

century and a half. And they say you can't get blood from a stone! But they would be surprised. Sometimes you'll find instead when you open one up, you can't stop the bleeding. Stories don't float above landscapes like gusts, they're always down in it, and you can tell, because words as innocent as "till" end up meaning all sorts of unforeseen things (glacial sediment; to cultivate the earth; up to a point; cash register...) over time, as plates shift and crush.

KLARA WAARA

The Middle Station
2020
HD video, sound, 9:43

Fever
2020
Wood

Takeoff
2020
Wood

Future
2020
Wood

Shift
2020
Wood

Delighter
2020
Wood

Total Recall
2020
Wood

Goodbye
2020
Wood

Overlook
2020
Wood

Have you ever become friendly with a butterfly? One fell asleep on our cap in Vienna. She stayed with us as we wandered around, in and out of bars, following rabbits and streetlamps through the night. When she woke up, she blinked at us slowly for quite a long while, unfurling and recomposing herself repeatedly, deliciously, until she was sure we were properly attentive. Which do you wonder first: what they're doing to you? Or what you're doing to them? Maybe you're one to split the difference instead. "What's a transmitter without a receiver?" you're asking yourself. A parallel world, that's what. They are waiting, we are waiting, for that agency we sense but don't fully comprehend.

PEDRO MATIAS

They said: 'I' was never an island
2020
Mixed media Installation
Durational

Let it be understood that enormous cotton-candy clouds don't come along every day of the week, and when you have an opportunity to get up close to one, you ought to go on and get up close, because you're only here once, as far as you or any one of us may ever know for certain, and you just can't tell when you'll have another chance to engage in this way, on this level, with this kind of thing. So, look around, inhale all the way, expand and contract rhythmically until you become a soft, sweaty rock, insides out, flirting your face off in the flowering colored lights of the abstract documentary that is the mutual rubbing of every virtual opposite redisassembled in the psychedelic combustion of vital transforomance.

SASHA SERGIENKO

Aum Mani Padme Hum
2020
Printed A3 or A4, glued to the wall

Is meditation the cure for daydreams? I read that nearly half our waking life is spent in some form of daydream. Maybe one would have to spend all that time meditating instead to eliminate daydreams entirely. But then there wouldn't be time for much else, besides cooking, eating, washing up, and drafting the occasional open letter.

YARA SAID

Visual Poems
2020
Video with sound, 20:00, loop

Sonic failure: glass sculpture
2020
Glass, wires, excitors, wood

When water travels across a glass, the light inside the glass becomes wet, bending tables and stems in unpredictable ways on Saturdays, among friends, in places we'll never go together but we'll try to get back to someday, where digital ghosts find openings in virtual tours of sites no one sees.

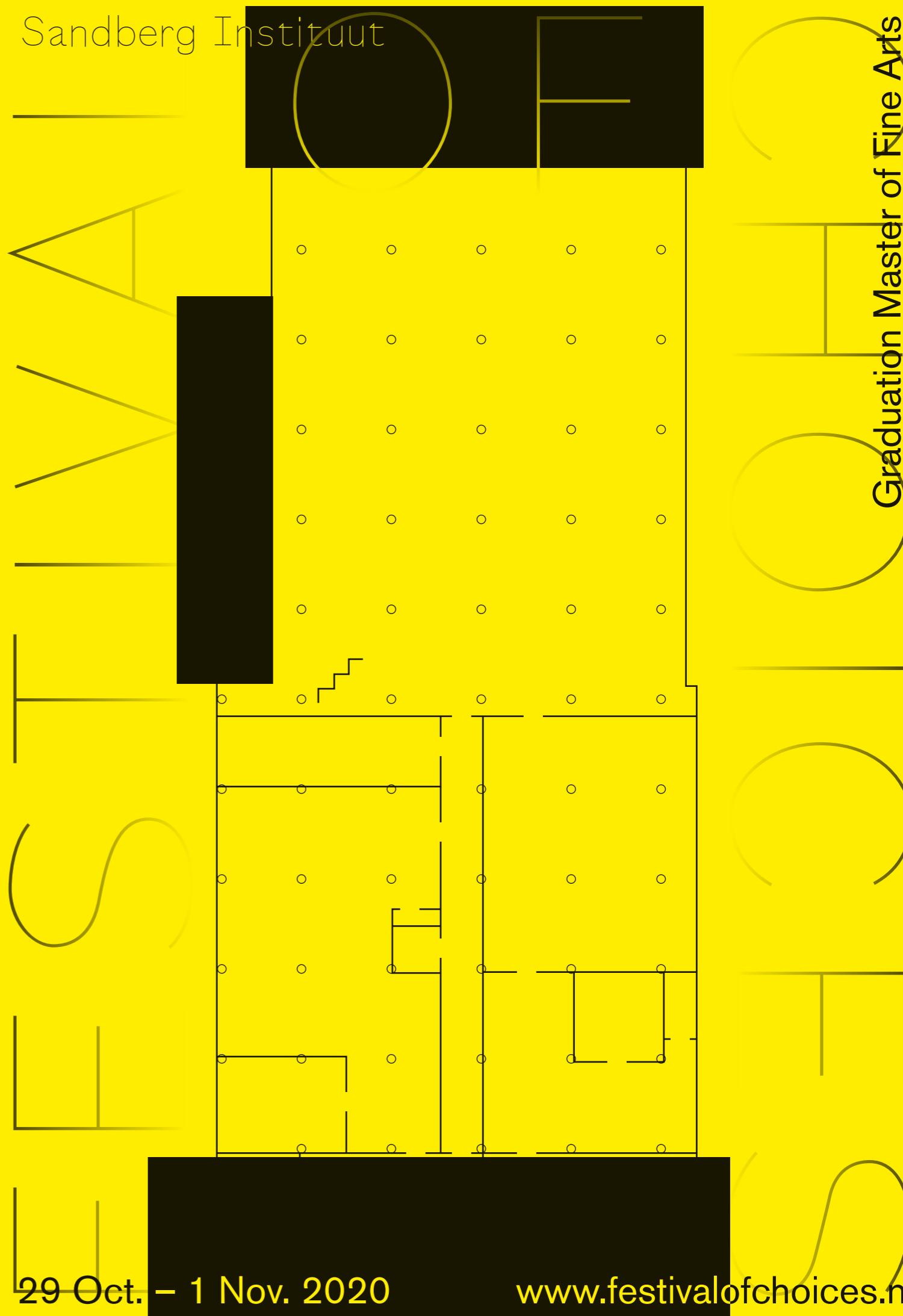
ANOUK ASSELINEAU and MYRTO VRATSANOI

Wormholes (map)
2020
50 Offset prints

Text by Angie Keefer

Thank you, Suzanne van de Ven!

Sandberg Instituut



29 Oct. – 1 Nov. 2020

www.festivalofchoices.nl

Graduation Master of Fine Arts

ALEX KUUSIK

Seven four seven
2020
2 channel HD video, sound, 15:00

To prevent rust, a bell must be rung. A bell unrung for long is a bell succumbing to rust, eventually to disintegrate, thereby ceasing to be a bell. To be known, a thing must have its knowers. The key thing here is that a thing is identifiable because it's identified. An identified thing, abandoned for long in the desert, far beyond the reach of those who would reach for it, ceases to be the thing it once was. Whole civilizations have slipped out of time in this manner. And when they're found again by accident one day far in the distant future, they're misidentified as remains of temples and shards of pottery. It was once believed that the cerebellum existed to coordinate movement. That is still mostly believed. But new evidence suggests that the cerebellum also exists to situate oneself in time. Without it, not only movement, but memory, and feelings, and words, lose coherence.

ANNA MARIA BALINT

Memory traces
2020
Stainless steel, fiberglass fabric, UV sensitive paint, resin casts

Either it worked, because the weather found its way in, after all, or you imagined how it would work, because you entered already possessing within yourself the capacity to observe sun pass through a room in your mind's eye. You could see the light grapple with that which it could and could not penetrate as clouds interfered and the planet turned and the day moved on until pitch darkness surrounded us. And either one thing disappeared into another, either foreground merged with background, or you remembered a time when they did, or when they might have, if only you had had the time then to wait for it. Either way. You observed, or you imagined, or you remembered the weather coming in.

ANOUK ASSELINEAU

Life is a long river, not unlike the Styx, Acheron, Lethe, Phlegeton (Myrto, Yara, Dimitris, Penelope)
2020
Plywood, varnish

Leading the rats, Leaving the rats
2020
Laser cut plastic

Wrap your arms around it
2020
Sand, sandbags

When seated right up against a giant pillar, one may become invisible to people on another side of it, and thus inadvertently overhear their personal musings and intimate confessions. “I've been getting weird vibes from him in group.” “Do you think she's a Virgo?” “Did I tell you about my dream?” I had a dream that I was dreaming, and I woke up, sweating, but I was still dreaming, and I knew that in the dream, but then I couldn't wake up for real, because I had already done that. It was terrifying. (Rats have yet to succeed in outrunning gravity, though most appear as unfazed by their species' historical rates of failure as they are by the physical impossibility of ever reaching their evident goal. After all, everyone knows what happens to matter that escapes from gravity. It's called a black hole. It's called a two-dimensional object. It's called the end of space-time, which doesn't quite make sense, of course, since ends belong to space-time. Still, rats can't help themselves. They're insatiably curious and anxious creatures, ultimately incapable of feeling discouraged.)

DIMITRIS THEOCHARIS

Helices
2020

helices 1
2020
HD video, sound, loop

helices 2
2020
HD video, sound, loop

Callisto
2020
Glass resin

Mr. Frank's schedule
2020
Print on paper

It's raining diamonds on Jupiter right now. Of course, “right now” is meaningless if you're talking about something 619,000,000 kilometers away—not far by celestial standards, as you know, but plenty far enough to overwhelm a human-o-centric benchmark like simultaneity. And you're surely asking yourself, “What difference do diamond storms on Jupiter make to a snake living in a pet store around the corner from here?” Or to Frank, who feeds her a warm meal of one small rodent every four days? In the same amount of time it takes for Frank's snake to digest a field mouse, Galileo, who constructed a telescope to peer at that other, distant sphere more than four centuries ago, discovered four orbiting moons aside it, thus confirming the earth is not the only center of the universe, and neither are you. Neither is that mouse. Still, the exhausting abundance of diamonds exploding from clouds on Jupiter doesn't make their scarcity here any less of a thing.

JESPER HENNINGSSON

blyblomma
2020
Graphite on linen

They say, “circle squaring was very popular in the nineteenth century, but hardly anyone indulges in it today.” That's because someone proved in 1882 that π is transcendental. (People can prove just about anything, it seems, given sufficient time and computing power.) The implications for circle squaring were dire. Circles simply can't be squared, full stop. Move along now. Fry other fish. But we can't let go of ancient problems so easily. We're surrounded by too many traces of our past marks, the artifacts of our labors resurfacing day after day in schematic cartoon clouds of failed attempts, like so many abandoned game plans, erased and overwritten until they hiss and glitch.

LIESELOT VERSTEEG

Tools for Dispersion and Techniques for Accumulation
2019–2020

Candlesticks
2019
Wood, paraffine, cotton, steel, pigment

Nets
2020
Antique glass beads

Funnels
2020
Glass, cardboard

Coin-holes
2020
Brass

Cistus incanus
2020
Audio piece with headphones, 9:00

Medieval travel altars made devotion rather convenient, didn't they? If you could adapt a sacred object to your whims, if you could hold it in your hand, put it in your pocket, take it on your journey, then ... did convenience lower the bar on devotion? Or increase its sum potential? Or both? People did the same thing with books, you know—shrank them, scaled them to the hand instead of the table, thus rendering them portable. Create a word, print it on pages small enough to carry, spread them far and wide, repeat enough times, and you'll end up creating a whole world. Now it's happening again, this time with computers. In every era, our ideal objects seem determined to reduce, until they arrive at the same point, equally portable and rare, digital and fantastic, ever in the hand but never of it.

MIRIAM KONGSTAD

The Onset Of Fever
2020

Foetus
2020
Concrete, glass, steel, styrofoam, varnish

Corpus
2020
Steel, painted wood, aluminium, leather, clamps, plastic hose, LED lamp, motion sensor

Homeostasis
Developed in collaboration with Alexander Holm
2020
Sound loop, 27:00

At the onset, it's not the heat one feels. Not exactly. The feeling is more that there's a dog outside, guarding the house. Trouble is, it's the wrong house. And the dog is on its back. And the dog is tethered. And the dog is not a dog. So, either the dog is mistaken, or you are. Meanwhile, the sound is tolerable. To you, that is. As for the dog, well, she's on her back. The conditions are tolerable, and tolerated. The conditions are being tolerated. The vent fan is operative. The conditions, not altogether acceptable, are accepted. That is what is meant by tolerating what is tolerable, like the dog, who is making the most of the conditions, despite the conditions and despite not being the dog you misperceive her to be.

MYRTO VRATSANO

A Hike (The haunted villa of Spetses, pt. 1)
2020
HD video, no sound, 11:00

A Drive (The haunted villa of Spetses, pt. 2)
2020
HD video, no sound, 13:00

The two lapses
2020
Clay, natural pigment, glaze, copper

Puce
2020
3D print (PLA)

The problem with history is, it keeps happening, which confuses everyone over time, as one thing becomes another again. And again. Just walk in circles for a while, and you'll see. There's a little villa in Greece where a certain woman once lived who disguised herself as a man and took off for Italy to study painting all on her own, as only men could do at that time. Rumor has it, after she returned, she went mad, burnt all her canvases, as well as herself, then hunkered down, haunting the place for the next