



special edition

ReBOUNCE *bulletin*

INFORMATION ABOUT THE DUTCH-CANADIAN CULTURAL EXCHANGE PROJECT ReBOUNCE<Victoria

Friday 2. May 1997

single issue

edition: 1000

TALE OF THE OVERVIEW AND NYET

Murray Polson and Joannes Hoes

We will never know whether or not ReBounce would have happened without the availability of e-mail. As the nickname - snailmail - for the conventional way of corresponding so clearly indicates, the change has to do with speed. "Hi, explain, clarify, propose, conclude, agree or don't, what say?, and cheerio." But there's more to it than that. The evocative description of Murray Polson tells it all: "Looks like you finally have your new machine! I can feel it trembling with power from here; see how your fingertips rush to the new keyboard to feel the power of the digeratae rush from your fingers and BLAM into the back of your head only to leave you smiling behind the rush of digitisation". The sheer sensuality of mailing, the liberating burp of the telephone and yes, my ideas are crossing the planet with the swiftness of lightning. A triumph over matter. Time will never be the same. The Rotterdam sunrise will not fail to chase the Victorian.

Exciting as e-mail may be, it also sharpens the awareness of meeting a person in real time. To meet people face to face, to hear, touch and see their corporeal movements is another dimension. I like your idea's, that's fine, but do you also like mé? This refers to a different kind of electricity, the 'furo poetis', as they would call it in the old days. Inspiration. Art cannot do without it.

So undoubtedly the most important event in the preparations for ReBounce was the visit of Murray Polson and Lynda Gammon in October 1996. Following the archetypical method of gathering, eating and treating our gustatory papillae, talking, gesturing and laughing till midnight. As Murray recently so

unembellishedly summarized: "The Rotterdam artists felt that the best way to bring the artists of Victoria and themselves together was through a series of autonomous and simultaneously occurring collaborations". In his words, the result was: "There have been many e-mail messages, phone calls and letters travelling across a huge ocean and a gigantic continent, explaining this thought and offering that action. There were also long periods of silence as each pondered the intent and meaning of the other and wondered if the link had been made. Very quickly the consequence of their separate working environments became apparent. Many of the original group of Victoria artists moved to different parts of Canada thinning the original group, while Kunst & Complex remained a tightly knit group". This last observation may be somewhat overstated but it is true that we in Rotterdam had the advantage of living next door.

Surely the art of ReBounce would not have happened without inspiration. It would be a mistake to neglect all the additional motives scribbled in the margin of this project. Dutch tribalism, for instance, is a by-product of ethnic awareness in Canada. It has its own appeal on Canadians of Dutch descendancy. Therefore, I would not be surprised to find that there is a grain of truth in the rumour that ReBounce actually has been a set up of Nyet.

Nyet? What or Who is Nyet? Hard to establish. An adolescent fantasy? One woman in two persons? The slow penetration of ancestral witchcraft into the present. We don't know for sure. Nyet spat and roled the dice, so we are told, and the Bounce was on.

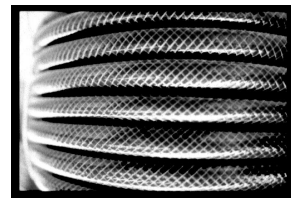
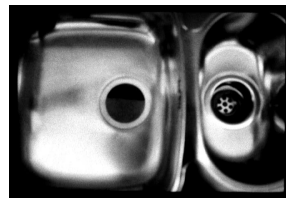
INTERNATION;

The close-down of elsewhere?

Joannes Hoes

With some good luck Mr. Jozef van Rossum will present the first copy of the ReBounce bulletin to Mr. Arno van Roosmalen, ruling curator of the Rotterdam city art collection, on the second of May. We are grateful that Jozef has accepted to do the honours on behalf of ReBounce with his unmatched style. And we are especially pleased to present the bulletin to Arno. He is certainly the right person in the right place. For it was Arno, who opened a collective Kunst & Complex exhibition in 1994, with a passionate plead for a better international orientation of the local artists. Fortunately, quite a few local artists happen to have a remarkable international background. One might even wonder how or when an artist comes to be labeled as local. Nevertheless, the call for an international perspective is not incidental. This does not imply that some questions

related to the issue can do without an answer. What, for example, is meant by "international" or, more specific, "international standard"? Who designs this standard, how can we recognize it and why is it important? Perhaps the advocates of internationalism are actually referring to success abroad when they recommend this general scope to their fellow-citizens? If that is the case one could easily object that local or national success is also quite honourable. Why discriminate? In fact, the only period in history that Dutch art succeeded in developing something of a major contribution to the art of the world, corresponds exactly with the period when the artists fixated on their own tradition. Even in the 20th century the characteristics of outstanding artists, like Mondrian or Dibbets, are unreservedly linked to their Dutchness. This, international contacts reveal, is seldom considered a disadvantage abroad. Maybe the merits of internationalism can only be fully appreciated if a national context is taken for granted.



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Alphons and Nel Witteman

- Image 3 it will be

Intimacy and exhibition may seem hard to reconcile. But Riemke de Jong and Lynda Gammon did not fly from contradiction. Their furnished studio is camping out, in the Salle de Bains artists Initiative. How does the presence of human relations linger in a room? How do we actually experience a certain space?
More on page 4.

- Room 201, hotel New York

The infra-structure for bridging long distances is ready for use. As a consequence the outlook of people is moving towards the centre of attention. The eye of the beholder is speaking up. Where did it all come from. Does it still matter? Should we get used to the idea that all is in a flux, a permanent metamorphosis? Peter Lindhout and Maik Mager, Cheryl Pagurek and Yoko Takashima allow us a glance at their ongoing visual quatrologue. Further reading on page 3.

- Once on an Island not far from here

What do we imagine when we picture an island? Is not everyone secretly thrilled by the expectation to find something of great value there? Precious worlds, rare species, exclusive vegetation, unfamiliar habits or other long forgotten treasures. The island is another identity.

Two female islandartists Marianne Fontein and Cathi Wherry, have chosen the Noorder Eiland gallery of Joe Cillen to unfold their images and communicate their thoughts on this feeling of singularity that a satellite of the mainland brings forward. Page 6.

- Mobile exhibitionroom can pop up everywhere

Somewhere on the slow rotating body of this planet the travel-sleeper of Ellen Dijkstra and Yvette Poorter may, for a brief moment, touch the ground. In the nape of a neck, for example, or some other curve that is known only to the intimate. The

settling down of an exhibition casually becomes part of the art. Recruit Olaf Mooij backs them up. Surrender and let it happen. A glimpse of it on all pages.

- Upstream down-town

The silvershining tower of the World Trade Center, meeting point of networks that reach around the globe. Here, Ludo Hoes and Janet Rogers found a temporary shelter for their vision on the potentiality of the 'imago' of Root and Nature. The Natural analysed as an enchanting daydream of mankind, that mankind is not yet prepared to let go. See page 5 for an introduction.

- We moeten nog een appeltje met je schillen

How appropriate that the public part of the apple-peeling project of Arnold Schalks and Annette Witteman is situated amidst the national orgy of

merchandizing and bargaining in celebration of the Dutch queen's birthday. Layer by layer we are lured in the labyrinth of meanings. While the juice is dripping from our fingers, our efforts are joined to get the dark process going. How art fertilises the world. We advise you to be around when it's happening. Synopsis on page 2.

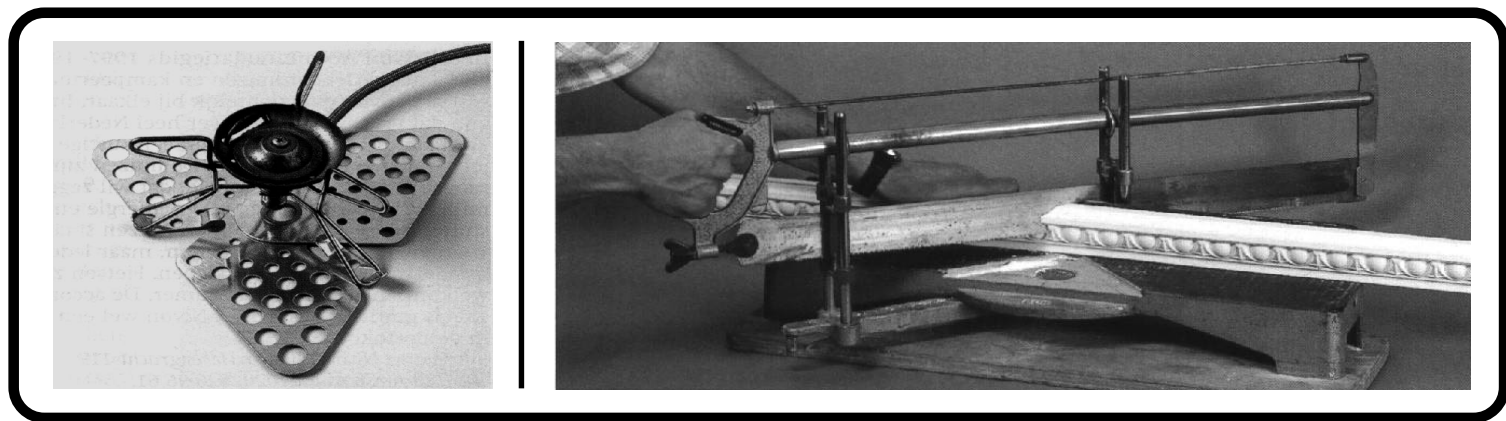
- Townsmen throw out trotline

Available at the office of Salle de Bains artists Initiative is a guide to go through the city. No sightseeing with your family but an odyssey for the individual that takes you to various angles and corners of the city. Go take a walk to develop your reflection. Feed on the experience of the 'urbis' in full scale. Smell its breath, hear it growl, touch its stone back till it hurts, inhale the light, find the pastures, feast your eyes on the mighty aorta, feel the stretch and reach for the soul. Murray Polson and Joannes Hoes went ahead. Their report can be studied at the given address. The full story on page 7.

SPELL CHECK

Hi Victoria - Hi Rotterdam

- Linda Gammon - Remake de Gong
- Yoke Takashima - Maid Merger
- Cheerily Pager - Peter Lindhout
- Annotate Whitman - Arnold Stalks
- Murky Poison - Joins Hoes
- Yvette Porter - Ellen Dijkstra
- Janet Roger - Loud Hoes
- ACTH Wheezy - Marine Fountain



Annette Witteman-Arnold Schalks

“PEELING FOR THE ARTS”

A public service

Sidewalk in front of villa ‘Alckmaer’ Westersingel 83 Rotterdam, April 30: 9-17h. & May 7 up to and including 12: 12 - 17h.

ORCHARD STORIES

Annette Witteman

I was only seven years alive and living in an old Okanagan apple orchard. My priorities were: the big cherry tree, thigh-deep grass, sweet apple blossom snow, and tree-sunripened fruit. My father -my hero- wore a blue jean jacket, the same one I used to pick out of the closet for him on Sunday mornings in Wassenaar. Nothing but this reminds me of my Dutch past. There was a half-ton red Ford pickup truck, a rusted blue tractor, hand painted U-PICK signs, aluminum irrigation pipes and an odd collection of international flags. Baby mice, bull snakes, and wounded

birds recieved my mothering. Every never-ending moment blew by me in a light summers breeze. I was a fairy, I was a gnome, I was a deer, I was a boy, I was a girl, I was a bird, I was me. In winter I would wear red and walk softly, silently on the snow’s icy crust. I followed deer tracks, found pheasant feathers, and climbed the smooth branches of my cherry tree. The spring always came first, pastel painted blossoms and germinating bees. The summer sun ripened first the black bing cherries in my tree, then came the apricots, peaches, and plums. And finally the fall brought colder nights, the perfect worm filled pears and a large assortment of apples.

INTRODUCTION

Arnold Schalks

A. One of the first things that the Canadian visual artist Annette Witteman showed me after her arrival in the Netherlands was a picture of her most recent work. An elongated fixture, driven by an electric motor, larger than a human being. Four tubes of fluorescent light, fixed on the vertical shaft, illuminate the polyester quilt batting fitted around an iron rod frame: A giant half-eaten-apple-shaped lamp shade executing a slow pirouette on a small concrete base. The work is entitled **Core**.



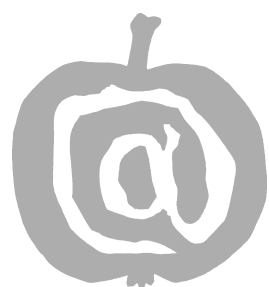
‘Core’, Kelowna Art Gallery, 1997.



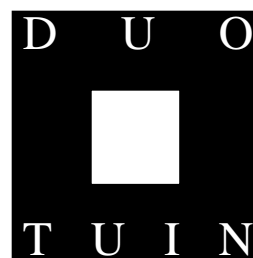
Wouter, Marian and Arnold Schalks gazing at the Eurotower in Rotterdam, 1962.

B. Among the notes I made for my future collaboration with Annette, I found the following sentence: ‘peeling apples in the Space-Cabin.’

(The Space-Cabin is the panoramic-elevator of the Rotterdam Euro-tower, slowly revolving upwards to a height of 185 meters.)



C. The ‘apple’ became a recurring theme in our conversations. A, miraculous, almost straight line led to the work ‘peeling for the arts/ schillen voor de kunst’. We haven’t let the apple fall far from the tree.



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“PEELING FOR THE ART/SCHILLEN VOOR DE KUNST”

CONCEPT

ATTRIBUTES

1. A three tiered wooden stand.
2. The royal portrait of a Golden Renet (the queen’s apple).
3. A large assortment of unpeeled apples, displayed in their original packing.
4. A variety of speed peelers, apple corers, fruitknives or similar utensils for working or peeling apples.
5. A portrait studio-like open-air facility for photographing small objects.
6. A compost bin with a capacity of 200 liters.

LOCATION

The corner of the Museumpark and the Westersingel 83, the sidewalk in front of the ‘villa Alckmaer’. (‘Villa Alckmaer’ is the exhibition space of the Rotterdam Centre for Visual Arts.)

DATE

‘Koninginnedag’ (the Dutch queen’s birthday), Wednesday April 30 1997, from 9-17h. National free market.

PROCEDURE

Passers-by are encouraged to participate in the project by the ‘peeling for the arts’-team Annette Witteman (Victoria) and Arnold Schalks (Rotterdam). The ‘peeling for the arts’-team can be recognized by its multipocketed jackets manufactured exclusively for this project. The pockets contain a variety of cutting- and peeling tools. Passers-by are requested to select one of the displayed apples and take a seat on the stand to peel or work their fruit with a device of choice. The worked apples and their skillfully arranged peels will be portrayed in the special ‘peeling for the arts’-open air studio facility by the professional ‘peeling for the arts’-product photographer Jay Papik (Toronto). When the picture is made, the ‘model’ may be consumed by its peeler. Peels are collected and deposited in the ‘peeling for the arts’-compost bin, installed next to the stand.

PROCESS

When the peeling is finished at 17h, the compost bin will be moved to the backyard of the ‘villa Alckmaer’, visible to the public. It will take some months to finish the process of decomposing. (Compost consultant: compost-master L. de Gast of the Environmental Department ‘Rijnmond’ of the city of Rotterdam)

SHORT & LONG TERM EFFECTS

OPEN-AIR PORTRAIT GALLERY

A selection will be made of the photomaterial, shot on Koninginnedag. The most fotogenic portraits will be printed on a large size. The prints will be mounted on both sides of five weatherproof billboards. The billboards will be on display on the sidewalk in front of the ‘villa Alckmaer’ from Wednesday May 7. up to and including Sunday May 11. 1997 from 12-17h.

BREEDING GROUND

The peels, converted into fertile soil, will be added to the flowerbeds in the backyard of the villa.

Annette Witteman & Arnold Schalks
Rotterdam, March 25. 1997

"FOUR CUBED"

A very short exhibition

Room 201, Hotel New York, Koninginnenhoofd 1, Rotterdam.
May 3: 15 - 24h, May 4: 9 - 11.30h.

Four artists work together on four pieces. Each artist starts a piece and sends it to another artist. He or she works on the piece and sends it on to the next artist. In the end the piece returns to the initiator.

No. 1: Cheryl-Maik-Yoko-Peter-back to Cheryl
No. 2: Yoko-Peter-Cheryl-Maik-back to Yoko
No. 3: Maik-Cheryl-Peter-Yoko-back to Maik
No. 4: Peter-Yoko-Maik-Cheryl-back to Peter

The project is a dialogue in images between artists with a different cultural background. It bridges the distance between two worlds, between different ways of looking at art and between different art forms. The artists decided to each write their own personal contribution to this paper and, surprise being a recurring theme in this project, read the whole story after the paper is printed.

NOTES ON AN EXCHANGE

Peter Lindhout

We started this project hardly knowing each other. We send each other images, unfinished works and ideas and we hope that the other will understand what we mean by them. Some things are picked up very well by the other artist, and some things are misunderstood. This adds to the dynamics of the process, and it keeps us thinking about our contributions and wondering what will happen to them in the process. In the end we will have four pieces that truly belong to the four of us.

At an early stage of our project I suggested to confront travellers in an airplane, while flying over Greenland, with the image of an Eskimo walking in the snow. Just like that, like a commercial in the middle of the movie. A man walking in the snow. Three minutes and he's gone forever. Much to my surprise, the Canadians told me that they couldn't agree with my way of treating

Eskimos as an exotic commodity. I was dumbfounded! I thought that artists had a full measure of opportunism and were more concerned about what they want to achieve with an image than about pleasing all parties. This is obviously not the way our Canadian colleagues look at things and it became clear to me that this was one of those cultural differences that could not be bridged.

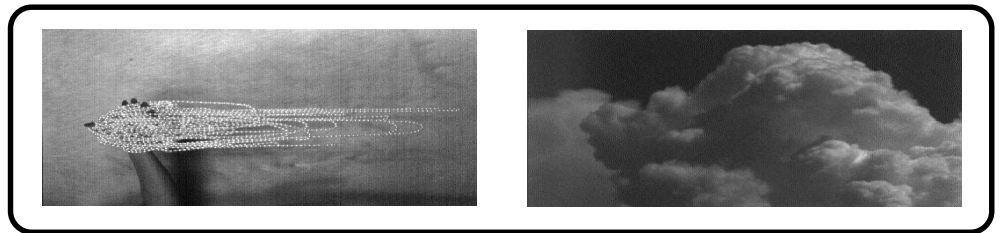
There is a great difference between a piece received and a piece ready to send. When I receive a piece, I haven't a clue what to do with it. Initially there is a true guerrilla going on in my head (including all the honest and dishonest arguments) between obvious and easy solutions on one side, and impossible ideas and daydreams on the other side. When this war is over, and I finally decide to accept the winning party as the best solution, I can sit down and work on the piece. When it's done and ready to send, it became a part of my life, and I'm concerned about its future.

Yoko Takashima

*It has been like a flow of river with different sound; splash, fast, slow, waterfall, eroding the earth, tame and chaos.
Changing the course, narrowing, expanding, blocking with drifted wood, with migrating fish, with the odour of foreign trees, and the river goes one way, one way to the sea.*



FOUR CUBED Piece No. 3



SOME THOUGHTS ON OUR REBOUNCE PROJECT

Cheryl Pagurek

The group of artists I have been working with on the Rebound project elected, after much discussion and negotiation by e-mail and fax, to do several four-way collaborations. We each initiated a project and then mailed it to another artist in the foursome. Each of the four projects will eventually come into contact with each of the four of us, to be altered or added to in whatever way we each see fit. The overall structure we have set up for the project introduces to the work many overriding themes: ideas of travel and displacement; the crossing of borders and boundaries; the coming together of divergent places, personalities, and aesthetics. As I write this, we are in the midst of trans-atlantic mailings back and forth. In addition to the mailing of artworks by regular post, we are also engaging in quick e-mail exchanges, charting the whereabouts of each project, describing first reactions upon receiving a piece, commenting on how we worked on the projects. As I check the mailbox on my front porch, I find myself looking forward with anticipation to the next

arrival of a work-in-progress. As each parcel arrives it is somewhat like receiving a window onto another individual's thought process. The more we confer by e-mail and as the projects begin to circulate amongst us, the more I feel acquainted with each artist's personal touch, a familiarity which I can only assume will grow as the projects continue to travel. At the same time as this burgeoning familiarity, however, there exists the constant sense of confrontation with the unexpected and unknown. I find the challenge of having to find a way to work with whatever comes to me in the mail to be quite stimulating. In my own work of the past few years, no matter what the specific subject matter, there has been a constant and sometimes uneasy forcing together of contrasting images, meanings, and media. One of the aspects that I find so interesting in this collaborative endeavour is that the differing images, meanings and media coming into the pieces originate not just from one mind but from the experiences and cultures of four very different artistic consciousnesses. How all these elements come together in the finished pieces remains to be seen, but certainly the process in itself has been one of challenges and innovations.

BOREDOM IN AN AIRPLANE AMSTERDAM-VICTORIA

Maik Mager

Thoughts about my not-realised contribution to this project in relation to the current state of affairs. I have to say that the project hasn't finished yet at the moment of writing this.

January 28 1996

It is entirely clear that the project takes place in an airplane. No exhibition, but a witness who is capable to look and to write was the idea of us four. Apart from that, everybody works on his own work and collaborates where necessary.

Idea no. 1

Usually, after a few hours of flying, I have eaten, drunk, slept and observed some people. Reading is difficult because too many things are going on in the corners of my eyes. I like to just stare and think and at the same time bite my nails or pick my nose. The paper towel that is attached to the place where my head rests against the chair starts to tickle and I can scratch at the same time, delicious! Two neighbours on my right and one on my left see what I'm doing, not really OK, but they, I can see, do the same. Boredom. "Mirror Puzzle." Once on the airplane everyone gets a small box. In the box are pieces of a puzzle made of mirror glass, without any image imprinted on it. An endless reflection but also aspects of movement, time, space, intimacy, disclosure. All this in one puzzle. The work starts to exist when people are puzzling. 350 people who puzzle more or less at the same time and rarely find themselves in this position spying on themselves and others for such a long time in such an unusual way, would be a good performance.

For several reasons, we abandoned the idea of a project in an airplane. Now I use the mirror puzzle to make a comparison between the airplane project and the vice versa-mail project that we are doing now.

January 15 1997

I receive piece no. 1 from Cheryl. I have to cut something out, put it together and make a choice. This, I did not expect. (but what did I expect?) I've never met Cheryl (nor Yoko), heard her voice only once and saw some slides of her work. We agreed to do something to a piece before we send it further, and each of us is free to do whatever s/he likes with a piece. I cut out the figures, put them together and found an answer. It's Yoko's turn now and I'm anxious to know what will happen to the piece.

January 12 1997

I send piece no. 3 to Cheryl. It's a two meters long, antique map of the Rhine's course. I had many plans with this map, but they never came off. This is the moment!

February 21 1997

I receive piece no. 4 from Peter via Yoko. A newspaper picture and two photo's from Peter. Seven pictures, manipulated and colored from Yoko. I don't want to be startled by it, after all I also succeeded in finding an answer for piece no. 1. One thing's for sure, I never worked in this way before. Since I am the third person to work on piece no. 4, I don't think that after my contribution, the piece will change drastically. We'll see.

March 13 1997

On further consideration I don't mind that we abandoned the airplane project. In fact with the making of the puzzle, I would have determined most of the reactions of the passengers. Our witness would have committed it all to paper. I find that the vice versa-mail project is better. Reflection, space, time, displacement, etc. are also parts of this project, but more importantly, it disturbs me, I don't know which way it will go. Unlike the airplane project, the vice versa-mail project causes unexpected solutions. The work changes constantly and is subject to continuous discussion. I expect mail.

Lynda Gammon-Riemke de Jong

"FURNISHED STUDIO, CAMPING OUT" (with a shared telephone) "

A collaborative installation

Gallery 'Salle de Bains', Mauriststraat 167 Rotterdam, May 2: 18 - 20h., May 3 & 4: 13 - 18h. and May 8 - 11: 13 - 18h.

...I had taken quite a few photo's of the Kunst & Complex while I was there.. in fact I even have a few pictures of your studio, I might use those or create new ones...

...My studio is my home, literally, but still I have to make it my own everytime I work there...

Lynda, it's strange; when I think about it, there are a lot of contradictions in our work, although it doesn't look like it. Mine is most of the time "confirmed" in the material. When I have found out how to look at a situation, the past or an event, I can freeze it to show it to myself, so it won't get lost. As you constantly create changeable situations.

(...)
I've just taken a sculpture to the foundry. Two styrofoam heads with hair, two puppets. I want to connect these two heads with a very thick rope (not casted). The heads will look dumb/mute, silent. The extreme dimensions of the rope can be a symbol of strength. I make things like this to convince myself of the power that is in a relation between two people. I live through other people. I consider this a weakness sometimes, but other people inspire me at the same time, like you do.

(...)
You write about your work as a remembered domestic interior. My thoughts about my work can be described as remembered social behaviour (me in relation to others or to, for instance, animals).

My work has a lot to do with not feeling free to create any kind of shape. Your own body and mind mean the ultimate limit. The work will become an extension, but will never be absolutely different. This limit disturbs me, but is also my inspiration. When I decide to really make something I feel free. You do shut out the doubt for a while.

(...)

I too am very interested in this notion of the physical body... I think the photographs lead the viewer back to the maker in his or her making context. So I am interested in the artist as maker of physical things, and the reference to the body. I think you do a kind of removal when you cast something, you have to put a lot of hand work in too. You take the physical thing you made and freeze it. I think the photograph freezes and separates my physical action in the same way. I think we are both very interested in the physicality of materials. Using different materials and 'really making' things by hand!! In a way this is the work of the craftsman, and in a way it is quite a romantic notion, this idea of one person making something individual by hand. I think my work questions this romantic notion by not showing, and in a sense not foregrounding the actual 'made thing' but rather the final work is the photograph which shows the art work but also shows the studio, the furniture, and other things with no real hierarchy. So yes I think the works are about the pleasure of making but ultimately about the fact that once made, this thing, this thing we call art, has a diminished importance in the photograph.

I think I do constantly create

changeable situations but they are frozen in the photographs.

(...)

Although they are spaces inhabited by people, the people are always absent (...). Their habitation appears to be in a rather transitory way though, as if someone were "camping out" in a space.

I like the title "furnished studio/ spaces" fine. But you may not feel you want to furnish them. I also like your image of the two heads. I do not feel your participation necessarily has to be to furnish the photos so to speak. (...)

Regardless, I have created four photographic images... "studio pictures" which I have further digitally manipulated. They were all taken at the Kunst and Complex, two of them in the studio we inhabited and two in your studio. I will send you some small prints this week so you can begin to think which one you want to use.

(...)
That is great news about the space. Yes, I agree, given the opportunity, we should use the full scale. Forget the models!!! I will leave the choice up to you as to which one I should enlarge.

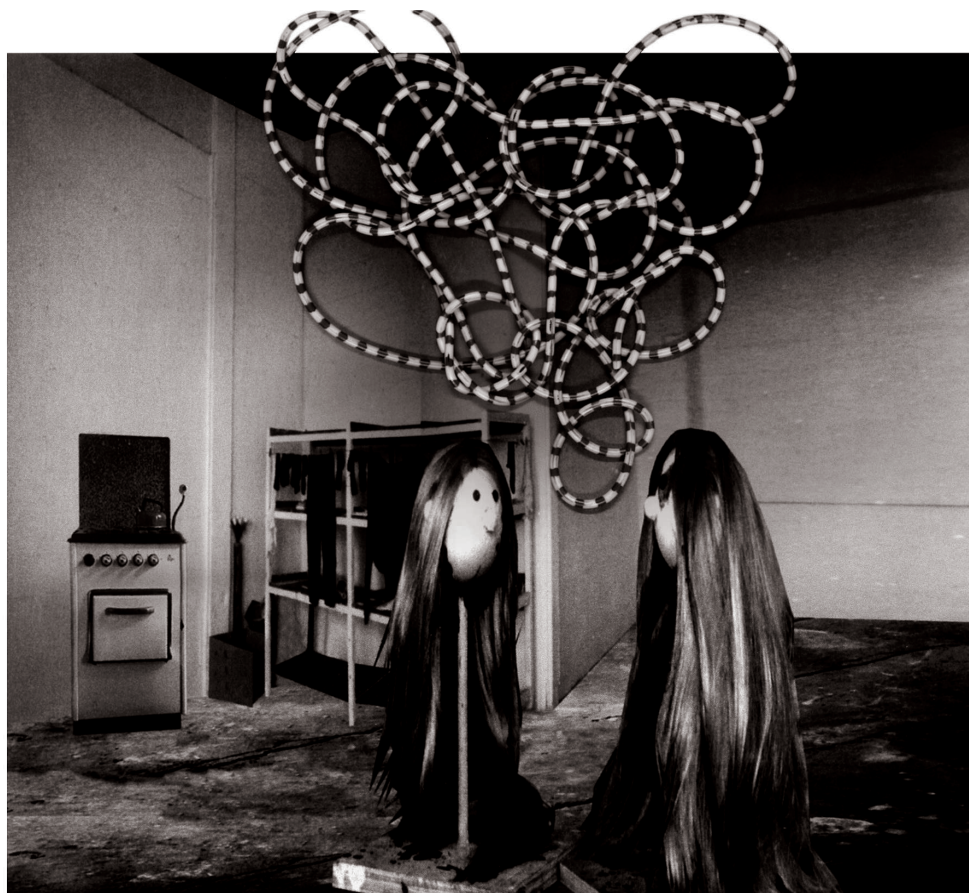
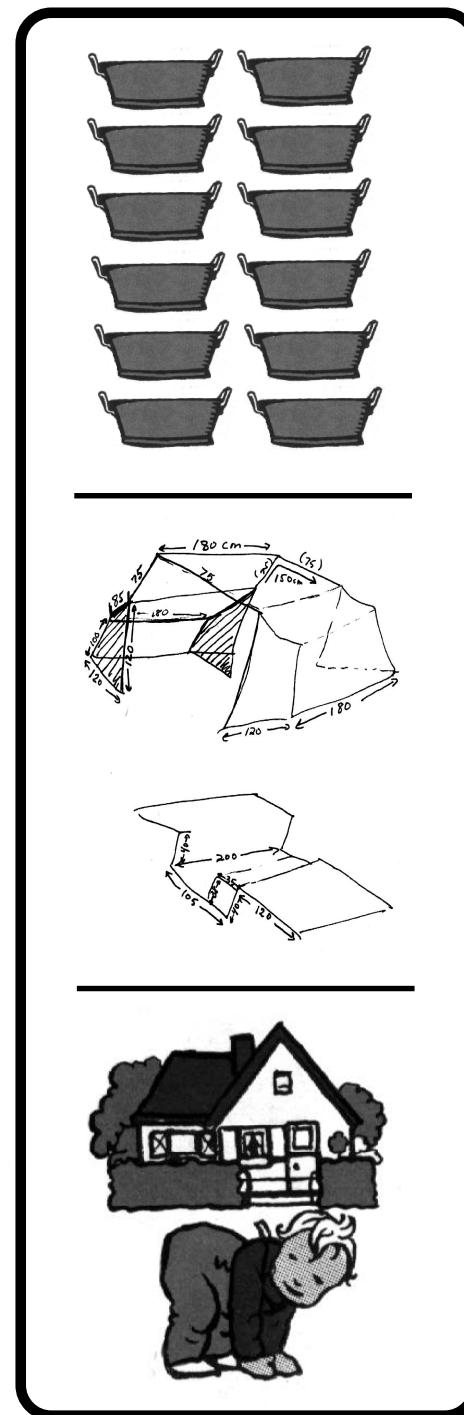
Image 3 it will be !:

Image #3 Guest Studio at Kunst and Complex, 26 Keileweg, Rotterdam #1. Several photographs were collaged together. On the computer it was cropped. Many things were removed from the space and replaced with floor and walls which were cloned. The wall on the right was stretched. The sweaters hanging on the shelves were repeated and then worked together to create a single unit, thus creating a somewhat believable but strange double sweater. An image of a stove from Osseweistraat was cut from another photograph and transported into this image. The whole image was then stretched vertically.

march 11 1997

Now I've found a slide I took of these heads with a very thick rope on a roll. I want to mount this into the picture. Besides that I'm struggling with this rope to become a sculpture. It's like a huge boa constrictor...

*Sounds good!
I am not sure how much of an external audience we should expect... it may be more of a "family" thing?? Anyway I'm looking forward to it. See you soon.*



MICHEL VAN ADRICHEM : CHRISTOPH BANNAT : PAUL BLOODGOOD : SICO CARLIER : PHILIPPE CAURANT : DENNIS COOPER : JASON FOX : ROBERT FUNK : ARNON GRUNBERG : ERIK HANSON : LIDY JACOBS : PAUL DE JONG : SARAH KHAN : JOHAN LUYCKX : DAVID MEDALLA : BRANIMIR MEDIC : JOOST MEUWISSEN : EILEEN MYLES : MARC NAGTZAAM : ADAM NANKERVIS : GUILLAUME PARIS : MARK PIMLOTT : GERY DE SMET : GEERTEN TEN BOSCH : ELLIE UYTENBROEK : ARI VERSLUIS : LAURI WEEKS
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"THE MAN UPSTREAM"

An installation

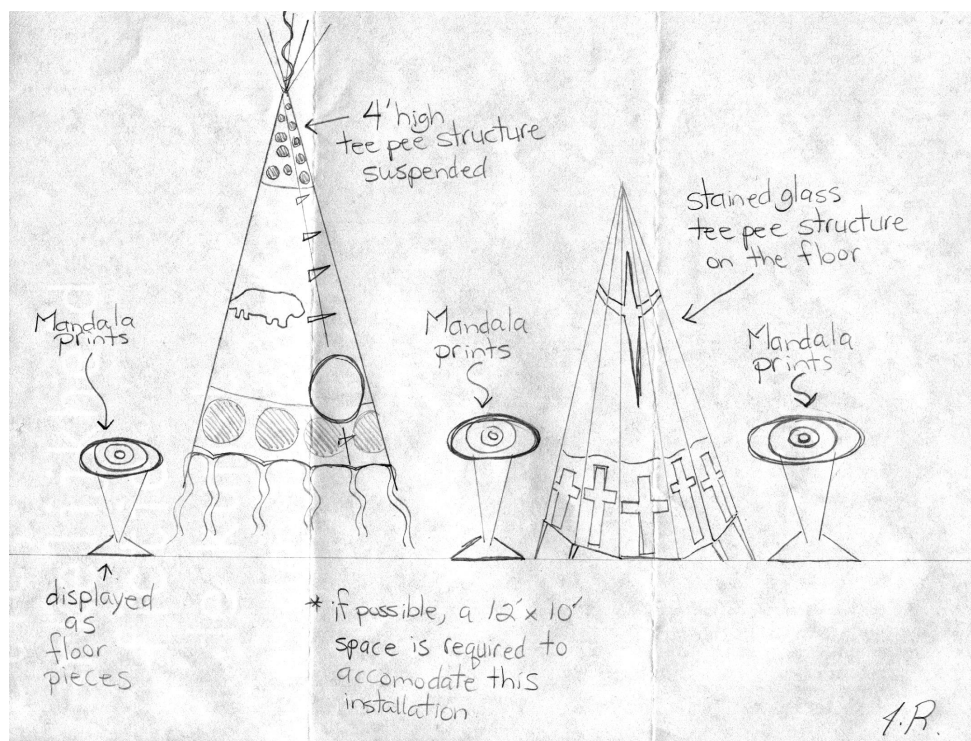
Foyer World Trade Center, Beursplein 37, Rotterdam, May 3 up to and including 23 daily 9 - 18h.

TRACKHUNT INTO EUROPE

Joannes Hoes

We expect to have the pleasure of welcoming Janet Rogers in Rotterdam in May. She is a multi media artist of Mohawk ancestry from the Six Nations territory in southern Ontario. This sounds a bit like the Dutch Republic of the Seven United Provinces but it probably refers to a far more complicated situation. We will ask her to explain it when she joins us. In the artist statement she has sent us, she explains to have little knowledge of Europe. "Being an urban Native artist", she states, "I am constantly involved in the digging up of my own Native roots through the arts and my immediate

community. I am an Indian of the 90's", she continues, "who is doing her best to create a living culture with what she has experienced and is exposed to as an urban Native citizen of Canada. My art work is representational of many things which I hold close to my heart. For example, my strong sense of all things spiritual, my celebration of womanness, the brotherhood and sisterhood of nature, our relationship to the universe." And she concludes, "I do my best to honour the creative source through the art work that I do with the strong belief that the work I do, and its results, is part of a bigger job, one which can benefit us all." Apart from teaching Janet Rogers is presently working on the Warrior Women Exhibition.



THE MAN UPSTREAM

An impression on a collaboration

Ludo Hoes

Introduction

My first impression was that it came right out of a souvenirshop on Government Street in Victoria. Janet's work. The reason I chose her for the ReBounce adventure wasn't based on the feeling that I was dealing with a like-minded or a similar kind of artist. It seemed the contrast couldn't be bigger. Right here we have my most important motive. Naturally you want something to happen in a collaboration. I wasn't interested in selecting somebody and for the rest of it just shout -well done!- to each other. Besides that, a look-alike was easier to be found right around the corner. No, it had to be Canada, and Canada it should be. Beyond a doubt Janet couldn't be from the Netherlands -- no way! Canada with its "Dutch businessmen Association" and its "Holland Calling" television, where a Dutch visitor can feel him/herself comfortably at home. Canada has, perhaps even stronger than any other country in the New World, a feel that *the white man* is still a 'guest'.

Confusion

So, there was Janet who, in one of her first letters, took the bull by the horns. Her subject was the modern 'urban native' and his/her problems in blending his/her traditions into everyday life. In passing she described roughly what her work for ReBounce would look like. Well..., I'm a practical man so I had no problems with that. Certainly not after Janet wrote, that her take on it shouldn't always be presented so seriously. Janet's unmistakable clearness clashed with my habit in keeping things vague or blurred as much as possible. It forced me to take a stand. It seemed obvious to work out of the idea that we are representatives of a certain cultural identity. Janet is a Native artist who utilizes Native symbols to comment on culture in general, but she works from the self in relation to the other. Being a European artist, for me there is only the domination of the self. I didn't feel comfortable facing the conclusion that I was to assume the role as a representative of a culture that caused the uprooting of the

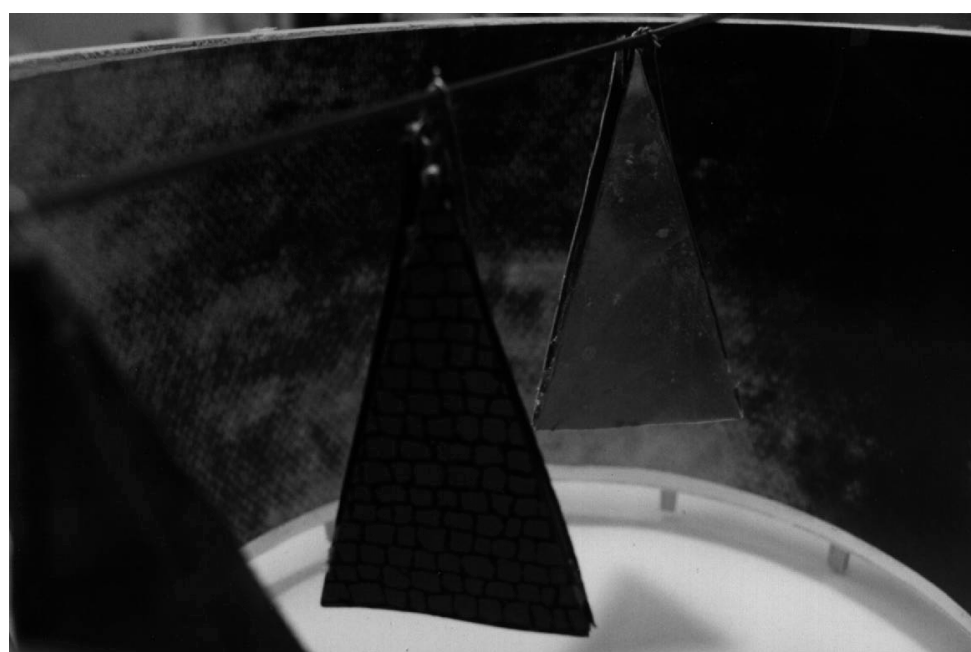
Native culture. Were the differences as big as they seemed to be?

Solution

The "Now we get the waterworks"-project I did in Canada in the summer of '95 offered me an answer. In the project, the question was if 'sublime landscape' still could have any meaning for contemporary painting. By means of a trip to Niagara Falls, "The most magnificent leaf in the 'mystic volume' in the book of nature", the project would obtain an investigatory character. The outcome was ambiguous. That doesn't really matter in this context. What became clear to me during the journey out was, that the Canadian landscape lends itself to the projection of all kinds of sentiment about a fair, uncorrupted and spiritual natural harmony. Its original state is known, reasonably well documented and in fact still noticeable. Hundreds of thousands of tourists come yearly and gaze at the natural grandeur of the Falls. That at the same time there's a man upstream who can shut the whole thing down with a simple gesture, doesn't prevent the masses to "swell in devout admiration". The cultural schizophrenia is hotspotted here. The desire for nature or naturalness grows equal to the ability to kill it. You could say that by the growing interest the First Nation people take in their own cultural heritage they are basically blending into a Western tradition. The uprooting is mutual.

Conclusion

Although we spoke different languages we could simply add up the work. To complete the party we had to invite *the man upstream*. I found out he lived down-town.



VICTORIA BREVIS EST A Dutch traditional

(Translated by J. Whose)

15. DE ZILVERVLOOT.

Dr. J. P. HEIJER.

J. J. VIOTTA.

Levendig.

1. Have you heard the news of the Sil - ve - ry Fleet, The Sil - ve - ry Fleet of Span - ya, It had a - - - - - load of Spanish mats a - board, And little ap - ples of O - ran - ya, Pete Hine, Pete Hine, His name is short and fine, But migh - ty are his deeds, yes migh - ty are his deeds, 'cause he has cap - tured the Sil - ver - y Fleet. 'Cause he has cap - tured, yes cap - tured the Sil - ver Fleet, (Yo - ho - hoo, cap - tured, yes cap - tured the Sil - ver Fleet.)

2. Then brief spoke Pete Hine with-out was-ting his lips// Come on ye lad-dies of O-ran-ya//Now go fly a-board all those Spa-nish ships//And roll up these mats of Span-ya.

Chorus

3. Well, did not all the lads climb a-loft like cats//And did they not fight like li-ons//Without mercy they put all the Spa-nish to shame//And to Spain roared a-cross the ho-ri-zon.

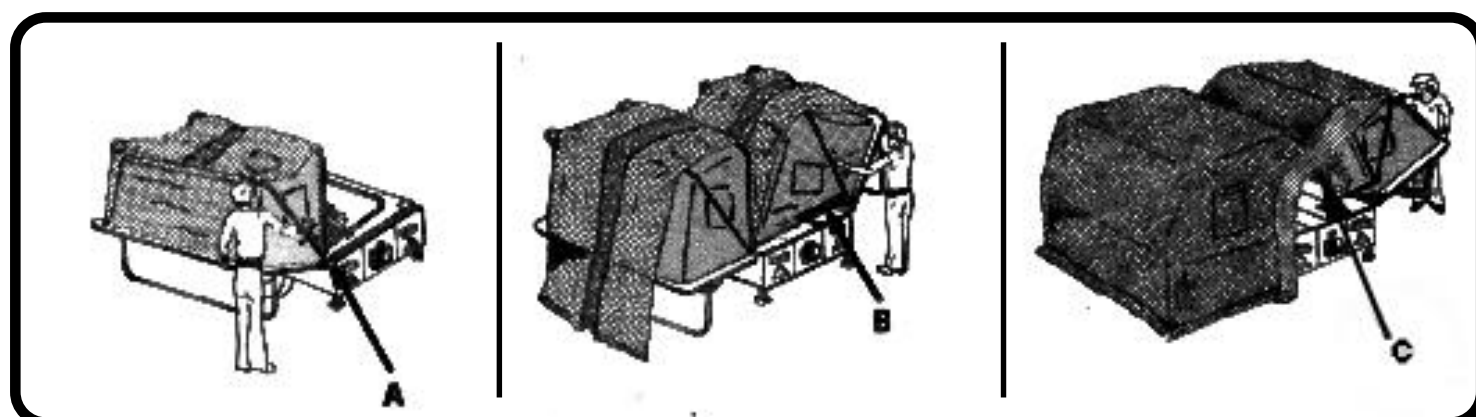
Chorus

4. If a-nother Sil-ver-y Fleet would sail by//Would you be pre-pared for the bea-ting//Or would you be that coward who steals a-way//And ends up hid-ing behind the hea-ting.

Final Chorus

Well, Dutch blood, Dutch blood//Car-ries bra-very from the root//However small we might be, though small we might be//We still would capture the Sil-ver Fleet//Oh we would cap-ture, yes cap-ture, the Sil-ver Fleet//Yo-hoh-oo cap-ture, yes cap-ture, the Sil-ver Fleet.

(and so on.)





Marianne and Cathi at work (photo by Eli Wherry)

Cathi Wherry-Marianne Fontein

"(IS)LAND/(EI)LAND"

An arrangement

N.E Gallery, Maaskade 140b Rotterdam, May 2: 17 - 18.30h. & May 3 - 27 (window viewing): daily 10 - 20h. For an appointment, call 010 - 411 09 38.

LAND IN ZICHT!/LAND HO!

Two artists live on an island. Cathi lives on Vancouver Island in the Pacific Ocean. Vancouver Island is 450 kilometers long; has mountains, forests, lakes and cities. The outline has a mind of its own. I live on Noordereiland in the river Nieuwe Maas. Noordereiland is 2 kilometers long; build over with houses, streets and squares. The outline has been constructed. Two images.

Marianne Fontein was born in 1961 in Nijmegen. She grew up in Enschede. Since 1980 she lives in Rotterdam, where she studied at the academy of Art. In 1995 she spend 2,5 weeks on Vancouver Island.

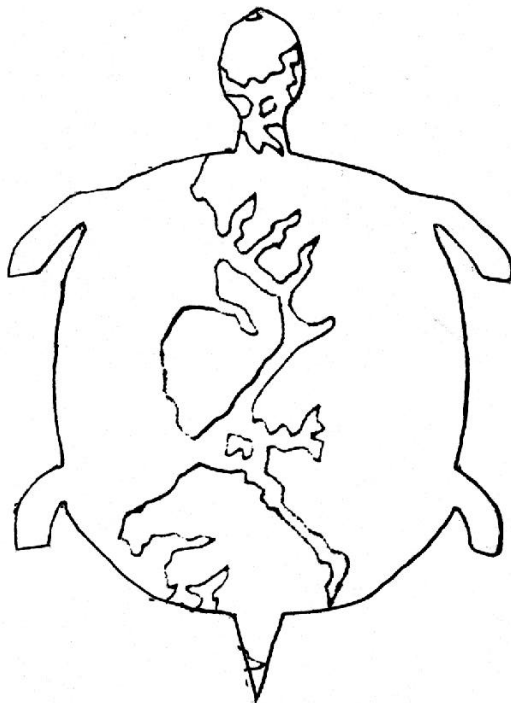
(ei)land / (is)land

isle
island
ei land
i'll
land

when everything was covered with water skywoman grew lonely and tired up above and all of the creatures below felt sorry for her so they decided together that they would help great turtle rose to the surface of the waters and offered its back as a refuge muskrat brought mud from the depths skywoman spread this earth all around the edge of turtle's shell when she was finished she breathed onto and into it until the earth began to grow and change and this earth and breath of skywoman grew until it became a land vast enough for many this is turtle island
turtle island eiland
i'll
an
d

Living on land surrounded by sea there is always a line where two worlds meet a line with a rhythm reminding me that we walk on earth while watching water rise and fall bringing tides that pull from shores of every sea ships adorned with mountains, lines and patterns recognized

Cathi Charles Wherry is a mixed-blood Anishnabeque (Ojibwa) originally from southern Ontario, Canada, and a member of the Chippewas of Rama First Nation. She lives with her son Eli in Victoria, British Columbia, where she works as an artist and arts administrator with various Aboriginal organizations.



Where there is an open mind there will always be a frontier.
Charles F. Kettering

I never lost a game. I just ran out of time.
Bobby Layne

A fanatic is one who can't change his mind and won't change the subject.
Winston Churchill

We need to put the perk back in perculator Boss. The fun back in fundamentalism.
Lance Blomgren

Even if you're on the right track, you'll get run over if you just sit there.
Mark Twain

You must have long-range goals to keep from being frustrated by short-range failure.
Charles Nobel

Canada is a lot like Chili, but then horizontal.
Ludo Hoes

A goal without a deadline is not really a goal.... it's a wish.
Harold R. McAlindon

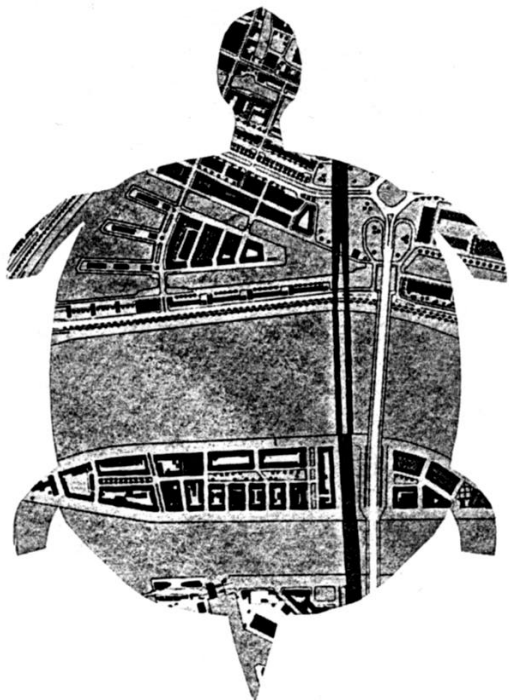
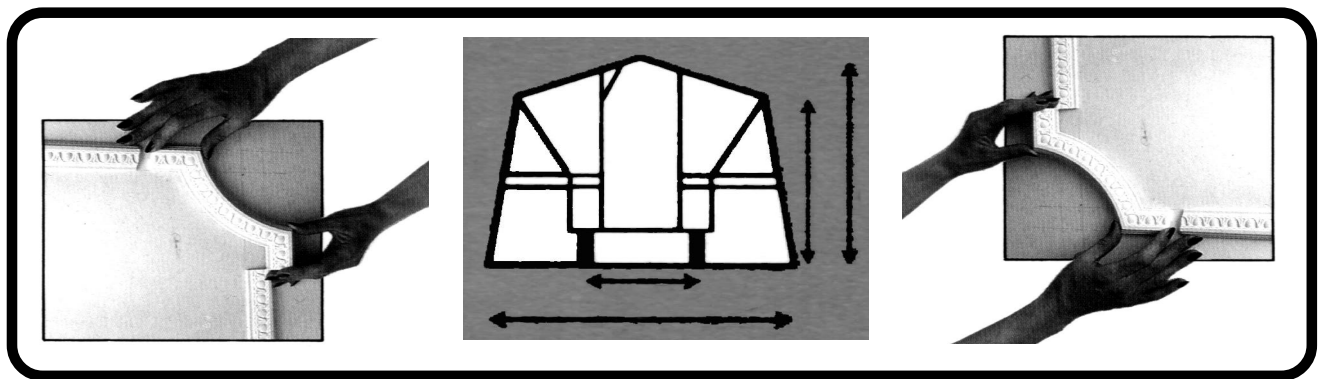
The shortest distance between two points is always under construction.
Noelie Alito

Be like a postage stamp - stick to one thing until you get there.
Margaret Carty

To get there, you have to go there first.
Murray Polson

The only excuse for making a useless thing is that one admires it intensely.
Oscar Wilde

I hate art. It is a fake world. Come to think of it, I also hate reality. Always something wrong with it. I guess that makes me an idealist.
Jan Hoes



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Nieuwe Binnenweg 36, Rotterdam

I can't stand to sing the same song the same way on two nights in succession. Let alone two years or ten years. If you can, than it ain't music. Call it close-order drill or exercise or jogging or something, but not music.
Billie Holiday

Even playing mouthharp is of greater importance than listening to Beethoven.
Godfried Bomans

Everywhere is walking distance if you have the time.
Steven Wright

Murray Polson-Joannes Hoes
"ASIDE/TERZIJD"

Six urban routes for the contemplative stroller

Office 'Salle de Bains' gallery, Mauritsstraat 167, Rotterdam. The office will be open on May 2: 18 - 20h., on May 3 & 4: 13 - 18h. and on May 8 - 11: 13 - 18h.

CONNECT TO THE CONNECTION BY USING THE CONNECTION
 (From our investigative reporter)

Strange things began to happen. From the third of April 1997 artist Murray Polson in Victoria BC started to receive a number of postcards, sent from Rotterdam containing obscure messages written on the back. As far as he could make out they were referring to the exploits of his colleague Joannes Hoes in the urban area of Rotterdam. They all appeared to be posted in the Holy Week. Then suddenly the cards stopped coming. After a fortnight Murray got a little worried and contacted me with the urgent request to find out what was going on. I told him that it would be my pleasure to do so.

I went to the address he mentioned. Spring was in the air and I was pretty sure that I would find a perfectly reasonable explanation for it all. I rang and a woman came to answer the door. I could not quite make out her relation to the artist and she appeared to be reluctant to give me much information about his whereabouts. So I pretended that I had an appointment to pick up some material for the magazine and she gave in and allowed me into the quarters of Joannes Hoes. After she lifted the blinds the disorderly state of the room became apparant. Scraps of papers and all sorts of books and unusual objects were scattered all over the place. Fragments of maps were pinned to the wall at random. Notes, photographs, mapcuttings and correspondence covered the table and chair. The only person who might be able to make something out of this mess was Murray Polson.

I called Murray that same afternoon. He immediately decided to hop on a plane and fly over to Rotterdam. He arrived on the 20th of April and I went to pick him up at the Schiphol airport. Murray appeared to be a mercurial middle-aged gentleman with a little white beard who set me at ease at once with his calm way of handling the situation. He asked for 24 hours to overcome his jet-lag and promised to start disentangling the material the following day. I understood that their collaboration had been based on a thorough analysis of the phenomenon of urban existence. He seemed confident that it would not be too difficult to interpret the material at hand. The two men had already met in October of '96, an occasion during which they had secured the outline of their project.

The next morning after a restless night I was just in time to catch the woman leave for work. I begged her to let me into the house to continue my research and I swore that I would not lay so much as a finger on anything outside the room.

Mentioning Murray Polson softened her up, I guess. I ended up by offering her my credit-card and in return she handed me the key. Inside I started to organise things a bit, stapling the items that seemed to belong to each other. It didn't take me long to discover that the mapcuttings could be pieced together and thus indicate six routes through the Rotterdam area. One of them remained within the ancient boundaries of the city, the others seemed to radiate from there. At first glance the hand-written notes contained observations of significant things that could be met along the routes. I found out that a standard size A4 paper was just large enough to cover the image of the indicated route, so I assumed that the general pattern would be a result of this standard. The one thing that kept puzzling me was a photograph of an angler situated in a very peculiar environment. I left a note, saying that I would call again next day and returned home with a copy of Erasmus 'Praise of Folly'.

Murray arrived early looking like someone who was recovering from yellow fever. He groaned something about an elastic that had been overstretched and started snatching pieces from the stuff. I showed him what I had already discovered and he brightened up a bit. Murray explained that in Victoria he had developed a conceptual grid resulting in six schedules. that he would apply to decipher the internal relation of the six walks. The approach was rather obvious. He would perform the walks single-footed, guided by the hand written notes found in the room and during that activity sort out where the photographs could be fitted in. At the same time he would assemble new material, based on his own scheme so that in the end he would be able to complete the design. He had brought the six postcards with him thinking that the order of their arrival would provide a clue for the walks. Of course I spontaneously offered to accompany him but he declined, saying it would probably distract him too much. So we agreed that I should try to get a lead on what looked like the disappearance of Joannes and that he would call to fill me in on the progress of his investigation.

Murray started to walk in the early hours of the 22th, carrying a video camera and a tripod, a notebook and his indestructable optimism. He left a message on my answering-machine, saying that he was exhausted and had serious doubts about the walk belonging to the project. The second day Murray's mood had improved considerably and he saidt that he had begun to apply his schedules to the route in spite of the fact that he had not detected any sign of an intelligent composition. On the evening of the thirld we met on a terrace. I had



traced the person who had lent the fishing-rod to Joannes the week before Easter. She was very nice but declared not to have the slightest idea what he had needed it for. "We will attend to that later", said Murray and stared into his grapefruit juice. I could feel something was bugging him so I changed the subject. "Why don't you tell me more about your schedules," I said and he started a detailed story of how he had worked out a thematically interlocked design to cover the principal aspects of city-life. Late that evening, after we parted, I went home with the feeling that somehow we had missed something of vital importance.

I could not catch my sleep that night and I kept tossing and turning. Finally I gave up and reached under the bed for the copy of 'Praise of Folly'. I wondered why I couldn't figure out what this universally renowned tract had to do with walking. I thought of the Erasmus statue in front of the Laurens church that was still in repair after toppling from its base. Whether the fall was the result of an act of vandalism had not yet been established. I recalled Murray mentioning it in relation to his walk, dealing with cultural monuments. Then all of a sudden it came to me that the literary works of Erasmus could be considered to be as much a statue as the bronze in the centre of Rotterdam. This idea had the effect on me of a door that swung open in a movie theatre. I tried to reach Murray but he was out walking. At eight the phone rang. "Hi, how are you today", he grinned. "I think I am beginning to understand this." "Well, so do I", I replied and shared my hypothesis with him. "Hmmm, yes, that's what I suspected", he mumbled and hung up on me.

I did not receive any message the following day but on the sixth I found a postcard from Murray inviting me for dinner. We met in an Italian restaurant downtown and finally, after the second course he unburdened his soul. "These past six days I have followed an eighteen hours route." he said. "I have experienced the internal contour of the city, the skeleton, so to speak. I am quite positive about the following order and in one way or another the reflection of my Victorian schedules are there. The thing is the themes of the walks have not been dealt with as single

issues. So this is how I proceed. My video recordings will function as captions. They will not only connect the two cities but also the two approaches. But I still wonder about the physical exercise involved in the walks", he added.

"It looks as if someone has laboured hard to demolish the conceptual aspect", I suggested. "Out of the question", said Murray. "That can't be done." "What about the angler?", I asked. "Well, the photograph was taken on the square island in Alexanderpolder and I am pretty sure it is our man." "So that's the last sign of him", I concluded. Murray gave me a silent nod. "He will crawl ashore somewhere." He raised from the table. "I want to put this whole story aside", he said and I guess he couldn't be blamed for that.

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DANCERS

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the ReBOUNCE bulletin

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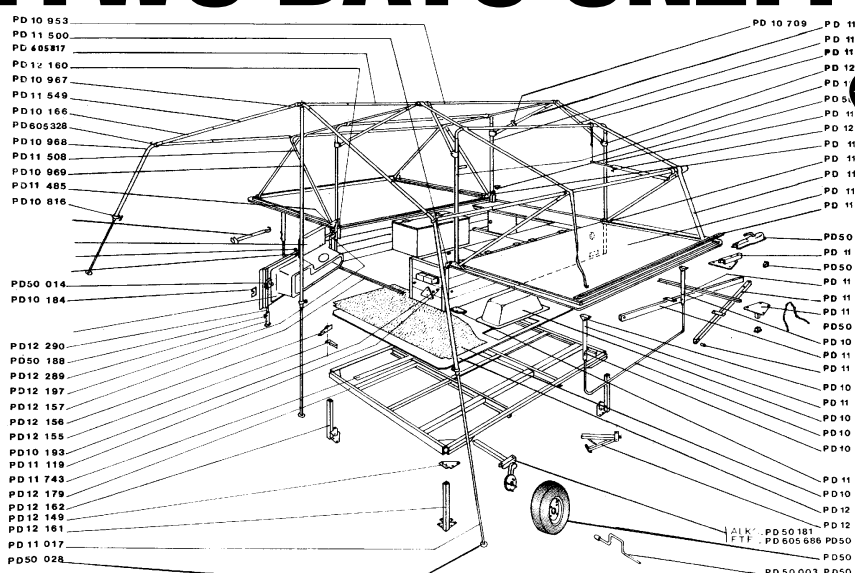


Günlük taze sebze meyva ve etlerinizi bizden temin edebilirsiniz
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the nape of a neck

THE MAPLE LEAF WILL NEVER TURN YELLOW

(Translated by J. Whose)

<p>DUTCH VERSION (not popular)</p> <p>Oh Canada Tehuis waar we zijn gebore Vaderlandsliefde Waar beveelt jouw zonens oren Mehet gloeiend hart aanschouwd rijst gij Het ware Noord krachtig en vrij Op wacht staan wij Oho Canada Op wacht staan wij voohoor jou Oh Canada pralend en vrij Op wacht staan wij Voor jou staan we op wacht Oh Canada Voor jou staan wij op wacht.</p>	<p>VERSION NÉERLANDAISE (pas populaire)</p> <p>Oh Canada Ons voorvadere land jouw gevel is opgefleurd met paardenband want jouw armen omklemmen hun dehegen en ook evengoed het Kruis Jouw verleden is een serie zehegen, Een schit'rend ahavohontuur Waar je voor staat in geloof gedrenkt Zal beschermen onze haarden en ons recht Zal beschermen onze haarden en ons recht.</p>
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NEWS FROM THE WORLD OF SCIENCE

Joannes Hoes.

"Remember that this project is about Art and the process of making Art". This remark of my Canadian colleague reminded me of an interesting article that I happened to read the other day. It gave a detailed report of the visit of Mr. Lemuel Gulliver to the Grand Academy of Lagado in Balnibarbi. I think it would be an omission not to pass it on to the reader in some length.

"We next went to the school of languages, where three professors sat in consultation upon improving that of their own country. The first project was to shorten discourse by cutting polysyllables into one, and leaving out verbs and participles, because in reality all things imaginable are but nouns. The other project was a scheme for entirely abolishing all words whatsoever; and this was urged as a great advantage in point of health as well as brevity. For it is plain, that every word we speak is in some degree a diminution of our lungs by corrosion, and consequently contributes to the shortening of our lives. An expedient was therefore offered, that since words are only names for things, it would be more convenient for all men to carry about them such things as were necessary to express the particular business they are to discourse on. And this invention would certainly have taken place, to the great ease as well as health of the subject, if the women, in conjunction with the vulgar and illiterate, had not threatened to raise a rebellion, unless they might be allowed the liberty to speak with their tongues, after the manner of their ancestors; such constant irreconcilable enemies to science are the common people. However, many of the most learned and wise adhere to the new scheme of expressing themselves by things, which hath only this inconvenience attending it, that if a man's business be very great, and of various kinds, he must be obliged in proportion to carry a greater bundle of things upon his back, unless he can afford one or two strong servants to attend him. I have often beheld two of those sages almost sinking under the weight of their packs, like pedlars among us; who, when they met in the streets, would lay down their loads, open their sacks, and hold conversation for an hour together; then put up their implements, help each other to resume their burthens, and take their leave. But for short conversations a man may

carry implements in his pockets and under his arms, enough to supply him, and in his house he cannot be at a loss. Therefore the room where company meet who practice this art, is full of all things ready at hand, requisite to furnish matter for this kind of artificial converse. Another great advantage proposed by this invention, was that it would serve as an universal language to be understood in all civilised nations, whose goods and utensils are generally of the same kind, or nearly resembling, so that their uses might easily be comprehended. And thus ambassadors would be qualified to treat with foreign princes or ministers of state, to whose tongues they were utter strangers."

Of course this project immediately brings to mind the viewpoint of the eminent Dutch scholar Johan Huizinga. In his study "The Waning of the Middle Ages", he points out that "words and images have a totally different aesthetic function. If the painter does nothing but render exactly, by means of line and colour, the external aspect of an object, he yet always adds to this purely formal reproduction something inexpressible. The poet, on the contrary, if he only aims at formulating anew an already expressed concept, or describing some visible reality, will exhaust the whole treasure of the ineffable. Unless rhythm or accent save it by their own charms, the effect of the poem will depend solely on the echo which the subject, the thought in itself, awakens in the soul of the hearer". And further he observes that 'As soon, however, as this thought is worn out and no longer responds to the preoccupations of the soul of the period, nothing of value is left to the poem except its form.' Professor Huizinga arrives at a conclusion that is quite comforting for the visual artist. 'The painter of the same epoch and of the same mentality as the poet will have nothing to fear from time. For the inexpressible which he has put into his work will always be there as fresh as on the first day.'

I think it is justified to say that for practical reasons the universal language is best briefly or sparsely spoken. Apparently the inexpressible is the most durable part. It remains to be seen if the durable part also proves to be the best or at least the most tasting bit.