

Midnight Sunburn

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11 – 14 July, 2019

Teddy Coste
Jānis Dzirnīeks
Jakob Forster
Josje Hattink
Lili Huston-Herterich
Honey Jones-Hughes
Merve Kılıçer
Matheline Marmy
Marco Rizzardi
Bobby Sayers

Midnight Sunburn *[Establishing shot]*

You have entered a space. Stretching out in front of you is a landscape of artistic practice: Meditations turned to objects, reflections materialised in structures, pathways leading you from one stage to the next.

You are holding a publication in your hands, a small booklet, a script perhaps. It holds words on paper and it presents a promise of sorts—a promise that it may reveal a narrative, a passing of time in which a story will unfold. Likewise, your journey through this (or any) exhibition may seem to hold this promise too.

You look at the title: Midnight Sunburn. It seems to suggest opposites. A contradiction in terms that can actually occur if you happen to find yourself at the far ends of the world, the polar regions where the sun hangs low but constant, where the unusually clear atmosphere cannot prevent sunrays from piercing the skin. Hanging around in the arctic at midnight may still cause you sunburn.

Sunburn becomes a witness of time spent. The minutes, hours and days that pass are graphed upon your skin. And only once the exposure is over do you notice you've changed. Midnight Sunburn, the 2019 graduation exhibition of the Master of Fine Art at the Piet Zwart Insitute, may simply come down to this: A story of a moment in time that is an accumulated experience, a presentation of compacted and collective time.

As you open the pages of the booklet, a narrator starts:

Some six months have passed since I was introduced to the artists who have been in the process of investigating their practices and articulating their stories in relation to the world(s) around them. Confronted with a situation like this, where a multiplicity of voices speak to me, I find myself seduced into the role of the investigator, attempting to discover echoes and resonances, poetic affinities, a shared vocabulary of concerns...

I discern sensitivities towards elements that create, evoke and inform our surroundings. I see a testing of power, whether it is within the boundaries of the artist's material practice, or in a deep questioning of what impact an artistic practice can have and in which economies it lives. I see explorations of forms of sentience or knowledge that cannot be fenced in by institutional or social contracts. I discover various methods of allowing a stage—a presence—to emerge. And how that, importantly, is not only a way to address an audience, but also a means to establish a public. Time presents itself in multiple readings; as a container of memories, as an instrument of urgency, as a parallel space that holds its own authority and possibilities.

To capture all of this in one grand story... I know this is a false desire, a delusion I ascribe to occupational deformation. Yet a delusion I cherish nevertheless, somehow hoping art allows us to navigate worlds of complex experiences, creating ties between our inner privacies and actual concrete, yet still always shifting, realities. Though, in hardly any of the scenes that lie ahead are there explicit clues. Each of the artists I encounter avoid a common whodunnit plot. Rather, they trace the edges of the deeply personal vibrations that resonate with their worlds.

I come to the conclusion that confining the works of Teddy Coste, Jānis Dzirnieks, Jakob Forster, Josje Hattink, Lili Huston-Herterich, Honey Jones-Hughes, Merve Kılıçer,

Matheline Marmy, Marco Rizzardi and Bobby Sayers into one universe would do none of them justice. Their worlds sit alongside each other, demanding their own space even though they might sometimes orbit around one another. And as they do, they light up the night. For some time yet, I know I will have their afterimages burning in my retina.

It is a poetic coincidence that Midnight Sunburn is also the name of a popular fireworks display, which each of us has surely witnessed at some point in our lives during a celebratory moment.

Midnight Sunburn represents a stratum of practices, liquid manifestations of time and things floating in between seasons, between the ephemeral and the concrete. Midnight Sunburn is characterised by presence, appearance and disappearance, movement and stillness. Midnight Sunburn is a contradiction, where fiction and non-fiction meet.

This publication may be read as a play and it consists of conversations that may or may not have taken place in real life. The words of the protagonists are theirs to the letter. But the situations in which we encounter their practices have emerged from the artistic licence afforded to Daniel Tuomey. The following dialogues form an attempt to inscribe the fleeting moment of the 2019 Master of Fine Art Graduation Show in a time and space of its own.

Now the time has come to turn the page.

— Nathalie Hartjes

TEDDY COSTE

Teddy Coste is an artist who currently studies at the Piet Zwart Institute. He has performed in several places including Radio Athènes, Athens; Montevideo, Marseille; Paris Internationale/Treize, Paris; Swimming Pool, Sofia; Peach, Rotterdam; and San Serriffe, Amsterdam.

JĀNIS DZIRNIEKS

Jānis Dzirnīeks, born in Riga, Latvia in 1992, studied at the Art Academy of Latvia, Riga; Universität der Künste, Berlin; and the Piet Zwart Institute, Rotterdam. Recent shows have been held at NordCult, Eckernförde; Swimming Pool Gallery, Sofia; and Kim? Contemporary Art Center, Riga.

JAKOB FORSTER

Jakob Forster, born in Munich, Germany in 1991, is an artist based in Rotterdam whose practice consists primarily of painting and object-making. At stake in his work are constant dealings and reckonings with urgencies (to talk/act/point out politically) and the relationship between the one who instigates (painterly) and the bodies who respond. Before graduating from the MFA programme at Piet Zwart Institute, he received his BA in Photography from the Folkwang UdK in Essen, where he was also a founding member of the artist-run space Garros Roland. His works have been shown in the parallel program of Manifesta 10 in St. Petersburg, KUMA Museum in Seoul, Swimming Pool in Sofia and most recently at Het Nieuwe Institute in Rotterdam.

LILI HUSTON-HERTERICH

Lili Huston-Herterich is an artist currently based in Rotterdam. Recently, she has been working with sculpture, photography, sound, video and sometimes performance, for the joy and embarrassment. Her practice begins with the accumulation of

material and progresses with the simultaneous sorting and researching through these materials, guided by personal associations and elemental qualities. Her practice is informed by its context and interdependence with ideas, people, materials, methods, history and inheritance. She was previously based in Toronto, and before that, Chicago.

JOSJE HATTINK

In her practice and projects, Josje Hattink reflects on the perception and interpretation of specific places. At a time where our surroundings are being critically analysed and evaluated in the media and politics, she navigates her audience through case studies of human-made landscapes. Alternating between micro and macro perspectives, she questions the status quo of our 'natural' surroundings.

HONEY JONES-HUGHES

Honey Jones-Hughes is a Welsh artist based in Rotterdam. Working with a mixture of documentary video, conversations, interviews, workshops and text, she explores place-making by thinking through where we live and how we live. Her current research focuses on the ways in which contemporary cities—particularly Rotterdam—produce subjectivity through the forces of privatisation, management and gentrification, and explores the implication of artists in these processes.

MERVE KILIÇER

Born in Istanbul in 1987, Merve Kılıçer's research is combined into spatial installations or performances comprising videos and objects, as well as artist books or images created with antique techniques of printmaking. She tends to engage deeply with the material she is working with and tries to invite randomness into the construction of the work. For her, artistic production is a constantly growing process of learning, which occurs alongside

the accumulation of knowledge that gets generated through encounters with different materials, mediums and people.

MATHELINE MARMY

Born in Geneva in 1993, Matheline Marmy began her studies at ECAL/Ecole cantonale d'art de Lausanne and is currently completing her Master's degree at the Piet Zwart Institute in Rotterdam. She has exhibited in several art venues in Switzerland, Germany and the Netherlands. She is also the co-founder of several artist-run spaces in Geneva (Hangar 9, Halte Collective) and Rotterdam (The Cabinet), as well as the co-founder of the publication Exhibitions on Paper. Her work was exhibited at the Photoforum Pasquart in 2016 in the Prix Photoforum exhibition. She is based in Rotterdam and Geneva.

MARCO RIZZARDI

Born in Treviso, Italy in 1991, Marco Rizzardi has studied Fine Arts at IUAV in Venice, Kunsthochschule in Kassel and the Piet Zwart Institute in Rotterdam. Recent shows have been held at Taylor Macklin, Zürich; Fondazione Bevilacqua la Masa, Venice; and Fuoriuso, Pescara.

BOBBY SAYERS

Bobby Sayers is an artist and curator interested in facilitating space for experimentation and conversations with and for contemporary emerging artists, including international artist residencies and initiating events that allow creative practices to reach new audiences. Sayers explores systems of transformation that exist as part of our urban environments, such as going through processes to gain ownership of empty buildings, which become woven in as layered narratives within his work through interventions in public space, working with actors and musicians, sculptures or technologies such as virtual reality games.

Act 1

Scene 1:
Teddy Coste, Bernd Krauss

An undressed black box stage.

TC and BK sit on either side of a café table. Otherwise no furniture.

As they talk they play table rugby.

The rules:

- The attacking player knocks a coin across the surface of the table. The coin is lying on its flat side. The attacker may flick, tap or knock it three times, never letting it leave the table, attempting on the third try to position it hanging just over the edge of the table on their opponent's side.*

- If they fail it is then the opposing player's turn to attempt to do the same.*

- If they succeed they then have one attempt to flick the coin into the air and catch it with the same hand. This is called a 'try' (5 points).*

- If a try is scored the player may then attempt a conversion. This is achieved by spinning the coin upright on the surface of the table and catching it between two thumbs. From the point where it is caught, the player must throw it with the two thumbs, aiming for goalposts formed by the opposing player's hands (2 points).*

- NOTE: If a player knocks the coin entirely off the table during their attack then the opposing player has a chance at a 'penalty kick'. A penalty kick is scored through the same procedure as conversion (3 points).*

- Alternate and repeat to continue the game.*

The actors should play organically as they perform, with no predetermined outcome. Appropriate celebrations, congratulations, taunts, etc. can be taken as constituting the

stage directions for this dialogue.

BK: Before you started introducing rugby to your practice, you took a trip to your father's storage aquarium. What happened there?

TC: So, I shot the video that is included in *Teddy TV*—which is a TV program—that in part includes a short film that I shot with my dad, but mostly without my dad, because I came back to my hometown for two weeks to shoot that video without writing a script. Basically, my dad had this workshop at the place that he was working before, where he was repairing swimming pool motors, and since he stopped his activity it has become unused, just sitting there like a storage space. When I asked my dad if I could use that space to make a video, he responded with, 'Oh, can I paint?' And that initiated a collaborative improvisation. Part of working without a script, was for me to train to improvise with what's available. Actually, my dad was not really available. He was working. So I didn't really have an actor anymore. I was too shy to ask kids from the nearby high school without a script. But I had two cats, and so I ended up improvising with them.

BK: What did this availability allow you to do?

TC: The space was painted completely black, really like a black cube. My dad also sells things at flea markets on Sundays and some of those objects were available so they became props. I used those objects to entertain the cat, and when my dad returns at the end of the video the room is filled with all the objects. The space was a mess so I cleaned it and then slowly added the objects to it . . . then my dad finished the job.

BK: It looked more like an exhibition. When he looked at it, somehow he also respected the new cave situation, so the shit became an exhibit.

TC: Yeah, somehow he didn't mind. I told him it would be a kind of viewing room, which he could use if he wanted to have people visiting and buying the objects. I thought it would look like a room in the end. But I have since returned and seen the way that he has arranged the objects. It's nothing like a witness house but it's just all of the objects displayed. Even though the cat could completely use it as a house, it is not a place where you could live or that pretends to be a place you could live. This is maybe why it looks more like an exhibition than a place to live.

BK: You just mentioned *Teddy TV*. What is the function of *Teddy TV*?

TC: I want to organise some sort of TV program that can be consumed as a YouTube channel, Netflix or something available through Pirate Bay, maybe even something illegal via torrents. Something that you can consume with the same conditions as mega-streaming platforms but with content that is surrealist. Let's say snippets of the live process of artists rehearsing performances, or a lot of images just taken from life. *Teddy TV* started because I wanted to reconnect with having a daily practice of taking images. Each bit of new material therefore has the potential to be on *Teddy TV*. It's similar to the way I write. I'm constantly re-editing text that I have produced before. I like taking one line from a performance and putting it in a new one. I would like to slowly build a video that would have different versions. Almost like a TV program, yet it would include all the different actions until I'm happy with it.

BK: It seems like a public editing process that comes with the authority of the TV-structure that you borrow from. I think it's a kind of Channel 4, you're using their snippets.

TC: Yeah, I wanted to present the video so it's not just one random clip after another, and something that can build unity is having a jingle that announces 'This is sports', 'This is cinema' and 'This is documentary'. Even though the genre of video that comes afterwards is not what you would call documentary, or sport, or cinema—it gets form because of this jingle that comes before. It was kind of good that it was like that.

BK: The format helps to guarantee a certain stability. Can you explain what rugby does for you in that case. Is it a formal tool or is there something more behind it?

TC: So there are a few videos taken from rugby, where I brought a mask from the studio to my rugby practice and I'm playing with that mask. I also asked my teammate to help me make some sort of sequence with that mask. I wanted to see how they would react to having this mask or having this kind of demon around on the field. It's funny, they don't actually question it that much, they kind of know about my studies, but it seems there's no need to ask, and that's fine too. They actually just play and they don't stop to laugh or anything, they just continue with the structure of the game.

BK: It's interesting that, also in the case with your father, the real reality embeds the cultural production without making a big fuss out of it. Meanwhile, the discourse for the artist is that this is always a problem: What do you do to reality? But reality doesn't seem to have a problem, because it's used to dealing with anything that comes up in its world.

TC: Yes. I think I would say it's a back-and-forth, but it's not really a question of having a super separated entity like rugby. I play rugby and I get a bad blow, I come to school and it still hurts. In the same way, I can enter the pitch with the posture and automatism from a performance I'm rehearsing just prior. Or when I succeed in making a sculpture or a prop and it puts me in a good mood, so I play in a different way. It affects my practice in these micro ways but it brings a lot, that's why it was important for me to bring the changing room into my work. You can see my teammates clothes here and maybe you can guess what their life is like from that, and the back-and-forth they are doing with their life too.

BK: This is a good point, because they come, all with their identities, all with their practices, all with their studies and then they leave their clothes out of that space—they change into something else for the next one and half hours.

TC: It's the space where things kind of mix. The changing room holds a specific moment in the tension that is there, arising from the closeness of the bodies and the mood that fills the space before a game. You don't know what is happening in their heads. Are they confident? Do they fear being mediocre? It's there but not expressed. Yet on the field everybody has either a deadpan look or is just saying things to motivate one another. And you're in that room with all the things that you carry with you. The trompe l'oeil has the actual objects from my studio that also carry moments in my study and emotions or stories that will be in the performance, and putting them together in the changing room was something that made sense for me. The trompe l'oeil doesn't immediately give away what belongs to the locker room and to the studio, which also is an effect that I appreciate.

BK: What was this line from that little song that you played on the guitar?

TC: So it was: *[Singing]* ‘There is little one can do to prepare for the unknown. *[speaking]* And yeah, that’s what I was saying about the changing room, you’re in there with it all. Also the graduation show is the moment that you leave the school and even though it’s also like getting ready to prepare for this moment where the economy will be different and even with all the new things you carry with you, actually there is little that you can do to prepare for the unknown. You just need to do what you like or a lot of stuff, because anything can happen.

BK: It was a nice way to bring talking and not talking together and to take that as an allowance to just do everything, and to see practice or having a practice as a process of changing in order to prepare for the for the unknown. The song is a strong work. It’s a tiny gesture that I would use to introduce people to your practice, having them watch it or listen to it first.

[After they have finished speaking the game continues until the end of the current attack. If, by chance, the score is a draw, play continues until one player has a clear advantage. TC and BK will then shake hands, the winner pocketing the coin before both players EXEUNT stage right]

CURTAIN

Scene 2

Bobby Sayers, Jan Verwoert

Stage in semi-darkness.

Two shadowy figures remove the café table from the previous scene, begin to move large, heavy pieces of scenography in from the wings. Parts of white-painted partition walls, plinths and, finally, what looks like the welcome desk from a cultural institution.

As the last prop is brought out the lights are turned completely up and the stagehands are revealed to be JV and BS. Although they have not yet assembled the white cube entirely, they take the shift in lighting as a cue for a break. Both lean back against the desk, panting.

JV: *[Still out of breath]* Yeah? Are you ready?

BS: *[Leans forward to place the palms of his hands just above his knees, breathes heavily a few more times]* Yep. *[Then, raises right hand in stalling gesture to indicate that he is not]*

[JV walks downstage right, picks up plastic bottle of water, opens and sips. Loosely closes, walks back to BS, offers. BS takes it, drinks several small sips, closes tightly, starts to put bottle down on the desk, catches himself, puts it on floor. Gestures to proceed]

JV: So what's the future of art according to Bobby Sayers?

[Both laugh, regain composure, pant for another moment, less intensely now]

BS: *[Smiling, with newly gathered energy]* Oh wow, that's a huge question! Oh my God. *[Takes phone from pocket,*

glances at it, then glances quickly towards stage left and stage right] Okay, so we've got a really short time. I'm going to try and do my best. For me, I think the future of art is to open up white cube spaces, to open up the definition of art. I'm interested in forms of creativity that don't make it into institutional spaces, or artworks that are travelling outwards from the gallery. I mean, obviously this all happens but I think I want it to happen more.

JV: *[Having just been studying BS's clothes the whole time he was speaking]* What's the story with the purple tracksuit with the self-made Lacoste logo? There is also some kind of style to that. Some kind of attitude.

BS: *[Full of energy now]* Yes, it's a particular style and that's where this character was born in my practice.

JV: Does that character have a name?

BS: *[Perhaps a little too quickly to fully follow, with the air of an experienced raconteur]* At the moment it's called the Lost Boy. It's a character created to antagonise my work, to come from the past to represent parts of me so as to think about artworks reaching a particular audience in relation to my work, thinking about an audience that doesn't feel comfortable with gallery spaces. Yeah, I used to roll around the streets with my mates and we used to wear full-length Lacoste tracksuits—they were fake, from the market—and it's kind of is a twist on that. It's this warped version of when I was at that age when I became more conscious about this. *[Voice drops a semi-tone to indicate he is doing an impersonation of himself]* 'Why the hell am I wearing this tracksuit and what does it represent?' *[Normal voice]* The actions that we were doing were quite aggressive in some

ways, even just being quite boisterous on the streets. So yeah, it's like this consciousness, but also this part of everyday society that is still extremely relevant.

JV: *[Thinking through it as he talks, still catching up in his mind with everything that's just been said]* And you say that you want to antagonise that character, meaning that you are partially taking the mickey out of that character?

[They are distracted by something offstage left, a command inaudible to the audience. In response, both look exasperated, rise, pick up the desk and start to shuffle slowly towards stage left]

BS: *[Slightly laboured breathing]* No, I want to antagonise my practice.

JV: Oh yeah? *[Pause, heavy breath]* Meaning, the current you being haunted by the past you?

BS: *[Enthusiasm and exhaustion rising at the same rate, finding a rhythm, breathing in the off-beats]* Yeah! *[Off-beat]* Yeah, *[Off-beat]* as a way to sort of *[Off-beat]* not forget where I come from. *[Off-beat]* You know, *[Off-beat]* a lot of my work leaps into a sort of *[Off-beat]* abstraction, *[Off-beat]* it's like making sure that *[Off-beat]* there is still a part of me that is like... *[Still a few paces from stage left, both seem to wordlessly decide they have carried the desk far enough, sit it down, then stand in silence for a few moments till they have their breath back]*

BS: *[Once more dropping voice a semi-tone, voice of other self]* ...'Don't leave me out, tell me what's going on.'

JV: The unreconciled teenage dick?

[Both giggle a little wheezily]

BS: *[Serious again, normal voice]* Yeah, perhaps. I mean, it's not to just focus on him, but it's also thinking about the value of that. That character's almost like an entrance into the friends and family that still live where I'm from and thinking about the beauty of their characters and the way that they connect to creativity, because they're extremely creative but they are not engaged in the arts and it's about these sort of bridges. And also sometimes the controversies that sort of hit against each other. So it's kind of both a problem and a solution. But that's a bit of a simplification and a bit of a binary way to say it.

[At the cue of another inaudible offstage command, EXEUNT stage left and return carrying a set of rough, red curtains on a simple frame, incongruous to previous slick institutional scene. The curtains slide crazily from closed to open and back again as they walk. They carry them to the centre of the stage and take up positions on either side. No disruption to energy level: The structure is obviously light.]

JV: On the other end of the scale, you have been taking your street theatre to confront issues of social housing or to stage social realist or social grotesque dramas around questions of social housing. The piece that you staged in Glasgow was in an agit-prop kind of street theatre that involved a community activist and a councillor, the voice of the City Council. Could you talk a little bit about what kind of horizon opens up between the purple tracksuit demon *[BS raises eyebrows, JV continues unperturbed]* and the field of political concerns, like housing policies and surviving for artists, and all these issues that you've been dealing with?

BS: *[Taking up a position in front of the curtains, once more adopting the voice of the raconteur]* Some of the past works were more site-specific, like when I was living in Glasgow in Scotland and thinking about the compulsory purchase orders that can be used to take over empty properties. I did a month-long residency as part of Edinburgh Council's planning office within the context of the architectural festival, and these sort of research periods informed these works quite specifically. Wanting to disseminate information but to also elaborate on stories of how applying for these things affects the body or the people involved. And then also the other element of the 'us' and 'them' dichotomies of the Council, the government and the community, when actually those councillors often get into positions because they want to help the community as part of the community. So there's this sort of messiness, it's like the demon of the councillor is within the body of the community. So that's why I chose to construct that as one character. And then now the connection that I've started to see within the work is how to form a home. The work that is shown at Het Nieuwe Instituut is about belonging, and whether we leave or stay in the place that we were born.

[Both look off to stage left again. This time ignoring the interruption, they continue]

JV: And your experience of putting on these plays? What's the difference for you between casting others and casting yourself in these roles?

BS: Hmm. *[Pauses, thoughtfully]* That's a big question. *[Voice of raconteur tempered now, closer to normal voice]* I think there's something specific occurring when I'm involved in performing, where I can draw from elements of my past and my direct relationship to certain environments or situations. And then working with an actor at the same time, they know

that I'm in it as much as they are in it. I'm not just asking for someone to perform for me. So the process that I am in for Het Nieuwe Instituut is one where I am really talking with Erdem Cavlak, the actor, about how these things intersect in both of our lives. So it is very collaborative, even though I still embody a certain position of directing.

JV: What seems to be part of your way of staging things is a certain kind of a dirty surrealism, dirty symbolism or punk surrealism—a DIY glue gun-fashion approach to getting the show on the road. On the one hand, you address real conditions of class and housing issues, while at the same time there is something joyfully carnivalesque about the colours and the slapstick way you put things together. The clothes are glued together, on the verge of falling apart and it's fast and fun and a little bit surreal or fantastical. And when I look at these collages on the wall they are quite psychedelic, hypnotic, colourful. What about that style, that key, that Happy Mondays kind of 'ehhm'?

[Another inaudible interruption from stage left. This time both look at each other, hesitate, EXEUNT stage right instead. They return carrying an even larger pair of curtains, this time purple. They walk them to the centre and place them in front of the first pair, opening them to create a frame. Original unfinished white cube is now almost entirely obscured from view]

BS: *[Returning to position in front of curtains, pausing for a moment to remember where they left off. Then, voice of the raconteur]* First of all, I have to say in regards to that [the politics] that I never feel like I'm coming out with a solution. *[Begins pacing side to side, punctuating speech with hand gestures]* It's more like I'm sort of in between this element of entertainment and political activism and I'm not quite sure

where I sit. And the work is me having the chance to think about aesthetics and symbols that can tell a story, that draw from elements of the past. I'm not quite sure what the hell you would call it, the colours are quite bright, they're quite punk.

JV: *[Nodding his head and joining BS in front of curtains]* The other day I was in my hometown, it was a bit of a bleak day and it's a bleak town to begin with. Then suddenly in the evening there were these fireworks going off and *[Starts pacing himself, BS shuffles aside slightly to give him more room]* I got myself a bottle of whiskey and went to the fairground—which was closing at the time—and, like, all the colours were all there. It was so much about this 'Yeah, let's enjoy this' mentality, *[Slapping loose fist into palm]* 'NOW!'. Like, 'Let's get on the carousel *[Slap]* NOW!'. You can always wait for your pension, should you have one to be paid out, but we're going to have a good time TONIGHT!

BS: *[Stepping into the centre again, joining him. Both are now standing centre stage in front of the curtains. Encouragingly]* No, but can I lead?

JV: Absolutely. Yeah, yeah.

BS: There's something in that, like trying to understand ourselves, the positive and negative parts of ourselves. Maybe other people have become more angelic towards adulthood. I don't think I have. And it's like understanding these negative traits to learn from them, to reflect and understand from them. To think about, yeah, the positives of that energy, of just living in the now and that drive... It can fuel stuff. But also the negative of that. I mean, my brother is Buddhist and he talks about these sorts of things, different

worlds that things can exist in, and that everything has a negative and a positive and it's how you think about it and how you use it.

[EXEUNT stage right, this time unprovoked. They return pushing and pulling a cart full of bric-a-brac, odds and ends from the costume and prop departments]

JV: *[Pulling cart]* What about this piece in Glasgow, where you were dressed like a medieval troubadour—drum and all—very ornate, with particular symbols glued onto the dress in felt?

[They place the cart in the centre and BS begins to rummage]

BS: *[Rummaging]* I spent two hours marching up and down the high street and every empty building I came across I performed this ritual, a ritual of transformation. *[Taking out and modelling or holding up different items as the speech goes on. Whatever comes to hand: A hat, a candlestick, a feather boa, etc. Each is dropped on the ground when he finishes with it]* It was a kind of performance of hope to reactivate these buildings for the use of the community. People could hear the drums and stop. The symbols I used were based on research into magic and tarot and such. It is not exactly prevalent in my practice but I am open to these different modes of connecting and telling stories, a way to open up conversations, even if that's like...

JV: To boost the political demand with the power of the magic that has taken a long time in coming.

BS: *[Stops rummaging. He is holding a sceptre, he looks at it in confusion, drops it back into the cart]* Well, for me it was... Magic and ritual are so close to theatre. Yet it gets a bit blurry

about the origins of theatre, and I wanted to experience that blur myself and understand how much do you need to give and how much you need to believe to change something from fear into magic.

[Long pause]

JV: So, do you think you can use the folkloristic to boost politics or political causes?

BS: I guess for me, if you channel into something—a cause, an energy—I see hopeful conversations that are happening around alternatives to capitalism. And I see actions from communities that are really inspiring, mixing in all these different elements from entertainment and everything within the arts itself. I also love it when communities want to push into art spaces, and they *do*, and all of this stuff gets really...*[Pauses at what appears to be another offstage command]*

[Both stand attentively listening for a few moments, glance at each other, listen again. neither moves]

BS: *[Shrugs]* ...gets really messy.

[EXEUNT, jumping off the stage and walking through audience]

CURTAIN

Scene 3

Josje Hattink, Jan Verwoert

A residential neighbourhood in the Netherlands, in the quiet of the evening.

The buildings and herringbone brick pavement are constructed from soft materials, carpet and printed textiles. A general atmosphere of beige, of fabrics and patterns melting into one another. The buildings have the look of billboards advertising themselves. Among them sits an open blue car. Through this scene wanders JH, a very mysterious character. A larger-than-life figure in a beige trenchcoat, appearing and re-appearing from the scenery. Camouflaged, yet as tall as two people.

From the door of one of the billboard houses ENTER JV, as tall as one person, carrying a bag of rubbish. He stops to take in some air in the middle of his errand and suddenly notices JH. It takes him a moment to work up the nerve to break the silence.

When addressing the audience both players consistently use a lofty, uninflected tone. When addressing each other they use more natural, friendly, varied tones as indicated.

JV: *[To audience]* Where are we? What is this? What is this haunted neighbourhood? Have we landed inside the blue car?

JH: *[To audience]* I think we have landed in a microcosm.

[As she speaks she continues to slowly walk through the scenario, tracing an irregular figure of eight amongst the constructions and the car]

JH: *[To audience]* It's a small world that was actually designed to be a small world. It's a residential area that was designed

in the late seventies to early eighties to create a comfortable way—and a safe way—of living for families. *[Sighs, to self]* What in the world are we doing in that neighborhood? Well, that's the question. *[Pause, to audience]* Well, I grew up there and I always wanted to get out, but it wasn't until I was seventeen that I got out. It is a very small world. Everything there is systemised, organised, part of the structure, part of a pattern on how to live your life, how you live in your house, how you relate to your neighbourhood, your space, your surroundings. And I think only through stepping out did I realised how much of a design it was. I was reading about these neighbourhoods only recently and I understood that if a neighbourhood is being built or being constructed, *[Drawing a square in the air in front of her with both hands, the full stretch of her arms, as if on a blackboard]* there's a plan for how the people are going to live there. And it's a plan that speaks about being free in your own small space, having the space to decide about your own life *[Drawing another square, this one flat down, as if on a table in front of her]* or to fill in how you want it. But that's not really how it works in the end *[Brings two hands together]*. You just have limited space to move around in, however big or small you are. And yeah, it's very much a question of being inside or outside there—mentally but also physically. Dimensions...

JV: *[To JH, seeming concerned]* You're not hating on it, no?

JH: *[To JV, reassuring]* No.

JV: *[To JH, encouraging]* You're looking at it under the microscope in the full awareness that it's one place like very many in the Netherlands. You mention it's almost proverbial, the cauliflower neighbourhood. These setups for life in the Netherlands is a common condition, no?

JH: *[Turning her head first to JV, but then looking to audience before speaking]* It's very, very generic in a way. But the interesting thing is that a lot of my neighbours who lived there made it their own. It's just, this is the amount of space for the surroundings that you have. And then that becomes your entire world, however small it is. So these streets: For eighteen years while I grew up there, I played there, the colours, the streets, the pigments, that's what my surroundings looked like and that's how they were designed for me to be happy *[Very slight pause, wistful expression, back to authoritative audience address]* in order to grow up in. And then that feels like an individual experience. That feels like something that you've made your own, but then you realise that this is a designed system, and many people have this kind of experience, aesthetics and surroundings with the same conditions. I think that does something to me and it relates to a pressure that I felt when I was entering my twenties: that you only succeed in life if you see the entire world. You need to travel, you need to have worldly experiences. Go places, discover things, on your own, individuality, only when you see everything do you have a full life. And I thought that was such a weird contrast with the place that I grew up in because that's not the place where you see world. A cauliflower neighbourhood *[Drawing cauliflower shape in air in front of her with both hands, full stretch of arms, as if on a blackboard]* is built in such a way that you enter from the stem and you have these trees that branch out into smaller and smaller places, until you reach areas *[Bringing hands in to make a smaller-scale drawing, in the air in front of her face, with index fingers]* with four housing boxes and a flower park in the middle. So, cauliflower neighbourhoods are always zooming in *[Making tiny drawing in the air in front of her nose]* and making your world smaller and smaller, with the idea that that's a

comfortable, happy and easy format for living a life, without worry. And to me that creates an interesting contrast with the ideal of having to travel to see the world. It may tell us something about the confusion that people feel when living in certain surroundings.

JV: *[Laying his rubbish bag on the ground and sitting down, any thought of finishing his errand or going back inside now forgotten]* Or the desire that's being bred in these places, like you did a show on your mother's fridge with the fridge magnets that she collects from places around the world. And I guess another inspiration for the display is a previous visit you took to a holiday fair exhibition where booths present all kinds of different places. Like there is some strange overlap or crossover between the reality that you were born into and the dream that is born from there?

JH: *[To JV, thoughtfully]* Yeah, yeah. I think that's a good point. *[Stopping her slow wandering for the first time and standing still, though swaying a bit. To audience, slight modulation to confessional tone]* I mean, I did not do a show on my mother's fridge, but I'm thinking about the possibility. *[Wandering again, returning to normal audience tone]* It's more how I understand my mother's fridge as an exhibition space, because I went to this tourist fair. It's a fair where places from all over the world are represented and sold to you and this feeling that you can travel the world within a collection of representations, which also has a connection to the early European microcosm collections of royal families or emperors. But yes, this idea of collecting the world in representations and seeing that as a commercial phenomenon. And also seeing that in a smaller way on my mother's fridge, where she is collecting fridge magnets of places that she hasn't been because she asked her friends and

family to bring them back for her.

JV: *[To JH but also partly to himself, unspooling a long thread of thought in mild reverie]* So it feels like this ghost that is entering the town is performing some form of archaeology of desire at the same time. I was tempted to call it something like ‘Marcel Proust in Legoland’, only it’s not Marcel Proust, it’s a ghost and Legoland, and even ‘ghost’ seems like the wrong word because you bring a certain humour to it. *[Speaking more directly to her now]* A certain kind of *bada-badam-bam* when the blue car drives in and the big coat comes out. It’s not a melancholy meditation on a birthplace of desires. We’re not in bed with a writing aristocrat who is dreaming of childhood biscuits. There is another energy that is brought to the table that you’ve also had in previous pieces, which takes me to a place that is totally fucking real but, equally, it’s absolutely surreal too. It’s this kind of direct energy that maybe cannot be talked about in merely reflexive terms. A thinking spirit returning to Legoland, but it’s not a Proustian melancholy aristocrat, it’s someone else that connects with that energy.

[Long pause while both digest this. Sound of a distant car engine revving up, then silence]

JH: *[To JV, slowly, carefully. Tapping lip with thumb and looking at the ground while addressing him]* I think an excavation of desire is really, really spot on. *[Nodding]* Yeah, an excavation of desire. And that reminds me of something that my architecture teacher told me when I was studying art history: That some ruins are restored in a way that she called ‘reproductive restoration’. So you make a reproduction in order to restore something that has gone. *[To audience]* And I think of this as true for the work now about the cauliflower

neighbourhood. Like reproducing an excavation or a ruin of an experience from childhood by doing this game [*Gestures towards her attire with both hands, sweeping them downward from shoulders to ankles*] with this coat. It relates to a piece I did in Sofia, where a fake archeological site is reproduced as a tourist attraction and it felt like an empty swimming pool. The ruins were rebuilt for the ruins, and what you're left with is an idea—a produced idea of what was or what it could be or could've been.

JV: [*To audience*] What I enormously appreciate about the work is that there are one thousand ways that a piece like this could collapse into sentimentality, and it really doesn't. There is a punchiness about the work and it's kind of this reproductive reconstruction with a humour that makes it go disco rather than, I don't know, indie rock. [*To JH, smiling*] Which I think I'd rather have it from you than from Proust to be honest.

[Long pause. Both go to break the silence at the same moment]

JV: [*To JH*] So what happens in the moment when you put the piece together and you energise the idea? You're planning the work, you get in the blue car and go places. Like you say, 'Right, okay! Let's go?' [*Glances at JH*]

JH: [*To JV*] Yeah.

JV: [*To audience*] So disco rather than Indie. What draws you to this kind of 'Okay this is here. This is now. It's happening!?'

JH: [*To audience*] It needs to have a catchy tune, otherwise I cannot work with it, I need to remember the rhythm or the

tune otherwise I can't sing it again. And it has to sound familiar in a way. Even though it's a place that I've never been before. It's like saying that the excavation in Sofia feels like an empty swimming pool, that opens up possibilities for me. And owning a cauliflower neighbourhood by walking around in a big coat and suddenly being bigger than that neighbourhood—that's owning it. And not owning it as in being dominant over it, more so like finding a place within that that works as a starting place to make work. What happens is that I'm going to balance between reproducing and representing, but at the same time also reinventing the place because I think most of my work comes from a place where I don't understand and I cannot grasp because it's too big and too connected to bigger systems and big ideas and bigger worlds that I cannot enter. But then by doing these acts or translations, transformations of the place, *[To JV, smiling]* I can suddenly enter and be part of that.

[JV, sitting by his rubbish bag, continues to watch JH trace her irregular figure of eight for some time. All at once, he snaps back to where he is, picks up the bag, stands and brings it to the box, throws it in, turns and heads back to the house he came out from. He shoots a last glance and a small wave at JH but she is still caught up in her ambulation, and it is unclear if she notices. She does not respond. EXIT JV through the door of the billboard house. JH continues to wander as evening fades to night]

CURTAIN

Scene 4

Jakob Forster, Nina Wakeford

An afternoon. Dispersed sunlight illuminates a stretched calico back wall, a rough wooden floor. The stage floor has a 1:18 rake, so as items are scattered on the ground they become prominently visible to the audience. Some dust, an atmosphere of a disused space or unfinished construction. No furniture.

The calico is stretched taut enough to hold its own integrity, slack enough to give slightly to the firm touch of a human hand.

Source of sunlight not obvious, but it will periodically drift from fainter to stronger over the course of the dialogue, as if due to varying levels of cloud cover. Yet never strong enough to dilute the crisp shadow the actors cast on the fabric or the floor.

Although they appear to move freely about the stage over the course of the dialogue, the general progression is such that they ENTER stage right at the beginning and EXIT stage left at the end without ever having taken more than a couple of steps at a time back from where they came.

NW: *[From offstage]* So I guess in relation to what you set out in terms of the show, where I'd like to begin is for you to talk about how you get from the movement of one individual body or sensation of embodiment to something which goes beyond the bounds of your body.

[ENTER JF stage right, walking backwards, moving slowly, right hand brushing lightly against the fabric, barely disrupting its tension. He is looking back offstage towards the source of NW's voice]

NW: *[From offstage]* I suppose I am thinking that either in the physical making of the work or something that occurs in the experience between the work has been made by you and the viewer.

[JF starts to move away from the fabric, keeping it in contact with his hand as long as possible, moves downstage, begins to dig in his left trouser pocket]

NW: *[From offstage]* So maybe you can speak to some of the ideas in that.

[ENTER NW stage right, left hand trailing on the fabric, following JF at the same slow pace. They are just under three metres apart when she steps into full visibility]

JF: *[Begins, very slowly, to pull a supermarket receipt from his pocket]* I think what causes a problem in my understanding of this movement is that for me this is my starting point. I feel integrated into a group and into an understanding, it's that I often end up being surprised that people don't see it as my starting point, so I have to build a bridge later on and I'm finding myself frustrated a lot. *[Slowly, with great consideration, he lays the receipt down on the floor, NW watching with interest]* In the description of my work, when I talked about playing along, having fun with and accepting my role as someone whose initial role is not having a voice but bringing something else to the table, I realised the void that I demand my audience to face in order to get to know me or what I'm doing.

NW: Do you think the work, then, is reaching out to try and find friends?

JF: I think it does, yeah. *[Satisfied with the placement of the receipt, he reaches into his pocket once again]* We have been talking about it in the past in relation to high contrast monochromatic paintings. I think through certain effects or by using a certain style you create friends, you affect people to be curious. It is definitely about sympathy, finding friends and partners.

[JF produces a crumpled scrap of silk from his pocket, begins once more to survey the ground for a possible resting place. NW, having advanced a fair distance across the stage, pauses and leans against the stretched calico to watch his process of composition. The fabric gives a comfortable amount, tautening into a very shallow cone with her at its point]

NW: But do you think, then, that you're seeking for the work to function as a form of seduction or as a kind of instruction? So I'm thinking now of these posters, wartime posters in the UK where there is a man pointing and saying, 'Your country needs you', but that's not seduction—that's instruction. I am wondering in the case of finding friends... Either you can say, 'You need to be my friend' or, 'The world needs you to be my friend' or, 'Your country needs you to be on board' or... You can have a more, a sensation of a more charming or more seductive *[At this word JF chooses a location and lays down the silk, diagonally upstage right of the receipt]* relationship to the viewer.

JF: *[Straightening up to look at her while he talks]* I wouldn't say it's that universal. Like, talking about representation. Even though I have been talking about the sensation of not representing 'a singular', it doesn't mean that I represent a state or a group of interests. *[Having stretched his back, he reaches once more into his pocket. As he speaks he continues*

to produce small scraps of paper, fabric, etc., adding them to the composition on the floor. Some are clean, some dirty, some printed, some coloured. Sometimes he will move or remove one as he goes along] It's a bit more naive, it's like being in the world and having the reflex to be with other people, to be social. There is definitely seduction. I mean, in the way I am painting and making work there are a lot of things that stay unanswered. I've been confronted with being called 'enigmatic' or staying oblique in the way I convey my works but I think I'm just quite picky when it comes to choosing my friends. It's as simple as this: *[Looks at NW, gesturing alternately towards the items on the ground and at the space between the two of them, by way of example]* 'Here is how I see the world through my eyes, I was thinking about this juxtaposition, what do you think about it?', or, 'Where can we meet?', or, 'What can you contribute to this thought?' It's like an initiation of sociality.

[NW steps away from the stretched fabric, walks towards centre stage where JF stands. Stands with hands in pockets looking now at what he has done rather than his process of doing it]

NW: I was thinking of a phrase that my mother said. 'If you treat all your friends equally then your real friends don't know who they are.'

[Soft grunt of acknowledgement from JF]

NW: So the best-case scenario is you put something in the world and too many people want to be your friend, this is the opposite scenario to the enigma or the obliqueness, where no one wants to be your friend because they don't get you. Do you put some mechanism in the work or the way that the

work is presented to kind of pin down this potential of the best-case scenario. You know, everyone likes you, now what do you do?

JF: *[Leaning on his back foot, looking at NW and momentarily forgetting about the composition below them]* I was thinking about this yesterday at work. The whole day was super quiet but then slowly a few orders came in and at first I thought, 'I'm being clever telling my colleagues there is a momentum here', but then I was thinking it is not surprising at all in our networked society that people post photos of their food on social media and trigger others into decision making. It's so banal how it works. I definitely never reached out to a mass of people. We've been talking before about immediacy in politics. For instance, using a slogan or the format of a political poster to address an event twenty-four hours after it occurred, then of course I would reach out to larger mass of people, but I never do that. *[Stepping back and looking again at the items on the ground]* There are a lot of decisions that I make in my paintings that form a frame like, for instance, dealing with the infinite, or the decision to make paintings that have an object-character, or the decision to choose a rather Eastern approach to painting, or to think through minimalist lessons in painting. But I do not plan my audience and audience-response, because I am curious about any kind of reaction.

NW: In the image that you included in the work description that you sent me there is what appears to be a painting on linen with some kind of mark on it that could actually function as a motif. *[Reaching into her own trouser pocket]* And there's no real reason why that motif couldn't be taken up to brand a revolution or a social movement, but this isn't in the form that it is offered.

[NW begins to produce scraps of material from her own pocket and lay them out as part of the composition of scraps begun by JF]

NW: *[Slowly, half-concentrating on composing rather than speaking]* Is there a possible way in which it can be transformed into something outside itself that could do exactly what you're thinking about, it could have followers, it could have friends and it could be some kind of logo or motif? And I wonder the extent to which what is actually happening in the work is that you're having to find mechanisms to stop that happening—formally speaking—by making it into something which you recognise as a painting, for example. It would be preposterous to, say, put it on a T-shirt, *[Looks up]* no? *[Looks down again]* So its form as a painting discourages us to put it on a T-shirt or a banner, but there is no real reason why we couldn't. *[Takes a step back to look at what she's done so far. She has added about four items to the shifting composition, removed one added by JF and put it in her pocket]* Everything to a certain extent is a possible tool for recruitment and in fact we're thinking about the question the wrong way around, which is: How do you put things in the works to stop it doing that? *[Looks at JF]* It's a provocation really.

[JF steps into the centre of the composition and looks around himself]

JF: *[Standing still, looking around]* In the descriptions that I sent you I was talking about painting as the intelligible thing in the distance that takes a world and puts it on a plane and offers a space that a person can enter until this person realises their distance to it. I was talking about the effect that the painting had on me, how it created a sensation on my skin,

not entering a space but how this thing docks onto your body. In that sense I find it interesting when you are talking about the T-shirt and how logical it would be to put it on your body. I would be curious about this sort of activation. *[Squats down and reaches his two arms out so that his fingertips touch the floor; then looks up at NW]* But how would I stop it?

NW: But in a way, it really has these rules in the form that it has been put... You have already established those, *[JF begins to move the items around on the floor, starting with ones he can reach from his squatted position]* you're already building on this notion of 'cultural rules'—of what you must not do with a painting without some kind of transformation into being rude to it or disrespecting it. What's interesting about it is this sensation for you that it's already in or of your body, *[JF rolls forward onto his knees in the act of reaching for a scrap that was previously beyond his grasp]* on your skin, but the form it is in right now doesn't really let us have the idea it's on our skin. So I'm not sure. I think the rules are already there in the form it has taken already or a cultural convention which is actually quite hard to break. So you'd have to be kind of rude.

[Pause]

NW: By creating a situation with maximum respect for a piece of art you kind of hold a lot of distance from the possibility of it becoming a T-shirt. So I guess my observation is that you already use lots of ways in your practice to stop us making your work into a T-shirt.

[Long pause while NW continues to observe JF crouched down on the floor, moving items around, occasionally adding another from his seemingly bottomless pockets, less often

removing one. There are about two dozen items in circulation now, varying materials and sizes, none larger than an A3 page. She joins him eventually, both shift the scraps around in respectful dialogue. The atmosphere of a peaceful game of chess. After some time, JF rises and moves upstage left. He now takes a position leaning against the stretched calico, pulling it into a slight cone with his body weight]

JF: The longer I think about it, there is an amount of time or attention that you can give the object as a painting until it transforms somehow.

NW: *[Still focused on the composition]* I'm interested in the part of your work description in which you talk about this matte thick paint. It seems to have such a different sensation about it than, say, the stretched linen. And I wonder if it speaks to anything we've been talking about so far or if this historical paint, as you have called it, is a way to bring an other to the rest of your practice. It feels like such a different sensation, such a different texture. I feel like, 'Oh, he won't use a brush, he will use his fingers.'

JF: The longer you play a game there's going to be some repetition, you're falling back into forms of narrating or animating so you dig deeper in the box of Lego and you find another thing and you think like, 'Oh, what happens if we pose these things together?'

NW: *[Nodding]* I wonder about this reach there, and about the extent to which you are prepared to reach to the bottom of the bucket of your life experience here.

JF: Yeah, I haven't acknowledged this, the possibilities of it. I didn't want to deal with a sense of sentimentality even

though it has a lot of potential.

[She looks up at him, as he continues talking she starts collecting items from the floor, pocketing them slowly: This is also an act of composition]

JF: I started my studies at Piet Zwart with talking about a conversation that Louise Bourgeois had with Donald Kuspit. I found it really rich, the way that Louise Bourgeois is founding her practice on her relationship to her family, but then I didn't want to end up doing exactly that—forming a narrative of a hyper-autobiographical influence. I didn't want to bring in these kinds of distressing emotions instantly. They can come in later.

[As NW starts to finish collecting the scraps from the floor, JF starts moving towards stage left, once again walking backwards and again trailing his hand on the calico as he goes]

NW: *[Looking up at him as she pockets the last scrap: The receipt he put down first]* So this is another way to prevent a form of enrollment from occurring too quickly, because the sense of immediate empathy with a life world which isn't one's own, *[Standing up and beginning to follow him]* well, this is a very quick way to get me on your side. So not doing that is another mechanism to hold me back, which could be to give me more time to do something else. Or it could just be: Don't come too close yet. You still hold back something to have a sense of self that you're in control of.

JF: Yes it's definitely about control.

[EXIT JF stage left]

NW: The question that I suppose is embedded in the work of art in the contemporary moment is: Do we have time for enigmas or is it... Must we have time for the enigmatic, because otherwise everything is lost?

[EXIT NW stage left]

JF: *[From offstage]* That's a very good question.

CURTAIN

Scene 5

Marco Rizzardi, Jan Verwoert

MR and JV sit side by side, facing the audience across a table. On the table are indicators of a long session: A half-empty coffee pot, a depleted plate of cookies, an ashtray. A cardboard tray of acetate sheets at MR's elbow. Discarded sheets of acetate litter the floor. Both smoke and sip cold coffee throughout.

In pride of place, between the two, facing front, an overhead projector, turned on full beam. Its projection screen is the fourth wall. Consequently, the audience sees nothing but the blinding light of the projector: The potentiality of the images discussed. All else lit only by the ambient light the projector produces. Therefore, MR and JV's faces are lit from below, bathed in yellow. Exhaled smoke drifts in and out of the projector's light, becoming solid in its beam, solidifying its beam.

Both are primarily focused on the image they are already looking at, i.e. on the audience.

MR picks up a sheet of acetate and places it on the projector.

JV: [Clears throat, shakes head, exhales sharply] What we are looking at? We are potentially looking at a series of photographs. The colour is red. [MR goes to replace the acetate, JV raises his hand to indicate to him to wait, MR stops] Maybe we could start by talking about the objects or the images which may or may not matter, you know? Beginning with this question may or may not be the right way to start talking, because they are there and they do matter as objects, but also not really.

[MR shrugs, stubs out cigarette, fishes half-smoked butt from ash tray, lights it]

MR: The photographs witness a temporary shift for me from sculpture to photography. Looking back, it's something that perhaps was already present in my sculptural work from 2017. The object felt very forced in its abstraction. Perhaps abstraction is not even the right word... [*Shuffles through acetate sheets*] Since it's also quite specific, it's... [*Finds the one he wants, places it on projector, pushes previous one onto the floor*] I could say, platonic. I did a lot of renderings and wanted surfaces that had the real elements of, for instance, these grids used to drain water in the streets. But at the same time, the sculpture as a whole was not a used or found object. I wanted something almost generic, in the sense of floating time. This came out of a confrontation with making art now, and the pressure of making something fresh and angry. Perhaps I had this illusion that I could make something difficult to position in time, hence passé—a bit out of fashion, as a way of escaping this meat grinder.

JV: [*Scooting down in his chair attempting to retrieve the previously discarded acetate. Just out of reach, he gives up, pushing himself back to normal seated position*] Back to the photographs, how did you come up with these motifs? Where did you find them?

MR: [*Blows out long trail of smoke*] I was looking for a sort of material, initially as a filter for something laying underneath, a sort of transparent cover for something. I came up with this material and it became a surface by itself. [*Smoke becomes a cloud in the projector beam*] I came to prefer its chromatic quality as a photograph compared to how it looked in reality. From the start, almost in every case, the objects that I positioned on top of the vinyl were projections of a sexualised world of circumscribed fetishistic desires, especially in the first photographs. And in general, there was

something in the shininess of the surface and of the object that in itself became the carrier of projections and desires. [*Cloud disperses*] But in a overexposed, overused and hence slightly vulgarised way. My thought was to go for something that would sit at the end of the spectrum, as if the idea itself was oversaturated. The same goes for the colour of the material, this shade of *red* red. Initially I thought it would be a shade of orange, perhaps a bit subdued and specific, like the light of a specific place and time of the day. But I chose the most saturated colour and the same for the objects.

JV: [*Gesturing with his cigarette hand into the beam, releasing stray trails of yellow-lit smoke*] And that over saturation is achieved by means of the fantasies the work provokes me to project onto the image, but at the same time it is also a material quality. The red is literally oversaturated. You were saying that this quality appears more so in the photograph than in the objects themselves. So the photograph enhances the appeal of the object, and gives it this kind of hyperreal objectivity.

MR: [*Leaning forward, also gesturing*] Perhaps it is also important to note that I was trying to understand how to tackle an object in reality and there was much going on about controlling the conditions in which the object would be seen. I had extremely specific and unrealistic demands about how the object should be seen, also in terms of its one-to-one relation between spectator and object. So I thought that photography, in this way may, yes, create a kind of one-to-one relation. Because the relation being forced between the viewer and the work—while also showing its inevitable stiffness—in fact cannot but appear engineered. [*Leaning back, holding his two hands up with stiffened fingers at acute angles to each other, regarding them*]

JV: But it's a betrayal that still enhances the experience.

[MR relaxes, inhales, again changes the acetate, again pushes the previous one onto the floor]

MR: *[Exhales]* Yeah, yet reporting it only in the saturation of the flattened version.

JV: *[Slowly, marking the rhythm of speech with jabs of his hand into the beam]* Even when you are making this shift from the sculptural to photography as medium, *[Turning away from image towards MR]* you still are aiming for a similar quality of experience. One that is evenly enhanced in that state, with the fantastically perverse possibility of having an object that might not be completely innocent in playing a certain role. Yet, even though in this scenario everything seems to be pointing to a certain central quality, there is—literally speaking—no evidence of it, no? This is just some hardware, no? It doesn't count as evidence.

[MR looks at JV]

MR: No. It doesn't.

[Both turn their attention back to the image]

JV: There is no criminal evidence there of any act being committed.

MR: No, it stays only at the level of control and the exhibition of the tools and their potential. There is indeed a tradition for this. *[Changes acetate, pushes previous one onto floor]* If we want to bring a pop example, we could think of Cronenberg or the Japanese movie *Tetsuo*.

JV: I was also thinking of Lee Lozano's drill paintings.

MR: Absolutely. [*Inhales, exhales*] That was actually an earlier reference, when I did the series of drawings with the orbits and the black holes.

JV: Beforehand you spoke of platonic objects as less specifically positioned in time. In this context you were talking about the possibility of walking away from things.

MR: Sure. It is a constant of mine. Which says a lot.

JV: So you put it there, not necessarily only to be identified with, but also to have the possibility to have something turn into a platonic object so that one can [*Inhale, exhale*] actually step away from it.

MR: This seems to be one of the possibilities at the moment for taking something useful out of the rigidity. I think I do project this rigidity. You can call it 'rigidity', and at the same time 'oversaturation'. The hope is, by losing something, to become consumable by others.

JV: And probably also by you at that moment that you can turn your back on it.

MR: Sure.

[Pause. Sips of coffee for both]

JV: On the one hand, this rigidity, this platonic character, achieved surprisingly at the end of the scale of fantasies, could be discussed in terms of desires and how one relates to the objects of desires when they are hyper-fetishised. So we're talking about desire and its objects, but at the same

time you have consistently also been discussing institutional policies and politics in relation to the appearance of a surface. You have associated the appearance of the modern educational institution with the demonstration of the vacuum pump in early scientific discourse, where a strangely anemic surface is the surface of the scientific or educational institution. *[MR changes the acetate, pushes previous one onto floor]* Like in order for it to teach, you have to suck all the air out of it and then it becomes this kind of hollow platonic screen. And parallel to that, you have been looking at black holes. And you've also been looking into the quite violent politics of academic institutions—for instance, into the natural sciences and the competitive culture that exists there by looking at some biographies of some scientists who even eventually said, 'I've had enough of this shit', or have been excluded. So this kind of rigidity of a surface, the vacuum pump, these scientific institutions and the lives lived in the face of that. The black hole and the rigid surface and moments of disappearance. Are these motifs or, actually, more doubt than meditations? Are they signs of a struggle?

MR: *[Pauses. He changes the acetate again, pushes the previous one onto the floor]* Staying on the images in the photographs, they all have a symbolic meaning for me so it might be risky to read them solely as sexual allusions. Something else which they almost constantly draw on is the tradition of the 'saturnine'—the classical figurations of melancholia, these internal images. For instance, however maybe this is a bit tangential, before the term 'black hole' was created Newton already had an intuition for the existence of these extremely intense force fields in the cosmos and he called them 'dark stars'. And Newton was also an alchemist, interestingly.

[JV nods. Both puff away on their cigarettes for a moment.]

MR blows through the cloud of smoke in the projector beam before speaking again]

MR: So yeah, I think there is a symbolic layer, but they are more general symbols, not intended to convey something about particular institutional policies. I was mostly working with this idea that once something achieves a certain scale, such as an institution—even if it's a small one—it has to rely on, for instance, heavy apparatuses: Buildings, infrastructures, archives, regulations, and it tends to become fragmented. *[Pauses. Inhales, exhales]* It's difficult to make clear the link between this and the drawings or the photos, but let's say the aesthetic content that an institution produces cannot help but be, for me, extremely saturated. Perhaps someone inside an institution, but it is very difficult for an institution to produce something very specific by itself. Normally the lexicon that it produces is generic. It projects the vastness *[Small arcing gesture of the hand to indicate vastness]* of the weavings of its apparatus.

JV: So the melancholy you are talking about is almost like a sentiment in relation to the world becoming flat?

MR: I agree, yes. And even if you think about the traditional melancholic figurations, there seems always to be a feeling associated with the passing of time, its fluidity and the impossibility of its negation, which would be perfection. *[Changes acetate, pushes previous one onto floor]* And normally also with the act of representing it. This might be cliché, but I find myself thinking of the representation of melancholia by Dürer—this feeling of the passing of time and the attempt to represent this. The measuring instruments and the frustrated attempt to craft a perfect platonic stone. And I would add that it's interesting that someone who is an

intellectual, who is deemed to produce an abstract product, ultimately thinks about a liquid, a humour of the body. There is always this dichotomy between the two. It's a very classic scene [*Inhales, exhales*] but I find it inexhaustible.

JV: Melancholia, in relation to, is it like black bile. So like a strange fluid that could be seen as being delivered through the host and the image and it stands towards the fluid and the substance. I keep thinking of the quote by Brett Easton Ellis, 'We all slide down the surface of things.' That gives you the kind of time spent trying to access but sliding down the surface where at times it coalesces and it becomes that surface and it slides down.

[JV stubs out his cigarette, searches the table for another, locates one, lights it. Both sit puffing and looking at the image for a time. MR changes the acetate, pushes the previous one onto the floor. Both sit puffing and looking for another time]

CURTAIN

Act 2

Scene 1

Matheline Marmy, Jan Verwoert

An undressed black box stage.

MM and JV sit on two chairs down stage left. Otherwise no furniture.

A square patch of sunlight is projected on the back wall, as thrown through a window by the low sun of early morning, starting stage right.

JV: Are we running?

MM: Yep.

JV: *[Gesturing expansively around him]* We are in the exhibition space, what are we looking at?

MM: So, we are looking at two pieces made out of a certain kind of plastic which is a co-polyester extruded. It's something that I could form. The melting point is super low, so I could work on it with a very simple heat gun and then construct it in a super empirical way, both of them. They unfold from previous research on containers for water. They are basically the follow-up of this research on how to create a container for experiments that I've been working on previously. These were experiments around rusting elements and into small transformations that happen autonomously under certain conditions.

[The patch of sunlight is moving at a speed slightly more than real time. Already it has moved more than a few centimetres, perhaps a quarter of a metre. The patch leaves a trail behind it as it moves: The once black wall changing to a reddish off-white where it has been touched by the sun]

JV: So on the inside we have certain substances that are exposed to water and then the chemicals cause the rusting. Or what happens on the inside?

MM: Basically yes, this is it. Right now they are not fully activated so some of the small canals or veins, however you would like to call them, contain only water or water and salt. Where the reaction is actually happening, on the right container, there's a copper wire that I dismantled from an electric cable and the reaction is basically happening with an acid, salt and water that were all poured into this tube. And yeah, the process simply continues to happen. So at first it takes an hour or two to make a slightly darker colour and then the blue appears. And now there is also black happening inside. So I don't really know how it will unfold.

JV: *[Mildly incredulous]* What we are witnessing is a chemical reaction in real time?

MM: Yes. And also as I said previously, some of the tubes or veins will be activated at the beginning of the exhibition and some will dry during the exhibition due to the evaporation.

[The trail left by the patch of sunlight begins to change colour, losing its reddish hue and edging towards a bluer white]

JV: And this work has evolved from another body of works where you were working with algae on photosensitive paper.

MM: I would say it was maybe another thread of the same kind of ideas. Last year I was working on this algae-based emulsion that was itself coming from a more photographic process. I stopped trying to obtain images coming from that

kind of constellation and I became more interested in the algae itself—what it was bringing as a sphere of reflection and in terms of resonances.

JV: But also what we were witnessing there was a real-time process because the algae were constantly changing colour as they were interacting with the light.

MM: Yeah, exactly. So that algae basically contain a high level of green pigmentation and like every kind of natural pigment, it is supersensitive to UV, right? So sunlight. And what I've done with this series of work was to cover a surface with an emulsion made of these algae. Then I choose not to fix them or protect them as a final stage of what could be a photograph or a photographic process. So in this way, they still potentially react if shown in space or are shown to the sunlight by slightly fading and changing colour. Actually, it's not algae but bacteria. Maybe I need to be precise: It's like a uni-cellular bacteria. So the one I chose had a high range of green and also a range of blue. So basically what happens is the green tends to disappear before the blue due to this. The timing now is slightly different. And also, what is different here is that it maybe it doesn't fade away, it is more that there is this oxidation layer that appears on the wire. So maybe it's something that grows rather than something that fades. So maybe there is a small inversion here in terms of how the works parallel each other.

[The trail left by the sunlight has now taken on a decidedly bluish-green hue]

JV: In both cases this stuff is alive, in a way. Like the bacteria are alive in the same way that the metal in the oxidation is somehow a live process.

MM: I would say that I'm interested in provoking a sort of feeling that something could eventually be alive, or whatever you mean by this. Well, *active* in a sense at least. And also, the fading of the bacteria and the apparition of the copper rust are depending on their own time lapse, so I think this is something important. So the apparition of the rust and how the rust continues to grow, or stops at some point, is something that is actually independent from my timing.

JV: You started working in photography and then moved on to (photo) installations. You once wrote that in this transition you were interested in finding out how a work could be its own pocket of time. Now it feels like time is almost breaking out of the pocket.

MM: Yeah, that's an interesting idea. I think I've read something somewhere, I think in a book by Timothy Morton, that things can emit time and I'm very interested in this idea because somehow it gives a possibility for a material experiment that is also very simple like rust appearing on the surface to be observed through another kind of lens. All the works that I've done had either an interest in time—that time is maybe not a tool but a piston, or a main provocative element, just like water is here.

JV: It's a powerful thing to say that these elements don't exist in time but they emit time; they create. Time is emerging from them: It's copper time and algae time.

MM: Yeah, I hope that this is something that we can eventually grasp from the work so that they study their own form of evolution and that, once provoked by me, the solution can just appear in the space. [*The patch of sunlight hits MM, she raises her hand to shield her eyes from its light*] And I also

think that the possibility that the work can emit a form of time just gives the work its autonomy in an exhibition space, or in constellation with others.

JV: It's life other than we know, and that is a state of autonomy I guess. But you once said these memorable things regarding the collaboration with a material both in relation to the bacteria now and in relation to water. You admitted that you had chosen to work with an 'uncooperative element' or an 'uncooperative agent', I think you said.

[MM laughs]

JV: On the one hand, you evoke the economy of something that is emitting its own time. *[The patch of sunlight hits JV, now its beam holds them both. He too squints and raises his hand]* On the other hand, we have a trans-human collaboration where the human agent has chosen to collaborate with an uncooperative agent because the water goes wherever it wants to go and bacteria do whatever they want to do. So after working with these uncooperative agents for a sustained amount of time, what's your experience?

MM: Yeah, I think that I have learnt a lot about how to work with these materials and every time you work with the new material it requires a certain amount of time before being able to find a way in somehow. As I said, those two pieces were made in a super empirical way and it happens that it breaks and it happens that it leaks and I also have to deal with that and try to find working tools. *[The patch of sunlight moves off MM. She lowers her hand and blinks several times]* It's very much a matter-of-fact way to deal with things. I think for me it has been anyway. As much as we talked about these philosophical ideas of how to work with materials that

have agency and try to deal with that, it also has been super down-to-earth to actually try to achieve this and find solutions to actually make that happen. I would say that there is also a romantic idea of how to work with water as an element, a change-provoking element. But also, and at the same time, it has been a series of very concrete decisions.

JV: I keep thinking about how farmers relate to the changing seasons, as I assume a lot of things that you said would relate to your art practice would've also traditionally related to people farming, no?

[The patch of sunlight moves off JV. He rubs his eyes with his index finger and thumb for a moment. As it continues to move away it is revealed that the shadows cast on the wall by MM and JV have registered in the increasingly blue-green trail, the only disruption in its long slow stroke]

MM: Yeah, maybe there is this. Because when you're into it, it's a lot about how to find the right plastic, making tests that week and then finding another way. Remember the time you came into my studio and I filled the first bag with water and it broke at that point? Every time, art to me is about how to find solutions to these small problems.

JV: While there is this wider horizon of understanding the elements that you've chosen to interact with...

MM: *[Gently interrupting]* But I think this co-operation or this comprehension of an element comes just from the making for me. And then with a little bit of distance, you find another level of dialogue with the things.

[Long pause. EXIT patch of sunlight stage left. MM and JV rise and follow it out]

CURTAIN

Scene 2

Merve Kılıçer, Jan Verwoert, a multitude

The stage set from Act 1 Scene 2, the white cube now fully assembled.

An installation made out of ensembles of plexiglass plates that are engraved with a dry point. Some of them are inked, some of them are left blank. The shadows of the etched drawings are reflected to the floor with the help of a strong light source nearby. The plates have exciters attached to them: Devices that amplify the sound. The plates amplify the sound and also carry the images.

Atmospheric music is playing but also spoken pieces of poetry and text.

There is a closed door on the back wall, painted white to blend in. It has the appearance of an office or toilet door.

MK and JV stand centre stage, looking around at the exhibition. They wear summer clothes, fanning themselves with floorplans.

JV: What is the language that you've been working with here?

MK: The material for the sound varies. Some of them are recordings from public spaces, like construction sites or street musicians. There are poems from Turkey, some of them are with the original voice of the poets and some are voiced by me and Ulufer. Ulufer Çelik is my collaborator, and we will be performing together at the opening. There is a big poetry tradition in Turkey but this field has been dominated mostly by men. We've been reading women poets from past generations together and trying to get more familiar with their production. It was important for us to bring them [*Gestures towards floor*] to the space, to the present and to translate them as part of this collaboration.

JV: And the imagery that you've been using on the plates, do they have a particular symbolic language attached to them?

MK: In general, I see the imagery and the sounds, like the poems, as my cultural heritage from Turkey. Over the past year I've been researching the history of Turkey and the cultural production, the artistic production, that came with it. The images that inspired me are mostly from the poster images of the seventies that reflected mostly leftist ideologies. I tried to transform this imagery and re-adapt it to today's struggles. Even though the current political field is not as ideological as it was in the seventies and eighties, there's a new wave of resistance against certain issues occurring both globally and locally.

JV: And this kind of resurgent quality strongly resonates with the poems and the lyrics of songs, as you were saying.

MK: I tried to make a selection of poems that could speak to the audience of today as well as make us remember the issues of the past. The lyrics or the verses mostly reflect resistance and struggle that is still valid today. Their most common point is that they are inviting and encouraging the reader to discover alternative ways of experiencing time and truth.

JV: And are you drawing from material that is going back for hundreds of years, or how far are we going back in the traditions of song?

[As JV speaks, MK—exasperated with the heat—walks to the door and opens it. A cool breeze ENTERS. Beyond the door: Exterior, night-time. People huddle around a fire, some playing instruments or singing]

MK: In my research there are poems that date back to antiquity, to the time of shamanism. It's more a methodology that I'm interested in: The method of turning poetry into songs with the use of instruments, with rhythm. This method was used in the rituals of shamans. They would carry the story of the people with poetry and with their instruments because there was no script at the time. This was the way to engrave it into the memory of the people, into the collective memory. And then people would remember the songs and they would keep on singing them. This method was used also by the *Ashiks*, the bards that travelled in Anatolia or in the Middle East. They would carry the stories of different lands, travelling from village to village. In all of these practices, in shaman and Ashik tradition, the apprentice would take the songs and stories of their masters and also create their own songs to pass on to future generations.

[Some of the people from the fire notice the open door and walk towards it, hesitating on the threshold]

JV: So it's a form of embodied insurrection radio?

[The strangers cross the threshold and begin to look around the exhibition]

MK: Ah yeah. *[Laughs]*

[The door closes in a gust. MK walks back over and opens it again. This time beyond the door: Green space in a bustling city, people mill and move about tents, banners and makeshift structures. Almost immediately some of them begin to come through the door]

JV: And that it opens up a tiny tunnel that goes way back into

the thirteenth century and at the same time resonates strongly with something that has been motivating your work for quite some time, namely the experience of having partaken in the Gezi Park protests and the kind of energy that erupted in these moments. For you, what is the strongest connection there? Where do these historic traditions resonate with your most recent political experiences?

MK: Well Gezi Park protests happened very unexpectedly. For those of us who were part of it, for the government, for our parents, it was very unexpected, and I was interested in finding out what prepared us for this moment. So I think that was the reason why I started looking at the history of Turkey to find out what accumulated in our memory without it being conscious. Mostly, I think these poems and songs did the job, kind of... I guess they helped us to synchronise collectively.

[By now there are more than twenty people moving around the stage. Some EXIT through the door or by the wings, others ENTER. Despite departures, the total number is always increasing]

JV: You were speaking a lot before about the rhythmicity of the motion of the people during Gezi Park. Could you speak about that? So as to speak about the deep metric memory of the poetry and the rhythmic quality of a multitude in motion almost in similar terms I guess.

MK: We had this moment of collective reaction, collective motion, and I think what had accumulated in our minds made it happen. The occupation went on for about two weeks and then it was of course lost when the park was taken from us. And then it left us. *[Pauses to consider]* I mean, it felt like the collectivity gradually faded and left us alone with this

experience. It made me question, what was the push to that moment and can we maybe re-create it? Or, how we can be still in rhythm on our own, even though we are distant from each other, because I do think the collectivity is still in continuation. Even though we are not in the same public space or in the same geography. Even though we are not side-by-side, I think we still have that rhythm going on for each of us and then it will re-synchronise at some point. The production that happened in the past prepared us for Gezi Park and the production that we will do now will prepare us for future synchronised moments.

JV: So in that sense the installation is almost like a time portal that opens up to this continuous flow of a certain flow of a certain kind of insurgent rhythm keeping space open for that energy?

[The stage is now completely full of people, some are still looking at the exhibition, others are making music, some are sitting down in groups talking, others sharing food]

MK: I try to keep it as a space of accumulation and sharing. It's a space that hosts voices as well as collaborations. I aim to invite people with different rhythms and with various knowledges to work together, produce and share. And the audience is invited to take whatever they can in public and non-public moments of this install as well.

JV: And to some extent that is also a space of education I guess.

MK: Well this process of looking at history was a process of learning for me, and so whatever I learned I tried to transform and pass on through my work. So I don't know. I wouldn't say it was a very didactic education. In the end, it's

my choice about what knowledges I share or the people that I invite and want to share. But yeah, it's a space for learning and educating ourselves in collectivity.

[After a moment's pause to glance around the exhibition, MK and JV join a group who EXIT through the door in the back wall and disappear into the crowd]

CURTAIN

Scene 3

Honey Jones-Hughes, Liesbeth Bik

A 1:500 scale model of Rotterdam in cardboard, nearly reaching the edges of the stage.

North Rotterdam is upstage, South Rotterdam downstage. A blue felt Maas runs through the centre.

HJH and LB circle it slowly, stopping and studying several parts before beginning their dialogue.

HJH: *[As if picking up where they left off]* There's also a couple of new houses on Almondestraat because four of them emptied three weeks ago.

LB: Wolphaert?

HJH: *[Stepping out carefully into the model and pointing]*
Almondestraat.

LB: Oh, here... *[Points, pauses, thinks, remembers]* In the video, yeah.

HJH: But Wolphaert—there's an update on that front too actually because I have to move out in December.

LB: *[Alert]* Why?

HJH: *[Shrugging]* For the refurbishments.

LB: You're still part of the...

HJH: Yeah. I'm still part of it.

LB: You will return? You're still allowed to return?

HJH: *[Picking her way carefully downstage, across the model]*

In theory we will return, although the most recent plans look as though my bedroom becomes a balcony. *[Reaching her destination, slightly hunkering down to straddle and point at the spot she's talking about]* So, we have to make sure that it's still a two-bedroom apartment. *[Lifts a building up off the model, it fits in the palm of her hand. She rolls it around there like a dice]* It would be a ridiculously large one-bedroom apartment though, so I have hope that it will still be a two-bedroom one. *[Straightening up]*

LB: Ja.

HJH: *[Stretching arms wide, looking around, holding the model building at arms length, looking down her arm and past the model as if down the barrel of a gun, testing locations]* So, we'll find out soon where we get moved to.

LB: Great.

[HJH sighs, drops arms to sides. Hunkers again, carefully replaces building in its original spot, stands]

HJH: And then I'm thinking, in a wider future, that I should also record the apartments on Wolphaertstraat as people move out.

LB: *[Stepping out into the model to join HJH]* What I find interesting is what you mentioned also, this guilt and the issue of conservatism, not only in the political sense but also as a practice somehow. You know, wanting to conserve something while time is sort of pulling the carpet out from underneath you. *[Gesturing down, palms flat, fingers splayed]* So, are you sitting on the carpet, are you flying with

that carpet and landing, let's say, in Wolphaert 2.0, in a new apartment? [*Hands in front, holding imaginary balloon indicating size of guilt*] Or is your guilt so big that you say, 'No, thank you very much, I'm not going to do that!' And then either other people move in, or the project sort of breaks apart [*Pushes hands apart and downwards, palms now facing up*] and then they will go and refurbish the houses at some point and [*Spirally pointing gesture at the model*] rent them out for €1000 per month, right? Which is also something that you prevent when you keep your foot very firmly on that flying carpet somehow, no? So these kinds of ambiguities in the whole project are very interesting and very important.

HJH: [*Shifting weight from foot to foot*] Yeah, because I can't work out where I stand in relation to my engagement with it all. And my guilt.

LB: What does engagement really mean? [*Pauses. Squats down and picks up a small model building in each hand. Looking at them as she speaks*] If you diminish engagement or talk it down to only self-interest then there is nothing left in the idea of 'society'. Because then we create individuals that only think of themselves, or the group they feel included in, and they wouldn't be doing anything otherwise. I refuse to believe that is the case, somehow. Though sometimes our politicians push really hard for that to happen, so that we become those people that can be totally pre-programmed to always choose the things that are in the best interest...

HJH: ...of themselves.

[*LB looks up. Pauses*]

LB: Yep.

HJH: Yeah, it's true. And I was talking to Carla a bit about the *antikraak* [anti-squat] people coming to have a look at the houses on her street already—and the antikraak people are a whole different thing because... [*Reaches out and takes one of the models LB is holding, studies it*] I don't know, I guess I'm thinking a lot about this word 'parasite' because of Matheline's recent group critique in the old school, which is artist studios at the moment. The antikraak people are living off the fact that they know that people will continue to be moved out, and they can make quick money for a few months without having to really deal with being long-term landlords and what that means. [*Tosses the model back to LB*]

LB: But also, that's the result of the political decision-making process. The antikraak can be there because the law, at some point not so long ago, prohibited squatting. And of course they already started moving into the political landscape. The students from Erasmus University actually thought of this as a really brilliant economical model and it is of course, no? Because you rent out space which is not yours and you have no responsibility for it and the one who wants to rent it is in urgent need for it and the one that owns the space doesn't want it to be squatted. So it's like the perfect deal somehow, right?

HJH: [*Uncertain voice, edge of irony*] Yeah, it's the perfect in-between ground.

LB: But it's like total, absolutely top-level neoliberalism. Google sells something they don't have, no?

HJH: Yeah, it's true. And what's so interesting about it is also to some extent those people—thinking about Wolphaertstraat more, and thinking about what Nieuwe Ateliers Charlois

(NAC) did—*[Leaning down and placing a hand protectively over a cluster of buildings]* really *did* save our houses from being sold on to become luxury apartments. *[Looking at LB]* It's actually quite amazing that they have safeguarded them as social housing.

LB: Yeah, but that's good.

HJH: Yeah, it's really good. And that is only possible because there is a community of artists that really, really care about it. *[Crane her neck around to look upstage]* Whereas on streets like Carla's, where even though there are a lot of people that really, really do care, *[Looks back at LB]* there are also a lot of people that just live there and don't care and don't mind if they move on. So the community of people who really cherish it, save it.

LB: Where does she live?

HJH: Van Brakelstraat I think. *[Standing up and looking around a little unsurely, starting to find her way over there]* It's a street to the side of Witte de Withstraat... *[Pointing with her finger as she attempts to trace the streets so as to identify the exact one]*

LB: Oh yeah, I know people who have moved out and relocated to Brussels. Artists I mean, but also some who stayed.

HJH: *[Gesturing at the vague space where she has arrived]* But it's this kind of space where 30% of the people would really care and fight for it.

LB: Well it is also true that if a building or a house is left empty, it starts crying almost. No?

HJH: But 70% of people don't care and they are happy to be moved on because it doesn't mean so much to them, and to have a newer flat somewhere else is also fine. So it's super interesting to think about this in comparison to the strength of the community on Wolphaertstraat, who have managed to ensure that all of the people that live there will probably continue to live there for a long time even after the renovations.

LB: *[Starting to rise and move towards HJH]* Well yes, maybe. *[Halting mid-walk, looking around herself, standing in the middle of the felt river]* But what I think is special is the collective effort to make sure that this will stay social housing and it won't enter into the free market somehow. It's done for self-serving reasons but also for the situation, you know? It's not about seeing the space as a prison or palace, but just safeguarding it. That's all, but very important, because all of the other dynamics seem to be working counter to this idea, no? So yes, it's for you now but it might not be for you tomorrow because you can still choose to move somewhere else.

HJH: Yeah, exactly.

LB: And then it's still social housing for somebody else.

HJH: And then somebody else can live there.

LB: *[Raising index finger]* That should be in the contract, by the way. Because I think that's really important.

HJH: I think it definitely will be. I hope it will change because currently there is this system where you have to vote people into the apartments or not.

LB: *[Furrowed brow]* You want that to change or not?

HJH: I want that to change. I don't think it's right that you vote for people based on an application.

[Both start strolling back downstage]

LB: It's this whole thing of collectivity or co-operation. You know, like in New York, they have that system as well where you have a say on who comes in. *[Arriving back at her previous perch, picking up a model in each hand]* Which means, on the one hand, *[Miming weighing it up]* you create some kind of gated community or again this kind of club feeling that you all feel the same and safe with each other, perhaps not, and prevent others from moving in. *[Same mime with other hand]* On the other hand, it creates this collectivity or it recognises collectivity as a force. *[Looking at HJH]* Then you also need people who are up to it. So if, for example, *[Gesturing loosely at model below]* it would be free and you would have a collective garden, somebody would eventually start to build a fence. Just because they want to have their own garden, and then they would slowly change all the greenery for tiles, just because they don't like gardens. And then they would start to make parties every night on the ground floor. It would become very annoying, no? So what would be a really good idea is to really think this through together with Vestia or Woonstad, whoever the housing corporation is. To really work out how to write this down, no? So instead of having people come in with a proposal to make sure that they know where they land *[Sharp two-handed downward gesture]*—and to articulate that they are not only okay with this, but that they support *[Soft two-handed rising gesture]* that actively—you would have them become a part of that collective. Which is maybe not a

community, but they will become part of the collective efforts somehow. Because other people already went to this effort, no? So if you sell out too easily, you might end up somewhere in two years where you actually wonder why we did this so stupidly.

[HJH *laughs*]

LB: Which is something different than saying, 'Okay, you are going to be part of it, and you are not', for whatever reason [*Shrugs*].

HJH: Yeah. I think as long as there is some sort of consideration. I do think it would be a shame if people moved in that didn't care and then the effort that had been made was completely lost. But, the voting itself doesn't work because people just vote for their friends.

LB: And people only tend to choose what they know, or on the basis on whether they feel they would like the prospective tenant.

HJH: At some point we voted on what kind of voting we should do... [*Laughs*] So another option would be to have applications, you choose from the applications the ones that you think are suitable and then you put them in hat and you pull out a random one. This would feel fairer because then it's slightly more difficult to just vote for your friend.

LB: But even then, even if you say you are completely open to everybody and anybody, then putting in an application is already something that only some people would do. Many other people wouldn't. So [*Weighing mime again*] on the one hand, it's safeguarding some kind of collective or collectivity

somehow, *[And with other hand]* and on the other hand, it will definitely exclude people.

[Pause]

HJH: Yeah, this is true.

[Pause. Both look down at the model. Tracing streets with their eyes]

LB: So still, whatever way you choose...

HJH: It will always have problems.

LB: Exclusivity is always around the corner.

HJH: Yeah.

LB: I don't know how to deal with that.

[HJH laughs. They look back up at each other]

LB: You know, at Duende we never were 49/51. Brexit would not have happened in Duende, you know? Because there was always this issue of two-thirds majority, which is a more democratic form, don't you think?

HJH: When you have a clear majority.

LB: No, it's like 51% cannot decide about the collective because 49% would still be a considerable voice somehow. And with two-thirds, of course 33% is still a lot of people, or a lot of voices, but then at least there is something that is sort of not so easily discarded somehow. I mean with the UK, I think at

this moment... But let's not get into this.

[Relieved nasal exhalation from HJH. Pauses]

HJH: I hope that the work conveys the story behind it.
[Hunkering again] It's a question that I think about all the time. I think that the most important thing about the work is when people have discussions about the kind of topics that they see within it. So like, the game I created, that was successful because I hadn't asked anyone to have the conversations that they were actually having. It's just that they were given open pointers and they had been poked in a certain direction so that they would have these conversations.
[Pause] And so yeah, they were like these small successes for me in the way that you maybe even lead a conversation to the point at which it happens.

LB: So in that way you have to give some kind of...

HJH: You have to give it something.

LB: How do you say it, *Aangevers*? How do you say that?

HJH: *[Looking at the model, studiously]* Entry points.

[LB replaces one of the model buildings she has in her hands, though not in the spot she got it from. She holds the other up to her eye as if it was a lens she could look through, gazing off into middle distance]

LB: Yeah, entries for people to be able to sort of make out what happened. Understand your journey, the Euromast, the workshop, you filmed the empty apartments, how you asked people to film their own domestic environments, in use, out

of use. *[Stops looking through imaginary cardboard lens, looks at HJH]* I think that may be important but you don't have to spoon up your whole thesis.

HJH: Exactly. I think it can just function as a window or short pauses into all these relationships and engagements. That is, the society that I've been exploring and been a part of for the last two years.

[They stay lingering on the model, prodding at and picking up parts of it to examine]

CURTAIN

Scene 4

Janis Dzierniks, Liesbeth Bik

Stage entirely in darkness to begin.

Initially unseen: A large cuboid of greenish-beige foam. It would appear to float just off the ground, supported by two sets of human feet sticking out the bottom. It is being worn collectively by JD and LB, like a boxy pantomime horse. The cuboid's longest face is towards the audience, with sets of feet sticking out at intervals dividing its length in three. Each actor is standing inside a hole cut into the bottom of the foam. Actors positioned side by side, facing audience.

Each has a hand sticking out a hole cut in one of the cuboid's smaller faces, each holding a light bulb, cables trailing off into the wings. Whenever one speaks their light bulb illuminates, when they are silent their bulb is dark.

Therefore, audience can associate a voice with a figure despite only feet and one hand being visible.

Bulbs are the only source of onstage illumination when lit.

When unlit, stage remains in darkness.

Voices muffled by the foam, naturally. Stilted delivery.

LB: *[Bulb lights up]* And that's it? Standing there somewhere in between somehow? *[Bulb goes dark]*

JD: *[Bulb lights up]* Yeah, yeah, yeah. Yeah. *[Bulb goes dark]*

LB: *[Bulb lights up]* It's interesting. So you sort of came in with these blocks, these kinds of strips of polystyrene, right? And you worked your way through and you made a big cut and then an even bigger cut here and there, and then you may end up with just the blocks glued to each other and it's kind of like working backwards to come forwards somehow.
[Bulb goes dark]

JD: *[Bulb lights up]* Yeah, there is some sort of strange loop going on. Something that didn't give me any pleasure at the beginning turned out to do so at the end. *[Bulb goes dark]*

LB: *[Bulb lights up]* I think it's interesting that these objects that are suddenly illuminating something, standing on their own, at the same time have their own life. But only if they are connected to a socket also. So if the plug is out, it's off: That life doesn't happen and it doesn't work. *[Bulb goes dark, pauses, bulb lights up]* And they are sort of, in a way, yes, what you said, they seem to be failing somehow. *[Bulb goes dark]*

JD: *[Bulb lights up]* Yeah. *[Bulb goes dark]*

LB: *[Bulb lights up]* You know, they are a little bit crooked and they're laying on the floor and then they are like beautiful leaves. It's like a bride that's completely drunken after her wedding night. *[Bulb goes dark]*

JD: *[Bulb lights up]* Yeah, but all of them have this impression that they have been used and now they are tired as objects. Even if there is a fancy marble block on the bottom, there is some play with contrast there. *[Bulb goes dark, long pause]*

CURTAIN

Scene 5

**Lili Huston-Herterich, Katerina Zdjelar, Liesbeth Bik,
Foot¹, Foot²**

An undressed black box stage.

Human-height steel armature with CRT television head at extreme stage right.

Stage left: A desk with a lapel mic and its cabling strewn across it, connected to an amplifier placed under an adjacent seat.

Centre stage: A microphone on a stand, hooked directly into the house PA system.

Stage right: LHH stands on an upturned steel bucket holding a megaphone.

Television flickers into life to show face of KZ.

KZ: No!

[Television turns off]

LHH: *[Through megaphone, to audience, with conviction]* No to hidden seams! To tidy endings! No to isolated thoughts disconnected from their strings of associations and provenances! No to the insistence on 'new' only being new if it is literally so: No new work, no new ideas, no new materials, no new forms! No to violent forgetting! No to free work! No to systems dependent on self-capitalisation or isolation! No to one-room studios: Whole street, neighbourhood, city, world studios only! No to rushing! No to the suppression of dreams, free associations, diversions, tangents and distractions!

[Television turns on, face of KZ]

KZ: Tilburg.

[Television turns off. LHH steps down from bucket, places megaphone on ground. Walks to desk, takes a seat behind it. Affixes lapel mic, taps with finger to test functionality. Clears throat. Elbows on desk, knits fingers together in front of her]

LHH: *[To audience, primetime manner]* Tilburg is in Brabant, the province of the Netherlands where much of the Dutch textile industry was centralised. Primarily cotton, wool and jute, the city developed around the factories that surrounded it. Generations of families worked first as house weavers and later as factory machine operators, until the industry moved to the Global South in pursuit of cheaper labour. *[Television flickers into life, face of KZ, LHH looks at it, nods, television turns off, LHH faces audience]* With the attempt to reconstruct a speculative provenance of a bag of rotted wool, I spent time reading a collection of interviews in the Tilburg TextielMuseum Library. It includes conversations with factory owners, workers, families and the community that were a part of the history of Dutch wool processing and weaving. *[Television flickers into life revealing face of KZ. LHH looks at it, nods, television turns off, LHH faces audience]* I hoped to find an imagined sheep, or herd of sheep. To think from the body of the sheep, to their shaved hair, to the fibres twisted to make a thread that was never woven. But on the way I tripped over, crouched down to inspect and got lost in industrialisation, labour, craft, globalisation, inherited craft practices and then also in the fluff of the actual stuff floating in my studio. Pulling it from my nose, where it had settled as snot and clung to my nose hairs, I realised that I had been crouching there for so long that the creases on my boots became rips in the leather and I brainstormed about how they could be mended with accent-

coloured leather string.

[Television turns on, face of KZ]

KZ: Knot.

[Television turns off. LHH removes lapel mic, walks to microphone stand, takes up position behind it. Places one hand on it, begins to sway, eyes closed, getting in sync with some silent rhythm]

LHH: *[Through microphone, sing-song, almost chanting]* I get tied up following some threads. Instead of thinking through, I follow sideways, from multiple directions at once. I spend a lot of time untangling knots in the studio. Threaded material gets moved around and every time it relocates, knots form. Some kind of memory of a change, a trace of an encounter, showing a complexity of being within a world. Unknotting these knots could be the performance of re-collecting when, or where, or how they occurred, inevitably involving speculation or mediation. It takes some time to get through certain knots.

[LHH continues swaying. Television turns on, face of KZ]

KZ: Princess Winter.

[LHH, startled out of her reverie, seems to think for a moment]

LHH: *[Still with one hand on microphone, putting her face beside and in front of it, addressing audience unamplified]* Princess Winter is a sculpture. She hates when I talk for her, so I'll let Liesbeth Bik do it so I don't get into a fight with her later.

[LHH walks to television, fumbles with controls under screen, changes channel to show face of LB]

LB: Allow me to introduce Princess Winter: The editing tool, the helper, the interlocutor, the stand-in or alter ego. Dressed in pink, bags full of groceries, caught, in heels, on her way home, perhaps, to make dinner. What place does she take? What takes place? Does the artist need her? *[Pauses]* Princess Winter functions as interrupter. She is dressed in quilted socks, underpants and small scraps that have fallen from shipping containers filled with waste textiles found at the textile port in Charlois, Rotterdam. The artist is recycling some old work from her personal background growing up in a family where art, art making and making is part of life. Authorship was often shared in that environment, and in a situation where she and her sister explored value—in a more meanings than just the economic—in collaboration. Interruption is part of collaborative processes vocalised in an artistic vocabulary.

[LHH stamps her right foot, activating a speaker in her shoe]
FOOT¹: Liesbeth Bik on Princess Winter, April 2019.

[LHH once more manipulates controls under screen, changes channel back to face of KZ]

KZ: Yes. Yes to...

[Television turns off. LHH walks back to microphone stand, removes microphone, carries it with her to bucket, sits down on bucket]

LHH: *[Intimately, through microphone]* ...what is within reach, which can be at once cosmological and microscopic, but also

isn't everything. To old work. To reclaiming as a new and important gesture. To an ongoing practice. To a life that can accommodate it. To getting paid. To not getting paid. To a growing material and formal vocabulary and a deeper trust that it can be understood. To the quiet little threatening songs... *[Stamps left foot, activating a speaker in her shoe]*

FOOT²: Gillian Welch in an interview with Rolling Stone, September 2018.

LHH: ...sung in living rooms and bedrooms. To singing it out loud to others. To the ultimate threat artists have to stop sharing what they do with their world. To this threat as a demand for life-giving remuneration: Food, true love, money, energy. To the world's flotsam and jetsam, forever replenished by capital and its castoffs.

[Television turns on, face of KZ]

KZ: Timeline.

[Television turns off. LHH sits for another moment in thought, shifting gears. Gets up, picks up bucket, picks up megaphone, carries them to desk. Places bucket upside down on desk so it covers lapel mic, places megaphone on top of bucket so the two together form a wonkily tapering cone. Takes amplifier from under chair, places it under desk, directly below just-assembled tech tower, faces amplifier's speaker upwards, places handheld microphone on top of it]

LHH: *[Softly, into megaphone, creating chain of distorted echoes and feedback as the sound passes through the various materials and amplification devices]* Many at once! Two, three, four layers with different increments scaled to align.

Time differences: My sister's morning, a late-riser, my evening. Slow time: How long it takes for glass to return to sand? Fast time: How many milliseconds of preceding sound before a corresponding image to create an illusion of synchronicity? Weird time: Past personal histories into present political histories. Time as a material for embarrassment and ecstasy. Knowing that every present is a conflation of many other simultaneous 'timelines', always becoming and shifting. You asked me about methodologies in relation to time, and I was reminded of something Jan Verwoert said this week, something about 'using your own "I"' and expanding it to a breaking point to 'EAT YOUR OWN SOCIETY'. That's how I noted it in my sketchbook: EAT YOUR OWN SOCIETY. Timelines can be layers to be unpicked, or taken and expanded, so many temporalities are true and present and going simultaneously, and that's the whole point. Which is the strongest case I've ever heard for using improper tenses, or poetry.

[Steps back and listens for a moment as the cacophony of rustling and half-formed repeating words continues to build. Television turns on, face of KZ]

KZ: Texture.

[Television turns off. LHH walks centre stage, takes off sweatshirt and hangs it on empty microphone stand, then sits on floor with head inside the hanging bell of the sweatshirt]

LHH: *[Unamplified, speaking over continuing ambient remainders of previous speech, speech slightly hampered by fabric]* Related to touch and light. These are the two ways I can think of how that texture can be perceived. This spring I've been wearing a purple velour hoodie, and every time

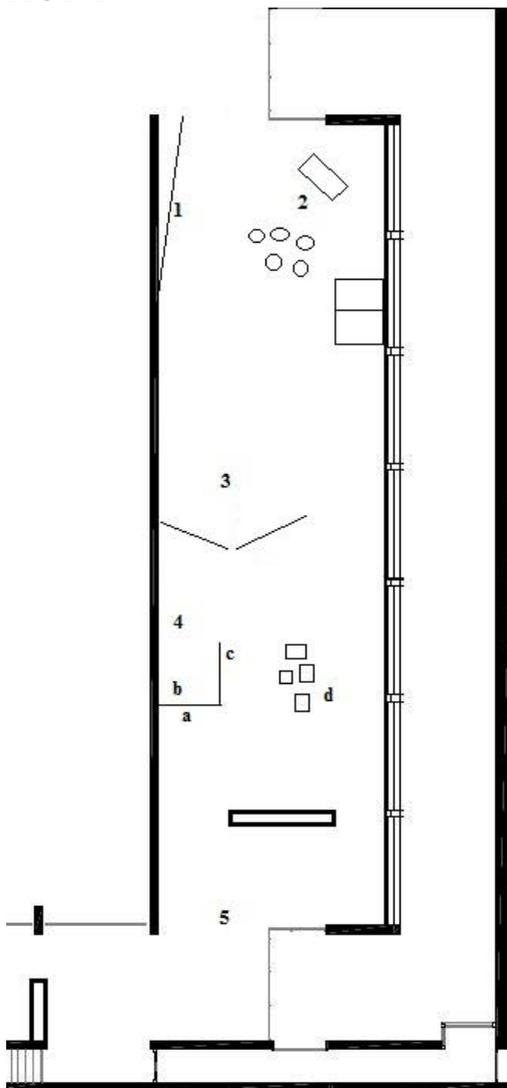
someone hugs me they rub their hand down my back in the direction of the fabric's grain and make a humming noise. I try to extend this kind of haptic reaction in video: Changing the light so textural surfaces find their dimensionality, layering a wrinkled sateen sheet with a pile of grassy thread and a clear glass bottle, reaching out from behind the camera to show touching. Hardness and softness is involved: A threadbare nylon hanging from a welded steel limb. Tactile language on the register of cloth, of clothing, which is a material attached to me most of the day, and probably attached to you right now too. Touch as exploration. An eye as a hand? A hand as an eye? In the darkroom, no lights are on. Fingers follow walls and feel for corners and turns. Paper is laid and compositions are prepared and then completed blind. The texture of the image and its organisation—the only way to see before the light turns on to cast its shadow.

[Keeping the sweatshirt on her head like a mask LHH stands, feeling carefully for where the microphone stand is so as not to hit her head. Carefully unhooks sweatshirt from stand without disrupting its position on her face. Placing hands on ground to guide her she slowly shuffling makes her way to EXIT stage right]

CURTAIN

Midnight Sunburn - Extracts

ACT 1



Scene 1 – Teddy Coste

‘ . . . I play rugby and I get a bad blow, I come to school and it still hurts. In the same way, I can enter the pitch with the posture and automatism from a performance I’m rehearsing just prior. Or when I succeed in making a sculpture or a prop and it puts me in a good mood, so I play in a different way.’

Teddy TV, MDF wall, A3 prints, video, headphones, hooks, jackets, 2019

Meeting Robert, performance, laser-cut wood, latex mask, drawing, 2019

Scene 2 – Bobby Sayers

‘It’s more like I’m sort of in between this element of entertainment and political activism and I’m not quite sure where I sit. And the work is me having the chance to think about aesthetics and symbols that can tell a story, that draw from elements of the past.’

The Homeless Troubadour, video, performance, fabric, cart, cushions, 2019

Credits: Bergur Andersson, Sol Archer, Erdem Cavlak, Seecum Cheung

Scene 3 – Josje Hattink

‘So, cauliflower neighbourhoods are always zooming in and making your world smaller and smaller, with the idea that that’s a comfortable, happy and easy format for living a life, without worry. And to me that creates an interesting contrast with the ideal of having to travel to see the world.’

Wander Often Wonder Always, mixed media and video, 20’53”, 2019

Credits: Caspar Hattink, Brigit de Roode, Daphne Simons (camera), Yanik Soland, Katinka van Gorkum, Sieko Kloosterhuis, Honey Jones-Hughes, Merve Kılıçer, Bobby Sayers, Bernd Krauss

Scene 4 – Jakob Forster

‘[The work] is like being in the world and having the reflex to be with other people, to be social. I’ve been confronted with being called ‘enigmatic’ or staying oblique in the way I convey my works but I think I’m just quite picky when it comes to choosing my friends. It’s as simple as this: “Here is how I see the world through my eyes, I was thinking about this juxtaposition, what do you think about it?”, or, “Where can we meet?”, or, “What can you contribute to this thought?” [The work] is like an initiation of sociality.’

a. *Four Intruders Plus Alarm Systems (Conditioner)*, ink, pencil and gesso on raw canvas, 220 x 155cm, 2019

b. *Charity never faileth (dyptich)*, wallpaint, tracing paper, paper, MDF, pencil and watercolour on paper, bookbinders, masking tape, scotch tape, 42x32cm, 2019

c. *Untitled (Touch of Silver)*, ink and beeswax on linen, framed, 53x37x10cm, 2019

d. *sotto voce*, folded paper, glue paint, PVA glue, beeswax prints on paper, photocopy, dimensions variable,(50 x 50 x 50cm + 25 x 50 x 17.5cm), 2019

Scene 5 – Marco Rizzardi

‘Staying on the images in the photographs, they all have a symbolic meaning for me so it might be risky to read them solely as sexual allusions. Something else which they almost constantly draw on is the tradition of the “saturnine”—the classical figurations of melancholia, these internal images.’

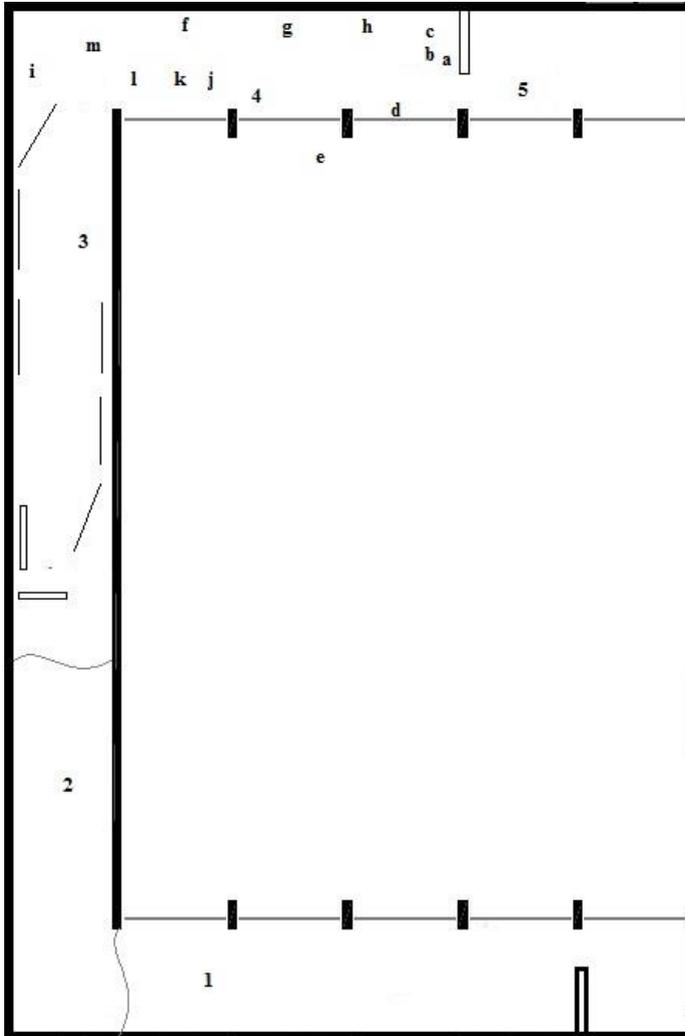
Red photographs (Series, Photo 1–4), inkjet print, artist frame, 50 x 70 x 4.5cm, 2019

Untitled, inkjet print, silkscreen on paper, 40 x 86cm, 2019

Untitled, inkjet print, laser print on paper, 21 x 30cm, 2019

Midnight Sunburn - Extracts

ACT 2



Scene 1 – Matheline Marmy

'I think I've read something somewhere, I think in a book by Timothy Morton, that things can emit time and I'm very interested in this idea because somehow it gives a possibility for a material experiment that is also very simple like rust appearing on the surface to be observed through another kind of lens. All the works that I've done had either an interest in time—that time is maybe not a tool but a piston, or a main provocative element, just like water is here.'

Conteneur (parasites), copolyester, steel, copper wires, water, ammonia, sodium chloride, 250 x 125cm, 2019

Scene 2 – Merve Kılıçer

'We had this moment of collective reaction, collective motion, and I think what had accumulated in our minds made it happen . . . It made me question, what was the push to that moment and can we maybe re-create it? . . . I think we still have that rhythm going on for each of us and then it will re-synchronise at some point. The production that happened in the past prepared us for Gezi Park and the production that we will do now will prepare us for future synchronised moments.'

Volitional Volutions of the Volatile Waters, 15 pieces of etched plexiglass plates installed with 6 exciters connected to 3 mini amplifiers for the sound piece, 2019

Credits: Ulufer Çelik, Viviana Fabiano and Elise Maniere as "Eggs&Coins/Midnight Monkeys Collective

Scene 3 – Honey Jones-Hughes

‘...and the antikraak people are a whole different thing because... I don’t know, I guess I’m thinking a lot about this word ‘parasite’ because of Matheline’s recent group critique in the old school, which is artist studios at the moment. The antikraak people are living off the fact that they know that people will continue to be moved out, and they can make quick money for a few months without having to really deal with being long-term landlords and what that means.’

De Ruimte voor Jou (The Space for You), 6 channel video work, 15’15”, reproduction of letters sent by Woonstad Rotterdam (English translation courtesy of Josephine Baan), 71x100cm, 2018–2019

Camera: Marta Hryniuk and Honey Jones-Hughes
Thanks to Josephine Baan, Raluca Croitoru, Petter Dahlström-Persson, Marieke Haandrikman, Tracy Hanna, Zoraïma Hupkes, Lili Huston-Herterich, Merve Kılıçer, Matheline Marmy, Anni Puolakka, Collette Rayner, Ieke Trink, Pascal Walhof and Kari Robertson for sharing short videos of their domestic spaces.

METROPOLIS MASTERS!, models made by Annabelle Binnerts, Jake Caleb, Teddy Coste, Jānis Dzirnīeks, Dieuwke Eggink, Angelica Falkeling, Jakob Forster, Marta Hryniuk, Jacco Jansen, Jamie Kane, Bernd Krauß, Matheline Marmy, Josie Perry, Daphne Simons, Nick Thomas and Daniel Tuomey, 2019

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Scene 4 - Jānis Dzirnīeks

'Yeah, but all of them have this impression that they have been used and now they are tired as objects. Even if there is a fancy marble block on the bottom, there is some play with contrast there.'

a. *Lamp 51.926148, 4.466076*, found lamp, energy saving light bulb, 15 x 15 x 50cm, 2019

b. *Lamp 51.920958, 4.484121 and Roll up Banner*, found lamp, aluminium pole, spring steel, roll up banner stand, dimensions variable, 2019

c. *Lamp 51.926281, 4.466865*, found lamp, LED light bulb, polystyrene resin, dimensions variable, 2019

d. *Lamp 51.915587, 4.474776*, found lamp, LED light bulb, polystyrene, 138 x 28 x 28cm, 2019

e. *Lamp 51.926281, 4.466865*, LED light strip, polyurethane resin, synthetic hair, 120 x 30 x 30cm, 2019

f. *Lamp 51.941439, 4.471990*, found lamp, incandescent light bulb, rota spike, dimensions variable, 2019

g. *Bears*, acrylic glass, inkjet print on paper, 92.5 x 155.5 x 1.3cm, 2019

h. *Bears*, acrylic glass, inkjet print on paper, 2019
100 x 160 x 1.3cm, 2019

- i. *Bears*, acrylic glass, inkjet print on paper, LED light strips, 154 x 85 x 1.3cm, 2019
- j. *Insulation*, extruded polystyrene foam, wood glue, 125 x 61 x 41cm, 2019
- k. *Insulation*, extruded polystyrene foam, wood glue, 125 x 61 x 35.5cm, 2019
- l. *Insulation*, extruded polystyrene foam, wood glue, 125 x 61 x 41cm, 2019
- m. *Insulation*, extruded polystyrene foam, wood glue, 125 x 61 x 30.5cm, 2019

Scene 5 – Lili Huston-Herterich

'I get tied up following some threads. Instead of thinking through, I follow sideways, from multiple directions at once. I spend a lot of time untangling knots in the studio. Threaded material gets moved around and every time it relocates, knots form. Some kind of memory of a change, a trace of an encounter, showing a complexity of being within a world.

Unknotting these knots could be the performance of re-collecting when, or where, or how they occurred, inevitably involving speculation or mediation. It takes some time to get through certain knots.'

Princess Winter Goes to Town on Purpose, welded steel, plaster, found clothing, thread, candy, 500 x 100 x 250cm, 2019

YOU MAY BARGAIN! I KNOW YOU MAY., transparent and opaque vinyl on glass, dimensions variable, 2019

Waterfall Jail, acrylic on fabric, thread, 250 x 300cm, 2019

Attention Wallet, HD video, 13'00", 2019

You May Bargain, video, 27'00", 2019

Credits: Katharina Cameron, Werner Herterich,
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