

Body Moving

Max Kesteloot & Maarten Van Roy

@ 10 N, Menorca, March 2024.

He go tapping his chromium walls like a crazy dancer.¹

In the labyrinthine corridors of existence, where the echoes of past and future intertwine, there exists a poetic dance between chaos and order, control and surrender. Here, amidst the celestial symphonies envisioned by Johannes Kepler, and the intimate landscapes explored by Gaston Bachelard's *The Poetics of Space*², we encounter the profound tapestry of the human experience.

Kepler's theories, like stars that guide sailors through the night, navigate us through the cosmic chaos, revealing the hidden harmonies of the universe. His celestial mechanics, a testament to humanities pursuit of control over nature's whims, reflect our eternal quest for understanding amidst the vast unknown.

Within this quest lies the paradox of our human condition. We are but specks in the cosmic expanse, attempting to impose order upon boundless chaos. And as we grasp for control, we inevitably encounter moments of loss, where our best-laid plans crumble like sandcastles before the tide. In these moments of surrender, however, lies a beauty all its own. It is the beauty of remembering, of cherishing fleeting moments and ephemeral places that shape our lives. For in the fractures of memory, we find solace amidst the tumultuous seas of being.

Like the fragments of a forgotten dream, Max Kesteloot's *Untitled Paintings* assemble in imperfect grids. Each part of the image is an image itself and the delicate white lines imbue proximity and distance with different meanings. Kesteloot documents his journeys with the camera, later selecting film stills to transfer onto canvas as pigment. He moves within his artistic practice between control and its loss. From this process emerge delicate, airy images depicting facades, window views, details of weathered surfaces, billboards and blurry light effects. We might be looking at the moving shadows of a leafless tree or the surface of a piece of marble.

Kesteloot presents memories with such openness that we can incorporate them as our own. The images bear noise, glitches and light disturbances. Small cracks and fractures deepen the poetic quest for traces when viewed from up close. These snapshots become abstract paintings, encapsulating the essence of different moments in time, blurring the lines between present and past, materiality and medium.

Maarten Van Roy's sculptures and objects present a fusion of materials. The delicately crafted pieces are assembled in a way that they transcend their individual

¹ Beatrice Goldsmith, ESCAPE, Poetry. A Magazine of Verse, February 1937.

² Gaston Bachelard, La Poétique de l'Espace, 1958.

components. At their core, these creations evoke a sense of interconnectedness through their materiality. Whether fashioned from found objects or welded steel, they bear traces of their past encounters – a lamp stand reminiscent of a sunset stroll or a back-spinning wooden branch, chromed to a gleam.

Despite their laden memories, each of these sculptures possesses a distinct character. Each embodying a unique phenomenon, they seem to be everything from companions to ornaments, bearing titles like *Diamonds*, *The Healing Game* or *Gravity Collapse*. Like the broken glass object recalling the grace of a swan's wing, these pieces find harmony within metal brackets and welding seams. Each connection, from cables to fasteners, crackles with tension, creating moments of synergetic alliance and evoking a unique sense of profound clarity. Van Roy's works convey the feeling that they were fated from the outset, their parts moving through the cosmos, bound by an invisible thread until they ended up in the same place.

The artworks of Kesteloot and Van Roy appear to hint at the openness to the experience of life. It is the same notion that resonates within the walls of Bachelard's poetic spaces, where the mundane becomes sacred and the ordinary transcendent. The secrets of their work lying in the visible, rather than the invisible, both artists conjure entities that connect us with the here and now and yet transcend time, space, and circumstance.

Flame on, I'm gone.³

³ Beastie Boys, *Body Movin'*, Album: *Hello Nasty*, 1998.