

WANDERING ARTS BOOK	<p>DEFAULT</p> <p><i>Theun Karelse Various Artists Pacôme Béru Marinus Van Dijke Jeroen van Westen Victoria Douka-Doukopoulos David De Tscharner</i></p>	<p>BXL.WILDLIFE</p> <p>SERVICE TEAM: <i>Arnaud Kinnaer, Denis Adnet and Vincent P. Alexis</i></p>	<p>DEFAULT taps into the potential of contemporary culture to seek out and experiment with immersive modes of cultural travel and nomadic arts practices. Participants work on site while travelling through Europe along a straight line from north to south.</p> <p>BXL.WILDLIFE is an experimental research project that proposes to consider the urban environment, the city, as humankind's natural environment.</p>	
WANDERING ARTS BIENNIAL	<p>Introduced by <i>Maud Salembier</i></p>	<p>BURATINAS</p> <p><i>Pacôme Béru Nicolas Matzner Weisner David De Tscharner Léa Mayer Sebastian Dingens Florence Doléac Noëlle Bastin & Bastien Bogaert</i></p>	<p>BURATINAS is a boat measuring 4.80 m by 2.40 m that can hold four people and uses solar energy to reach an average speed of 5 km/h. It is an artistic project developed by the non-profit organization nadine to raise questions about subjects such as renewable energies, soft mobility, ecology, public space and water in the cities.</p> <p>CIRLING AROUND, "I walk around large international airports and invite people to join me. We do not walk directly around the fence, but along roads and paths that are close to the airport." – Bruno de Wachter</p>	
WAB 2014 ARCHIVE	<p>CIRCLING AROUND (WITHOUT TAKING OFF)</p> <p><i>Bruno De Wachter</i></p>	<p>PÉRIPHÉRIQUE.0 AND BOUCALAIS</p> <p><i>Various Artists</i></p>	<p>PÉRIPHÉRIQUE.0 is a conceptual artwork invented by various embodiments of Various Artists realized in the rural area of the Vysočina district in the Czech Republic in 2014. It is part of a larger series by Various Artists called 'graphical works'.</p> <p>Boucalais is a walking trail from Boulogne-sur-Mer to Calais which Various Artists have travelled several times a year for almost ten years now. Boucalais started in 2005 as a fixed walking trail and grew over the years into a format, a state of mind.</p>	

ARE MOBILE ART PRACTICES REACTIONARY OR IN THE SPIRIT OF OUR TIMES?

Why do so many artists – as well as architects, sociologists and anthropologists, to name but a few – choose to take off into the world, backpacking, travelling by land or by sea, rather than staying put behind a desk and screen? One may assume that they do so to fulfil a need for thrill and adventure, or even because they crave new challenges. While that may be true, it may also seem that by taking off, they are choosing to avoid acting upon their ideas. However, to bring their motives to light objectively, we must look more closely at what spurs these practices and what kind of challenges they imply, both individually and collectively.

Should we consider these practices art? They are improving something that every human being has in common: the faculty to transcend his everyday life. You don't have to call yourself an artist to walk along a coast or to camp in the wilderness. In fact, most of the projects gathered here need participants that do not necessarily belong to the artistic field. I postulate that these practices are less related to an artistic will than to a deep need to find the meaning of life. In the continuity of the relational art movement which appeared in the 1990s, these practices aim at recreating a social link in a way that reminds one of some rituals and symbols borrowed from primitive mythology.

At first glance, we can say that the above practices are dependent on three different notions, namely TIME, SPACE and BODY, as will be explained below. Let's begin with time: most of the above projects either last for extended periods of time, or represent interventions to be repeated over time. For some, like BEING BOUCALAIS, the repetition of a specific action spans several years: walking the same trail along the same route, with different people, always reproducing the same identical scenario. This endless story resembles some kind of folk play that we could find in different cultures all over the world. Moreover, the act of perambulating itself imposes a tempo. THE BURATINAS PROJECT, for example, plays on the exaggeratedly slow rhythm of locomotion, to the point of absurdity: with its speed averaging 5 km/h, even a walking pace is swifter. This overt exaggeration reveals an attempt to slow the pace of time, an aim to inhibit acceleration. In PÉRIPHÉRIQUE.0, participants will create a path within 32 m² of land in the Czech Republic. It is the wearing away of the ground by the participants walking days and nights that will fashion a kind of work of land art. Surprisingly, most of the projects form a loop or a circle. Consciously or unconsciously, these ephemeral projects are introducing a notion of incompleteness that is part of the cycle of life.

That brings us to the second notion of space. All of these projects take place in public spaces, instead of private or intimate ones. Some are landscapes (BOUCALAIS, PÉRIPHÉRIQUE.0); others are empty fields such as the border of an airport, or the

wilderness. These undefined stretches of land, or no-man's-lands, could be called 'non-places' (NON-LIEUX), a term coined by the French anthropologist Marc Augé. These spaces of transience do not hold enough significance to be regarded as 'places'. As chaotic spaces they are not yet regulated by rules or laws and become places of liberty. Nature has reclaimed its rights and wild flowers blossom all around until the next human conquest. Those spaces are found at the edge of cities and of public spaces — the ones that should be open to everyone, as democracy would have it. But as we know, the fact is that there are more interdictions than rights in these public spaces.

The last point to be broached is that of the body. Those practices are not only improving the body as a tool or a support for personal achievement, but they are also provoking frictions with other bodies. Sharing the same movement and the same goal, the individual body merges into a social body, reclaiming a sense of community. This entire project depends upon participation, because there needs to be experience and knowledge for exchange to occur. It is the relationship created between people that is important and that forms the core of the work. We can see that, in fact, the process is far more important than the end result. Thus, the artwork is nothing more than a trace, a footprint left behind. The dematerialization of the artworks and of the experience creates a gap between the usual art practices that consist in the production of objects and valuable goods. There is nothing to exhibit or to buy. Artists are replacing the ritual of consumption by communion. To feel part of a community is without a doubt one of the aims of these practices.

The examination of these three notions of time, space and body in the context of mobile art practices reveals a dialectical position and numerous potential conflicts. In short, we can say that there are three groups of oppositions: SLOWNESS versus speed; PUBLIC against private/intimate space; COLLECTIVITY versus individuality. To find the balance between these opposite poles is the great adventure of our modern society. Furthermore, all of these practices seem to reveal a common will, that is, to counteract certain contemporary movements: globalization, dematerialization of knowledge, and acceleration of communication, for example. They are fighting against growing individualization and the decline of exchange between human beings. But in trying to do so, they are using the same channels the media use: social networks, websites, and so on. As contradictory as it may seem, the action ultimately ends in front of a computer.

The question therefore remains open: are mobile art practices reactionary, drawing on history to reactivate some primitive symbols, or do they manifest the spirit of our times?

Brussels, 23 May 2016

Dear Septembre,

I felt like using this familiar yet somewhat outdated form to write to you, as though I had only received your letter, written two years ago, this morning. Your words would have journeyed through space and time to arrive in my letter box, since I am reading it, here and now.

And so I wonder what, in the space of two years, has changed, what you would have written today. Like the participants in the 2014 edition of the Wandering Arts Biennial, who took the time – on foot, by bike or aboard a little boat – to evolve slowly, following the pace of their body or their means of transport.

The catalogues of biennials generally accompany the works on show at the time. Rare are the publications that occur after the events that punctuate the art world, succeeding one another in fact, and seeing the ballet of artists, curators, journalists, collectors and other amateurs, taking planes in the space-time that is specific to that busy schedule.

However, the text written here and now evokes an event that took place two years ago, and accompanies all the activities that punctuated it. Among these there was precisely an action entitled *Circling around (without taking off)*. It consisted in walking around airports, spaces without any identity, junctions, gateways to and from a place, isolated from the world, all similar, contracting time and distances. You spoke of the loop, Septembre, as a recurrent metaphoric element of a life cycle, and it is true that most journeys saw their starting points coincide with their end points. This loop, which most actions proposed, compelled them to a sort of parenthesis, a hollow rather, to dig, deepen and penetrate into the slits.

The loop was in fact, in the protocol of *Circling around*, like a void in the landscape, a rabbit hole, which allows the Alices to make their way into another world while they dosed, while they dreamed.

From *Default* (which consisted in following the fold of a map by bicycle) to *Burratinas* (a sail boat powered only by solar energy), most actions, with both methodical and playful, absurd accents (absurd in the Beckettian sense of the term), had something which, like Lewis Carroll's Alice, we could consider childish and profoundly metaphysical, in a society moved by the frenzy of profit which doesn't often stop to think. Blindly forging ahead, in a straight line, without any rear-view mirror, burning with enthusiasm, regardless of whether or not there will be a wall at one point in the middle of the road.

One could also talk of a loop about this dialogue we have started, this human relation established between two critical views of the practice, between two people who ask themselves the same questions, between two moments separated in time. This differed temporality of the answer makes it possible to take a step back and to reconsider things perhaps, or at least to question other aspects. I agreed with many aspects of your reflection, but there was one point that goaded me. Indeed, space, time and the body can be considered as the three axes that articulate the practices inherent to the Wandering Arts. But I think that it is also worth questioning – and it is in any case what always interested me – the matter resulting from these paradigms, the plasticity generated by these movements.

It is often quite problematic indeed to decide what the use and mode of exhibition of these practices will be which, although they have been transiting in the margins of the art world, have been assimilated therein for more than fifty years.

The choice of this support, the letter, is not unrelated to this reflection. The epistolary support is in fact a medium used by a number of 'wandering' artists, including, among the most famous and complete, Francis Alÿs. It is an entity, an objet, with a form, a weight, a colour, a reflexive or factual content, which travels by train, boat or otherwise. It is an almost anachronistic support for words, drawings, ideas connecting people. A piece of paper sealed by saliva, which one can smell, touch, crease, fold, lose, throw out, tear up, burn, preserve, love. This material support could embody the result of my reflection after reading your text, Septembre, and of the few concluding words which stipulate, without entirely being on the wrong track, that all these activities will probably end up behind a computer screen.

Words, paper.
Ideas, forms.
The spirit, matter.
Becoming, permanence.
Being, having.

Metaphysical questions which the new modes of communication and socialization raise today, and which thinkers and artists have raised since the beginning of time. From the pre-Socratics via the figure of the medieval pilgrim (who gave up his belongings to achieve a spiritual revelation) and down to Gustave Courbet. The painting *The Meeting (Bonjour, Monsieur Courbet)* is worth noting in the sense that it presents people who salute each other while they are out walking. Spotlights him as an inflated celebrity filled with pride opposite his wealthy patron, his reflection postulates that being prevails over having. The work is

nevertheless an object, the result of a physical and metaphysical trajectory, but we are talking about a form supporting an image.

Publishing is the medium par excellence to relay and disseminate the traces collected during all these wanderings, during these processes that are more phenomenological than iconographic; written texts, documenting or recounting the journeys and experiences, maps, protocols, drawings, photographs, in a word, everything that constitutes the collection of factual information.

The challenge, I believe, thus relates to the arts of transport that are both a matter of iconography, phenomenology, plasticity and mobility – that absorb and collect the things as well as they disseminate them and shape them. Conclusions in the making, these works result from a delay, enabled by the non-granted and diffuse time that saw them emerge. This deterritorialized result of the non-spectacular, of the non-event, is also at home, in my opinion, in the reflection begun by a biennial like this one.

What do you think?

I hope to see you soon.

Love,

Maud

WANDERING ARTS BIENNIAL

'We lavish to understand travel as an act of reciprocity rather than alienation. In other words, we don't wish merely to avoid the negativities of tourism, but even more to achieve positive travel.'

Hakim Bey, *Overcoming Tourism* (1999)

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

The notion of 'Wandering Arts' has to be understood in its broadest sense. The intention of the artist to create new work independently from a fixed studio or exhibition venue takes precedence. As such, WAB is pushing the limits of what 'mobility' can mean for artists: nomadism, performing in the public space, conducting artistic research outside the artist's studio, etc. Movement and the landscape are tools as much as sources of inspiration.

A feature of many WAB projects is the LONG TERM over which they are carried out. Artist collective Various Artists has repeated the same journey for ten years already in the context of the BOUCALAIS project. After more than forty walks along the same paths, the northern French coast from Boulogne-sur-Mer to Calais still forms the setting for new creations inspired by nature, generic hotel rooms and, since 2012, the guest artists that have joined in the walk.

An ARTISTIC CONCEPT – i.e. a specific work method and the accompanying limitations that the artist sets out – often forms the starting point for a 'wandering practice'. Writer and walker Bruno De Wachter's CIRCLING AROUND (WITHOUT TAKING OFF) makes up such a format that consists in walking around airports on foot with a group of people. The concept remains the same, but the space, the performance and the interaction are always different. In the absence of stable reference points, the nomadic artist hereby develops the capacity to trace his own map at any moment. His territory changes, transforms and evolves continuously. It distorts itself in time and depending on the displacements of the perceiver. PÉRIPHÉRIQUE.0, a land-art project by Various Artists, is also an artistic concept in which the process and the end result coincide. The four-day performance – during which four participants create a path by walking the same trail every day for eight hours – is as important as the end result, a 'mark' in a landscape that bears the signature of movement.

The nomad can move everywhere. Not only on slow roads or in the countryside but certainly also in the URBAN SPACE. In the folds of this urban public space, transit zones emerge, territories in a state of temporal and spatial transformation. Artists

draw attention to specific places where there is still room for interpretation or ambiguity. Over the past decade, the city has become the setting for performative walks, social choreographies in the public space. They blend with the everyday perspective of the viewer and force the participants to look at things differently or to be seen differently. This self-reflection of the city goes beyond merely the performative, aesthetic or formal aspect. It aims to bring about change and to connect with other societal levels, such as urbanism, ecology, etc. The BXL WILDLIFE FESTIVAL project is a good example of this. A group of people roams the city for several weeks during the summer. Each day they camp in the public space and day after day explore new areas in the city. People who are interested are kept informed by text message and can take part at any moment and join the group. The openness of the project means that a very diverse group of people view the city from a perspective that is very different from their everyday routine.

WAB also offers a platform for the MOBILE STUDIO. This immediately – and somewhat too literally – brings to mind a moving studio. Two projects in the WAB – TOUR DE BELGIQUE (BURATINAS) and DEFAULT – mobilize intentional travel (by boat and by bike) whereby the participants use the landscape they pass through as a direct source of inspiration. Buratinas is a solar-powered boat that did a tour of Belgium in 2014 entitled TOUR DE BELGIQUE. For a period of one month, the boat was transformed into a temporary studio for the artists on board. DEFAULT invites artists to take part on the basis of a fixed concept – exploring the folds of a European train map by bicycle. The caravan of participants explores a given landscape (a 25-km-wide strip of land from north to south) with their own work methods.

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

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

Another important aspect of WAB is the AUDIENCE. The crossing of a spatial distance, the journey, reveals itself within the Wandering Arts Biennial as a first source of inspiration (TOUR DE BELGIQUE and DEFAULT); as an instrument for the development of a work (CIRCLING AROUND [WITHOUT TAKING OFF]); as a space for the elaboration of a work (BOUCALAIS and BXL WILDLIFE FESTIVAL); and as a work in itself (PÉRIPHÉRIQUE.0). But a role is also attributed to the spectator or the audience. All the presented projects are interactive and participative, some for an open public, others for a selection. The artists open their practice, their identity, and together with their participants they make up a structural part of the artistic work itself, of its formation. Time and space are provided for in the Wandering Arts Biennial so as to get involved in the evolution of these mobile projects. The viewer gets to see the entire artistic process. In this way we hope to communicate as openly as possible with our audience and to demonstrate the potential of the mobile practices of artists. The project can be seen as a participative 'production festival', whereby the spectator is an active part of the performances, visual works, walks and encounters with artists.

This publication presents the projects featured in the 2014 Wandering Arts Biennial. The artists were free to contribute work related (directly or indirectly) to WAB 2014.

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

DEFAULT

DEFAULT TAPS INTO THE POTENTIAL OF CONTEMPORARY CULTURE TO SEEK OUT AND EXPERIMENT WITH IMMERSIVE MODES OF CULTURAL TRAVEL AND NOMADIC ARTS PRACTICES. PARTICIPANTS WORK ON SITE WHILE TRAVELLING THROUGH EUROPE ALONG A STRAIGHT LINE FROM NORTH TO SOUTH.

A FOLD IN A MAP

Travellers embark on an expedition following a straight line. This linear mode of travel is a central aspect within the modern travel industry. The focus here lies on the arrival point, and the time spent getting to that point is minimized as much as possible. Everything between the start and end points is almost irrelevant. Exposure to that landscape is minimized. In this project, travellers follow that straight line. The line is the focus, so they travel to maximize their exposure to the landscape between the start and end points. The straight lines for this project are the folds of a European train map. To the landscape these lines are arbitrary, but for the travellers they are a guide, an absolute rule, and offer a bandwidth that help the artists explore their given territory, a 25-km-wide

strip along the fold, without hesitation, second thoughts or prejudice. It provides guidance, a well-defined geographical area within which new ideas, creations, research and inspirations may arise in relation to the landscape, local culture and each other.

Each team member is basically self-sufficient in terms of research, tools and energy, but the team works as a collaborative cultural lab and uses roaming tactics similar to migrating animals like reindeer and wolves. During the project the chosen means of transportation has become the foldable bicycle. This enables participants to experience the landscape with all senses, while enabling the team to start virtually anywhere and reach basic supplies and shelter if needed.

NOMADIC STUDIO AND ARTS

The Default project can be seen as a mobile studio of the artists. A limited speed of movement enables the group to delve into the territory, which consists of the landscape, its history, social and economic context, architecture, nature, people, and so on.

Following the invisible vector of a fold in the map is an invitation

for a joint in-situ improvisation with a multitude of personalities. People are invited to suggest ways to connect to the landscape and the journey, to investigate and explore how artists and adventurers can form a portable, nomadic creative studio powered by the sun, wind and muscles.

While on the road, participants explore how they can connect in fragile research processes and break out of static, heavy-handed approaches to production. The participants focus on ways to relate to local ecosystems, cultures, regional histories, politics and land use.

The experiments result in numerous works, from sculptures made and installed on the road to maps, video, performances and blogs. This constrained journey proves to be a valuable format in which people can explore and enrich their creative practices in alternate ways. For many participants this experiment instigates new approaches and nomadic working methods.

CONTEXT

Many of our modes of transport have a major impact on the environment. The opportunities we now have to move from one destination to another are huge and have dramatically changed the way we experience landscapes.

In the aftermath of the last major ice age, early Europeans travelled

north following the receding permafrost through an unknown landscape. Travel was associated with food, trade or pilgrimage. Nomads followed the footsteps of animals. Trips were mostly related to seasons and events. Since the industrial age these slow peregrinations have given way to mechanical efficiency, where the primary reason for travelling is to arrive at the destination as soon as possible. Budget flights and high-speed train lines have impacted the way of interacting with the landscape and regional culture.

During what many see as the prelude to another major climatic shift, Default wants to explore the untapped potential in our culture for intentional travel, where the journey itself is the goal, a movement through the landscape, framed by the environmental, social and economic challenges our future society may face.

PAST DEFAULT TRAVELS

SOURCE OF TRAVEL: TRAIN MAP OF EUROPE - PUBLISHED BY KÜMMERLY & FREY, FIRST EDITION 2008.

So far there have been three Default journeys. The first one was from Kozalin on the Polish Baltic coast to Rab on the Croatian coast in 2012, the second journey was from Viveiro in Spain to Isla Cristina in southern Portugal in 2013, and the third journey was from Tory Island on the north coast of Ireland to Ballymacoda on the

south coast of Ireland in 2015.

During the first fold a group of nine artists travelled south leaving situ installations, and doing performances on the road. This first edition was mostly a try-out, but inspired the participants to discover other folds of 'our' train map of Europe with other participants.

The last two journeys actually lie on the same fold in the map, so when the group travelled south down Ireland, straight ahead of them lied the journey they took the year before through Spain and Portugal.

AFTER THESE THREE EXPERIMENTS, WE CAN START TO SEE THE IMPACT OF THE JOURNEYS IN PEOPLE'S OEUVRES.

Some artists work very directly, and on the spot while travelling. Others collect material on the road and process it at home, i.e. create something new or use the collections in other works. Others still create new work around an impression, place, experience they had/witnessed on the road. These different approaches of work methods are personal and offer an interesting starting point for discussions around process, artistic research methods, and creation or production.

The Default journeys also had to consider 'the audience', on one hand, the people they met on the way, and on the other, people who follow the journey from somewhere

else. Questioning the impact you want to have on the audience turned out to be important.

How to leave a sensible trace that reflects the philosophy of Default. How to travel intentionally? What are different modes of communicating? How do you position yourself within the landscape and the performative nature of the journey? What circumstances prompt you to leave the group to work and expose yourself? What is the impact of being outside almost permanently for three weeks?

Default addresses these topics on many levels, and the output of this collective communication method is published here. From these journeys emerged the feeling, not of travelling through Dolny Śląsk, Galicia or Donegal, but of being related to regional Europe together with other folds. When biking south through Ireland you realize that all the time in front of you beyond the horizon lies last year's fold through Spain and Portugal, and this changes your perspective on your own position locally and your view of Europe. We are neighbours everywhere. As travellers we are also an audience to local cultural dynamics and see things from outsider with a fresh perspective. What is actually happening in an arbitrary place in Europe on one morning, afternoon or evening? What are the joys, concerns, recipes, songs, headlines, emergencies, crops, sayings or



Xerdiz

Lugo

porto

the Xerdiz
cooperative

the heather
mountains

the windmill
parks

caught up in
the pilgrim
industry

the se
village



the stone wall
farmlands and
ancient oaks

the road
on the
fault

the water-
mill valley

the cemetery



Rio Sil

the ravine
with two
bridges

the medieval
mountains

poland

the wooden
cycle

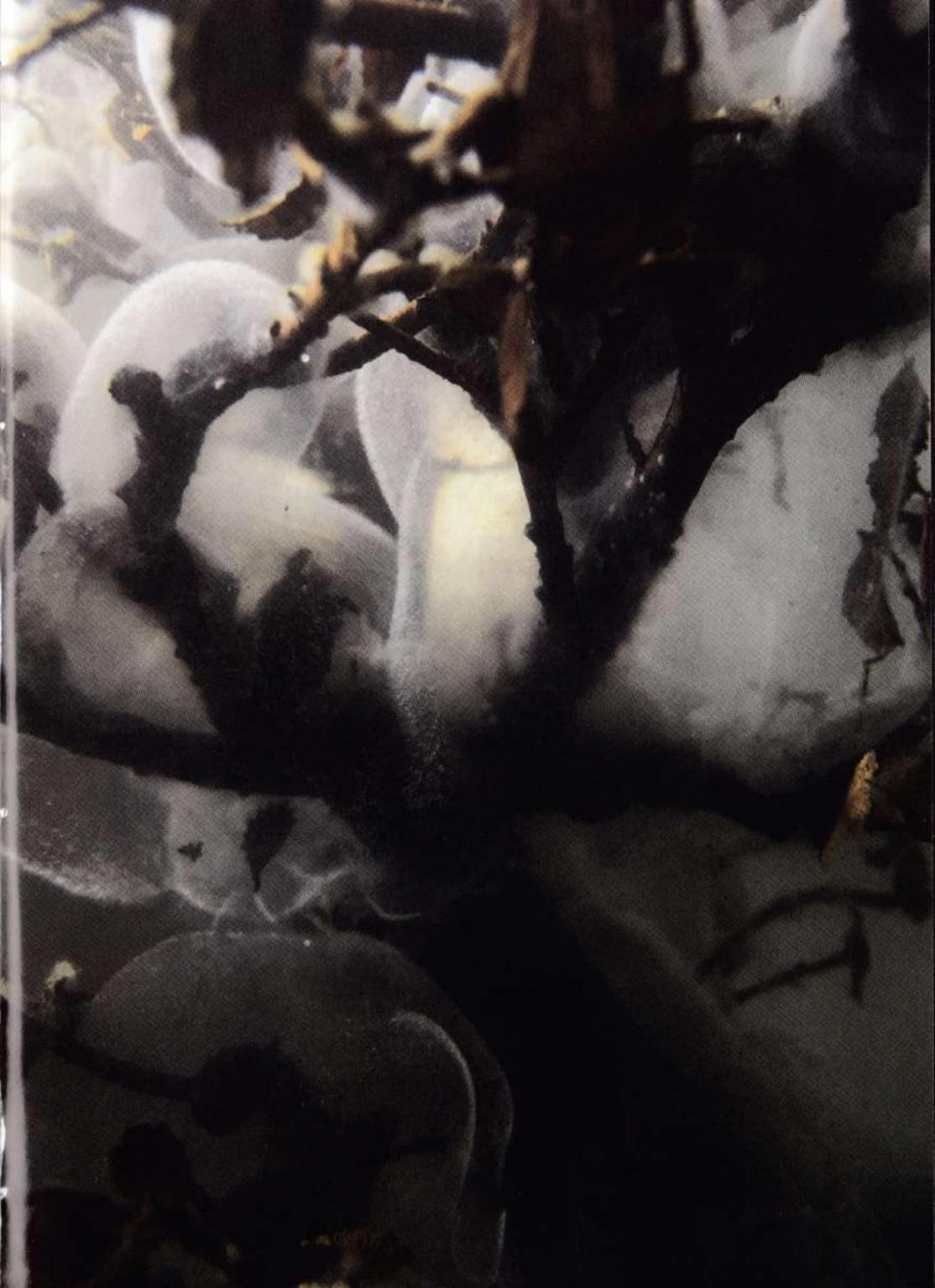
the
fire



the strange
valley where the
supermarket guy lives

the highest city
and the train station

the long descent











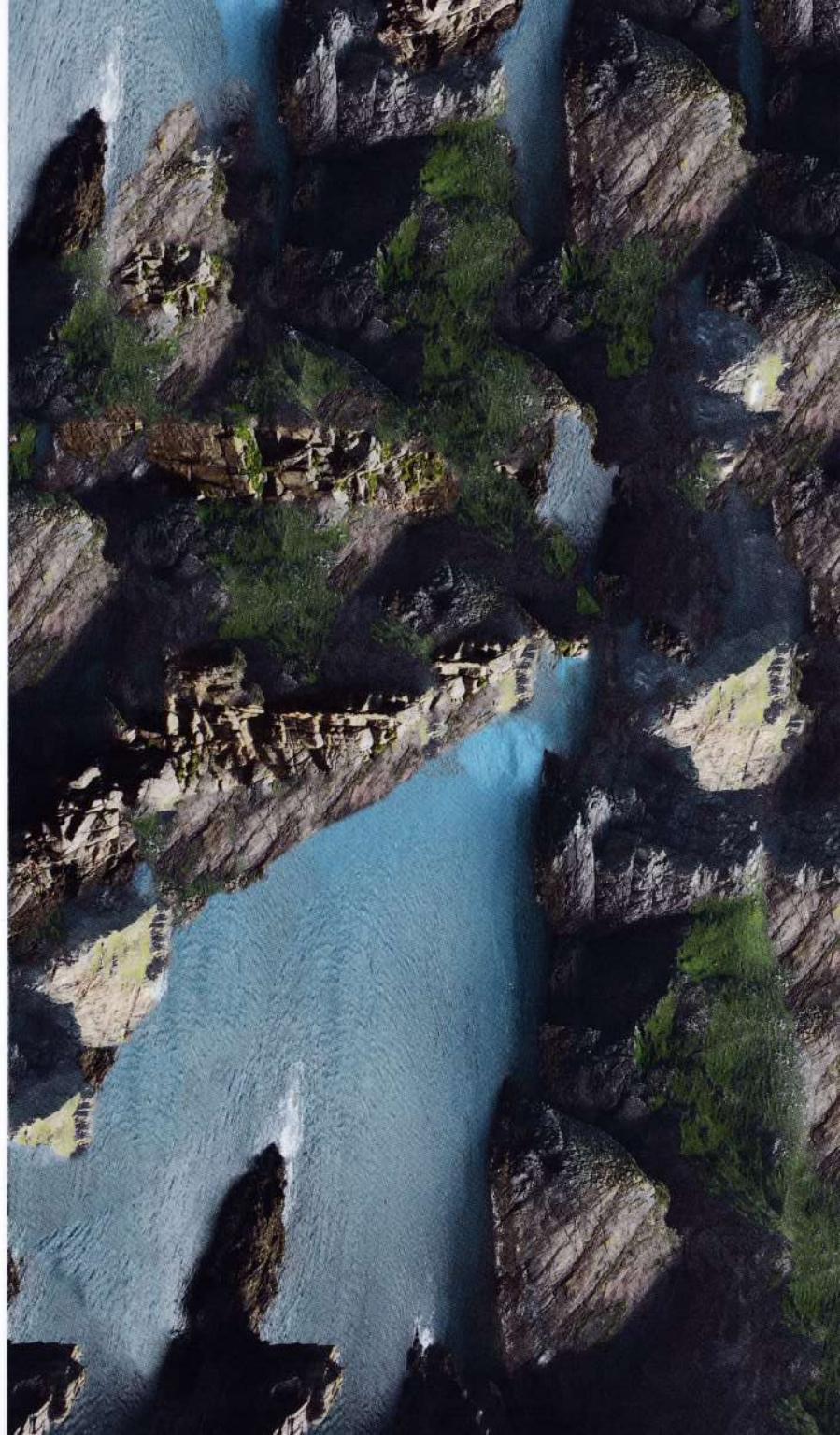


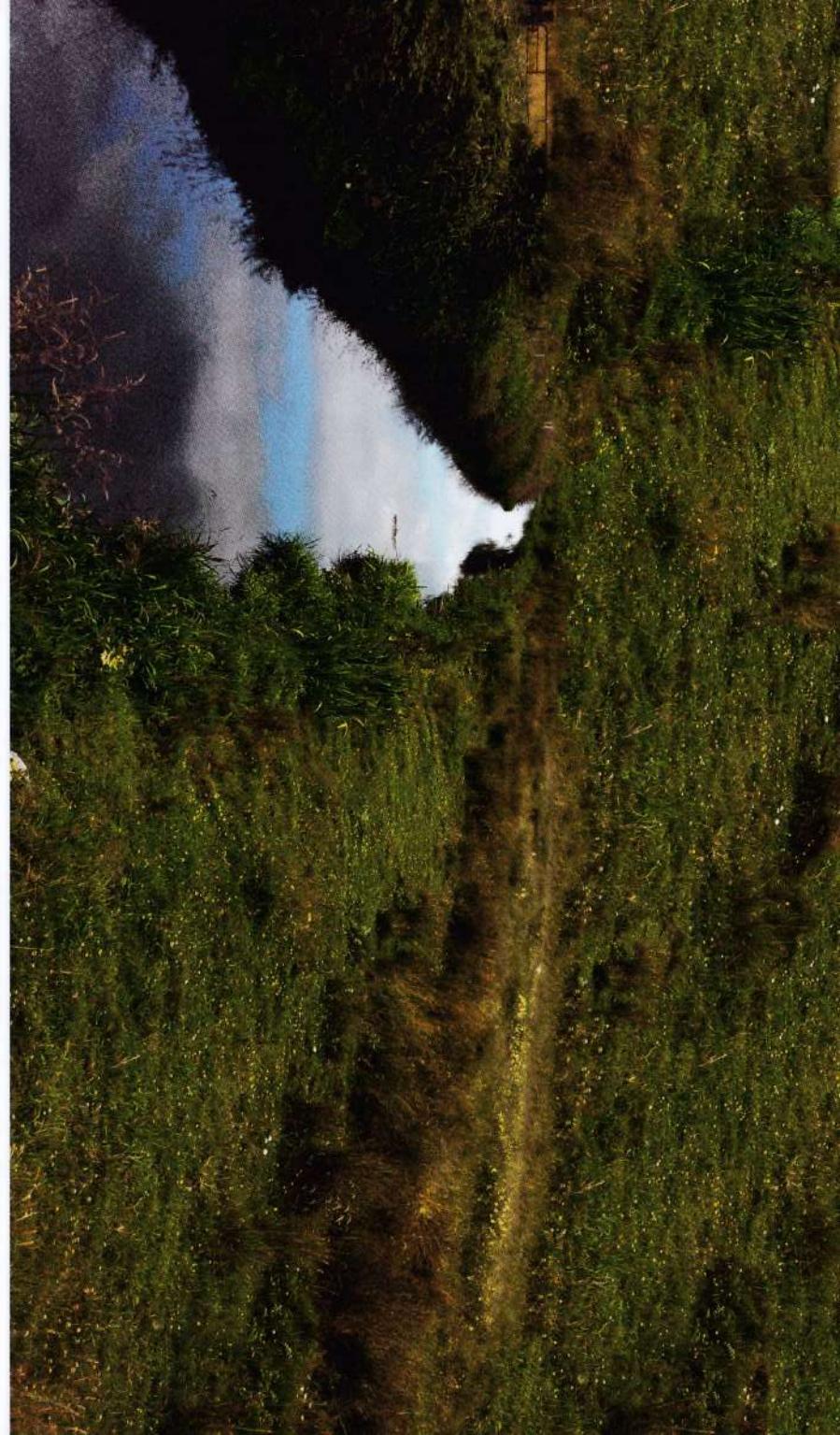


Images from the show **Q & A**, Cildo Meireles and Various Artists held at Galleria Continua, San Gimignano 2015 - 2016.

Photos by: Ela Bialkowska and Paulo Sudo

Courtesy: the artists and GALLERIA CONTINUA, San Gimignano / Beijing / Les Moulins / Habana





EL PROGRESO

DIMIERTO 100% SUSTENTABLE. NUEVA JUVENTUD. EDICIÓN 2022. | viernes 22 de septiembre de 2023 - Página 1 - 2023

MUBARAK SALE DE LA CÁRCEL E INGRESA EN UN HOSPITAL

Un tribunal egipcio ha autorizado al exdictador egipcio al cumplir el plazo máximo de prisión preventiva



Miles de personas se quedan sin teléfono en el sur de Lugo

Un incendio registrado en Ourense quemó mil metros de fibra óptica ▶ Arrilladas, zonas de Santa Monforte y Chantada, sin voz ni datos



EMPRESAS
La CEOE pide más flexibilidad en contratos y los sindicatos estudian negociar

La patronal propone a los sindicatos negociar una mayor flexibilidad en los contratos, con la intención de crear más empleo y reducir las bajas. Los sindicatos creen que se trata de un argumento más que un argumento más paupéreo y se negocia a menudo a traves de la mesa. Pero de los diez sectores de la CEOE pioneros impulsan el desarrollo sostenible.



O CONDE. Un anciano de 90 años que suele desplazarse en tractor, en la UCI el ser arrastrado por un camión. ▶

URGOS. Los hosteleros dicen que el ruido en el exterior de los locales no es responsabilidad suya. ▶

CÁCERES. El PP pide que se investigue si los denunciantes de José Blanco influyeron en el accidente de Argamas. ▶

BRUSelas. Bruselas recibe un centenar de quejas por los controles en Gibraltar. ▶

Tenso pleno sobre el franquismo en Baralla

ACCIDENTES
LA AUTORA NACE DE LA CHAPUZA

Al menos que un regalo en el cumpleaños de Berta le convierte en una figura de protesta que genera una



DE VERANO
APLEAR AGOSTO

Todos los veranos, la familia Pájaro se reúne en su casa

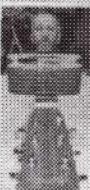
16 | viernes 22 de septiembre del 2023

CONFERENCIA DE MONTSE CARMEN

AL LORO

EL ÁLBUM RECOMENDADO POR JOSITO PORTO

«CUÁNDO SE COME AQUÍ?» SINIESTRO TOTAL



JOSITO PORTO

Algunas más conocidas como 'Siete noches sin dormir', 'Tu amor como novio', 'Tú eres mi querido' o 'Miguel' son las más populares entre los más jóvenes. Sin embargo, 'Cuando se come aquí?' es la canción que más éxito ha tenido.

EL ÁLBUM



GRANDES IDEAS, PEQUEÑAS PANTALLAS. CBEERIES PLAYTIME

Aprender y jugar con la BBC

CÉSAR RODRÍGUEZ | La cadena británica BBC tiene en suena desde hace años un canal infantil llamado Cbeebies. Dedicado a niños de hasta seis años, goza de un gran prestigio y triunfa en su programación con contenidos educativos y de entretenimiento. En su página web (www.cbeebies.com) hay muchos más que programas. Se trata de un portal repleto de juegos y actividades interactivas para niños por el que desfilan personajes populares como Rusty, los DingDongs o los Teletubbies. Se puede pintar, colorear, cantar, hacer ejercicios de inglés, leer y escuchar cuentos y ver los episodios televisivos

que son toda una institución entre el público más joven del Reino Unido. Como es lógico, todo el portal está en inglés por lo que ofrece una amplia oportunidad para familiarizarse un poco más con la lengua de Shakespeare. Debe constar todo esto. Y más que en la Galicia que

apenas al finalizó. Al parecer se ha salido ahora con un nuevo proyecto en forma de aplicación para móviles y tabletas. Se llama Cbeebies Playtime y consiste en versiones para los dispositivos que utilizan los sistemas operativos iOS y Android. Dentro hay uno para los tabletas que de Amazon, los Kindle. La aplicación es gratuita. E incluye cuatro mini-juegos basados en algunos de los episodios más populares del canal de televisión. Son Alpaca, Octonauts, Tree Fu Tom y Something Special. Los padres pueden crear perfiles para hasta cuatro niños. Y también hay una sección para ellos.



«Era punk y eran de aquí al lado»

Cómo en era el menor de esos hermanos, siempre dispuesto de último a la aguja del tocadiscos, así que en mi caso meotra mucha rota cultura y cosas de cosas que era lo que les gustaba a los mayores. Hasta que mi hermano dio a su hija mi dejar el sleep de 'Cuando se come aquí?' La primera que me dejó ligado fue la portada, que los parecía preciosísimos, como Marisol López en las Clés, los teles de mi hermana o Amapola. Hilda Vázquez, que salieron

Buddie era una novaza. Y yo que, además, era de Vigor. Así que, claro, fuimos muchas sesiones y provocadas a muy pocas distancias de donde yo estaba. Me pareció genial.

Dijo que iba a grabar mi disco. Cada vez que él pasó por el estudio de Colores Rojos y con una letra complemente descarrilada que hoy sería absolutamente impensable, como 'Marisol López en las Clés, los teles de mi hermana o Amapola. Hilda Vázquez, que salieron

de la fiesta de los 80. Dijo que iba a grabar mi disco. Cada vez que él pasó por el estudio de Colores Rojos y con una letra compleamente descarrilada que hoy sería absolutamente impensable, como 'Marisol López en las Clés, los teles de mi hermana o Amapola. Hilda Vázquez, que salieron

DIARIAS DIGITALES
EUROPA UNIVERSALIS IV

Reyes y príncipes, marionetas manejados desde la sombra por ti

CÉSAR RODRÍGUEZ | La expresión del Rey solía parecerme gomiblanca en contemporaneidad y sirve para monigotes como la acción española. También es apropiada para definir el nuevo juego lanzado por la compañía francesa Paradox Interactive. Europa Universalis IV. El juego ha comenzado su andadura de fondo en el gobierno de facto de un país a lo largo de 500 años de historia desde el final de la Edad Media.

Toma todos los decisiones. Las económicas, las políticas y las militares. Toda dinámica y todos los países. Una expedición de seguimiento y descubrimiento. Considera políticas y dirige las finanzas para evitar bancarrota. Es el primer ministro immortal que probará suerte con Estados gobernados o invadidos. Y cuando pases dirigirás por la inteligencia artificial y otras personas. ¿A quién no le apetece intentar cambiar la historia?

PAYDAY 2

Una vida dedicada al crimen con una careta de payaso

CÉSAR RODRÍGUEZ | Payday 2 es un videojuego de ese que hace años adorableness a muchos interiores y posiciones. Escondites. Y es que este título da acción en primera persona, pero al jugador en la piel de uno de los malos, de un atracador de bancos que dice: Robar a tu familia y hermanos es un juego no-operativo». En su careta arterial, no hay que saltar el mundo, solo asaltarlo y conseguir el mayor botín posible con la mayor de ganas posibles. El juego se ha encaramado a los primeros puestos de las listas de ventas en muchos países y ha cosechado buenas críticas.



SUPLEMENTO DE OCIO
VIERNES 23 DE AGOSTO DEL 2013
LA VOZ DE GALICIA

FUGAS

Movimiento reggae

MILES DE ACTIVIDADES CELEBRADAS EN LA MÉJICO JAH MECCA INSTITUÍDOS POR EL VETERANO FESTIVAL YON REGGAE FESTIVAL



CONCIERTOS El sonido electro latido de Juan Magán, el sonido freestyle y la propuesta intercultural de Dupulta presiden la semana 4-5 • **GALICIA EN MÚSICA** 25 AÑOS DE ZENIAE. La banda de A Lanzada lo celebra con un concierto en el Castillo de Monterreal. Sábaditos 3-4



INTIMISSIMI

IN THE WOODS
shot under supervision of
David Muñoz

TELÉFONO: 91 300 1100
SUSCRIPCIONES: 999 154 200
www.sociedadpolis.es

La Voz de Galicia

APR 50635

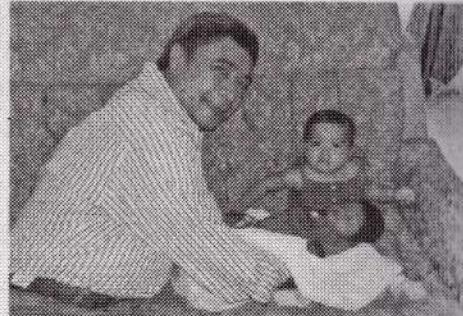
Angela Merkel le casó un chaparrón de críticas al sistema agrícola y su papel en la represión. Encuentra a la que se ven sometidas las campañas agropecuarias a la caza. Al controlador alemán, la presidente de Alemania y sus ministros no quieren el ejemplo de los protestantes franceses que inspiraron la Reforma protestante por Hugo Félix. Ellos quieren una modernización pacífica y sostenible de la agricultura, pero las protestantes se debaten a que, a confirmar, crean un sistema de control efectivo.

Así pues no descubrieron el misterio, ni sus gestos que hincan la fiesta del fin de invierno, que ya pronto estarán preparando su nuevo verano a través. Sólo debieron oírse súbitas quejas sobre los espantosos y extraños vegetales, como los garbanzos que se han quedado sin agua, o las semillas de la hortensia que tienen muchos olleros incompletos. En estos espacios, atestados por regatas lejanas al desborde, pasa la congaña y el sol. Llegaron para la representación y la atmósfera, donde el ardiente vapor y las seres humanos en excesiva sudación de tormenta, al establecimiento gratales y a la celebración de la fiesta de la cosecha.

En la noche, cuando el sol se oculta, durante la noche, los jardines quedan oscuros y profundos, aunque parecen casi la corteza oscura del asturiano. Una gran posavida se ve plena en sus alas y difiere de la muerte y tenebra. Los gitanos dicen de los maíses y valores de estos humanos que crecen en la fina arena y calcárea. Se me pregunta qué se habrá ocurrido a la criatura hermosa. Siempre tuve tan grande amor apetito por los que tienen rostro, o más exactamente la tragedia de la belleza. La belleza es la muerte, o la muerte es la belleza, o lo que provoca las descomposiciones de sangre que abren cada madrugada las pertrechas de las élites.

Padre, abuelo y bisabuelo en un mismo año y con tan solo 54

Guillermo Torres, toruariante de gallegos y trabajador de Gas Natural Fenosa en Panamá, celebra el nacimiento de Adrián, Rebeca y Felipe



Brasileiro da vila». Reparou que Felipe só tem duas garras para cavar e três para bater. «Por isso mesmo se ergam os fôbos de dor em dor por avaria de um ou dois dedos».

Servicio a domicilio, pedido mínimo 100
190-1166 - Tel. 982 807 606 Tel. 982 816 890

F O L D
an enclosure for
sheep - a flock of
sheep - a group
of people or
institutions that
share a common
faith, belief, activi-
ty, or enthu-
siasm - to pen
up or confine (as
sheep) in a fold
- to lay one part
over another
part of (a letter)
- to reduce the
length or bulk
of by doubling
over (a tent) -
to clasp together
- entwine - to
clasp or enwrap
closely - embrace
- to bend (as a
layer of rock)
into folds - to
incorporate
(a food ingre-
dient) into a
mixture by
repeated gentle
overturnings
without stir-
ring or beating
- to incorporate
closely - to
concede defeat
by withdrawing
(one's cards)
from play (as in
poker) - to bring
to an end - to
become doubled
or pleated - to
fail completely;
collapse; espe-
cially: to go out
of business - to
fold one's cards
(as in poker)

MERRIAM
WEBSTER

LA GACETA

DE LOS NEGOCIOS

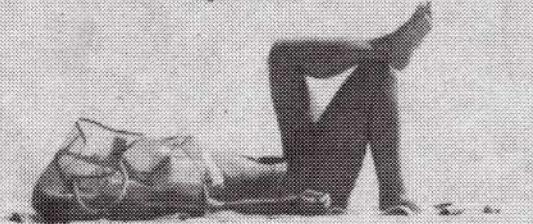
DIARIO DE INFORMACIÓN Y ANÁLISIS DE INTERECONOMÍA



Turismo en récord histórico

La llegada de turistas extranjeros, en máximos desde 1995. Casi ocho millones sólo en julio. Cataluña y Andalucía son los destinos preferidos del maná turístico

Página 12 Editorial



Deportes

El Real Madrid anunciará la próxima semana el fichaje de Bale por 87 millones de euros

Página 47



España

Trabajadores de La Paz pierden la cabeza y exigen que Cifuentes salga de la UCI e ingrese en un hospital privado

Página 38

Default

Sit and Wander

JEROEN VAN WESTEN

DEFAULT

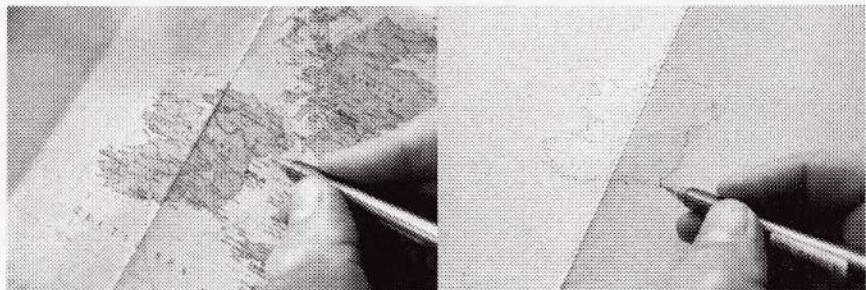
- Failure to perform a task or fulfill an obligation, especially failure to meet a financial obligation
- Law Failure of a party in a case to make a required court appearance.
- The failure of one or more competitors or teams to participate in a contest
- Computers • A particular setting or value for a variable that is assigned automatically by an operating system and remains in effect unless canceled or overridden by the operator

• A situation or condition that obtains in the absence of active intervention.

—The Free dictionary by Farlex

A sheet of paper folded several times parallel and perpendicular will lead many people immediately to think of it as a map. The folds are there and it is a map, whereas if you read a map, a fold is not part of the map, it is just there for functional reasons: for handling the map. We don't pay attention to the fold to find our way. And right so, since when we travel in the landscape represented by the map, we will recognize roads, houses, etc., but never the fold. The map is an operating system, the artist intervenes by exploring/mapping the fold in the landscape.

The first fold in a map was an 'invention' to make it possible to combine a set of maps in a book. Sailors travelled the world with unfolded maps. The books were made for armchair travellers, the rich owners could 'follow' their ships gathering wealth along the globe. The foldable map with its bird-eye view representation of the spherical world proved to be a wonderful concept that matches the Mercator projection of the earth in which all longitudinal lines are parallel, and latitudinal lines intersect these perpendicularly, and are also parallel.





PSYCHOGEOGRAPHY

Straight lines are hard to find in a natural landscape though a horizon can be straight. Mostly a straight line betrays cultural intervention. Field borders, roads, railways pointing at property and (cultural) connections, that is what straight lines are about. Most of these lines are straight in only one dimension, in general even railways and highways still follow the relief. A simple path follows the contour of the landscape, level for easy travel, but curved in birds eye view. The fold is a straight line in a piece of paper, the map in itself almost two dimensional. I copied the line of the fold in Google Earth, when in Street view mode the line runs through hills and way above valleys. This is a really straight line at 270 meter height.

An attempt to follow the fold like a straight line in the landscape is limited, and paradoxically for the same reasons for which the landscape is accessible. Roads go from town to town, paths connect the fields, border properties are not to be crossed without permission.

When Richard Long walked lines and circles in the British rural landscape, he acknowledged private property and followed roads and paths, his maps show the difference between the exact straightness of a line, and/or the circle, and his walk.

"The word psychogeography, suggested by an illiterate Kabyle as a general term for the phenomena a few of us were investigating around the summer of 1953, is not too inappropriate. It does not contradict the materialist perspective of the conditioning of life and thought by objective nature. Geography, for example, deals with the determinant action of general natural forces, such as soil composition or climatic conditions, on the economic structures of a society, and thus on the corresponding conception that such a society can have of the world. Psychogeography could set for itself the study of the precise laws and specific effects of the geographical environment, consciously organized or not, on the emotions and behavior of individuals. The adjective psychogeographical, retaining a rather pleasing vagueness, can thus be applied to the findings arrived at by this type of investigation, to their influence on human feelings, and even more generally to any situation or conduct that seems to reflect the same spirit of discovery."

<http://library.nothingness.org/articles/SI/en/display/2> —Guy-Ernest Debord

In these early works he does not leave a trail in the landscape, and in his representations there is no focus at his experiences or interaction with people, other than the simple black and white landscape photo's. DEFAULT attempts to follow a straight line, because the travelers are wandering artists. They are not after a straight line, it is exactly the deviations they are looking for. They want to escape their regular mind set and open up to new input. Interaction with an environment till then unknown to them is a key factor, they even don't know each other very well. Following the fold as closely as possible creates a condition to consciously perceive the influence of a landscape on the mind: a mapping of the fold, the landscape, the inhabitants, the group and oneself.

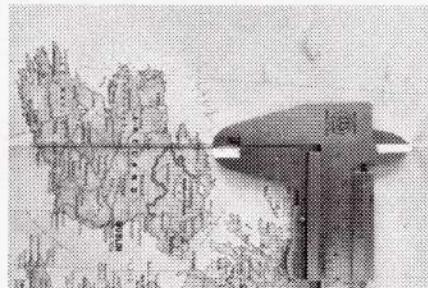
From the position of my self chosen armchair deviations are many. I expected to wander in literature on traveling, in following the fold by the internet, and by imagining being in the fold of the map. Possibly I should have chosen one of these three approaches, and I still could, but none has caught my full attention. Part of the problem is that from the armchair I stay involved in the daily chores. To wander properly, one, at least I, need to be 'away'.

IMPRINT

What if one can travel the fold of the map in the landscape? Imagine this paper fold scale 1:5.000.000 to be an actual landscape.

It reminds me to *The Powers of Ten*, a film by Charles and Ray Eames (1977) connecting zooming in to a microscopic level, to zooming out into the cosmos. It also connects to an article I clipped from a newspaper, years ago, on a book by Stefan Dech, Rüdiger Glaser and Robert Messner: Our ecological footprint - looking at the earth from outer space. A high tech observation satellite keeps track of what we do to the earth: a copper mine in Chili, an ecological disaster, becomes an intriguing earthwork on the mediated image. A third link on my mind is one I read in a book that tells about lost spaces, invisible cities, forgotten islands:

... and about an island that was on the map for centuries. Sandy Island is the name, and its position was even corrected several times! But, it doesn't exist and never existed!! It was on the map as an elongated oval of 24 to 5 kilometer. Its position was 19° 12' 44" S 159° 56' 21" E
—Alastair Bonnet, Off the map, 2014



Geologically a fault line is an intersection of a geological fault and the earth's surface, metaphorically it is a boundary between incompatible or irreconcilable beliefs, cultures, or the like. Both definitions come from Websters College dictionary. A map is a (physical) representation of a landscape. Scale, colors and material are related to the represented reality as defined by the legenda. The map used by the DEFAULT team is a railway map, and its scale is 1:5.000.000. Measuring the fold in the map results in a 4 km wide fault line in the landscape. The legenda doesn't mention that, because this is uncharted territory, the terrain I want to travel.

M. Le Comte Xavier De Maistre 1794

CHAPITRE PREMIER

Qu'il est glorieux d'ouvrir une nouvelle carrière, et de paraître tout-à-coup dans le monde savant, un livre de découvertes à la main, comme une comète inattendue étincelle dans l'espace!

Non, je ne tiendrai plus mon livre in petto; le voilà, messieurs, lisez. J'ai entrepris et exécuté un voyage de quarante-deux jours autour de ma chambre. Les observations intéressantes que j'ai faites, et le plaisir continual que j'ai éprouvé le long du chemin, me faisaient désirer de le rendre public; la certitude d'être utile m'y a décidé. Mon cœur éprouve une satisfaction inexprimable lorsque je pense au nombre infini de malheureux auxquels j'offre une ressource assurée contre l'ennui, et un adoucissement aux maux qu'ils endurent. Le plaisir qu'on trouve à voyager dans sa chambre est à l'abri de la jalouse inquiète des hommes; il est indépendant de la fortune.

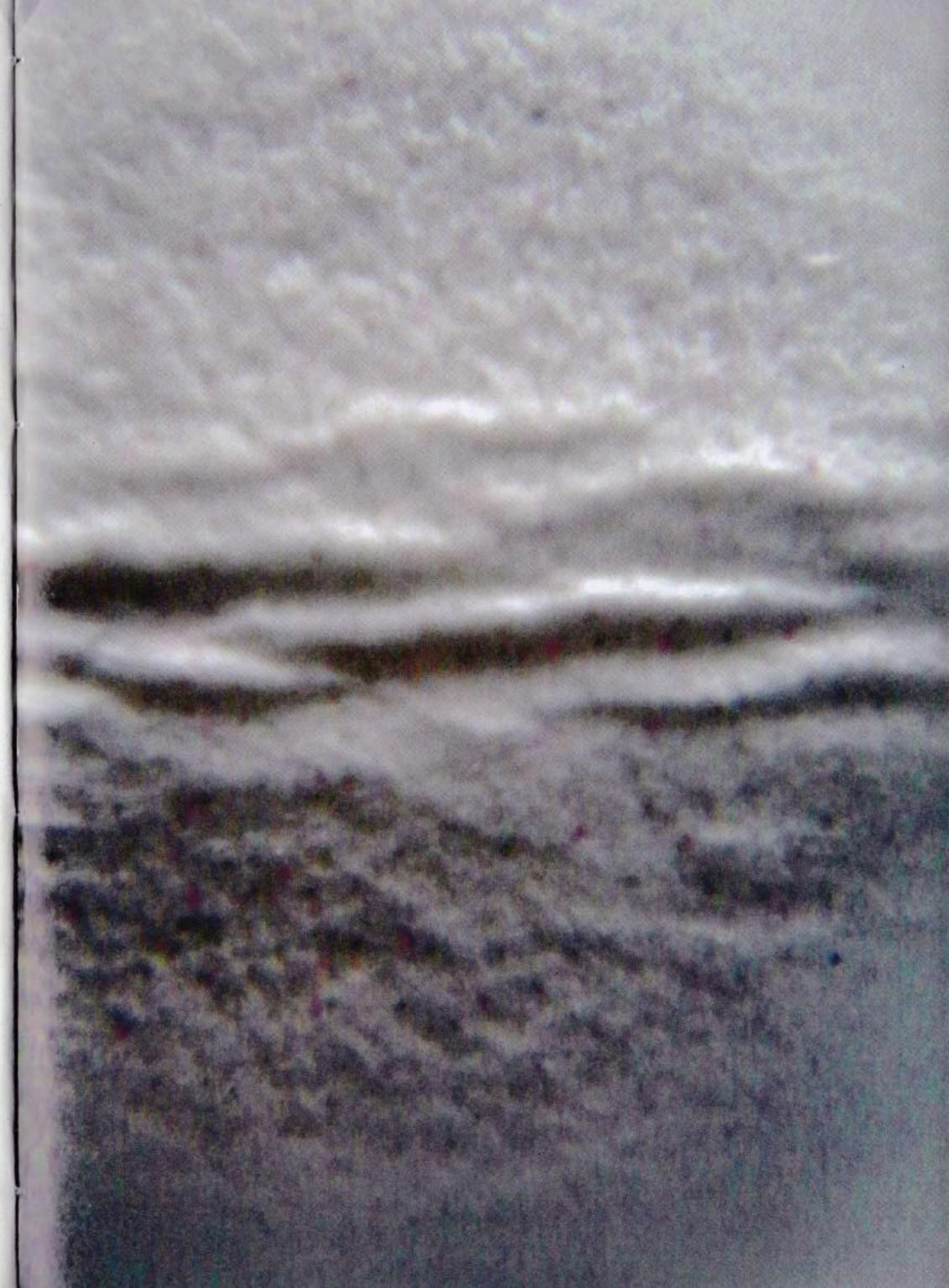
Est-il en effet d'être assez malheureux, assez abandonné, pour n'avoir pas un réduit où il puisse se retirer et se cacher à tout le monde? Voilà tous les apprêts du voyage.

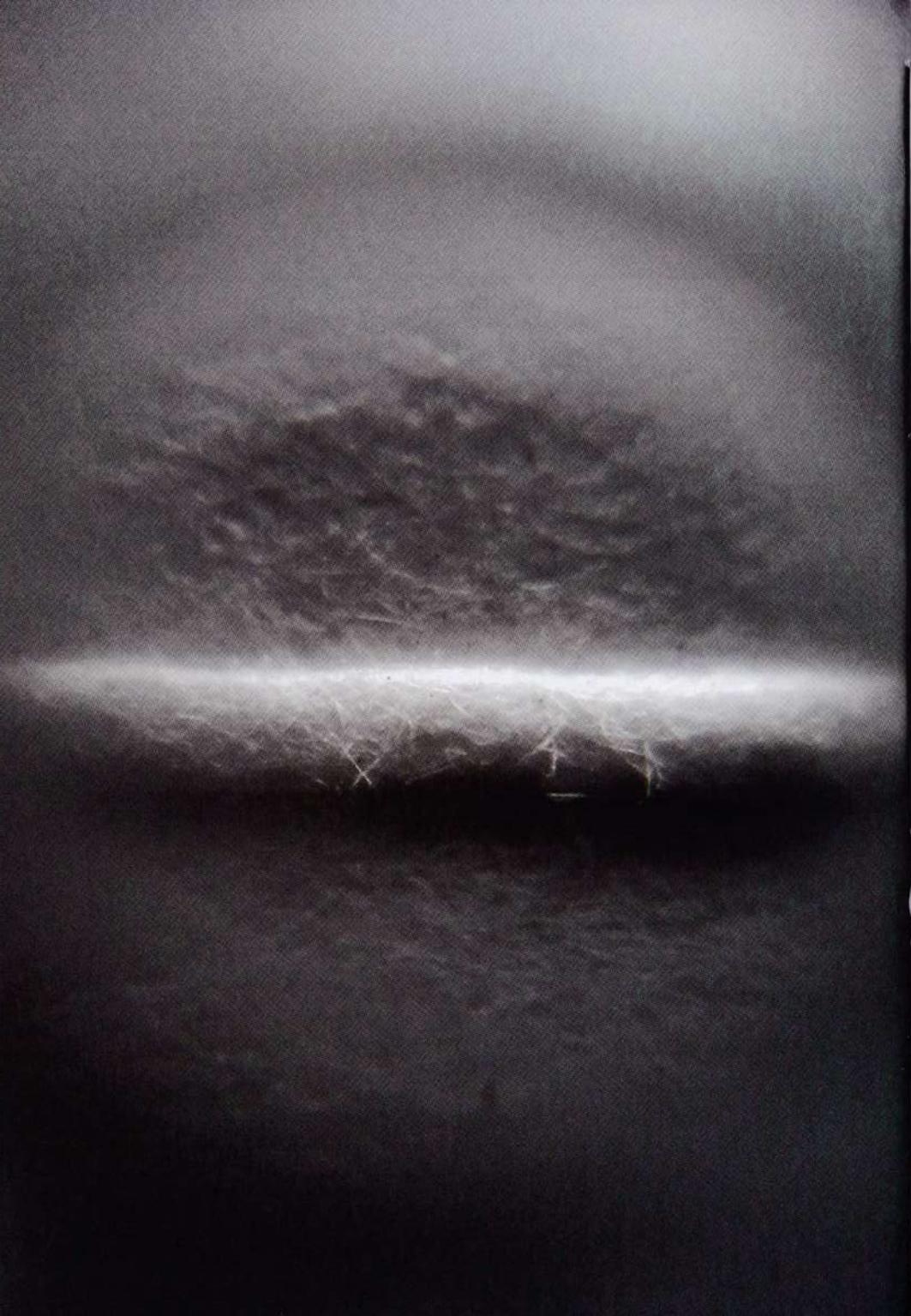
Je suis sûr que tout homme sensé adoptera mon système, de quelque caractère qu'il puisse être, et quel que soit son tempérament; qu'il soit avare ou prodigue, riche ou pauvre, jeune ou vieux, né sous la zone torride ou près du pôle, il peut voyager comme moi; enfin, dans l'immense famille des hommes qui fourmillent sur la surface de la terre, il n'en est pas un seul;— non, pas un seul (j'entends de ceux qui habitent des chambres) qui puisse, après avoir lu ce livre, refuser son approbation à la nouvelle manière de voyager que j'introduis dans le monde.

Sir Francis Galton 1872

PREPARATORY INQUIRIES

“ ... To those who meditate Travel.—Qualifications for a Traveller.—If you have health, a great craving for adventure, at least a moderate fortune, and can set your heart on a definite object, which old travellers do not think impracticable, then--travel by all means. If, in addition to these qualifications, you have scientific taste and knowledge, I believe that no career, in time of peace, can offer to you more advantages than that of a traveller. If you have not independent means, you may still turn travelling to excellent account; for experience shows it often leads to promotion, nay, some men support themselves by travel. They explore pasture land in Australia, they hunt for ivory in Africa, they collect specimens of natural history for sale, or they wander as artists....”

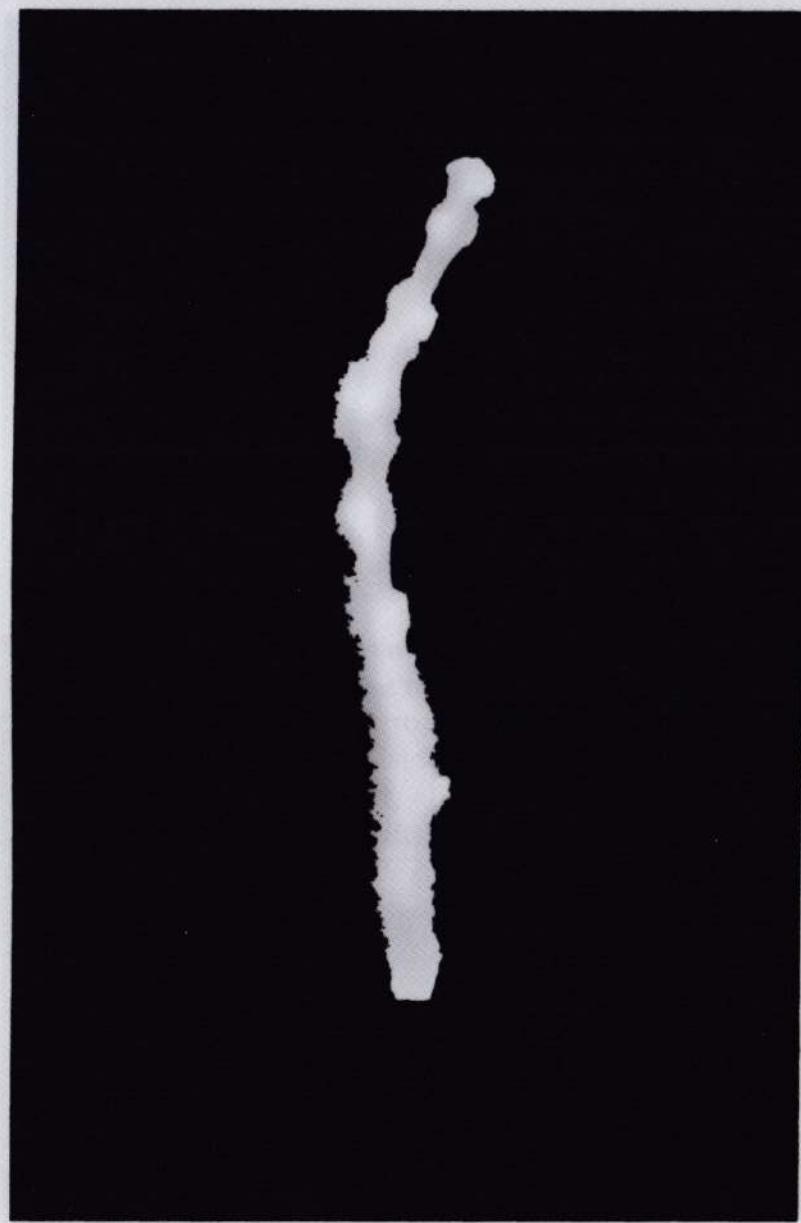














Fásach Innealra

(*Machine Wilderness in Gaelic*)

THEUN KARELSE

On archaeology:

Initially I had archaeology in mind as my focus during *Default* in Ireland, having read about the research into rich ceremonial practices in Western European bog lands I was keen to find some way of doing roadside archaeology. The reality of the Irish countryside however, already became apparent on Tory Island, the magnificent little island the team prepared their trip on. At the Atlantic side of the island huge and spectacular cliffs fall hundreds of meters down to the waves crashing into them below. In this idyllic location some cliffs seemed to be used by the local inhabitants as trash-dumps.

This wasn't a local phenomenon. Wherever we went there was a liberal distribution of trash scattered around almost cheerfully. This somehow made the idea of archaeology less appealing. You want to dig for something and whatever you discover is more attractive if its old. The age brings a sense of mystery that trash hasn't. In Ireland you don't have to dig, there is stuff

to be found everywhere, but most of it isn't very old at all, it's from Mac Donalds or Tesco's. So it doesn't feel like your doing archaeology strutting along a roadside, you're just picking up trash. Of course it could have been interesting to just collect all of it. The sheer volume of disused artefacts available could have made that an interesting challenge. But soon something else gained my interest, already on the first day of cycling we encountered vast areas of turf.

A machine landscape:

Trasbhealach
Inneala
MACHINERY
CROSSING

The culmination of this was in the Clonfert area. We arrived there late in the afternoon in the second week of cycling and somehow the landscape just seemed to stop. The team was faced by what looked like a brown sea that

stretched all the way to the horizon. A dry brown sea and in the middle of it, far away, stood a large factory building like a pyramid in a desert. Temporary train-lines ran along various tracks over the flat surface. Large machines were standing where the workers had left them that afternoon. This was an immense machine landscape of industrial turf mining. Somehow Ireland had a turf power plant! Signs warned of the machines crossing the road like moose in Scandinavia.

It just so happens that I had been preparing, before leaving, for a project called Machine Wilderness and somehow this was it; a machine eroded landscape. We joined one last worker in his shipping-container/office. The man explained that the turf was almost depleted. Soon they would reach the bottom of the layer that must have been many meters deep long ago. On the wall was a small poster. It was guide on how to deal with archaeolo-

gical remains embedded in the turf. One picture had a shoe on it, another showed what looked like wooden walls of an ancient little house. So some archaeology after all.



St Brendan's tree:

In the middle of it stood an ancient Cathedral. A testimony to the long economic significance of the turf resources here. The 14th century building looked massive and pagan. We spent some time there until we found a notice saying 'stay-out, dangerous trees'. This called for investigation. We encountered there a scene I had never witnessed before, there was a big imposing tree there full of pictures, baby-clothing, christian paraphernalia, underwear, candles in a big jumble of offerings. It looked African, or Indonesian, but somehow this was an Irish pagan cult site. So it was all there at Clonfert, the Industrial age, the Dark ages, and pre historic ages, all at the surface.

A few days later we passed a building with huge capital letters spelling MUSEUM. The collection was a personal effort by the director, owner, host, who seemed to have aggregated anything vaguely collectible and stuffed it into his back garden and shed.



A description of the tree by Christy Cunniffe in the South East Archaeological and Historical Society Newsletter, Spring 2012:

Devotion at holy wells and sacred trees is still quite common throughout rural Ireland. This example in the woodland near the cathedral at Clonfert consists of a holy well dedicated to St Brendan. It manifests itself in the form of a horse chestnut tree with a small opening in its northern side. In its original form St Brendan's Well consisted of an actual well in the ground located in the corner of a field some three hundred meters south east of here. According to tradition the well was desecrated when a dog drowned in

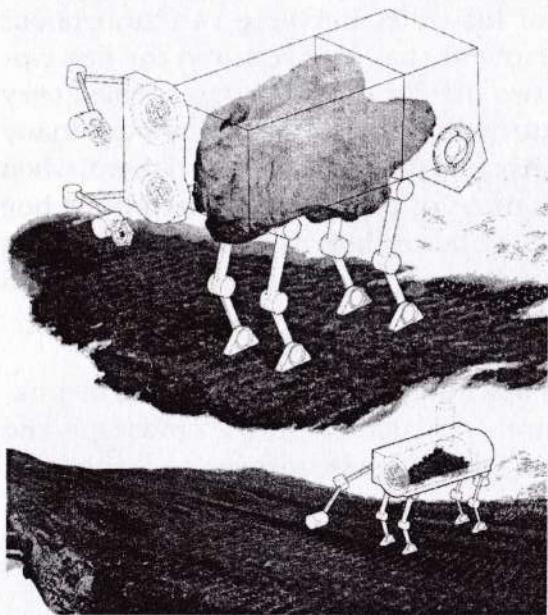
it. It then dried up as is usual for wells that are interfered with in some way. It moved to a new location in the bough of a large ash tree growing on the 'hill of the abbey' about a hundred meters away. The folklore attached to this latter well relates that two young boys climbed the tree and that one of them 'peed' into the waters of the well causing it to fall in a subsequent storm. So once again because the well was desecrated it went dry and was forced to move. The well that people now recognise as St Brendan's

Undisputed highlight of his collection were two amorphous objects in glass compartments that only featured the description 'Bog Butter'. Like two meteorites the things seemed very much out of place. It turned out that these blobs were many thousands of years old. Ancient peoples had buried them, when they were still butter in times of plenty to be stored in the bog for times of scarcity. These butter-hoards had somehow been left untouched and found many centuries later to be hauled into this regional museum.

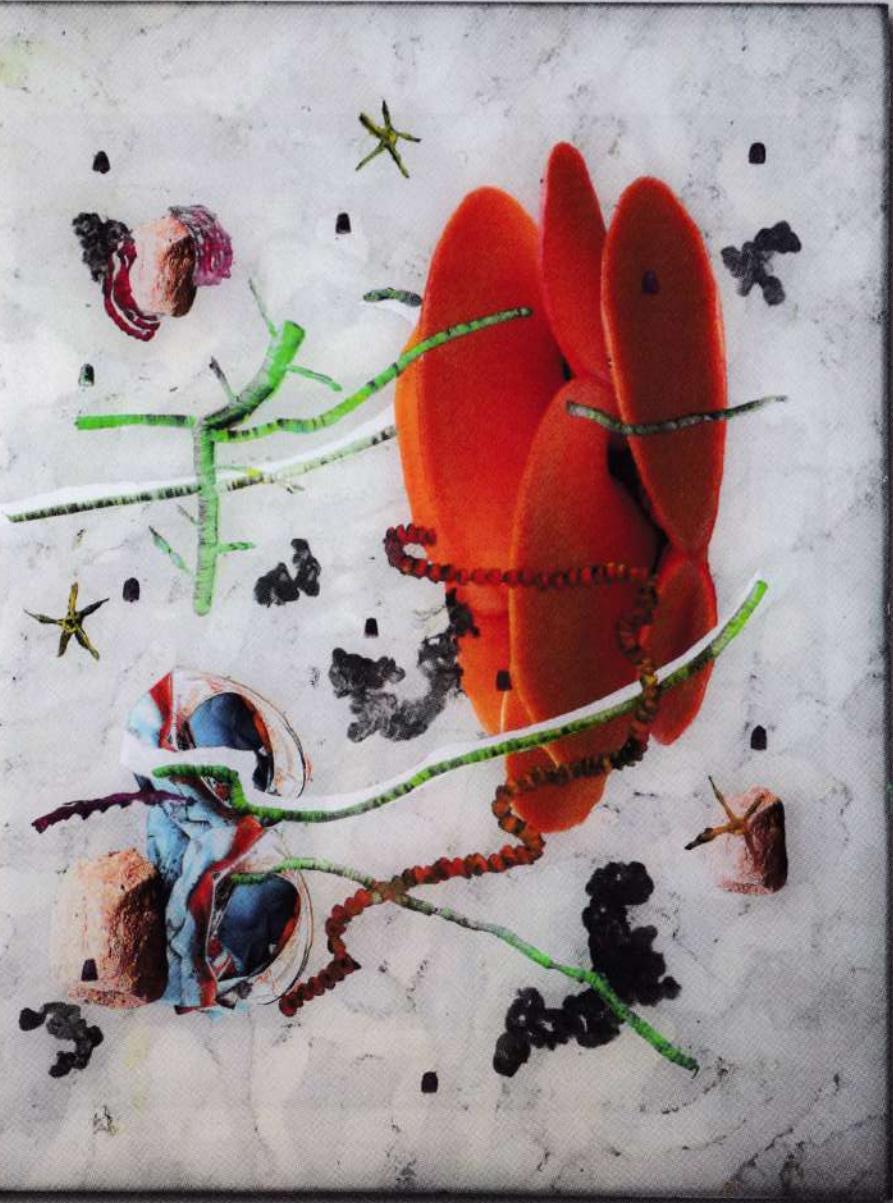
Later when working on Machine Wilderness, trying to re-imagine the role of human infrastructures in the landscape and prototype machines that inhabit landscapes in tune with local ecosystems, biodiversity, material flows and natural cycles, I made some sketches of machines that collect trash in the landscape and hang them in a tree. St Brendan's machines powered by the rarest of fossil fuels, bog-butter.

The journey through Ireland had a huge impact on my thinking about machine wilderness, a country where spirituality is still very closely tied to nature, but where the bogs are no longer sacred offering sites, but have also become synonymous with trash dumps. That is a dark ecology.

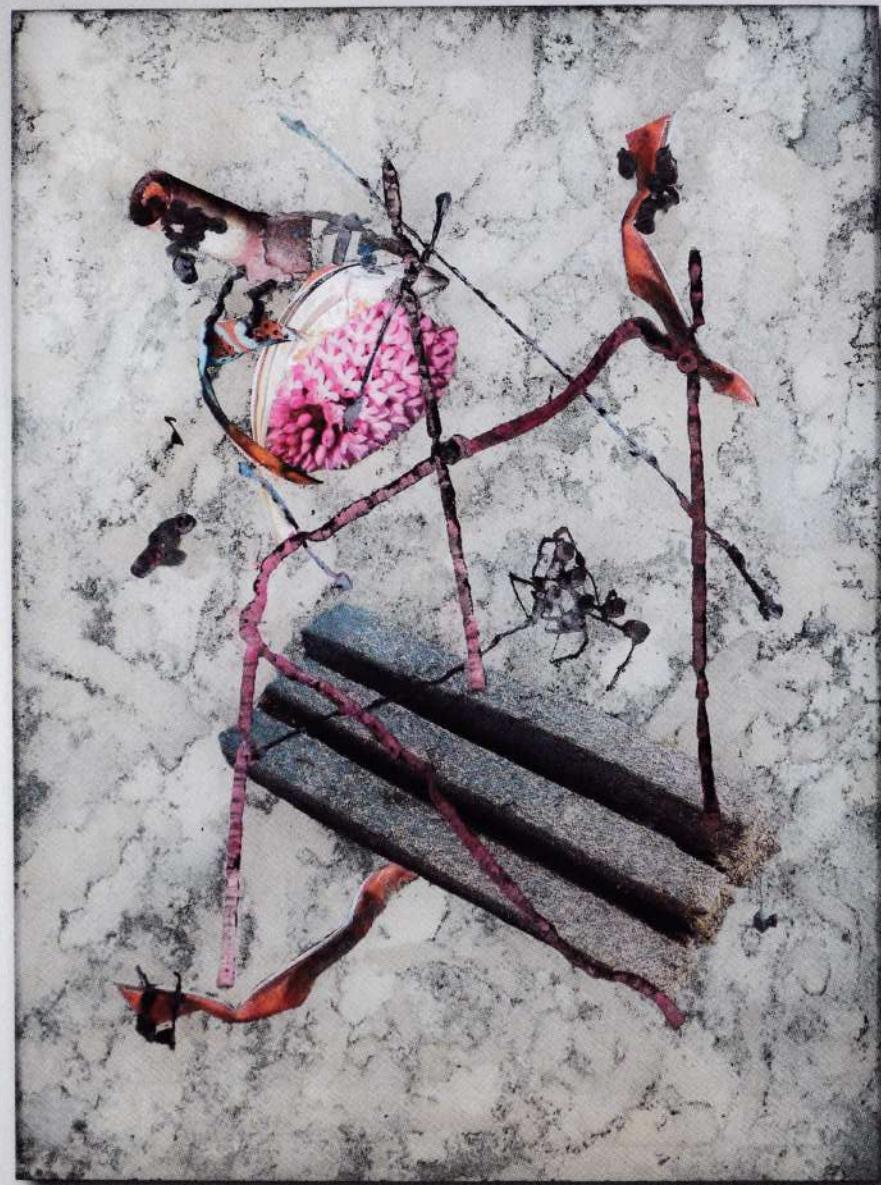
Well was only discovered in the earlier part of the twentieth century and was recognised as such due to it resembling the shape of the nearby Romanesque doorway of St Brendan's Cathedral. Pilgrims and people seeking cures for illness visit here and leave votive offerings and requests for cures. In earlier times it was used only for the cure of warts, but in more recent times is used as a place to seek cures for sick children, thus explaining the particular array of votive offerings left by believers. To effect a cure it is commonly believed that one must make three visits and leave something (Cunniffe 2012, 2).



Wexford (Planche #1), 2015, techniques mixtes sur plexiglas, 30 x 25 cm, collection privée



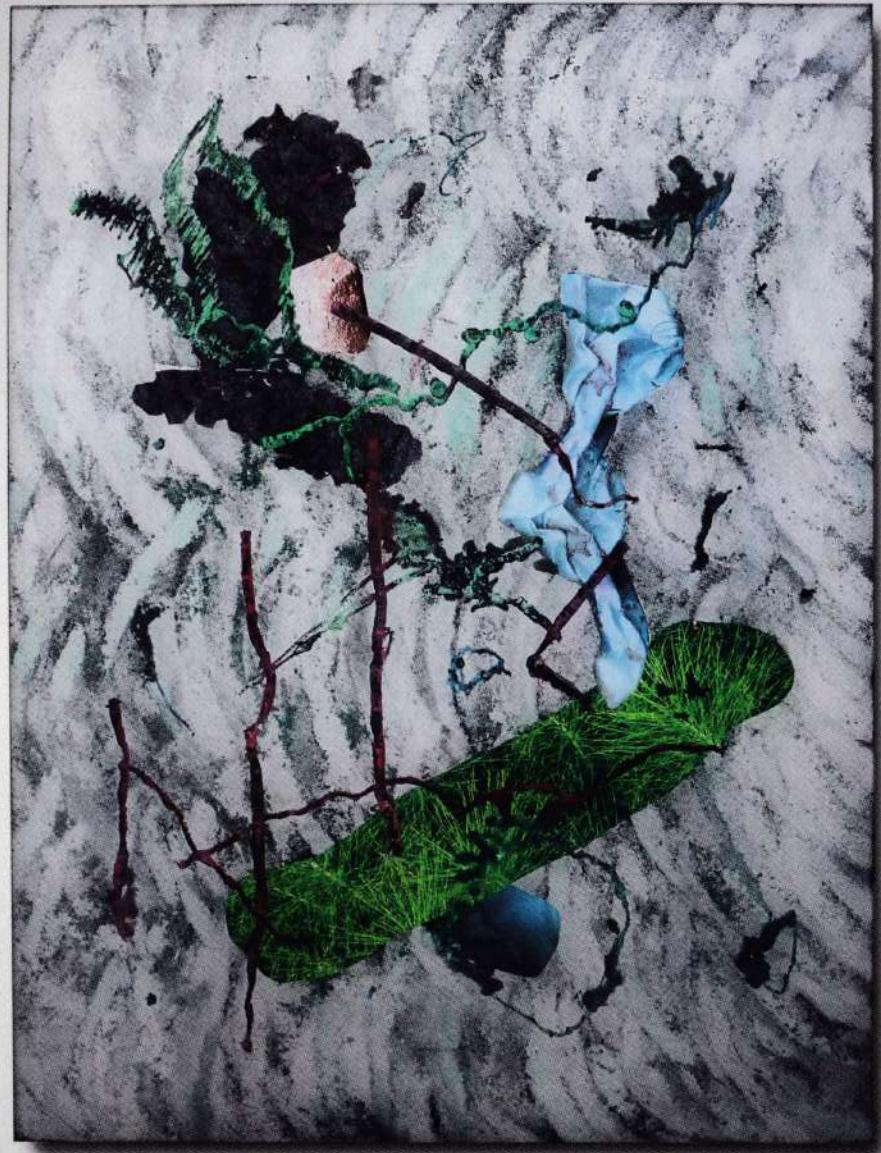
Leitrim (Planche #2), 2015, techniques mixtes sur plexiglas, 60 x 49 cm, courtoisie Galerie Escougnou-Cetraro



Glendowan (Planche #3), 2015, techniques mixtes sur plexiglas, 50 x 37,5 cm , collection privée



Glenveagh (Planche #4), 2015, techniques mixtes sur plexiglas, 25 x 20 cm , courtoisie Galerie Escougnou-Cetra



Drumbranned (Planche #5), 2015, techniques mixtes sur plexiglas, 60 x 45 cm, collection privée



BXL.WILDLIFE

BXL.WILDLIFE IS AN EXPERIMENTAL RESEARCH PROJECT THAT PROPOSES TO CONSIDER THE URBAN ENVIRONMENT, THE CITY, AS HUMANKIND'S NATURAL ENVIRONMENT.

Starting from this premise, the project turns its attention to the relations that exist between the environment and its main inhabitant. Through a series of events and interventions, the project seeks to observe and question the modes of occupancy, displacement, production or destruction elaborated by humankind to ensure its balance, its development within this particular ecosystem.

THE FESTIVAL

The BXL.WILDLIFE FESTIVAL is a special occasion that provides the necessary framework for this investigation. Each summer, for a fixed period of time, the Brussels Capital Region is temporarily declared a 'National Park'. Like the tourists, researchers and adventurers that visit the great national parks of America, festival-goers are invited to roam a territory which is there for them to (re) discover. By walking and camping 'in the wild' - our favoured vehicle for the experience - the festival-goers/researchers/walkers are encouraged, through their travels and their actions, to reconsider their everyday environment and in doing so to question their habits and behaviour, as well as those of their fellow creatures. Far from the traditional modes of urban studies and research, the BXL.WILDLIFE FESTIVAL emphasizes the perceptible and direct experience of urban phenomena.

BXL.WILDLIFE SERVICE TEAM

Arnaud Kinnaer, Denis Adnet and Vincent P. Alexis

BWL_014 EDITION_TRAVELS

14.07.26 : Parckfarm
[walk : 5km]

14.07.27 : Jardins partagés Navez
[walk : 3,5km]

14.07.28 : Parc d'Osseghem
[tram : 4,7km - walk : 0,8km – nightwalk : 1,2 km]

14.07.29 : Marais de Jette-Ganshoren
[walk : 4,3km - tram : 0,6km – nightwalk : 1,3 km]

14.07.30 : Friche rue des Tropiques
[walk : 0,6km - bus 84 : 5,4km - tram 51 : 14,7km - walk : 1,2km – tram : 5,8km]

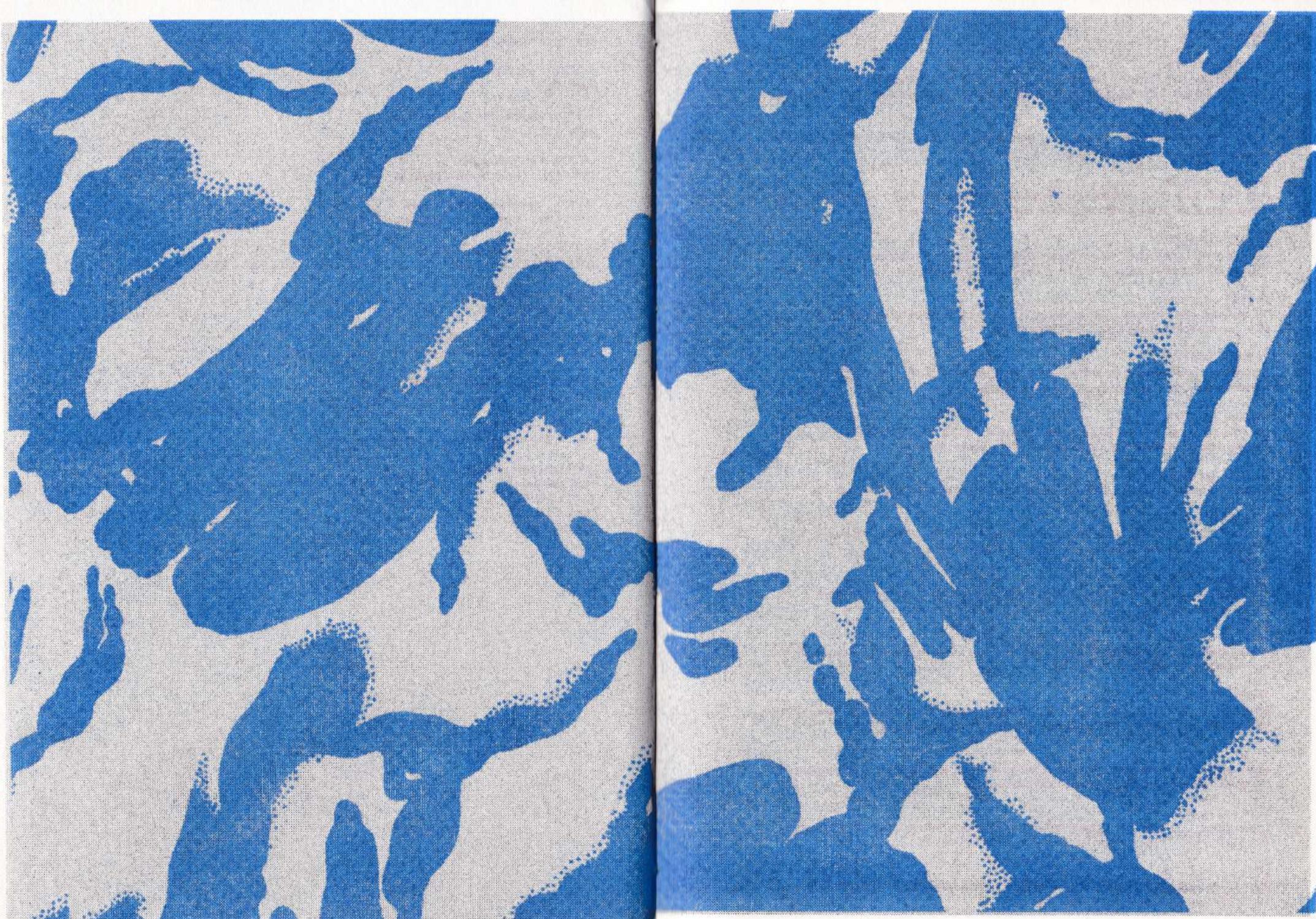
14.07.31 : Île de la Senne
[walk : 4,8km]

14.08.01 : Friche rue des betteraves
[walk : 3,2km – metro : 4km – walk : 4,3km – nightwalk : 1,2km]

14.08.02 : Bois de la rue du Koevijver
[walk : 1,2km]

14.08.03 : Grand -Place
[walk : 1,2km - metro : 8km – walk : 0,8km]

Total travels BWL 014 edition :
- walk : 34,6km
- bus : 5,4km
- tram : 25,8km
- metro : 12km



14.07.26 – 03:43 PM

Welcome to the BWL Network ! Festival is now officially open. We start the walk now from Grand Place to Tour&Taxi site where we will sleep tonight. Join us at any time. Cheers. BWL Service Team

14.07.27 – 10:03 AM

Good morning wildies ! Today's start at 10 to 18 at Parkdesign. Metro Pannenhuis. Tent/silkprint/bread/map workshops ! We're waiting for u ! Will Delife

14.07.27 – 06:54 PM

Hello wilderz. Join us round 08.30 at the garden. Go to Verboekhoven. Take the street Anethan and find the gate at the crossing with Navez street and follow the blue birds.

14.07.28 – 02:41 PM

A bit wet but the night was ok. we go now to the Atomium ! Join us for a bath in the fountain. Then we will look after a sleeping spot in the area. Xoxo. Wild wetty Party

14.07.28 – 05:50 PM

The hunt was easy and camp is already set up ! Look into the magic mirror you will find us. Metro Heysel. Follow the blue birds. Best. Willy the cat

14.07.29 – 00:24 PM

Hola hobos. In Ossegem Parc. 'love' garden is nearly finished. We plan to take the G.R. to Kloosterbeek. Hope to see you on the road ! Tonight birthdays party

14.07.29 – 07:02 PM

It's birthday party tonight ! Meeting at the garden of Atelier 340 in Jette. Train station. There is a bar open for us. Bring booze anyway ! Come early. Cheers. W.

14.07.30 – 01:40 PM

Chicos. The team is crossing the city with the tram 51. Join us on our way to the south ! W.

14.07.30 – 05:14 PM

Tonight Willy welcomes you in the Eden Garden. Come now to taste its fruits. Wild kitchen. Wild cinema. Happiness. Tram stop Chataigne line 87-82 in Forest. Smack.

14.07.31 – 01:21 PM

Hey warriors ! We leave now our peacefull land looking for some fresh air near the Canal. Join us for a nap ! Huile !

14.07.31 – 06:14 PM

Hopla. Come on for a jump in the Canal. We stay along the Senne close to the Ecluse d'Anderlecht. Find the blue birds. Hopla op !

14.08.01 – 01:08 PM

Wouhou. Tired from your working week ? Take a walk on the wild side this afternoon from La Roue metro station to the West Station. Landscape waterpainting session planned ! W.

14.08.01 – 08:11 PM

Hola wilders. Sorry for the delay. We are lost into the fields. Go to metro station Erasme. Follow the hidden blue birds. Countryside is waiting for you. Crou crou

14.08.02 – 06:23 PM

Last wildnight. Let's celebrate ! Come in the dark wood. Station Erasme. Leave the city first round about Lennik road. At the strawball right then right. Open ur hears. W.

14.08.03 – 06:17 PM

Hey wilders. Bxl.wildlife 014 is now officially over. Thanks everybody for your energy and goodness. Looking forward to see again in the fields. Kiss. W.

Buratinas

(Russian Буратино): Pinocchio

PACOME BERU

NICOLAS MATZNER
WEISNER

DAVID DE
TSCHARNER

LÉA MAYER

SEBASTIAN DINGENS

FLORENCE DOLÉAC

NOËLLE BASTIN &
BASTIEN BOGAERT

BURATINAS IS A BOAT MEASURING
4.80 M BY 2.40 M THAT CAN
HOLD FOUR PEOPLE AND USES
SOLAR ENERGY TO REACH AN
AVERAGE SPEED OF 5 KM/H.

It is an artistic project developed by the non-profit organization nadine to raise questions about subjects such as renewable energies, soft mobility, ecology, public space and water in the cities.

THE HISTORY OF BURATINAS

In the winter of 2009, three Lithuanian artists - Julius Markevičius, Aurimas Lažinskas and Linas Markevičiu - built a boat based on a design by Danish naval architect Morten Olesen. Buratinas was born and baptised in reference to the wooden puppet that later became a little boy.

In the summer of 2010, this team set off on a four-month journey from Lithuania to Poland and then from Germany to the Netherlands, before finally arriving in Belgium.

nadine then symbolically purchased the boat in Brussels, restored it and fitted it with a solar panel and an electric motor in order to turn it into a tool with which to experiment with soft mobility.

Since 2013 Buratinas has been used as a platform for research and creativity on the subject of the territory linked to the waterways in Belgium.

Buratinas has also been used to dress a visual and cartographic portrait of the riverbanks of Belgium, accessible online (<http://buratinas.be>).

TOUR OF BELGIUM - JULY 2014

During this one-month journey, a team of artists used Buratinas to tour the towns of Brussels, Charleroi, Mons, Tournai, Roubaix, Ghent and again Brussels.

This expedition/residence constitutes a mobile artistic studio, exploring the territories of the waterways in their historical, social, cultural and environmental layers. The participating artists joined the journey for a period of at least three days, and used this particular context to feed the work they were producing during this residence.

Temporality is an important element of the project, because at 5 km/h on average it takes about three to four days to travel from Charleroi to Brussels - a journey which generally takes one hour by car or by train. This slowness creates an entirely different experience of the territory and of distances, as it reveals the land's folds and interstices, and provides a wealth of raw materials for the work of observation, analysis and interpretation conducted by the team.

"TRaversing a town is a progressive event, taking a few hours and crossing an increasingly dense urban texture: leaving behind meadows to pass by scattered and heterogeneous residential housing,

then industrial parks, then the immediate suburbs, whether wealthy or not, passing the more commercial areas, then the central neighbourhoods, before generally arriving at the town's historic centre, and moving away again. In a strange symmetry in which everything, however, is different."

(Viewpoint at the origin of the photographic record of buratinas.be)

NICOLAS MATZNER WEISNER

Video stills from "La ruta del trompe", TV program by the artist

PACÔME BÉRU

Barges names (annex)

DAVID DE TSCHARNER

NET #5, 2014, string, epoxy resin, glass fiber, about 60 x 30 x 30 cm, courtesy Galerie Escougnou-Cetra

LÉA MAYER

Drawings

SEBASTIAN DINGENS

Fieldrecording

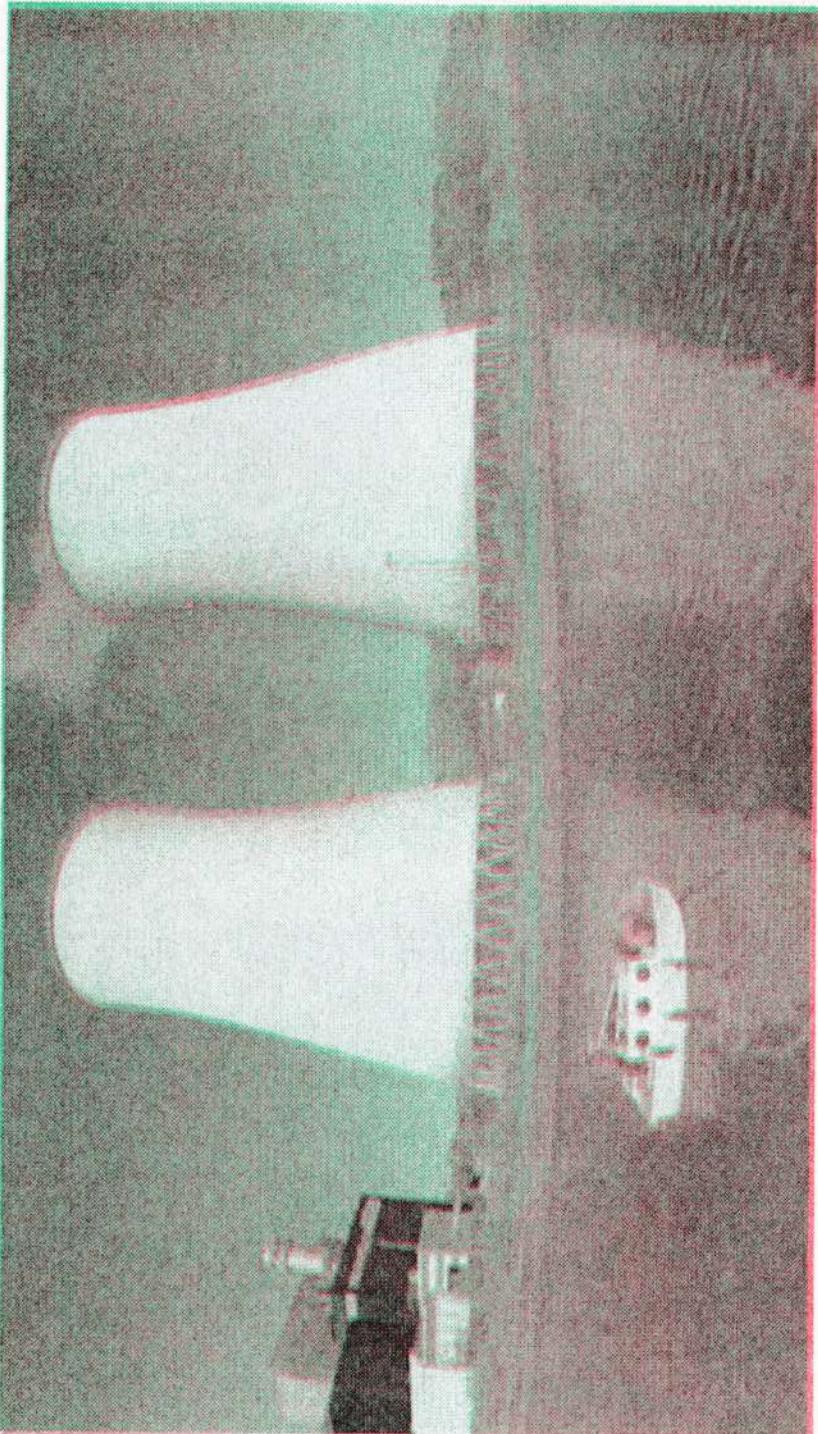
FLORENCE DOLÉAC

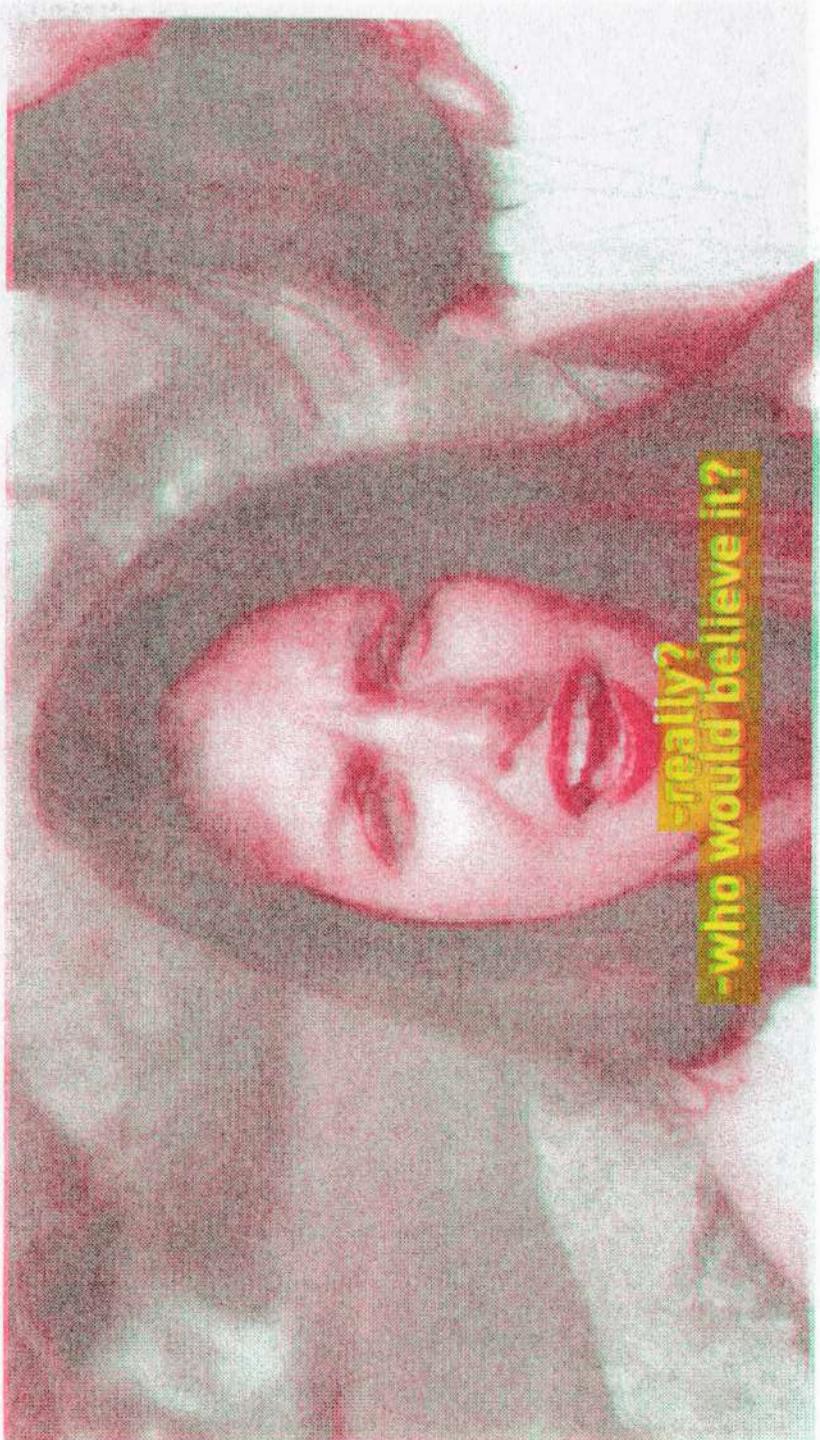
Bouquets

NOËLLE BASTIN & BASTIEN BOGAERT

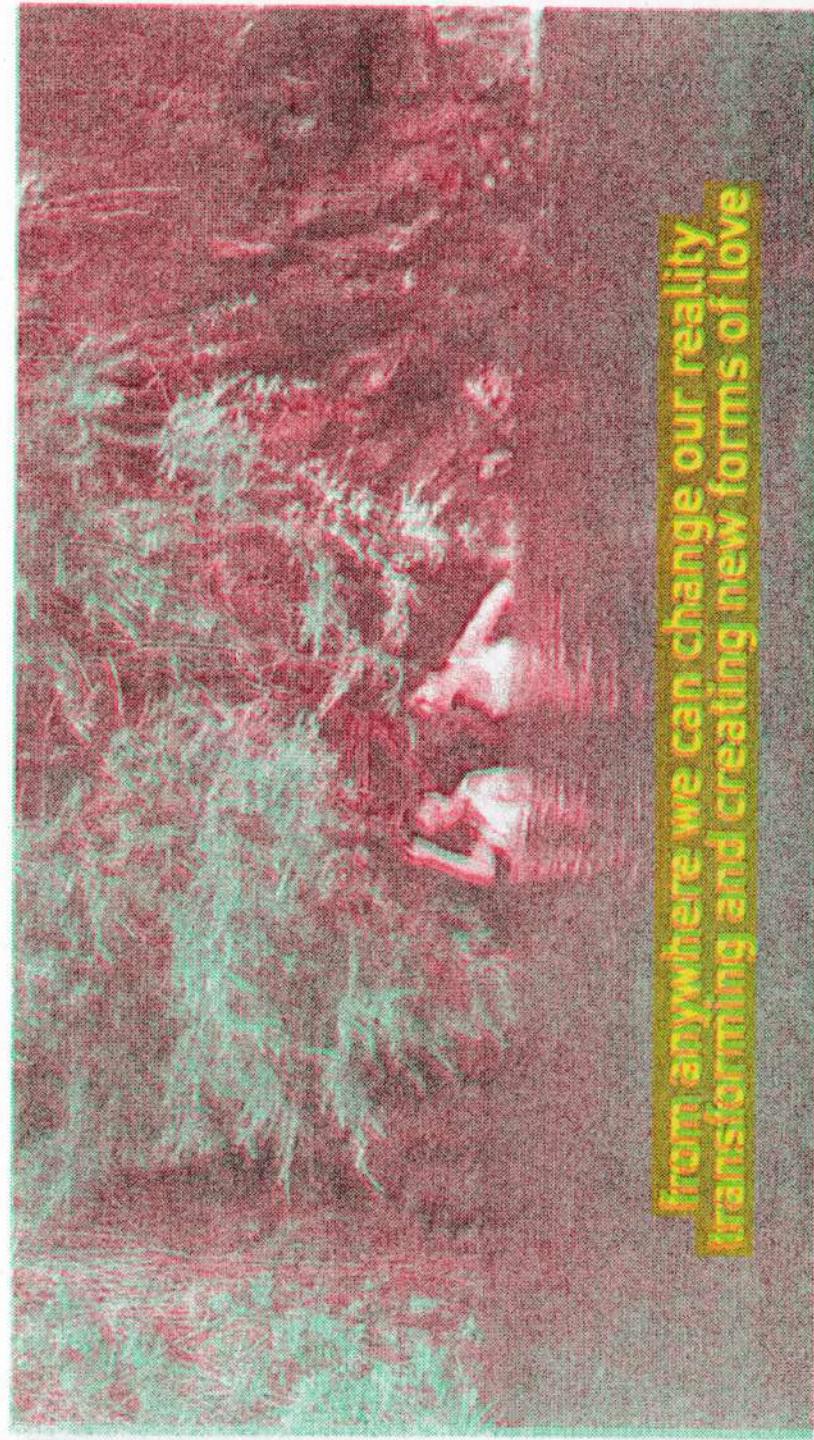
20/08/2015 - 20/09/2015



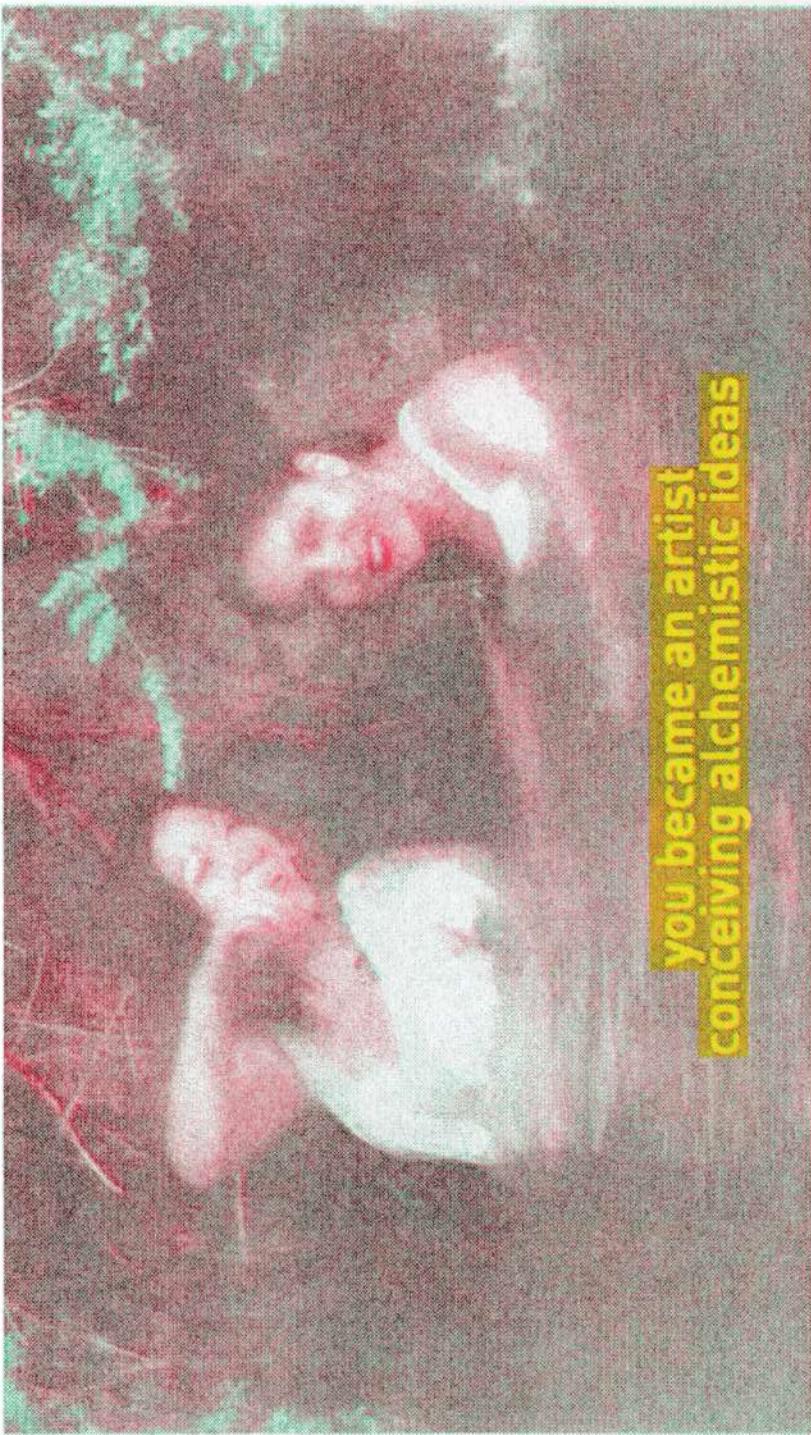




- who would believe it?
- really?



From anywhere we can change our reality
transforming and creating new forms of love



You became an artist
conceiving alchemistic ideas

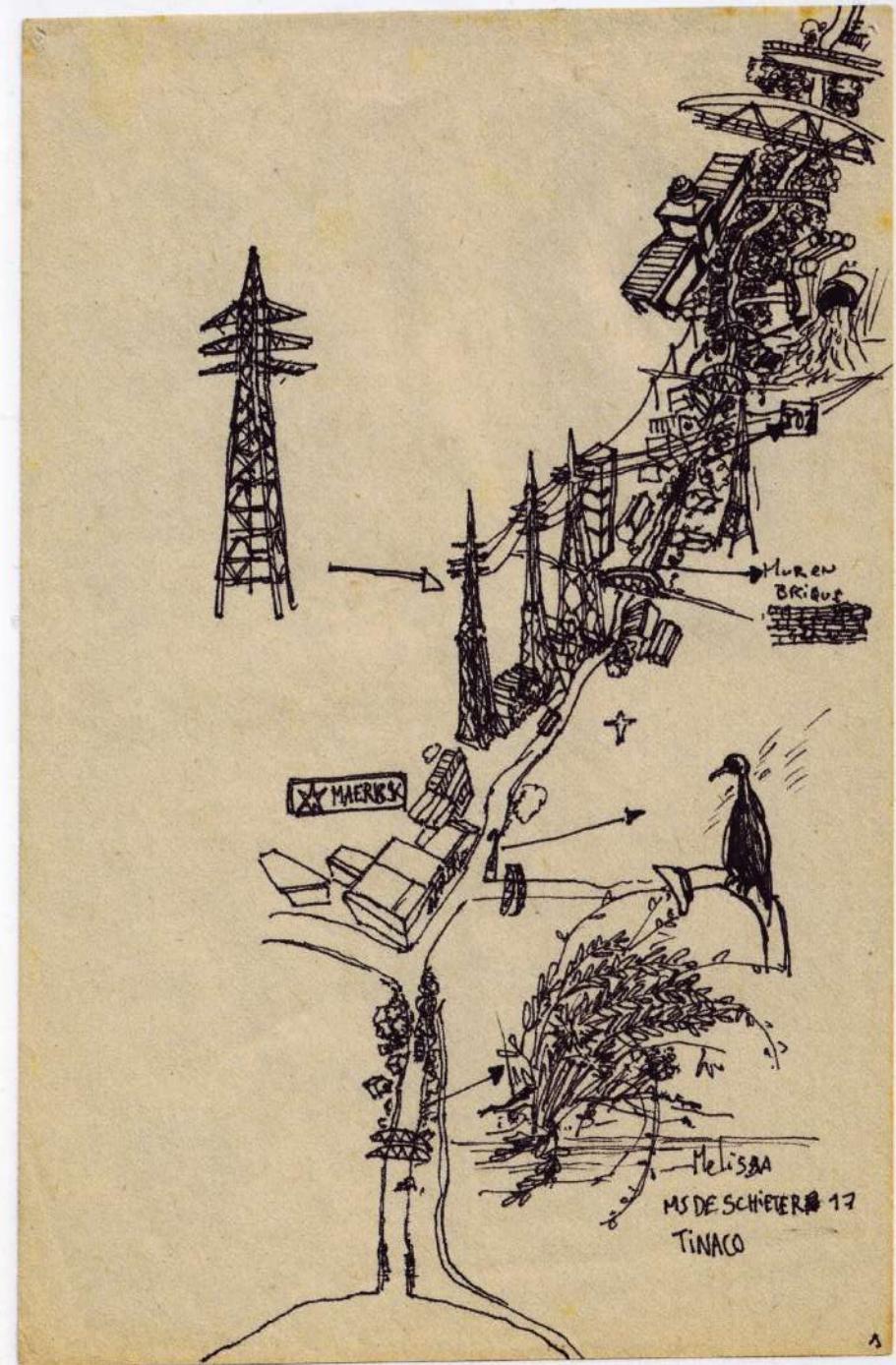
claumar	jo-el III
scaldis	tonkin
st tropez	spido"
silke	risico
aurora	terra beta
CT vienna	salto
swiss crystal	zinnia
vivaldi	stelvio
Nebraska	cap horn
nausicaa	rosalie
courlis	plouf
dependant	tchictchac
eliane	guppy
fulmar	nomadis
la fonderie	laco7
zuiderdiep	archipel
silvana	abira
lion d'or	praline 2
onderneming	country
courlis	san antoni
lalbia	marie louise
mu	tosca
le bateleur	tonny
chauve souris	verza
marianne	recta
strangers	elysee
farahnaz	rose d'or
old struggler	grâce de dieu 2
tenacité	osiva
la becoq	barbar boat
hary	corazon

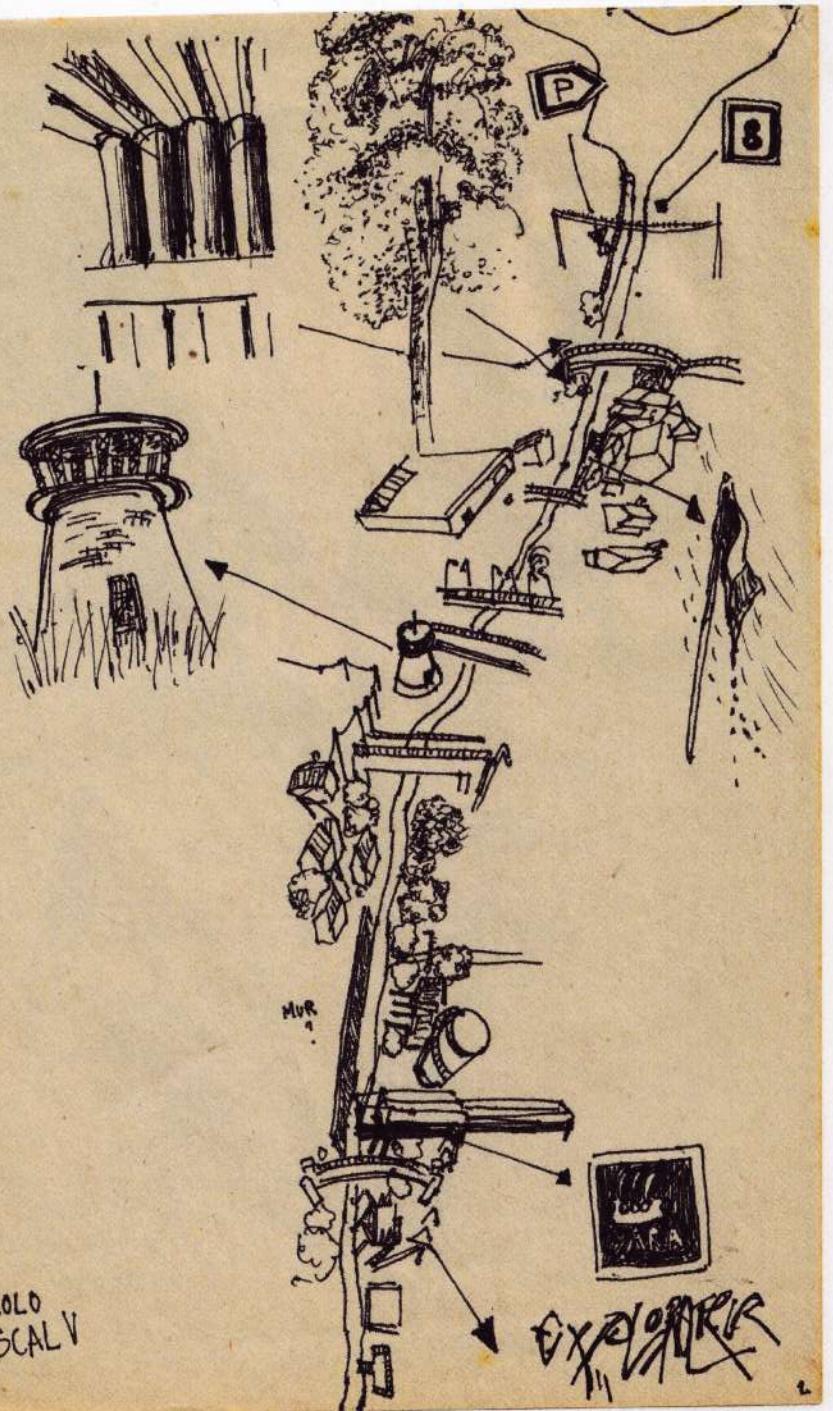
albi	aurigny	shenandoah	escalda
iduna	camelo	robla	orissa
wara	armageddon	temporeel	inspe IV
ro-ma	albis	eglantine	takana
porto-rico	liberty	galata	eugorip
st Jean Bosco	play boy	necton	téméraire
popeye	sitafile	farewell	el coyote
helena	nehannelina	far away	hermes
the river	Alexandre	destin	scotland
dépendant	mober	oxbow	lucmar
chasseur	armageddon	crazy	osaka
will teir	amara	Guantanamo	benhur
l'étoile de dieu	beverdam	arnica	oliem
iduna	sitafile	stormvogel	aquarius
helena	amphira	claumar	inattendu
vectura	everingen	keiko	matthiola
roleta	betharram	aude	filou
ginard	st just	aude	manito
Melissa	gary	century	joni
Tasmania	come in Europe	navalo	straton
st goar	dejonghe	morena	l'atout
avenir	sarah	ronita	higlander
betharram	romy	mira ceti	graceland
ro-ma	liberte	bounty	marchiena
infinity III	sao-mai	lehar	samaritain
moonraker	abyss	dick	maringo
mauna kea	missile ii	edwin	macumba
alcatraz	senda	barquero	emri
jewel	Stella nova	horizon	frajus
will-teir	geolau	olako	sacre coeur
cowa	big dil	keiko	maranta

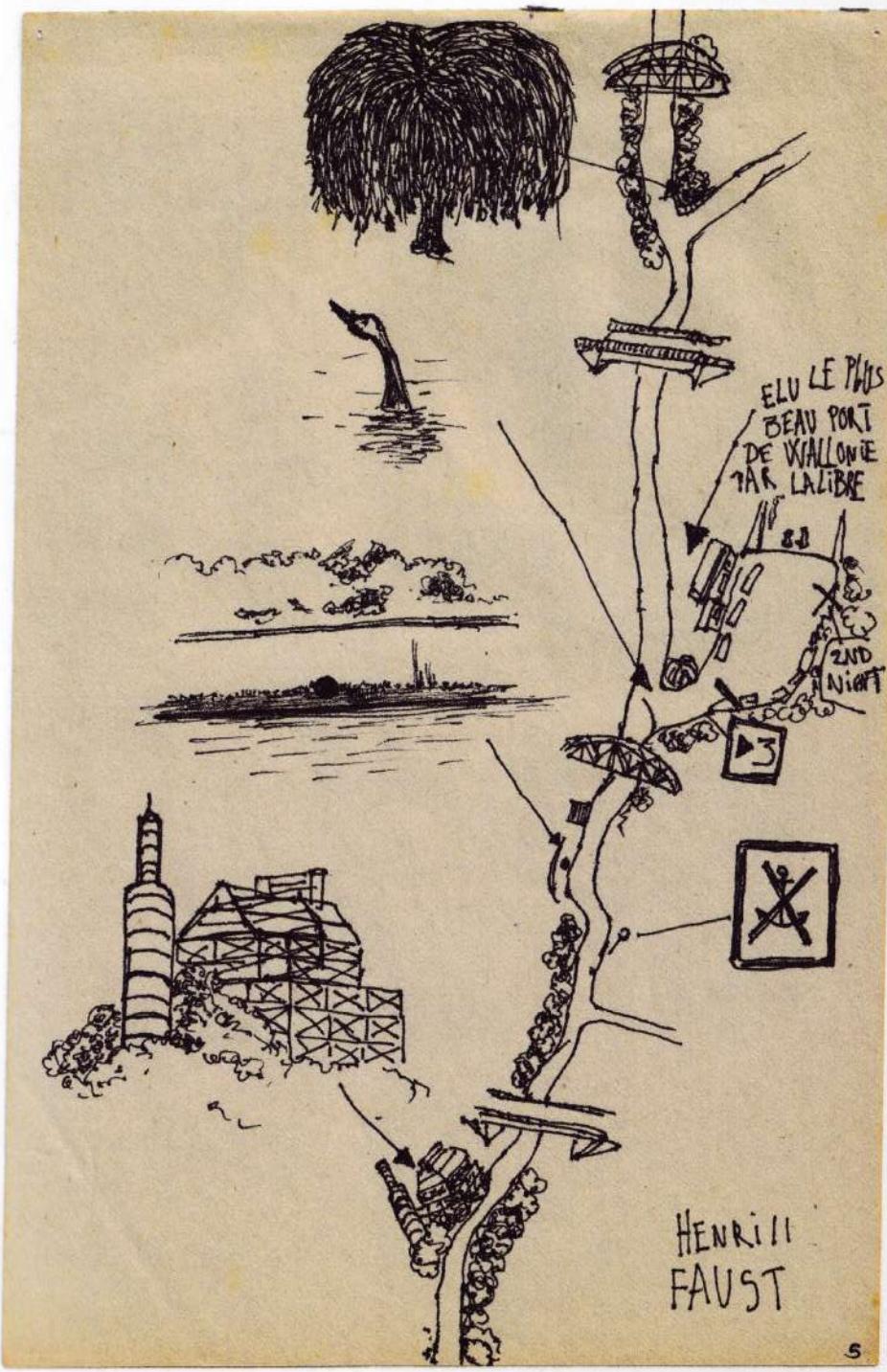
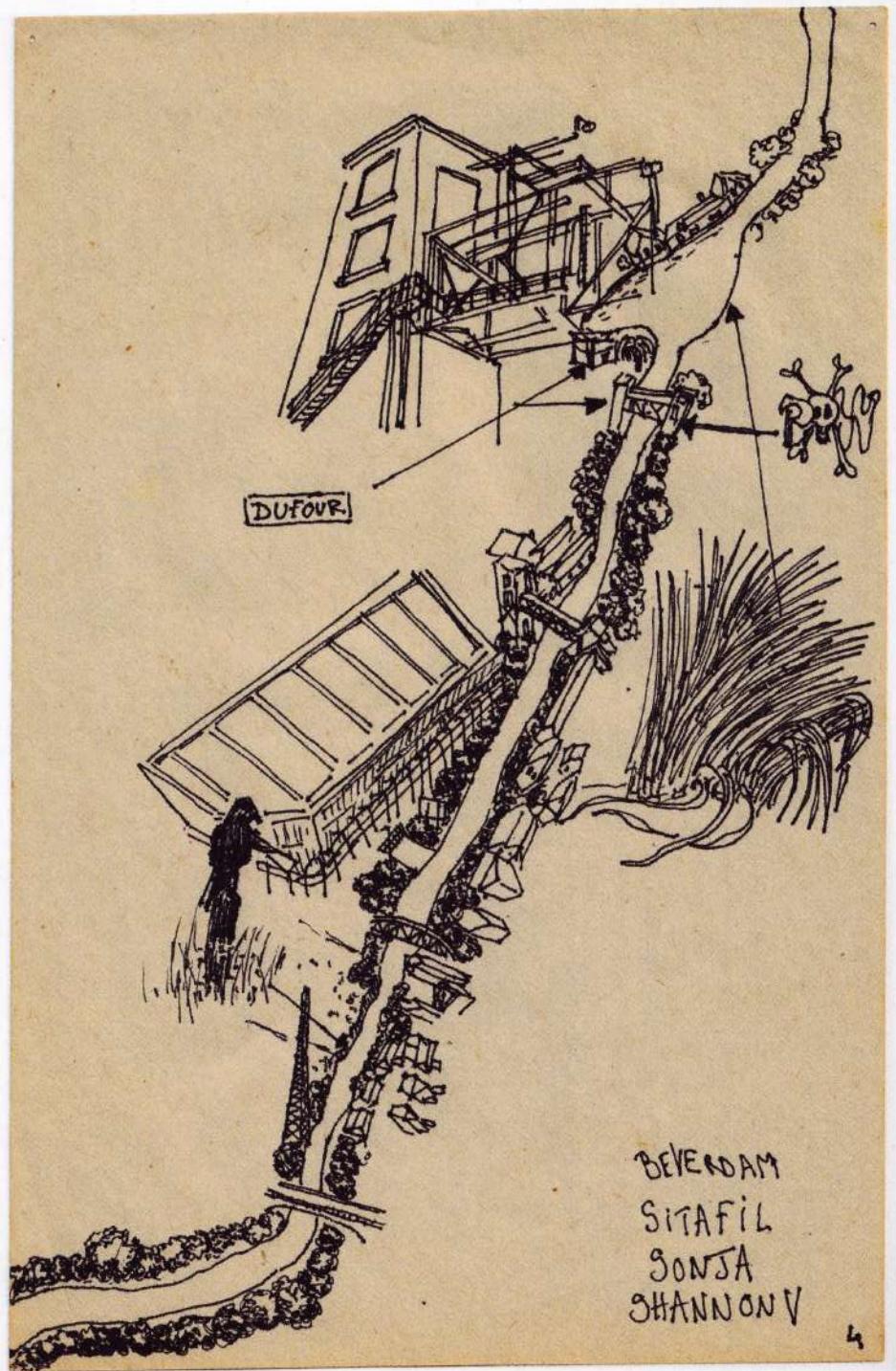
asturias
beverdam
early bird
venera
avanti
morgenstond
stekelorum
maranta
beati
orissa
casanova
allonso
jasna gora
destiny
vulcain
doris
idefix
audax
elona
cerambycida
Gandalf
antonia
tarsis
zuidzand
alexis
elodie
caroline
picardie
miriam
genova
hurricane

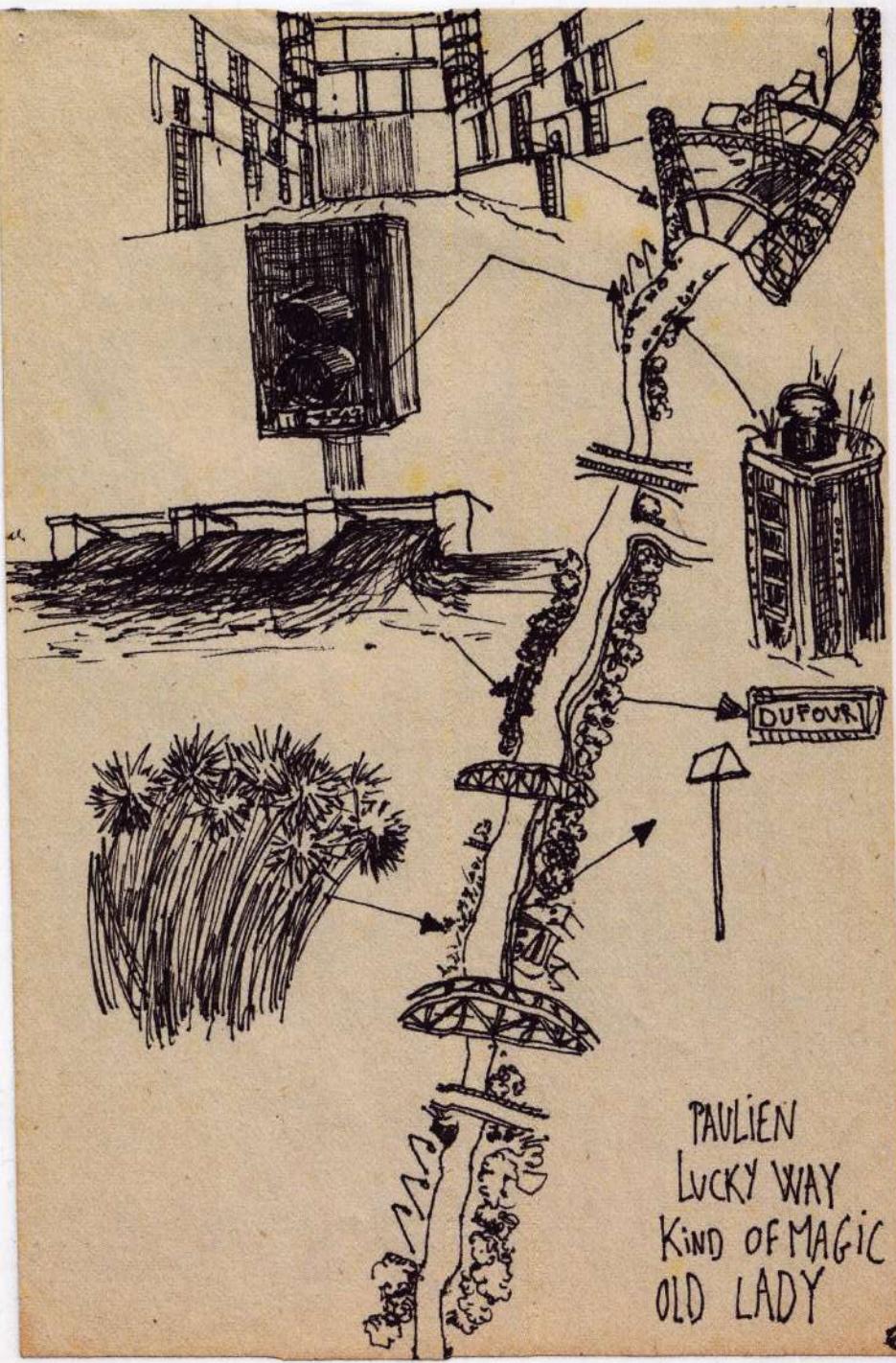
dreamboat
skiatos
skyros
scaldis
laspalmas
tabigha
keabbegeul
hyade
emuna
Jacobus sr
boekanier
salvia
brizo
alpha
corazon
obelix
libertas II
nostalgica
jelty
telstar
mutatie
lydia
fluvius
sandra
alex
seville





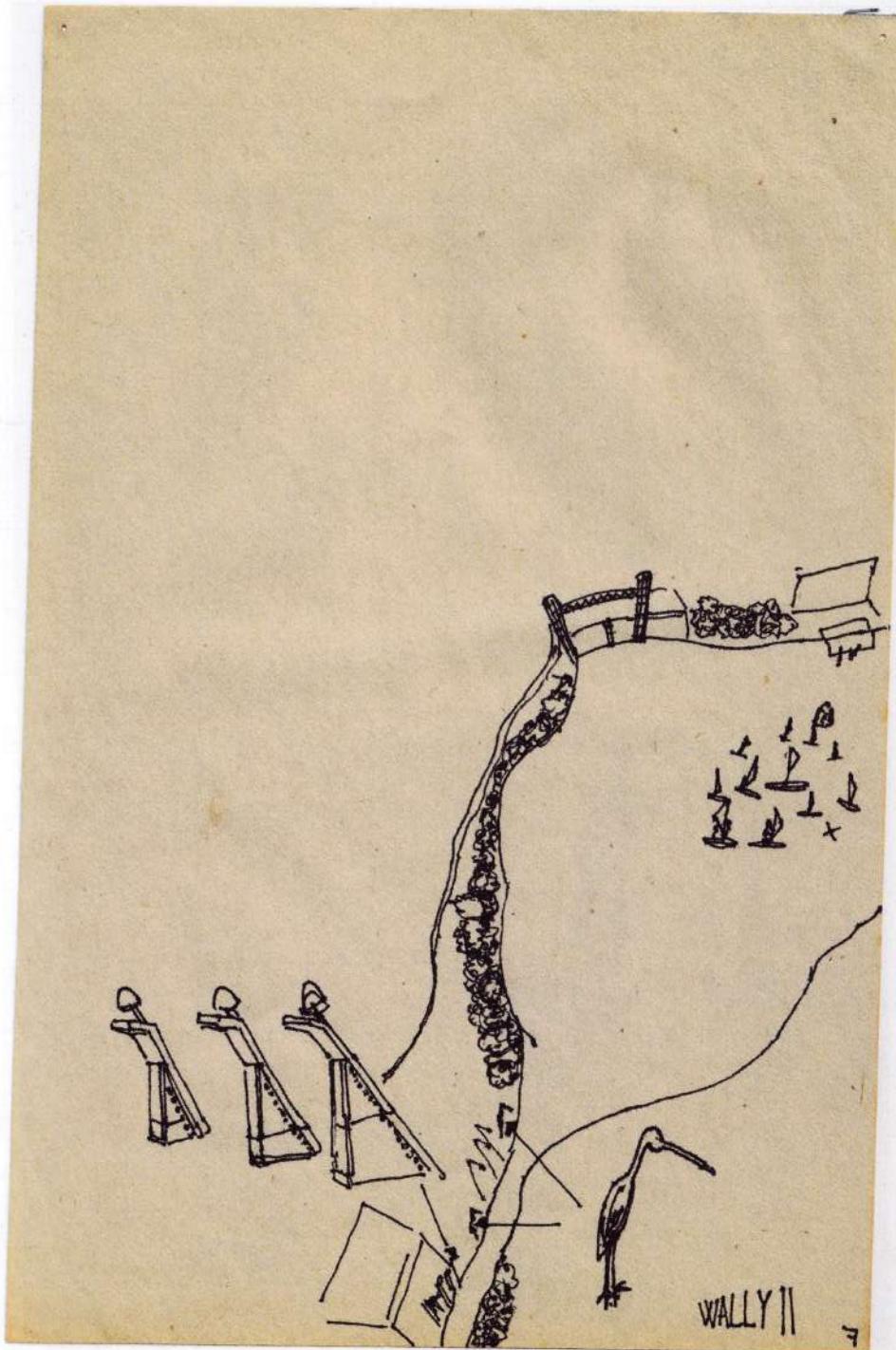






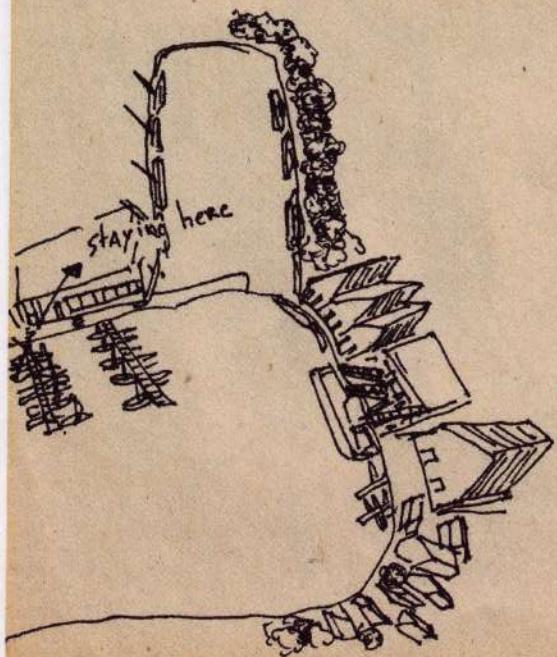
PAULIEN
LUCKY WAY
KIND OF MAGIC
OLD LADY

6



WALLY II

7

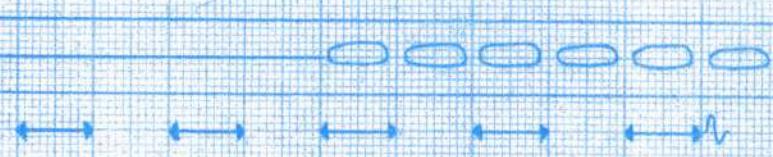


BERNARD 'EAU
THOMAS
BAROUDEUR

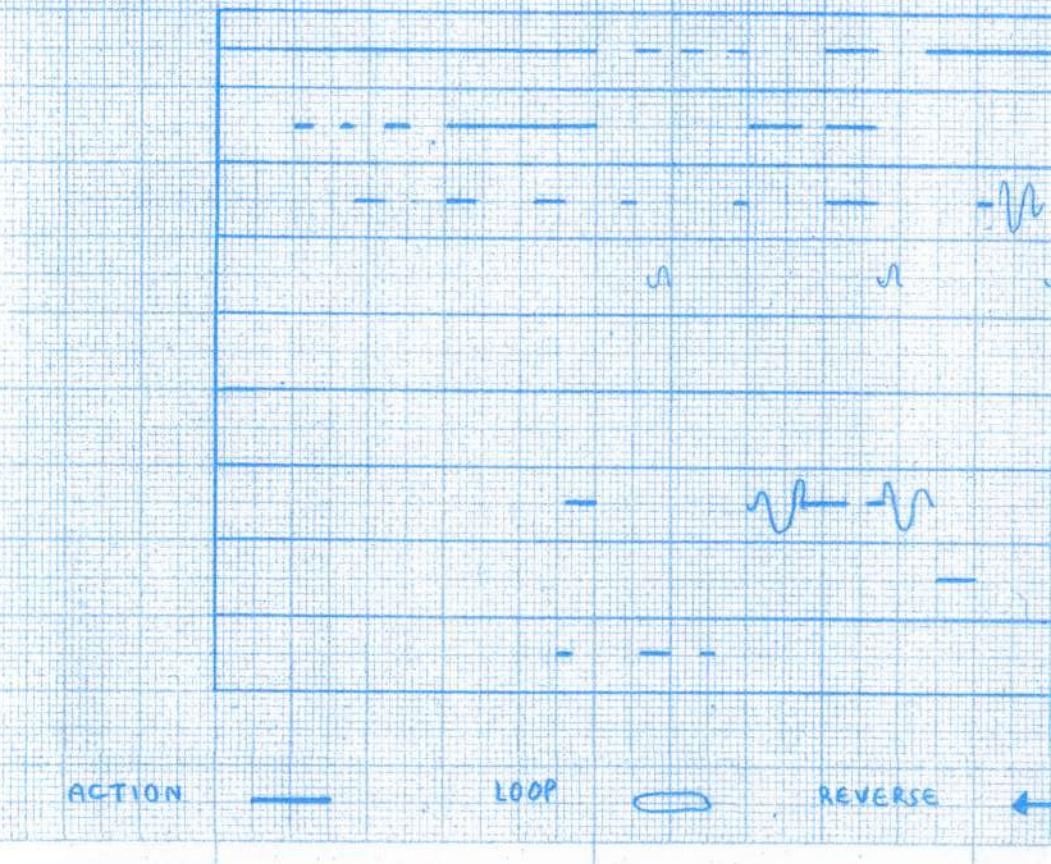
8

FIELD RECORDING

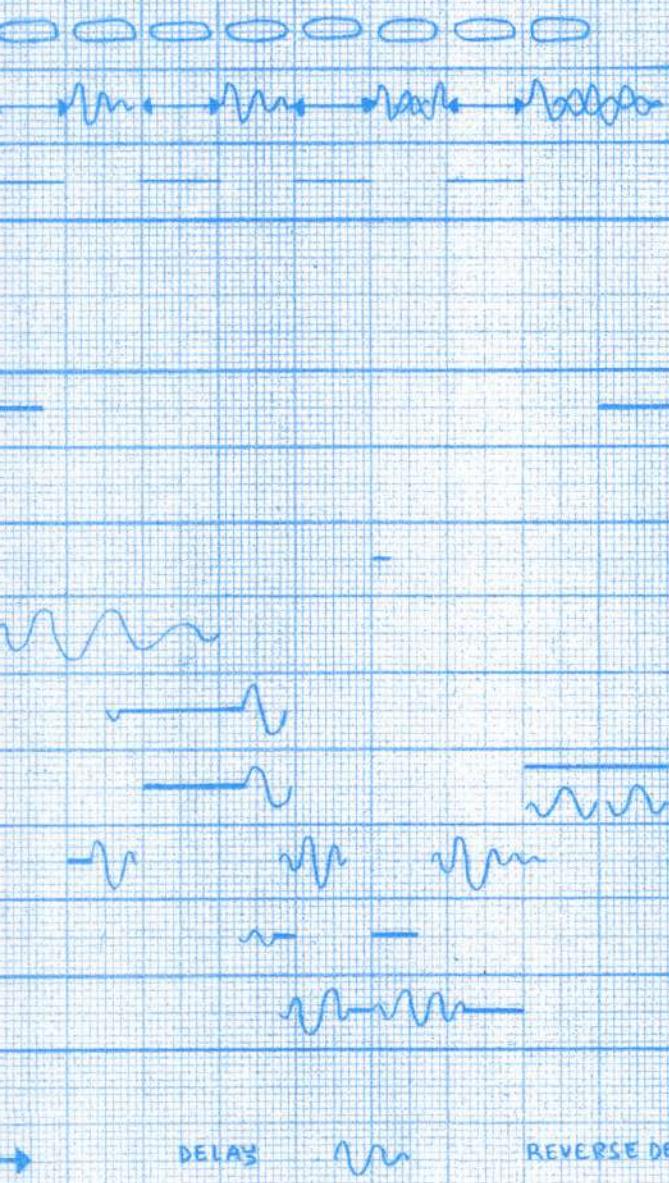
WATER BEATS



3 DAYS, AN OVERVIEW



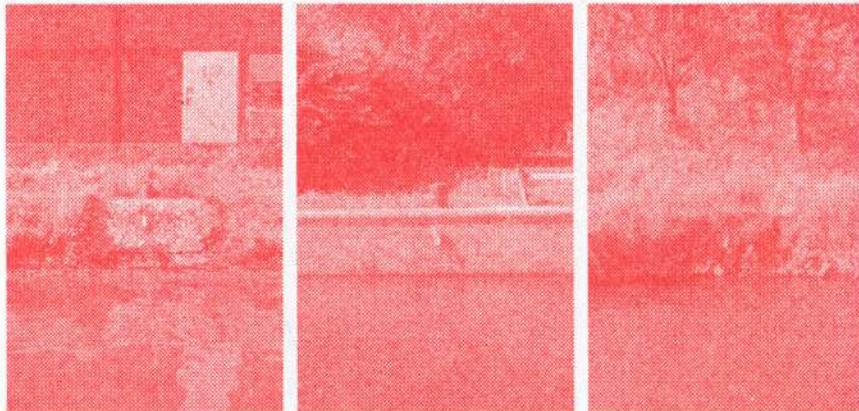
<https://soundcloud.com/gruisgeluid>







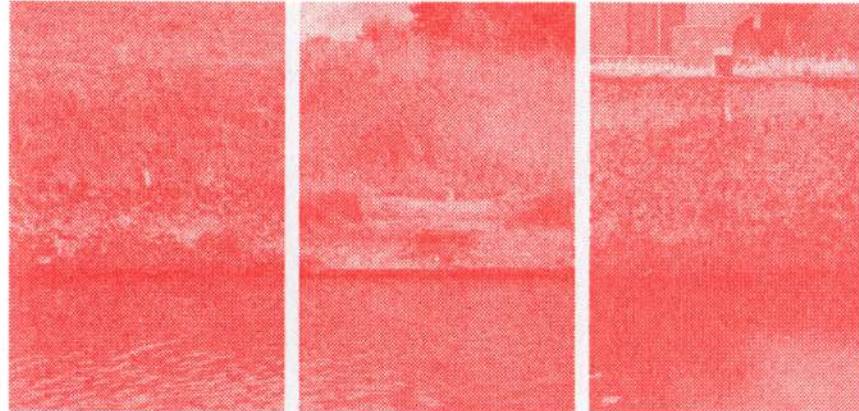




1
50.651477
4.234145
Ittre

2
50.598745
4.221662
Braine-le-Comte

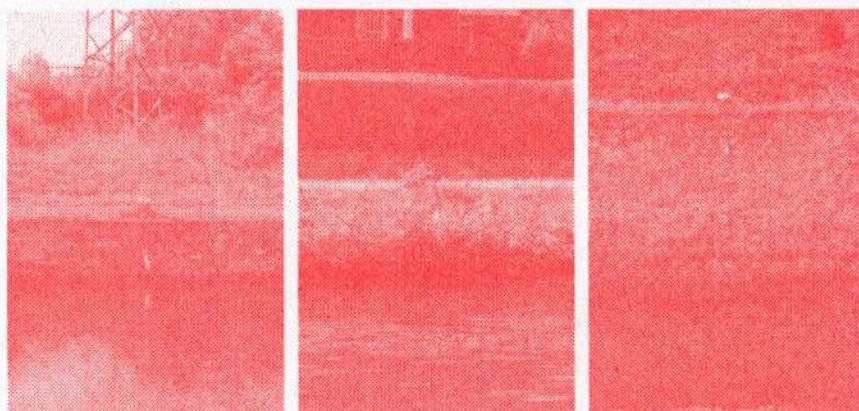
3
50.510467
4.271167
Courcelles



4
50.509045
4.378645
Pont-à-Celles

5
50.459147
4.404653
Courcelles

6
50.407935
4.430578
Charleroi



7
50.44708
4.666063
Jemeppe-sur-Sambre

8
50.443715
4.787613
Floreffe

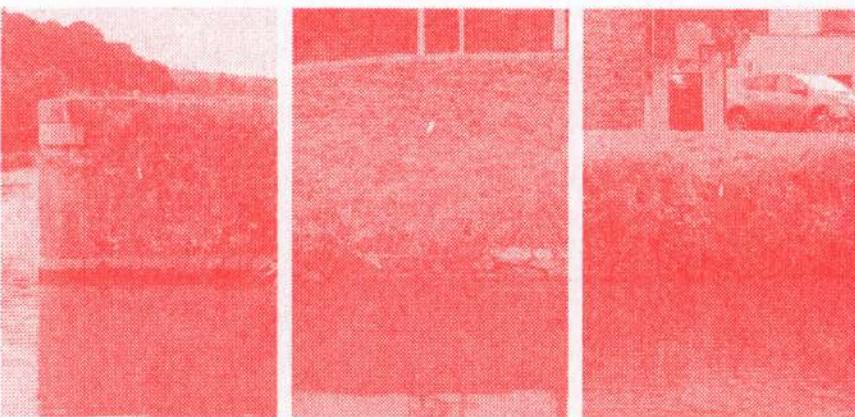
9
50.430172
4.866898
Namur



10
50.22995
4.887963
Hastière

11
50.20962
4.821548
Hastière

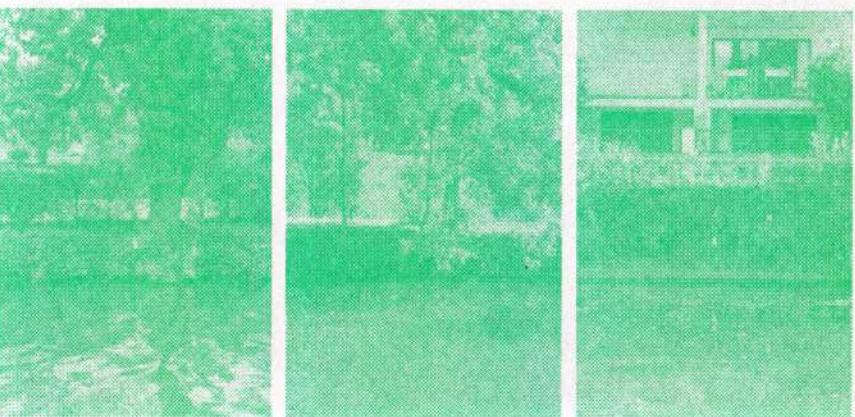
12
50.093232
4.739298
Vireux-Wallerand



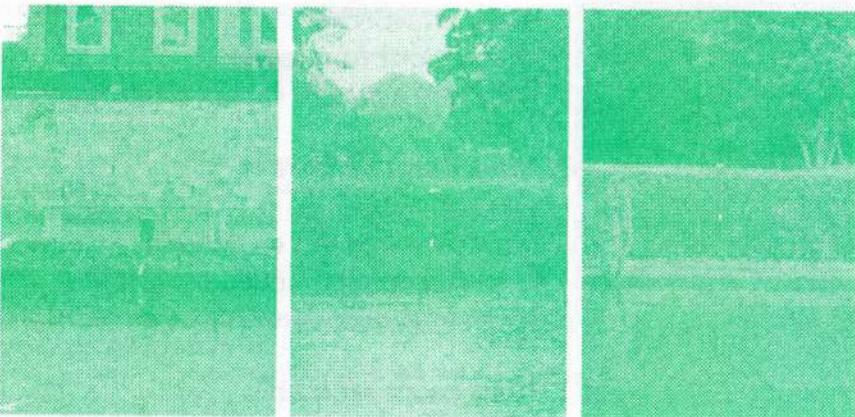
13 14 15
49.995683 49.93824 49.857542
4.713793 4.638335 4.740237
Fumay Revin Bogny-sur-Meuse



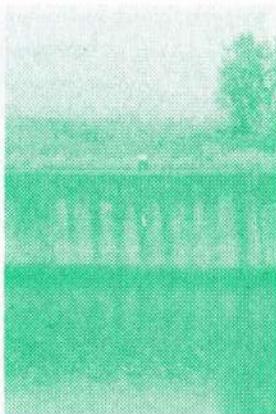
16 17 18
49.9442 50.093202 50.200463
4.645207 4.739557 4.860488
Revin Vireux-Wallerand Hastière



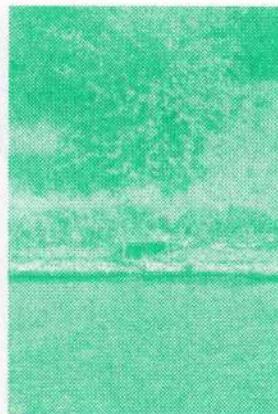
19 20 21
50.254335 50.337523 50.456202
4.914652 4.8692 4.864853
Dinant Yvoir Namur



22 23 24
50.468693 50.448688 50.439148
4.838333 4.705792 4.621595
Namur Jemeppe-sur-Sambre Sambreville



25
50.4178
4.403343
Charleroi



26
50.514155
4.35119
Pont-à-Celles



27
50.579098
4.217833
Écaussinnes



31
50.925401
4.417115
Vilvoorde

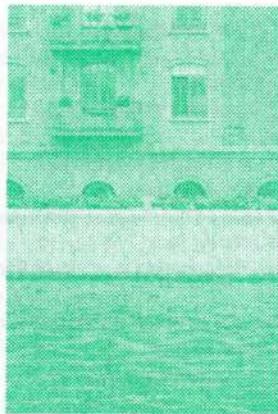
Nous avons écrit
chaque jour tous les deux
dans notre propre carnet autocopiant

Nous avons déchiré
chaque matin
les copies bleutées de la veille
et sans connaître celles de l'autre
les avons mêlées dans une même bouteille

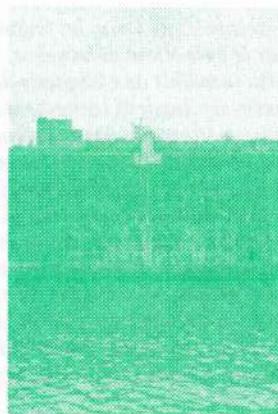
Nous avons accroché
le long de l'eau durant les 31 jours
que dura le trajet
31 bouteilles



28
50.728468
4.233072
Halle



29
50.837285
4.317872
Anderlecht



30
50.928813
4.41293
Vilvoorde

Il aurait fallu atteindre les confins de la proximité pour savoir ce qu'il resterait de soi.

Ce jour-là, il faisait gris et le temps météorologique alternait entre pluie et faible pluie.

Au bord du canal, deux chiens criaient. À l'opposé du rivage, un couple et sa portée se chamaillaient au sujet d'une balade jugée trop longue par les plus jeunes et bénéfique pour les plus vieux. Il ne se passait rien et rien ne retenait son attention. Une camionnette Peugeot manoeuvrait maladroitement au bord de la route. Une journée de plaisir nautique avait dû occuper ces sexagénaires bedonnants.

Tout s'agitait - l'eau, les voitures, les arbres, les gens sur les pontons, leurs paroles («ça va, t'y arrives ?»), ses mèches de cheveux mal attachées, leur bateau mal amarré. Du bruit de papier s'envolait dans l'air. Une perceuse poussait un faible gémissement. Tout s'agitait. Rien ne bouge.

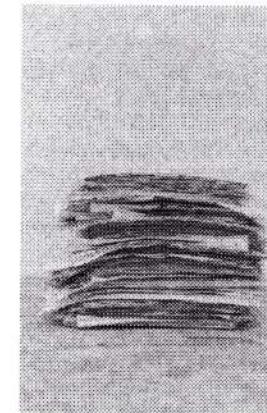
Le clapotis de l'eau, les vagues qui se brisaient sur le bois blanc de la coque, cela se mêlait aux cliquetis des machines qui remplissaient les ventres effroyables des péniches, aux grattements des pelleteuses, aux souffles des voitures, aux tremblements des bennes des camions, aux profondes inspirations des usines, à leurs palpitations de métal. Foule humaine et mécanique. Le soleil s'éteignait sous le gris sale du pont où les pigeons roucoulaient aux côtés des klaxons embouteillés. Du velours, du vert, des vélos, avançaient autour d'usines brunâtres, de béton et de rouille. Sortis de là, le paysage se promenait à leur vitesse, quand il courrait agité au cœur de la grande ville.

Dans ses phases les plus pessimistes, elle déplorait que la société actuelle ait tissé une toile totale, sans ficelle tordue, sans attache défaillante. Il n'y avait plus de dehors. Cette pensée l'asphyxiait et lorsqu'elle se la formulait, elle ne quittait pas son lit de la journée. L'image l'anéantissait et bien qu'elle ne formalisait que vaguement l'administration de cette fermeture et ses conséquences locales et globales, elle se disait que cette toile l'entourait et que quoi qu'elle fasse, où qu'elle aille, un fil la reliait nécessairement à elle. Une toile sans centre, sans araignée. Elle en restait à cette image puissante et, bien qu'abattue, elle était en même temps soulagée de ne pas devoir trouver de solution, vu qu'aucune solution n'était envisageable.

Le vent était si fort qu'ils ne pouvaient plus avancer Les vagues battaient l'eau, les branches tombaient de leurs arbres le long du canal. Le ciel, mesquin, s'ouvrait d'éclaircies, offrait ses rayons, pour tout aussitôt appliquer une épaisse ouate grise sur le bleu, et souffler ses bourrasques jusque dans leur embarcation. Le vent s'engouffrait sous le toit, faisait grincer le bois et chuchoter les vis inquiètes.

Il ne pouvait que pleuvoir dans cette ville, éponge terne qui baignait dans son jus. Une fontaine de pierre froide qui, inlassablement, se mouillait de la même eau grisâtre que celle qu'elle venait d'absorber. Rien de neuf ne pouvait l'arroser ; toujours la même eau dans un circuit infini, inébranlable, par-delà les affichettes collées aux fenêtres.

Ce matin-là, le soleil avait renversé le brouillard pour se couronner d'un ciel de bleu et de crème fraîche – Le bleu du ciel est indescriptible. Elle se souvenait d'avoir vu, enfant, un adulte boire une bière blanche tirée du fût d'une fête de village et déposée sur ces tables en pin pliables et collantes, aux pieds de métal vert. Elle se rappelait que le trouble du liquide lui avait fait penser à celui du bleu du ciel. Elle imaginait que cette bière devait avoir un goût de pudding à la vanille, en plus dilué, en plus léger. Ce souvenir s'animait à chaque fois qu'elle se prenait à penser à la couleur du ciel ensoleillé – Le bleu serait au ciel ce que le jaune est à la blanche Hoegaarden. C'était à chaque fois une invariable déception. La bière entre ses mains n'avait jamais la douce rondeur du goût d'un pudding à la vanille.



Nous avons lu séparément des ouvrages différents

Nous avons déchiré une à une chaque page terminée

Nous l'avons ajoutée directement au sommet d'une même pile

Nous avons constitué à deux le livre chronologique de nos lectures de ces 31 jours

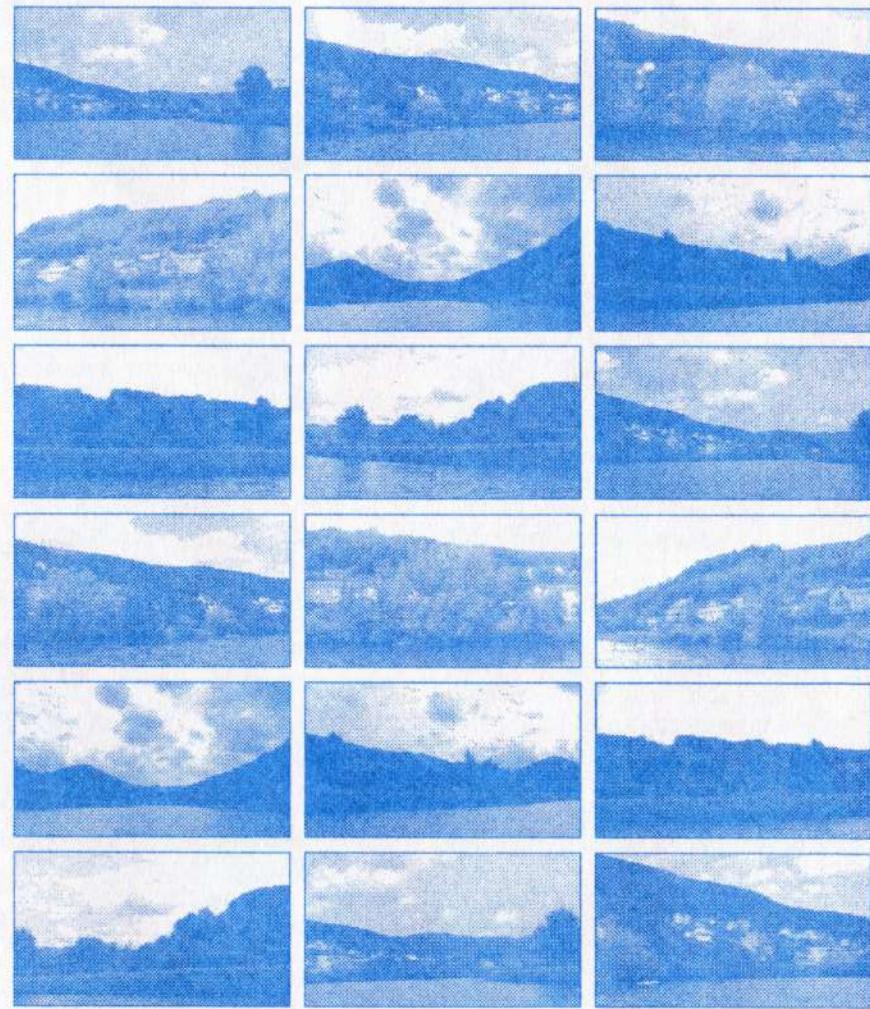
- Il ne fait rien. / dais Cecilia et comprenais une fois de plus qu'au fond,¹ / Rien qu'en parlant avec cette faconde, M. De Charlus / voulais dire, reprit-il, c'est que pour une mauvaise² / tout ce que j'étais en train de découvrir au cours de ma / moi en autant de retards facilement justifiables (le³ / à dire qu'en admettant ceux-là il faut admettre / pas d'opinion.⁴ / retard habituel concédé aux femmes, le retard dû à la / téléphoner. - Elle doit être sortie -, me répondit la⁵ / Si je n'étais pas insensible, sa barbe me ferait / tion me laisse songeur. J'ai beau me dire qu'elle n'a⁶ / mère de Cecilia d'un ton incertain, - j'étais à la / un effondrement pour mon coeur, car je savais que⁷ / pas d'autre but que d'alimenter le discours à un / pas distinctement, mais aussi distinctement que la⁸ / Cecilia aimait faire l'amour en musique. Après avoir / voix traînante, comme une jeune élève interrogée par⁹ / visibilité le permet, que ce qui se passe droit devant / encore, pour me gratter. Sales types, les poches¹⁰ / son maître, - numéro 36, troisième étage, appartement / Je me tournai du côté du mur et fermai les yeux.¹¹ / - Parbleu volontiers, répond M. de Savari, / des pères et des maris de la moitié de la capitale,¹² / pleines de venins et de cautères. C'étaient peut-être / dirai plus, ce que je dirai peut-être, si je peux, ne¹³ / On prétend, je ne l'assurerais pas, mais quelques / le f...¹⁴ / ferais-je pas mieux de dire autre chose, même si / leçon, c'est pensum qu'il fallait dire, j'ai confondu¹⁵ / Il me fallait maintenant me démontrer à moi-même / je pensais que si elle m'avait demandé : - La dernière¹⁶ / pensum et leçon. Oui, j'ai un pensum à faire, avant / tellement, lui qui a l'habitude de commander, et¹⁷ / fois, tu m'as donné vingt mille lires, aujourd'hui, tu / soupçonneux et interrogateur, comme si elle n'était¹⁸ / d'être obéi. Le voilà donc qui depuis que j'existe, / chissaient, de guerre lasse ? Peut-être que cela me¹⁹ / pas tout à fait sûre de ce qu'elle disait, semblait laisser / - Quelque femme de mauvaise vie, sans doute²⁰ / ferait du bien. Je ne vois pas comment. Je pourrais / semée de longs poils flottants comme ceux qui²¹ / - Mais, maman, s'il s'agissait d'une prostituée, / d'industriel.²² / Ce livre est dangereux. On ne l'ouvre pas impunément. Si / quelque chose, mais avec le souci de devenir quelqu'un.²³ / ... Ils blasphèment ce qu'ils ignorent. La religion chrétienne / endurcis, mais encore parce que cette connaissance, sans²⁴ / - Et il t'a également quittée ? / moteur : - Maintenant tu n'y penses jamais, mais tu²⁵ / réputation qui est injustifiée, il y en a des centaines de / pauvre Chabrier disait toujours : « Il n'y a que Mme Ver²⁶ / ne peux exclure la possibilité qu'un jour tu puisses y / - Je ne me rappelle pas.²⁷ / durin qui sache les faire parler. » Hé bien, vous savez, / songe ni même menti sciemment. Une sorte de logique²⁸ / - M'as-tu menti, par exemple, en ce qui concerne / hôtes était peu de chose en comparaison de la richesse²⁹ / sentimentale, peut-être, plus élémentaire encore, une / membres et de la langue, que jeter de tous côtés des³⁰ / presque incalculable que représentaient chacun de ces / jour-là, de s'occuper de moi ; puis, avec une absence³¹ / regards épouvantés, indignés par la violence qu'on lui / s'enracinant chez l'adversaire, faute de démenti. Quant³² / totale de curiosité, elle ajouta en regardant autour / voyait et si ce qu'elle voyait ressemblait en quelque³³ / au côté mondain de l'incident, le bruit se répandit que / La reine tendit son bras à M. de Charlus. Contre³⁴ / façon à ce que je voyais moi-même. Puis elle dit, qu'elle n'était pas capable de penser à plus d'une chose³⁵ / aussi elle était

fâchée, mais seulement parce qu'il ne faisait / pas dans une métastase qu'il faut chercher l'explication³⁶ / à la fois et encore à la chose la plus proche et / rapports, c'était elle qui me possédait et moi qui étais³⁷ / de cette absence de rancune ; bien plutôt dans la maladie / trompe. Car, sans doute, la forme mauvaise qu'on a³⁸ / possédé, bien que, par ses fins, la nature nous donnât / dans mon cœur anxieux la morsure de la jalouse. Oui,³⁹ / constatée une fois pour toutes reviendra. Mais l'âme est / il serait inutile de s'arrêter à cette objection. Car si de⁴⁰ / Jacques Prévert est quelqu'un dont on apprend des poèmes à / reprend le dessus.⁴¹ / j'attendrais son retour en comptant les jours, les / Ainsi pendant que je débattais la question de⁴² / son côté, Albertine avait voulu juger de ce que j'éprouve / un silence. Il eût été impossible de dire qu'elle blâmât,⁴³ / l'opportunité de lui téléphoner, elle avait couru chez / platane.⁴⁴ / qu'elle approuvât, qu'elle connût ou non ces choses. / un autre de ses amis qui avait aussi amené la sienne.⁴⁵ / Dans la clinique où j'avais été transporté après / plus grande assurance. Je me rendis compte alors que⁴⁶ / Elles ne furent pas longues à se comprendre, mais si / où je devais vaincre ou succomber. J'aurais offert à⁴⁷ / j'imaginais fort bien, comme si j'avais été présent, tout / sûr, que Cecilia revint de son séjour au bord de la mer.⁴⁸ / Albertine en une heure tout ce que je possédais, parce / expliquent pourquoi une certaine saveur a pu vous⁴⁹ / Cela se passait dans l'enceinte de l'immense Palais / même de son omnipotence et de la faculté de l'adoucir⁵⁰ / rappeler des sensations lumineuses, les sensations vagues / parce que l'abord nous en semblait inaccessible, un⁵¹ / constituait précisément le principal attrait de sa nouvelle / grossesse de Praskovia Fédorovna, il lui fallut déchanter,⁵² / aéroplane à deux mille mètres n'est pas plus loin qu'un / amie de golf, de monter en aéroplane, d'aller passer la⁵³ / car il se produisit un phénomène parfaitement imprévu- / premières années de leur mariage. Tout d'abord, Ivan⁵⁴ / Noël avec sa tante, ou de se remettre à la peinture. / arrivés mon nom et mon adresse, que la pâtissière, à⁵⁵ / Illitch envisagea d'emmener toute sa famille séance / - Ce n'est pas pour rien que je suis un véritable acrobate⁵⁶ / cause de commandes que j'avais souvent faites, devait / ni à Montjouvin ; et quand ainsi ce départ n'aurait plus⁵⁷ / bate. Un autre se serait tué, moi je m'en suis tiré avec un / bruyante querelle éclata entre lui et Praskovia Fédorovna,⁵⁸ / d'inconvénients, choisir un jour de beau temps comme / tout à l'heure. »⁵⁹ / à propos des gâteaux et des friandises. Praskovia Fédorovna / du traitement et l'évolution de la maladie ne coïncidaient⁶⁰ / Avec ce roman, nous abordons la fin du « cycle » / que s'ordonnent les souvenirs de la morte, c'est aussi⁶¹ / pas avec ses prévisions : avait-il menti, oublié ou caché / soufflé, étira ses membres et mourut.⁶² / Je me serais assis au bord de l'eau. J'aurais / Faut savoir qu'il y a de la souffrance là.⁶³ / Les curieux événements qui font le sujet de / diluviennes et brèves s'abattirent sur la ville ;⁶⁴ / Un amateur d'architecture qui, de nos jours, veut / pierre, imprègne la mousse des dalles avant que ne⁶⁵ / une chaleur orageuse suivait ces brusques on- / boîte. Il s'est excusé en me disant qu'entre voi-⁶⁶ / les éponge le sol. En vérité ces lieux conviennent au / public ses fesses et ses cuisses, et de même, c'est un⁶⁷ / sins... Puis il m'a assuré qu'il me rendrait ma / ou trois cas, personne n'avait pensé à bouger.⁶⁸ / total manque d'éducation que d'éclairer pareil lieu / culiers, récemment encore, étaient éclairés, non pas⁶⁹ / dedans, un gros

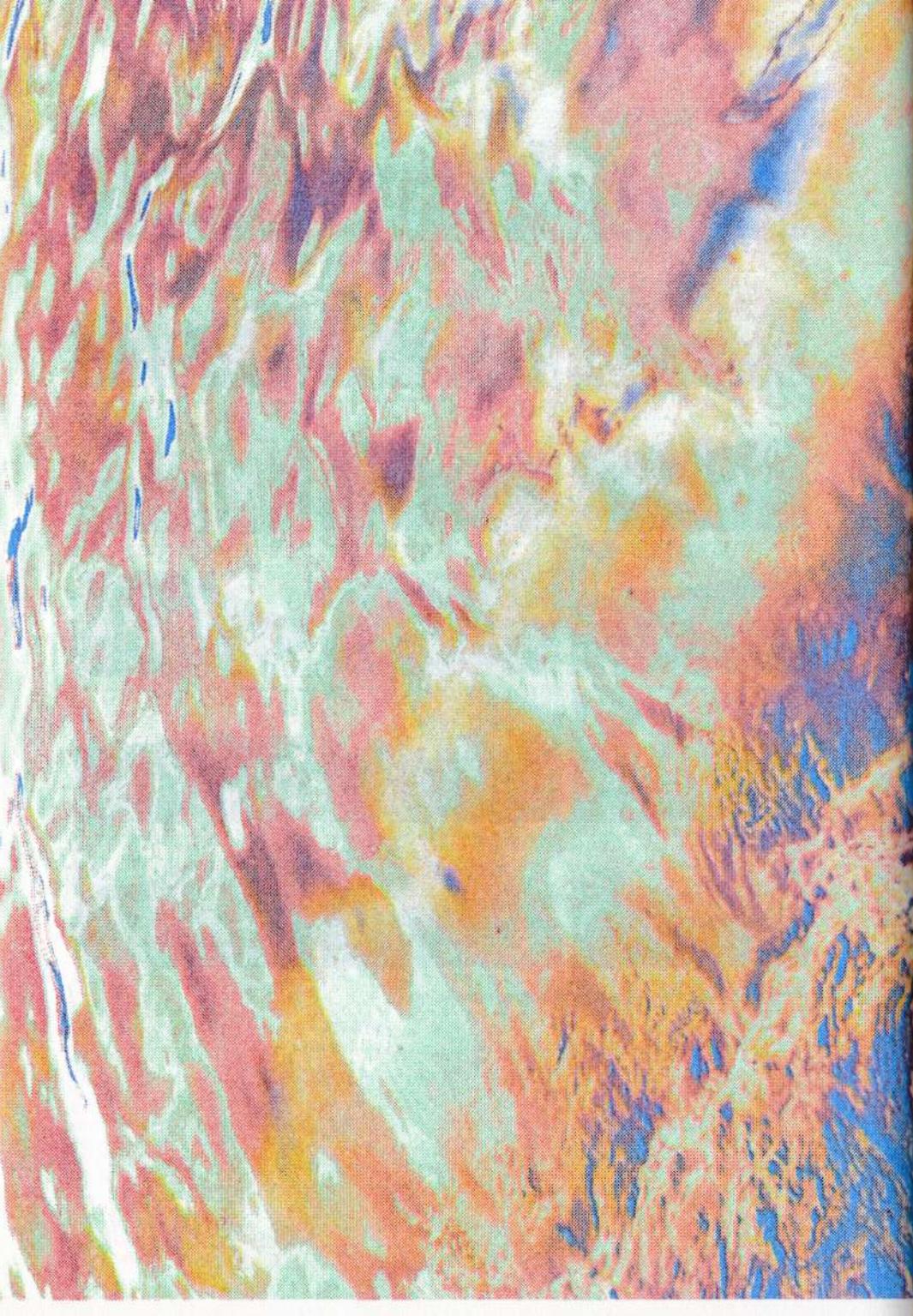
paquet de souffrance. Boxeur. / malgré tous tes coups, je pense encore. Je suis⁷⁰ / à l'électricité, mais par d'archaïques chandeliers qui / piliers, ont chacun exigé une recherche difficile qui⁷¹ / pas sonné. Mais j'ai mal. J'ai mal nom de Dieu. / Partir loin.⁷² / Mais en somme, il suffit que quelqu'un songeât à / à peu près pendant la semaine de prières dont il⁷³ / échappe à l'oeil, et pour moi en tout cas, lorsque je me / fant au teint clair, le contraste entre sa pâleur et ce⁷⁴ / sera question plus loin, des transformations plus / pousse à vous occuper de cela ?⁷⁵ / rouge étant un peu trop tranché, l'effet des couleurs / l'on rencontre des femmes au torse bâti de la sorte,⁷⁶ / Etre l'étranger qui mendie dans les bars. / Dehors la vie continuait.⁷⁷ / Planter un piquet. 2. Poser, placer debout, / (*amyloplaste*) ou de chlorophylle (*chloroplaste*).⁷⁸ / Je suis mort deux fois, Paulo, tu le sais / dire ce qu'il a dit Dexter avec une voix qui⁷⁹ / - Je ne sais pas. Ma morale peut-être. / - Oui, Rambert. Je vous remercie.⁸⁰ / parmi les vieilles dames des familles traditionalistes, / à fait naturel que, pour nous vêtir, nous nourrir et⁸¹ / Ainsi, à longueur de semaine, les prisonniers / imaginer que d'autres étaient encore moins libres⁸² / nous loger, nous usions de préférence de choses aux / éteindre ma lampe électrique.⁸³ / La magnificence et la galanterie n'ont jamais paru en / duc de Guise et le maréchal de Saint-André comme ses⁸⁴ / qu'eux. « Il y a toujours plus prisonnier que / rouge des fauteuils.⁸⁵ / favoris ; mais ceux que la faveur ou les affaires appro- / ni votre inclination ni votre coeur, et ma présence ne⁸⁶ / Rambert, pendant les premiers jours du mois / comment il allait. Et d'une voix dont elle nota le⁸⁷ / vous donne ni de plaisir ni de trouble. - Vous ne sau- / aime.⁸⁸ / son étrangement indifférent, il dit qu'il allait / douteux. »⁸⁹ / - Comment ! reprit madame la dauphine, M. de / voyant qu'elle s'y opiniâtroit, elle s'y rendit, et lui dit⁹⁰ / La Toussaint de cette année-là ne fut pas ce / prouvait rien, retourna au pessimisme avec⁹¹ / qu'il falloit donc qu'elle fit la malade pour avoir un / parler, et surtout en particulier, parce que, madame⁹² / autant d'inconséquence qu'elle avait d'abord / entouré ordinairement de hauts murs de ciment⁹³ / la dauphine vous traitant comme elle fait, on diroit / pouvez, de tout ce que je viens de vous dire. »⁹⁴ / et il avait suffi de placer des sentinelles aux / plé, il y avait eu de moins en moins d'oreilles⁹⁵ / Elle se tourne de l'autre côté enachevant ces paroles, / qui regardoit la reine, sa belle-mère. Madame de Clèves,⁹⁶ / complaisantes. Il ne restait donc plus qu'à se / trateur.⁹⁷ / sous le prétexte des affaires de son oncle, entroit avec / elle le feroit, je soutiendrai toujours que c'est elle⁹⁸ / Oui, dit celui-ci avec satisfaction, en leur / sur le bavardage du vieux. Celui-ci leur apprit⁹⁹ / que Châtelart m'a donnée, et il n'oseroit dire le / Madame de Clèves demeura seule, et, sitôt qu'elle ne fut¹⁰⁰ / qu'il y en avait qui n'étaient pas d'accord, que / « Il faut vous dire que je n'étais pas pauvre¹⁰¹ / Plus soutenue par cette joie que donne la présence de / s'alloient faire, et qu'elle n'avoit pas trop de temps pour¹⁰² / comme vous. Mon père était avocat général, ce / tinct formidable comme une vague me portait à¹⁰³ / se préparer à y paroître avec la même magnificence que / demeurer, j'en aurois beaucoup de joie, pourvu que¹⁰⁴ / ses côtés avec une sorte d'aveuglement entêté. Je / l'on ne tuerait plus personne. C'était vrai d'une¹⁰⁵ / vous y demeurassiez seul, et que vous voulussiez bien / d'un prix infini : vous m'estimez assez pour croire que¹⁰⁶ / certaine manière et, après tout, peut-être ne suis- / ne pouvions pas faire un

geste en ce monde sans¹⁰⁷ / je n'abuserai pas de cet aveu. Vous avez raison, madame, / Dans ce moment, plusieurs de leurs gens qui étoient¹⁰⁸ / risquer de faire mourir. Oui, j'ai continué d'avoir / Deux timbres d'ambulance résonnèrent dans¹⁰⁹ / demeurés dans les allées, vinrent avertir M. de Clèves / chez elle, l'esprit plus agité qu'elle ne l'avoit jamais eu.¹¹⁰ / le lointain. Les exclamations, tout à l'heure / Froide d'abord, les eaux lui parurent tièdes¹¹¹ / Son mari s'aperçut aisément de l'augmentation de son / vue à madame la dauphine pour ce qui regardoit M. de¹¹² / quand il remonta. Au bout de quelques brasses, / Vers la fin de décembre, Rieux reçut de¹¹³ / Nemours lui donnoit encore plus d'envie de pénétrer / riant qu'elle étoit trop prudente, et se retourna vers¹¹⁴ / M. Othon, le juge d'instruction, qui se trouvait / errant dans les rues, la figure décomposée. Puis¹¹⁵ / M. de Nemours. Il étoit paré pour l'assemblée du soir ; / toute cette aventure ; elle l'a sue par le vidame de¹¹⁶ / il l'avait perdu de vue. Le docteur et Tarrou par- / l'invitant du geste à les lire. C'était un court¹¹⁷ / Chartres, qui la sait de M. de Nemours. - M. de Ne- / elle n'avoit aucune part, qu'il dépendoit d'elle de le¹¹⁸ / manuscrit d'une cinquantaine de pages. Le doc- / de la maladie.¹¹⁹ / persuader à M. de Nemours et aux autres ; qu'elle / il. Irois-je encore lui montrer ce que je ne lui ai déjà¹²⁰ / Quoique cette brusque retraite de la maladie / juge Othon qu'on dut évacuer du camp de¹²¹ / que trop fait connoître ? Lui ferai-je voir que je sais / mangèrent sur la table de marbre dans la grande salle¹²² / quarantaine, et Tarrou dit de lui en effet qu'il / précipitèrent comme des fous pour devancer¹²³ / du Palais, le duc d'Albe assis auprès de la nouvelle reine / écuyers et M. de Montmorency, qui étoit un des maré-¹²⁴ / peste, incapables de suivre son allure jusqu'au / n'avait peur que de cette heure-là.¹²⁵ / chaux du camp, coururent à lui. Ils furent étonnés de le / aventure. Je ne saurois démêler par où elle a été sue,¹²⁶ / Le surlendemain, quelques jours avant l'ouver- / rompu.¹²⁷ / ni ce qui se passa entre M. de Nemours et vous sur ce / senter. Il se rangea derrière une des fenêtres qui ser-¹²⁸ / La nuit qui suivit ne fut pas celle de la lutte, / Bien sûr, maman.¹²⁹ / voient de porte, pour voir ce que faisoit madame de / et d'aller voir dans le jardin s'il y avoit quelqu'un.¹³⁰ / Oui, il se reposera là-bas. Pourquoi pas ? Ce / même douleur qui continuait.¹³¹ / Peut-être souhaitoit-elle, autant qu'elle le craignoit, d'y / homme à une heure si extraordinaire l'a effrayée. »¹³² / Les portes de la ville s'ouvrirent enfin, à l'aube / comprenait que tout lui serait rendu d'un coup¹³³ / Ces mêmes pensées occupèrent tout le jour M. de / doux et les plus cruels momens de ma vie.¹³⁴ / et que la joie est une brûlure qui ne se savoure / d'origines très différentes se coudoyaient et¹³⁵ / Madame de Clèves entendoit trop bien tout ce que / écouta toutes ces paroles sans les comprendre, et sans¹³⁶ / Fraternisaient. L'égalité que la présence de la / qui, pour tous, était également impossible. La¹³⁷ / avoir d'autre idée, sinon qu'il lui reprochoit son incli- / avoir longtemps la même conduite.¹³⁸ / plupart avaient crié de toutes leurs forces vers / qu'ils avaient demandé la seule chose qui dépen-¹³⁹ / Un écuyer qu'il avoit lui conta que le gentilhomme de / étoit occupée par un homme qui y venoit quelquefois¹⁴⁰ / dit d'eux. Et Rieux, au moment de tourner dans / Pour être un témoin fidèle, il devait rapporter¹⁴¹ / pendant le jour, pour dessiner de belles maisons et des / regardoit comme pouvant l'épouser, étoit celui qu'elle¹⁴² / surtout les actes, les docu

1. A. Moravia, *L'ennui*, 206-224
2. M. Proust, *La prisonnière*, 296-322
3. A. Moravia, *L'ennui*, 225-240
4. S. Beckett, *L'innommable*, 9-10
5. A. Moravia, *L'ennui*, 241-242
6. S. Beckett, *L'inconnue*, 11-12
7. A. Moravia, *L'ennui*, 243-246
8. S. Beckett, *L'inconnue*, 13-16
9. A. Moravia, *L'ennui*, 247-266
10. S. Beckett, *L'inconnue*, 17-18
11. A. Moravia, *L'ennui*, 267-274
12. Sade, *Les infirmités de la vertu*, 239-240
13. S. Beckett, *L'inconnue*, 19-32
14. Sade, *Les infirmités de la vertu*, 267-268
15. S. Beckett, *L'inconnue*, 33-38
16. A. Moravia, *L'ennui*, 275-276
17. S. Beckett, *L'inconnue*, 39-42
18. A. Moravia, *L'ennui*, 277-278
19. S. Beckett, *L'inconnue*, 43-44
20. A. Moravia, *L'ennui*, 279-284
21. S. Beckett, *L'inconnue*, 45-48
22. A. Moravia, *L'ennui*, 285-306
23. Pascal, *Pensées*, 11-21
24. Pascal, *Pensées*, 195-196
25. A. Moravia, *L'ennui*, 307-324
26. M. Proust, *La prisonnière*, 323-334
27. A. Moravia, *L'ennui*, 325-328
28. M. Proust, *La prisonnière*, 335-336
29. A. Moravia, *L'ennui*, 329-330
30. M. Proust, *La prisonnière*, 337-338
31. A. Moravia, *L'ennui*, 331-332
32. M. Proust, *La prisonnière*, 339-340
33. A. Moravia, *L'ennui*, 333-334
34. M. Proust, *La prisonnière*, 341-342
35. A. Moravia, *L'ennui*, 335-340
36. M. Proust, *La prisonnière*, 343-344
37. A. Moravia, *L'ennui*, 341-344
38. M. Proust, *La prisonnière*, 345-348
39. A. Moravia, *L'ennui*, 345-348
40. M. Proust, *La prisonnière*, 349-370
41. M. Houellebecq, *Rester vivant*, 65-73
42. A. Moravia, *L'ennui*, 349-350
43. M. Proust, *La prisonnière*, 371-372
44. A. Moravia, *L'ennui*, 351-356
45. M. Proust, *La prisonnière*, 373-374
46. A. Moravia, *L'ennui*, 375-388
47. M. Proust, *La prisonnière*, 375-376
48. A. Moravia, *L'ennui*, 389-390
49. M. Proust, *La prisonnière*, 377-400
50. L. Tolstoï, *La mort d'Ivan Ilitch*, 363-376
51. M. Proust, *La prisonnière*, 401-434
52. L. Tolstoï, *La mort d'Ivan Ilitch*, 377-378
53. M. Proust, *La prisonnière*, 435-436
54. L. Tolstoï, *La mort d'Ivan Ilitch*, 379-384
55. M. Proust, *La prisonnière*, p. 437-438
56. L. Tolstoï, *La mort d'Ivan Ilitch*, 385-386
57. M. Proust, *La prisonnière*, 439-442
58. L. Tolstoï, *La mort d'Ivan Ilitch*, 387-388
59. M. Proust, *La prisonnière*, 443-444
60. L. Tolstoï, *La mort d'Ivan Ilitch*, 389-394
61. M. Proust, *La fugitive*, 7-10
62. L. Tolstoï, *La mort d'Ivan Ilitch*, 395-435
63. R. Bohringer, *Le bord intime des rivières*, 9-48
64. A. Camus, *La peste*, 7-36
65. J. Tanizaki, *Éloge de l'ombre*, 15-20
66. A. Camus, *La peste*, 37-38
67. J. Tanizaki, *Éloge de l'ombre*, 21-22
68. A. Camus, *La peste*, 39-40
69. J. Tanizaki, *Éloge de l'ombre*, 23-34
70. R. Bohringer, *Le bord intime des rivières*, 49-54
71. J. Tanizaki, *Éloge de l'ombre*, 35-48
72. R. Bohringer, *Le bord intime des rivières*, 55-68
73. A. Camus, *La peste*, 41-82
74. J. Tanizaki, *Éloge de l'ombre*, 49-56
75. A. Camus, *La peste*, 63-132
76. J. Tanizaki, *Éloge de l'ombre*, 57-62
77. R. Bohringer, *Le bord intime des rivières*, 69-84
78. Dictionnaire Larousse, 85-86
79. R. Bohringer, *Le bord intime des rivières*, 85-86
80. A. Camus, *La peste*, 133-165
81. J. Tanizaki, *Éloge de l'ombre*, 63-68
82. A. Camus, *La peste*, 169-170
83. J. Tanizaki, *Éloge de l'ombre*, 69-85
84. Madame de La Fayette, *La princesse de Clèves*, 23-26
85. A. Camus, *La peste*, 171-200
86. Madame de La Fayette, *La princesse de Clèves*, 27-42
87. A. Camus, *La peste*, 201-230
88. Madame de La Fayette, *La princesse de Clèves*, 43-56
89. A. Camus, *La peste*, 231-232
90. Madame de La Fayette, *La princesse de Clèves*, 57-58
91. A. Camus, *La peste*, 233-234
92. Madame de La Fayette, *La princesse de Clèves*, 59-60
93. A. Camus, *La peste*, 235-236
94. Madame de La Fayette, *La princesse de Clèves*, 61-64
95. A. Camus, *La peste*, 237-238
96. Madame de La Fayette, *La princesse de Clèves*, 65-124
97. A. Camus, *La peste*, 239-240
98. Madame de La Fayette, *La princesse de Clèves*, 125-126
99. A. Camus, *La peste*, 241-242
100. Madame de La Fayette, *La princesse de Clèves*, 127-128
101. A. Camus, *La peste*, 243-244
102. Madame de La Fayette, *La princesse de Clèves*, 129-130
103. A. Camus, *La peste*, 245-246
104. Madame de La Fayette, *La princesse de Clèves*, 131-132
105. A. Camus, *La peste*, 247-248
106. Madame de La Fayette, *La princesse de Clèves*, 133-134
107. A. Camus, *La peste*, 249-250
108. Madame de La Fayette, *La princesse de Clèves*, 135-136
109. A. Camus, *La peste*, 251-252
110. Madame de La Fayette, *La princesse de Clèves*, 137-142
111. A. Camus, *La peste*, 252-254
112. Madame de La Fayette, *La princesse de Clèves*, 143-144
113. A. Camus, *La peste*, 255-256
114. Madame de La Fayette, *La princesse de Clèves*, 145-146
115. A. Camus, *La peste*, 257-258
116. Madame de La Fayette, *La princesse de Clèves*, 147-150
117. A. Camus, *La peste*, 259-260
118. Madame de La Fayette, *La princesse de Clèves*, 151-152
119. A. Camus, *La peste*, 261-262
120. Madame de La Fayette, *La princesse de Clèves*, 153-154
121. A. Camus, *La peste*, 267-268
122. Madame de La Fayette, *La princesse de Clèves*, 155-156
123. A. Camus, *La peste*, 269-270
124. Madame de La Fayette, *La princesse de Clèves*, 157-158
125. A. Camus, *La peste*, 271-280
126. Madame de La Fayette, *La princesse de Clèves*, 159-168
127. A. Camus, *La peste*, 281-288
128. Madame de La Fayette, *La princesse de Clèves*, 169-172
129. A. Camus, *La peste*, 289-290
130. Madame de La Fayette, *La princesse de Clèves*, 173-174
131. A. Camus, *La peste*, 291-292
132. Madame de La Fayette, *La princesse de Clèves*, 175-176
133. A. Camus, *La peste*, 293-294
134. Madame de La Fayette, *La princesse de Clèves*, 177-178
135. A. Camus, *La peste*, 295-296
136. Madame de La Fayette, *La princesse de Clèves*, 179-182
137. A. Camus, *La peste*, 297-298
138. Madame de La Fayette, *La princesse de Clèves*, 183-184
139. A. Camus, *La peste*, 299-300
140. Madame de La Fayette, *La princesse de Clèves*, 185-186
141. A. Camus, *La peste*, 301-302
142. Madame de La Fayette, *La princesse de Clèves*, 187-188



Photogrammes du demi-tour à Bogny-sur-Meuse



Circling Around (without taking off)

BRUNO DE WACHTER

Airports are very similar all the world over. Regional differences are reduced to the souvenirs that you can buy in the gift shop.

Airports are also out-of-time. To facilitate long-distance travel by train or by plane, time zones were created, breaking down the natural connection between time and location. For all those reasons, you could say that

THE AIRPORT CUTS A HOLE IN THE LOCAL LANDSCAPE

That is why it is often represented as a hatched surface on the map. A hole that is not, like a rabbit hole, leading down into a bottomless black, but one that is leading up, into an infinite blue.

IN ORDER TO DESCRIBE A HOLE, YOU HAVE TO CIRCUMSCRIBE IT

I WALK AROUND LARGE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORTS AND INVITE PEOPLE TO JOIN ME

We do not walk directly around the fence, but along roads and paths that are close to the airport. Two basic rules are followed during the walk:

1. WE IGNORE THE AIRPORT AND THE PLANES

Participants are not allowed to mention them, nor to point at them or to take pictures of them. This is to avoid getting distracted from our focus on the immediate surroundings (that said ... what you suppress has a tendency to reappear via the back door ...)

2. WE KEEP THE EXACT SOLAR TIME

This is the time for which noon corresponds with the sun being at its highest point in the sky. As we walk east or west, we adjust our watch on several occasions, restoring the particularity of time at each place.

CALCULATION OF THE SOLAR TIME	BEFORE THE WALK ...
TIME PER LONGITUDINAL DEGREE	<p>In one day, the earth rotates 360° on its axis.</p> <p>One day is divided into 24 hours $\times 60 \text{ min/h} = 1440 \text{ minutes}$</p> <p>> Each longitudinal degree corresponds with $1440 \text{ min}/360^\circ = 4 \text{ minutes time difference}$</p>
TIME PER KILOMETRE AT x° NORTH	<p>The circumference of the earth at the equator is 40,075 kilometre</p> <p>At x° north, the circumference is $(40,075 \times \cos(x^\circ)) \text{ km}$</p> <p>At x° north, one day of 1440 minutes corresponds with $(40,075 \times \cos(x^\circ)) \text{ km}$</p> <p>> One kilometre east or west corresponds with $(1440 / (40,075 \times \cos(x^\circ))) \text{ min}$</p>
CORRECTION FOR THE TIME OF THE YEAR	<p>AFTER THE WALK ...</p> <p>... we meet again with all the participants and create a collaborative report of our explorations. One participant chooses a picture and writes a corresponding title, on which another participant can react with another picture with a title, and so on. Initially, chronology and the exact locations of the events are ignored.</p>
	<p>Once the report is finished, I relocate the contributions on the map of our walk, but without the pictures. To this I add a series of place names that are indicated on the topographical map. In the end, only the shape of our walk and a mixture of titles and place names located on this route remain. The exploration is given back to the world of symbols and language from where it came.</p>

Circling Around

Charleroi / Brussels South International Airport

(BSCA)

16 August 2014

VALENTIN FERRÉ, WAFA ABIDA,
BÉATRICE BAILET, BRITT HATZIUS,
PIERRE BERNARD, BRUNO DE WACHTER,
LOES JACOBS, MIRIAM ROHDE,
ANT HAMPTON

Place names, landscapes, languages

1. In Mortsel – the suburb of Antwerp where I grew up – there is a place that is popularly called ‘the-bridge-that-is-gone’ (de-brug-die-weg-is). ‘Where do you live?’ ‘At the-bridge-that-is-gone’. I know the place name from my mother’s family, but I have never known the actual bridge, it had already been demolished by the time I was born.

2. Topographical maps sometimes contain such popular place names – of a field, a crossroad, the edge of a forest ... How did they make it to the map, I sometimes wonder. It is not the kind of data that you can gather with an aerial photograph. Did cartographers roam the land and ring people’s bell? And do such place-name collectors still exist, or are the popular names only copied from older maps? The latter would mean that new popular names are no longer included and that out-of-use place names are still there on the map.

3. Place names do not change that fast. It is often possible to derive the origin of a village from its name; whether it was founded, for instance, during the times of the early Celtic language, or the late Celtic, or Latin, or old German, or medieval Dutch. The languages changed, the names stayed more or less the same. This proves that some people also stayed; a new language only meant a new centre of power. Place names reveal the languages that were spoken at certain places in the past, just as facial characteristics can reveal traces of former inhabitants in the genes.

Calculation of the solar time

The starting point: 50.4600° N, 4.4528° E.

, Solar time is $4.4528^\circ \times 4$ minutes = 17 min 49 sec ahead of Greenwich

In summer, Central European Time is 2 hours ahead of Greenwich.

The correction for 16 August is -1 min 39 sec.

This means we have to set our clock back by

$$(2 \text{ h} - 17 \text{ min } 49 \text{ sec} + 1 \text{ min } 39 \text{ sec}) = 1 \text{ h } 43 \text{ min } 50 \text{ sec}$$

Going one kilometre east or west corresponds to

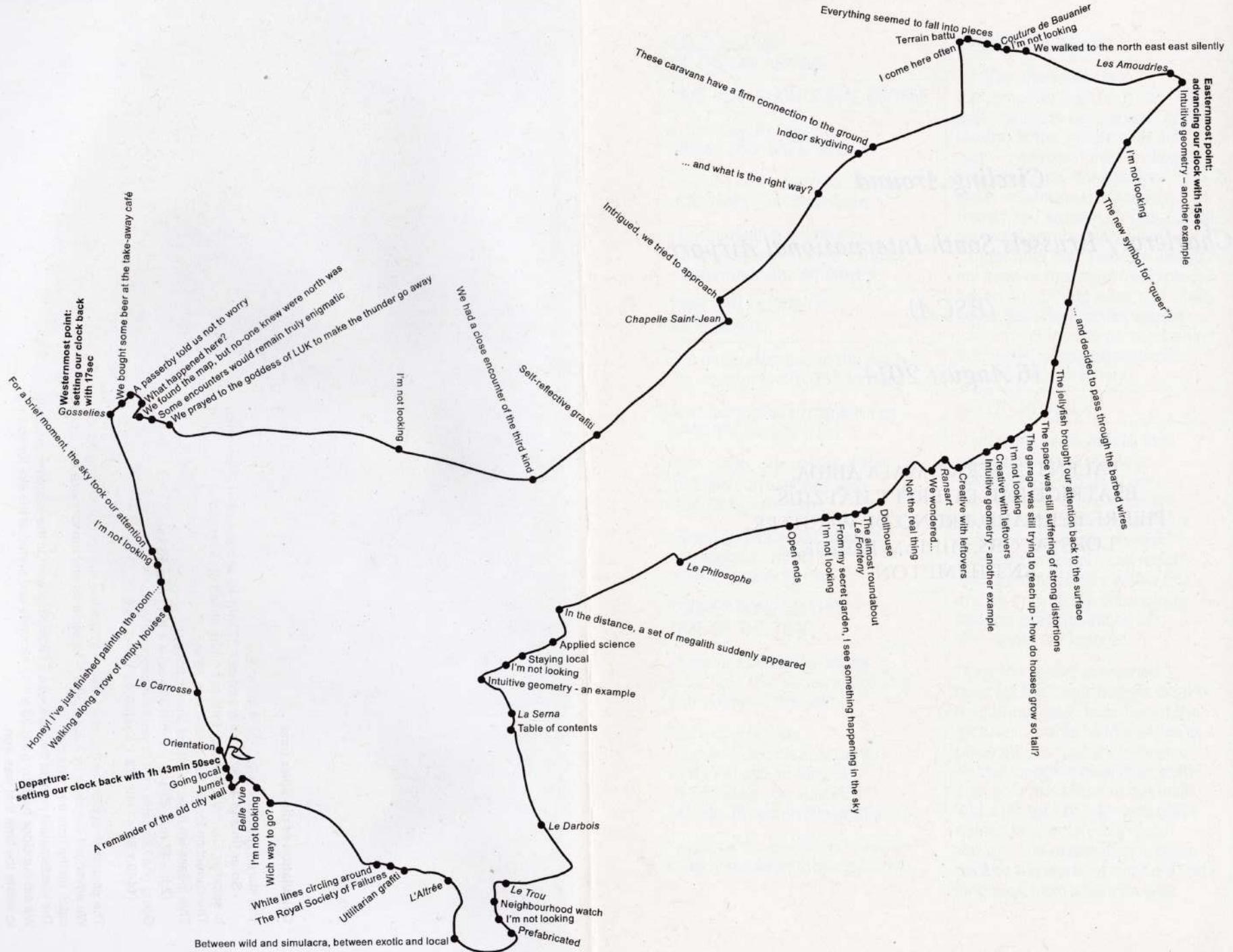
$$(1440 \times 60 \text{ s} / (40,075 \times \cos(50.46^\circ))) = 3.39 \text{ s}$$

The easternmost point of the walk was 4.5 kilometres east of our starting point.

We advanced our clock by $4.5 \times 3.39 \text{ s} = 15$ seconds and ran for twice this time to catch up the time that was lost.

The westernmost point of the walk was 5 kilometres west of the easternmost point.

We set our clock back by $5 \times 3.39 \text{ s} = 17$ seconds and stared at the sky for so long to waste the time that was won.



4. The other day I was staying at the place of a friend of a friend in the Zonstraat in Utrecht, the Netherlands. Close to my guest house I discovered a memorial stone with the inscription: 'Here rests the discontent of the neighbourhood, 15 May 1985'. Absolutely nobody in the street could give me any information about this stone. All inhabitants had come to live there after that date, and they didn't know anything about the former inhabitants of the street – they hardly knew their current neighbours. They were just stranded together in the same street like you might happen to sit together in the departure hall of an airport – an airport that is called after a former president.

5. Circling around (without taking off) is a set of rules for a group of people, gathered for the occasion, to write a story in the landscape; or to let the landscape write a story in the group. It is an attempt which is bound to fail, because we miss a common language that is rooted in the landscape and help ourselves with pidgin English instead. Moreover, we do the walk only once – i.e. we are missing the impact of repetition. The real place names can be distinguished easily from our own creations.

Circling around Paris Charles de Gaulle

International Airport (CDG)

22–23 August 2014

TIZIANA PENNA, BRUNO DE WACHTER,
HIROKO MYOKAM, PATRICK DE KONING,
KIP THE DOG, BERTRAND DEZOTEUX,
AN GOVAERTS

Périphérique.0

'SOLVITUR AMBULANDO?'

WAY AND WEIGHING
STILE AND SAYING
ON A SINGLE WALK ARE FOUND.

GO BEAR WITHOUT HALT
QUESTION AND DEFAULT
ON YOUR SINGLE PATHWAY BOUND.

In: Martin Heidegger - POETRY,
LANGUAGE, THOUGHT, 1971

It will be solved by walking, this is what SOLVITUR AMBULANDO means. Allegedly Diogenes of Sinope, in answer to the argument that motion is unreal, stood up and walked away. The saying has been used since then, in a slightly different sense: if you need to solve a problem, rethink your life, or simply 'clear your mind', just walk, and by walking, the solution will come to you.

PÉRIPHÉRIQUE.0 is a conceptual artwork invented by various embodiments of Various Artists, Bernard Leroy and Freddy Grant, and realized in the rural area of the Vysočina district in the Czech Republic in 2014 in the space known as KRA - Kravin Rural Arts, located in the village of Hranice.

It is part of a larger series by Various Artists called 'graphical works'.

The terrain was not unknown, at least to some members of Various Artists. In July 2012, KRA provided a refuge in its old stables for a group of cyclists, travelling from Poland to Croatia. This trip was part of another project called PEREGRINI¹. The cycling pilgrims were on their way from the Baltic to the Adriatic following a fold, a strip cut out from the map of Europe from sea to sea. KRA happened to be just at the border of the stripe. The pilgrims were carrying out artistic missions on the way (e.g. placing the ad hoc altars with various local saints and other figures along the road), and creating documentation. The next project began when the group decided to buy a piece of land of 30 m² next to the KRA gardens. It was proclaimed a space for free use by artists, and the Various Artists themselves became the lucky first ones to try it out.

Finally, in the summer of 2014, the (temporary) land-art piece was created in and around these 30 m². Various Artists sent people to this piece of land to walk on its borders during four days. At least one of them was an architect,

Calculation of the solar time

The starting point: 49.0097° N, 2.5478° E.

, Solar time is $2.5478^\circ \times 4$ minutes = 10 min 11 sec ahead of Greenwich.

In summer, Central European Time is 2 hours ahead of Greenwich.

The correction for 22 August is -16 sec. This means we have to set our clock back by

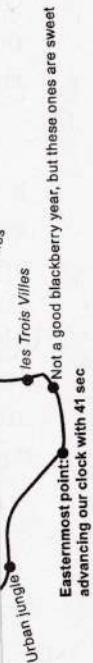
(2 h - 10 min 11 sec + 16 sec) = 1 h 50 min 5 sec to adjust it to solar time

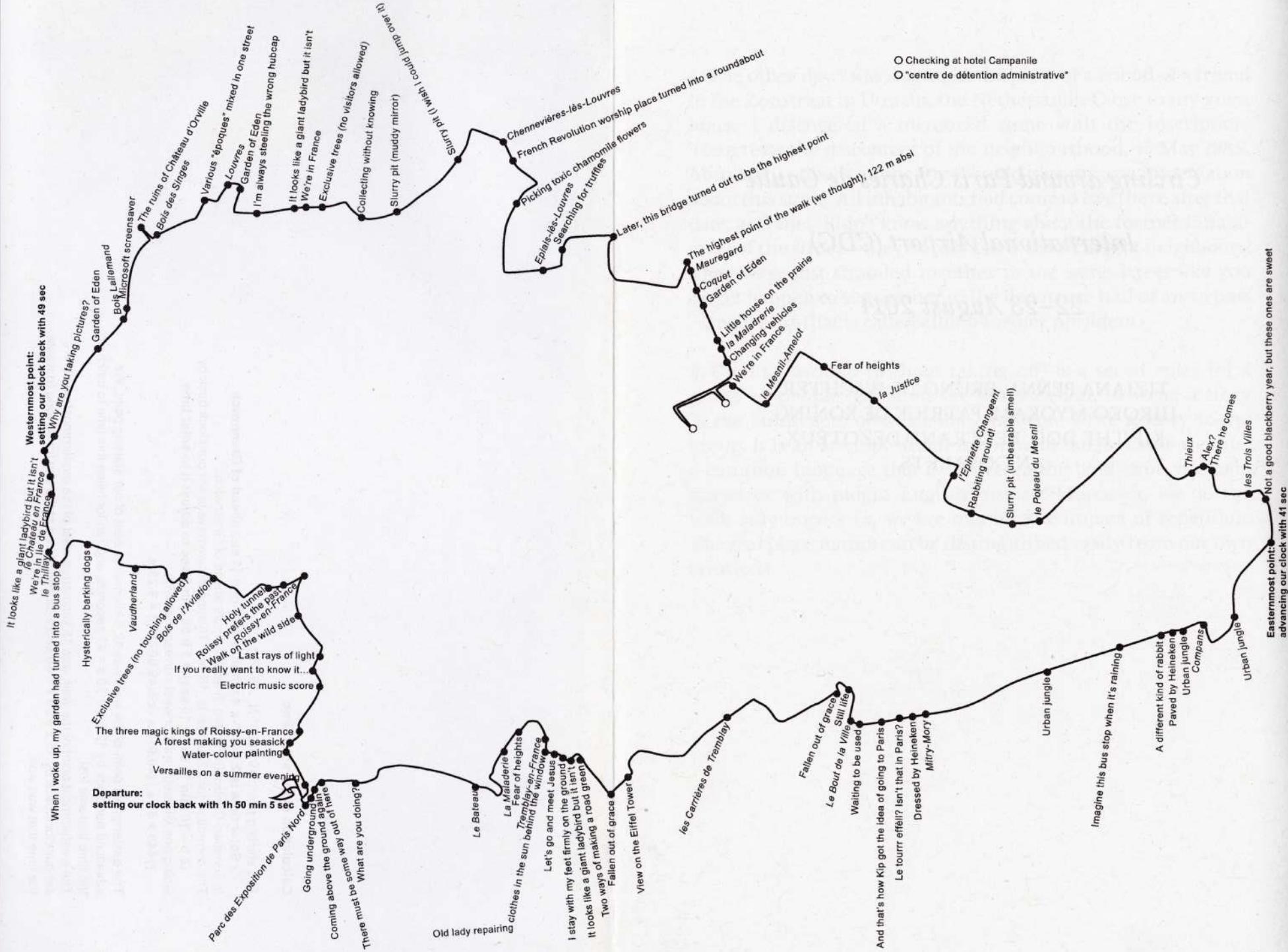
Going one kilometre east or west corresponds with

$(1440 \times 60 \text{ s} / (40,075 \times \cos(49.0097^\circ))) = 3.29 \text{ s}$

The easternmost point of the walk was 12.5 kilometres east of our starting point. We advanced our clock by $12.5 \times 3.29 \text{ s} = 41$ seconds, and ran for twice this time to catch up the time that was lost.

The westernmost point of the walk was 15 kilometres west of the easternmost point. We set our clock back by $15 \times 3.29 \text{ s} = 49$ seconds and stared at the sky for so long to waste the time that was won.





which appeared to be crucial for the shaping of the work, since the final trajectory was very carefully designed. The idea behind this collective walk was to create a new path (visible and recordable by the Google-big-eye-aerial-mapping-equipment), and at the same time to demarcate the land.

The larger ideas behind the performance (which didn't have much audience apart from the elderly neighbours who watched it from their colourful bench in front of the house) contained questions like: 'How can artists appropriate public space?', 'How can their works or projects encourage others to make different use of that space?', 'How do we avoid public places being occupied by private initiatives?' Lots of other questions could follow if we look more closely at the concrete plot of land and its history.

The cow-house farm, located in the village of Hranice - meaning 'border' in Czech - used to be part of a farming estate and, like the other farms in the neighbouring villages (Víska, Předboř, Lány, etc.), was administered from the Castle of Maleč. It is marked by various historical periods - once belonging to a larger farming compound, which in 1862 was bought by František Ladislav Rieger, a Czech politician, economist and political writer, active in patriotic circles. It remained in that family until 1948 when it was nationalized by the communists. The cow-house in

Hranice was then administered by the agricultural union (DÚZSTVO), which used the stables to store materials and the ground floor of the residential house as offices while its first floor was rented to tenants. At the beginning of the 1990s, the Castle of Maleč was given back to the family, and the cow-house with it ... The plot itself is located right next to where a large barn used to be before it struck by lightning, now only a few stones remaining. What was going to become the KRA, then a group of enthusiasts, bought it in 2009 with the aim of establishing a cultural centre. Since then we have been peeling off the historical layers, brick by brick, taking away barrow after barrow full of concrete ... So, for about fifty years the land and the plot was taken care of by everybody and nobody at the same time.

Various Artists always move around according to a certain plan, with a carefully and well thought-out concept. Their trajectories could be long or tiny, but they are certainly not wandering around. Walking is not a random and improvisational act for them, but an analytical one - not solitary, but collective. Their performances are statements, fulfilments of a plan, a manifesto. They create new (imaginary) landscapes by walking.

Walking as an art form became popular in the 1960s with artists like Richard Long, Josef Beuys and Sophie Calle. The region of

Vysočina - the Bohemian-Moravian Highlands as it is translated - also has its art-walkers, like Zorka Ságlová and Vladimír Havlík. This mostly rural, hilly agricultural region, covered with woods and relatively sparsely settled is a walkers' paradise. Zorka Ságlová worked briefly on projects in the countryside between 1969 and 1972. In early March 1970 she organized her HOMAGE TO GUSTAV OBERMAN in the little village of Bransoudov, near Humpolec. After dark, she and a group of participants set fire to sacks full of jute in a snow-covered field. This event, held on a site where pagan mystery plays were once performed, related to a legend about a shoemaker who, before the start of World War II, would spit out fireballs in the meadows here in protest against the German occupation, but also against Soviet occupation in 1968. She also organized some other events, then attended by a group of close friends and photographed by her husband Jan Ság, now internationally renowned, including playful actions in the landscape. Vladimír Havlík's events from the 1970s and 1980s were largely solitary. Yet they were also an attempt at dialogue, albeit with an ironic subtext. Havlík's pieces almost always include working with his own body - as in TRYING TO SLEEP (1982), when he wrapped himself in a piece of turf. Here's another of the events he described: 'A few centimetres of fresh snow had fallen overnight during the winter of 1978. I got dressed and went to

sweep the path from the front door to the garden gate. But I didn't stop there ... I kept going, sweeping a path between fences, over a hill and across a valley, through a snow-covered field, another hill and another valley ... Many of his projects were based on a simple, poetic gesture that established (if only temporarily) a public space of freedom, which I guaranteed with my total participation.'

The walk by Various Artists shared the apparent pointlessness and the idea of making a demarcating, symbolic gesture of freedom with the above events, and was in line with our previous walking projects, especially the series about the (legendary) medieval oath, which - according to legend and some historians - connected Bohemia and Moravia in the Early Middle Ages. It follows the flow of the Doubrava river, passes through the village of Hranice, where allegedly a customs house used to be, and continues over the Hradiště hill to the next village, Libice. We organized a walk with locals, invited historians and artists to give lectures, concerts and sonic interventions on the road ... Our aim was perhaps to establish a new path on the old one, covering it with some new stories, and bringing back the old ones. Walking as a way of being together and getting to know the surrounding landscape.

So how is it with the apparently purposeless walk along the Ogdoad by Various Artists?

The new path leads from nowhere to nowhere, and walking it makes you dizzy with its octonary turns. I contributed to the new path by walking it for several short periods of time (carrying my then almost 1-year-old son), and its dizzying rhythm had a feeling of entwining all the thoughts together and leaving my mind totally empty. Perhaps it could be understood also as a symbol, binding together various walking histories and walkers that are still left. Because walking has ceased to be a regular means of transport in the area, being now either recreational diversion, artistic project, or an odd activity of weirdos.

This article is dedicated to all the devoted walkers/cyclists from the area (all with their own various aims and purposes), of which these are some notable examples:

1) Mrs Macháčková, the wife of the owner of the Castle of Maleč, who sold us the house and the land, regularly sets off alone to walk for several days;

2) Lucka, a grower of organic vegetables, walks from her farm in Zastráň to Chotěboř where she lives (3.2 km) or to Hranice to visit us (3.3 km);

3) A man called Básník (poet) walks and hitch-hikes anywhere because he doesn't have money for transport, allegedly because he lost his job and is lost in debt;

4) Ján Kostolanský came here on his bike from Trenčín, Slovakia and was still biking here all the time (288 km);

5) Mr Hořinek, a worker who we employ to dig out the old concrete floors or uncover stones in front of the house, a hero to all the local kids who call their Lego figures after him (he uses a bike to move between his various jobs);

6) Ladislav Urban, our neighbour, passes our garden during his health walks, checking if everything is OK and giving us reports if anything happens while we are not here.

Lenka Dolanová, early May.
WRITTEN ALSO WHILE SITTING ON
THE PLATFORM NEXT TO THE NOW
OVERGROWN PATH BY VARIOUS ARTISTS
(IT'S HIGH TIME TO RENEW IT!)

1. aka Default (project in 2012)

Boucalais

Boucalais is a walking trail from Boulogne-sur-Mer to Calais which Various Artists have travelled several times a year for almost ten years now. Boucalais started in 2005 as a fixed walking trail and grew over the years into a format, a state of mind. The walking format challenges the artist's production mechanisms and makes room for another interpretation of what constitutes artistic work. At times, the work is no more than a distinctive mark or trace on the trail. Various Artists are thus continuously led to adapt their idea of creation and constantly develop different work methods. The creations are poetic expressions on the road, as it were, which – given the mobile context – are necessarily on a small scale or 'light'. In this sense Boucalais can be seen as a real-time performance, a performed creative process out of which work emerges that is shown either en route or at predefined locations along the trail: interventions on the roadside and routines in hotel rooms are subtle installations and markings executed by Various Artists, but without an audience consciously looking on. These are but small interventions in the landscape, fragments of

songs by a singer-songwriter, anonymous witnesses who return every day for this temporary artist-walker. At the same time, the Boucalais project also pays homage to the artist-collector who, in the course of his journey, assembles a collection of objects and observations, which will – sometimes literally – be dragged back to his studio as so many installations and objets trouvés.

BEING BOUCALAIS

Being Boucalais is an experiential walking tour for three people, which gathers artists, curators or writers for a four-day performance on the road from Boulogne-sur-Mer to Calais.

With Being Boucalais the focus of the walk experience shifts from an individual experience to an exercise in observation where three participants immerse themselves in a particular environment where fiction and reality are mixed in real time. The initial goal of this interactive series was to present the Boucalais walking art project to this group as a mobile creative studio. After a few trips Various Artists realized that tapping into the creative DNA of the participants, multiplying

several accidental occurrences and accumulating these actions could trigger elaborate storylines. The scripting of the banal and the ritualization of the holiday stroller's routine creates a puzzling set of situations for the participants. Manipulating and repeating some of the occurrences make the participants doubt the veracity of their daily experience along the walk. The initial vagueness of the set of instructions, and the use of non-art practices (like objets trouvés, faux art, local craftwork and its appropriation) introduce the partakers to a collective and interactive experience. Connecting and communicating with locals is encouraged, as outsiders can introduce new elements in the process. Halfway into the trip, in Hotel Bellevue in Wissant, every guest is asked to create a 'roomwork' in his/her hotel room: a temporary, non-intrusive installation/performance that should be documented.

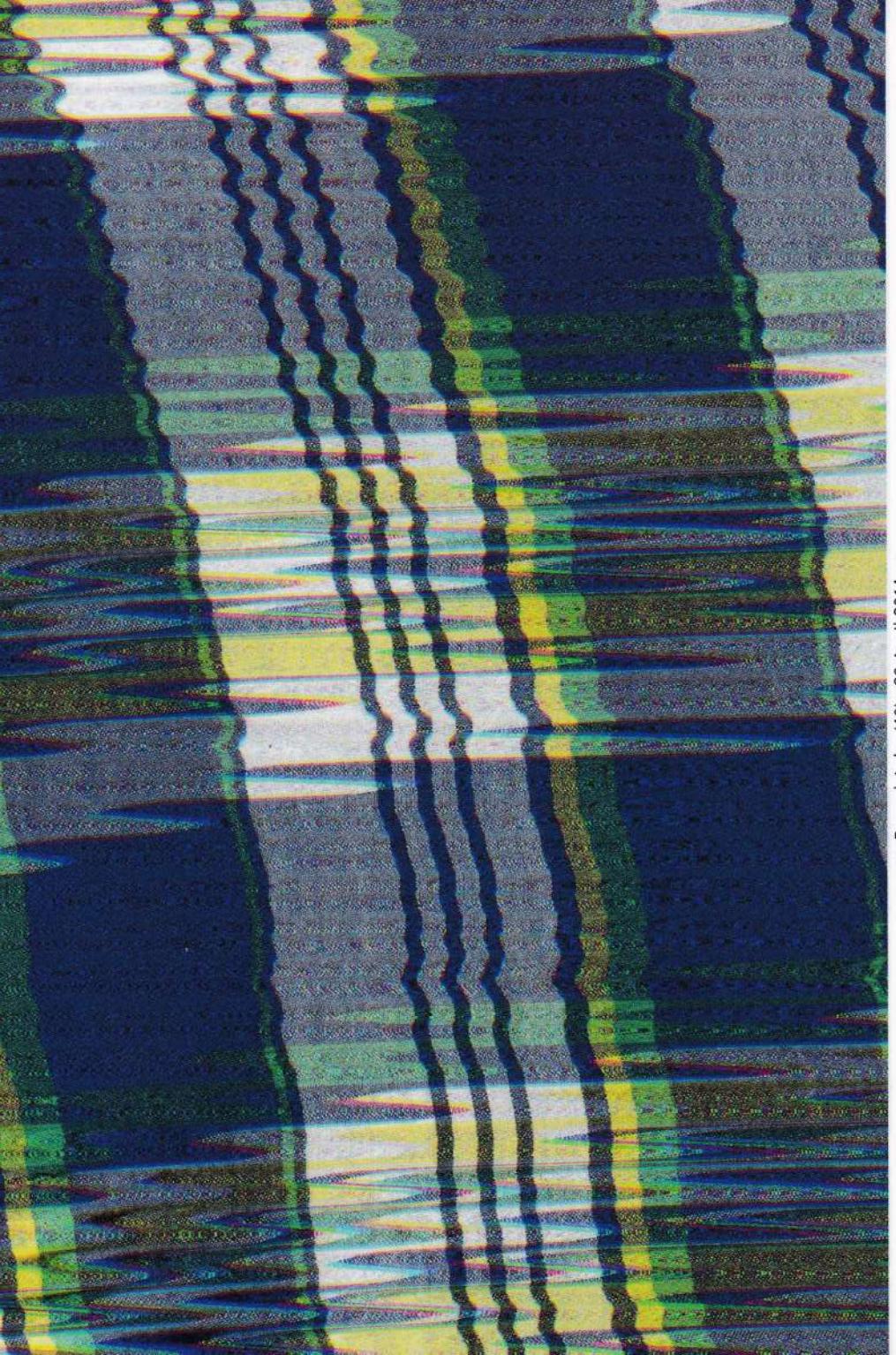
The walks are guided by Paulo Sudo, who is the spokesperson and mediator for Various Artists. He plays with obviousness, clichés and heavy-handed jokes by parodying tourists and exaggerating certain aspects inherent to our vacationist society.

Since 2013 Being Boucalais has received another dimension, adding a theme to the walk with other artists. Four versions have so far been realized on the following themes: RGB, Stalker, Les Mariées,

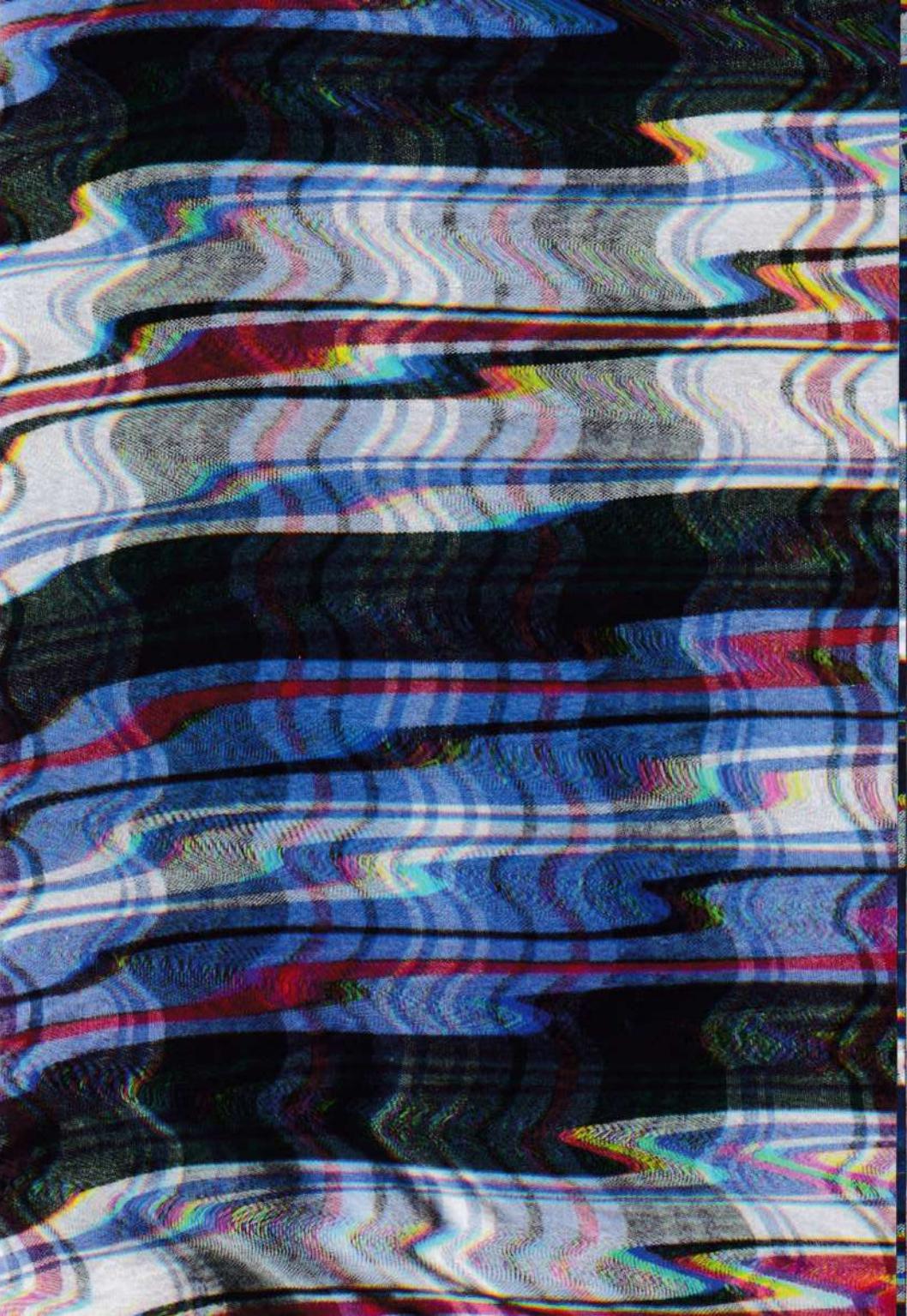
and The Backstage. In this setting the performative aspect becomes a more important focal point. From a group observing their surroundings, the focus shifts to the performers becoming the centre of attention on their walk. The results of Being Boucalais range from performances on the road and installations of the found objects to presentations of the documentation, etc.

Boucalais.bra (57) - 29 November 2018

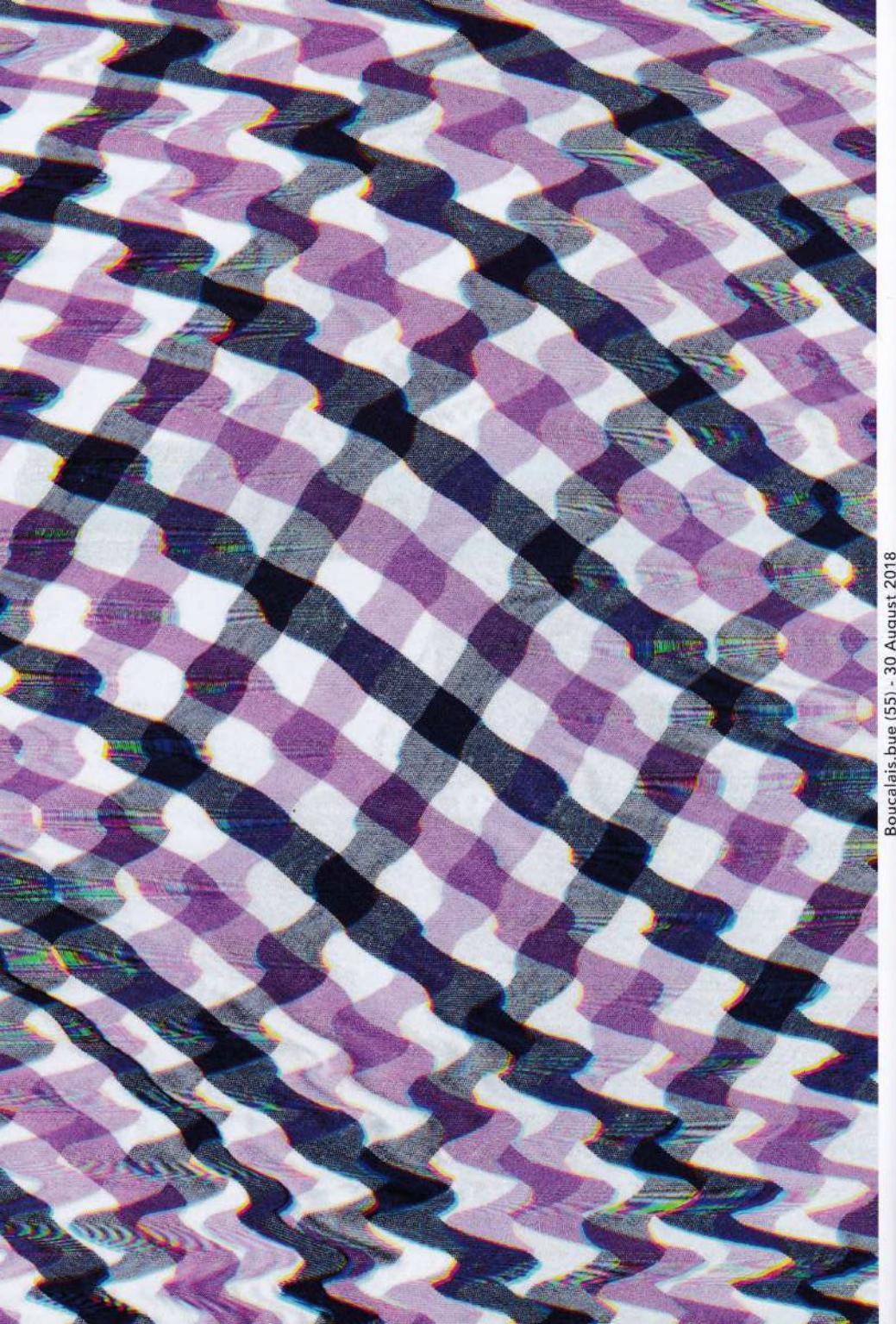




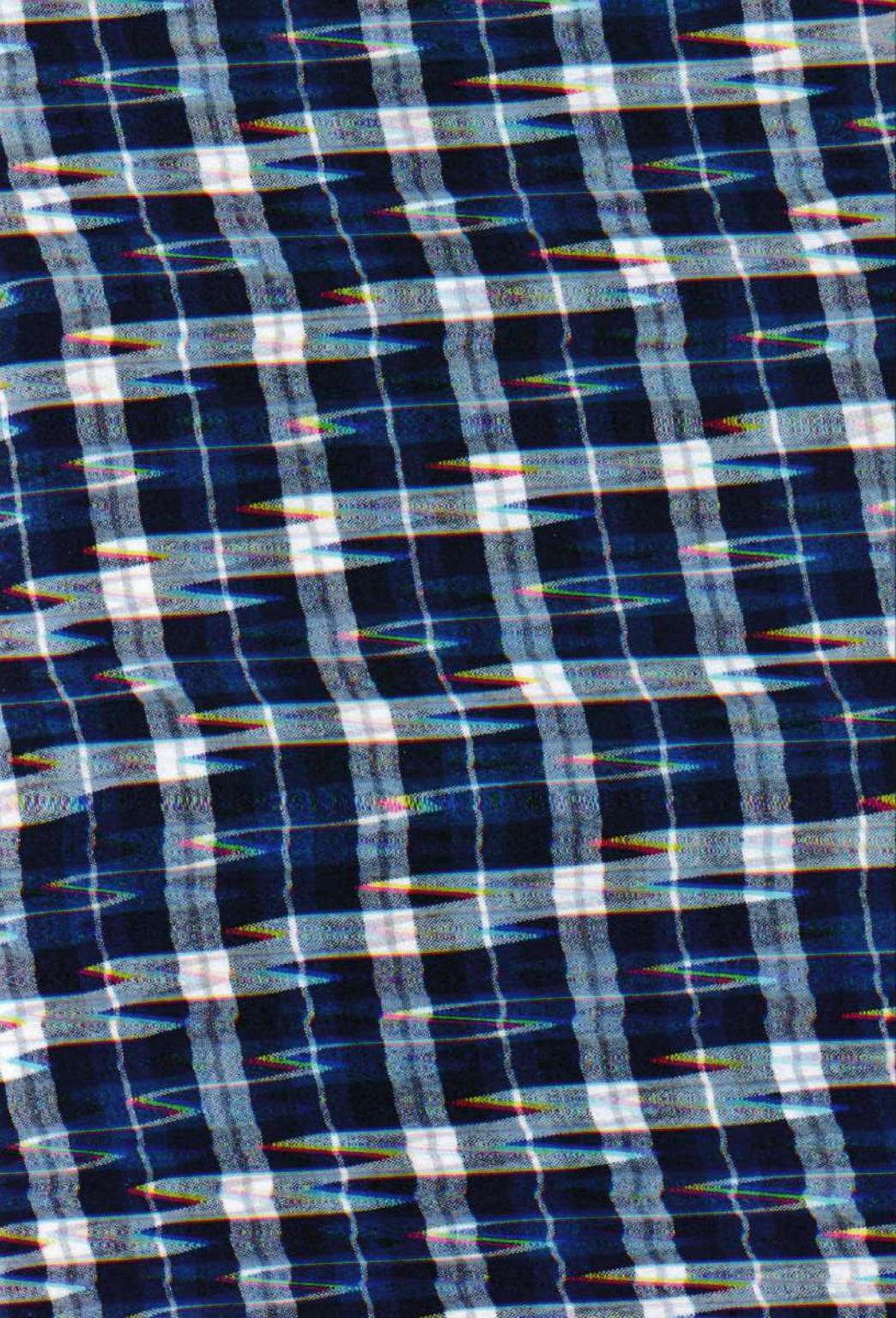
Boucalais.ho (40) - 28 April 2014



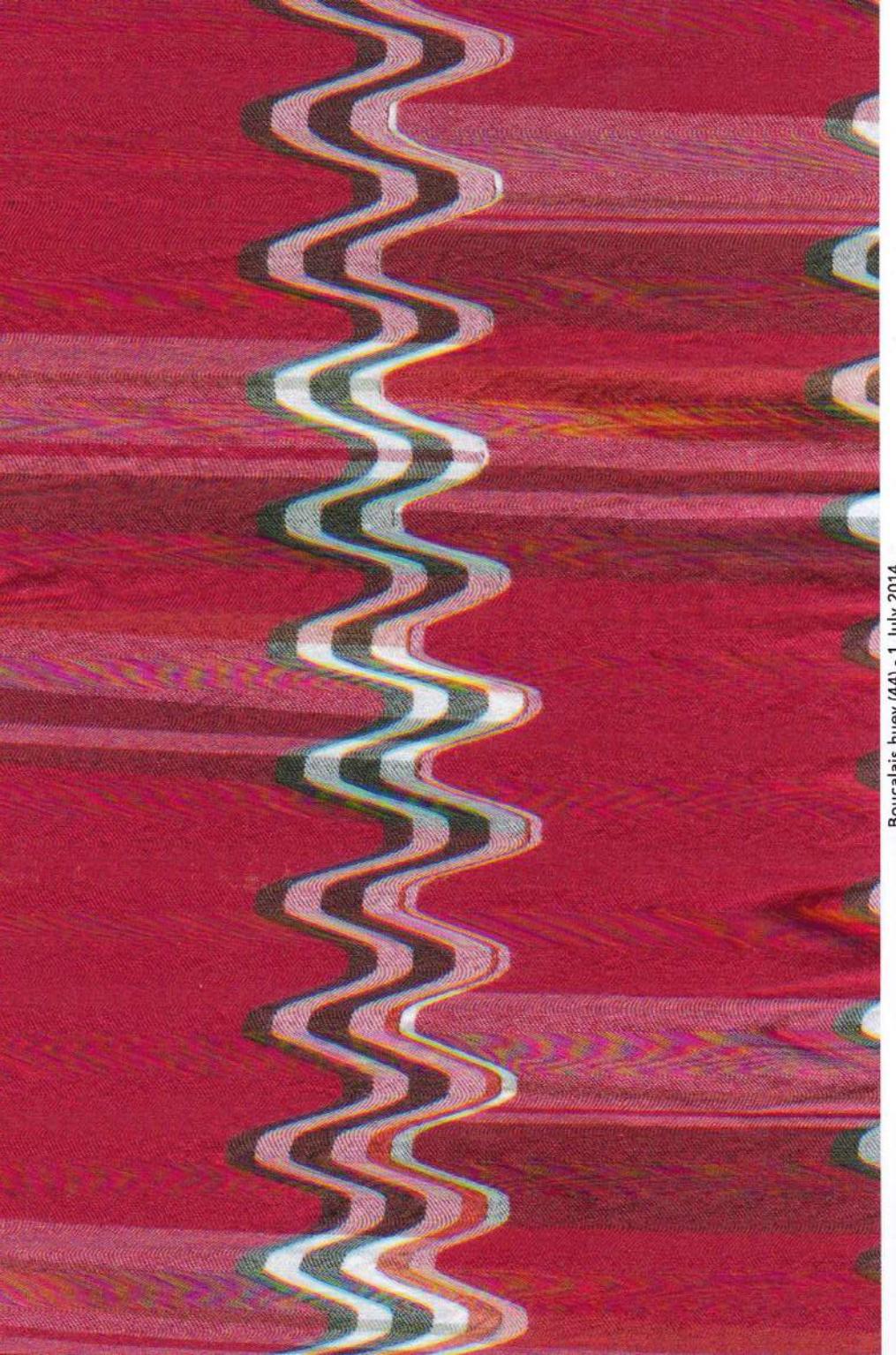
Boucalais.hz (43) - 16 June 2014



Boucalais.bue (55) - 30 August 2018



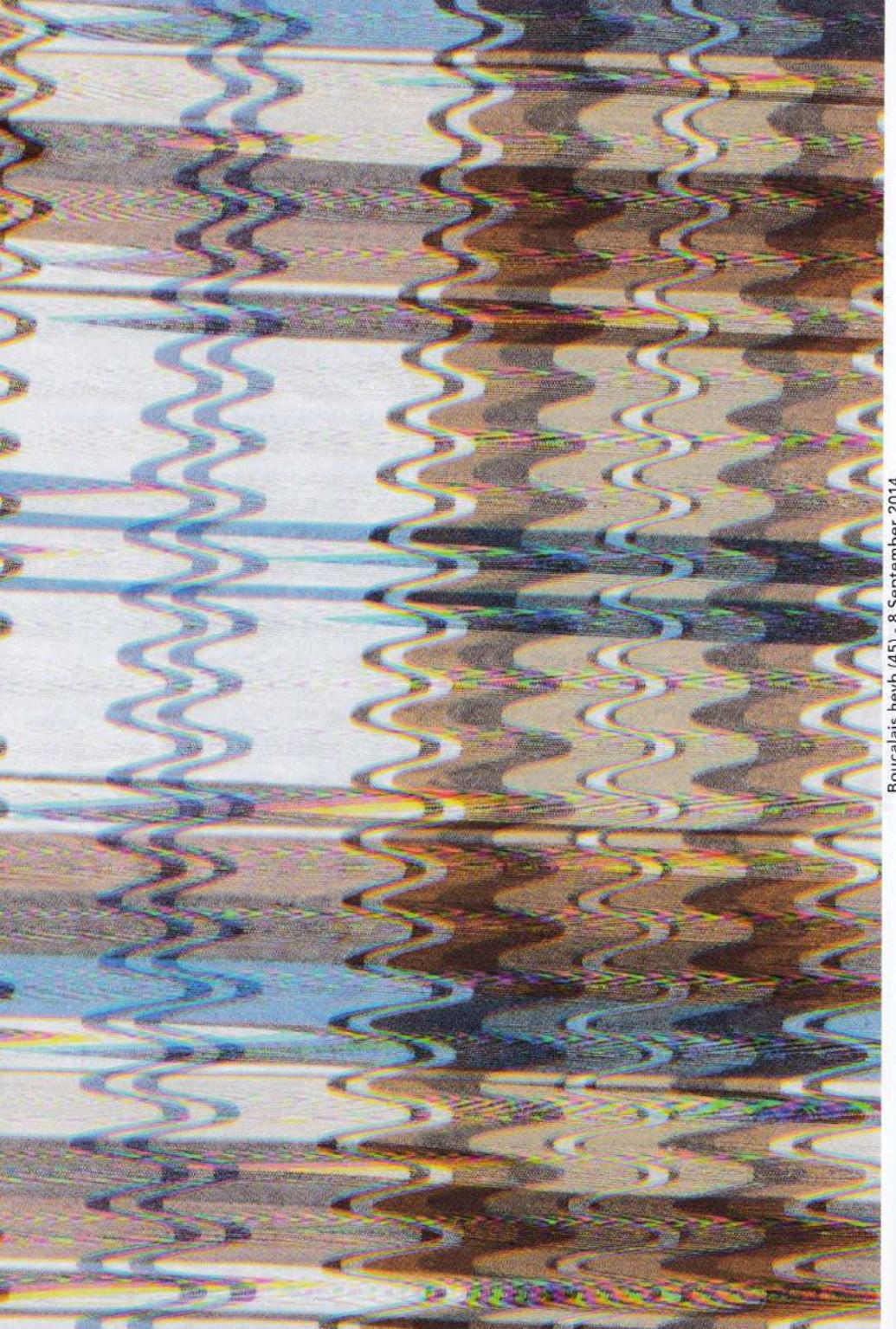
Boucalais.bhey (54) - 29 August 2018



Boucalfais,huey (44) - 1 July 2014



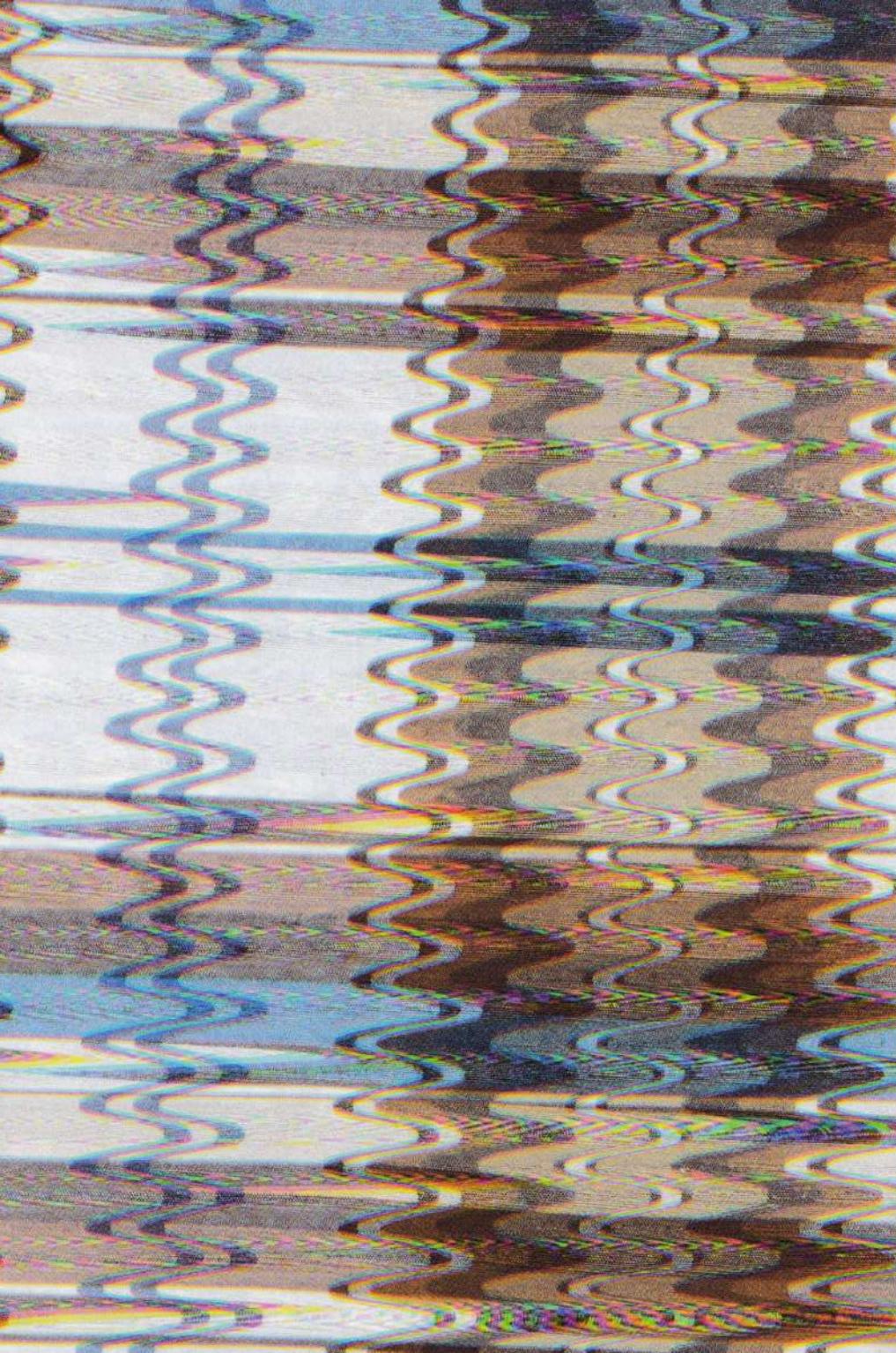
Boucalfais,bza (53) - 28 August 2018



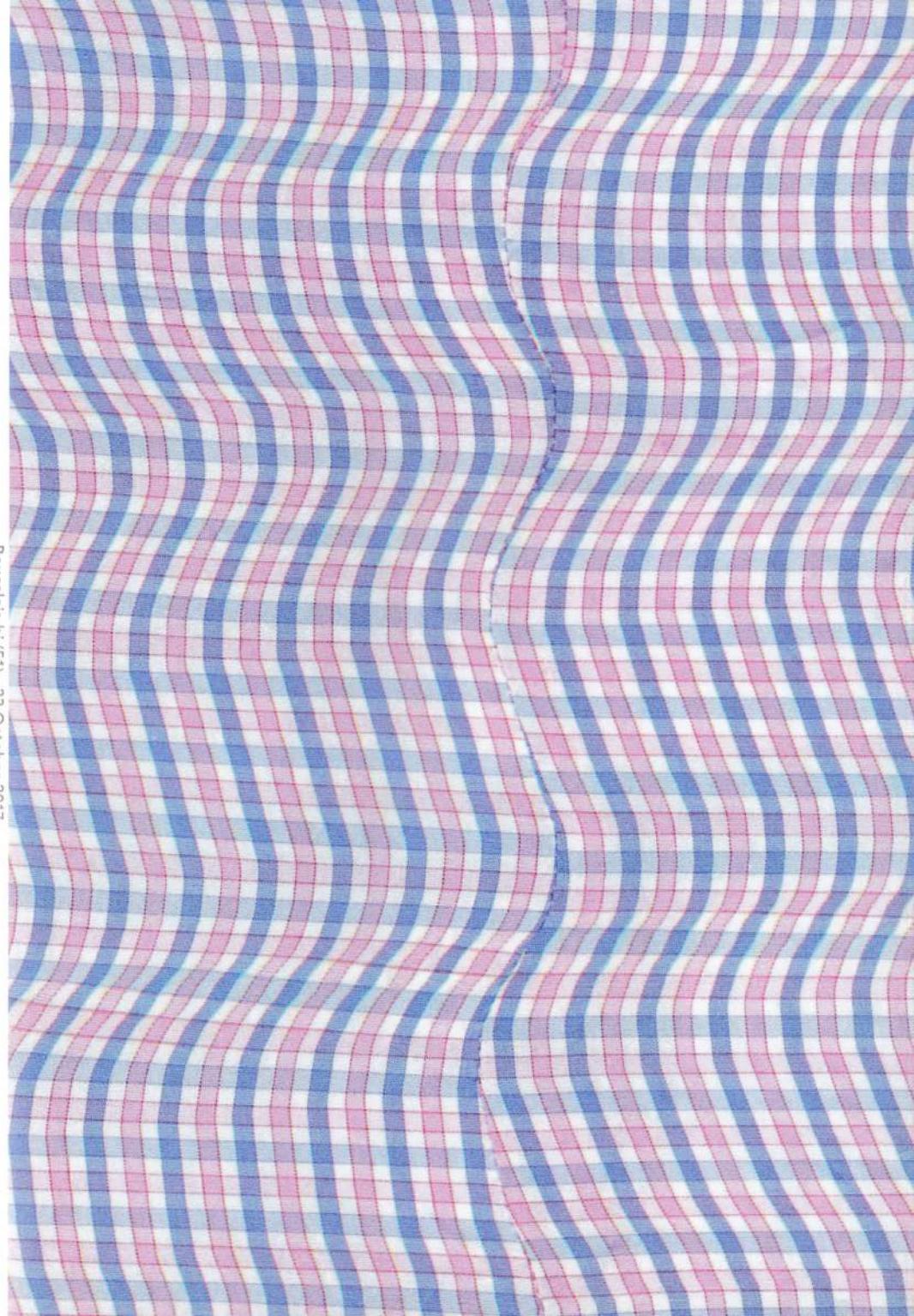
Boucalais, hay (45) - 8 September 2014



Boucalais, bza (53) - 28 August 2018



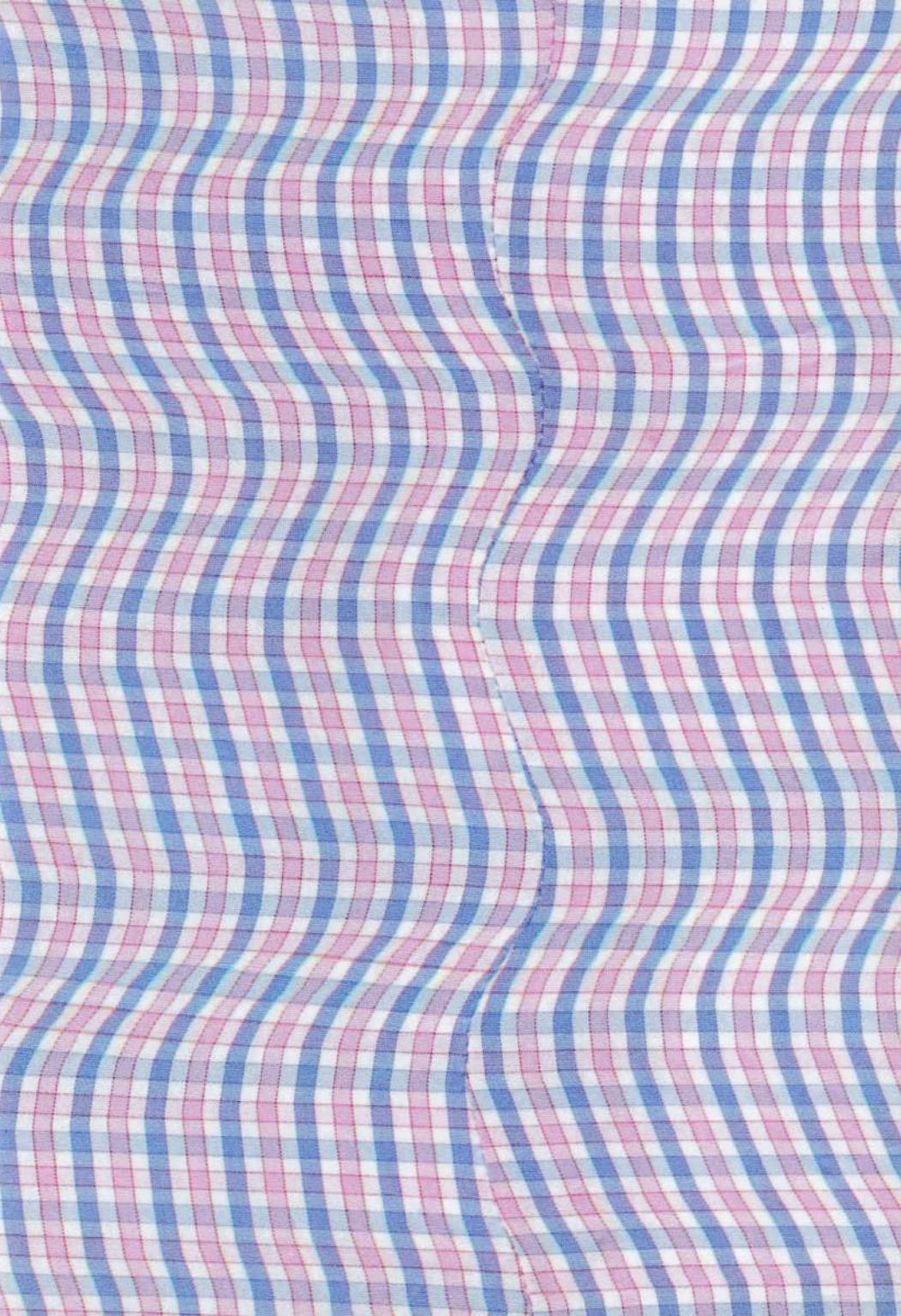
Boucalais.hayb (45) - 8 September 2014



Boucalais.bi (51) - 23 October 2017



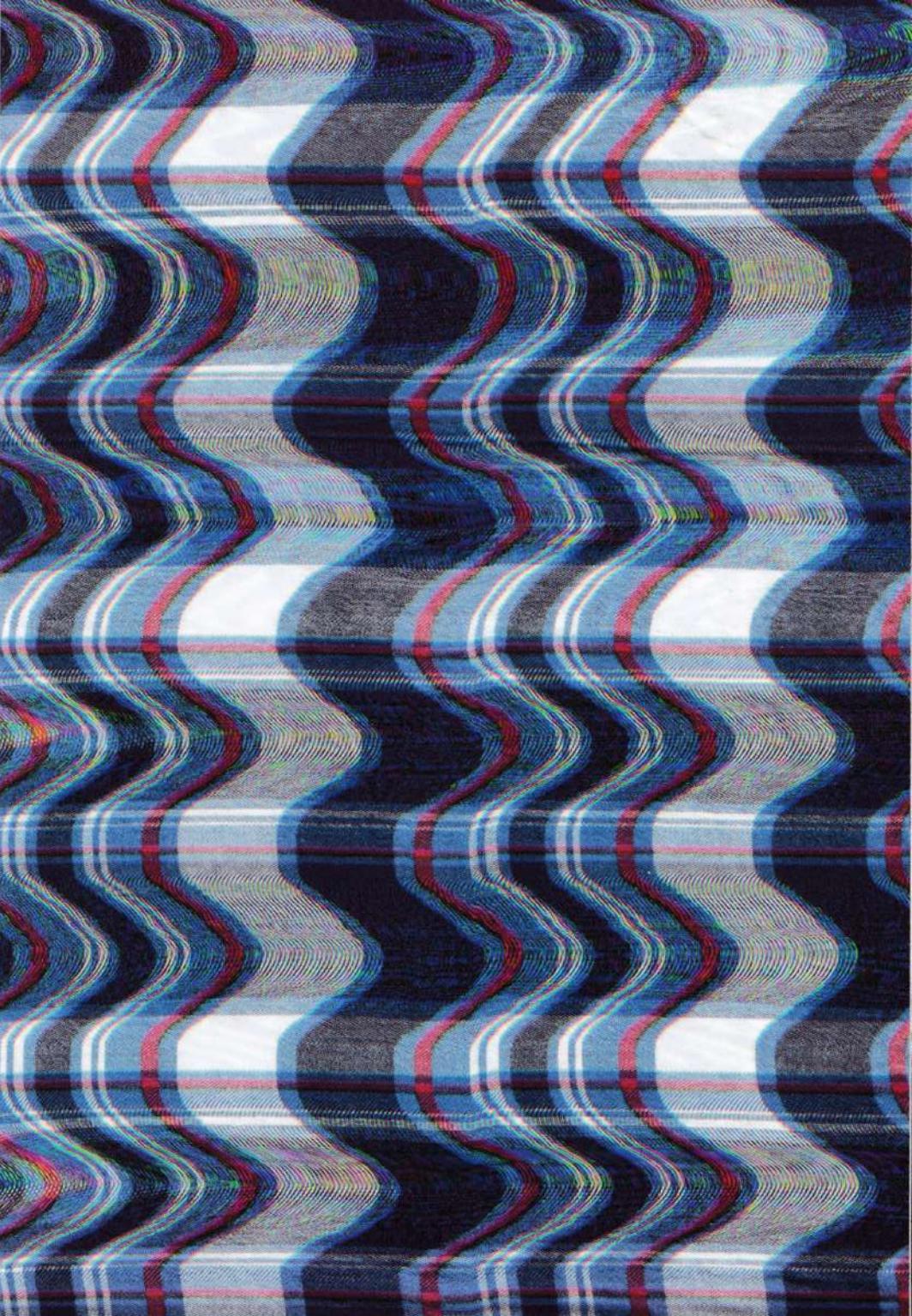
Boucalais.hfa (47) - 9 May 2016



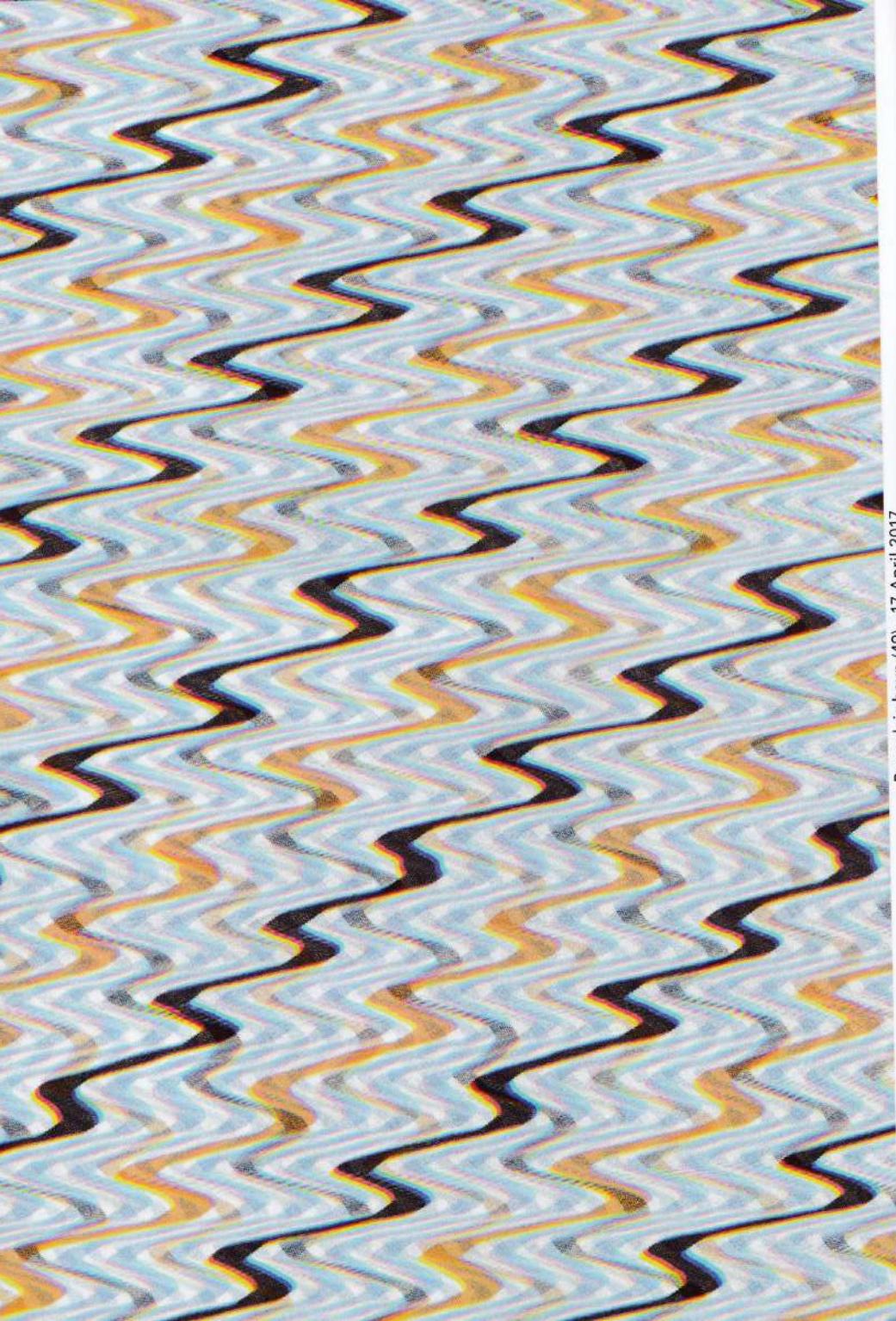
Boucalais.bi (51) - 23 October 2017



Boucalsis.tfa (47) - 9 May 2016



Boucalsis.tfa (50) - 4 June 2017



Boucalais.hey(p (49) - 17 April 2017

WANDERING ARTS BOOK

<p>WAB coordination: nadine – Pacôme Béru, Trudo Engels, An Goovaerts, Loes Jacobs, Various Artists</p> <p>WAB editorial coordination: Pacôme Béru, Loes Jacobs</p> <p>Intros translation and proofreading: Patrick Lennon</p> <p>Book design and production: Überknackig</p> <p>Riso print: Duplo Seiko DP S850 on Munken Print White 1.8 90g/m² Cyclus Offset 80g/m² Coloraction canary 80g/m² Everyday Kopieerpaper 80g/m² EverCopy Plus 80g/m²</p> <p>Offset print: Pixart Printing, CMYK on Classic Gloss 100g/m² SNEL Graphics, PMS 2935u on Generic Offset White 240g/m²</p> <p>Binding: La Rivière Sèche</p> <p>Many thanks to Laurie Charles, Ronan Deriez, Lenka Dolanova, Patricia Domingues, Tatsuya Inukawa, Frankie Langsdorf, Rachel Magnan, Septembre Tiberghien</p>		<p>Why do so many artists – as well as architects, sociologists and anthropologists, to name but a few – choose to take off into the world, backpacking, travelling by land or by sea, rather than staying put behind a desk and screen? One may assume that they do so to fulfil a need for thrill and adventure, or even because they crave new challenges. While that may be true, it may also seem that by taking off, they are choosing to avoid acting upon their ideas. However, to bring their motives to light objectively, we must look more closely at what spurs these practices and what kind of challenges they imply, both individually and collectively.</p>	<p>Septembre Tiberghien — WAB opening, 06.09.2014</p>
<p>Fonts in use: Gap Sans, Libre Baskerville, Arial, ITC Cheltenham</p>		<p><i>'We lavish to understand travel as an act of reciprocity rather than alienation. In other words, we don't wish merely to avoid the negativities of tourism, but even more to achieve positive travel.'</i></p> <p>Hakim Bey, <i>Overcoming Tourism</i> (1999)</p>	<p>Because many artists and creative thinkers use mobility or nomadism as an instrument or creative method in their artistic practice, nadine created a platform in 2014 entitled Wandering Arts Biennial or WAB, where work can be shown, shared and communicated in an independent context.</p>
<p>VLAAMSE GEMEENDE CHAPSCO MISSIE</p>  <p>BRUXELLES MOBILITÉ BRUSSEL MOBILITEIT SERVICE PUBLIC RÉGIONAL DE BRUXELLES GEWESTELIJKE OVERHEIDSDIENST BRUSSEL</p>		<p>Wandering Arts Biennial is a project of nadine vzw, supported by:</p> <p>Vlaamse Gemeenidescommissie van het Brussels Hoofdstedelijk Gewest (WAB)</p> <p>Mobiel Brussel van het Brussels Hoofdstedelijk Gewest (Buratinas)</p>	
	<p>Brussels 09.2016</p>	<p>ISBN 9789492564009</p>	<p>ed. 46/400</p>