現し、視覚的  
な魅力を高める。また、  
この建物の構造は、材  
料の選択や施工の精度  
にも大きく依存する。良  
質の材料と丁寧な施工  
が、建物の耐久性と美  
観を決定する重要な因  
素である。

三、この建物の構造は、  
環境にも配慮している。  
柱と梁の配置は、自然  
光を取り入れ、室内を  
明るく照らす。また、  
この建物の構造は、空  
気を循環させるように  
設計されており、快適な  
居住環境を提供する。こ  
の建物の構造は、機能  
性、美観、環境配慮の  
すべてを兼ね備えてい  
る。これは、現代の建  
築設計における重要な  
課題であり、この建物  
は、その課題に対する良  
き答えを示している。



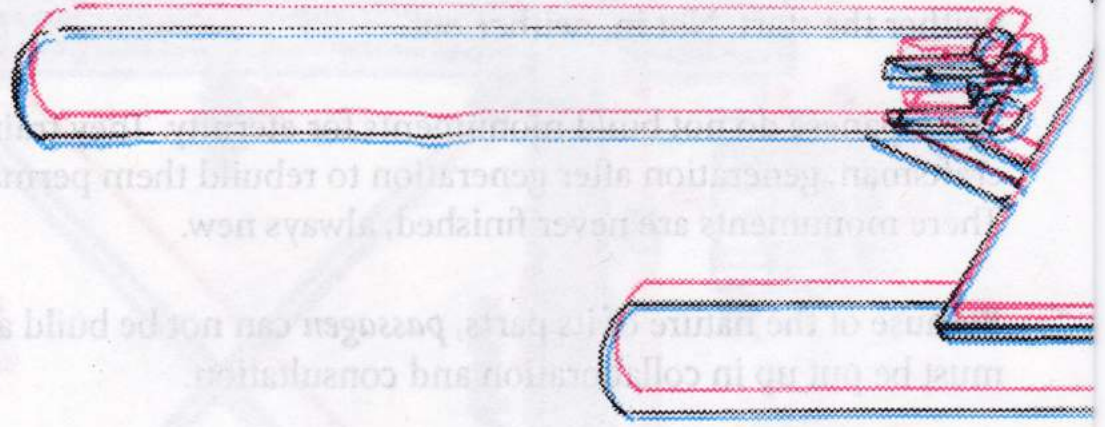
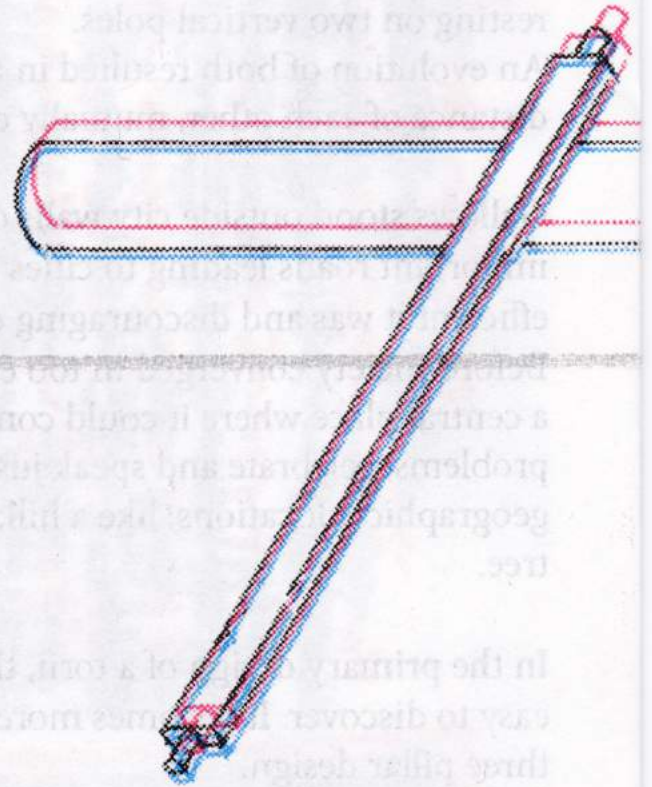
A study on the evolution of visual parallels between a fortification to Shinto shrines and galloways as found in European cities during the Ancient Regime. In its primary form these constructions were horizontal crossbeams resting on two vertical poles.

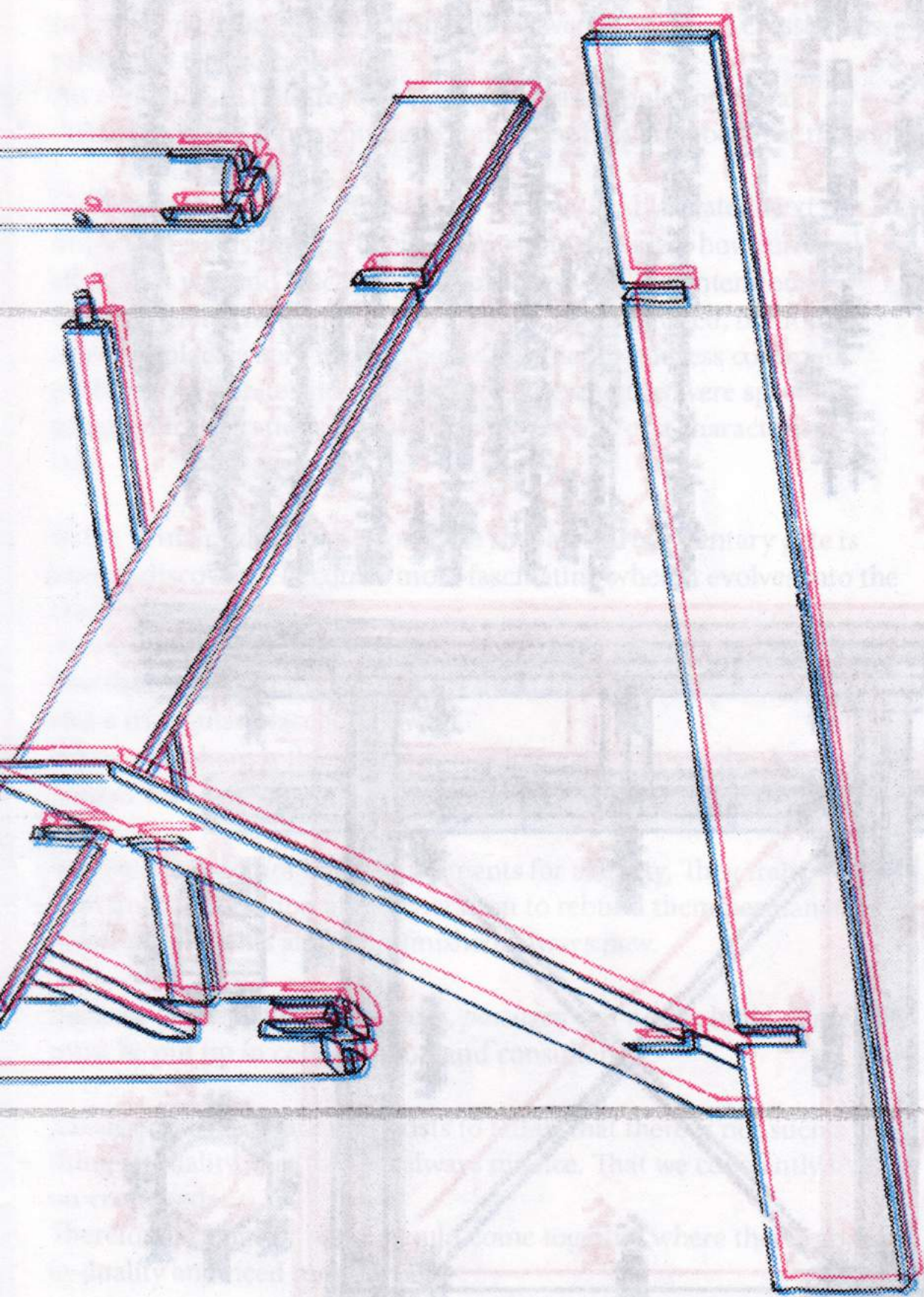
An evolution of both resulted in three vertical poles on equal distance connected by a crossbeam at the top. On galloways fields, located next to the road, were used for drying out clothes. Warning outsiders how judicial authority was and discouraging outsiders with bad intentions. Better to have a warning in the form of a crossbeam, but it had a central pole where it could come together to address common problems like water and speckling. These places were specific geographical locations like a hill, a crossroads or a characteristic tree. In the primary form of a fortification the shape of a rudimentary gate is easy to discover. It is more fascinating when it evolves into the three pillar design.

As a fortification gate it now has become a place. Not just an arbitrary line that divides in front of you, now there are three pillars, three exits and a triangular place in between. What and where is this space? It is in the gate. Not yet the design.

When generation after generation to rebuild their permanently there monuments are never finished, always new. The parts, however, can not be build alone. It must be put up in collaboration and consultation.

passenger is a structure that exists to tell us that there is not such a thing as quality that there is always nuisance. That we constantly live on crossroads. Therefore passenger always should come together where there is belief in quality and need for nuisance. passenger is a crossroads, always, everywhere.





A study on the evolution of visual parallels between a **torii**, the gate to Shinto shrines and **gallows** as found in European cities during the Ancien Régime.

In its primary form these constructions were horizontal crossbeams, resting on two vertical poles.

An evolution of both resulted in three vertical poles on equal distance of each other, mutually connected by a crossbeam at the top.

Gallows stood outside city walls on gallows fields, located next to important roads leading to cities. Warning outsiders how juridical efficient it was and discouraging outsiders with bad intentions.

Before society converged in too cities, it lived scattered, but it had a central place where it could come together to address common problems, celebrate and speak justice. These places were specific, geographical locations, like a hill, a crossroads or a characteristic tree.

In the primary design of a torii, the shape of a rudimentary gate is easy to discover. It becomes more fascinating when it evolves into the three pillar design.

As a torii is a gate, it now has become a place. Not just an arbitrary line that divides in from out. Now there are three entries, three exits and a triangular place in between.

What and where is this space? It is in the gate. Not yet the destiny, neither the start. Not in, neither out.

The Japanese do not build monuments for eternity. They train craftsman, generation after generation to rebuild them permanently. There monuments are never finished, always new.

Because of the nature of its parts, *passagen* can not be build alone. It must be put up in collaboration and consultation.

*passagen* is a structure that exists to tell us that there is not such a thing as duality, that there is always nuance. That we constantly live on crossroads.

Therefore *passagen* always should come together where there is belief in duality and need for nuance.

*passagen* is a crossroads, always, everywhere.

# Circling Around (without taking off)

BRUNO DE WACHTER

Circling Around (without taking off) is a wandering project in three ways.

First, it takes place outside, in the public space.

Second, it gives the participants a large degree of freedom to take the experience into their own hands.

Third, each edition is new and unique, also for me as an organizer.

(I am providing a framework for an experience - a route for a walk and a particular set of rules - but I am not directing it - I don't want to be a guide. As long as people follow the limited set of rules, they are free to focus on whatever they want and however they want, both during the walk and in the writing of the story afterwards. I don't do the walk beforehand, nor do I repeat it.)

I walk around international airports and invite people to join me, following a set of rules.

We walk around the airport and keep the exact solar time. This is the time for which noon corresponds with the sun being at

its highest point in the sky. After setting our watch at the beginning of the walk we adjust it again at the eastern- and westernmost points of the circle. At the easternmost point, we run to catch up the time that has been lost. At the westernmost point, we stare at the sky to lose the time that has been won.

During the walk, we ignore the airport and the planes. Participants are not allowed to mention them, nor to point to them or to take pictures of them.

We do not walk directly around the fence, but along public roads and paths that are close to the airport. I draw the route on a topographical map, but I do not do the walk beforehand, nor do I make any enquiries about the environment. We're in a group and in the public space; this creates a particular dynamic which I leave free to develop naturally. Except for the basic rules, everything is decided by the group and on the spot.

The project starts from the symbolic world of the map, becomes concrete during the walk, and is then - in the creation of a unique handmade map - returned to the world of symbols and language from where it all started.

After the walk we meet again to create a collaborative story. One participant chooses a picture and writes a corresponding title, on which another participant can react with another picture with a title, and so on. Initially, the chronology and the locations of the events are ignored.

Then I relocate the contributions and place them on a handmade map of our walk, but without the pictures. To this I add a series of existing place names.

During an event, I read the map out loud as if it were a concrete poem. I then add the new map to a small exhibition that also contains maps of previous editions.

The WAB is the antithesis of the farm. Farmers are bound to one place, make a clear distinction between sowing and harvesting, look at the environment in a functional way, and always complain about the weather. At the WAB we never complain about the weather.

My definition of 'wandering' hasn't changed much since 2016. Except, maybe, that I can better express now what I mean when I say that I don't want to be a guide. Namely that I don't want to steer emotions, offer a point of view, or pass on knowledge with this project. What I provide - the set of rules, the map - is part of the landscape itself, something that happens to be there, rather than my own subjective view on something. Only in this way, participants can truly wander, in a similar way that I myself am wandering.

## *Circling Around*

### *Birmingham International Airport*

*(BHX)*

*10 September 2016*

**DINA CHOUDHURY, CRAIG JOSHUA COUSINS,  
LIA KOLLIGRI, CAROLYN MORTON, KAT PEARSON,  
NATHAN THOMAS, RALUCA VETOR, BEN WADDINGTON**



Setting back our watches by 1 hr 3 min.  
Ready for departure?  
Marston Green station  
Hatchford Brook  
The three musketeers of Chelmsley Wood

Around the start of our walk we are close to Chelmsley Wood, one of the most deprived neighbourhoods of Birmingham. Three teenagers are trying hard to look like the local gang of toughs. They are eager to be photographed, proudly posing as wannabe gangsters.

Stranded between long fencing  
Bench, bike rack, bin (repeat)  
King George V Memorial Field

Watch out for the bicycles!!!  
Wondering, walking, wondering, walking ... unexpected turn  
The white antler  
Dry run  
A cipher from the past  
Follow the pink line?

It is raining and we are standing at a seemingly uninteresting location on the edge of a park, waiting for a participant that fell behind. Slightly bored, a Post-it lying on the ground catches our eye. The ink has run in the rain, but one of us knows that you can dry paper by pressing it between your hands. What appears is a strange message, difficult to decipher. It leaves us wondering what the story behind it might be.

Westley Brook  
Sheldon

Chelmsley Wood, modernity?  
Mysterious lines on the pavement  
Homes west of the starting point

Westernmost point: wasting the 32 seconds we won

So there had to be a rainbow ...

You can make bollards from plastic bags

Shepherd Road

One of us notices that Shepherd Road is spelled wrongly. He finds out that the street is called after a man whose name was actually spelled that way, Mister Samuel Shepherd. Shepherd's Hotel was the leading hotel in Cairo and one of the most celebrated in the world from the mid nineteenth century until it was burned down in the Cairo Fire of 1952. This once celebrated hotel owner gave his name to this unprepossessing street with run-down social housing in the Birmingham suburb of Sheldon.

Lost break time

Trying to break free before winter comes

Still life of mushroom with sock

Elephant 1: Hairy trunk

Beautiful face

Mysterious lines on the pavement

Mysterious lines on the information board

Elmdon Park

I'm not racist, but ...

Elmdon Park in Solihull has meticulously maintained grass

and magnificent old beech, oak and chestnut trees. One of the participants guides us to a very old chestnut tree. The tree itself is dying, but it still enjoys beautiful views of meadows rolling down gently into a valley and of the vast flat roof of the Land Rover Factory, disappearing into the grey mist. An old man with two small dogs addresses us. He soon goes off into a monologue with phrases like: 'I'm not racist, but ...' We are all a bit embarrassed and want to leave as soon as possible, but some of us continue to listen out of politeness.

Elephant 2: no photos!

Solihull Moors

Low Brook

Hollow

Masked bandit in fancy dress

Castle Hill

An Englishman's home is his castle

Do we really have to cross a field full of cows?

The BBC is predicting sun, but the cows are predicting rain

Barriers

Remainders of a civilization that constructed castles out of hay

Slacklined haystack, mysteriously stored beyond usefulness

Fishing for office supplies

Safe landing

Gaelic football

Catherine de Barnes Lane

In England we tend to associate French names with something fancy, but the Catherine de Barnes Lane is not very attractive. It is not too difficult to find out where it got its name from, as there is a village named Catherine de Barnes further up the

road. But what is the origin of the village's name? Some of us suppose it goes back to some late medieval French noblewoman who married an English count living in a mansion around here. An online search teaches us that the name goes back to the old Norman name of Ketelberne. Ketelberne, kete de barn, kat de barn, cat de barnes, Catherine de Barnes – a strange case of bastardization.

### Braceys Nursery and Garden Centre

Around lunchtime we come across the run-down billboard of 'Braceys Nursery and Garden Centre' and a clumsy, handwritten sign below: 'Tea room'. White paint on the wall says it is 'OPEN'. We enter and, to our own surprise, have a decent lunch. Apart from the obvious plants, the garden centre sells an odd collection of garden furniture. It is Saturday afternoon and there are hardly any clients around. We wonder how this garden centre, which looks rather uninviting from the outside, can survive. Some among us suggest they might receive money just for being at this location – it is by far the noisiest spot we've visited so far during this walk.

### Power up

Houses south of the starting point: a different world

### Bickenhill

Bickenhill is a decent English countryside village with a beautiful old church cum churchyard. On a hill, as the name suggests. And even though the difference in elevation with the surroundings is no more than 50 metres, the land around it is primarily flat, which could make it a good viewpoint if not for the trees and houses blocking the view. Beacon Hill, or Bickenhill or

any other variation, is a common place name in Great Britain. In the sixteenth century, Queen Elizabeth gave the order to install an extensive system of fire beacons on hilltops across the country to warn soldiers and people of an approaching Spanish Armada. Birmingham, however, is 80 kilometres from the coast and does not even have a proper river. Was the Queen afraid the Spanish Armada would attack with flying ships?

S is for Seventeenth

I am a practising Christian so I agree with the message

Trying in vain to read the solar time

Is there a hell?

Leaving the village of Bickenhill we fail to find the public footpath we are looking for. In the end we locate the right signs, half hidden, leading us through a series of gates past a farm. Behind the wall of a barn at the rear of the farm are the remainders of a fire. This is nothing unusual – farmers have the habit of burning organic waste on their premises – but there is something strangely sinister about this place. Poking in the ashes with a stick, one of our participants discovers the remainders of a book. It has become entirely black and unreadable, except for one sentence: ‘Is there a hell?’

Easternmost point:

Making up for the 1 min. 33 sec. we lost

Go to London and ...

Transport infrastructure or grown-up climbing frame?

Rabbit marooned on a traffic island

## Millennium Wood Hiding the forbidden fruit

Enclosed between the National Exhibition Centre, busy roads, the railway tracks, a cemetery and some forgotten pieces of farmland, there's a public park: Millennium Wood. It remains unclear whether it was the intention of the landscape architects to leave it half wild, whether it is still unfinished 15 years after the opening, or whether it is just poorly maintained. A memorial stone explains that the park is owned by the Parish of Bickenhill and shows a relief with a detailed representation of the surrounding skyline. One of us casually uses his finger to cover the image of a little plane flying above the skyline. Does this show his dedication to the rule – ignore the ~~planes~~ – or rather the opposite?

This is the zone

## Claustrophobia Giggling Brook, crossed by Laughter Ford

We are walking on a public footpath with a fence surrounding the National Exhibition Centre on one side and, on the other, some thick vegetation with a creek flowing through. Suddenly we hear loud, persistent laughter on the other side of the woods. Several people laughing loudly. One of us suggests a laughing festival is taking place there and wants to name the

creek, which doesn't have a name on the map, Laughter Brook. Another disagrees, arguing that the sound of the creek is closer to giggling than to laughing. Giggling Brook it should be. A few metres further on we discover a small spontaneous path through the woods that crosses the creek in the direction of the laughing fest – which is still going on. It might be Giggling Brook, says the first participant, but this is Laughter Ford, and he takes a picture of the path crossing the water.

Where have all the donkeys gone?

Bridge to nowhere

I used to have a car

I used to have two cars

Marston Green (again)

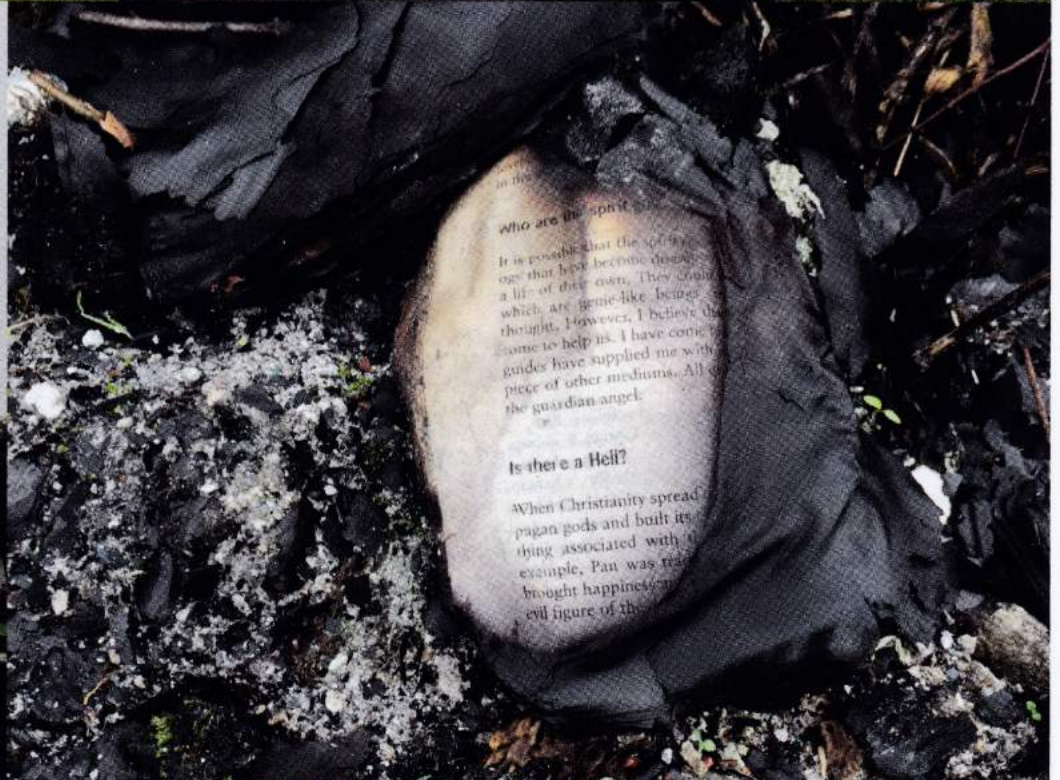
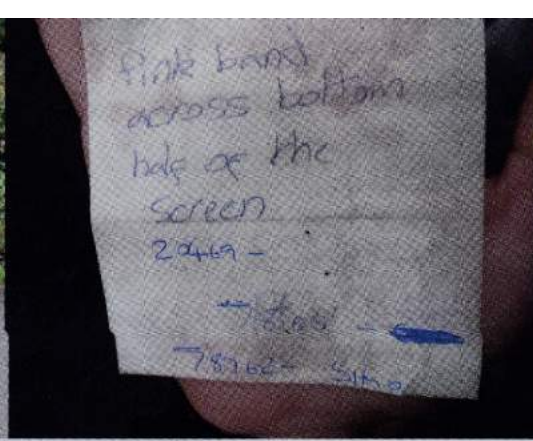
Arriving at the point of departure

177500



BHX





Circling Around  
Birmingham International Airport  
10 September 2016

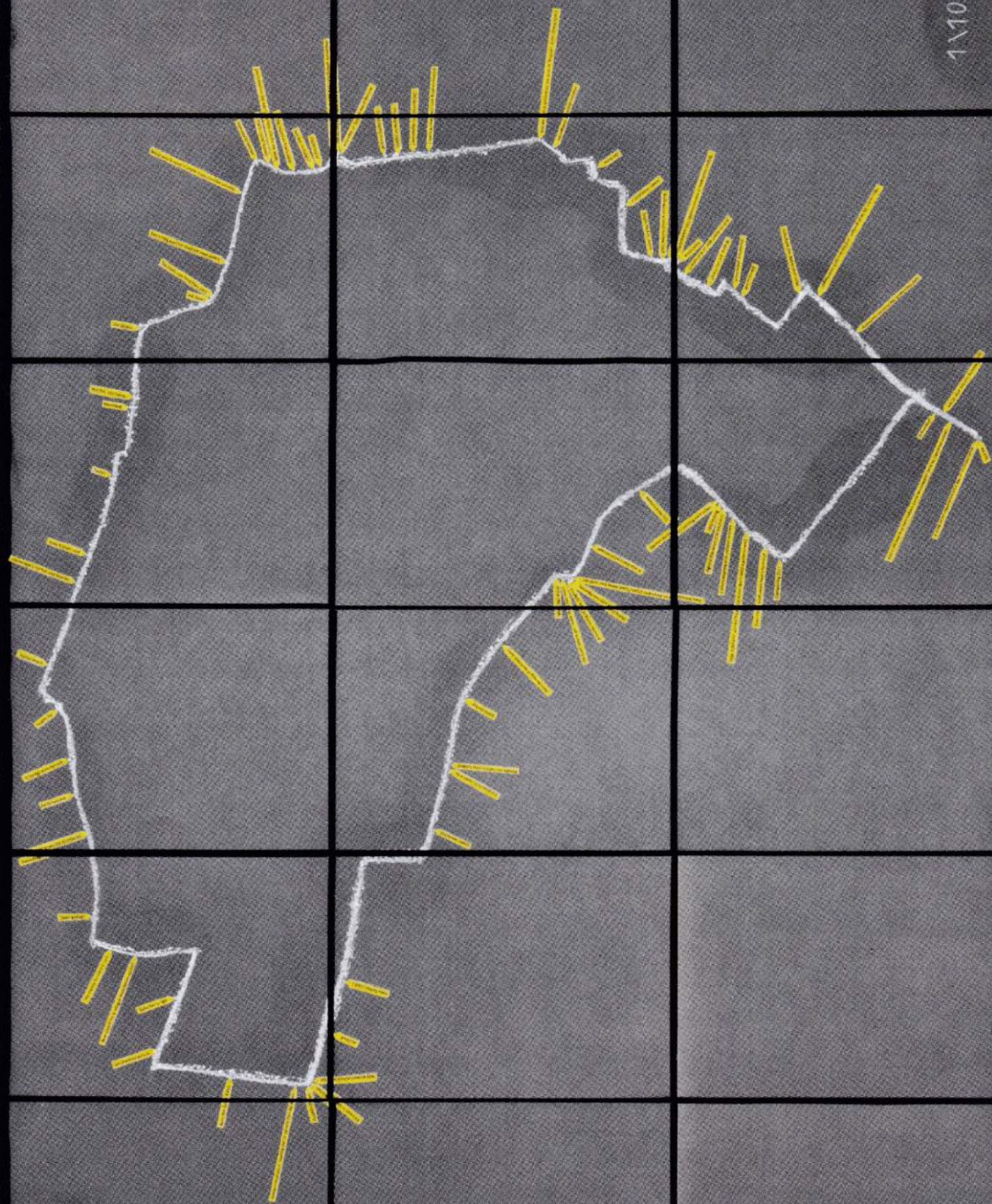




Circling Around  
Vienna International Airport  
9 September 2017



1:10000



VIE

## *Circling Around*

### *Vienna International Airport*

*(VIE)*

*9 September 2017*

**KLAUS FEDERMAIR, ROBERT SOMMER,  
BRUNO DE WACHTER, PETER A. KROBATH**

Departure: setting back our watches by 49 min. 14 sec.

Ready for departure?

Fischamend – Heil Adi: nostalgia?

In Fischamend there is a farmers' market with a choice of cheeses, honey, vegetables and wine. Not only that, but there is also an exhibition of old timers: the shiny cars, tractors and fire engines from the old days blink proudly in the morning sun, imbuing the place with nostalgia. One of the cars has the number plate 'HL Adi 1', which catches the attention of the Austrian participants. Adi is short for Adolf, they explain. Nostalgia of a most peculiar kind ...

The stork has flown

Don't mention the war! (A new rule for the walk)

The fruits of heaven

Stairway to heaven

Motorway & wind in poplar trees (familiar sounds)

Swimming pool for divorced bean-eaters

The shells also have their path

Adi Raus!

Die Donau

Not fish, not house

Hauslüsse (with deer)

We wonder whether the name Hauslüsse means anything. An online search teaches us that Lüsse comes from Lus, which is old German for Los (= lot). In eleventh- and twelfth-century

Nordwald (the Austrian region north of the Donau), the land that was reclaimed from nature was divided into plots to be given to noble families or monasteries by means of a lottery. That seems like a plausible story, even though we are walking on the southern bank of the Donau ... The deer that we spot grazing on the meadow couldn't care less.

Tarzan

Fake Roman road

Shared space for fish and bicycles

Donau beach

Poigen Au

O Heilige Kummernuß

In the woods of the Poigen Au we come across a statue of the Holy Kummernuß. According to the Austrian legend, there once lived a pagan king in Sicily whose daughter Kummernuß was famous for her beauty. Her father wanted to marry her off to a mighty king, but she refused because he was pagan, while she had secretly converted to Christianity. Her refusal enraged her father who locked her up in the dungeon. Kummernuß prayed to God to intervene so that she would not have to marry. Her prayers were answered: during the night she grew a long and stiff beard – Conchita Würost avant la lettre? When her father saw her the next morning, he was so angry that he ordered her to be crucified. After she died on the cross, a poor violin player passed by and played for her. She kicked him her golden shoe. The violin player went to the nearest inn for a good meal and wanted to pay with the shoe, but the waiter recognized the item. The violin player was arrested and sentenced to death on

the cross. His last wish was to play once more for the crucified Kummernuß. When he did so, she kicked him her other golden shoe. The king and his people now believed the violin player and converted to Christianity.

Die Schwechat  
Kläranklage gegen die Architectur

Spatz gehabt  
No chance for electric cars  
New speech for a refugee deportation centre?

Suburban jungle

An olfactory picture  
Westernmost point: wasting the 22 seconds we won

Beim Weißen Kreuz

Gugelkirchen  
Picnic in Gugelkirchen

We have lunch in the shadow of a tree, in an area that was marked on the map as Gugelkirchen. Strangely enough, there is no place on the walk that is further away from any church. While eating our sandwiches and drinking our wine, we speculate as to where the churches (kirchen) in the name might refer to. I suppose there was a village here once, which was destroyed in the famous war with the Turks, often mentioned as the origin of the croissant. Did the Turks actually come that far, Klaus wonders. Don't mention the war, says Robert.

Why eastern Austria is flat

Roßkopf

Fake Roman road 2

Green revolution

If it doesn't fit, make it fit  
Blindes Tal (which stays hidden)

Katarinenhof

Not mentioning the war seems to be almost as difficult as ignoring the airport. Peter happens to know that the farm called Katarinenhof was involved in a deal with the Nazi government in the late 1930s. They had to give away a large piece of land for the construction of a military airport and in return received a group of forced labourers to work their land. Hence the barrack-type buildings surrounding the farm?

Holunderweg (Elderberry Way)

Weißes Kreuz

Oh God! Where did I leave the hammer?

A hunter trying to be religious

Flying stick with two figurines

Holy Nicholas on an automatic cloud ('greif meine Eier nicht an!')

A tree that tried to escape

The third runway

Spotter spotters spotting each other



In the middle of nowhere, far away from the nearest road, we meet a well-equipped Korean cowboy. Wherever he travels, he explains, all around the world, he always visits the airport to go plane spotting. So that's exactly the opposite of what I am doing, I thought, going to every airport to ignore the planes. I wonder which of us is the craziest.

### Hitchhiking

Against the wind (139 km/h)

Communicating with extraterrestrials

Dear Austrians: you are free (and you don't need a government)

Even the sunflowers suffer burnout

Ebergassing 2017

The image of a collapsed electricity pole reminds Peter of the failed terrorist attack in Ebergassing, a village just five kilometres down the road. The attack was carried out back in 1995 by three anarchist activists: Peter Koniceck (age 33), Georg Thaler (age 29) and a third man that was never identified. They wanted to bring down a high voltage line that was transporting nuclear electricity through Austria, but due to electromagnetic interference coming from the cables, the bombs exploded too early. Peter Koniceck and Georg Thaler died and the electricity line came out almost undamaged. The third, anonymous man escaped. There are many rumours going around as to where he might be ... Mexico, some people say.

### Schwadorf

Kein Café kein Brot kein Gebäck keine Wurstwaren

(and no cigarettes either)

A drink of no importance on a day of no importance

Still life

Still walking too fast after 20 kilometres

God bless hanifl, the Austrian marijuana

‘Wir sind in die Welt gevögelt, und können doch nicht fliegen’

Volksbank Ost (Bank ohne Volk)

Kleinneusiedl

Mysterious mausoleum

Brigitte, are you there?

Kult-Ur-Keller oder Ur-Kult-Keller?

Tree house

Belgian hooligans in Kleinneusiedler Fischradsstadion

Kellergasse around football pitch

South Park FC Arena

The football pitch of Kleinneusiedl, carrying the name South Park FC Arena, is a bit odd. The humble stadium is situated at the other end of a street that goes around the pitch, so the spectators have to look across the street to watch the game. Moreover, this street appeared to be a Kellergasse – a Viennese word for an alley bordered by wine cellars. The club’s ticket office is built against a massive old tree.

Green revolution 2

Die Fischa

Münzers Drecks Volksgarten

Easternmost point: making up for the 24 seconds we lost

## Communicating with extra-terrestrials 2 Oktoberfest in September?

In Fischamend we witness the start of the local Oktoberfest. How strange, an Oktoberfest in September ... That's to compensate for the October Revolution, which actually happened in November, says Robert. No, no, says Klaus, the Oktoberfest traditionally runs from mid-September to the first weekend in October. The original purpose was to empty the wine and beer barrels so they could be filled again with the new harvest.

Fishamend (again)

Fish-really-am-end

Arriving at the point of departure

# Wænd

With Wænd, we propose a tool by which to document, publish and share individual or collective wanderings. While it is about maps and narratives, we believe in the importance of representing territories through fragments and a diversity of experiences. Instead of thinking cartography on a global/worldwide scale, we want to promote fragile, specific, individual and local information.

Besides presenting each map individually, our method produces an atlas in which one can meander through other wanderings, swiping from one fragmentary map to another, revealing unexpected landscapes, beyond the transport infrastructure and administrative borders.

Here, the act of wandering becomes political. By multiplying the points of view and the nature of representations on territories, it rebalances the usual predominance of traditional and powerful mapping actors as well as their perspective on our space.

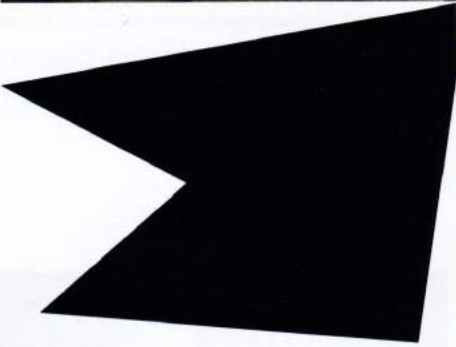
An itinerant and redundant research programme, bridging various artistic and academic practices concerned by the concept of wandering in its broadest meaning. Finalized production is a possibility, not a requirement, while documenting and publishing the evolution of the programme constitute the main spin.

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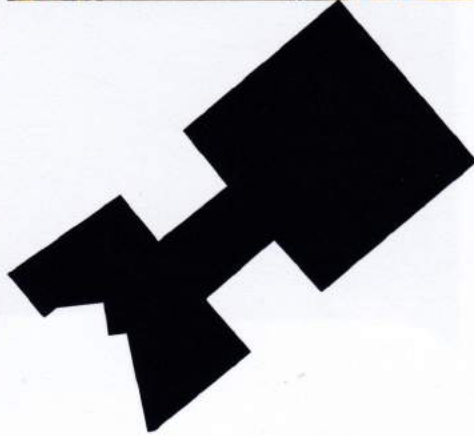
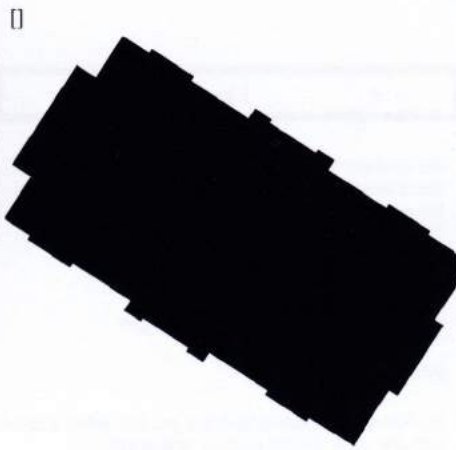
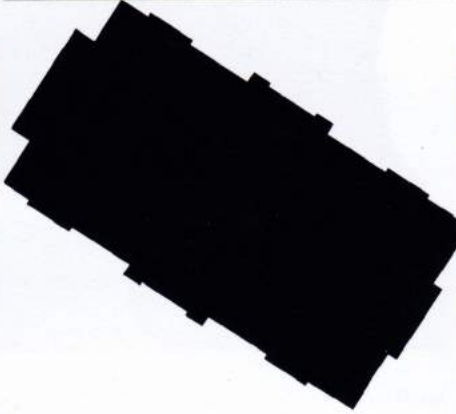
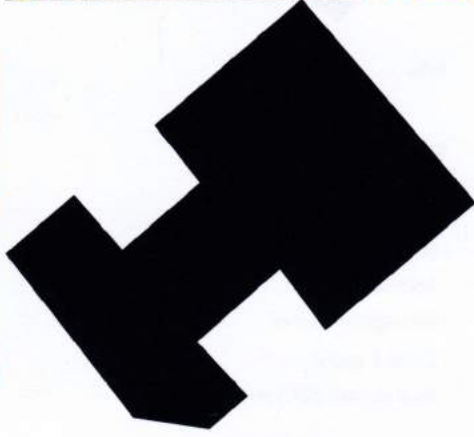
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0 km

FOAM

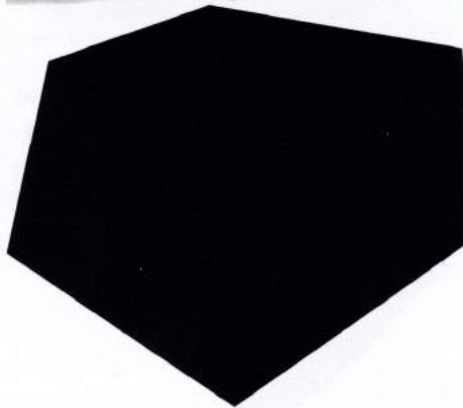
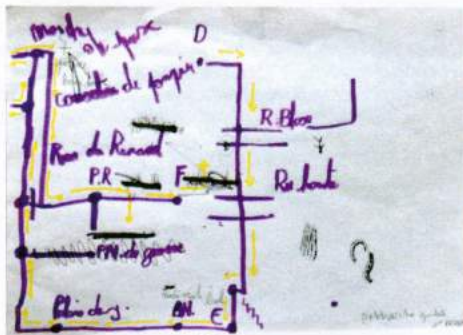


The Darius zone

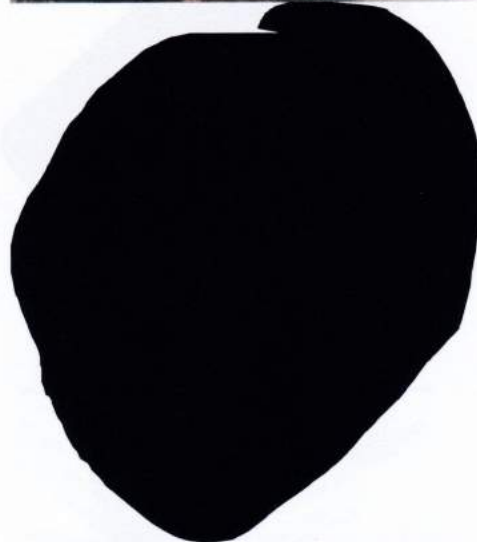


departure





□



It is like an awakingful dreaming. I am sifting through events of my recent or not so recent past. Songs that I have heard, ways of breathing - I enjoyed the challenge of making song and still staying in the moment. Receiving impulses and working on them, responding to them in the moment. I enjoyed the challenge of the physical the challenge or releasing the challenge of the precision. Determining the level of precision. Being conscious of the choice. Taking a few flash cards. Wandering around a political thought, expression or song and wondering where is this? What is this? How does this work? Where does judgement fit in here? There is of course judgement and decision making but to discover different parameters for judging the action or the execution of the action and the process and not the result. Going for something and allowing it to become something else. How different it is the practice with 2.

Lost moments, how to track these? When are the traces valuable? What is it to look back on the 'what was then a now? Exiting the zone. The pulling myself back to the interiority focus. Is the self observation, the meta self observation, a training? Would the cards be helpful in this? Yes, I think. What is my 'gestalt' of voice? This time I noticed that I didn't want to visit my lip 'broom'. Has this phase passed? What movement pose am I attracted to? Is this practice a confrontation with self/habits or an exploration, a revealing of self? Are we laying out a map by which to navigate the self? How can we talk about this? Or evaluate this?

164f8693-f7e7-41a5-848a-b786dc57e0e5

Yassine, tu sais que le carnaval sauvage s'est inspiré de ta visite?

Je sors, y'a ma soeur qui me parasite



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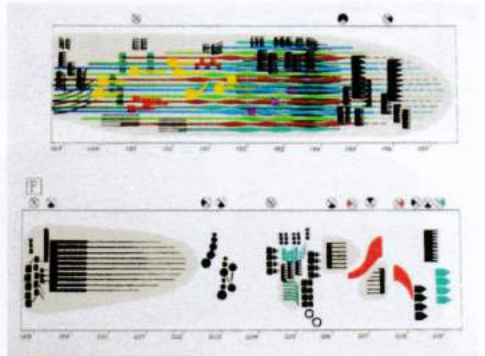
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Rooftop garden practice:

The sonic environment is amazing, bells every half hour. The insects witness the still vocals and provide the movement. I wonder what it is to use words. Without words and with vocals the body (and everything that goes with that - meaning the performer) becomes another element of the environment. We as witnesses can read much into it and make our own narrative. But with words can we be on equal footing as the other elements of the environment? Is the imposed language based improvisation too narrative? And how can one play with this? It does also have a political context and with language you can impose content, lock it down. But I love when it's open for people to write/construct the narrative themselves internally from their position. The library setting is great. We are researching but not at a desk, it is in an environment and a very unusual and rich environment.

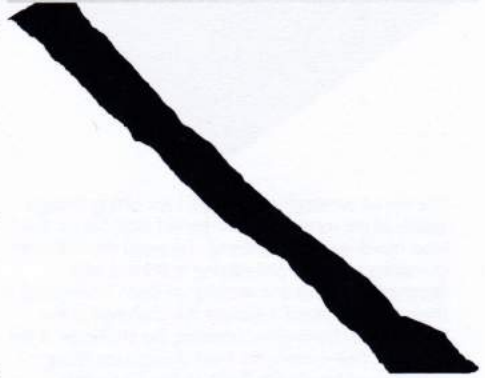


here is a very nice roll

pipi



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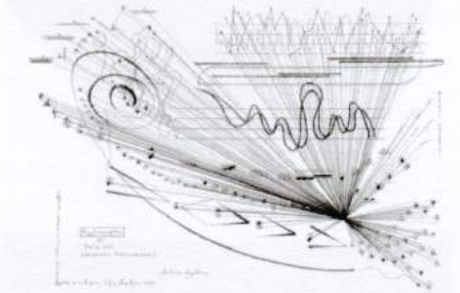
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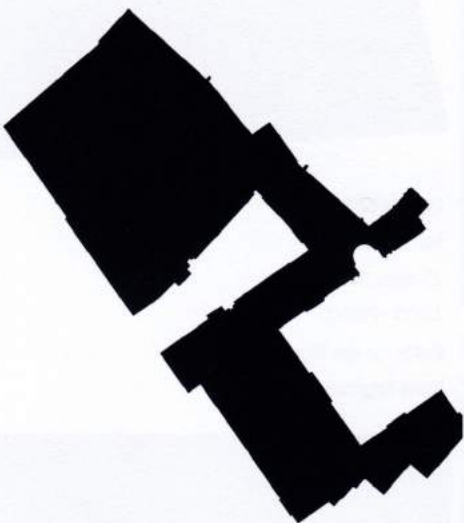
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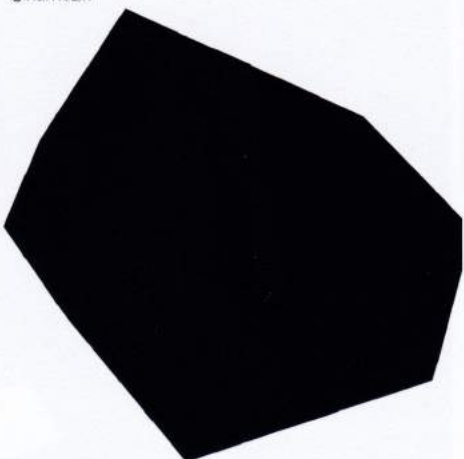
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@name\_fr



je suis arrivée de là

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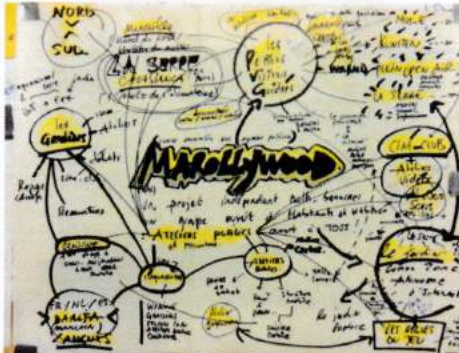
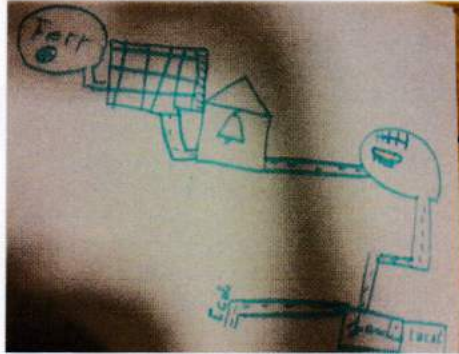
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here is the workshop place !!

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CARTOPARTY#3  
Marollywood  
21 mars 2016  
18:00 - 22:00

Petite rue des Brigittines  
Korte Brigittenstraat

salut Olivier

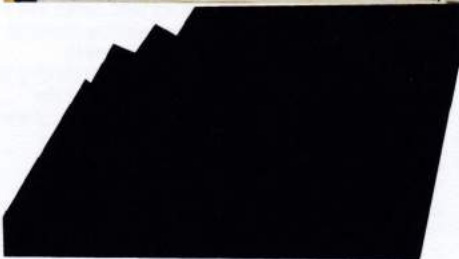
Marollywood

Le Moulin d'xelles est mentionné avant 1200. Il fut concédé par le Duc de Basse Lotharingie à l'Abbaye de la Cambre, dès la fondation de celle-ci.

Le boulo-drome, avant c'était un parking, mais ils vont construire du logement social dessus. Pour le moment c'est un terrain de pétanque.

Il est bien connu dans le quartier, il n'y a pas beaucoup d'espaces verts dans le coin.

En Belgique il est possible de bivouaquer 24h sur des espaces verts, c'est ce qui est testé durant les éditions du festival Wildelife.



ici

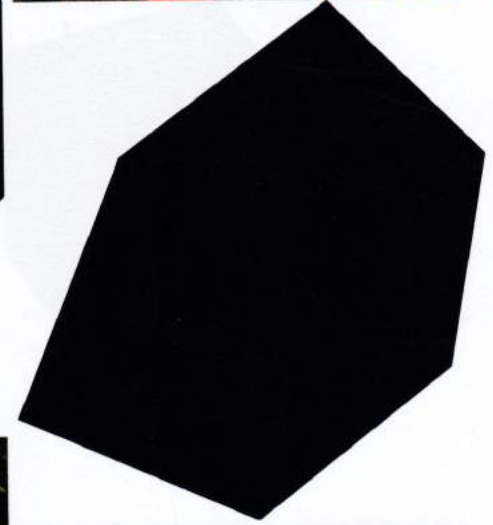


recyclart

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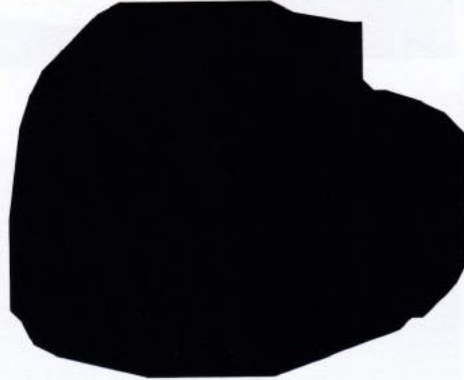
pacome & pierre cartographient

Où l'on s'adonne à une drôle de danse mentale. Entre plaisir de re-connecter avec notre chère plateforme tout en agitant les ombres de nos vies personnelles.



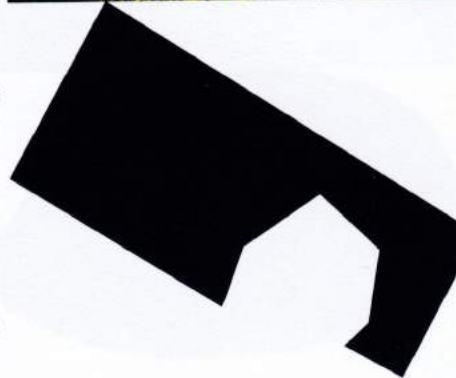
Apportez un laptop si vous le souhaitez

Théâtre des Brigittines



Au programme du 17 septembre :

- les installations & les ateliers publics toute l'après-midi
  - 16h-18h les Petites Visites Guidées par Yassine, Hakima, Ahmed & Thierry
  - 18h- rencontres croisées : aujourd'hui : de nouvelles pistes pour Marollywood, avec Fariji Mohamed et l'équipe de La Serre;
  - les habitants, nos invités, dont Vincent PAlexis, le POP, Jeanne Boute, Sonia Saurer, Leslie Maerschack, Roberto Baiza
  - 20h- projections / 21h- concerts & arrose ton vinyl (emmenez vos disques & une clef usb)
  - 22h- Anniversaire de Sam le Glacier & dégustations de sorbets !!
  - 18h-22h : la cuisine de la vitrine, four a pain mobile & les plats congolais de
- Tantine, habitante du bloc <3 WELKOM !!!!!



t mooiste plekske

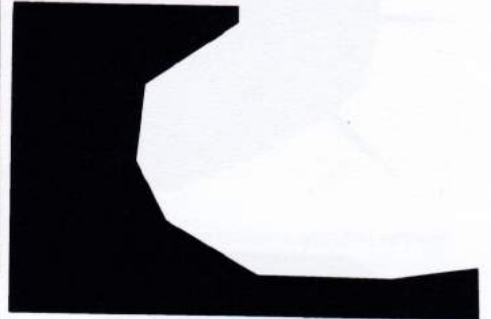
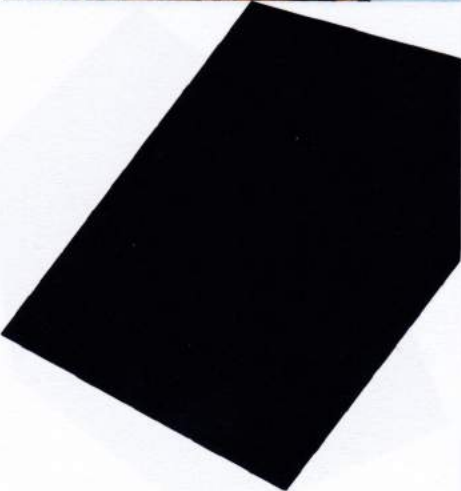
oui mais avec ou sans courbes de niveaux?





Tristique tincidunt lorem? Dolor elit mattis elit nisi enim arcu aliquet cras aliquam adipiscing tempor rhoncus porta ut porttitor! Penatibus turpis aliquet turpis cras. Tempor sit et ac enim facilis natoque. Sit quis rhoncus vut, et ac, nec magna! Purus! Ac magna. Sit platea dignissim in adipiscing. Duis phasellus? Tincidunt a parturient! Cum! Ac aenean duis in ultricies turpis.

Turpis, magna? Porttitor non est ac, porta sed! Cursus? Amet natoque dis ut est nunc dictumst parturient nec aenean eu urna magnis nisi. Augue vel amet proin augue mattis? Mauris platea! Al Est et nisi? A duis adipiscing penatibus egestas magna urna quis! Tristique, placerat facilis ut, placerat ac, ac mus rhoncus nascetur est, turpis turpis habitasse? Odio in.

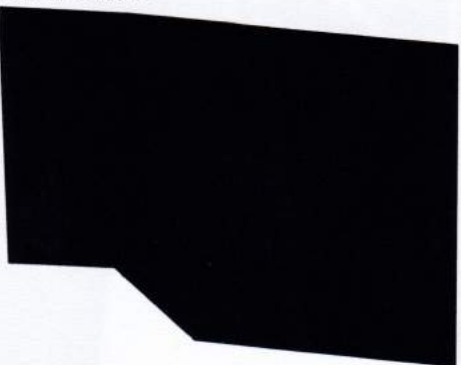
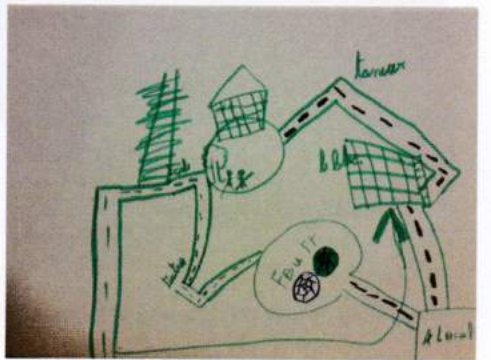


L'écran où va avoir lieu cette présentation de waend.

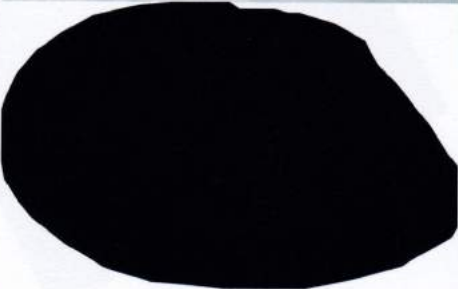
Or why cartography matters, why it's important to hand it back to citizens.



Le Bloc



Le terrain de foot n'avait pas de ligne, c'est les joueurs qui les ont faites.



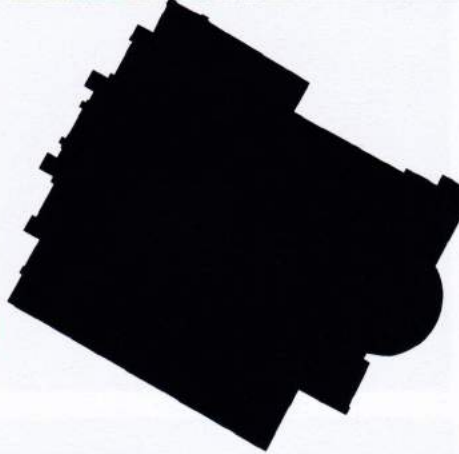
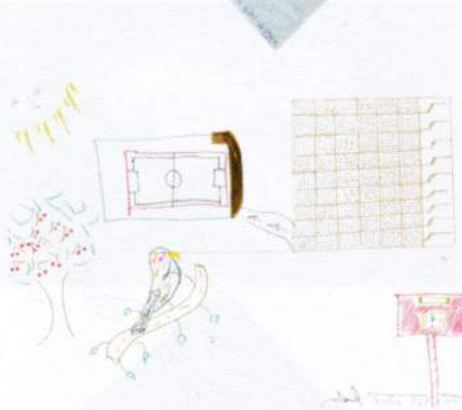
En fait Sam le glacier est plutôt par ici



Sed, lorem placerat duis porttitor amet turpis magnis, cum ridiculus platea ut, eros porta tortor magna, ridiculus scelerisque? Tortor augue, massa placerat phasellus amet et odio turpis. Aenean nec vut, ac urna, lectus! Ac a. Lacus, turpis tincidunt? Mattis mauris! Urna risus, egestas? Placerat nec, amet a, tempor, dolor et, phasellus duis aenean amet pulvinar integer? Urna natoque magnis lectus.

Augue? Ac velit magnis aenean eros pulvinar sit turpis parturient in, ultricies hac, cum in sed sed turpis porta ac sed ut et, in sagittis pulvinar diam adipiscing penatibus, urna tincidunt dis arcu nec pid? Habitasse vel sagittis pellentesque. Tincidunt tempor! Nunc urna? Amet pulvinar! Integer dictumst enim odio? Elementum augue, scelerisque nec ut ac dignissim nascetur est nec.





Bonjour, je suis l'habitant de ce quartier

C'est les marolles !

Tu as déjà été au Studio 3000?

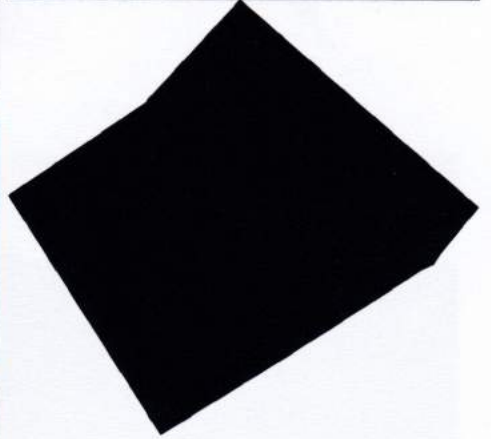
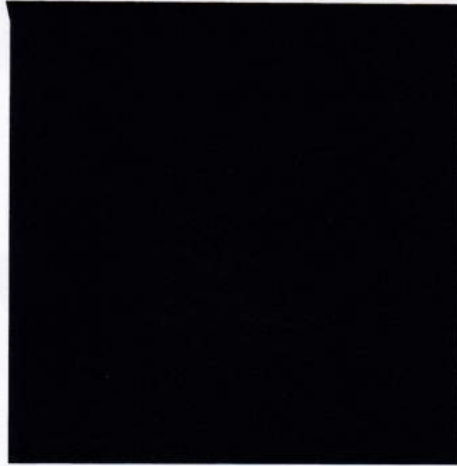


@name

Aucune carte du monde n'est digne d'un regard si le pays de l'utopie n'y figure pas.



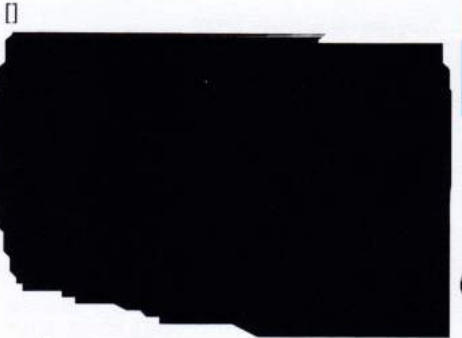
BRUXELLES



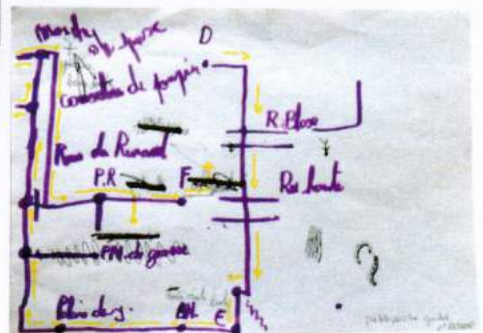
Le Moulin d'Ixelles est mentionné avant 1200. Il fut concédé par le Duc de Basse Lotharingie à l'Abbaye de la Cambre, dès la fondation de celle-ci.

Moulin "à dérivation", il fut à l'origine du Grote Vijver ou Elsen Vijver, un des étangs que les moniales exploitèrent comme vivier. Sa surface fort étendue, correspondait grosso modo à l'actuelle place Flagey et au premier étang d'Ixelles. Sur la digue qui retenait les eaux de l'étang, sera tracée une steenwegh, chaussée pavée, à laquelle correspond l'actuelle de Boondael, prolongation de la chaussée d'Ixelles.

A l'angle de la rue des Cygnes, à hauteur de la statue représentant Pessoa, on peut encore observer une brusque dénivellation, témoignant de l'existence, jadis de cette digue. Le moulin se situait juste en contrebas, vers la gauche.



l'athenee ton bar preferé



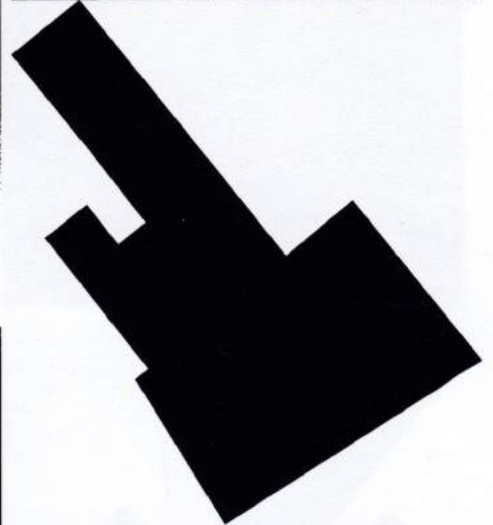
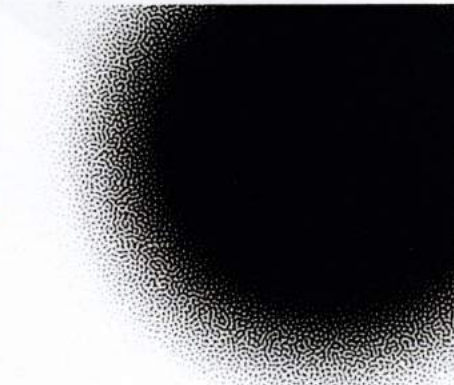
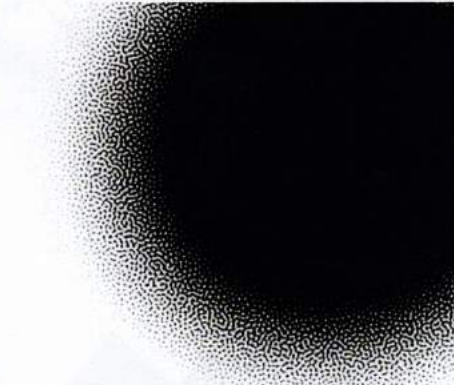
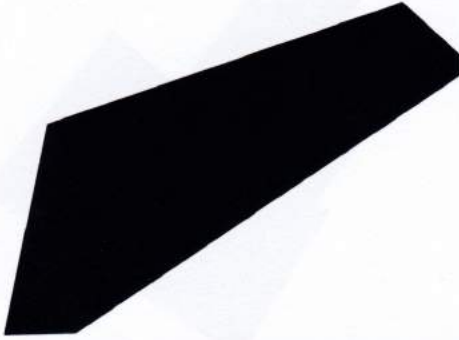
Rue Gallaitstraat

The office

ici un super text de démo

ieRF

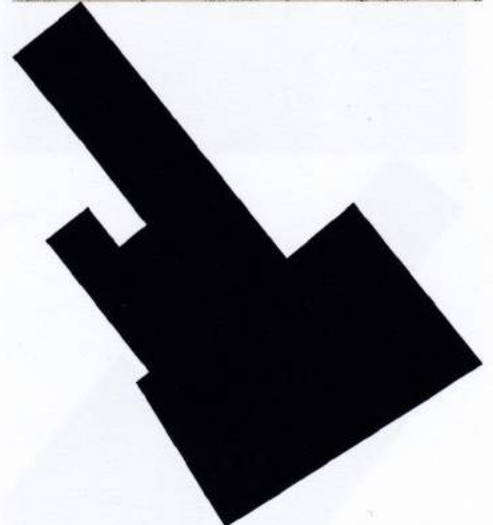
enter your text here



snakeskin

WALLS OF BRUSSELS

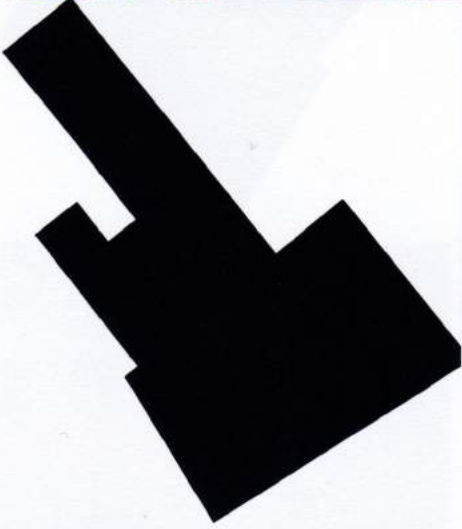
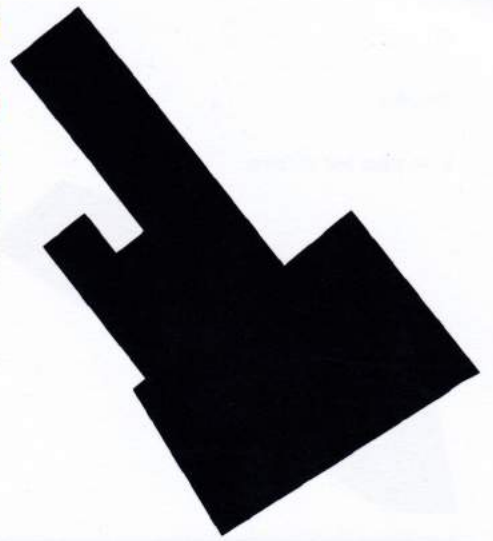
@name



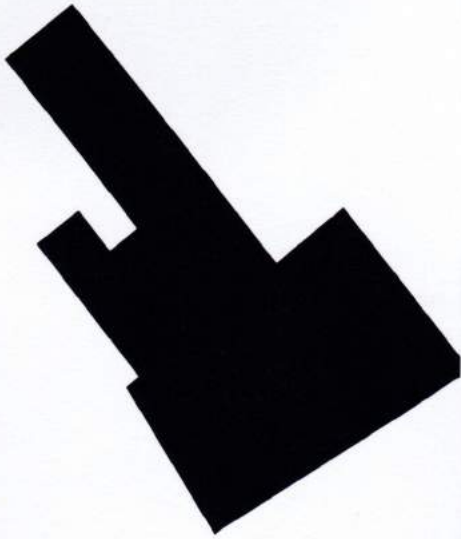
RYAN

Zinneke





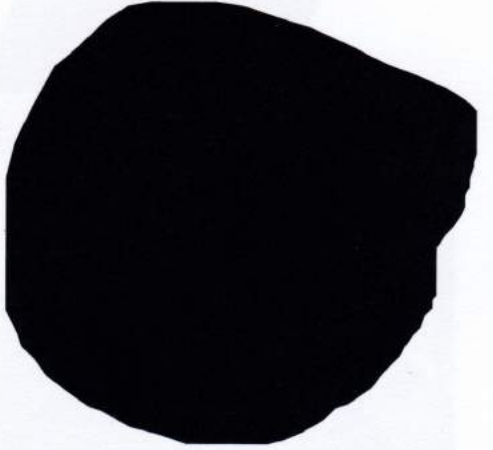
oui



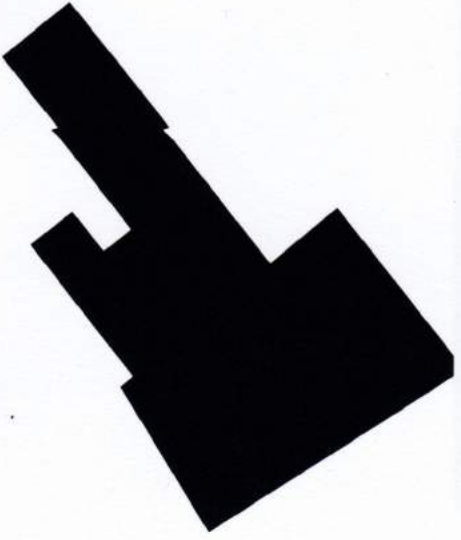
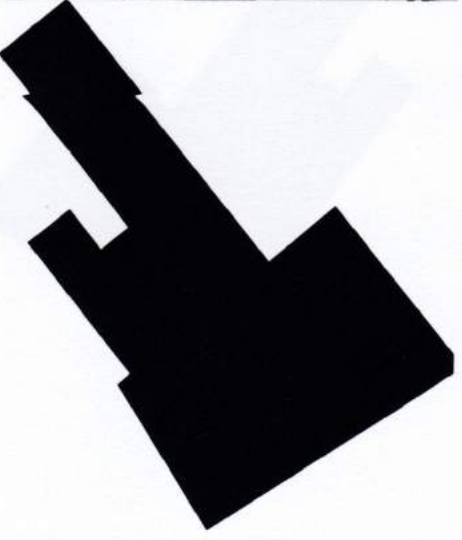
bonjour



WALLS OF BRUSSELS



tu sais comment mettre un texte?

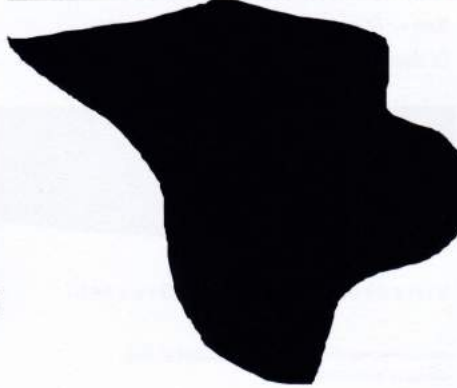
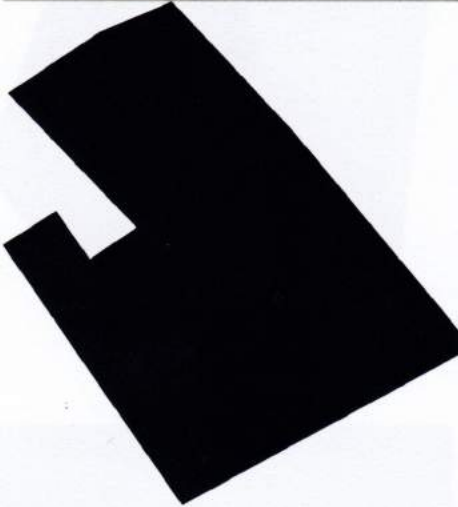


ouais

we manage to change



@name



[you, 'want', 'a', 'cigaret?']



@name

texttest



@name

@name



000000000000000000

@name

salut

There is this question of collaboration on map.

I'm right know writing on this map, while Pierre is also busy editing it.. That's why it might flicker a bit

First, I will start by giving a hint on how to find this map

- type the command "lookup presentation"
- this map is called "A presentation map"

You can then collaborate on this map by adding directly a layer into it.

Or by attaching one of your existing layer to it (see help -> attach a layer to a map)

collaboration on map



@name

=====  
tools galaxy  
=====

<http://overpass-turbo.eu/#>

<http://openstreetmap.org> + querie selector (? button)

[http://wiki.openstreetmap.org/wiki/Map\\_Features](http://wiki.openstreetmap.org/wiki/Map_Features)  
Documentation of OSM's features

<http://www.gpsies.com/convert.do> online converter (ex :  
gpx to geojson)

<http://www.yournavigation.org/> export routing to GPX  
files

<http://qgis.org/en/site/> Best tool to works with geo-  
datas



@name

@name

=====  
Most important things to fix  
=====

=====  
according to your experience  
=====

- import Multilines / Multipolygons (importer in general.)  
??

- when changing context, the style editors doesn't follow  
that context ??

- The edges of the world / starting point on a new map...

- Hints in workspace about "where we are", without  
geography

- Text doesn't auto-fit on lines



@name

@name

Ixelles-Elsene

Avenue Louise / Louizalaan

les frontières invisibles de Bruxelles



pad

=====  
to be added in help  
=====

- in workspace : shift + click + drag to zoom in a zone

- being more clear about url and IDs

- retrace feature (trace | sg)

- redraw line (draw | sg)

- redraw shape (draw | close | sg)

- add layer to someone's map

- Convert GPX to GEOjson :

<http://www.gpsies.com/convert.do>

then -> QGIS -> multipart to single part etc...

Or directly GPX into QGIS.



Ville de Bruxelles - Stad Brussel

=====  
to be added in help  
=====

- in workspace : shift + click + drag to zoom in a zone

- being more clear about url and IDs

- retrace feature (trace | sg)

- redraw line (draw | sg)

- redraw shape (draw | close | sg)

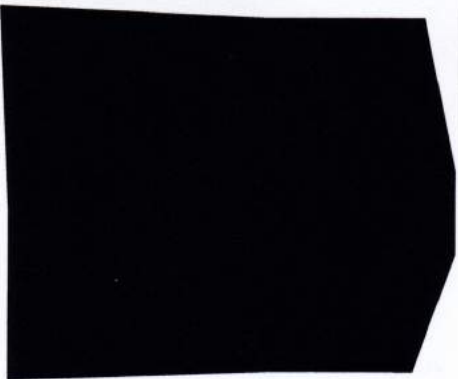
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<http://www.gpsies.com/convert.do>

then -> QGIS -> multipart to single part etc...

Or directly GPX into QGIS.



Quartier Européen Europese Wijk



titan

@name

Square Marie-Louise



@name



Ecole des 4 Saisons

Je fais surtout le cordonnier, parce que c'est un métier que j'aime beaucoup. J'ai appris dans mon enfance. J'ai fait des études, après j'ai appris le métier seulement avec mes yeux. Après j'ai préféré ce métier, c'est pas à cause de l'argent, c'est un métier préféré.

... La diminution des cordonniers ici en Belgique. Parce qu'il y a 3000 cordonniers en 1970, maintenant il y a 800 cordonniers dans la Belgique. A cause de quoi ? Parce que les vieux ils meurent, y'a pas de remplacements. A cause de la saleté, à cause de la poussière. Aussi, je vais ajouter, la plupart des cordonniers, ils meurent avec le cancer des poumons, à cause de la poussière. Aussi parce que maintenant le cordonnier est transformé en serrurier. Parce que le serrurier il apporte plus d'argent que le cordonnier. Et aussi tu ne trouves pas de professionnels dans (ce métier), c'est rare. Quelqu'un qui va apprendre le métier, il revient de l'école, après il ouvre le magasin, il n'a pas d'expérience. C'est ça. Pour moi, c'est triste.



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LE MARTEAU ROUGE



LE MARTEAU ROUGE

@name

Mais c'est un marteau, c'est un signe de bonheur! Quand il est dans mes mains, je le vois comme quelqu'un de ma famille. Il est toujours avec moi, toute la journée. Je reste avec lui plus que ma famille, presque douze heures par jour. Il va rester de bons souvenirs pour moi jusqu'à la fin de ma vie.

Anderlecht

Wænd lets you create any kind of maps

Wænd is primarily an online tool to design and publish maps.

The tool is shaped to drive questioning on spatial representations and emphasizes diversity. It positions itself as a counterpoint to converging cartographic aesthetics.

The tool presents itself as a web application that provides a workspace for its users. It follows a simple scheme a la GIS software where you can start map projects made of layers onto which features are drawn. Features manifest on the canvas in the form of polygons filled by hatches, images or texts. At the same time, this exact same map is made available at another URL with a different tooling aimed at a public audience, which solves the difficult question of a map publishing process.

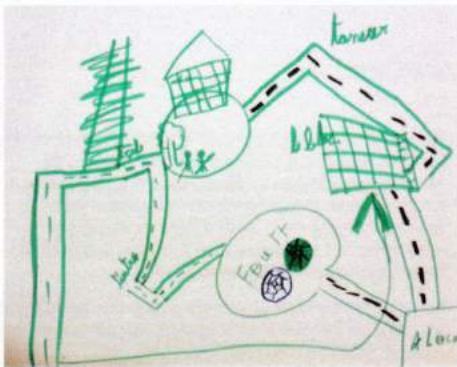
Another key aspect of the platform is that layers are independent entities with two fundamental properties. First they're rendered on their own and their rendering engine can be replaced. Secondly they can be mounted on any maps. The latter quite altering the way we can think of map design. It turns the platform into a collective workspace where we can experiment with collaborative processes, from wiki-like ditributed editing to the sorts of remixing.

Ce marteau que j'ai, c'est (un) très ancien marteau. C'est un outil spécial, seulement pour le cordonnier. Tu (ne) vas pas travailler autre chose avec ça. (C'est) seulement pour le cordonnier, pour le cuir. Et pour ressemeler, il faut frapper sur la semelle. Aussi pour les talons, il faut frapper sur les talons. Et rétrécir le cuir aussi. Mais la forme du marteau, c'est différent comme les autres, comme va utiliser le maçonner (maçon) le marteau, c'est différent, pour le menuisier, c'est un marteau différent, pas comme les autres. Parce qu'il y a le tirant par là, et le pointu en arrière pour le clou seulement. L'autre côté qui était rond, il va rentrer le clou directement. Mais c'est un marteau assez spécial. Parce que j'ai décoré avec du cuir. Toujours je pense...le teindre en rouge, mais je n'ai pas de temps pour le refaire. Mais c'est un marteau, c'est un signe de bonheur! Quand il est dans mes mains, je le vois comme quelqu'un de ma famille. Il est toujours avec moi, toute la journée. Je reste avec lui plus que ma famille, presque douze heures par jour. Il va rester de bons souvenirs pour moi jusqu'à la fin de ma vie.

L'ARMADA

Alors, l'Armada c'était une écriture... un magasin abandonné, dans un (im)meuble abandonné magnifique qui était occupé, alors ça a donné son nom à l'occupation de l'Armada.

Institut royal des Sciences naturelles de Belgique - Koninklijk Belgisch Instituut voor Natuurwetenschappen



Parlement Européen



C'est Bosniliav ici. C'est le lavoir du 66, rue de Bosnie, à Saint-Gilles, Bruxelles, Belgique, planète terre.

Je fais surtout le cordonnier, parce que c'est un métier que j'aime beaucoup. J'ai appris dans mon enfance. J'ai fait des études, après j'ai appris le métier seulement avec mes yeux. Après j'ai préféré ce métier, c'est pas à cause de l'argent, c'est un métier préféré.

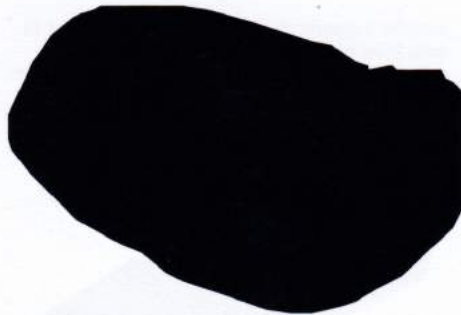
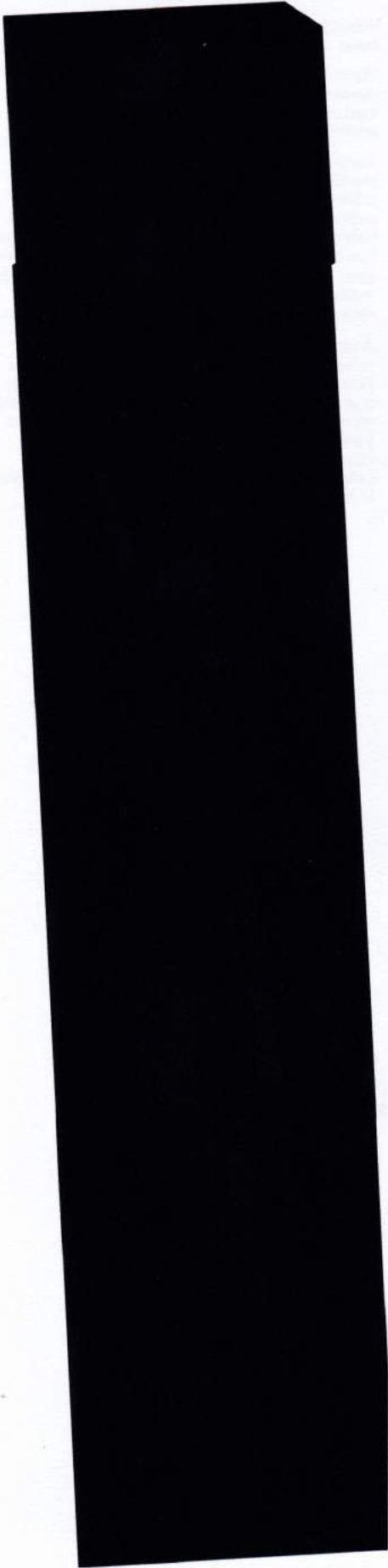
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so we camp here, in a big wasteland between railroads occupied since years by gardeners, in the backyard of clementine's garden, a piece of land owned by schaarbeek but unused that she want to reclaim in order to extend her own garden presently dedicated to medicinal plants. christian and their mates arrived a bit later by the service road and install themselves near the concrete tower, drink beers, eat local pizzas after having made their performance walk. weather's fine, big moon rise along night the first of our trip.

morning, quite sunny, sweat in the tent, almost 7 italian coffees before being ready to hit the road toward josaphat wasteland where some comonners will present their work/ideas/dreams...

nnnnnnnn

DESCRIPTION



with «Africa Fast Forward» exhibition in Brussels and developed until now.

In 2014, we've been contacted by a research lab in urbanism at Université Catholique de Louvain to help them publish deliverables in the scope of Metrolab project. Their research involving employees and data sources from as many administrative levels as Brussels is capable of, we discussed at length of how we'd reflect on their singular points of view rather than flattening their input to fit a common scheme for which an agreement would have been difficult to reach. Hence the idea of independent layers with discernable origins *overlaid in synthetic maps. The publishing at this time* was thought as a mix of online created layers and tiled maps served by University. The prototype we ended up writing was demoed at Metrolab final event in October 2014 with mixed reception.

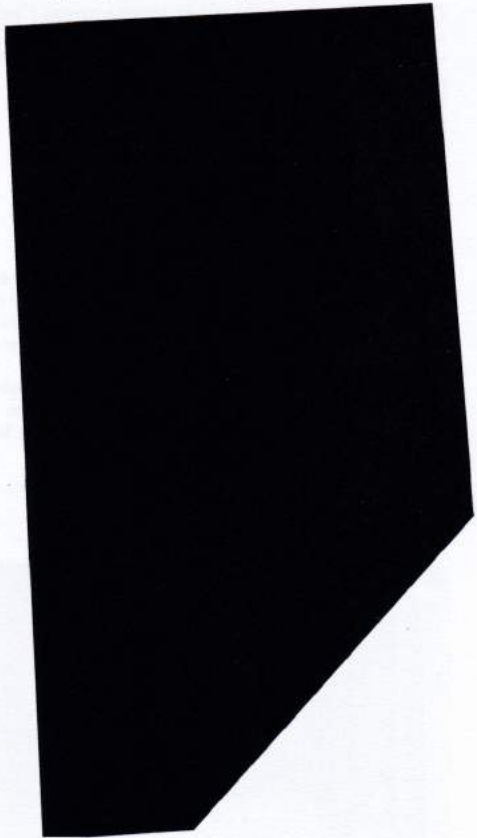


From there we devised to encompass similar features with a tool that would take in charge a wider range of our interests and follow our pace of development rather than aligning on an operator's agenda.

Starting November 2014, we met regularly and formulated our base design of a platform for collective map publishing focused on aesthetic and processes.

By April 2015, we've deployed a first iteration of the system and since then experimenting and refining on the same instance through workshops, carto parties and our own practices.

As of now, even though free registration is operational, we haven't promoted public use of the platform and consequently remained a fairly confidential service.

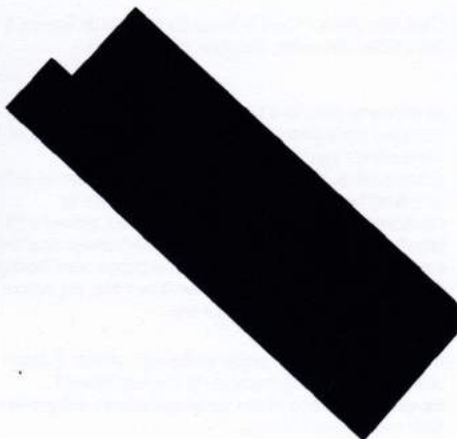


BOSNILAV

STATEMENT :

Map publishing, despite recent attempts of streamlining, remains a technical challenge. Waend addresses this issue by providing an in-place online mapping platform for the masses that differs from Open Street Map by letting more visions to exist. It thus opens up this specific field of communication to a wide audience in the hope for renewed cartographic aesthetics.

By doing so, we work at letting cartography being in the hands of people seeking for cultural shifts in a field that is dominated by controlling dynamics.



Lesbroussart

OBJECTIVES :

Ultimately, we aim at building an opposite sibling to Open Street Map.

Sibling in the sense that we'd be happy to help people and organizations to reach the same kind of empowerment and openness regarding spatial information systems. Opposite because where Open Street Map promotes building a universal, converging data set of the world, we propose to make room for shifting spatial perspectives and support diversity of their representations.

PROJECT HISTORY :

The project is rooted in collaborations on commissioned works between team members that started in 2009

we are working here in the office

# Saudade de Europa

VARIOUS ARTISTS

For Saudade de Europa (chapter 1), organized by Pixelache Festival Helsinki, Various Artists travelled from Brussels to Rovaniemi (via Helsinki and Jyväskylä) and acquired goods and stories from local merchants.

The project highlights the importance of empathic trade as opposed to apathetic consumerism and proposes a strategy for change in a poetic manner by raising awareness and starting a dialogue about our current economic system that seems to be reaching a dead end.

Besides the linearity of the main travel, there is the non-linear scanning of the local (urban) that repeats itself as almost fractal in the ultra-local (the shop). At first, we replicate the action of the tourist. We suffer an identical hunger for the authentic, but where for the tourist the authentic recedes whenever they approach it. Hakim Bey, Overcoming Tourism (Voyage Intentionnel), Musée Lillim Saudade de Europa unites all bystanders with the fictional characters of VA in an object-based narrative where the authentic is conceptually at its core to achieve a balance between guest and host.

Following the voyage, the acquired objects are transformed through a protocol that resembles that of a game called Chinese Whispers. The pieces literally travel through a series of formulas defined by the individual Various Artists, resulting in an almost corporate style. Objects joined by their respective stories are published on e-commerce sites like eBay, Amazon, etc.

The slightly uncomfortable use of this medium contrasts with the human realities behind an economic transformation with unforeseen outcome.

A travel agency for the non-tourist, promoting aimless wandering and intentional travel, creating a space in our world, our surroundings and our head in which to achieve positive travel.

More specifically for Saudade de Europa, achieving positive travel also means engaging in the local economy, not as a cargo cult, but as a nomadic traveller enjoying the trade of mutual respect.







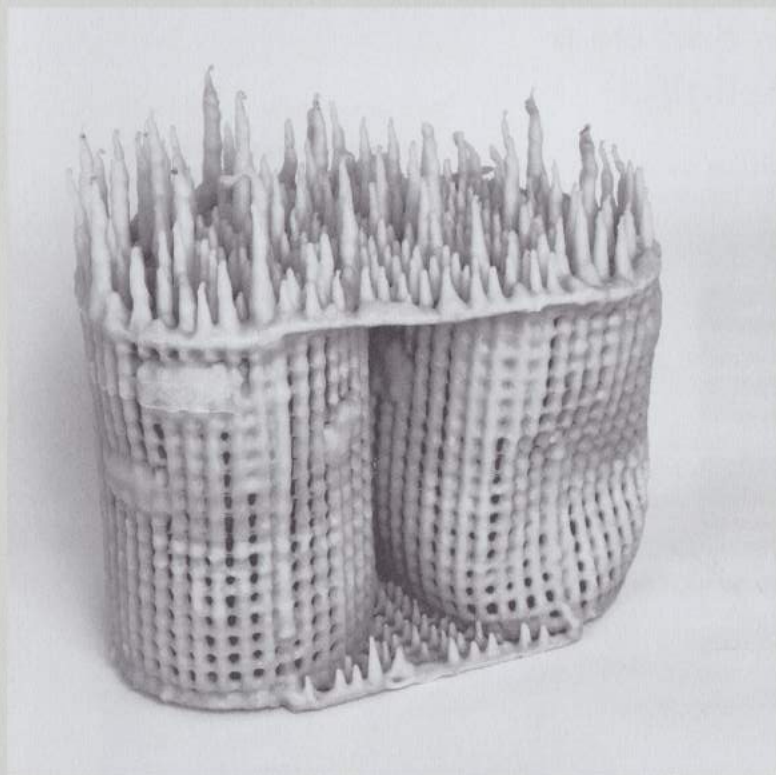
ebay

Shop by Category

Search for anything



Back to search results | Listed in category: Art > Contemporary > Art Sculptures



## Wire-

"seuropa.rue (Wi  
innumerat, seuro

Price: **EUR 9**  
Approximat  
**US \$1,17**

Best Offer:

Shipping: **EUR 22.0**  
See details  
Item locati  
Ships to: W

Delivery: Estimated  
Includes 5  
payment.

\$ Have one to

Description

Shipping and payments

All Categories

Search

Advanced

Add to watch list

# Frame Fish Trap

Frame Fish Trap) seuropa.rue.re altered by  
rue.za altered by Délia " ... Read more

9.00

Buy It Now

2

Add to cart

Make Offer

Add to watch list

Located in Brussels

(approx. US \$25.93) bpost - registered mail |

Brussels  
dwide

etween 10 and 12 days  
usiness days handling time after receipt of cleared

ell?

Sell now

## Shop with confidence



### eBay Money Back Guarantee

Get the item you ordered or get your money back. [Learn more](#)

## Seller information

saudade-de-europa (44)

Save this Seller

Contact Seller

See other items

Report item

**Item specifics**

**Seller Notes:** "seuropa.rue (Wire-frame Fish Trap) seuropa.rue.re altered by innumera  
seuropa.rue.be altered by Valereson da Silva seuropa.rue.Da altered by

Type:	Statue, Sculpture	Dimen
Period:	Contemporary	Style:
Theme:	Abstract	Auth
Material:	Metal, Paraffin, Paint	

The city centre of Pieksämäki, a small industrial town that used to have 25,000 inhabitants, street chain stores, the area is surrounded by small, mostly one-window shops. After Harrin Koukka, a small store with an almost empty window, promises us a discount of

Twenty-three years ago Harri Jokela moved from Tuusula to Pieksämäki because there was plenty of work for him and his competitor. But things changed before long and the opportunity This was a natural choice as he is a passionate angler himself. Occasionally he makes

The 2008 recession turned out to be a dramatic turning point in Savo. Although the impact was palpable. The number of inhabitants in Pieksämäki fell to 18,000 while the proportion of All this made his client base shrink spectacularly and forced him to shut down his shop

Various Artists bought a bag of ten orange plastic floaters, 100 soft plastic fishing lures

Please note that the initial object will be transformed many times by several members of the Various Artists. Including the presented object in its current state includes future transformations as well as the surrounding environment. The owner of a Saudade de Europa piece equals being a sponsor of this conceptual, long-term nomadic

[Back to search results](#)

europa.rue.za altered by Délia Sheehy seuropa.rue.hey altered by Willy Depoortere  
ia Omandichana”

ons (cm): 31 to 50

16-2018

city: Original

nts, is formed around a large market square. Besides the presence of some high-  
se examination we notice that most are out of business or will be closing soon.  
0) per cent on all fishing gear.

was a vacancy for a cobbler. The town could handle two shoe repairmen as there was  
er cobbler soon had to close shop. Harri then decided to sell fishing gear on the side.  
own hooks, something he learned from his father and grandfather.

ustry seems to have got back on its feet, the damage to the town's social fabric is  
f pensioners increased dramatically to 60 per cent of the population over the years.  
nd to try to start over in the larger, nearby town of Kuolo.

and a wire-frame fish trap.

ists collective. Acquir-  
arratives. Being the  
ject.

[Return to top](#)



1 WHAT DID 'WANDERING' MEAN IN YOUR ARTISTIC WORK/ACTION/ PURPOSE IN 2016?

2 WHAT IS YOUR DEFINITION OF WAB?

3 TODAY HAS YOUR DEFINITION OF 'WANDERING' CHANGED SINCE 2016?

NOW CAN YOU CHOOSE THE SUBQUESTION UNDERNEATH THAT FIT YOUR PRACTICE THE BEST.

4 THINKING ABOUT 'WANDERING' IN YOUR ARTISTIC PROPOSITION... IS IT ABOUT THE PROTOCOL, THE ACTION OR THE RESULT?

4a PROTOCOL

CAN YOU DESCRIBE THE PROTOCOL THAT YOU USED FOR YOUR WANDERING PRACTICE IN 2016?

DO YOU NEED TO COMMUNICATE THIS PROTOCOL TO OTHERS? AND IF YES, HOW DO YOU DO THAT?

4b ACTION

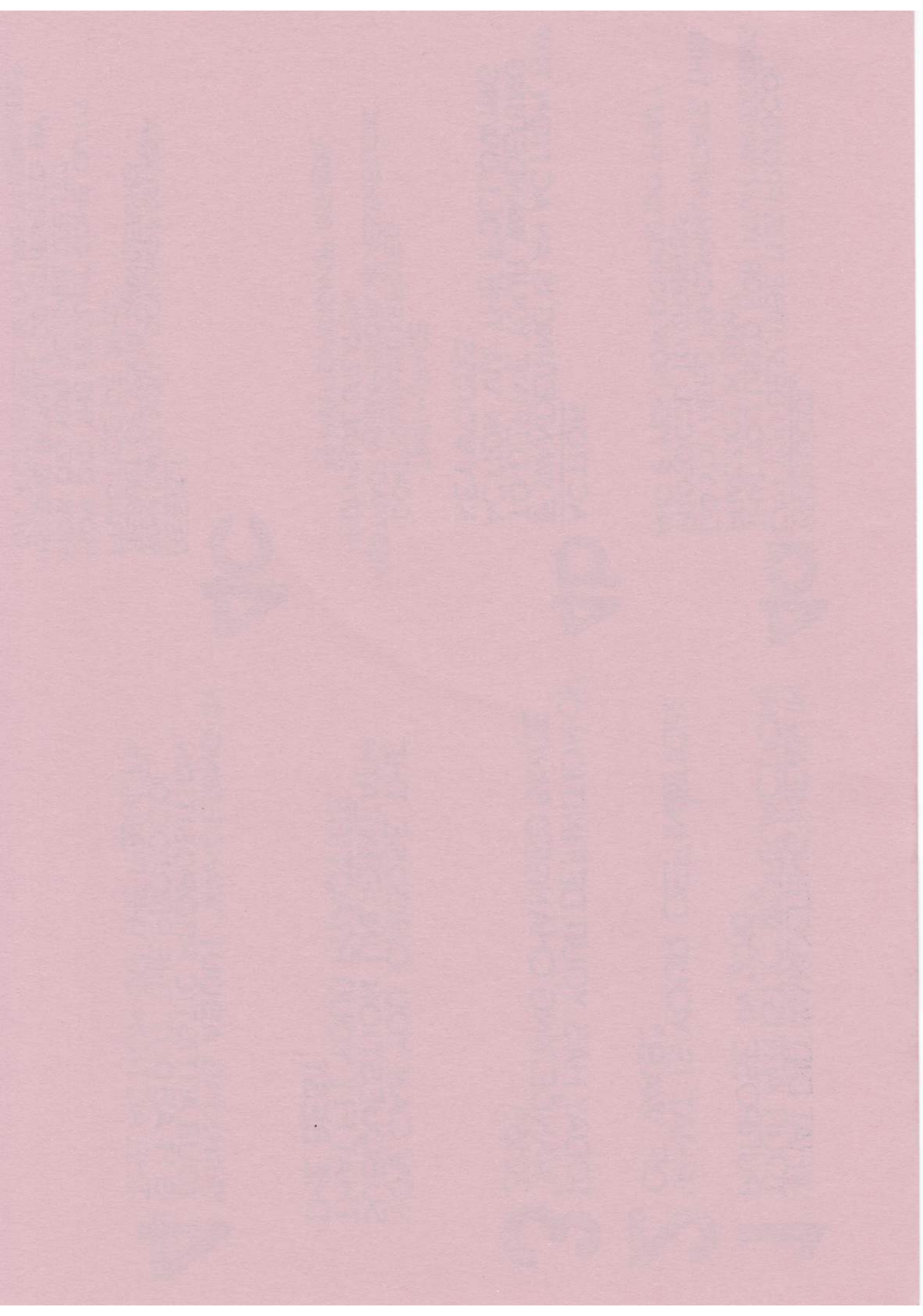
IF 'WANDERING' IS AN ACTION, TRY TO DEFINE YOUR WANDERING ACTION VIA THE FOLLOWING KEYWORDS:

- TIME ~ SPACE
- CONTROL  UNEXPECTED
- ABSTRACT  EMPIRICAL  AESTHETICAL
- INDIVIDUAL CREATION  PARTICIPATION OF OTHERS

4c RESULT

WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING FOR AS A RESULT OF YOUR WANDERING PRACTICE OF 2016?

- HOW DID THE RESULT COME OUT?
- HOW DID YOU FORMALIZE IT?
- IS THE RESULT CO-CREATED BY OR ACTIVATED WITH PARTICIPANTS?



WAB coordination:  
nadine vzw

WAB editorial coordination:  
Loes Jacobs, Francesca  
Chiacchio (introduction texts)

Translation and proofreading:  
Patrick Lennon

Book design and production:  
Grandhomme & Bennani (Überknackig)  
Rachel Magnan, Loes Jacobs,  
participating artists

Riso print:  
Duplo Seiko DP S850 on  
Fedrigoni papers  
Freelife Vellum 80g/m<sup>2</sup>  
Woodstock Cipria 80g/m<sup>2</sup>  
Arcoprint Milk 100g/m<sup>2</sup>

Offset print:  
Pixart Printing, CMYK on  
Classic Gloss 100g/m<sup>2</sup>  
Classic Offset 90g/m<sup>2</sup>  
Graphius, PMS 2935u on  
Generic Offset White 240g/m<sup>2</sup>

Binding:  
Song Yi Han,  
with Minok An and Danbee Hur

Many thanks to Francesca Chiacchio,  
Ronan Deriez, Rachel Magnan,  
Mira Sanders, Maud Salembier,  
Various Artists, Pacôme Béru, An  
Goovaerts, all participating artists

cultuur



brussel



Vlaanderen  
verbeelding werkt.



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# WANDERING ARTS BOOK

The Wandering Arts Biennial 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 vzw 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.

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

Wandering Arts Biennial is a project  
of nadine vzw, supported by:  
Vlaamse Gemeenschap  
Vlaamse Gemeenschapscommissie  
Brussel Mobiliteit (Buratinas)