



## *Parallels*

### *Part 3: Central Heating Visions*

17.09-18.12.22

Caroline Bourrit  
Urban Zellweger  
15.10-20.11.22

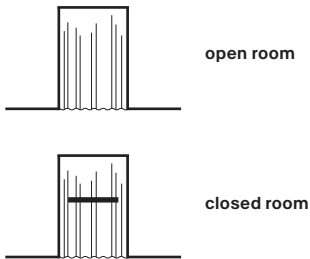
Zsófia Keresztes  
Gil Pellaton  
11.11-18.12.22

Barbezat-Villetard  
30.01-18.12.22

*Central Heating Visions* is the third chapter of *Parallels*. This exhibition, unusually long for the CAN, has been on view since January and follows a particular pattern: the proposals of the artists stands in an architecture that is redesigned for the occasion in independent spaces. The interventions are unveiled progressively in a constant alternation between the rooms opened to the public and those undergoing transformation. In the corridors, staircases and passageways, an installation floods the entire art center of a light that changing according to the atmospheric pressure or the time of year. This work links all the fragments of *Parallels*; it could be seen as a mesosphere: a space that separates but at the same time binds the rooms together. All these fragments caught in a continuous flow draw, by their multiplicity, the collective exhibition.

With its glowing corridors and its title that sounds like a cryptic message, *Central Heating Visions*, joins the notion of perception or premonition with the evocation of the heating factory that once occupied the building. More than an anecdotal hint, the central heating is the metaphor of the collective thought that transforms this labyrinthine building crossed by arteries, canals, corridors and staircases, into an art center. It is driven by a particular fuel: the determination of the team that found and reshaped this place and those that have succeeded it, the energy of the artists who renew it with each exhibition and the strength of the public that gives it life. These flows, sometimes calm, sometimes chaotic, traverse the heart of this benevolent machine, a place of warmth, of meeting and exchange, of parties sometimes.

Each of the three parts focused on one of the issues of the exhibition. These three facets are reflected in each artistic intervention that forms this skein but also in its rhythm and its general movement. After the first act *Astral Border* which addressed the question of territory and *The Commuter* which represented the relationship between intimacy and collectivity, the last chapter takes a more dreamlike path and links the concept of utopia to a force of transformation and renewal. *Central Heating Visions* is the return point of the spiral curve that forms *Parallels*.



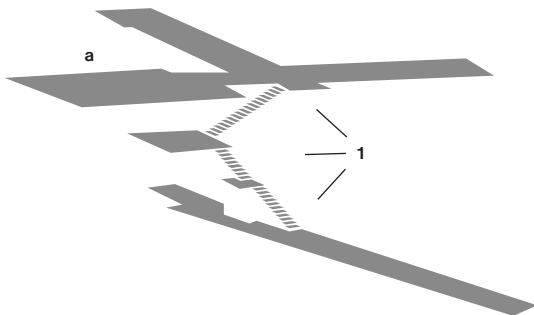
With the generous support of the City of Neuchâtel, Canton Neuchâtel, Fondation Bonhôte pour l'art contemporain, Fondation Philanthropique Famille Sandoz, Loterie Romande, Fondation Ernst & Olga Gubler-Habützel.

# Barbezat-Villetard

Matthieu Barbezat \*1981 (CH)  
Camille Villetard \*1987 (FR)

barbezat-villetard.com

To take over the passageways and corridors of *Parallels*, the CAN team called on the Barbezat-Villetard duo. Their intervention, *L'Humeur*, is conceived as a counterweight to the rest of the exhibition. It begins at the entrance door and extends along the stairs, the corridors and into the reception area. It combines itself with the characteristics of the building, responds to the architecture, blurring its own boundaries. It functions as a climate airlock where light, air pressure and humidity become integral components of the work and are influenced by the public's visits. Visible throughout the year 2022, it envelops the entire exhibition in a fleeting sensory veil.



- 1. *L'Humeur*, 2022  
L.E.D. lights, misting system, ventilator (Orion), motion sensor, Arduino®, computer, chairs.
- a. reception desk, 3rd floor

## LONESOME NAVIGATOR

Here I am. As a hundred times before. And yet, there is something weird. Is it the reddish tint? The dark glowing texture of the tubular ceiling? Or the smell? That's it. Diffuse. It carries the pungency of greasy scents rising from the depths. It is sickeningly sweet like the almost visible perfumed trail of an earlier passenger, which must have permeated the porous walls and stagnated in this cramped corridor.

Other presences reveal themselves slowly. I anticipate the steps coming behind, like wingbeats of low flying swallows, I see the rosy halo of the one ahead on the seat. I feel them like the gentle flow of a tropical breeze. As I move on, my slight mood-altering headache intensifies. Low pressure. Would the atmospheric agents play against me today? Saturated air. I inhale. A slight nausea surprises me. I spit out. The floor is slippery. Is it raining outside? A few beads trickle on my forehead. It sticks to my skin, the smell, the sensation, like a gluey mist that would infiltrates through my orifices to then spread and grow through my cells.

I lose my bearings. As if to better let myself be carried away by this score already started, that I constantly, unwillingly replay. It seems that all the existing visuals and sensory patterns are continuously reshuffled, my surroundings reframed. I extrapolate and let myself be transported by this soft manipulation. My diaphragm tightens. My pulse accelerates. *Allegro*. I rise.

## SILHOUETTE

1565, Florence. Was Vasari really thinking of protecting the fragile nasal cavities of the Dukes and Duchesses from the foul, meaty miasma coming from the Ponte Vecchio when he conceived his corridor? Elevated, it boldly allowed the members of the Medici family to rise to the upper level while passing unnoticed from one Palace to another. A shortcut, a privileged path, a secret way, in and out. A corridor. In this element of domestic architecture one walks through, one rushes, from A to B; one does not stay still in a *corridor*. No wonder that it carries the name of "the one who runs".

2022, Neuchâtel. The alley I'm facing now is 14m long. How long would it take me to cover this distance with 86 pulsations per minute? How many steps would I need to catch up with this silhouette, that I vaguely distinguish at the other end of the hallway? I can hardly identify it as a human figure but I hear a breath, slightly panting, mingling with the dripping of the pipes and my own cadence, as if to form a common acoustic matter. *Andante*. The figure moves forward with allure, a swiftness without hesitation, as it seems to slip through the obstacles in its way. It is about to climb. I can't see its face but it guides me. I recall the obscure walkers in Alan Clarke's *Elephant* (1989), plunging the observer in a sort of never ending opening credits. I follow the oracle.

The roaming silhouette acts as a vector of speculated futures, of the darkest fantasies, of myriad conjectures. The gallery, vehicle for romanticized ventures and dreadful scenarios, is a place for expectations and reveals the attractive irrational and even delirious promises of our imagination. What's happening at the end of the way? On the next level? On the other side of the gate?

#### SIDEREAL PRESENCE

Rue des Moulins 37. I remember an oculus that I had spotted before. It seemed to observe me as much as I observed it. As I glimpsed through and gazed into the exhibition space my vision was obstructed for a short moment by the dazzling icy sun rays. Thus, the narrow entry looked like a darkly lit underground path. I could barely determine the hue. "On en reste bleu, on voit rouge, on est vert", they said.

I stepped in. The entrance hall opened on the vast distribution space of the CAN formed by a large communication routes network acting like the telescopic arms of the architecture. Reaching out, drawing in, connecting different realities, levels and states. They invited me to stay.

So I sat there, and the corridor became a hospitality area that allowed me to rest, in expectancy. Reflecting on the endless combinations of the waiting room's amberlike modular structure, I realized that this corridic display was slowly shifting into a free-floating location that possessed a somewhat destabilizing, transitory quality. A vessel being nothing but a long maze-like airlock made of lanes and lobbies, gates and thresholds; it nevertheless had its own rules, an identity, and a weightlessness to be shared with its still-undetected inhabitants.

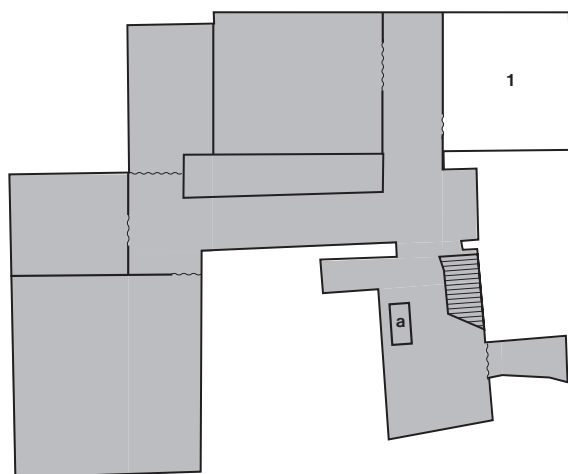
Resting, waiting, cogitating. *Lento*. A haze thickened, becoming a bluish veil of auroral obscurity. I sat unaware that the changeover had already started. Recall Dr. Clair in J. G. Ballard's *Crystal World* (1966) so mesmerized by the sinister beauty of the invasive quartzes that she surrenders physically to their spread. Like her, I lingered with pleasure in an addictive liminal state of semi-consciousness. I had not realized as I entered the sas, where referential and parallel universes meet, that I would be walking into a transition phase. The twitching of the neon lights woke me from my torpor and I saw it, the vibrating punctum, staring at me and gently pulling me out.

Marie Dupasquier

# Caroline Bourrit

Caroline Bourrit \*1992 (CH)

carolinebourrit.com



1. *Charge Fantôme*, 2022

*Voyant (réparer le silence)*, 2022

Black out, inverter, Arduino®, amplifler, speakers

*Témoins (combler le vide)*, 2022

Phosphorescent paint,

*Urgent (porter bonheur)*, 2022

Digital prints, notice published in the newspapers N+ edition of 28 September 2022 page 12, Arcinfo edition of 14 octobre 2022 page 10

a. reception desk, 3rd floor

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## PHANTOM LOAD

Is a thought a phantom, a foreign body that passes through us and haunts our relationship with the real? I've often asked myself why we make a separation between thoughts and worldly objects. We tell ourselves that they're only thoughts, as if they were held in a distinct space with no potency in the present moment. Perhaps it's the lack of tactile evidence that makes us doubt their existence. The amount of humidity in the air that produces rust may be imperceptible, but nevertheless that rust is caused by the action of water particles. Does a thought have any materiality, and what is its hold on the world?

Something is changing, even if we don't notice it. Suddenly we see that the grass has grown; we realize that the planet has become warmer. All it takes is a few months, weeks, days or hours before changes that seemed almost fictional become real. In every way, the world has dimensions that are beyond our perception. In the postwar period, Günther Anders warned about our inability to even imagine the destruction awaiting us, and he applied the term *supraliminal* to events that are so beyond our threshold of consciousness that we can't even conceive them. What image, then, can make visible that imminence that hangs over us? By creating an artwork that will not become perceptible unless *the blackout* comes to pass, Caroline Bourrit has produced a bridge between our local imaginative capacity and a global reality that is beyond our comprehension. This piece that becomes activated by a total power outage will become the trace of systematic and distant phenomena. In the meantime, we remain in an almost empty room where the minuscule, the inert and the ordinary are quasi-subliminal forms of an inflection point already underway. As we wait, our attention fades.

Particular conditions are required to prevent this waiting from dissipating like smoke, so that we do not avert our gaze from a space where *for the moment* there is nothing. It has to be there in a moment of desire or anxiety. There has to be some absence that stops us in our tracks in order to produce a kind of stretching out of this present where the future begins, a gray, twilight zone where worlds go in and out of existence. In this meanwhile, we are entering a space that is as singular as it is indeterminate, and we are seeking to see and understand. Here that which may come is still meager and slight, just a rustling, a glimmer, a trace, an idea, until that moment – when we will admit that we were waiting for it all along – actually happens, and yet it will be unexpected. Can we perceive a slight gleam in broad daylight? Can we hear music playing very softly? Can this music make an impression on us? We're awaiting something that is already here but which we cannot yet perceive: in this moment when Bourrit's piece has not actually occurred, this music plays silently, in standby mode. When we finally feel it, this reality, too enormous to

be perceived until that point, will finally catch our eye.

The LEDs in switches, standby indicators and emergency lighting evoke the existence in our buildings of an ecosystem of bio-luminescents, a very particular ecosystem comprised of cold lighting devices that illuminate nothing and signal nothing but a state of sleep or preparation to spring into action, unlike the lights used to light up the world. But generally speaking, our comprehension of lamps is incomplete. We limit ourselves to thinking of them as illuminating something here and now, nearby, whereas they enlighten us about processes of combustion (or production) far away, signifying that distance.

Maybe we should say, all things considered, that Caroline Bourrit's piece will be activated by the blackout; I mean that it might very well disappear at the very moment when it appears, during the blackout. Should we hope to see it someday? What we can sense now, in our experience of this piece, is also our imagination of what's to come, distances and an inflection point. The thoughts and hypotheses are embryonic forms of reality that we know or believe are destined to happen in the moment that we think them. Here's what can be said about this work: "Everything that I could switch off, I've switched off. The only thing that remains possible is the night."

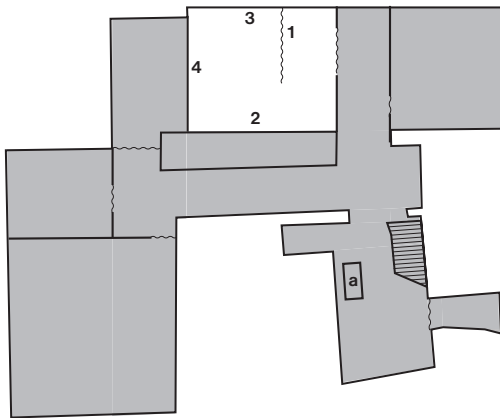
Baptiste Gaillard

Translated from french by Leo Stephen Torgoff

# Caroline Mesquita

Caroline Mesquita \*1989 (FR)

carolinemesquita.net



1. *Character*, 2021  
patinated brass
2. *Hand*, 2021  
patinated brass
3. *Prawn*, 2022  
copper, brass
4. *Noctambules*, 2021  
video 10'
- a. reception desk, 3rd floor

## NIGHTHAWKS

In ancient Rome there was a story rhetoricians and other orators loved to recount. Simonides of Ceos, invited to a banquet, enraptured the guests with an ode in honor of Castor and Pollux. They all turned in the poet's direction, their bodies as if frozen by his brilliance, and time itself seemed suspended. Afterwards, as the guests resumed their lively conversations, the aristocrat who had held the banquet came up to Simonides and congratulated him, confiding that he was certain that the poet had been born under the protection of the divine twins. But, he argued, consequently, he would pay Simonides only half of what was owed him, in full confidence that the gods would agree to pay him the rest. The poet was left dumbfounded.

Later that evening, Simonides was informed that two young men were waiting for him outside. He left the banquet and walked toward the entrance to the villa's grounds, only to find no one there. At that moment, amidst a sudden deafening clatter, cracks engulfed the villa and it collapsed, crushing everyone who remained at the feast.

The bodies were torn apart beyond recognition. The families of the guests raised a great lamentation, weeping at the sight of the chaotic heap of stones from which there emerged, here and there, what appeared to be pieces of human bodies. Since the corpses were unidentifiable – no loved one or friend could distinguish one from another – the dead could not properly receive their last rites. But Simonides of Ceos, the catastrophe's sole survivor, could. He took a stick and in the dust sketched out a diagram of the dining hall, indicting the location of each guest. This made it possible to identify, pray over and bury them all.

Castor and Pollux had given Simonides his due by enticing him to leave the banquet and thus saving his life. After this experience, convinced that he had been chosen by the gods, he sought to transform his poetic gifts into technical skills. He developed a series of mnemonic devices that anyone could use to memorize complex things, such as the identity and location of a large number of people at a banquet.

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Simonides of Ceos's mnemonic techniques have come down to us essentially through the writings of Cicero. In *De Oratore* (II, LXXXVI, 351-354), he tells us: "[T]hose, therefore, who would improve this part of the understanding, certain places must be fixed upon, and that of the things which they desire to keep in memory, symbols must be conceived in the mind, and ranged, as it were, in those places; thus the order of places would preserve the order of things, and the symbols of the things would denote the things themselves; so that we should use the places as waxen tablets, and the symbols as letters."

As this Roman philosopher tells us, memory is a question of places. If we want to remember things, it is not sufficient to keep in mind their appearance;

we must also organize them, classify them and arrange them. They must be made into components of an architecture. In short, the art of memory is two-fold: it requires the production of images that must be as meaningful as possible, and a talent for organizing these images.

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For the ancient Greeks and Romans, memory was like a building that required upkeep. It must be spacious and variegated. It must have many rooms – atriums, living rooms, bedrooms and sitting rooms. It also must be adorned with statues and other decorations. And of course, it must be rich in allegorical figures that embody things to be remembered, which we will place in the appropriate spaces. These allegorical figures absolutely must be memorized; there can be no censorship in the way they are memorized. They must be forced, caricatured, rendered sublime or terrifying, covered with gold and blood, surrounded by mnemonic elements.

In the end, Simonides' memory is temple that resembles a haunted house. It is a *different world* which we often enter, all alone, to spend time with what we really are, to revisit our memory, our past, our lived experience and what we hope to experience. A space of ghosts and fantasies, a space of speech and the unutterable. Memory is a world comprised of images that we turn into mechanisms to enable waking dreams. We let the images to come to us, architecturally structured in an improbable manner that nevertheless seems the most logical arrangement possible.

\*

Yet there is another kind of memory whose secret remained undisclosed to the ancient Greeks and Romans, dark, buried memories murmuring and screaming as they emerge from our subconscious. The memory palace becomes a labyrinth where we keep some doors ajar by force while others, locked, try to burst open. This *different world* shapes individuals against their will even as they try to construct their memory brick by brick. Even as we try to remember at any cost, a certain static seeps in, a certain something whose rumbling announces its presence where least expected. This struggle between the conscious and the subconscious produces an accumulation that shapes what we are.

But there's more. As Walter Benjamin explains (*The Arcades Project*, fragment K 1.5): "[O]f course, much that is external to the former [individuals] is internal to the latter [the collective]: architecture, fashion – yes, even the weather – are, in the interior of the collective, that which the sensoria of organs, the feelings of sickness or health, are inside the individual. And so long as they preserve this unconscious, amorphous dream configuration, they are as much natural processes as digestion, breathing, and the like. They stand in the cycle of the eternally selfsame; until the collective seizes upon them in politics and history emerges." Thus our haunted house, our being as an accumulation of conscious figures and subconscious rumblings, comes into conjunction with the immense and vertiginous house constituted by society, the nation, civilization, humanity.

Our mnemonic places and figures, both conscious and unconscious, bump up against their collective counterparts. We speak languages that are not ours, we dress according to fashions that are not of our making, we fantasize about futures that belong to others. The forms and figures we convoke, that pass by each other as they wander through the corridors of our memory and that we try to confine in constricted rooms – they have come down to us from other horizons. Our mental palace, this house, this labyrinth, is traversed by thousands of drafts. It is a sandcastle that crumbles and metamorphoses.

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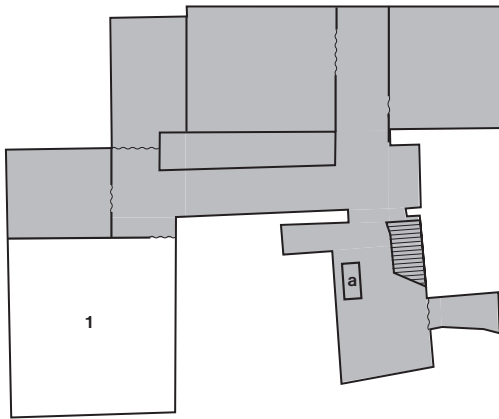
Our identity is always a product of a negotiation that unfolds in the hollows of our dreams. What we are is the deaccumulation of a kaleidoscope of individual and common images. We contain our own dream doppelgangers from which we flee, our past, our projections. We contain the forms that we cling to even as they escape us, determined to reveal themselves. And then there are other people, the Other, that is the common fantasy in which we try to make a place for ourselves and that constantly seeps into our innermost being to take its own place in this home where we, too, must live.

Jean-Baptiste Carbolante  
Translated from french by Leo Stephen Torgoff

# Gil Pellaton

Gil Pellaton \*1982 (CH)

gilpellaton.ch



1. aluminum, paprika, bone glue, textile (polyester), concrete, zipper, steel, acrylic, string, pen, wire, sewing thread, cotton, words, turmeric

a. reception desk, 3rd floor

Her words squeeze through a tiny hole in a thing that holds something else. This thing, she knows, might be a bottle, a container, a carrier bag of food, stories, and love—the original form(s) of technology before spears and swords. It can be a body, with words oozing out from its protective shield. Their letters' waists are compressed to fit through the perimeter of the hole. A minuscule opening in a metal womb. From the contact, the skin of the words is scuffed and reddened at the edges. In the moist darkness of the aluminum belly there is no light, no vision, only a primary soup of language. To make it outside the letters have to get in formation. Producing temporary linearity for comprehension. But as soon as eyes and ears and hands and noses and mouths avert they reshuffle and morph into new shapes.

Once outside, her vowels bounce off of nature's consonants. Some ricochet against the polished surface from which they emerged, others dive into the surrounding moss. Now on the move, the words crawl towards somebody else's mouth. Their taste reminds her of...

The warm earthy spice melts on her tongue like a syllable. Its softened edges are ready to adhere to other alphabets. Fragments are forming a sound, a word, a sentence, a story, a lifetime of memories, a culture, a civilization, a living planet, a galaxy leaving a hole that is a mouth. The trembling of her body emanates into the world as breath and sound. Its vibrations travel and reach out to touch and move new molecules as they dissipate into the universe.

Before the conception of a body as a whole there were its unspoken parts. Organs held together by physics, attached to each other through language and desire. Edges only seem impermeable from a distance, but as she is dragging herself closer, they turn out to quiver with openings. Her body attaches to their seams. A shape. A proposal?

Her growls travel through a story. When it rains she stakes out a tent, and when her bones are dried she turns a page.

Her story deposited in a bag, it leaks and drips as she walks. Words come spilling through its mesh, leaving a trace in the world of the impossible archive that is her body. The carrier drags against the sweet softness of rotting forest floors, against rocks and insects and that tree who knows its name and sends her roots. Her words refresh moss and bore asphalt. Letters become lines become marks repelled by someone else's nylon polyester coat. Dripping down comes grief for the body that was whole, flowing up goes hope for leaks and burrows.

She offers her body as a story. As her memory forgets words, it searches for shapes and finds attachment. The hole is bigger now, it leaks and receives. Words hold things, she writes. And bodies hold words.

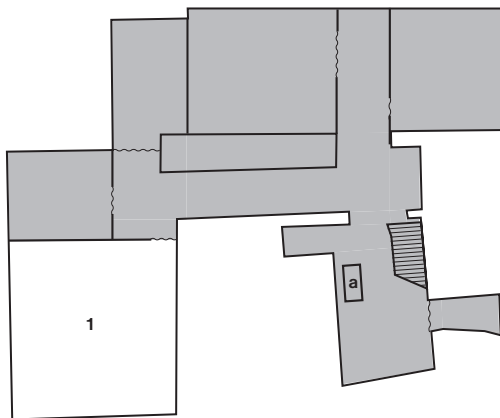
Stefanie Hessler



# Tabita Rezaire

Tabita Rezaire \*1989 (FR)

tabitarezaire.com



1. *Orbit Diapason*, 2021  
Two channel video installation (video mapping) 44'45",  
wooden dome, medicinal fabric (cotton)

a. reception desk, 3rd floor

## SANGOFARIAN

Earth Communicates with the aether, other planets, and the universe at large whether we are aware of it or not. It has its own rhythm, systems, and movement. Our own self importance as human beings has somehow convinced us that we are in control of earth. Before human beings developed mechanisms of communication or were even able to recognize themselves as intellectual beings, earth was on its own continuous path of evolution. Earth is part of an intricate intergalactic communicative mechanism, which is part of a system unknown to us. We aren't aware how Mars communicates with earth or how our milky way functions in relation to other milky ways or galaxies.

Before we were able to see ourselves as human beings on a planet, these intricacies existed. And from this system and evolutionary path, from its very soil, the "*all being*" energy manifested human beings; an extension of the universe tangible on this surface.

Centuries ago, a story of Queen in Rwanda ties to the origin of a great Lake. Kunyaza, meaning to urinate, came from an incident where, said Queen, missing her husband who was at war, instructed a palace guard to tend to her sexual needs in the absence of her husband. It is said that the guard, trembling with fear, was not able to penetrate the Queen, but was instead, due to his uncontrollable shaking, able to stimulate her to an extreme climax. Her orgasmic release flooded the Kingdom and birthed what is today known as the Lake Kivu, west of Rwanda in the great Lakes region. In taking this fable, let us view the Queen as we do mother earth. And begin to imagine how great earth trembles, gathered energy that culminated to bursts of water, making way to rivers from the oceans, that nourished and brought life to the lands. On this earth, there are areas that can hold high concentrations of energy, so forceful it alters its very surroundings. This volume of energy, suspended for a time, all who walk in its path were affected by it. These spaces, which on a woman's body would be known as a clitoris, have come to be known as sacred spaces.

### Sacred Spaces for trance

Being one with the earth means one is sensitive to highly energized spaces. Multiple facets play a role in creating the sacred space. From the high mineral content, wind force and flow, density in rock or the lack thereof, Frequency and vibration, astronomical alignment, all these and more concentrated in a particular space, interact with one's physiology. These spaces, when engaged in a particular manner for a specific intention, amplified, influence energy towards a particular outcome. Energy is manipulated and conforms to consistent programming. These are the inner workings of deemed Sacred Spaces; places human beings were able to merge with earth's natural energy, where a high frequency naturally exists. Places where ancient ones attempted to reach the heavens.

Ancient Human beings' objective was spiritual alignment. To reach so far as to leave every visual and influence of self or this world, to reach far enough to not be influenced to see what else there could be outside of one's own physical, psychological, mental or spiritual understanding. Attachment to self, limits one's journey, one's exploration into anything other than what one knows.

#### Distance does not affect communication in spirit

In reference to quantum physics, the exploration of the atom suggests that an invisible link between a split atom still remains when the one, a significant distance from the other, still reacts to what the 1st is subjected to, even though there is no visible reason why it should. Information is able to port from one atom to the other due to an "Entanglement". My assumptions would be that the atoms retain a pattern and the memory of the link shared and thus preserve its programming.

Ancient ones would have categorised this as spirit or Moya in Nguni. Due to the loss of translation in communicating complex ideas from ancient societies to modern scholars, one would have understood that the word "Moya" is a description of a multiplicity of communicative platforms experienced by the ancient ones. Moya is Spirit, is atmosphere, energy, wind, aura, air, and Moya speaks and can be heard. Because of this belief, all things have a voice. All things communicate. The Nguni word Izwa means hear, taste, feel. So, the communication of all things is recognized. Therefore distance, in spirit, is not a factor that affects communication. In seeing ourselves as the atoms split in a physicist's lab, where our parent atom would be the universe, the link between ourselves and the great beyond is perceived as severed only by belief that it was not there to begin with. As physicists discovered, the link between the two is severed once there is external influence and the atom adapts to its environment; our link has equally been tampered with as we merge with our surroundings. Those seeking enlightenment sought to re-establish the link through trance and prayer.

#### Creating the appropriate circumstances for Trance

Rhythm Pulse creates a pattern, with sound, that pattern creates a frequency, that frequency is a code. that code opens portals to universes. When you are part of that rhythm and your heartbeat matches and mimics that pattern, when you are one with the frequency, you trance...port. Not in the physical form but in the mental and spiritual.

#### Trance

A half-conscious state characterized by an absence of response to external stimuli, typically as induced by hypnosis or entered by a medium.

Origin - From the Latin word *Transire/transir* meaning *go across* or *depart/fall into trance*.

#### Entrance

An opening, such as a door, passage, or gate, that allows access to a place.

Origin - From the English word *intransce*

#### Transition

The process or a period of changing from one state or condition to another.

Origin - From the Latin word *transire* - transition means "go across"

#### Transport

A system or means of conveying people or goods from place to place.

Origin - From the Latin word *Trans* meaning across and *portare* meaning carry

All of the above words find their origins in the word *Trance* or *Transire*. The words have adapted to our experience and creations in our everyday life. Should a different perspective be taken on the meaning of these words, we begin to see the mechanism we use to move energy through realities. This is not only a path to enlightenment, but an intentional process to communicate with an energy that is beyond us.

We are, in part, the aliens we seek. We are part of the source that made earth, the universe and human beings. We are part of the river of information that programmes and patterned this world into existence, as has patterned the universe into existence. Energy from the universe has been arriving and leaving everyday through birth and death. The entrance portal that is the womb, the ellipse of creation, and the exit through transition, that is death.

Energy trance-forms between different realities every day; through dreams, trance and prayer.

### We are our creators

Our abundance is a reflection of the universe. Our complexity is a mirror image of the cosmos. There are as many humans on earth as there are stars and more. Its folds and fissures are a reflection of the layers we have. I.e., We are as complex and layered as the universe is munificent. When we begin to visualise the extra-terrestrial, in exploring what is beyond, we project the ideas of how we exist terrestrially. Just as how we can only imagine another species with human traits. Having a need to belong, or communicate or conquer or consume or express cruelty, hatred or superiority. We can only recognise parts of ourselves in other beings, and only in that way can we place their existence within our aether or frame of understanding. Only in that way can we make them tangible. But we are just as accessible and inaccessible to what is beyond us, as we are accessible and inaccessible to that which is within us. In simpler terms, you cannot feel your organs, no matter how hard you try, you cannot visualise them within yourself but in comparison with images that have been previously shown to you, therefore in exploring the universe there are parts of it that will be inaccessible to us merely because without an example we cannot imagine what could be out there, even though we are an intimate part of it. We don't know what we don't know. Only altered versions of ourselves, within OUR own frame of understanding.

### Seeking a new world

There is no new energy, because energy doesn't disintegrate it changes form, all the energy that ever was has just been changing its form. Human beings are a part of the cycle of form that has been changing.

*I was once the honey I consume*

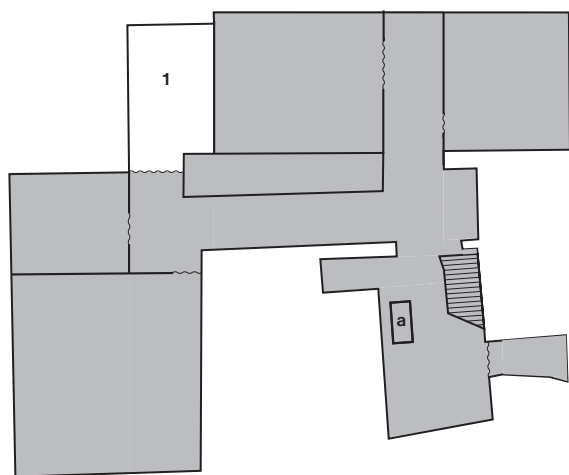
*I was once the honey I consume today, as I was the nectar that made it.  
From the flower that pulled nutrients, from the soil that my body was buried in.  
The body that bore the child, that farms the bees today.  
That make the honey I now consume, from the cones I lived in and divinely stay.  
-Keitu Gwangwa*

Whatever form we are now, whatever programming we are now, patterns we are repeating, we will only take to whichever planet we seek to occupy. We have the ability to create whatever we need, because we are part of the source that created us. If we need to live in a different world, we must start by changing the very one we live in. Ours is the new world we seek.

Keitu Gwangwa

# Urban Zellweger

Urban Zellweger \*1991 (CH)



1. *Panorama (Pizzabox XXXI-XLIII)*, 2022  
Oil, acrylic varnish and gesso on cardboard
- a. reception desk, 3rd floor

Special thanks to Ilaria Vinci

## SQUARING THE CIRCLE. NEW PAINTINGS BY URBAN ZELLWEGER

That pizza-making is an art was confirmed by the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization (UNESCO) in 2017 when it inscribed this activity on the list of the Intangible Cultural Heritage of Humanity. That pizza packaging is a cultural technique as meaningful and as multi-layered is implied by the new series *Panorama (Pizzabox XXXI-XLIII)* by Zurich artist Urban Zellweger in a peculiar battle: painting versus pizza. Or more precisely: landscape painting meets pizza box graphics – and as with any such match made in hell: the similarities and differences blend into a doughy whole. The fermentation of minds begins.

The basic ingredient for Zellweger's painterly practice is experimentation. It tends to take a certain investigative interest to start or take up a series. The subject of inquiry that has been unfolding in *Pizzaboxes* (since 2020) is the tension between the object itself and non-objectivity, between abstraction and figuration. Pizza boxes offer ideal breeding ground for this question: how does a figurative motif coagulate through overstatement – as in the bits and pieces of clichéd notions of Italianity on pizza boxes – into indefinite meaning, i.e. intentionally abstract allusions to dolce vita, for example. Crucial here is the ambiguity of "overstating", which applies just as much to the overdoing of typologies and topologies as it may to the actual process of overpainting to which Zellweger subjects his pizza boxes.

In earlier works too, Zellweger's painting process only begins at the end, with the background. Here, the colour is the main character. Zellweger finds it in half-used cans, almost empty jars or shelved in the studio. It is this kind of colour that the artist seeks to reactivate – and so his own artistic process. Just as all endings are new beginnings, as they say. After this colour has found new form, the composition is covered with whitish monochrome layers of colour. It discreetly blocks the view, rendering activity into indeterminacy.

A similar form of circularity is imbued in the square of the pizza box. Its cardboard provides an unprimed ground for Zellweger's melancholically stereotyped landscapes and their laconic progression from here to there including its brief momentum in between. For the real function of this packaging is as absurdly brief as its disposal can feel protracted. Preserving and then revealing the invaluable moment of the perfect consumption temperature, this box protrudes in almost every bucket, piles up in messy corners, proves our rising failure in domestic duties.

Novel to Zellweger's practice is the default background to his backgroundish foregrounds: the fast food of the street is mutating into a mass product for the middle classes in their prefab flats. It rings a bell. Am I looking out – or are you looking in? The packaging as medium, as projection surface, almost a screen: here the appearances merge into persons, the persons (printed on the cardboard) merge into the almost mythical appearances of Zellweger's

paint and back again into the narrative of wanting, of advertising. Indeed, it is precisely here that Zellweger's paintings transcend the realm of representation and acquire almost performative traits. The pizza boxes meet us at eye level, more like the laundry on the line than the canvas on the wall.

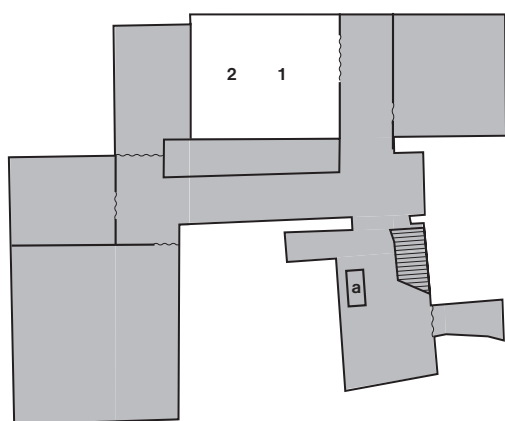
This tension in the relationship between the inner and outer spheres grants Zellweger's Panorama urgency – a "squaring of the circle", of making ends meet, of the heavenly life under the sky of forever rainy days. Still dripping tree or already greasy cardboard? These Pizza Boxes are never about packaging really, but rather about the signs and settings that separate us just as they bind and bond. For home is where life tips you.

Julia Moritz

# Zsófia Keresztes

Zsófia Keresztes\*1985 (H)

zsofiakeresztes.com



1. *Fence*, 2022  
steel, glass mosaic, styrofoam, fiberglass, construction adhesive, PU foam, grout, spirit level
2. *Soft Alliance I-VI*, 2022  
steel, glass mosaic, styrofoam, fiberglass, construction adhesive, PU foam, grout, spirit level
- a. reception desk, 3rd floor

Over the past six years, Zsófia Keresztes has successfully built up a formal vocabulary dominated by pastel-colored glass mosaic tiles that make her sculptures instantly recognizable. Her most recent exhibition, *After Dreams: I Dare to Defy the Damage*, at the Hungarian Pavilion of the 59th Venice Biennale, featured a dynamic assemblage of sculptures reflecting on empathy, vulnerability, and connection in the digital realm. Though most of her works could be called amorphous or even formless, their components often resemble female body parts that are armed with an arsenal of weapons, such as pointed nipples, chains, arrows, or teardrop-like elements. These figures could potentially be identified as warriors, amazons, or even sumo wrestlers that signal a readiness to fight or protect what is dear to them.

Keresztes's most recent body of work on view at CAN fits into her tendency to build a narrative around her sculptures, but this time, there is also an unavoidable biblical motif at the core of her exhibition: the apple. The centerpiece, entitled *Fence*, resembles a female figure with elongated limbs, arms, and legs spread out in a position that is at once inviting and intimidating, as it blocks the movement of visitors in the gallery space. The figure's body is characterized by hefty thighs and sagging breasts and is crowned by a double-faced apple—which forms its head. The dark red of the apple is a completely new and aggressive addition to Keresztes's color palette, which, for the past years, has mostly been dominated by pastel pinks and blues. Yet another striking innovation is the incorporation of a set of vertically placed spirit levels that form a fence between the figure's arms and legs, seemingly protecting the smaller-scale worm or serpent-like sculptures (*Soft alliance I-VI*) behind her back. By setting ambiguous predator-prey relationships in her sculptural assemblages, Keresztes is always eager to tell a story. In this case, the limbless companions could be the protagonist's allies or her potential enemy—as the serpent to Eve in the Book of Genesis.

The main figure's eyes, carved into the apple-shaped head, have been substituted with spirit level vials like the ones piercing her robust body. In the safe space created behind her fence, a dance, or rather a balancing act, occurs: some of the worms are joined in a kiss with a vial in their mouths, while others carry additional levels on their backs. They seek to reach balance—or a sense of equality—through connection. But social constraints, prejudices, and isolation can make this process difficult. The female figure's elongated, greenish limbs seem to be transmuting, going through a maturing period in which she must push her body's boundaries to challenge its fixed position. As curator and writer Legacy Russell writes in *Glitch Feminism*, "gender circumscribes the body, "protects" it from becoming limitless, from claiming the infinite vast, from realizing its true potential." Russell considers the glitch, a technological error in the system, as a vehicle to refuse the hegemonic gender binary. This reference is inescapable in Keresztes's oeuvre, where the pixelated landscape of metamorphosing bodies always performs the refusal of easy identification and leaves the outcome of its battles and power plays to the imagination.

Veronika Molnár