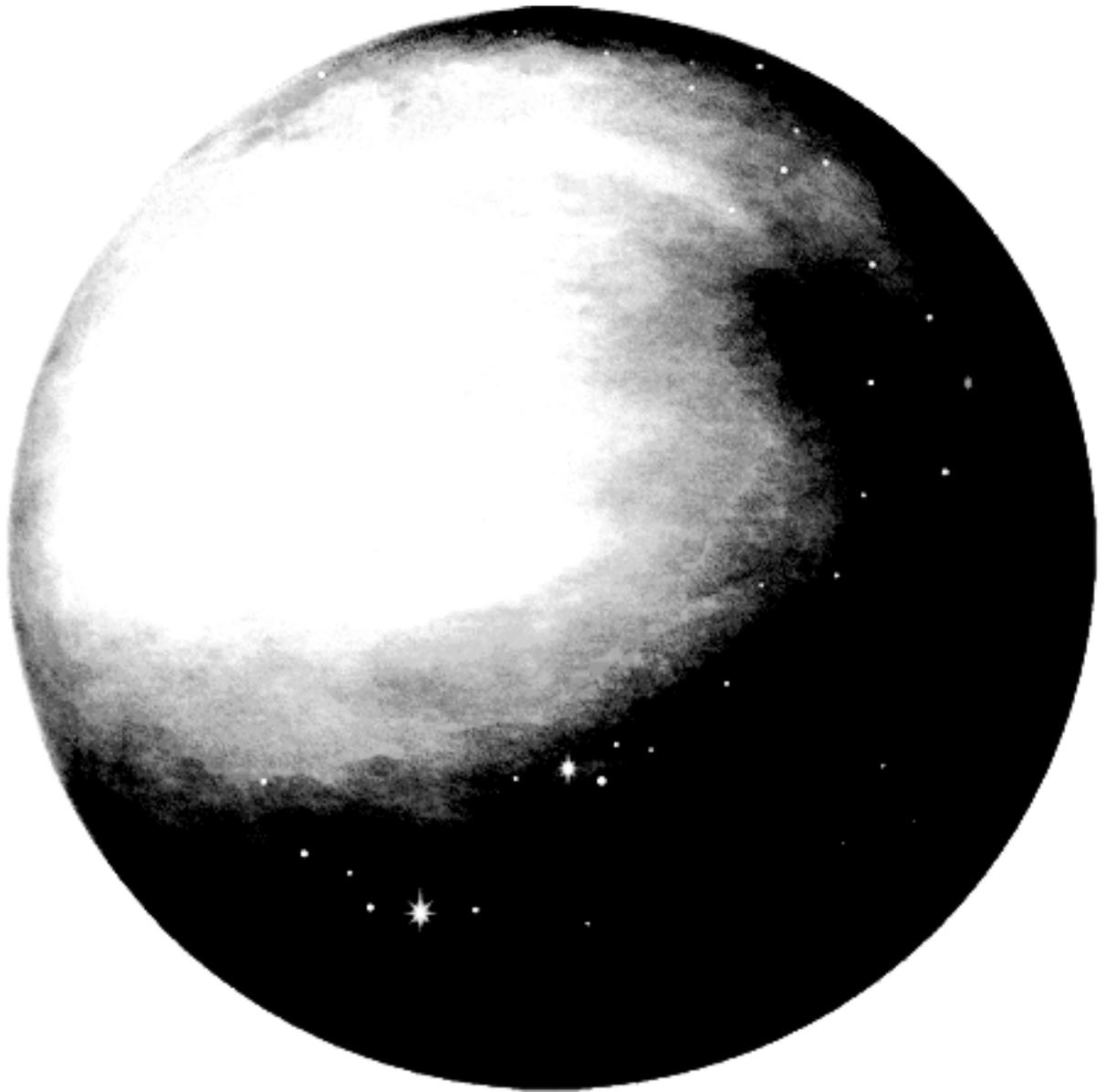


THE ZOLDER MUSEUM PAPER #3, June 2012

HERMIES



DREAM IS DESTINY

DANCE OF IMMANENCE

Introducing Love as Novelty

Welcome to the third issue of the Zolder Museum Paper, HERMES dedicated to art education and all its devotees who plant seeds of love instead of doubt. To nourish a generation of artists who love themselves and their art would be a great novelty, to say the least. To understand the eternal characteristic of the words we share among us regardless their quality; that the world we see is the word we speak and that these two things are always inner-connected. These principles should be intertwined into every human being who calls herself/himself a Teacher of Art and who needs to ensure only one degree- the Degree of Enlightenment. The same is essential for every Student of Art. Heal yourself first and the healing of the entire Universe will follow. The purity of Heart in Art.

It is dedicated to the minority, to one person rather than to all; the one person dancing in the centre of the earth –not whining on the social margin. It is dedicated HERMES, the God of Wisdom, Word and Magic, Transformation and Transaction, whose archetype survived centuries of spiritual slaughter so unnatural yet so common for the human kind. It is dedicated to Imagination and Creativity as human's main vehicles in the eternal ride. It is nostalgic and visionary at the same time.

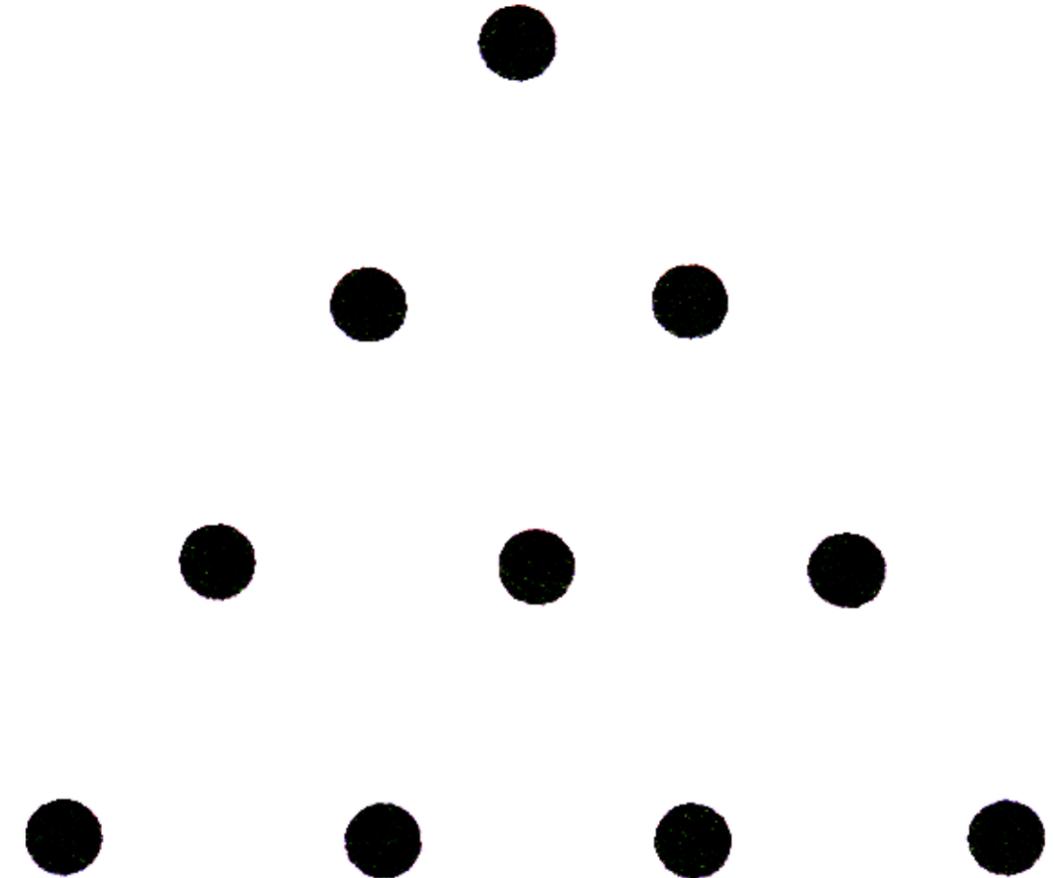
It is not a secret that contemporary society (contemporary art) for which we are educated for lacks a thing or two. In my humble opinion (as (i)rrelevant as any other!), what we all miss above all is honest belly laughter. And what we definitely do not miss is another mediocre discourse, which is pressing down on our third eye, stopping our natural growth, turning us into intellectual midgets and threatening our sense of humour. Contemporary art must make space for honest belly laughter, which has higher healing properties than critique, irony or politics. If used properly rather than abused, art can create a space, a field of immanence (IMMANENCE!!!!), on which higher state of awareness can occur. Art for the spirit. Spirit for the mind.

Magic

The magic in contemporary (art) world is possible but it can only happen in the crack between all possible worlds, where no experience of reality is taken for granted. The crack is the field of possibilities, where the potential of the whole universe lays, no restrictions, no definitions, no formalities, and no distinctions. The crack is the root of magic.

We can do magic tricks.

Yours Truly and Forever
The Museum Director



FUCKING GOOD ART
- in selfless service to our community -

WORLD

First of all I would like you to thank you all very much for coming this evening and to Iva for inviting me to the Zolder Museum tonight. In being asked to come and talk, I felt it most natural to think about words and share my love for them. As much as I love words, there has also always been something just as frustrating about them. At times in my life I have suffered from a stutter and an inability to talk, and since being a child I have had problem writing. Although I have had problems with both writing and speaking, I have never had a problem with reading. My earliest memories are of my mother taking me to the library. I remember the feeling of being surrounded by books, by words, by possibilities. It was in a library that I felt most safe. My older sister Faith hated libraries so she would never come with us. I can remember holding my mothers hand and the journey to the library. It was one of the only moments when I could be alone with my mother, away from my other brother and sisters. Once we were at the library, my mother would look for books herself and I would be left independently to find and discover what I liked and wanted. As I grew older my love for libraries has grown and they are always the place where I go when I want to feel safe and have nowhere else to be. If my thoughts are confused or if I feel fragile, I can not help but turn to libraries. They are places of connection, no matter how different the subject matter, language, time or history. They are where feelings, facts and history come together, a place to search, ask questions and find answers.

A few weeks ago I was reflecting upon my relationship with the artist Louwrien Wijers and what I have learnt most of all from her since meeting in 2010. Throughout her life, Louwrien has brought the most incredible people together, through a process of listening and dialogue, weaving together some an incredible tapestry of thoughts, ideas and feelings in the hope of creating a compassionate, sustainable, honest, happier and more human future. Since meeting Louwrien, her work and the words has provided me with a new library where I constantly return to. There are so many things that I have learnt from Louwrien, but one most of all was a reassurance and faith of words. After she took part in my work 'Can we leave things as they are?' I asked her if she felt so much had been lost in the dialogue, trying to define our feelings and thoughts through words and language.

During my reflections about Louwrien, one afternoon I found myself writing very simply 'word' on a page in my notebook. On the opposite page, my instinct was to write 'world'. A few days later I returned to this page and realised there was something that seemed special about this. There was only a letter difference between these two words, that letter being the letter 'l'. Somehow this one letter seemed to reflect my relationship with words and language, and why they are so important to me, as an artist and fundamentally to me as a person: connection. Words are something we all share and make our own, and in doing so perhaps reflects our own human relationship with the world and with all other forms of life. Just as we need to care for the world together, so perhaps our use of words and language. For words, isolated from one another are perhaps like lost stars and planets. Brought together, words form a cosmos of meaning and dialogue for us to share, search, explore and express. They are fragile and reflect our main tools of communication. Over the course of the evening, I hope to create a dialogue thinking of the of words that we love, concern us, rely upon, use and cherish. In origin, the word 'textile' is born out of the word 'text'. In sharing the words that our most important to us, I hope we will weave and start to understand the passions, delights, concerns and cares that connect us a group of people who have come together this evening at the Zolder museum.

To find these words, I would suggest that we allow time to find them. They maybe words that are already shining bright in your own cosmos, or they maybe far more distant. To give time, I suggest that we create a space reflection of quiet, in which the stars and celestial bodies of our 'words' start to shine in the night sky. It maybe that you would like to respond to someone, just

WORD

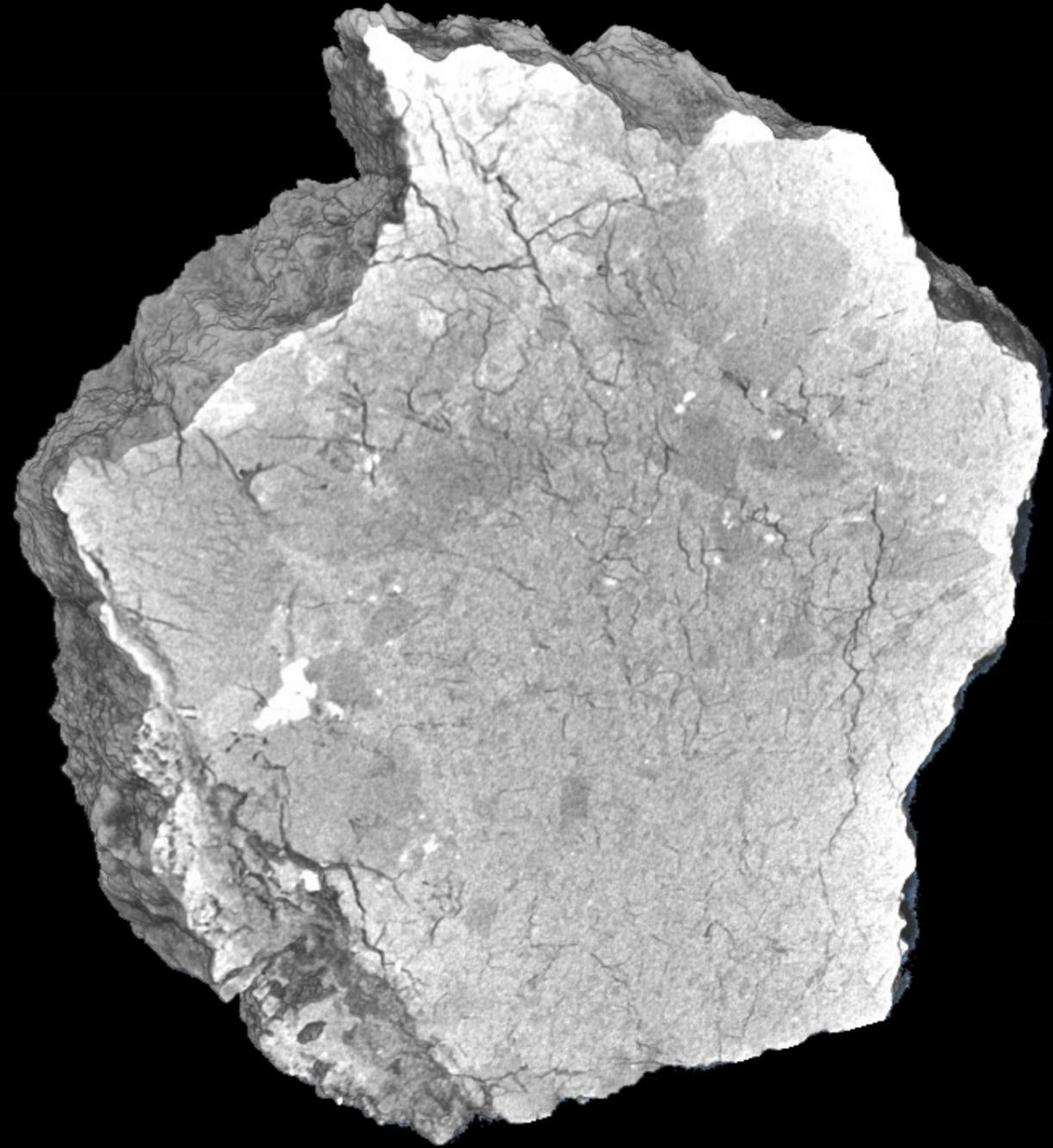
as planets suddenly come into orbit, pass, shine light and move on in their quiet and solemn journey through space. To start our dialogue, I would like to read a passage from the Quakers to start the space and quiet we will find ourselves in, before we hear and find the first words that are important to us.

In silence which is active, the Inner Light begins to glow - a tiny spark. For the flame to be kindled and to grow, subtle argument and the clamour of our emotions must be stilled. It is by an attention full of love that we enable the Inner Light to blaze and illuminate our dwelling and to make of our whole being a source from which this Light may shine out.

Words must be purified in a redemptive silence if they are to bear the message of peace. The right to speak is a call to the duty of listening. Speech has no meaning unless there are attentive minds and silent hearts. Silence is the welcoming acceptance of the other. The word born of silence must be received in silence.



Evening Talk by Rory Pilgrim, 14th of April 2012
Lunar phase: Waning Crescent-Zodiac sign Aquarius





DOPPELWÖRTER MIT BILDER, BEDEUTUNG, AUSTREIBUNG, PRODUKTION



**50% of Stephany's art sale
donated to the Zolder Museum**

Performance Project LISTE 17, The, Young ART Fair
Burgweg 15, 4058 Basel, Tuesday June 12 to Sunday June 17, Rebecca Stephany from 2 PM

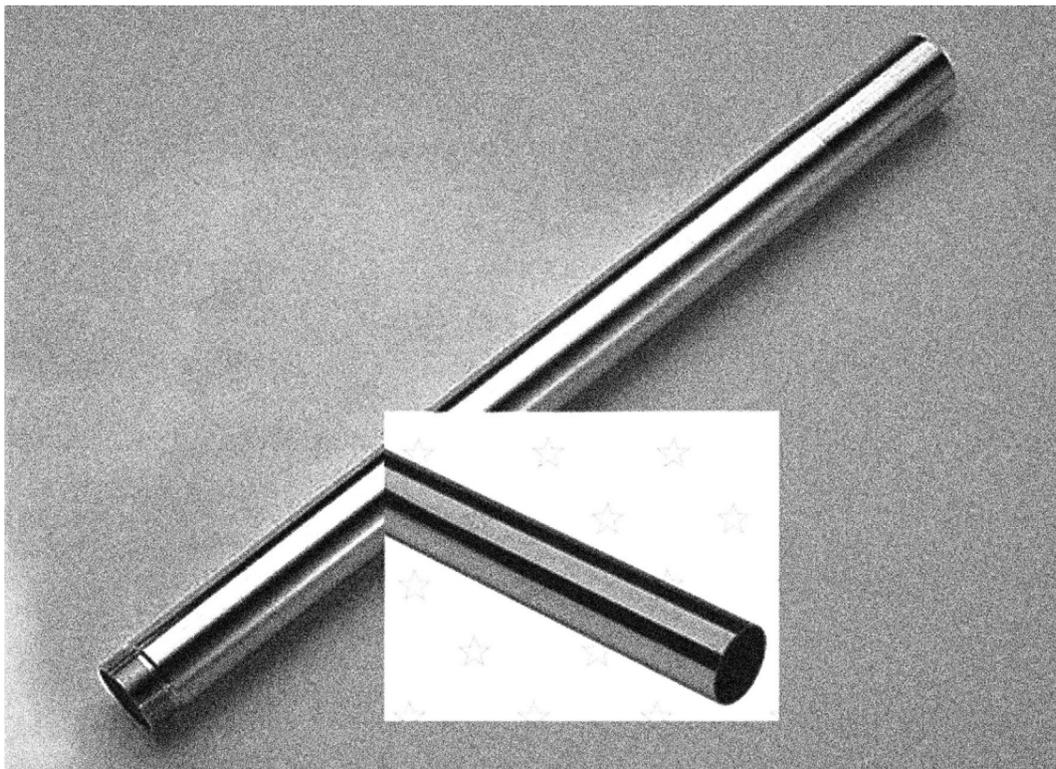


ISIS'S Business

III

QUESTIONS

It is now certified that the thing is toxic - the most acutely toxic element, second only to plutonium - as noxious to man as it is to the environment. A European campaign has been promoted in order to progressively reduce the use of the liquid metal through the territory - although some tools in which it is included - think of thermometers, barometers, manometers, sphygmomanometers - are in circulation, still. Its electrified vapors, trapped in a phosphor tube, compose fluorescent lights. Elementary mercury comes as a liquid in standard atmosphere, but can easily evaporate - even at ambient temperature. Vapors are highly dangerous if inhaled - especially for children and pregnant women - as Hg can bypass the placental barrier and contaminate the fetus. If you happen to be in contact - in case of the breaking of a thermometer - first thing remove any golden jewelry; the chemical blemishes and tarnishes gold for good, processing an amalgamation. Then try to gather slippery pearls together by means of a paper sheet, to be folded in order to guide the liquid onto a plastic or glass recipient. Make sure the container is sealed. Because of its optimal reflective surface, it may be helpful to scan the floor with a hand torch to make visible scattered glistening drops. Oral absorption has no consequences on the organism, as this metal in its liquid state is impossible to retain in the intestines. A sip of mercury will instantaneously slide its way from the mouth to the anal orifice and drop back down to earth.



Hg

How would you define education?

Education is a historical and social concept, which has many different interpretations. In my opinion it can be seen originally as one of the most profound answers to the imperious necessity of survival of the human species.

Through centuries, from generation to generation, the indispensable guidelines are being passed to guarantee life and its material reproduction. Education is hereby the mandatory answer to respond to necessities such as hunger, thirst, cold or fear.

From another perspective, quite opposite from the mentioned above, education has been transformed into an instrument of discipline. The most powerful ones pass on orders which enter like whipping through the body and soul of the weak for these must adapt their behavior to the wishes of the powerful. In other words, education becomes the law, and as we well know, behind every law punishment is resumed.

Therefore and rounding up I suspect the word education and from what Spinoza calls a 'happy passion' I rather speak of 'learning process'. The difference is a fundamental one; behind education there is an order, but in a 'learning process' though, we undergo bonding and affection.

What is knowledge?

We have to distinguish initially between 'apparent knowledge' and 'knowledge'. This apparent knowledge, as with common sense, generally is imposed by force (the hard way). Openly or veiled, for example through the media, it's an instrument of alienation, a fundamental part of what I call 'the culture of death'.

On the other side, there is genuine legitimate knowledge, which has common well-being as a goal, and this knowledge, as I understand it, arises from a learning process. In other words, a critical and loving knowledge which furthermore has to be rectified or ratified critically and ethically.

Which role should education and knowledge occupy in our society?

It depends on which society we want to build. If it is a truly humanistic society, as a starting point everything should be created from a learning process that generates a constant historical and dynamic critical consciousness and at the same time an exaltation of the creative capacity of each individual to allow them to give that qualitative step which goes from the sinister to the marvelous. I'm speaking here of poetry and in a more general way of art, the only possibility for human beings to win the last battle against death.

On Martyrdom Sanctity and Perversion

The mythical avant-gardist, Art as a way of living, contaminated by the romantic vision of exalted and extraordinary lives; discharging his vitality on the altar of Constructing New Ways of Inhabiting the World; denouncing the corruption of worldly comfort and spilling his blood for the church of reason, measure or balance. All hail to the irrational rationality of the modernist artist! Futile efforts, his denial of bare life, the progressive rationalist view, the beauty of functionality and the utopian dreams (all failed) - were drowned. And he has been proven wrong, so many times. Brazil is a slum... Ladies and gentlemen, repeat after Kurt Vonnegut: “(some misfits say) there is no such thing as progress.” We concur; for the time being, time is only moving forward.

...At the other end, defining themselves by what they are not, with high raised eyebrows, stand the cynical priests of the Post-Modern Church. All is ironic and nothing matters because the world ended somewhere between the return of the marching troops from the Second World War and the production of the 55th Maneki Neko –sculpture-batteries-not- included. We salute your western guilt! Your political correctness, your devotion to fair trade -everybody is included. Well, there is no playing - not outside the national borders – not with the poor or homeless kids, and not if they ask questions about funding public culture campaigns.

We're sorry that you're sorry.

We know how to make you feel better. Let's bathe in the absolute relativist re-nomination of the world. Let's relax in a sauna of externalizing responsibility, by denouncing any position taken, as soon as it arises. Close your eyes and enjoy massaging your scalp with self-righteousness.

It is this newly gained desire for Alterity that seems to position the artist at some strange underground periphery. Martyr saints, starving themselves for the love of god, renouncing their lives in order to prove a point, enunciating an example: a way of being. This exemplary experience is a pedagogical example. And for this trespassing of boredom, we will worship them forever.

At the opposite end, but in the same practice of escaping the ordinary, lay the perverts. The ones who escape habit and boredom for self-interest and personal gain. The freaks that are greedily lusting for experience. The rich, the bored, the blaze: the ones that suffer from not being victims. And it is here, in this suburban showdown that the martyr- artist sometimes hangs out. By experimenting with the limits of perception, by setting an example – the avant-garde of social practices, or by criticism it

takes, taking the political stance and pointing fingers, in the imaginary center of the arena where he stands.

We call 'masochistic' the practice of individual conversion of significance for self-interest. Be that converting an act of pain into pleasure, or be that exchanging the roles, practices and volition between victim and aggressor; between what is willed to be so, and what just happens by mistake. We call masochist the control freaks that have to portion their pies before they're baked. We call masochist those who refuse to be the victims of others and would rather be the victims of themselves. “Contemporary design is part of the great revenge of capitalism on postmodernism, a re-copying of its crossing of arts and disciplines, a routinisation of its transgressions.” [Hal Foster- Design as Crime and other diatribes]

Isn't that stance also mapping the relationship between art and life?

Art as life – Life as Art. The distinction between the two is a mere figment of our cultural imagination, asserted by some, denied by others - instituting the negation of both. On the left side, you can notice a sedimentary division between labor and leisure, work and pleasure. The closely related two headed child waving next to this: Art separated from life, exiled into museums, into audience time, into 'another' time. Big A art. On the right side, next to deceased mammoth, we can notice the commoditization of the unquantifiable – something fun to do in our free time. Showing cheap tricks but forgetting how they are made: spectacular art as spectacle life as the spectacle of life.

We disagree with masochism as a practice of form, as an aesthetic practice that is permanently suspended in between impoverishment and excess, with the mention that the first is always preceding and determined by the latter. We do not like masochism as a practice, because it is too eager, it is too willing, selfish and self-centered. It smells like vanity mixed with urine, it is the supreme form of emotional bed-wetting transposed into pretentious arguments. It proposes elevation instead of escalation. Most of all, we fail to see its urgency, necessity and consequence outside an embodied transgression that is alienated by its very means. It doesn't matter what coins you use to pass the threshold: transgression using the coins of work (so time), authorship or power. In the world of many centers, lying to the liars does not constitute truth, and if there is time for playing games where saying yes means no, but put in other words, that time is a luxury and it should be declared as such.

INDEX & CONTENT

Front page

HERMES: Hermes Mercurius Trismegistus: Master of all arts and sciences, perfect in all crafts, Ruler of the Three Worlds, Scribe of the Gods and Keeper of the Books of Life, Thoth Hermes Trismegistus- the Three Times Greatest, the First Intelligence-was regarded by the ancient Egyptians as the embodiment of the Universal Mind. While in all probability there actually existed a great sage and educator by the name of Hermes, it is impossible to extricate the historical man from the mass of legendary accounts which attempt to identify him with the Cosmic Principle of Thought.

PLANET NEPTUNE: was first sighted in 1846, although there has always been some confusion about who actually discovered it. From the behavior of the orbit of Uranus, it was known that another planet existed outside the orbit of Uranus and two mathematicians, the English John Adams and the French Urbain Le Verrier, both predicted the correct position where it would be found. The planet was named after Poseidon-Neptune, god of the sea. Neptune was the first planet which was discovered by the mathematical calculation instead of observation.

In relation to astrology, Neptune's urge is deeply religious and mystical. It is our capacity for unconditional and joyful devotion, compassion and empathy, our ability to give of ourselves without wanting anything in return. It is where we have access to magical worlds of perfect enchantment, and where we can become channels for the expression of overwhelming beauty and divine ideals. Neptune connects us to the sublime. Although Planet Mercury is the Planet of Hermes, the front page shows Planet Neptune, the ruler of the Zolder Museum according to its date of birth
Dream is Destiny: Quote from Waking Life, movie by Richard Linklater (2001)

Page 1

Director's Cut Dance of Immanence by ISJ

Ouroboros: snake or dragon eating its own tale (symbol of self reflectivity, cyclicity)

Page 2

TETRAKTYS: For the Pythagoreans the Tetraktys symbolized the perfection of Number and the elements which comprise it. In one sense it would be proper to say that the Tetraktys symbolize, like the musical scale, a differentiated image of Unity; in the case of the Tetraktys, it is an image of unity starting at One, proceeding through four levels of manifestation, and returning to unity, i.e., Ten. In the sphere of geometry, One represents the point , Two represents the line , Three represents the surface, and Four the tetrahedron ,the first three-dimensional form.

Advertisement for FUCKING GOOD ART (fuckinggoodart.nl)

Page 3-4

Text used in the Evening Talk by Rory Pilgrim, April

2012, in the Zolder Museum

Page 5-6

Contribution by Jasper Coppes: stone from the Moon

Page 7-8

Nude #3 by Artist Anonymous

Page 9

ISIS'S Business: column by Isfrid Angard Siljehaug for the Zolder Museum Paper

The student teaches the teacher what the student doesn't know that he knows. The teacher then, learns this from his student. He is the soil where it grows. Let's hope then that it is a fertile soil, where you can plant even an old dry broomstick and it will grow into a tree.

To grow something one needs water.

Water, when running in streams like veins of the earth.

When still as a mirror, that which reflects everything and keeps nothing.

And the great great sea, standing below all.

Page 10

Advertisement for Project Liste 17, young art fair in Basel. Rebecca Stephany donates 50 % of her art sale to the Zolder Museum

Page 11

Contribution by Antonia Carrara

Hg: symbol for element mercury

Page 12

Interview with Vicente Zito Lema (b.1938), Argentinian poet, thinker, activist and university professor. Zito Lema was interviewed by his daughter Aimee Zito Lema in May 2012 in Buenos Aires.

Page 13

Text by Ana Smaragda Lemnaru

The text is cut out version of the text originally published in Much Too Much Noise #2

Last page

HEART: representing Love

CADUCEUS (Last page), a symbol of Hermes (Roman Mercury, Egyptian Thoth), and by extension trades, occupations or undertakings associated with the god. In later Antiquity the caduceus provided the basis for the astrological symbol representing the planet Mercury. By extension of its association with Hermes/Mercury/Thoth, the caduceus is also a recognized symbol of commerce and negotiation, two realms in which balanced exchange and reciprocity are recognized as ideals. Caduceus is also used as a symbol representing printing, again by extension of the attributes of Hermes/Mercury/Thoth (in this case associated with writing and eloquence). The caduceus is sometimes mistakenly used as a symbol of medicine and/or medical practice, especially in North America, because of historical and widespread confusion with the traditional medical symbol, the rod of Asclepius, which has only a single snake and no wings.



The Zolder Museum wishes to thank all the people who ever said the Zolder Museum outloud, materialising its existence to Infinity and Beyond.