



Lectoraat What Art Knows  
Lectoraat TDA  
Zuyd, Maastricht

[www.whatartknows.nl](http://www.whatartknows.nl)  
[www.technologydrivenart.org](http://www.technologydrivenart.org)

Redactie  
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# SCRIPTIEKUNST.ORG 2022

Dit is de winnende scriptie van de wedstrijd scriptiekunst.org 2022, binnen de kunstopleidingen van Zuyd. De wedstrijd is een initiatief van de twee lectoraten die verbonden zijn aan de kunstopleidingen van Zuyd: Technology Driven Art (Peter Missotten) en What Art Knows (Ruth Benschop).

*Alle winnende scripties van alle jaargangen kunnen als pdf geraadpleegd worden op [scriptiekunst.org](http://scriptiekunst.org).*

## Doel

**Het doel van SCRIPTIEKUNST.ORG is een originele en inspirerende aanpak van scripties binnen de kunstacademies van Zuyd Hogeschool te stimuleren.**

Zo bouwen we ook een referentieplek op waar studenten en docenten, inspirerende voorbeelden van scripties binnen de bachelor- en masteropleidingen kunnen vinden. Ook een kritische reflectie op en documentatie van het eigen werk komt in aanmerking voor deze prijs. Alle inzendingen worden getoetst op gedegenheid, originaliteit, relevantie voor de eigen artistieke praktijk en diversiteit in de aanpak. De jury bestaat uit vakmensen en kunstenaars van binnen en buiten Zuyd Hogeschool.

De scriptieprijs is ingesteld om studenten te stimuleren om scripties (en/of documentatie van artistieke processen) te maken die meer recht doen aan hun vakbekwaamheid. Te vaak grijpt reflectie in het kunstonderwijs terug op semiwetenschappelijke idealen van betrouwbaarheid, statistiek en objectiviteit. Daarmee wordt kritische reflectie te ver uit de kunstpraktijk getild, waardoor het soms een vorm krijgt die niet relevant is voor die praktijk. Wij ijveren voor de ontwikkeling van scripties, documentatie, reflectie en onderzoek in de kunstopleidingen die relevant zijn voor de kunsten en hun beoefenaars. Studenten worden gestimuleerd om de specifieke vakbekwaamheid die ze hebben, ook op talig gebied, reflectief te benutten en kritisch door te ontwikkelen in hun scriptie.

## Selectiecriteria

Studenten van alle kunst opleidingen Zuyd kunnen zelf hun scriptie insturen via de site. Ook documentatie van het eigen artistiek werk(proces) komt in aanmerking.

De jury stimuleert actief het insturen van scripties en documentaties, zelfs als de betrokken studenten of docenten er niet helemaal overtuigd van zijn dat de scriptie geschreven is 'zoals het hoort'. Zo wil de jury een zo groot mogelijke diversiteit aan onderzoekspraktijken aanmoedigen.

Alle aanmeldingen gebeuren via [scriptiekunst.org](http://scriptiekunst.org).

## Beoordeling

De jury kijkt bij de beoordeling van de ingestuurde scripties naar

- de mate waarin scripties gebaseerd zijn op vormen van onderzoek die aansluiten op de eigen kunstenpraktijk en vaardigheden
- de wijze waarop in scripties gereflecteerd wordt over onderzoeks- en/of maakprocessen, ook waar deze mislukken
- in hoeverre er in scripties contextualisering, nuancering en verdieping plaatsvindt
- de mate waarin scripties relevant (en innovatief) bijdragen aan het vakgebied van onderhavige opleidingen
- de mate waarin de vormgeving van scripties een welbewust onderdeel vormt van de scriptie
- de mate waarin de scriptie vanuit een relevante probleemstelling start

### 1. Originaliteit

Een scriptie mag best buiten de lijntjes kleuren, zowel in vorm als inhoud. Daarbij draagt de vorm wezenlijk bij aan de originaliteit van het artistiek onderzoek (of de documentatie van eigen werk).

### 2. Gedegenheid

Een scriptie baseert zich op grondig onderzoek en/of bronnenmateriaal.

### 3. Persoonlijkheid

Een scriptie is gelinkt aan je eigen praktijk en vertrekt vanuit een persoonlijke fascinatie.

## English summary

The thesis prize Scriptiekunst.org was founded by the two research centres connected to the art academies at Zuyd University of Applied Sciences (both Performing Arts and Fine Arts & Design) to encourage students to make theses (and/or documentations of artistic processes) that do justice to their own artistic practice. Too often, reflection within arts education falls back on semi scientific ideals of validity and objectivity. This removes critical reflexivity from artistic practice. Sometimes artists fall back on the other extreme: an entirely subjective reflection with the inner world as the only point of reference. In between these unfortunate extremes, the Research Centre Technology Driven Art and the Research Centre for Arts, Autonomy and the Public Sphere, support a wide diversity of theses, documentations, reflection and research within arts education that are relevant to the artistic practice.

## A good thesis should/could be

- 1. Original** - an art thesis should allow itself to think outside of the box. Both in form and content, it should be original in its approach.
- 2. Thorough** - an art thesis should be grounded in some form of thorough artistic research and be based on a wide variety of resources.
- 3. Personal** - an art thesis should be relevant for the art practice of the student/artist. It should originate in a personal fascination.

Jury 2022

The jury consisted of **Jasper Coppes, Marcel van der Klink, Peter Missotten, Laura Mudde, Ulrike Scholtes, Annosh Urbanke** and **Marion Zwarts**.

**JASPER COPPES** (Amsterdam, 1983) is an artist and educator working between the Netherlands and Scotland. His films, sculptures and text-based works often investigate processes of transformation; in the form of narratives applied to, or inserted into, specific environments.

[www.jaspercoppes.com](http://www.jaspercoppes.com)

**MARCEL VAN DER KLINK** (1962) is the Director of the Centre for Educational Innovation and Continuous Professional Development of Zuyd Hogeschool. His work entails educational research and consultancy for faculty staff, service centres and the Board of Zuyd Hogeschool.

[www.zuyd.nl/onderzoek/lectoraten/professionalisering-van-het-onderwijs](http://www.zuyd.nl/onderzoek/lectoraten/professionalisering-van-het-onderwijs)

**LAURA MUDDÉ** (Breda, 1983) works as an action researcher, lecturer and curator at the intersection of the arts and social matters. Over the last 10 years, she has worked for small foundations like [hetinstituut.org](http://hetinstituut.org), [onsbank.nl](http://onsbank.nl), and [niet-normaal.nl](http://niet-normaal.nl). At the moment, she is a Ph.D. candidate at the University of Humanistic Studies in Utrecht, and she also holds a position as a lecturer at the University of the Arts in Utrecht (HKU) within the Bachelor's program for Design for Change and Innovation.

[lauramudde.hotglue.me](http://lauramudde.hotglue.me)

**PETER MISSOTTEN** (Hasselt, 1963) worked all of his life in and around theatre spaces as a media artist, set designer and (opera) director. He is reader at the Research Centre Technology Driven Art at Zuyd University.

[www.petermissotten.com](http://www.petermissotten.com)

**MARION ZWARTS** is docent/referent en voorzitter van de examencommissie van diverse opleidingen van Zuyd. Met als achtergrond de Academie van Beeldende Kunsten en een doctoraal kunstgeschiedenis is zij werkzaam in de opleiding master architectuur en de master interieurarchitectuur.

**ULRIKE SCHOLTES** is sociaal wetenschapper en artistiek onderzoeker en promoveerde aan de Universiteit van Amsterdam met haar onderzoek *Feeling Techniques. Making methods to articulate bodily practice*. Ulrike heeft een achtergrond in kunst, antropologie en lichaamswerk en geeft o.a. les aan de opleiding iArts en de Master in Theater. Ze richt zich op het trainen van de onderzoeker als sensitief onderzoeksinstrument, middels lichaamsgerichte oefeningen. Vanuit het lectoraat AOK is zij verantwoordelijk voor Scriptiekunst.

**ANNOSH URBANKE** (1992) works in writing, curating, photography and artistic research. As a photographer, she explores nostalgic and contemporary forms of tourism. She holds a BA in museology from the Reinwardt Academy and an MA in modern and contemporary art history from Utrecht University. Since 2020, she has been working with Stichting de Vrolijkheid to make art projects visible that are created within asylum seekers' centers.

[www.annoshurbanke.com](http://www.annoshurbanke.com)

Detailed bios can be found at [www.scriptiekunst.org/jury](http://www.scriptiekunst.org/jury).

## Juryrapport 2022

In 2022 werden 19 scripties ingestuurd, door studenten van de meeste kunstopleidingen. Dat is minder dan voorgaande jaren. Een opvallende afwezige was daarbij het conservatorium. Het is voor de organisatoren niet helder wat die grote fluctuaties in het aantal inzendingen veroorzaakt. Geraakt de oproep niet bij de student? Of verdwijnt de oproep ongelezen in een lawine van andere mails? Schat men de winstkans te klein in of worden studenten te weinig gestimuleerd om hun kans te wagen? Wat in ieder geval opvalt, is dat er een groot verloop lijkt te zitten in de begeleidende docenten van de scripties.

Gelukkig blijft het algemene niveau behoorlijk hoog. Met name het basisniveau blijft erg degelijk - er zitten nauwelijks nog uitschieters naar onder bij. Dat maakt de taak van de jury boeiender, maar niet makkelijker.

Ook deze jaargang nodigden we een docent van een van de kunstacademies uit om in de jury te zetelen. Dit jaar verwelkomen we Marion Zwartz, docent binnen de architectuuropleidingen en voorzitter van verschillende examencommissies. Anne Geene en Arjan de Nooy - juryleden van het eerste uur - hebben de jury verlaten. We willen hen van harte bedanken voor de inspirerende gesprekken en het vele leeswerk deze afgelopen jaren. Hun plaats werd ingenomen door Laura Mudde en Annosh Urbanke. Daarnaast bestaat de jury uit Jasper Coppes, Marcel van der Klink, Ulrike Scholtes en Peter Missotten.

De jury liet zich graag verrassen door originele invalshoeken die gedragen worden door een grondig onderzoek vanuit een persoonlijke fascinatie. Welke nieuwe inzichten heeft de indiener tijdens het weven van het denklandschap verworven? Wat is er nu anders geworden, na de scriptie? En hoe betrekken ze de lezer - de buitenstaander - daarin? Wat raakt, verrast, ontroert of fascineert? Overschrijdt de scriptie de reguliere artistieke onderzoekspraktijk die sowieso in het vakgebied gehanteerd wordt? Is er een vakoverschrijdend meerwaarde voor de argeloze - maar geïnteresseerde - lezer?

Daarnaast speelt de vormgeving en de aansluiting op de eigen artistieke praktijk een belangrijke rol. Hier valt nog wat te winnen. Soms gaat de vormgeving niet verder dan gebruikelijke, generieke standaarden. Zo ontstaat een afstand tussen vorm en inhoud. Een eigen vormgeving kan zoveel meer bijdragen dan louter opsmuk. In een aantal scripties blijft het onduidelijk hoe de inzichten verworven binnen het scriptie onderzoek, de eigen artistieke praktijk veranderd of verrijkt hebben. De jury is met name benieuwd naar onderzoeken waarbij de artistieke praktijk de aanleiding is tot diepgravender onderzoek, nieuwe vragen oproept of conventionele onderwerpen vanuit de eigen maakpraktijk belicht. Het zou voor de beeldvorming helpen als studenten in hun scriptie een link naar de eigen artistieke praktijk legden - al was het maar met een link naar hun website, of enkele illustraties van eigen werk. Dat blijft jaar na jaar een aandachtspunt.

Soms schemert het 'format' van de opdracht door: zo doen we die dingen hier. Het is jammer als de studenten er niet in slagen (of de ruimte niet krijgen) om de gebruikelijke format naar de hand te zetten en om te vormen naar een persoonlijk aanvoelend onderzoek. Wat kan er binnen het kader? Waar mag het schuren tegen de verwachtingen? Waar vormt het kader een houvast en waar wordt het een belemmering? Hier ligt zowel voor studenten als voor de begeleiders en de opleidingen zelf, een boeiende uitdaging.

Het moet gezegd dat er ook binnen de kaders hoogstaande scripties worden gemaakt. Maar in die kaders lijkt door de jaren heen weinig evolutie te zitten. De jury mist daar echte uitschieters die nieuwe sporen van persoonlijk, artistiek onderzoek aanreiken en die het vakgebied op het spoor van nieuwe kaders zet.

Soms doet een spannende scriptie zichzelf de das om door niet helder te communiceren waar en hoe er geciteerd wordt, of waar de illustraties of muziekfragmenten vandaan komen. Hiermee zet een scriptie (maar ook een kunstwerk) zich buitenspel. Dat is jammer, omdat met een minimale inspanning er recht gedaan kan worden aan de creaties van voorgangers: schrijvers, componisten, musici en beeldende kunstenaars. Er is met name nog wat werk aan de 'credits' van de scriptie. Citeer gerust, maar doe het transparant en herkenbaar.

## Winnaar

De jury scriptiekunst.org 2022 heeft dit jaar besloten één hoofdprijs (een geschenkbond van €500) en twee aanmoedigingsprijzen (een geschenkbond van €300) uit te reiken. De winnende scriptie wordt in boekvorm uitgegeven.

De hoofdprijs gaat naar een scriptie die unaniem geloofd werd om haar perfecte balans tussen vorm en inhoud. We willen deze winnende scriptie graag in boekvorm - in beperkte oplage - uitgeven:

### **The adorning entities and I**

**Maureen Kortenbusch**

**Maastricht Institute of Arts - Design**

This thesis is both funny and thorough, a testimony to the personal artistic research of this young designer. It provides an appealing mix of personal anecdotes, relevant resources and enriching theories. Above all, it's a compelling, good read, in rich English: "The thin spider legs tripled hastily over the palm of my hand. Finding his way over the fleshy crinkled soft squishy surface, creating the slightest sensation, alike the faint touch of a feather."

Although the reader could wander off in this quite baroque paradise of a quest into the origin or 'Genius Loci' of objects, such as the 'Baby Vulcano', one never gets lost in this quite clear structure. The thesis is extremely well illustrated with personal, touching and consistent graphics. It all ends with a thorough compendium of all the resources and research material. Even this usually boring stuff brings a smile to one's face, discovering for



example that Fig.36 is an 'Aquarelle, marker and ink pen drawing of "An unhurried caretaker" at 3 months of age.'

As a self-acclaimed 'adrift-minded oddball', the writer manages to raise some relevant and personal societal issues within the context of a quest for a new 'Mini-me', meanwhile illustrating the relevance of the topic in question to the field and practice of the writer.

## Aanmoedigingsprijzen

Daarnaast heeft de jury scriptiekunst.org 2022 besloten twee aanmoedigingsprijzen uit te reiken:

**KEY LEGENDS (THE GAME) - Storytelling en Gamification als sleutel tot het leren van een tweede taal**

**Jules Juriën**

**Maastricht Institute of Arts - Visuele Communicatie**

Op zoek naar een nieuw concept om een uitdagende taal - in deze Japans - aan te leren: dat is het onderzoek van de schrijver. Het visueel en inhoudelijk indrukwekkende resultaat is een uiterst grondig en zeer rijkelijk geïllustreerde scriptie die ook online te lezen is. Hier en daar schemert het klassieke kader - de opdracht - door, maar de zoektocht blijft gedetailleerd en persoonlijk genoeg om te blijven boeien. Het eindresultaat blijft verleidelijk, ook sluipt de bezorgdheid bij de jury binnen dat het aanleren van de ontwikkelde game misschien wel complexer is dan de taal zelf. Daaraan zou een scherpere kritische zelfreflectie verholpen hebben. Gelukkig sluit de thesis af met: 'Voor andere (beeld)makers, taalliefhebbers of onderwijsexperts die een soortgelijk project

willen uitvoeren, zou ik aanraden om te proberen theorie, praktijk en eigenzinnigheid naast elkaar te laten bestaan in het ondernemen.' Dat kan de jury alleen maar beamen.

**PYGMALION, of De Billen Van Het Beeld**

**David Roos**

**Toneelacademie - acteursopleiding**

Een uiterst virtueuze lecture performance, zowel in de uitvoering als in de taal. Dit is geen navelstaren maar een vlijmscherpe en goed gedocumenteerde mijmering op de schoonheid, verpakt in een ritmisch en zeer geestig betoog. Een zoektocht, die lijkt te beginnen met een vraag die nog niet bekend is en er in slaagt de toeschouwer mee te nemen en te blijven boeien. Een zinderende lecture performance is niet het ideale medium voor voetnoten die het referentiekader duidelijker zouden kunnen schetsen. Jammer dat die ook in de uitgeschreven tekst niet voorkomen: dat is een gemiste kans. Het is in de tekst niet altijd helder waar er geciteerd wordt of waar referenties naar verwijzen. Gelukkig is er wel een uitgebreide en relevante literatuurlijst opgenomen. Het referentiekader zelf is immers best indrukwekkend en slim aan mekaar gecomponeerd. Hierdoor werkt de lecture performance op verschillende niveaus: een zeer gemakkelijke en strak georchestreeerde performance voor de argeloze toeschouwer en - voor de doorwinterde kunstfilosofen onder ons - een rijke dwarreltocht langs relevante referenties over het thema van de schoonheid anderszids. Hier staat schoonheid met de billen bloot.

*All theses are available for download at [scriptiekunst.org](http://scriptiekunst.org).*

A  
Thesis  
by

THE  
ADORNING  
ENTITIES  
AND  
I

Maureen  
Kortenbusch

THESIS OF  
ADORNING ENTITIES

# Index

- 4 Mini-me and reciprocity
- 16 A chewed-up friend
- 29 Tiny enclosed shell oceans
- 39 Quasimodo and I
- 52 Clay sanctuary
- 73 Paper dreams
- 85 Baby Vulcano

# Mini-me and reciprocit.

The spider's thin legs tripped hastily over the palm of my hand. He hastily found his way over the fleshy crinkled soft squishy surface, creating the slightest sensation, like the faint touch of a feather - a prickly little dance lasting barely a few moments. The other three girls observed me skeptically from a safe distance. Within a heartbeat, the spider disappeared into the freshly cut green grass of the elementary schoolyard. I vividly remember feeling this overflowing sensation of pride in my 6-year-old heart, as I had shown them (the girls, the spider, and myself) that neither Insects nor humans are dangerous if treated with kindness.

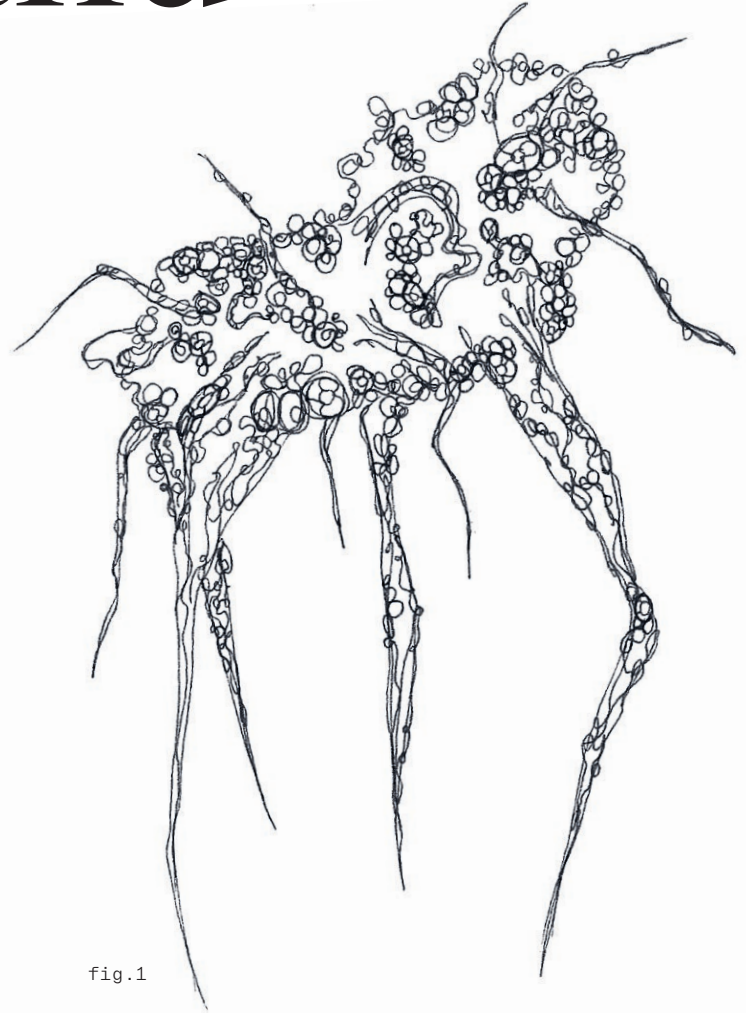


fig.1

This realization (made by a mini me) was partly a response to the the painful absence of a pet. As my parents were of a firmly prohibitive opinion, I was not allowed to care for any animate being. Like every overly imaginative and eager child, I decided to foster and create my own companions. I started by making tiny prison-like retreat houses for the insects I would find at break time in school. It quickly grew - as I noticed that the insects I collected would only die or flee from my tiny sanctuaries - into giving names, emotions and characteristics to all kinds of objects that seemed special to me that appeared fitting. Imagining these found, gifted, inherited, or bought inanimate objects as having their own feelings and emotions felt right to me. It was as if I could give them a bit of my soul and create my very own companions through this. I would turn them into friends that would understand me completely and unconditionally be there for me.

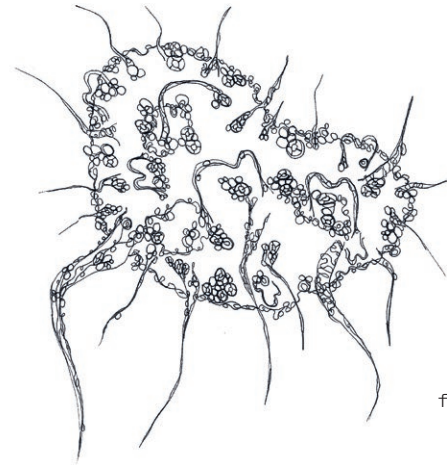


fig.2

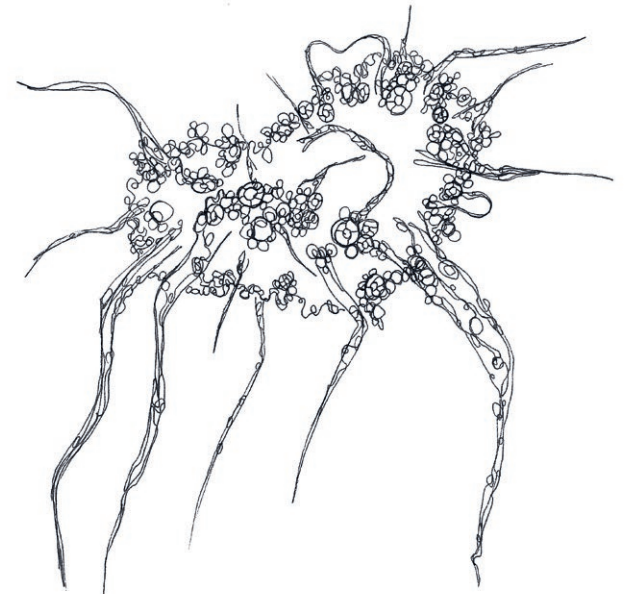


fig.3

These experiences and means of viewing the world disappeared into the thick, freshly cut grass carpet of my subconscious mind (like the spider) upon becoming a juvenile, most likely due to the teenage brain's intense desire to blend in.

The occurrences only recently crawled out of my brain's dense subconscious memory jungle. These memories were lured out by a project regarding a fetish market that acquainted me with the word Animism and its meaning. The word stems from the Latin word anima, which translates to soul or breath. Animism is the attribution of a conscious being to nature and inanimate objects. It is often described as the root of all religions and is practiced by around 40% of the world's population. The word's Western connotations stem from the British anthropologist Sir Edward Burnett Tylor's book "Primitive Culture" published in 1871. It re-introduces Animism as "a general belief in spiritual beings" and the minimum definition of religion. In his and other western scientists and anthropologists' writing, Animism was characterized as a "primitive" religion practiced by so-called "primitive" humans that stand inferior to a modern worldview, a world view carved by capitalism, colonialism, rationalism, dualism, and philosophers like René Descartes and Immanuel Kant..

As a teen raised on modern western philosophy that my adolescent brain couldn't quite grasp, I can still hear Descartes softly whispering the Cartesian phrase "cogito ergo sum" lingering in my mind and the underlying arrogance and high-headedness going along with conversing about and agreeing on these long-gone spoken words. Secretly, I was still not entirely aware of their contextual meaning and impact.

I think, therefore I am: yet does that not disconnect humans from their surroundings? Placing the human form of intelligence on a pedestal? Justifying humans using nature and beings for their own benefit? As they don't think, they are not?

In recent years, the connotations and meaning of Animism have slowly been changing. This change is rooted in the political and social embrace of the word by differing native tribes and authors like Robin Wall Kimmerer. An excellent example of this is the Whanganui River in New Zealand, recognized as a legal person in 2017. Upon endeavors of the indigenous Maori of New Zealand, he received Environmental personhood. After that, many other natural resources followed. Another beautiful example of contemporary or so-called "Critical Animism" can be found in Japan, where Animism is intertwined with modern culture to this day. It is even exported (as odd as it sounds) worldwide through movies and other art pieces by Studio Ghibli and founder Hayao Miyazaki.

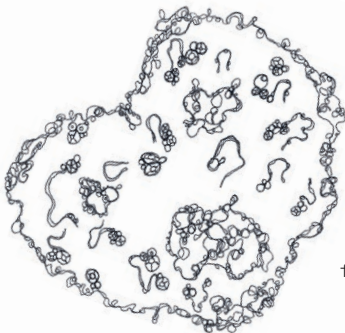


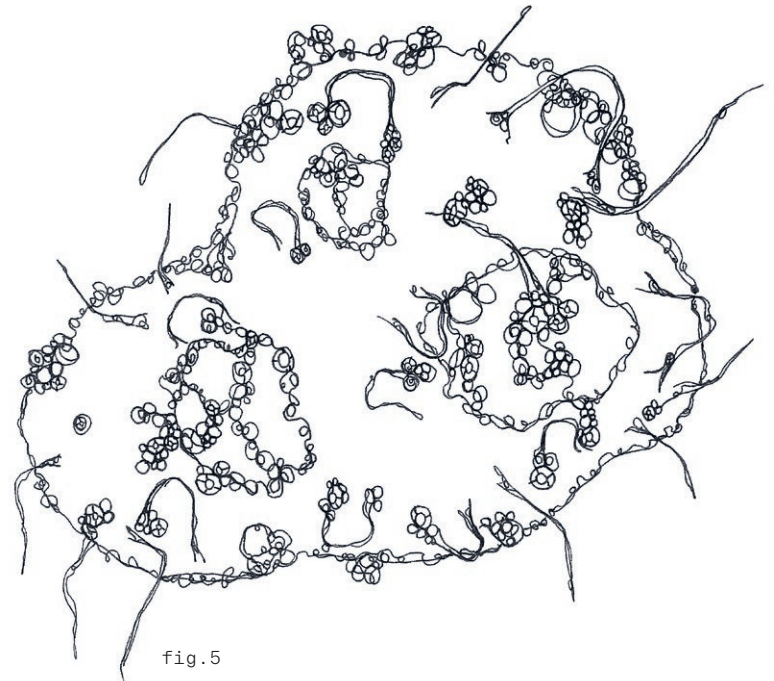
fig.4

I still remember the first time I saw "Spirited away" as a child; the way it connected to me and my way of sensing the world. Mini-me wanted to crawl into that movie and never return from this illustrated world of water spirits dirtied by human trash in need of cleansing through a magical bathing procedure. These strange beings follow their duties and desires, not to be squished into a human-shaped box. Animism has connected with me since I was tiny. It guided me to understand the world as a child and how to connect with it; to give kindness to other beings like the spider but feel compassion towards myself equally. I could always find a friend, a being that listens to me and that I could learn from in my surroundings.

I want to explore this animate sensation of feeling connected to the environment in my artistic practice. On the one hand, it is a connection that fuels the relationship with the matter around me. In equal measure, through that, it forms the connection with the self. I believe that Animism is not a "primitive" tool of the ancient but rather the key to a balanced future. This guides me to the question:

# How can I archive the concept of Animism within adornments?

To reestablish our connection  
and compassion towards the  
often-mistreated matter  
around us?





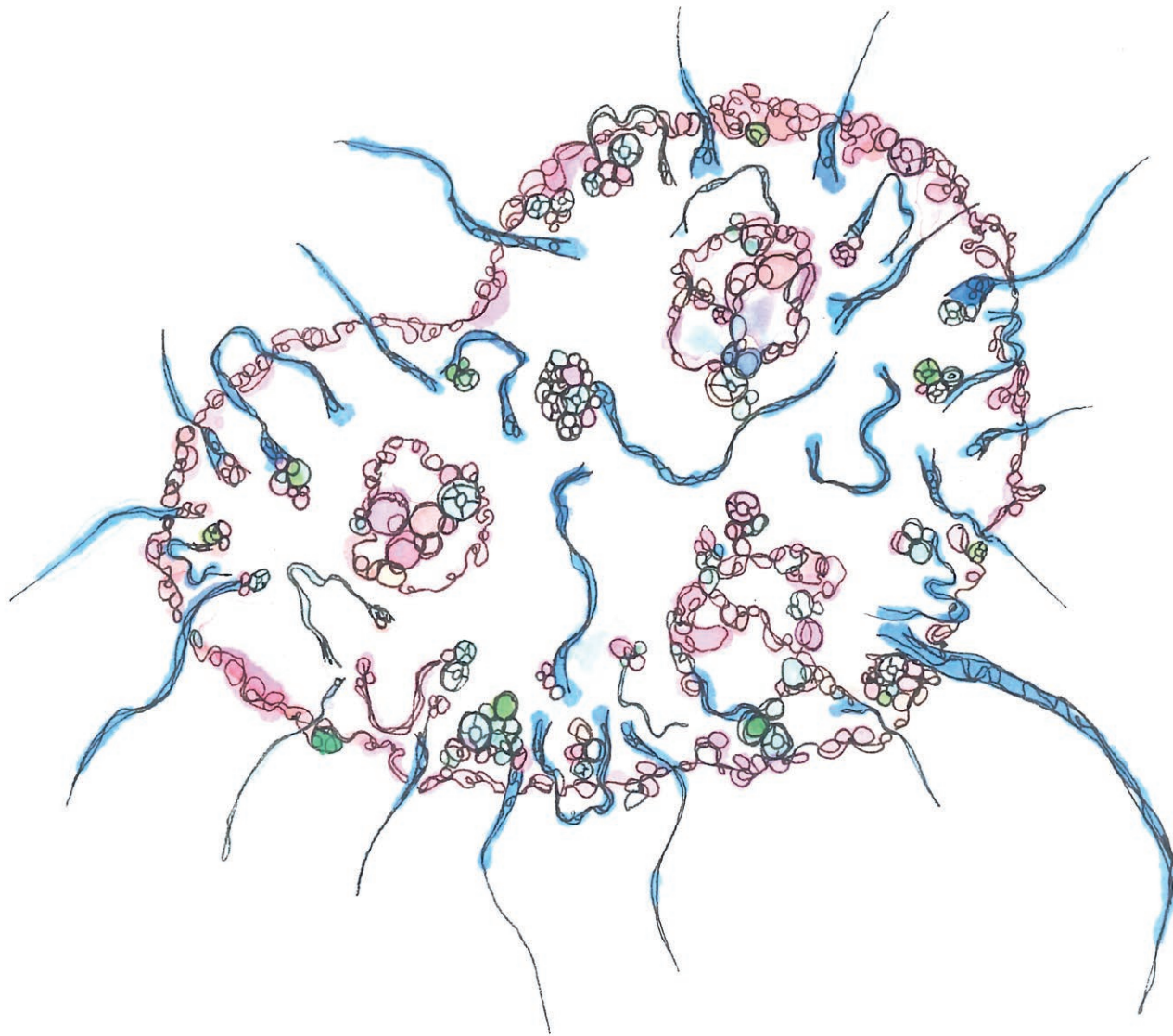


fig.6

# A chewed-up friend

As a child, one of my most prized possessions was an approximately 6cm tall bobble-head figurine of an unknown soccer player with a slightly chewed-up head.

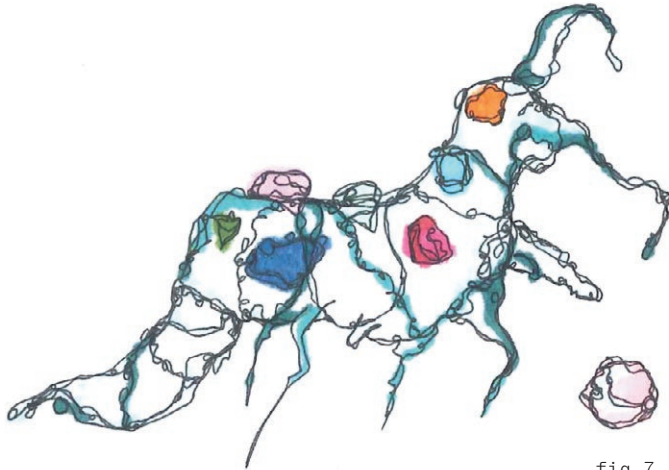


fig.7

I had found the dark-haired, red-clothed friend on the way home from my weekly ballet lessons, stuck in a flowerbed alongside the pavement. The retired soccer player was quickly dressed in a lemon-yellow jersey sweatshirt. Embellished with cobalt blue beads on the neckline, crafted from an old t-shirt of mine. Even though I despised soccer with a passion, he quickly became one of my favorite treasures - maybe due to his glorious chewiness (I always imagined a golden retriever nibbling on him). Perhaps because he picked me to find him.

Despite being beloved, he was only one of many abandoned objects mini-me would collect. She was a systematic collector, with her eyes glued to the street, always on the hunt for new companions. She was more than determined to have extraordinary all-seeing sight as most people would simply seem to overlook these treasured friends.

As I would also feel overlooked and misunderstood at times, the objects would become my loyal accomplices. Who always lend me a (sometimes chewed up) ear. They listened to my stories, dreams, and (in) conveniences. These imaginary companions gave me comfort whenever I felt disconnected from the world. In turn, I would listen to their stories and give them a safe place, a sanctuary: mini-me believed in reciprocity.

# What is a soul? And who possesses one?

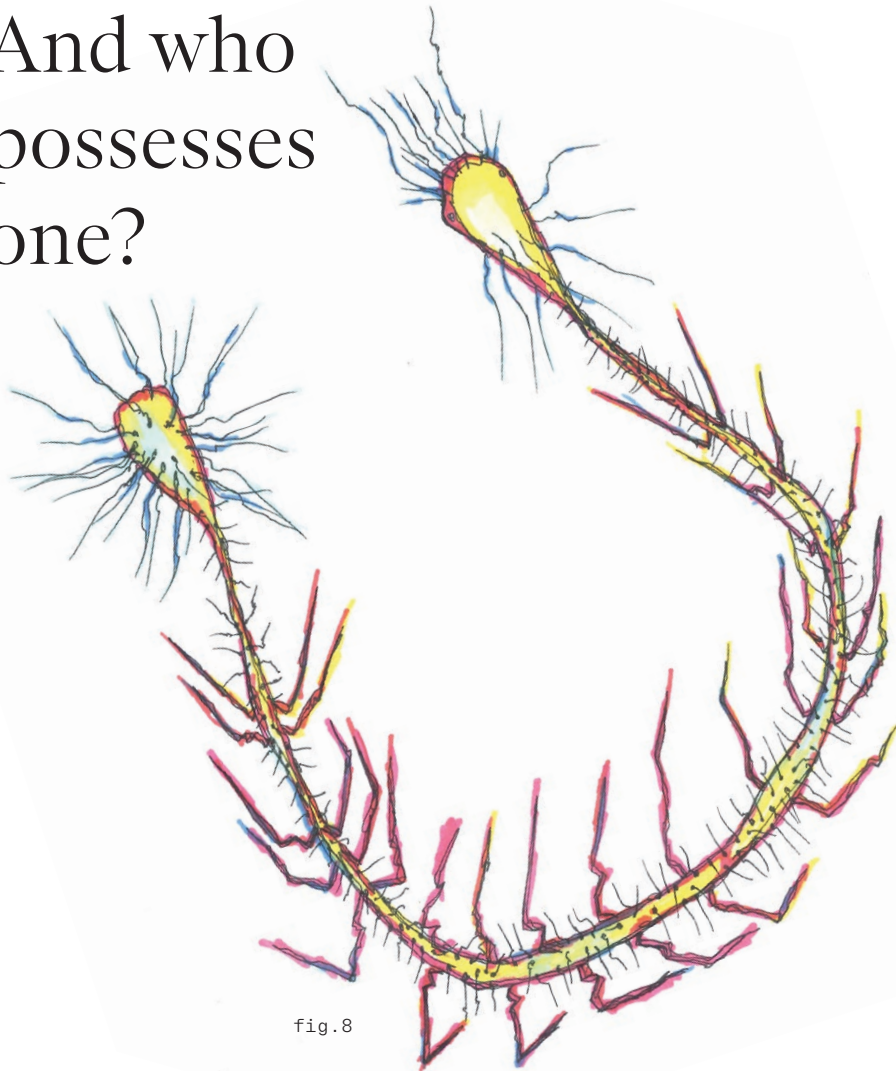


fig.8

Humankind tends to believe that we, as self-proclaimed developed, highly complex creatures, possess something called a soul. Numerous experiments have been done to determine such elusive matter throughout history, leading to misconceptions like the 21gram idea, which is still up and running today. In an attempt to measure and categorize what impossibly can be, we often place ourselves above other beings. Does a dog have a soul? A pig? A ladybug? Or only thumb-possessing entities?

Often this form of categorizing seems more of an effort to justify human behavior towards our environment. Maybe it is easier to explain hurtful and apathetic actions within this body of thought as we comfortably place ourselves above others.

As a new human not entirely familiar with this culturally imposed concept, I found myself seeking the companionship of matter perceived to be soulless. Yet, it appeared natural that these entities had their character, story, and soul, properties not defined or projected on by the human brain but rather hardly perceived and often overlooked by it. The matter around us usually has something to tell, learn from, observe, and admire. And eventually, once observed enough, these beings can turn into companions.

In the book "Jewelry matters" Marjan Unger and Suzanne van Leeuwen speak about the difference between extroverted versus introverted values.

Extroverted values are materialistically, visually perceivable ones like valuable material or expensive gemstones. In contrast, introvert or intrinsic values are described in the following manner.

"Unless they were linked to historical figures or facts, jewels whose value derives primarily from the wearer's private life, and which are introvert rather than extrovert, have received less attention from historians than great jewels. Such personal meanings may sometimes be recorded in family portraits, in an account of a marriage, or in a will. Sometimes the word 'souvenir' is literally engraved in a piece of jewelry, on the inside of a ring or medallion. When people acquire a jewel for themselves, there is usually a specific reason, which will continue to cling to the pieces in the form of a memory. For the owner, it is irreplicable and its memorial value cannot be expressed in money."

These intrinsic values of jewels or, in this case, beings are what strikes me as fascinating. They define the personality of the being as its character, yet not in the form precisely elaborated by the "Jewelry matters" book but in an object-independent way.

Introvert values are the character, tales, and properties an object possesses independent of humans. The above-mentioned independent way of viewing the object also changes the relationship between humans and non-humans, from a one-sided relationship of use into a balanced give-and-take reciprocity. This relationship changes the way we interact with beings around us.

It also shapes the process of creation within my artistic practice. It turns it from a single-sided interaction into a collaborative effort. Rather than pushing an idea onto the object, I begin by observing it closely and listening to what it is expressing. For me, this starts already within the way I find my collaborative beings. They are often bits and pieces found on the street during a walk, grocery store run, or any activity that allows spying for abandoned and uncarved-for matter. These beings can most often be found on the side of the street, quietly lying in a puddle of forgottenness. Once picked up from the ground, most of them decide to stay with me for a while. Others, on the contrary, decide to leave as soon as possible. They are finding their way through the crack in a pocket or the opening of a zipper. These are not to be held for long but are rather faint companions that have grown attached to the notion of being abandoned. Maybe they have found their freedom in being deserted.

Let's look back to the ones deciding to stay a while. Upon arrival at home, they are examined and, if needed, cleansed and laid down on silky-soft textiles surrounded by others like them in an ever-changing puzzle of abandoned matter. From there on, in a collaborative effort, I observe and listen to the tales they tell and begin turning them into an adorning entity, carefully layering on materials and matters of meaning that these abandoned friends enjoy. The creatures express who they are within this creation process, which I archive through drawings and writings. One might call these expressions the spirit of the being.

As a child I always believed that  
no one could see me.

I was certain that I was capable  
of observing and listening to everyone.

I would sit in <sup>class</sup> ~~class~~, be quiet, look at  
my blank piece of paper and listen.

Silently.

fig. 9



He is a predator.  
But he was not  
always like this.

Once he was a  
innocent being.

A creature of the  
wind, softer and  
more serene than  
all the others.

Close to his chest  
he carried his  
pearlescent heart,  
glowing in the  
wind, it guided  
lost souls.

fig.11

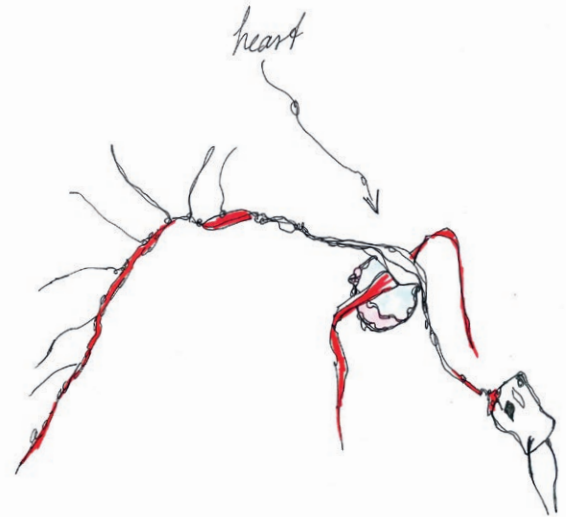


fig.10

He is a  
predator.

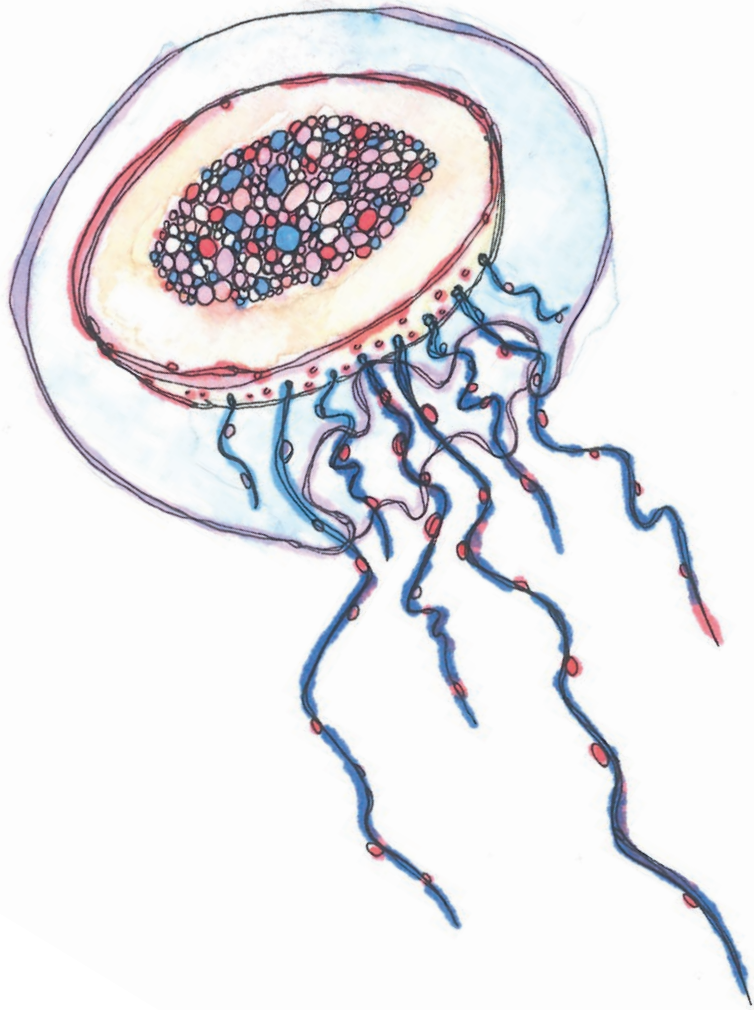


fig.13

# Tiny en- closed shell ocean

The palm leaves were softly waving in the warm sunny breeze. The plant's stem grew on the sandy beige ground between the two little vacation bungalows facing the quiet stone-paved street. My seven-year-old brother was handed the most beautiful shell by a man in a formfitting scuba suit on said street. This man, Our vacation bungalow neighbor to the left, had found the baby head-sized, intricately twirled shell during a diving excursion in the



morning. Four-year-old me was observing them skeptically from a safe distance. She had a strong aversion to the neighbor, partly because of his strange, creepily tight black outfit. Partly because he had a tiny yet loudly barking Chihuahua that had rejected her friendship advances in the days prior.

Now she had a freshly-minted third reason. Mini-me was intensely angry at the neighbor for only gifting my older brother such a marvelous deep-sea treasure. Yet the acidic feeling of jealousy lingering on my tongue was quickly swallowed and forgotten about, as my brother was not shy of sharing this magnificent hard-shelled creature and the magic it possesses. Once pressed firmly against the ear, one could hear the rhythmic sound of the ocean's waves in which the shell was birthed, wherever in the world one might be. I remember sitting for hours and hours on the beach, taking turns listening to the tiny, enclosed shell ocean with uttermost concentration. Obsessively trying to see if it matched up with the rhythm of the endless outside sea.

# If soul is in interaction, what is interaction?

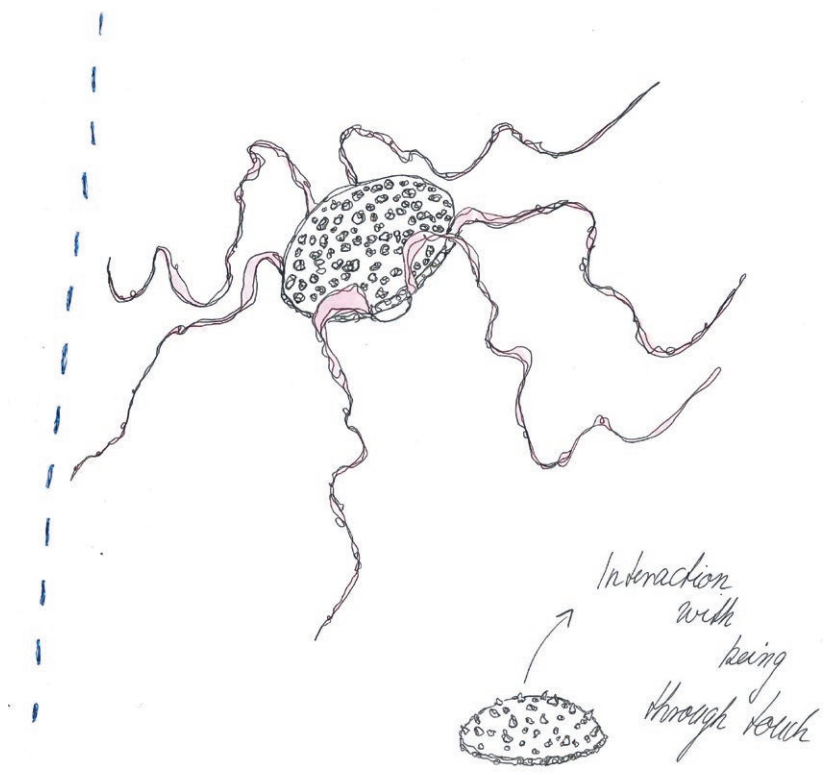


fig.14

Interaction is something we engage in constantly with others, either consciously or unconsciously, whether we want to or not. Yet, upon asking my unknowing family in an impromptu field study for their first examples of interaction, the term quickly became singularly associated with animate beings. Chatting with other humans, paying the cashier at the grocery store check-out, making faces at a baby, petting an excited dog. A form of transaction sparked between living matter. But what if I touch the harsh texture of an oyster shell, feeling its sharp surface; observing it carefully with my senses, yet with no noticeable reaction from its side. Or if I lift a baby head-sized shell up to my ear, listening to the soft sound of blood-flow echoing in my head. All still without a perceptible reaction from the shell. Is this less of an interaction than chatting with another human? And how would this idea of interaction then transfer to the context of my adorning entities?

During my search for answers to this knot of thoughts that fastened itself in my head, I stumbled across the record of a conversation between Issa Samb and Antje Majewski titled "La coquille". One specific part of the conversation in Samb's garden in Dakar gave me the words to untwist this knot.

"It is not a question of interactivity, neither is it even a question of interference. It is a question of inter-relationship of living things."

The word inter-relationship describes much better what I thought of as interaction before. It seems that interaction is one mosaic in the entirety of inter-relationship. Nobody, no matter, can escape inter-relationship. We are all intertwined one way or another. I am not sure if that is exactly what the Philosopher Issa Samb meant by using this term. However, I allow myself the freedom of adapting it, coloring it in a shade fitting my frame of mind.

It allows me to see the act of touching an oyster shell as an act of inter-relation. One big soft squishy clump of atoms inter-relating to a smaller harder-shelled clump of atoms.

*Giving attention to others*

*Giving attention to matter*

*positive attention*

*Perceiving with senses*  
*body / mind*

fig.15

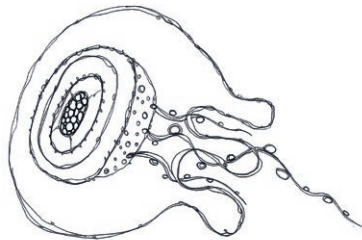


fig.16

Equally, the adorning entities, these creatures of collaboration, are born from the inter-relational process the matter and I engage in. The inter-relational way of perceiving removes the difficulty of waiting on a noticeable reaction from the other. Like the method of viewing the soul, it shifts away from a purely in-the-moment exchange of action to a panoptic, intertwined matter.

For instance, there are plenty of things about which the adorning entity friends educate me during the process of growth. A vital part of the creation is listening to them. The secret keeper doublets have taught me plenty about the flow between focused patience and precise shaping acts. They have taught me about spherical forms and the shape of water droplets. They have brought me the feeling of quick cracking fear and soft, warm relief; the shiny scream of glass touching then ticking away from each other; the sense of calmness once caressing the tiny doublet softly in the palm of my hand, feeling its weight and cold, clean skin. Those are only a few of the experiences thought of and brought by them, yet they illustrate that this interaction & inter-relationship comes in all shapes and sizes.

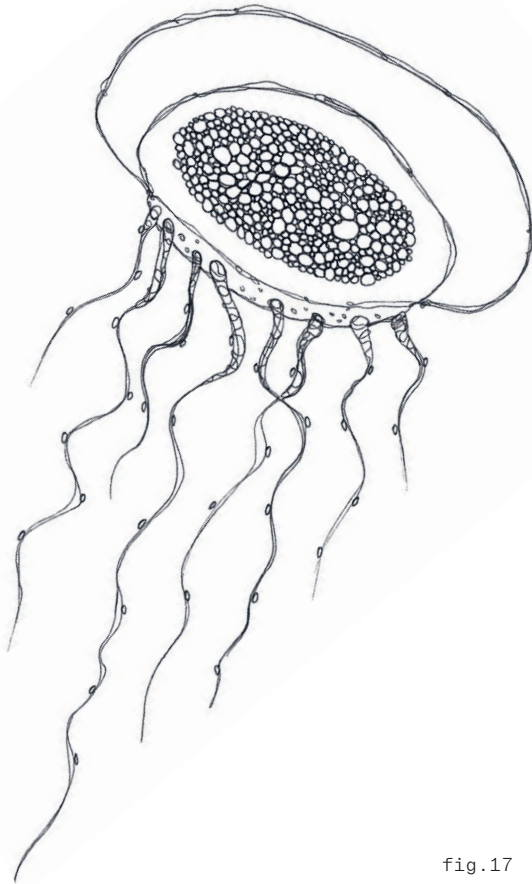


fig.17

These were not merely the quick, easily perceptible interactions, limited in depth and creativity, often thought of and presented within “modern” society. The examples of interaction my family gave above reflect the relationship the culture I was raised in has with matter, with others.

The term I learned to use to describe this relation in the last few years is the Anthropocene, the man-made. A beautiful-sounding word with a not at all beautiful meaning. Having altered the earth through human activity is certainly not worth a badge of honor if you ask me.



fig.18

# Quasi- modo and I

The slimy brown snail was wriggling its dark brown body in pain. The white salt crystals were quickly robbing it of all its gooey mucus. It was slowly shriveling up to a tiny mummy on the stairstep leading up to the garden.

My cousin giggled in pure delight, the salt shaker between his little fingers. Mini-me was staring at him in shock and disbelief. How could one tiny blond angel-like looking boy be so evil as to torture an innocent ugly snail friend? Indeed, the brown slug was not the most beautiful garden creature, and 5-year-old me had nightmares of stepping on one barefoot. Yet torturing the little slimy Quasimodo for some perfidious satisfaction seemed outlandish to her. That moment burned itself in my brain like the salt in the snail's skin. A young me decided two things. Firstly to mistrust her cousin and stop inviting him over. Someone who salts snails for entertainment must be capable of much worse acts. And secondly, to protect those little (perhaps slightly unattractive) slimy beings who could not defend themselves: the small helpless creatures of this world.

# What is the deal with fragility and mortality?

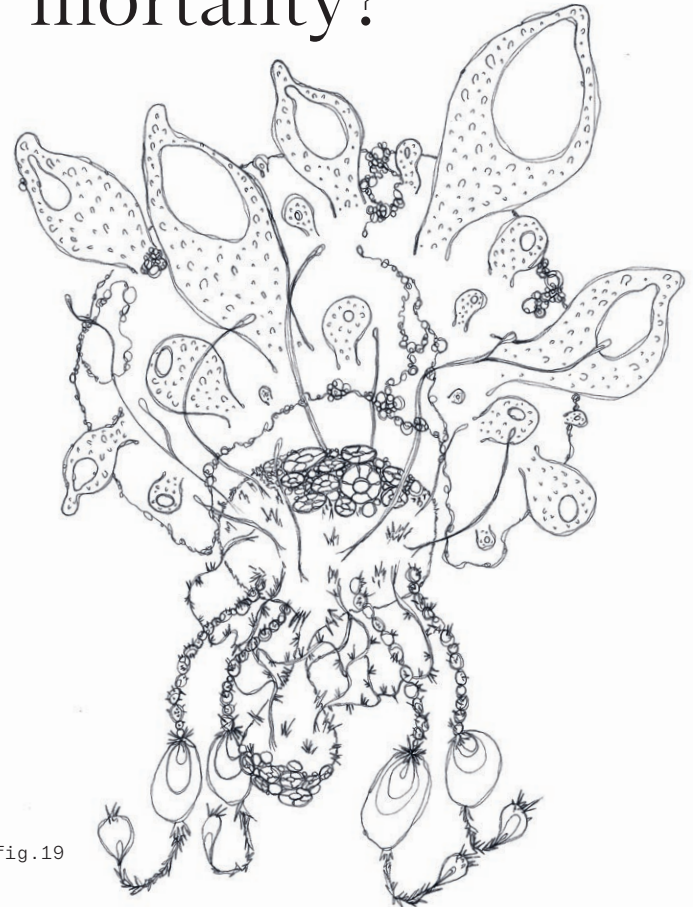


fig.19

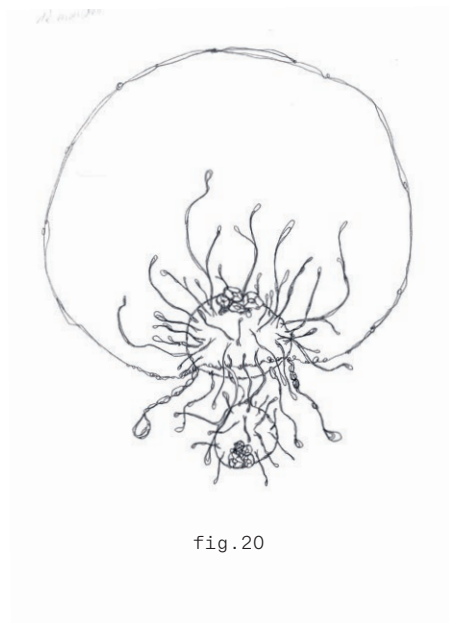
This classification of the contemporary time, noticeably altered by humans, as Anthropocene expresses some type of human strength which is questionable to me: the power of humankind and its wheeling and dealing with the world. Within a few years, we managed to obtain change. You can see a difference in the environment. Sadly, it is not a positive change. Somewhere along this destructive path, we must have forgotten or ego-maniacally denied that humankind is equally part of the world it has been light-handedly using and abusing. We are far more dependent on the ecosystem than it is on us. Yet tricking and deceiving our ecosystem now confronts us both with the fragility of the duped and, in the same breath, with the fragility and mortality of our 1 species.

This aspect of fragility and mortality is something that fascinates me. It is essential to exist as being lively and robust, yet it often comes along with a certain darkness and negativity. Of course, that depends on the culture one is surrounded by, but growing up, the notion of mortality was always filled with sadness and darkness, tainted with fear. Equally so was the concept of fragility, something negative. I was seen as a fragile child, someone you needed to be especially careful with. Indeed, in many

ways, it seems as if the society we are in now sees mortality instead as an annoying obstacle that should not take up any space in this world. This society appears to neglect the beauty found in soft, sensitive fragility, as well as the critical lessons that it can teach us. Perhaps leaving a bigger space for the awareness and celebration of fragility could introduce a certain softness and understanding of the beauty and preciousness of being, as we seem to neglect the necessity of mortality in our Athanasia-driven world.

The preciousness that lies in fragility is something that the adorning entities and I have been carefully crafting through the chosen layered materials. A noticeable part of their little bodies is crafted from glass. Not any type of glass, to be precise. One of the strongest and most heat resistant of its kind named borosilicate glass. In medical and scientific devices, this material is what their shiny translucent little legs and bulbous body parts are formed from. Yet even with this durable glass, the material itself still makes them mortal. The glass offers them a certain fragility and mortality that translates into how we view them and inter-relate with them. They are to be touched, explored, and placed on the body with particular care and softness as

their transparent, glossy, glassy limbs and torsos invite us to observe and caress. Yet always with the lingering mortality-associated mannerism of conscious and delicately aware examination and exploration of the entities. The fear of losing something or breaking someone changes our perception of the world and our behavior towards it. This feeling might not be an enjoyable sensation. Yet, it offers the foundation or root for all the pleasant sensations and feelings sprouting and blossoming above the surface to the adorning entities and me.





# How do I protect and preserve an adorning entity's physical form?

I see myself as a gardener of these growing and flourishing (plant) emotions. Much like the brown Quasimodo slug from the beginning of the chapter, I feel the need to protect them to some measure. This notion of protection started with the silky soft blankets the abandoned matter was automatically placed on. The safety blankets began from that point and grew into silk sheets dyed with silk paint in creature correlating colors. I see these pieces of fabric as their safe space, their habitat: a little bubble they can rest in or a blanket they can wrap around themselves to feel protected. In the same way, these textiles are nurtured to protect the adorning entities. They grow into silky soft fluffy pillows and pedestals for the creatures.

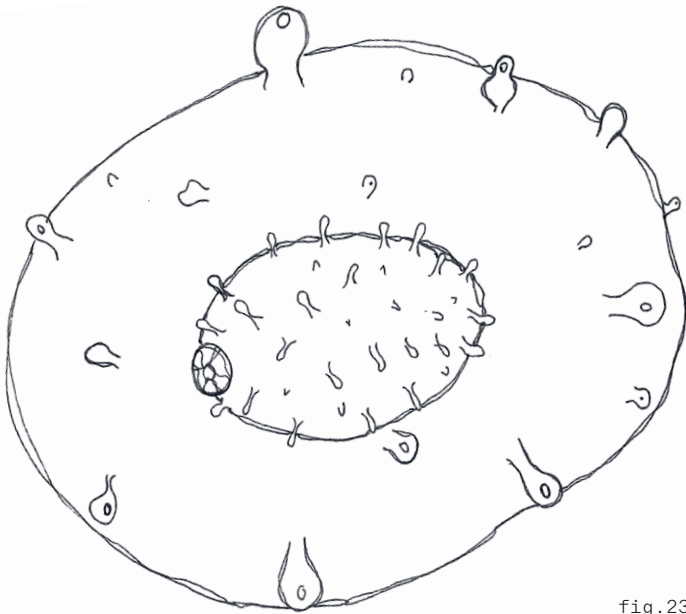


fig. 23

n hindsight, this process of finding tiny pillow islands of safety resembled the story of the insect sanctuaries turned into confinements, only with a happier ending. We stumbled upon many restrictive or unfitting options, searching for a safe space for the adorning entities. There were tiny origami boxes folded and constructed, vintage jewelry bags and boxes researched, and vaults investigated, only to reach the same conclusions as I did many years ago as a child. These bowls and boxes would only turn into traps, hiding and confining the creatures, drawing attention away from the essence of the adorning entities. Through this search, I have understood that what they get from me is a soft, sometimes squishy safety blanket. This is much like the textile foundlings are bundled up in when found on someone else's steps or given for adoption - although certainly with the substantial difference that I would never abandon an adorning entity. Entangled in these carefully-made blankets, the "adorning entities" get placed in a temporary terrarium crafted from see-through glass. This space, resembling a soap bubble, is necessary for them to travel safe and sound.

Looking back at the beginning tale of the snail that could not protect himself from the mightier tiny human, this reflects how children are taught to interact with and treat nature. A particular element of empathy and kindness is missing in education, from miniature to full-grown humans. This and a variety of other factors brought us to the point of the Anthropocene. Of course, I can easily make this comment sitting comfortably surrounded by all the benefits this way of relating to the environment has brought the western world. At the same time, these comforts also offer me the resources, opportunity, and luxury of critically reflecting on what has been so far and what is to come. Can we, as humans, become aware of the delicate, elegant structure of the environment we have been born into? Can Animism help us to shift our perspective? While researching such an elusive topic as the future, I learned about the era some anthropologists believe will come next.

The Symbiocene is a word or, better put, a name not yet recognized by the grammar program of Microsoft Word, yet it is just as catchy as Anthropocene if you ask me, though it has a far better meaning. The Australian philosopher Glenn Albrecht forged the term from the Greek word symbiosis, meaning "living together" or "a cooperative relationship". It can alternatively be described with the phrase "Mutualism" if one trusts the Merriam-Webster dictionary. Oddly this fits very well with the animistic views entrenched in my heart, and makes me hopeful for a future in which the majority of people can be a gardener and protector of beings: a future in which we live in symbiosis with the environment. Maybe Animism is a way to reach this state of symbiosis and sustain it.

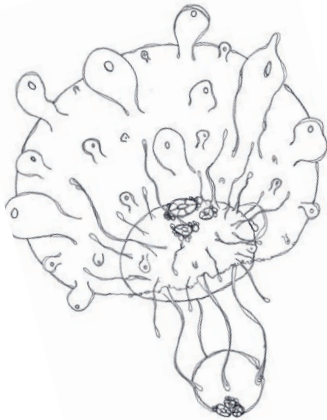


fig.24



fig.25

# Clay sanctuary

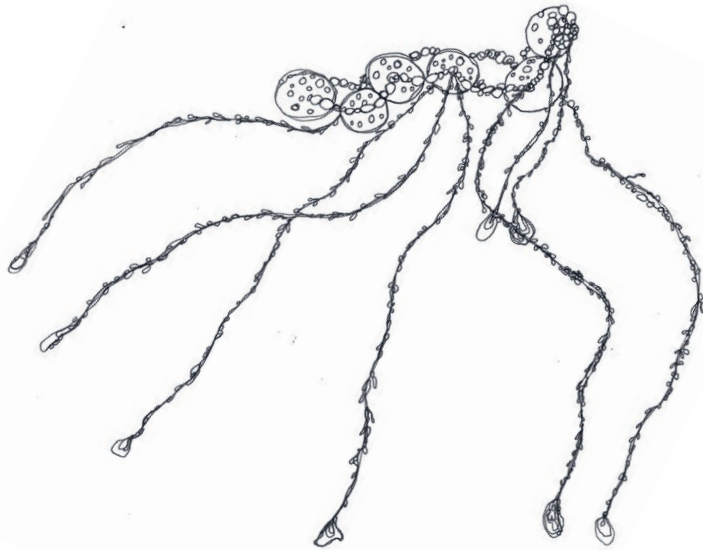


fig.26

Whenever I visit my parents' home nowadays, I most often take a trip down to the less frequented area of the house. Downstairs is a quiet room hidden between thick green leaves, placed on the dark brown earth. A tiny, colorful clay house sits at the foot of a mighty deep-rooted pot plant.

Surrounded by a green garden, there is a wooden fence, a densely reed-covered sea, and a tiny brown bench. The house has a vibrant red, organic yet somewhat triangular-shaped roof with a small brown chimney. The clay walls holding up the ceiling used to be in a bright sunflower yellow that faded with time, as clay apparently does not age well. The front pond-facing side has a small wooden door with a black handle. One somewhat round window can be spotted on the port's left side. Positioned beneath that is the small bench towering over the blue clay puddle that mini-me carefully garnished with green rolled clay reeds. It was surrounded by a slowly decaying wooden fence. At first glance, a pretty neat relaxing vacation getaway.

The idyllic appeal of this miniature clay sea-side residency is as picturesque as it is elusive as it was built on a tragedy. It was formed as a hallmark of a terrible accident, a monument against forgetting, against losing a sad memory. Murder was the reason for creating the tiny home. Eight-year-old mid-size Maureen had taken an innocent life. Indeed, by accident, not with the intent to kill, yet out of annoyance, it had happened.

She was listening to her favorite crime audiobook, eating a well-deserved butter cookie, when suddenly, a tiny fruit fly appeared. Tragically the little fruit fly developed a fond interest in the girl's butter cookie, circling around the buttery backed treat time and time again. Even the most energetic wafting and waving did not stop the tiny insect. Within milliseconds the girl squished the abruptly direction-changing fruit fly with an energetic wave of the right hand. The fruit fly was killed due to an overwhelming desire for the butter cookie from both sides. After the death happened and the corpse had been examined, mini-me was shocked. The cookie and the audiobook were forgotten. Someone had died out of my selfish carelessness. Not a very pleasant feeling. To avoid forgetting the terrible accident and the tiny cookie-loving fruit fly, 8-year-old me decided to bury the insect in a dry and dead-looking plant and build a small home for her friend above it. That serves as a sanctuary for the dead fly and a memorial of the tragedy.

# How to protect and preserve an adorning entity's spirit?

As mentioned in chapter one, I believe in independent introvert values for every object that give the adorning entities their character, tales, and properties - in short, their spirit. These introvert values are a somewhat elusive matter. Of course, I begin collecting and compiling the hints and bits and pieces of them during the creation process. They come most often in the shape of drawings or pieces of text I write and find. However, to me, this is not enough to document the adorning entity's introvert values, their spirits. I began writing down their stories out of fear of forgetting any of these wondrous beings' characters. This started with me writing down the tales, properties, and what makes the already existing entities who they are.

This took a moment as quite some creatures had been compiled, but once this typing task was complete, the formulating and archiving of the adorning entities turned into a ritual, a vital part of the process, because at this particular point in time, the creature and I both agree that they are grown to independence. I compile my drawings, readings, and writings and reflect in order to carefully name the being and write his story, his introvert values down.

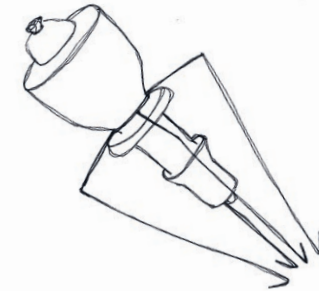


fig.27

Observing this string of actions from the outside, they are best described as a private intimate first birthday celebration between the adorning entity and me. Of course, I do not bake the little friends a birthday cake and glue together a tiny crown for them. Nevertheless, reflecting on this now, this procedure is best described as a celebration of birth in which I compile

and archive the creature's process, almost like a proud parent makes a rather unpleasant-to-watch birthday video of their child.

After elaborating on what the creature and I do together, even though it pains me to write it, there is a point in every adorning entity's existence where we both need to let go. Do I want to let go? Certainly not. Do I understand the necessity of letting them go for our own sake? Yes.

If I kept them on a blanket somewhere in the shadows of my home, I would deprive them, rob them of curiously getting carried out into the uncertain world. I would bereave them of inter-relations, of others interrelating with them. I would become a hovering, helicoptering, controlling creator, hoarding the creatures until I could not take proper care of them as I would have so many that I could attend to none of them properly, not unlike those people you see late at night on some sensation-mongering TV show that collect and neglect innocent beings of all kinds in their foul homes.

Sometimes I wonder what these others would tell us humans if they could speak - advocate for themselves, voice their opinions - and how they want to be treated. Somehow those lurid piles of

uncared-for beings randomly piled on some abused pee or puke-stained mattresses or, even worse, a sad slatted bedframe always seemed most horrifying to me. The being became an impermeable, most often muddy mountain on top of something that should be a place of peaceful sleep and sanctuary. But at the same time, those human figures living in homes with bedframe mounts who, like unhappy tiny worms, wind and wriggle through their gulches of stuff (a derogatory term for mistreated matter in my eyes) are victims themselves. Maybe they did create that monstrous muddy mountain by neglecting the beings around them, but they are most often outcasts of our times, as the objects in their home are. We must not disregard that most often, these people have mental and general health issues leading to this excessive, uncontrollable collecting behavior. Yet the protagonists in these horror documentaries reminded me of people that got possessed by their so-called possessions, as if the mistreated turned bad and stood up for themselves, turning the human into a shadow figure reliant on the objects around it: a horror film turned into trashy reality tv documentary.

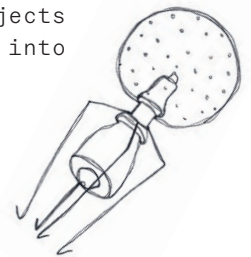
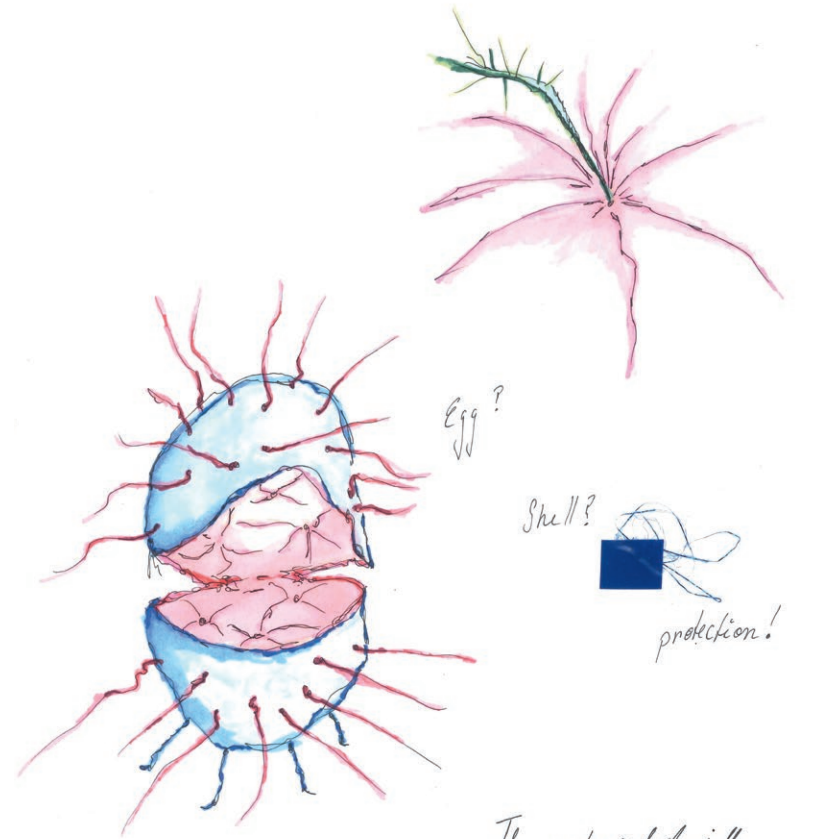


fig.28

At the same time, I cannot deny that I see parts of my own behavior in matter-obsessed humans like this. I can relate to the materialistic desire to have things like most other people. A mess is an exaggerated and layered example of mistreating matter, yet the culture I grew up in seems to have a general issue with wanting to have things, possess beings. We define ourselves through what we call our own, equal to the soul that culturally we claim to possess. Historically, our greed and need for consuming, having, and owning have led us to commit monstrous and unethical actions. Slavery is one of many appalling and dreadful actions that can be connoted with this addiction. We discard the environment, others, and humans in our hungry predatory pursuit of possessing, obtaining, and owning.

We return to the exploiting of these unwell poor figures pictured in a sensation-mongering reality tv show. Watching the piles of "stuff" as a mid-sized Maureen, I wondered what these beings piled into miniature mountains would scream at the audience watching them. What would happen if people listened to them and decided to give them something equivalent to human rights? Would they start resisting, marching on the streets?



*The entangled jelly,  
had an accident!  
He broke 2 of his tentacles  
Therefore he needs protection  
a sanctuary.*

fig.29



*A lying dump  
of  
matter.*



*fur reel  
from  
an old  
lighter.*

*laced with chain  
his skeleton.*

fig.30

The union of coffee machines would organize a walkout in the morning at 6:00 sharp. Protest rallies and art performances would be held by the matter around. Maybe a reversed messy documentary would be produced where humans lay in piles everywhere in a tiny yellow-colored espresso mug's home, where he would be winding and wriggling through his gulches of humans.

The idea of the "tiny yellow-colored messy espresso mug" that does not have his "human matter" consumption under control may be obscure and peculiar. However, two years ago, I learned about a more serious, already existing approach to this animistic notion called "The parliament of things". I saw this concept first exhibited at the Dutch design week and was later educated on it during a lecture in the second year of my bachelor's study. On the "The parliament of things" website, in the about section, they describe the project with the following words:

"What if we welcome all things, plants, and animals to our parliament? The Parliament of Things is a speculative research into the emancipation of animals, plants and things. "

The project is based on the writings of the French philosopher Bruno Latour, and his work published in 1991 "We Have Never Been Modern" which explains the concept of "the parliament of things" for the first time. Exploring their website and immersing myself in their statements, I had an eye-opening experience. It was as if someone had given a skeleton of words to the amorphous fleshy blob of thought I had been sensing in my mind. I fell into Alice in wonderland-like internet reading rabbit holes starting from their website, opening tab after tab guided by author names, neologisms, book and essay titles, and unfamiliar word combinations. As wondrous as the world wide web can be, my attention and digital adventurousness were rewarded with free books. It seems genuinely like an understated wonder of our time that we have free access to endless piles of expert writing and knowledge only to be paid with a sharp time-enduring eye and a critical mind.

The piece of knowledge that stuck with me the most was this notion of dualism that I had found explained both in Bruno Latour's works and also in a (free!) pdf version of the book "Animism, Volume 1", edited by Anselm Franke, with the contribution of many significant artists, writers, and general voices regarding the notion of Animism.

The idea of a separation of subject and object is something ingrained in our "modern" culture, something we, as a western society, use to define and set ourselves apart. Historically this dualism has been used and abused to isolate and evaluate the notion of Animism and the humans practicing it. This is a bit of a detour into the gruesome capitalistic history of our understanding of Animism. This is not something I personally sought out to write about, but I believe it is essential to understand why we "modern" cultures view the animistic worldview as primal and wrong in its nature. As I could not describe it better than it has been explained to me, I would like to quote from the "Animism, Volume 1" book:

“Animism is a term coined by nineteenth-century social scientists, particularly the anthropologist Edward Tylor, who aimed to articulate a theory on the origins of religion, and found it in what was to him the primordial mistake of primitive people who attributed life and person-like qualities to objects in their environment. Tylor’s theory was built on the widespread assumption of the time that primitive people were incapable of assessing the real value and properties of material objects. Animism was explained by its incapacity to distinguish between object and subject, reality and fiction, the inside and outside, which led to the projection of human qualities onto objects. The concept was inscribed into an evolutionary scheme from the primitive to the civilized, in which a few civilizations had evolved, while the rest of the world’s people, described by Tylor as “tribes very low in the scale of humanity,” had remained animist, thus effectively constituting “relics” of an archaic past. This evolutionary scheme would soon be taken up by psychology in its own terms, asserting that every human passes through an animist stage in childhood, which is characterized by the projection of its own interior world onto the outside. “

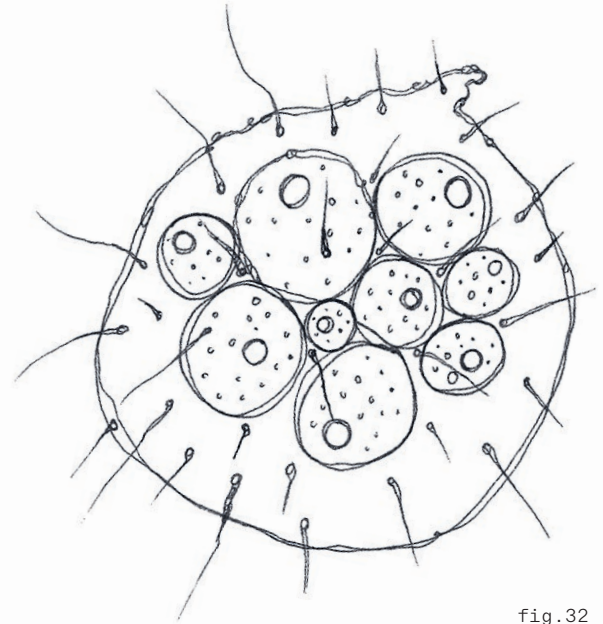


fig.32

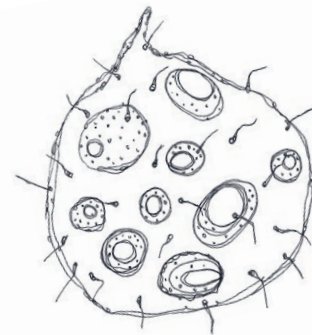


fig.31

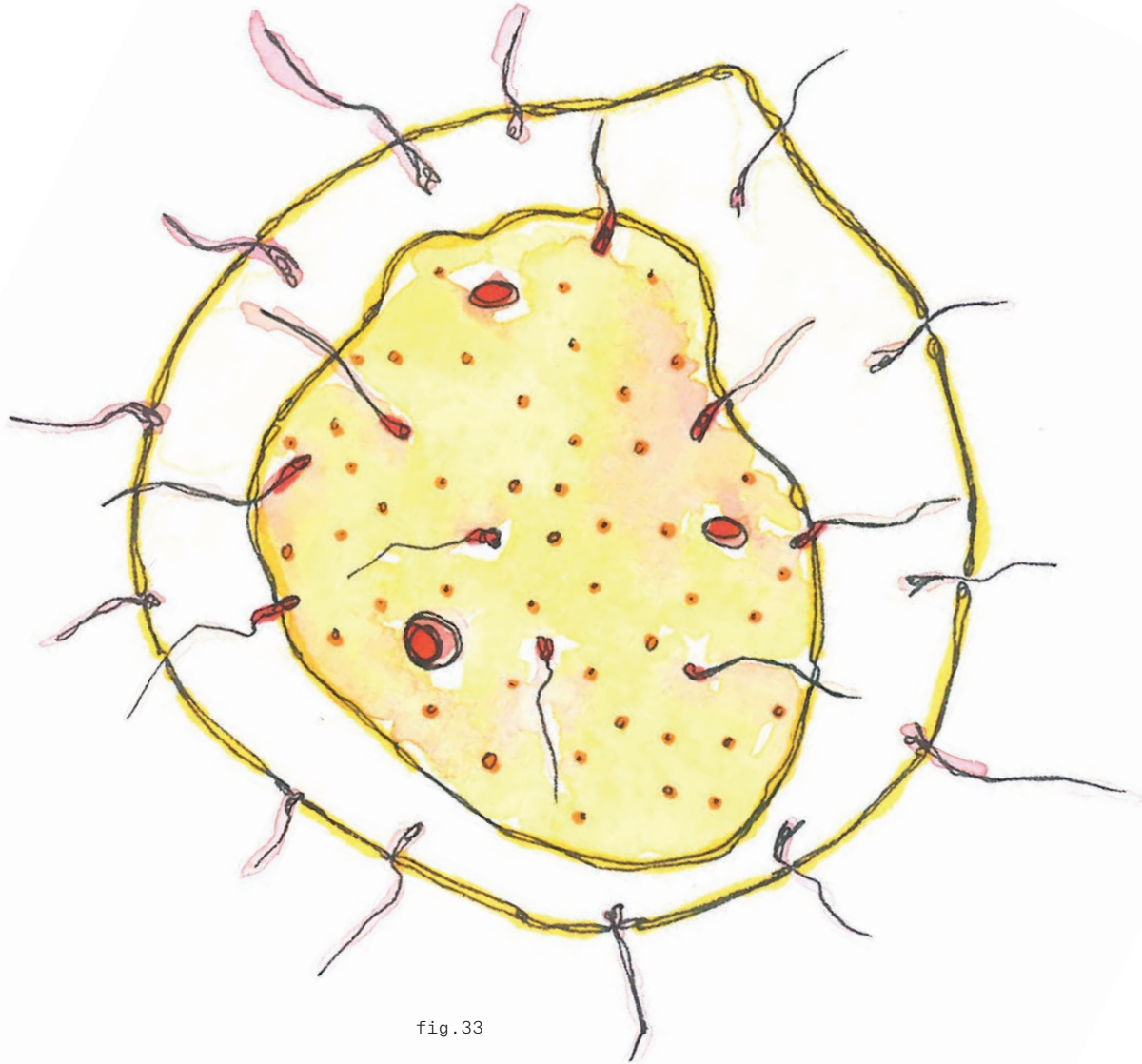


fig.33

The not-quite beloved anthropologist Sir Edward Burnett Tylor is also someone we have become familiar with in the introductory chapter. Reading this was another one of these eye-opening moments for me. I had researched the stage described in this quote as the “animist stage in childhood” that holds the term “Anthropomorphism” to understand why I intrinsically view the world the way I do and, frankly, what is wrong with me for doing so: to see if there might possibly be some “screw loose” in my mind, as people like to say, as if the brain was a little human maid machine that could be fixed with the right tiny toolset. A horrendous “lobotomy” attempt of this wrong manner of understanding and updating the mind can be observed throughout Western history.

I am elaborating on this as I noticed that some people seem to have difficulties understanding or connecting with the notion of Animism. They appear to be very comfortably settled in their view of the “modern” world. In some moments, I am plainly scared for the adorning entities, afraid that they will be misunderstood and wrongly valued by the western measures elaborated upon in the quote above. I worry that they will become little outcasts, frowned upon by those who see them as unrealistic and “Anthropomorphic” piles of “stuff”. This triggers the instinct to find other humans who view them like I do. To put it shortly, fellow caretakers are people who understand them and their intrinsic values.

During the creation process, I have been lucky to come in contact with mentors, friends, and supporters whom I would trust without a doubt. People to whom I would give the title of caretaker within the blink of an eye. This knowledge and experience helps me feel confident that there is a place in this modern world for my beings. Other humans are willing to see the adorning entities for who they are and are eager to care.

# Paper dreams

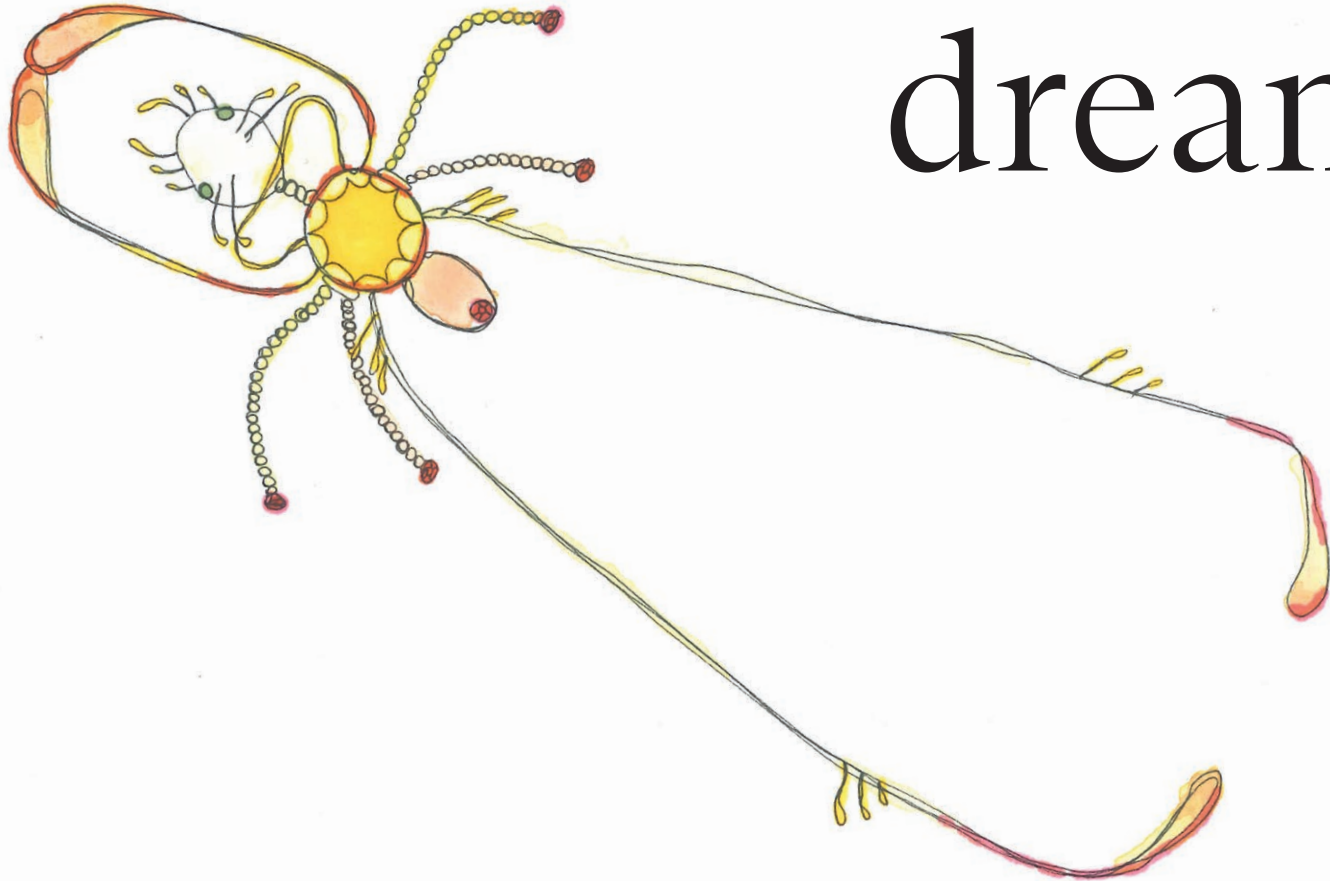


fig.34

The yellow Pikachu stuffed animal was comfortably lounging in his tiny living room, holding a tiny book in his left paw. The book was composed of a folded piece of paper with the title "the word diary" scribbled on its cover in 5-year-old Maureen's childish handwriting. The giant, fluffy yellow Pikachu seemed to be entirely immersed in the book, relishing every word. Was it his own diary or someone else's confessions he was indulging in? The living room walls, formed and folded from A4 papers, were covered in various colored pencil-drawn family portraits. The little red outlined couch folded from paper, similar to everything in the stuffed animal's home, was straining dangerously under the yellow creature's body weight.

My 8-year-old brother was kneeling to my left, carefully cutting, folding, and coloring in a tiny makeup compact powder for the leisurely laying Pikachu. So he could touch up his round red cheeks, my brother explained to me. In the meantime, I was drawing a small pink brick-shaped mobile phone, so the fluffy yellow friend could call his twin brother: an identical Pikachu that was also under the care of my brother and me. Maybe to gossip about the findings of the diary he was ever so observantly reading?

How do I  
detect a fellow  
caretaker?

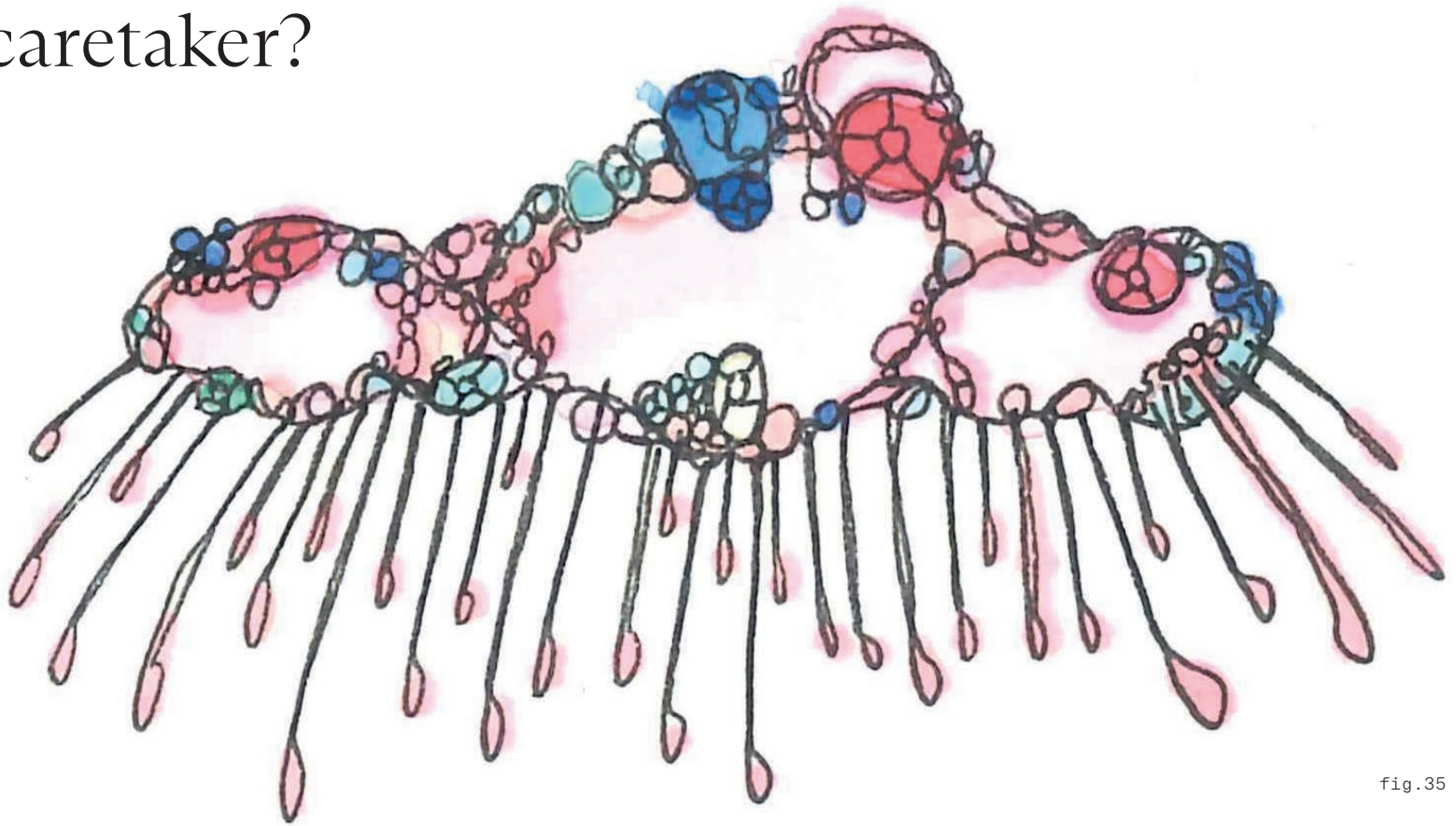


fig.35



As kids, my brother and I would spend hours and hours building miniature paper homes and accessories for friends I had found on the street and our stuffed animals. Nowadays, we do not partake in this activity anymore, yet he was the first person to show me that there are people as imaginative, peculiar, and caring for the things around as I can be. I would argue that he is an even softer spirit than me in some instances. Of course, he has grown as I have and chosen a different path than I did. He decided to pursue social studies with a master's and Ph.D. in politics. At first glance, two entirely different directions, yet nevertheless, I would title him a kindred being, a caretaker without a doubt.

As I touched upon in the chapter about the pillow baby blanket, giving a creature away resembles giving away my own baby, your own flesh and blood. This might sound a bit dramatic, but we ( the adorning entities and I) have grown together through an intense process of creation, and like a very over-eager parent, I only want the best for my being.

After careful thought, discussion and evaluation, I have concluded that like a child who gets adopted by its loving parents-to-be, an adorning entity equally can be adopted by a caretaker. The adoption process is not as bureaucratic as a human adoption is, and it is a playful, fluid process of becoming familiar with each other, as not every creature has the exact same requirements. Some crave a significant amount of attention, while others prefer to be left alone most of the time. Some love the sun, others prefer the dark, some are curious and easy to touch, and others are grumpy and delicate to access. Nevertheless, at least a baseline of structure is essential, I suppose. The adoption process can be roughly explained in the following way:

# Get to know:



In advance, we advise the potential caretaker to read the creature archive to understand the creature's introvert values.

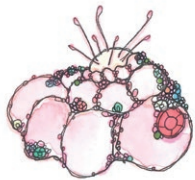


fig.37



Upon first meeting, the human is free to observe the creatures and vice versa. Who sparks interest? How do they inter-relate to each other? This is an intuition-based process like the process of creature creation. It may be best described as a play date intended to spot who is interested in whom. A conversation takes place between the caretaker-to-be and me. Questions are asked on both sides. Is it just an impulse wanting to possess a sparkly creature, or am I interested in taking in a being? And do I feel compatible with the adorning entity? With the last question, it is also essential to understand that it is equally important that the creature can support the caretaker's needs and character. Once consent is found in a goodbye ceremony, the creature will be set with its silky soft safety blanket under a securing glass travel terrarium, placed in a breathable journey container and taken home by the new caretaker. If the newly-made parent agrees pictures are exchanged and updates on the "adorning entities" are more than welcome.

If the adorning entity gets injured, they can always visit me for medical repair. The visit ends with the new caretaker and the adorning entity going home. Lastly, the caretaker is free to donate a self-decided amount of money as an adoption fee and vow of protection.

# Baby Vulcano



fig. 39

The newborn was scrunching its round, chubby face in discontent. Towering over the right corner of its stroller, casting a shadow on its soft squishy face, was an orange-haired girl. She was excitedly staring into the baby's innocent googly eyes, drawing faces and eagerly anticipating a reaction. Suddenly, on the left side of the stroller, another girl with long light-yellow hair appeared, excessively and enthusiastically poking out her tongue while making loud squeaking noises. The girl on the left began frantically giggling, poking the newborn's tiny chubby right hand. A soft sprinkle of giggle-fueled saliva rained down on the bald baby's head.

The tiny human scrunched its plump face intensely, its chubby cheeks flushed by a red hue. The little fingers clenched into fists. The girls intensified their mannerisms. The baby's round toothless mouth opened, resembling an adorable squishy miniature volcano, releasing a loud complaining cry. Big chunky tears rolled down the soft red cheeks. The girls jumped back in surprise.

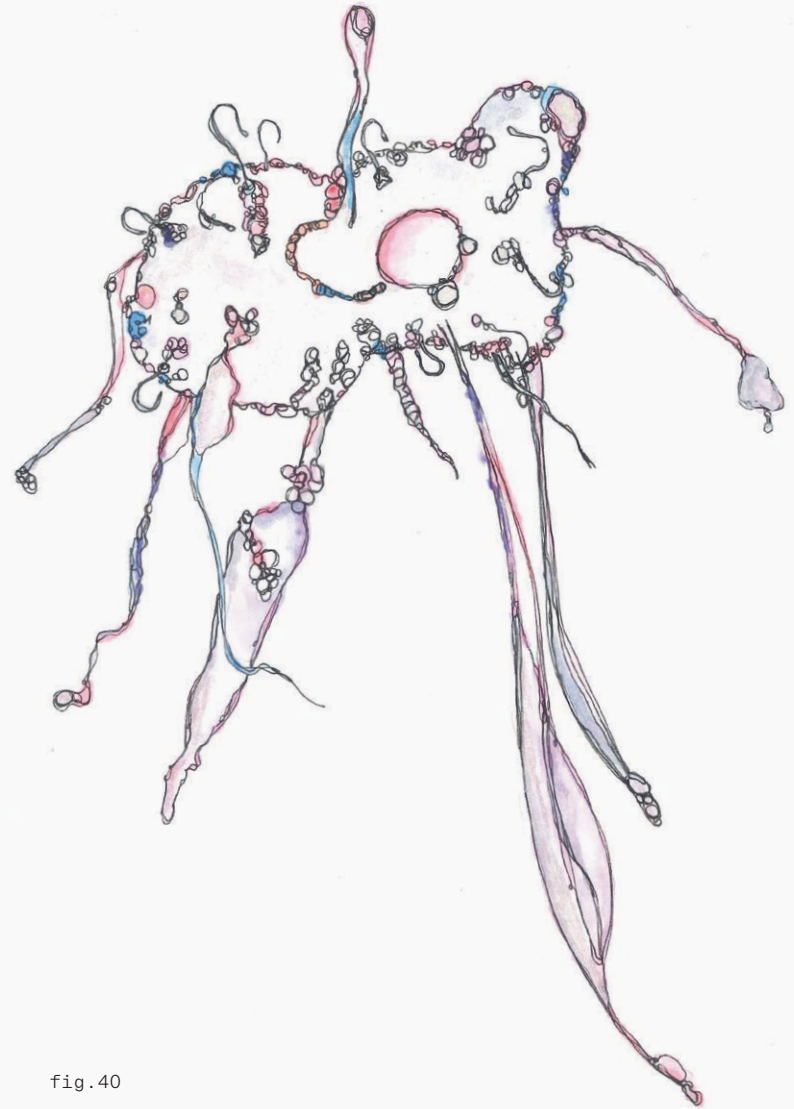


fig.40

Growing up, I had two girlfriends who would swoon and sway over tiny humans. They would poke their heads into every stroller in reach, making googly eyes at babies, harassing mothers and their newborns left and right. Both were certain they wanted to be mothers, ideally already. I still vividly remember one especially shocking conversation. The older and taller one proclaimed that she wanted to have a baby because they looked so cute standing in front of an innocent tiny human's stroller like a scary giant. As a child, I would always sense this behavior as peculiar as we were only a little bigger than tiny humans ourselves. We were certainly not yet capable of taking care of such a complex infant being.

It is peculiar and a bit ironic to contemplate that I have grown a horde of child-like beings for myself even though I am, until now, startled by the idea of the responsibility that a baby brings along. Yet as most parents would say, I love them dearly and would never want to miss them.

Reflecting on the experienced\ thus far of the growing process that will hopefully keep on flourishing, I cannot pinpoint when the adorning microorganisms turned into more complex beings. They keep on learning, evolving into grander, more complex, diverse beings, and I do with them. Connecting back to the first

chapter, this is a creative process built on reciprocity. Similar to a circle, by the growing and evolving, I grow and evolve equally from which they then prosper and benefit and grow and evolve further.

This circular and collaborative process is always guided and influenced by the environment we are in and the materials, tools, and techniques that are ethical and available to us.

The last weeks and months have reawakened my mini-me in more than one way. This growth has taught and is still teaching me to treat myself and the environment around me softly. At the beginning of this process, I was aspiring to be a maker of contemporary jewelry: that field of art which allows putting so many layers of meaning into such small objects. Reflecting on that now, I would still, without a doubt, place myself in the field of contemporary jewelry but I would rather name myself a creator of adornments. Surely, this is something that will grow and evolve throughout the upcoming years, but for the moment, it is a fitting title as it describes what I do but also leaves space to explore and play, grow and evolve.

The adorning entities stand for far more than their little glossy bodies can hold.

They embody a shift in the way to view matter, the environment, and the process of creation. If we start treating everything, including ourselves, with an animistic approach with care and kindness, this could help us overcome the various crises we face, environmental and mental health being only two of the most urgent ones. They symbolize a shift in priorities, from the primacy of possessing being superior and ruling the world to focusing on caring, connecting, and accepting others as different yet equal.

I am aware that this is an idealistic method of thinking, and I am not naive enough to believe everyone agrees and understands this approach. However, conversing about and putting this thought out there is something that seems necessary and essential for me in times of uncertainty and issue.

Throughout this text I have been quite harsh towards the modern society I grew up in, critiquing some of the things I deem as problematic. I am aware of the privilege of having grown up in a society that aspires to be tolerant, where I can speak my mind freely while other parts of the world prohibit and punish open expression. Equally, I understand that others might not be able to relate to my animistic worldview for various reasons. Yet as a society that takes pride in being tolerant, the animistic worldview should

be, at last, if not understood, tolerated.

I believe it would be foolish as a creator to ignore the issues of the Anthropocene we are facing. It will be looked back on as one of those historical instances where humans, simply due to the comfort of the known, ignore the problems at hand until they become unbearable and much worse than needed. In Shoko Yoneyamas's paper on Animism in the Anthropocene, the following is stated:

“The need for a reconsideration of human-nature relationships has been widely recognized in the Anthropocene. It is difficult to rethink, however, because there is a crisis of imagination that is deeply entrenched within the fundamental premises of modernity. “

The term "crisis of imagination" is something that has stuck with me. During the past months of creation, I have come across many positive, caring reactions to the adorning entities, but also a few dismissive responses, as if I was a scatter-brained oddball - which I proudly am, to some extent. But the underlying disregard for a perspective different from the so-called "modern" worldview is what stuck to me like a piece of nagging

thought-gum under a favorite pair of shoes. At times it made me question the validity of this artistic endeavor and, evidently, my worldview, memories, and intuition.

Yet as every idealistic, overly eager young person not quite tainted by the bitterness of life, I came to the consensus of venturing on, communicating about the topic of Animism through the adorning entity's ongoing creation and evolution. Once revealed, it hardly can be hidden again; this is my animistic core; this is who I am and how I see the world.

To conclude these lines of letters piled across pages: I believe that something of an answer can be found regarding my initial question between these strung-up beads of opinion and research. Not a solution in the typically proposed mathematical sense, but rather an answer composed of more questions, conversations, and creations to be asked, had, and made. This is why I would like to leave you, dear reader, with a question.

Where does  
your mini-me  
find soul?



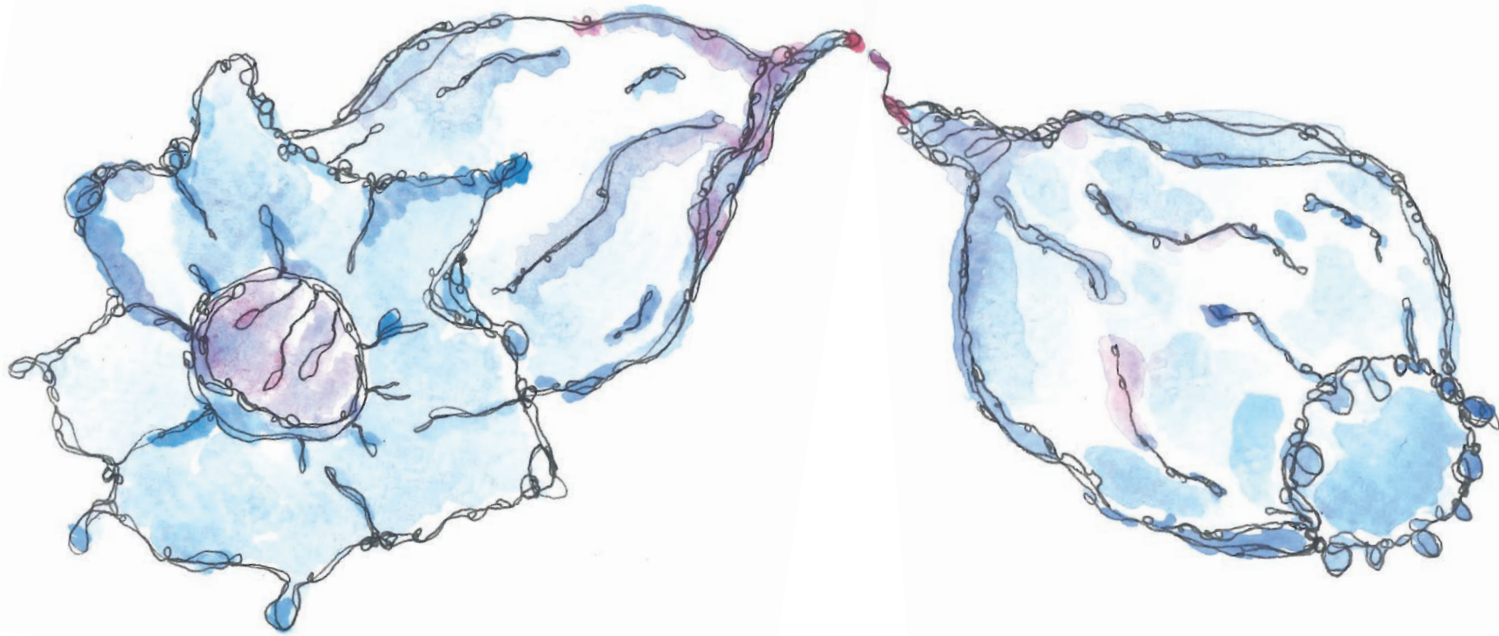


fig.41

# Captions

Fig.1 Ink pen drawing of "A billowy flock of dust" at 15 months of age.	Fig.8 Marker and ink pen drawing of the full grown "softest of bristle worms".	Fig.14 Initial idea sketch of jealous jellies	Fig.21 Ink pen drawing of "The quiet globe of air" at 15 months of age healthy.
Fig.2 Ink pen drawing of "A billowy flock of dust" at 12 months of age.	Fig.9 Handwritten process note capturing a childhood believe.	Fig.15 Process note of thought going along with creation of "The jealous jelly" idea sketch.	Fig.22 Ink pen drawing of "The quiet globe of air" at 18 months of age healthy
Fig.3 Ink pen drawing of "A billowy flock of dust" at 15 months of age.	Fig.10 Initial marker and ink pen sketch of "A predator", narrating the creatures hearts position.	Fig.16 Ink pen drawing of "The jealous jelly" at 6 months of age.	Fig.23 Ink pen drawing of "The quiet globe of air" at 3 months of age once utterly infected with "angule translucante".
Fig.4 Ink pen drawing of "A billowy flock of dust" at 3 months of age.	Fig.11 First written idea outline of the introvert value of "A predator".	Fig.17 Ink pen drawing of "The jealous jelly" at 12 months of age.	Fig.24 Ink pen drawing of "The quiet globe of air" at 9 months of age once utterly infected with "angule translucante".
Fig.5 Ink pen drawing of "A billowy flock of dust" at 6 months of age.	Fig.12 Close up image of the biggest abandoned matter blanked, showing different findings.	Fig.18 Ink pen drawing of "The quiet globe of air" at 21 months of age healthy.	Fig.25 Ink pen drawing of "The quiet globe of air" at 15 months of age once utterly infected with "angule translucante".
Fig.6 Ink pen drawing of "A billowy flock of dust" at 9 months of age.	Fig.13 Aquarela, marker and ink pen drawing of "The jealous jelly" at 9 months of age.	Fig.19 Ink pen drawing of "The quiet globe of air" at 21 months of age once utterly infected with "angule translucante".	Fig.26 Ink pen process sketch of unknow creature that moves in the same family as "The bean size beam of light".
Fig.7 Marker and ink pen drawing of a full grown "compiling caterpillar", compiling matter.		Fig.20 Ink pen drawing of "The quiet globe of air" at 12 months of age healthy.	

# Captions

Fig.27

Ink pen drawing of "The adventure seeker". A not well-known creature that moves in the same family as "The bean size beam of light".

Fig.28

Ink pen drawing of "The adventure seeker," a not well-known creature that moves in the same family as "The bean size beam of light" with a blown-up head.

Fig.29

Initial marker and Ink pen idea sketch of the sanctuary, safety blanked, or habitus for each creature.

Fig.30

An initial marker and Ink idea sketch of "A lying clump of matter," a not yet well-known creature.

Fig.31

Ink pen drawing of "The sunray spider" at three months of age.

Fig.32

Ink pen drawing of "The sunray spider" at six months of age.

Fig.33

Aquarelle, marker, and ink pen drawing of "The sunray spider" at 12 months of age.

Fig.34

Aquarelle, marker, and ink pen drawing of "The sunray spider" at 21 months of age.

Fig.35

Aquarelle, marker and ink pen drawing of "An unhurried caretaker" at 18 months.

Fig.36

Aquarelle, marker and ink pen drawing of "An unhurried caretaker" at 3 months of age.

Fig.37

Ink pen drawing of "An unhurried caretaker" at 12 months of age.

Fig.38

Aquarelle, marker and ink pen drawing of "An unhurried caretaker" at 15months of age.

Fig.39

Initial and singular growth drawing from Aquarelle, marker and ink pen drawing of "The tear eater" at 21 months of age.

Fig.40

Aquarelle, marker and ink pen drawing of a fully grown "A billowy flock of dust" at 21 months of age.

Fig.41

Aquarelle, marker and ink pen drawing of a fully grown bigger "Secret keeper sibling" at 21 months of age.

Fig.42

Ink pen drawing of process from the beginning phase of the creature growth resembling microorganisms, green algae.

Fig.43

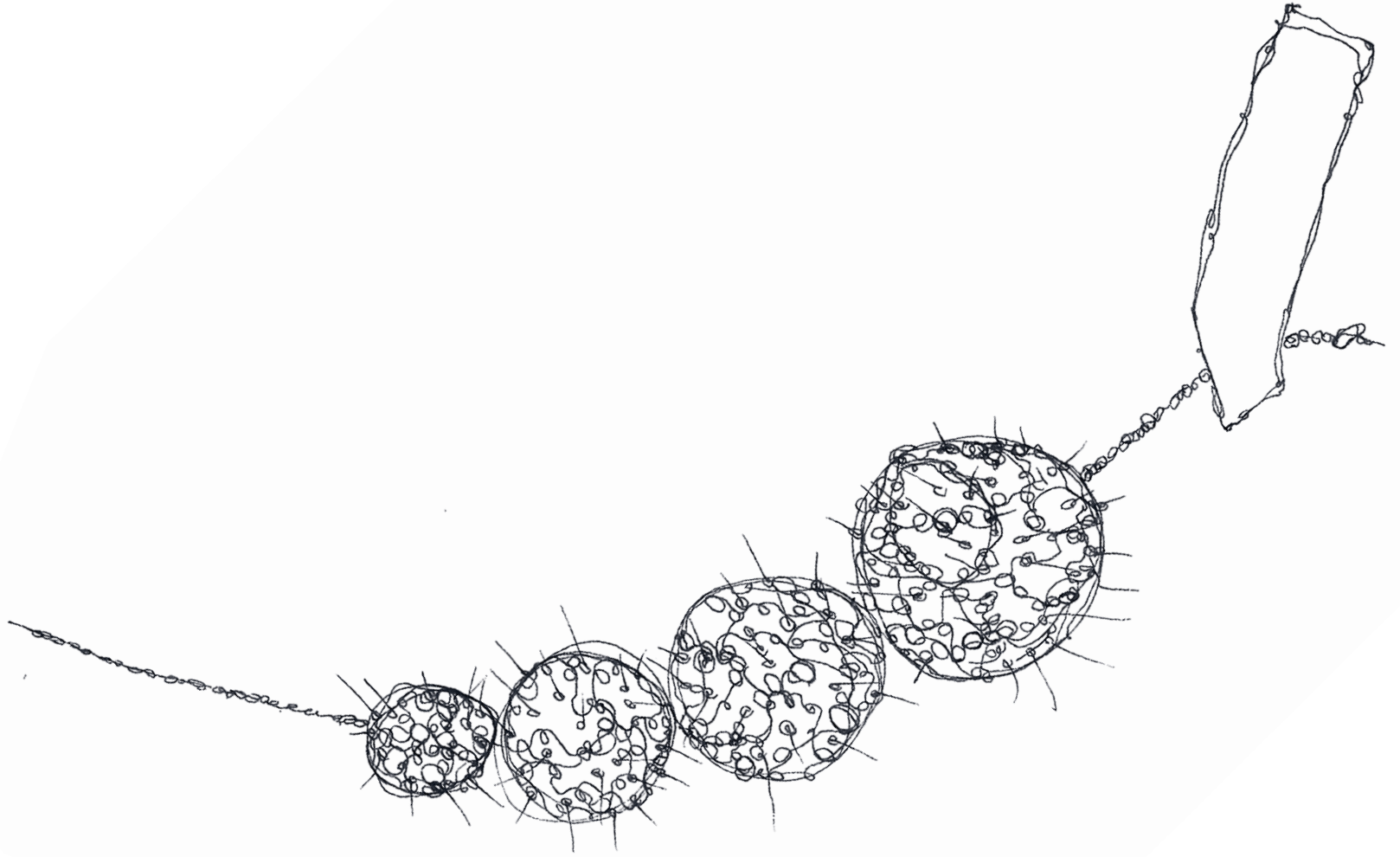
Ink pen drawing of process from the beginning phase of the creature growth resembling spirulina.

Fig.44

Ink pen drawing of process from the beginning phase of the creature growth, showing first shape developments.

Fig.45

Ink pen drawing of process from the beginning phase of the creature growth, inspired by single celled organisms.



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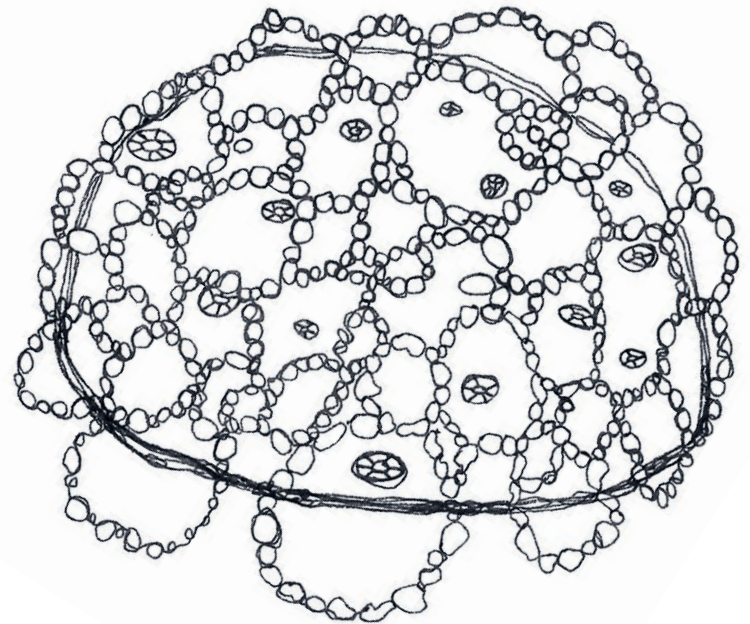


fig.45