



**THE
MONSTROUS
BOUQUET**

oneland

Introduction in The Monstrous Bouquet

(bunch beautiful blades)

Today, a collective oppressive mood prevails, which is related to the contemporary reality of socio-economic inequality, destructive masculinity, the refugee crisis, racism, discrimination, patriarchal structures, the climate crisis, imposed ideals of beauty, Covid-19, lust for power, abuse of power, a large part of the population facing burn-outs and depression and/or not being able to keep up with rapid (technological) changes.

In addition to the current common feeling of impending doom, there are personal fears and traumas as well. For me, these are rooted in my body and claim their place in a flood of nightmares that I cannot get rid of. Tension seems to be inextricably linked to me. When it does not follow me, it creeps up on me. I am now so familiar with waking up exhausted in a stream of sweat, that the change to a good night's sleep at this time perhaps makes me more afraid than the certainty of nightly tremors. The fear of the unknown improvement overrides the actual exhausting nights.

Isn't it frightening how fear can manipulate you like that, can control you in such a way? Does fear increase or decrease when it is shared? Sharp forms can injure and kill the body. In which other shapes, sounds and smells do we recognise repression of physical, mental and/or emotional safety? Is it ethical to create anxiety or mimic dark situations for the sake of entertainment if you haven't been exposed to this yourself?

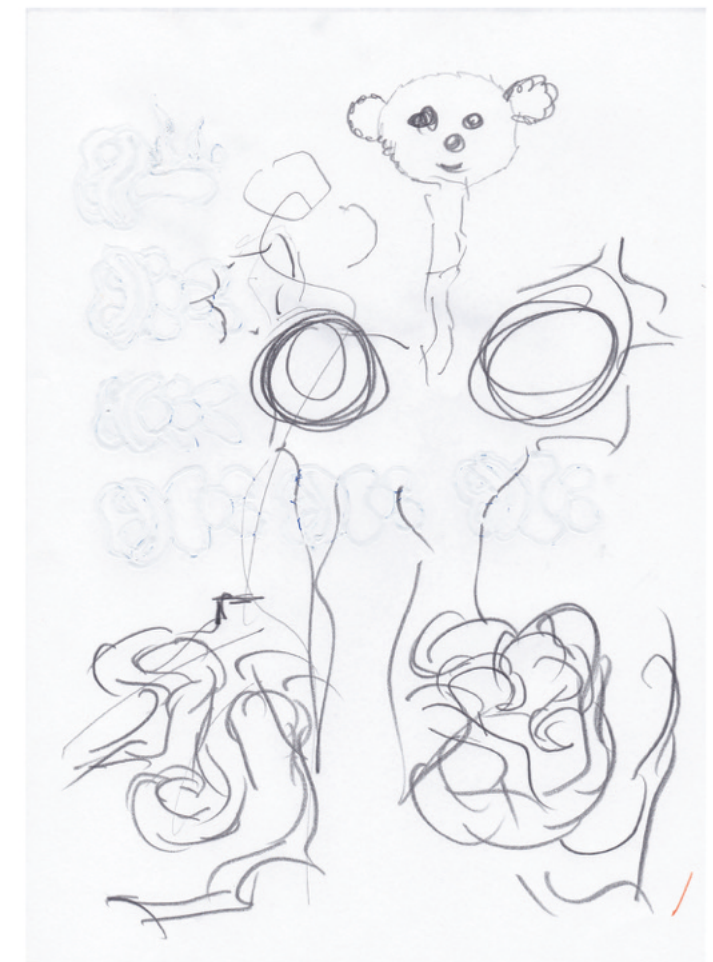
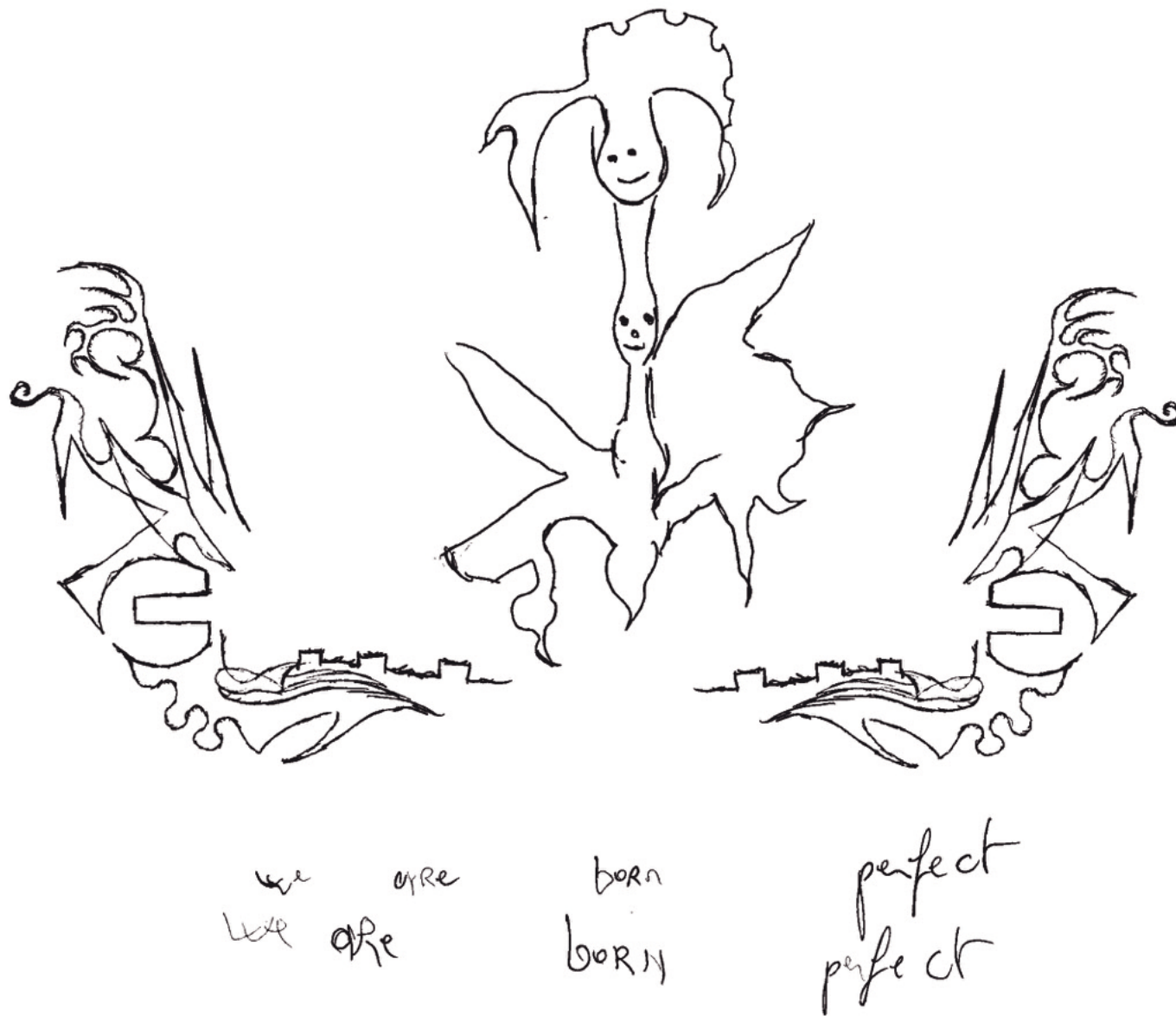
The group exhibition *The Monstrous Bouquet* brings together works that raise these kinds of questions, emphasise the sinister character in art and reveal the serious social unrest of our generation.

Mireille Tap

Translated from Dutch by
Willeke van Ravenhorst



Yannick Val Gesto *3 h3pp1 fr13nd5* 2020



Yannick Val Gesto *removed still there (juggling)* 2020
<< Yannick Val Gesto *we are born perfect* 2020



Claire van Lubek *Hot Bones* 2018



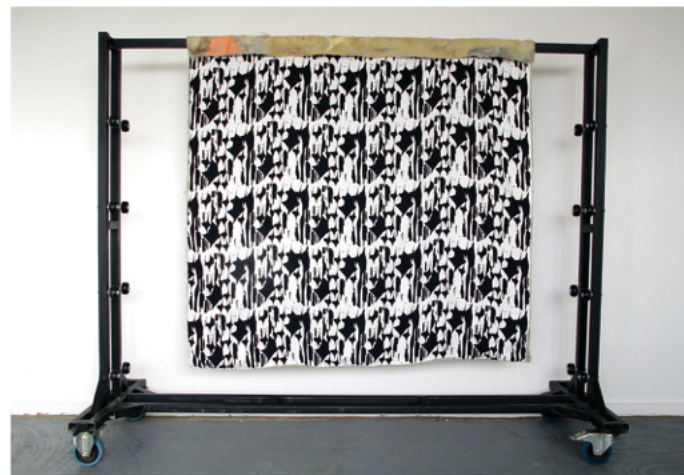
Christian Thomsen (Fjorsk)
Untitled, 2020, Indian ink on canvas 170x130 2020



Robin Kersten *Untitled* 2020



Robin Kersten *Anosmia* (front) wol en viscose paris 125x125 cm 2020



Robin Kersten *Anosmia* (back) wol en viscose paris 125x125 cm 2020



Comfort Ball *Uncomfortable Lunch* 2019



Comfort Ball *Uncomfortable Lunch* 2019



Thijs Jaeger *Devotion* (detail) 2020

- 1950s Household
- Accounting Professional
- Administrative Professional
- Aerobics
- Agnosticism
- Americana
- Amusement Parks
- Antique Shows
- Alternative Medicine
- Alternative Music
- Arcade Games
- Archaeology
- Aromatherapy
- Art Collecting
- Art Galleries
- Ass Play
- Astrology
- Astronomy
- Atheism
- Auto Mechanic
- Auto Racing
- Badminton
- Bar Hopping
- Baseball
- Basketball
- Beachcombing
- Beading
- Begging
- Bicycling
- Biology
- Bird Watching
- Bi-Sexuality
- BMX
- Board Games
- Body Worship
- Bondage
- Blindfolds
- Blue Grass
- Blues
- Bloggng
- Body Art
- Body Building
- Bowling
- Boxing
- Breast Play
- Buddhism
- Cages
- Camping
- Canes and Crops
- Candle Making
- Card Games
- Cartoons
- Catholicism
- CBT
- Certified Massage Therapist
- Certified Personal Trainer
- Chastity
- Chemistry
- Chess
- Christianity
- Classical Music
- Climbing
- Clubbing
- Coffee Shops
- Cooking
- Comedy Shows
- Computer Expert
- Conservative Politics
- Construction Expert
- Country Music
- Cross-Stitching
- Cuckolding
- Cryonics
- Cybering
- Dancing
- Darts
- Diapers
- Dilation
- Drawing
- Drujism
- Economics
- Eighties Music
- Electrical Play
- Electronica / EDM
- EMO music
- Enemas
- Exhibitionism
- Eye Contact Restriction
- Face Slapping
- Female Supremacy
- Feng Shui
- Fine Dining
- Fire Play
- Fisting
- Fishing
- Folk Music
- Football
- Foot Worship
- Flea Markets
- Funk
- Gags
- Gambling
- Garage Sales
- Gardening
- Gas Masks
- Golf
- Gorean Lifestyle
- Goth Lifestyle
- Gourmet Cook
- Gymnastics
- Hair Pulling
- Heavy Metal Music
- Herbalism
- Hiking
- Hinduism
- Hip Hop Music
- Historical Shows
- History
- Hoods
- Horror Movies
- Horseback Riding
- Horse Racing
- Housekeeping Expert
- Housework
- Hunting
- Hypnosis
- Ice Hockey
- Industrial Music
- Intellectual Discourse
- Investing Professional
- Islam
- Jazz Music
- Judaism
- Kabbalah
- Karaoke
- Kick Boxing
- Knife Play
- Knitting
- Landscaping Professional
- Leashes
- Leather-working Expert
- Liberal Politics
- Libertarian Politics
- Licensed Attorney
- Licensed Physician
- Lifestyle BDSM
- Local BDSM Community
- Low Carb
- Martial Arts
- Masks (On Partner)
- Masks (Wearing)
- Massage (Getting)
- Massage (Giving)
- Mathematics
- Medical Play
- Meditation
- Mental Bondage
- Metalworking Expert
- Mormonism
- Movies
- MMORPGs
- Munches
- Museums
- Musical Theater
- Nanotechnology
- Needle Play
- New-Paganism
- New Age Music
- New Wave
- Nihilism
- Nineties Music
- No Strings Housework
- Nutrition
- Obedience Training
- Objectification
- Occultism
- Old Guard
- Oldies
- Online Auctions
- Online Chatrooms
- Online RPGs
- Opera
- Operetta
- Orgasm Control
- Outdoor Bondage
- Painting
- Paintball
- Pantyhose
- Paranormal
- Pilates
- Plastic Wrap
- Philosophy
- Photography
- Physics
- Poetry
- Political Activism
- Polyamory
- Pony/Puppy Play
- Porn Music
- Pottery
- Professional Chef
- Psychology
- Public Play
- Punk Rock Music
- Puzzle Games
- Queening
- R&B
- Rafting
- Rap
- Raves
- Reggae
- Reike
- Renaissance Fairs
- Rock Music
- Role Playing
- Rollerblading
- Role Playing Games
- Romance Novels
- Rubber
- Running
- Sailing
- SCA
- Scuba Diving
- Sculpting
- Sensory Deprivation
- Serving as a Maid/Butler
- Seventies Music
- Sewing
- Singing
- Soap Making
- Soccer
- Science Fiction
- Scientology
- Shibari
- Shopping
- Shov Tunes
- Sitcoms
- Simulation Games
- Skate Boarding
- Skiing
- Sky Diving
- Snorkeling
- Snowboarding
- Spanking
- Speech Restriction
- Swimming
- Swinging
- Strap Ons
- Street Hockey
- Stockings
- Surf Boarding
- Suspensions
- Swinging
- Tai-Chi
- Taoism
- Tattoos
- Tennis
- Theatrical Scenes
- Tickling
- Travel
- True Crime
- TV News
- TV Sports
- Ultimate Frisbee
- Uniforms
- Vacuum Stimulation
- Vampirism
- Veganism
- Vibration
- Victorian Household
- Volleyball
- Volunteerism
- Walking
- Watersports
- Wax
- Web Surfing
- Weightlifting
- Weight Watchers
- Whips
- Wicca
- Wind Surfing
- Woodworking Expert
- Wrestling
- Writing
- Yoga

Reba Maybury *Fun* acrylic on canvas 84 x 119 cm 2018

*MISTRESS
REBECCA*

Nightfall Speaks

The Horrors of Sentience and Transience in Image and Sound



Giorgio de Chirico *The Anguished Morning*

Our ways of making sense of the world around us are largely informed by our mental processes of perception. However, there are these rare moments during which cognitive forms of intelligibility are involuntarily undermined. In these moments there is one mode of sensory experience that remains and that can manifest itself independently between subject and object: that which unveils the horror. Take for example the uncanny experience of walking past a mannequin and *feel it looking* back at you. It is a false imagining of something that should not be. More than an expression of the uncanny—experiencing an object or event as familiar/unfamiliar—this false imagining describes the totality of what I consider to be horror. Images and sounds that transcend the human experience can grant us that glance into the abyss of things that should not be, at least not according to our assumption of what is ‘normal’, or ‘real’. Over the past few decades various fields of study (including art and film theory) have begun to move away from- and criticize anthropocentric and linguistic structures of thought, aiming to give voice to the agency of non-human actors. The argumentation below owes much to the general characteristics and interests of this movement, but I should note that it is still very much embedded in some sort of hierarchic dichotomy between human and non-human expression.

Over the next few paragraphs I will propose that horrifying transcendental experiences are neither positive or negative in their execution—though it assumes an utmost negative worldview that is both deeply personal and not mine alone. Rather, by producing such experiences, anxiety-inducing objects around us reveal a sense of worthlessness and meaninglessness by relating to a form of perception that is derived from textual context; a sense of physicality that transcends cognitive intelligibility. I will make a distinction between physical and imaginative levels of horror, both pertaining to different disciplines of art: the (moving) image and sound.

Giorgio de Chirico’s *The Anguished Morning* (1912) is indicative of the painter’s ability to emphasize the metaphysical, or the extra-sensory aspect of objects that are as physically plain as they are intellectually convoluted. The painting depicts a set of archways along an empty plaza and a building’s shadow. There are no hints of movement and the image lacks human presence: the static archways seem to hide a mystery only known to them. It is a most passive and ordinary scene, yet profoundly other-

worldly—it should therefore be no surprise that de Chirico’s work of the 1910s was much celebrated by the Surrealists. The painting’s plain, mundane setting and consequential emptiness seem to refrain from any narrative elaboration. To me, this reveals a physical atmosphere that mourns pictographic meaning; a sense of depth that is expressed by a set of shapes and shadows. This atmosphere demands a deeper level of comprehension of what is before me; and, perhaps more importantly, of what is around me outside the painting’s boundaries—this is in the end what distorts a rational conception of the physical world and can, frightening enough, reveal something of an object’s metaphysical state of being.

My cultural studies background is anything but a guarantee to know the usage of metaphysical theories, or even its questions in the field of philosophy, but I have enough of a hunch to say that the subject matter it pertains to can terrify me. De Chirico’s paintings have always felt sublimely frightening and, as far as I can go with metaphysics, these fears are very much entangled with the revelation of meaninglessness on a physical level. The non-lingual state of being that the objects in his paintings attain make it possible for their sentience to be revealed, evoking a lethargic sense of futility in the viewer. Considering the human sensory system, the physicality of de Chirico’s imagery is not tactile per se—there still remains a conscious cognitive process whenever I look at *The Anguished Morning*, yet largely occluded by the horror of worthlessness in the face of a human’s life-death. It might be presumptuous to characterize this collection of brushstrokes as horror, but as an example of how a still image can reveal certain mystical emotions it does serve as a stepping stone to what follows.

“If I scratch the surface there’ll be something terrible underneath.” These words are spoken during the opening scene to Brian Yuzna’s 1989 paranoia thriller *Society*. They forebode the film’s finale, when the eponymous ‘Society’ engages in an orgiastic gathering of perversion, sex and the literal exchange of body parts and fluids. In this sequence there is a series of shots that pushes the practical special effects, used to portray the aforementioned exchange, to the surface of the image. The frame is filled with mutating limbs, lacking any bodily origin. Together with the absence of any clear narrative, this makes for a slimy collection of highly superficial images. The camera amplifies the physicality of the prosthetic effects through the democratizing



Brian Yuzna’s 1989 paranoia thriller *Society*

cinematography and its proximity to the effects, thereby granting them independent expression much in the manner in which de Chirico’s objects speak their tales of physical horror. The difference here is that *Society*’s practical special effects relate to a physicality that incites an embodied response in the viewer. Textual intelligibility moves to the background and makes place for a tactile sensation of the effects’ material characteristics. Because of an absence of textual context, the audience is invited to *touch* the practical effects with their eyes. Proximity is key here, because whenever the frame is filled with indistinguishable bodily features, the constructed reality of the effects-ridden imagery surfaces, thereby enabling an embodied experience of the effects’ physical material. As a result, the effects’ two states—their presence in front of the camera at the time of filming and their active manifestation within the screen’s frame—appear simultaneously. And because the effects’ material does no longer resemble any distinguishable human features, its physicality rises to the surface of the screen. Cognitive intelligibility has to surrender to the spectator’s tactile sensation of simultaneously knowing- and not-knowing what is seen. Consequentially, the prosthetics are felt through the screen, which could be described as an experience similar to seeing a painting falling apart into brushstrokes.

Film is thought to mimic reality, but the relationship that is formed in this process, between physical reality and the screen, is incongruent. That is to say, there are moments during *Society* in which the fantastical, meant to be experienced as such, is distorted by its very physical ontological origin. Therefore, it would be an underestimation of the complexity of the (human) body as a whole to consider a moving image to be a (re)production of matter at a certain place in time. Perception is mediated by all facets of our sensory experience and at moments such as during this scene in *Society*, the dominating factor is that of tactility. Again, a sense of physical displacement becomes notable to the human subject—an unknown dynamic that manifests itself from within the objects on the screen. As if our senses remember a subconscious, pre-language, physical awareness. As if the body awakens to agony, but the result is a melancholy solace.

Finally, there is the imaginative level of horror: to have your imagination be taken over by a sensory experience; to be captured by an altered state of perception in the space and time around you. Swedish death industrial act Brighter Death Now’s *Necrose Evangelicum* is an album that produces such effects by present-

ing sounds beyond comprehension. Its low-end frequencies, loop techniques and distorted screaming conjure a sense of nihilistic emptiness, which grants a newly informed dynamic to one’s perception. A candle starts to stare back at you, creaks in the wall begin to speak of unknowable life, or your peripheral vision captures sudden movement of things that should not move. Of course, any type of music could immerse you in its imaginative world of sounds, but the result might not be as literally encapsulating as the depressing, warping tones of *Necrose Evangelicum*. To experience such meaninglessness is, eventually, to gain a certain consciousness of transience in terms of human life and our place in the world. This might sound bleak, but there is a great deal of comfort to be found in giving in to the hidden horrors of life, if one only could let them act as catalysts for imagination.

There is a lot to say about the struggles of making sense of the world around us, and through these personal examples I hope to have pointed out that the variety in which this sense-making comes is something to cherish rather than to fear, even when the result is sheer horror. Both physical and imaginative levels of horror can be found in human expressions, but, so I say, the consequences of those expressions might run far more deeper than what their surfaces suggest. Experiencing horror unveiled can be a way of coming to terms with existential confusion; to allow that which should not be to revel outside of obscurity.

Jan Bert Rahder



Rob Groot Zevert *Muchroom series* Verschillende formaten, tot 180 cm hoogte keramiek en epoxyhars 2019-2020



Marga Knaven *Aardschors* 200 x 165 x 25 cm 2014



Linnéa Gerrits *Björklundsgatan a4 fotografie* 2020
«Linnéa Gerrits *Sticky Walls* 300 x 100 x 230 piepschuim epoxy 2019



vehicle	40.2%
bus	36.9%
street	9.4%

Instructions: Given an image, write three words that summarize its contents.

If someone were to see these three words or phrases, they should understand the subject and context of the image, as well as any important actions.



Word
car accident

Word
overturned car

Word

Submit

Sjef van Beers *MTurk Images* HD video 2020



Lucia Leuci *Sculpture (Volcano Lava)*
Resin, synthetic hair, fabric, stuffing, yarn, nacre, plastic, bones
64 x 50 x 16 cm 2018

Holder: Lila de Magalhaes
Photo: Anastasia Loginova

Topophobia

Besides my deep-seated fear of 1: wild fish and 2: free-range chickens, I am actually afraid of very few (non-existent) things.

Fear 1 I developed at the age of 11 due to a bite from a turtle in a recreational lake. After that, I experienced frightening incidents several times, such as fish sucking on my big toe while treading water. Since then, I haven't experienced much pleasure swimming in natural water.

Fear 2 focuses on a specific breed of chicken: the Cochin. Those big beasts with huge plumed legs and sharp, way too long nails on their chicken feet. By the way, most people seem to find these birds 'cute', 'fun' or even worse: 'convivial'. At least, that's what I assume, seeing as the Cochin has a place in the top three of most popular chicken breeds. When I Google this chicken, the beast is referred to as a 'hobby chicken' weighing 4 to 5 kilos. Personally, just looking at them makes me feel sick. Moreover, the Cochin can sprint like Usain Bolt, what a nightmare.

Recently, however, I experienced a new fear, of a greater nature. It came over me on Terschelling last March, when I wanted to end the day with a walk with my dog. It was around 11 o'clock in the evening and, as the island has only a few lampposts and the Forestry Commission asks owners not to use outdoor lighting, it was pitch black outside. No street, no walls, no horizon was in sight. The only remaining frame of reference was the pulling dog leash in my left hand which reminded me that my dog and I were nailed to the ground with both legs (and paws). There, among the dune grass, it was only the darkness that surrounded us. It felt as if I had plunged straight into Anish Kapoor's artwork *Descent Into Limbo* (1992), which actually happened to a 60-year-old Italian man during his visit to the Fundação de Serralves Museum in Portugal in 2018. I didn't know how fast to sprint back inside.

As I was searching for this new phobia, because: what was it exactly that I was afraid of? The lack of walls? The darkness? The lack of view? in the crotches of the web, I ended up on angsljst.nl. An overview of fears and phobias placed in 5 categories (social, spatial, natural, physical and other), sorted in alphabetical order. Fears I had never heard of before or could not even have thought of myself. Like Venustraphobia: the fear of beautiful women, Tapinophobia: the fear of being contagious, Mycophobia: the fear of or aversion to mushrooms or Ombrophobia: the fear of rain.

The wondrous thing about this fear list, I find, is the connecting function the platform has. For example, people can write a reaction to a specific phobia and share their fear experiences, ask questions and exchange tips with one another. Searching within the categories I came to the conclusion that my new phobia could not be categorised in one box, and I had to make do with Topophobia: the phobia or fear of given situations. If it's only given situations, then it's not all that bad.

Fenne Saedt

Translated from Dutch by
Willeke van Ravenhorst



A specific breed of chicken: the Cochin



Anish Kapoor *Descent into Limbo*

Welcome to the transmission.

We - the Neuromancer
Are the ones who know the answer.
Closed curtains and bright blue light
Keeping us awake at night.

Our home is virtuality
From now there's only one reality

We're the openers of doors
The ones who draw the swords.
No more time for words
The choice is yours :

Follow us or follow them
There's no more logging out

Sincerely Yours,
*The Geeks,
*The LVL80 Queens and Kings
*Fighters for Fun
*The FireWall...kers

UTUPIA

ABOUT

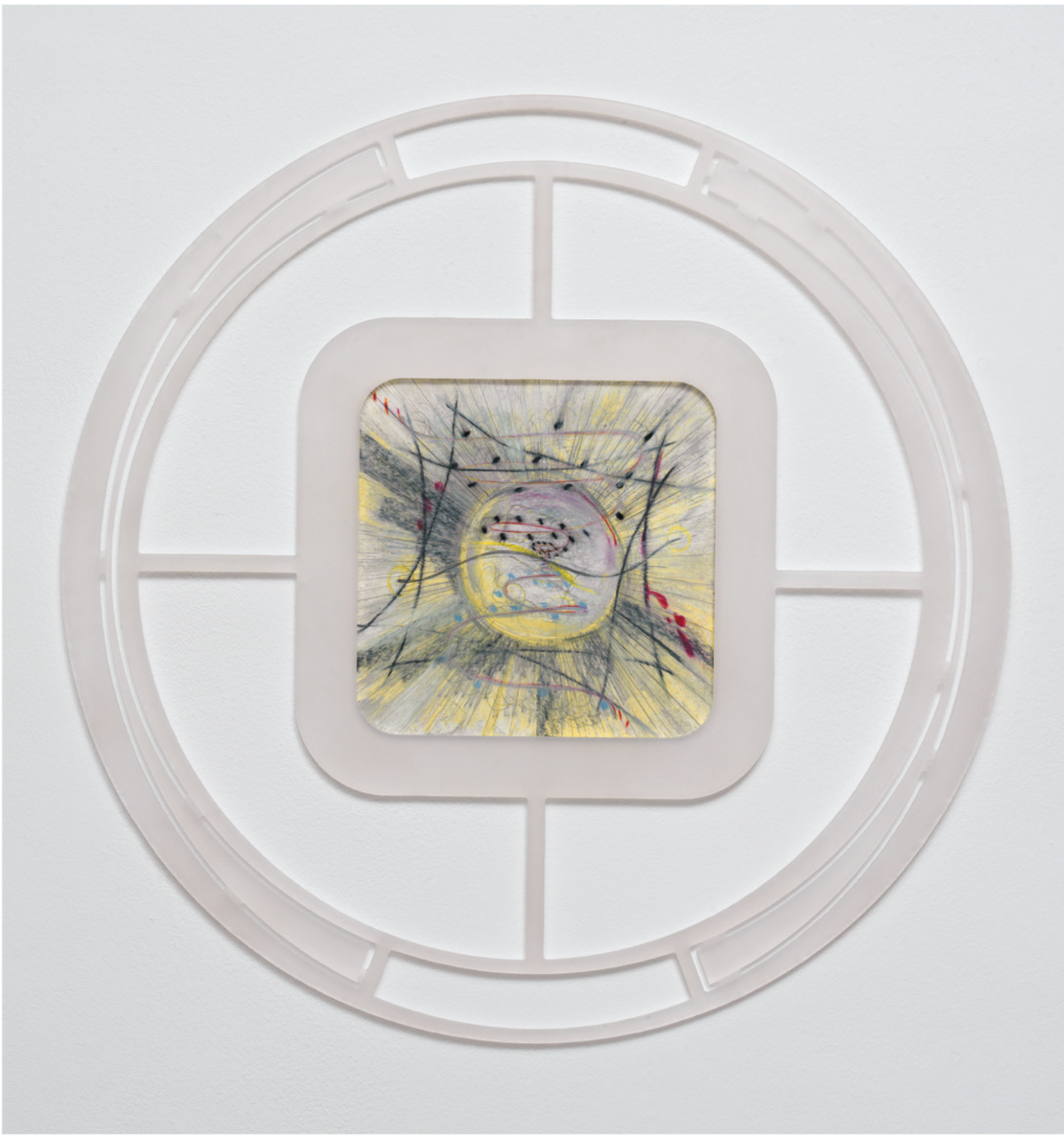
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INFERNAL FLAMES (c) 2000

INFERNAL FLAMES (c) 2000

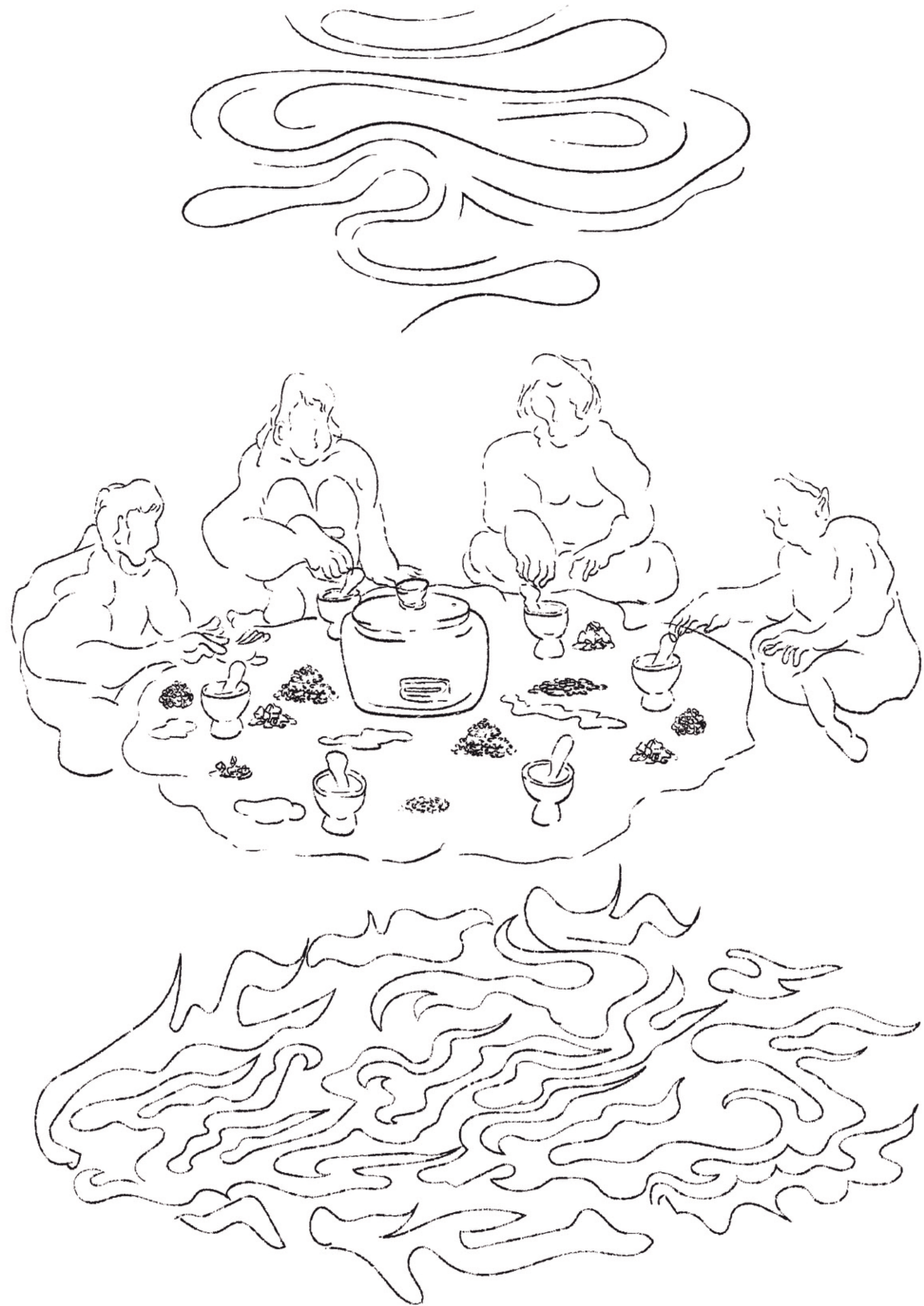
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Gamerz
X

WZ



Josefina Anjou *Airborne No3* dry pastel on paper and acrylic plastic diameter 79 cm 2019

Comfort Ball *Tar for Mortar* illustration by Bin Koh 2020 >>



THE MONSTROUS BOUQUET

12 september t/m 18 oktober 2020

Josefina Anjou
Sjef van Beers
Linnéa Gerrits
Thijs Jaeger
Rob Groot Zevert
Robin Kersten
Marga Knaven
Bin Koh, Sumin Lee (Comfort Ball)
Lucia Leuci
Jurgis Lietunovas
Claire van Lubeek
Reba Maybury
Christian Thomsen (Fjorsk)
Yannick Val Gesto

Essay: Jan Bert Radher
Column: Fenne Saedt

Curator: Mireille Tap

omstand

Omstand, presentatieruimte voor actuele kunst
Van Oldenbarneveldtstraat 92 A, Arnhem

