

# Relating Matters

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“There is no need to be scared for if non coherence is not incoherence then neither is incomplete success a failure.”  
- John Law, Geir Afdal, Kristine Asdal, Wen-yuan Lin, Ingunn Moder, Vicky Singleton.

## Abstract

In this text, I explore the tension between different ways we conceptualise the world and the relationship between humans and non-humans. Methods that we often unconsciously use to help us understand the world. I describe a dichotomous approach to categorising and organising things, which seems reassuring and orderly. But I also advocate for a more fluid and interconnected vision, where everything is recognised as a living organism with agency.

Additionally, I explore the role of the body, histories on all scales, the environment, and materiality as a whole as a metaphorical mycelium. Which offers a metaphorical lens to view processes of breaking down, reconstructing, and connecting what presents itself in the world. I emphasise that our assumptions and categorisations are only temporary frameworks and that we must remain open to the potential and interrelationships of the elements in the world.

I conclude with a proposal to embrace a more fluid approach to the territorialization of bodies and thus also the way we conceptualise the world. Which bears relevance both for the practice of art (or its philosophical/theoretical foundations) and societal relevance; to create a more caring and sustainable relationship with the world-matter.

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## Introduction

This text is partly a written and partly a material investigation into how matter, and how we relate to it, shapes our experience of ourselves and the world.

In this thesis, I explore different ways humans relate to their environment and challenge these existing ways. I aim to outline a framework from which the contexts of matter—also called bodies, objects, or structures—are included in constructing a worldview. This is to achieve a more relational and integrated way of being with the world, as opposed to the Cartesian dichotomous way in which all meaning is constrained by the framework to which something is named.

In this text, I use the terms “bodies/entities/elements” interchangeably. I conceptualise these terms as everything that has a formative influence. This broad interpretation includes both the physical and ideal aspects of the world, such as environmental structures (buildings and the matter around us) and things like culture and history on both a global and personal level. Also included are interactions between people, the way we think, and the linguistic meaning we give to ourselves and the environment. Even less obvious things, to which we may not quickly attribute value or ‘power,’ such as material bodies in the form of inanimate objects, are included.

By encompassing all these and more different and diverse meanings in the interchangeable terms body, entity, and element, I want to make it clear that the capacity to bring about change in the world (agency) is not limited to entities to which we normally attribute a body, thus transcending the human-non-human dichotomy.

Besides highlighting how environment and objects have a formative capacity concerning how we are in the world, and how we in turn influence the environment (both materially and by the way we conceptualise the world), I also want to revisit the concept of dead matter. Even though object-bodies do not have a beating heart like humans or animals, the effect they exert on the world carries as much weight as animated moving matter.

In this text, I consider life as something primarily related to momentum, being in motion, a transfer of energy and mass; I can think of nothing in this universe that is inert. I believe the way we conceptualise our environment can have far-reaching influence. The question I pose is: can we do this in a way that offers more visibility, care, and recognition for the entanglement of currently considered separate bodies?

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## Perception versus Knowledge

My artistic research, both practical and theoretical—because these are not aspects that can be distinguished—centres around balancing the automatic framing of the world in binary constructs and flowing along with a more associative and relational way of experiencing the world. I started from a curiosity; I find it beautiful when I am thrown off balance by a new hypothesis or philosophical view, making me feel that I better understand the world while actually becoming more confused.

It is a search for “truth” or clarity, where I gradually discover that it perhaps never existed as I had expected.

Following the description of my research plan, which I wanted to investigate for this work, a friend handed me several articles. At that time, I described to him that I was looking for the connection between two seemingly incompatible worlds, reason and emotion, intuition and science, human and matter. How I was fascinated by physical force concepts such as gravity, magnetism, and quantum physics. With his background in social sciences, he quickly gathered a number of articles and authors for me to orient myself. This opened the door to the theory that I have tried to weave through this thesis.

This work is partly a theoretical and unbounded exploration within my physical and cognitive living world, roughly framed by post-humanism, neo-materialism, and agential-realism/material agency (Barad, Haraway, and Braidotti). These are all movements within social sciences that I have found leading and inspiring in my

artistic practice and my own relationship to the world. Although I was totally unfamiliar with this subject matter at the time, I was as convinced as I was ignorant. I began slowly and chaotically deepening, or rather broadening, my knowledge. It became like learning a new language, expanding my vocabulary, adopting a different relationship to my position in the world.

While writing this work, I found that it took on both a theoretical and material character and that I again started from the idea of two worlds. The position I took shaped my own blind spot, making me stumble, confused, and excited. The ground on which I stood was asked to be redefined, established, and understood again.

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## Delineation

When I look to the right, I see the bodies of my work, or rather, the individual materials through which the works can arise. While naming these bodies, I limit them to the demarcated objects they represent; I distinguish them from them and from me. I wonder if I can investigate these boundaries, if I can change the space that separates and shapes, and form another. Is it possible to investigate the gap between us when it is my relationship to it that creates this gap? Should I then dissolve myself to let the distance disappear?

When I encounter unfamiliar terms like syncretism, material agency, etc., look them up and try to internalise them, it takes about five trips to Wikipedia before I can find that reification crumbled and mixed back into my knowledge. This process of understanding, assimilation of abstract theory into the physical, whether through my work or my body, is a practical process for me. The linguistic words first need the space to stew, ferment. They must be slowly ground until they are digested into a workable substance in the physical understanding.

Everything that was granted life,  
brief exposure

Falls back to earth  
As dead letters in Preparatory exile.

the ghost revived and revels.  
In play with new found attention

A language that speaks buildings into life.  
Saturates spaces with inaudible resonance.

Until the noise dies away, the form fades.

In silent succession

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## The Modern Messy

Language and theory are ways of boundary-setting and framing, which we use as a guiding medium when we want to navigate the modern world.

Bruno Latour (1991) once wrote, “We have never been modern.” With this statement, he wanted to clarify that the image we have of modernity—a world that should be distinguishable in dichotomies, of black-white, pure-not pure, coherent-incoherent—has never been either. Modernity is always an amalgam of both. The article I took as the starting point for my paper advocates moving beyond the bias for purity. The bias for purity is the tendency to consider systems that are essentially composed of non-coherent elements only as the superficial whole. Which creates an apparent “purity” or “coherence.” It is like looking at a hospital and thinking that the protocols maintained there are the system, while the hospital also primarily consists of employees and parts that behave less rigidly and predictably. It is a play of coherence and incoherence; a syncretic whole.

Modernity seems to be a pursuit, a pursuit of clarity where things are demarcated, and each part performs the task it was assigned. Furthermore, nothing should have consequences beyond its assigned territory. Where modernity seems blind to the ‘messiness’ from which the world consists; things are never entirely one or the other, and in that sense, never ‘pure.’ This way of thinking and acting is found throughout society, in logistical structures, in protocols, in companies, hospitals, schools, and the arts. Why would this existing framework not also bleed into our view of world matter and ourselves, and what does it mean if this modern framework is not the only way to place the world?

It is not an argument for dissolving all boundaries, frameworks, and systems of coherence. Of course, we need a certain degree of structure to exist, and it is hard to argue that trains should not follow an alternative creative course based on the wind or the mood of a conductor as undesirable. But as mentioned earlier, language and the sciences also create systems that are as formative as the road

network that traverses the land and determines how we navigate the world. When we force a body to take shape by placing it in a category with a name, function, behaviour, and expectation, is there still room for the potential that these bodies can still house? For what it could still be and to what it could still relate outside its designated territory? The world is not static; it embodies the potential for life and growth, making these kinds of usually rigid frameworks and protocols stifling.

Life wants to develop, nature moves and forms, partially falls apart to rebuild itself in other forms. The systems we call into being to serve us should not stand in the way of this, provided we want to live in a world that facilitates growth. More seriously, the same way we have organised the world also dictates how we perceive it and subsequently ourselves and our relationship to the world. We live in a constant state of intra-action with the world around us; what we form shapes us.

This stands in stark contrast to the prevailing mindset, which demands hermetic classification of concepts and bodies, which does not match the experience of the world; something that personally brings me recurring cognitive dissonance. This dissonance becomes undeniable when I take in relevant theory, allowing me to actively and consciously search for a more integrated position in the world.

What I wanted to investigate was a way of being that exists beyond the need for binary classification systems. Is this idea of having to navigate this categorised world grounded, or can I find a way to be in the world where I can embody those apparent opposites simultaneously? As I read more and became more confused, I began to see that the question; “how do I connect opposites,” was no longer the right one.

It became increasingly clear that the idea that the demarcated classified and framed way of interpreting the world has a conviction of necessity that only stems from itself. I mean a self-sustaining way of thinking and living with an impact on the world, which leaves little room for the potential that life is. My research became a quest to recognise ways of being in the world with a more relational character. Every time I interact with new material, whether physical or theoretical, it forces me to reassess what it means to be, what it means to be 'an individual' in relation to the world and what that world accordingly is. Unlike theory, this is within the material realm a subtle process, of which I am not always aware. This was no different when I encountered the concept of ‘material agency’ while wandering through various articles from the social sciences. Many things catch my interest, but sometimes subjects seem to ignite something, a familiarity that resonates with what I unconsciously pursue, whatever that is, I do not know, maybe it is an attempt to understand the world,

maybe I am trying to find some solid ground just to curb the confusion, and maybe I just really like to seek out the confusing.

This also brings me to my own practice; working with the human body and installations are a way to relate to theory in a physical, sensory manner. Theory is not limited to a purely cognitive relationship with the material; the body must also relate to the matter to integrate it into a more balanced understanding of the world. When we exclude the sensory body from information processing, we limit the extent to which we can digest knowledge and return it to the world.

The theory underlying this work speaks of the interconnectedness of seemingly separate systems, and the freedom that comes with recognising this. It is almost a plea for the arts, a life philosophy for the creative mind.

In the arts, we live in the mistakes, in the coincidences, in the unforeseen. The accidents that were not planned often form the most beautiful and interesting results, allowing the unknown and new to emerge, reveal themselves, and be discovered, ultimately leading to an expansion of our worldview instead of a narrowing and deeper engraving of what we already know.

Through stories from my personal world, which are about looking and experiencing from a different positioning, I hope to play and practice recognising where I or any other body is not only the toucher but also the touched. How I or another body may or may not be considered separate, and whether we are not instead within a fluid network, where every thread we are connected to contributes equally to what presents itself in the world.

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## Chapter 4

I stand in this space, and from this relational perspective, it is almost ridiculous to think that I, my choices, and actions are not shaped by all these objects, which we usually consider static. Even the belief that I exist only in the form in which I currently know myself, exists only by the grace of everything embodied around me in the spectrum of time. And yet this absurdity is not so strange. I only knew the term agency as attributed to the human experience, sometimes also with regard to animals, in the sense that they do not have it. It means occupying a position in the world where you are assigned a certain power, often accompanied by a degree of conscious deterministic ability to act in the world and shape it. Is it appropriate to think that this ability to shape the world is limited to the human experience? And is the idea that a human as a separate entity or body can act in a vacuum and exert its will on the rest of the world not outdated enough to move away from?

What emerges in the world when different bodies, both material and conceptual, cross each other's paths, arises from a phenomenon Karen Barad calls intra-action. Unlike interaction, where we assume that pre-established bodies influence each other, "intra-action" sees the capacity to exert influence, agency, not as an inherent property of the object. Intra-action describes a dynamic cooperation of forces in which all involved 'object-bodies' continuously exchange and bend, influence, and work. They are essentially inseparable in the sense that they can only exist in that exact way through their coming together.

My studio, for example, is a room in an old building made of bricks, glass, steel, concrete, and wood. The building has a history. The materials from which it is made have a history, an origin. The building makes; when you are here, you can appreciate the space as a collection of rooms with destinations. It exists, takes up space, and you can move through it. But when you look further at what the forming properties of this building could be, you enter an infinite universe of ways in which it shapes the world.

What if we examine the building blocks from which this object is constructed? A building made of materials that were sometimes mined, harvested, and manipulated into workable forms from far away. Determined by hands, which in turn have their own origin and influence on everything they touch. The building itself is thus also imbued with the network of different threads with which it relates and thus also intra-acts with all other bodies that in turn have their own vascular systems soaked with form-determining kinships. The materials conceived and manufactured to physically form the building have left an empty space behind with their departure, sometimes leaving ravaged landscapes in their wake, causing the world around them to be formed in a different way than it would have otherwise. The undeniable attraction of emptiness always fills up, swelling with new potential. The hands that acted and forced the matter to go their way in this early stage of being part of the building carried effects that were carried along and spread in other parts of their living world.

An impossibly traceable entanglement, a state of interweaving where seemingly loose parts are still connected and mutually influence each other. An innumerable number of systems that all embody their own effect on the world, which already exists with a single brick. Besides the physical traces that the matter spreads, there is also the history of the cultural and social spirit that runs through the nerves of the body that keeps the space open where the academy can be found. It is an educational institution; it shapes the streetscape and thus also the feeling that the environment evokes in passers-by. It facilitates many things we associate with an art academy, with making art being the most obvious, but certainly not the only one. The building does.

The building and I hold everything when we interact. It is a Tuesday morning in February; you arrive on your bike through the fresh morning air, after circling around the building via the gate you arrive at the courtyard. The plant life appears dead, bare branches, and sleeping earth. The promise of spring subtly hangs in the air, and I think of the datura plants that bloom wildly every year, toxic and psychoactive plants that now form a permanent part of the courtyard, mythical weeds that carry not only seeds but also the story of their origin in conjunction with the oral tradition within the building. It was the hand of an old student that brought this to life, the same hand that placed the carcass of an animal in the ground, also placed the plants and the story that comes to life again every year in the courtyard. I walk past the hole I recently dug and almost without thinking about it, this sight revives Victor Kromjong, and I hope these seemingly separate manipulations will meet. Without realising that they already are the relationship in this moment. When I enter the building, the corridors are still empty in the early morning; in silence broken only by the echoing of my footsteps, I climb the old black stone stairs. How many feet have walked these stones before me? Feet that carried heads pregnant with creative ideas. The same stairs where I once dislodged that rock from afar, and through my own pilgrimage up, toiled in the effort. An act that connected me with the traces of Hester van Tongerlo, an alumnus who also fought gravity on those same stairs, carrying heavy pieces of wood from the sea. I wonder if she knew exactly why she was performing this act, or if, like me, she obeyed the heavy matter that seemed to ask to be in motion.

I turn the key to the studio that is currently mine, and grasp the doorknob, push the door open, which reveals the contents of the room behind it. Within this action I also briefly reveal the previous forms I witnessed, studios of former students, exhibition spaces, as well as still empty and undetermined. When I step over the threshold, the space nestles into the here and now of the material bodies I placed there. Each piece with its own interweaving that cannot be considered separately. Each piece with a future and history that is cut off once it is reduced to just its name.

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## Mycelium

In my studio, there is a box in which I grow mushrooms; I say mushrooms because this is what we know. However, the mushroom is only a fraction of the actual body from which it springs. Connected to the fruit underground is a vast and intelligent network of threads with the capacity to understand everything it encounters. I grow mycelium. A living network structure that can respond to the matter it encounters and

determine which enzymes are needed to make the structure of the found object suitable as food. This is a capacity so advanced that it can even break down and convert enzymes for inorganic, human-made materials such as plastics into a food source. It manipulates itself and the other to merge with it; the object determines how the mycelium behaves, and the mycelium determines how the object will be. The only thing we become aware of is the fruits, and we only see the white fleshy threads by chance or when we look for them. Mycelium is a kind of invisible connecting factor that facilitates communication between countless organisms and forms the basis of all life on earth.

The idea that my garden, filled with all the separate plants, trees, birds, insects, and ornaments, is all interconnected reminds me a little of the chimera. The Chimera is a mythological creature composed of body parts from different beings—the head of a lion, the tail of a crocodile, the legs of a gazelle. Despite consisting of existing bodies that we know and have categorised as such, we do not consider it a crocodile-lion-gazelle but as its own entity. The chimera, however, is far from limited to the boundaries of mythology or imagination. When we look around in society, we are surrounded by systems that seem to be a whole but also consist of countless subsystems that form and deform each other. When we direct our gaze toward ourselves within our immediate environment, we can also see ourselves as the chimera or rather the mycelium. A person, seemingly autonomous, within a system of family, society, history, culture, etc. We have a personality that, depending on the context, manifests in different ways, reacts to what presents itself, and is thus also composed, connected, and dependent on this “external” context. We form, in interplay with our artefacts, architecture, and beliefs, a conglomerate of essentiality. What happens during the combination of person and context cannot exist without each other, and yet we live from the belief of the opposite. This is just one example of countless ways this chimera or mycelium cluster continues to be constantly assembled and disassembled.

It is a continuous movement of being with parts that grow and die again, never in the same place or form. In intra-active interplay with what is given, nothing is fixed or was, falls back to be found as everything is subject to the passage of time. Where nothing stands still, loose, frozen, static exists or embodies. This phenomenon of embodying a chimera and being a non-coherent whole of separate entities is something we all constantly experience and know in our existence.

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## The River Lesmosyne

Last winter, I was sick, forced to stay home with post-covid. A syndrome with fatigue as the main symptom. Everything was tiring, and my world became very small. Despite this necessity, this winter earlier felt like a romantic haze of loneliness. Something entirely due to the change in my living situation. Last February, I moved to a house by the water. It is an old house, almost 100 years old. Since it was built until now, nothing has been renewed, and hardly any things have been removed, only added. The house behaves as a time capsule with special objects collected and preserved over generations.

The story of how I ended up here is almost literary. Before I moved in, the house was inhabited by Rene, the older brother of Adriaan, the current owner of the house. Although I never met Rene, I have developed a sense of kinship with him through the situation. I know he was a caretaker, involved in the community, loved by many people, did volunteer work, was a sporty man who walked a lot, and was an avid rower. Despite being so involved in the community, he was also a solitary person. I imagine him as strong and gentle, an intelligent and sensitive man. From the behaviour of the birds in the garden, I learned that he was the person to go to the fish shop so he could feed the birds with worms. The garden, which blooms continuously from the first signs of spring to late summer in various phases. A garden facing east, bathed in ever-new compositions of colour and light in the morning when the sun rises on the other side of the Maas and



unlocks the day. When I wake up in the room where he also slept, the first thing I do is open the curtains and look at the interplay of light, air, and water that my bedroom window overlooks.

I am sure he did the same. The Maas, which shows itself every morning, has an attraction to me. The large, heavy yet nimble body of water, which shone silver this morning, flowing strongly and appearing peaceful, possesses enormous power and weight, an immersive quality; it can carry you weightlessly, embraced by welcoming cold, a temporality, suffocating and crushing silence.

Rene drowned in the Maas. When it happened, it was my father who freed him from the embrace of the river and brought his body to the shore. And now I stand in his place every morning in front of the window and am the one who now looks at the Maas and lets my thoughts be carried along by her flow.

I cannot doubt for a moment that since I have lived here, I am no longer the same person as before. The myth of Rene and the house, how the light behaves here, the direct and indirect outside space harmonise unconsciously with the building blocks I brought to this place. In interplay with their invisible enzymes, they subtly re-assimilate my own structure. This naturally always happens everywhere; spaces and histories have an “agency,” participate in the intra-action. But this is not something I am generally so aware of as in this house. The uniqueness of this place and the situation makes this fact undeniable and something I am consciously and gratefully aware of.

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## Lineage

Recently, I was on the road with my father, driving on the highway in his car with cruise control. When the car in front of us adjusted its speed, our vehicle did the same. My father’s taciturn nature, combined with the passing of the stationary landscape around us, creates the ideal conditions for my mind to wander. Questions about the nature of emptiness and space came to mind; where exactly am I now? Not only are we sitting still in a space while we move through the outside, but also an object made by humans forcibly maintains its own emptiness. We collectively accept without further thought that the boundary of the inner space of the car is where the metal stops. That is the frame, there the object ends. Everything the car “does” stops where the paint on the metal meets the air. But with this technology, that boundary of this body of the car is now extended 10 meters further. This made it more visible to me what the car does even more in the world around it; it dictates the behaviour of other vehicles, the image in the city, the sound that is carried far into the landscape. A landscape that would present itself differently in the absence of this body. And what does this mean if I think about my own body in this way? Does “I” end at my skin, do I stand as a separate demarcated object in a field of emptiness between me and the next body, bounded by its skin? When I raise these questions, they fall just as quickly to the ground again, although my father is not so inclined toward the philosophical aspects of space, he is very skilled when it comes to the physical embodiment of the same concept.

Sometimes I reflect on the building blocks that make up my own existence and that of my colleagues. And often it can be traced back to where the different aspects of the conglomerate that makes up a human find their origin. I have fellow students with architects as parents, photographers and painters, others have a splintered origin, a history torn open and whose threads still barely connecting the loose parts can be traced flawlessly to the works that in turn arise from the hands of these embodied assemblages. My own father is a workman; he lives a life of physicality and matter. He knows about structures and foundations, how to read space, and can see what the potential is. He knows how to collaborate with this matter to make it behave as envisioned. My mother, on the other hand, knows all things ephemeral; creative and sensitive, she moves with the world. Unconsciously, she reads all subtlety in her environment and bricolages this information into words straight from the mouth of the universe. She communicates with the spirit, with the things invisible, intangible, perceived sub-sensorily. In contrast to my father, she lets her environment lead in how she constructs with it. And in the middle of these two extremes, one steel and the other air, I stand and embody

both. Constantly searching for balance. An embodied quest, feet grounded in the soft moist fertile earth, and my mind meanders.

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## Eros and Thanatos

During the past years of this education,

I have continually returned to this dance, the balance between the physical and mental, reason and intuition, science and spirituality. The balance seems lost, and I try to find it. Apart from the diverse nature of my own parents, this dance is one I also recognise in the world around me. A dichotomous way of understanding and organising, things are things, and to understand them, we must categorise and place them in the right spot in the cabinet where they belong. Neat, orderly, and reassuring, workable.

A part of my personal balancing act stems from our modern culture, and a part has arisen in interplay with my personal environment. For me, the only way not to fall still into one or the other is to remain consciously dealing with the way my own body exists. The body, which never stands still, which is constantly in a state of becoming in interaction with the world, does not conform to these dichotomies. They only exist in the way we try to understand and orient ourselves.

My mind meanders, passes the throne of reason on which it was expected to reside for centuries, slowly changing back into thin air. Spirits chased by a network of threads. A journey to the outermost layer of my skin, where my body is expected to end. Where it glitters, flakes, and vibrates at a different pace than the shimmering shaking of the air, which oscillates, integrates, and co-creates. This dance of bodies, breathing in and out, a personification of the movement that forms life in the universe. This breathing is found in everything that lives, a swelling, increasingly fuller and more intense, building in volume and strength. From bare branches on which blossoms unfold, transitioning into an increasingly fuller and deeper sea of leaves from which waves of green-tinted light flow. A roaring momentum maintained until the whole is so saturated that there is hardly any whole to experience, and there pauses the inhalation, briefly everything stops existing, and all that remains is silence. Momentarily weightless floating without time. Then follows the exhalation, the universe relaxes and lightens its grip. Begins slowly to expand, waves gently carry the particles away, increasing the distance between them. Light fades, softly rocking and swaying the growing silence. Here too, the space swells, and here too, time disappears, in a tender imperceptible gliding away. A bodiless emptiness, the momentum seems to falter.

And swells again

A reciprocal dance, primordial rhythm, intertwined with time soaked in space.

Until I sit by the bed of the man who made you, the father of my father.  
Your breath becomes heavy, and laboured, momentum glides away. And after you ebb away from time, the energy that  
once again draws all particles together, evaporates.

I sit by your bed, searching for words that will no longer be heard.  
My breath also falters,

But it resumes, embraced by the emptiness you leave behind.

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## Conclusion

We could recognise everything in the world and our consciousness as living organisms with agency. See how everything, like mycelium, is continually breaking down and reconstructing. A seemingly magical process of enzymes carefully selected for the task of decomposing existing matter. Matter which, as part of the life-and-death cycle, serves as an energy source for the creative process. The fleshy white strands that show the passage

of time by finding their way. Small fingers, feelers that read the surfaces they cross like maps. Guided findings, through maze-like structures, slowly these small pieces of matter are surrounded and transformed, absorbed into the larger whole.

Just as the structures we call into being to navigate “our” complex society, and the categorisation systems of understanding in which we place the world, this thread network also examines and names the world it encounters. But unlike us, these categorisations of the mycelium are not endpoints. The mycelium continues to pull apart and mix, exploring, expanding, and connecting what it encounters. I think we need to remain aware that the assumptions and categorisations, protocols, and structures we use are nothing more than that. The way we see and frame things possesses formative power and determines how the world behaves.

I invite you to remember that these performative constructs should remain a kind of working titles, temporary cabinets in which we can temporarily store our stuff so that our hands are free to continue working. When we forget this and start seeing things as determined and condemned to their territory of name and task, we take away the chance for them to become more than that. They behave functionally but statically; lack of momentum is lack of life. The world is known, viewed, manageable but prematurely burnt out.

In conclusion, I think the idea of where the boundaries lie between bodies/elements in the broadest sense of the word should not be a static determining entity. It is determining in the sense that we act accordingly, but it is short-sighted to think that this should be the endpoint. When we force a body to take shape, is there still room for the potential of what it could still be, what it could still relate to? How could you fantasise about the “different” elements of the world you navigate, things you take for granted as decor? Are these really separate from the elements you consider inherent to your “essence”? In my work as an artist, I try to bring the body and materiality to the forefront as co-players on the board of ontology. I try to keep playing with this fascinating thought experiment. It is a constant exercise in not falling into the comfort and reassurance that the idea of continuity and an “essence of things” brings.

In the sciences, we consider matter and the behaviour of matter as separate from the spirit world, and in the spirit world, we stand apart from matter, while I think these are in constant co-formation with each other. It is impossible to keep considering things from purely dichotomous perspectives, where objects stand apart from each other, distinguished by empty space. The experience of art, knowledge, and the world/matter will never be able to exist purely from the physical or the cognitive. More interesting is how you can relate to the different facets of these forms or modes of “understanding” within your practice and environment.

I think it is particularly relevant within the arts and global society to integrate this framework of relationally and mutual formative influences more. A framework with a more fluid approach to the territorialization of bodies. It is a way of thinking and being in the world, which has more respect and care as a result. This is because it recognises that and how materiality, and everything it is connected to, including the concepts we associate with it, has an immensely far-reaching field of mutual influence. I hope it can lead to a more open attitude in which we can be more curious and caring about -  
- the way we are in relation to the world-matter.

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## References and Footnotes

See original non translated document.