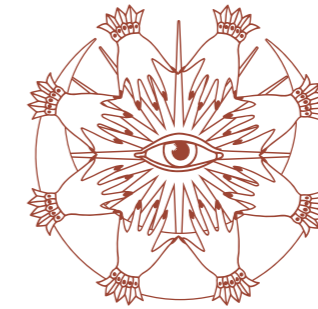


Cover: Gaïa
©Gaïle Lagacherie
Ink, graphite, wash technique on paper,
50x65 cm, 2020



GANG OF WITCHES

Just before the Covid-19 crisis, our yearbook was about to go to press. Since 2017, this precious object had been intended to be a Trojan horse to make our voices heard in the art world.

The lockdown that followed highlighted the extent of the inequalities and the link between the ongoing ecocide and the health situation. We therefore felt the need to go further in our participation in the creation of the new paradigm, aware that our strategic decisions are more political than ever.

When the lockdown started to ease, it was unthinkable to return to business as usual. So we set out to reduce our blind spots: as we refuse to have low-cost printing done by companies that do not meet our ethical requirements, we chose to work with a local, family-owned and eco-responsible printer. This resulted in a manufacturing cost that did not allow us to be accessible to everyone, even if we sold the edition at cost price.

So we sacrifice the printed version on the altar of change. Thus, the Gaïa rising edition will only be available - free of charge - for reading and downloading on our site.

From now on, we wish to minimize our CO2 impact and explore other forms, de-materialized, fun and free, to share our arts and our values. We will present our next format at the 2021 summer solstice.

TIME'S

LE PROJET

Notre communauté artistique, GANG OF WITCHES, voit le jour en 2016. Ce projet protéiforme est amené à se développer pendant 9 années consécutives, chacune étant dédiée à un corps céleste, fil rouge cosmique et archétypal de cette aventure artistique. Notre objectif majeur est d'établir un espace protégé de création, d'échange et de réflexion, une bulle vierge de toute contrainte de production, riche de propositions singulières, fertiles, puissantes, engagées.

LES SUPPORTS

Nous déployons des réseaux autonomes et alternatifs de diffusion, notamment via la publication annuelle d'un livre, lancé à l'occasion d'un événement, et d'un projet musical éponymes. Ils ont pour mission de dévoiler nos dernières œuvres en date et celles d'autres artistes, de partager nos combats ainsi que ceux de penseur.euse.s et d'activistes en résonance avec notre philosophie, agrandissant chaque jour notre cercle.

LA SORCIÈRE

L'image de la sorcière, savante, indépendante et puissante, souvent crainte, parfois moquée, toujours auréolée de mystère et maîtresse de son identité, est un marqueur de la place des femmes dans la société et des enjeux de chaque époque. Elle est, depuis les années 1960, une icône féministe, écologiste, anticapitaliste, et le symbole idéal pour notre gang.

LES DISCIPLINES ARTISTIQUES

Peintres, sculpteur.rice.s, écrivain.e.s, photographes, vidéastes, réalisateur.rice.s, illustrateur.rice.s, tatoueur.euse.s, musicien.ne.s, danseur.euse.s, performeur.euse.s constituent notre gang de "good witches".

L'ANGLE

Nous nous situons à la frontière des sphères matérielle et spirituelle, du visible et de l'invisible, du conscient et de l'inconscient, de l'humour et de la révolte, de la résistance et de la résilience. Nous voyageons de l'un à l'autre, créant des points de convergence, ouvrant des portails, interrogeant les rouages de nos sociétés patriarcales et anthropocentrées.

UP

THE PROJECT

Our artistic community, GANG OF WITCHES, was born in 2016. This multifaceted project is meant to grow during 9 consecutive years, each one being dedicated to a celestial body, cosmic and archetypal silver lining of this artistic adventure. Our major objective is to establish a protected space for reflection, exchange and creation, a bubble undisturbed by any productive constraints, rich in singular propositions, fertile, powerful, committed.

THE MEDIAS

We develop autonomous and alternative diffusion networks, notably through the yearly publication of a book, launched during an event, and an eponymous musical project. Their mission is to present our latest creations and other artists', to share our battles, as well as thinkers' and activists' that are resonating with our philosophy, widening our circle every day.

THE WITCH

Knowledgeable, independent and powerful, often feared, sometimes mocked, always with a halo of mystery, the witch is the master of her identity. Her image marks the place of women in society and the combats of each era. Since the 1960's she is a feminist, ecologist, anti-capitalist icon, and the perfect symbol for our gang.

THE ARTISTIC DISCIPLINES


We are painters, sculptors, writers, photographers, video artists, film makers, illustrators, tattoo artists, musicians, dancers, performers.

THE ANGLE

Our gang of "good witches" is situated at the threshold of the material and spiritual sphere, of the visible and invisible, of the conscious and the unconscious mind, of humor and revolt, of resistance and resilience. We voyage from one to the other, creating points of convergence, opening portals, questioning the structure of our our patriarchal and anthropocentric societies.

WAKE UP

RISE UP



“I don’t want your hope. I don’t want you to be hopeful. I want you to panic. I want you to feel the fear I feel every day. I want you to act. I want you to act as you would in a crisis. I want you to act as if the house is on fire, because it is.”

Greta Thunberg
World Economic
Forum, Davos,
24 January 2019



04. Manifesto — **06.** Quote — **08.**
Time's up — **12.** Editorial — **14.** Game
changers / *Clare Farrell* Extinction Rebellion UK — **22.** Mother
Earth / *Paola Hivelin* Invisible Ties — *Diana Scherer* Interwoven - Exercises in Rootsystem
Domestication — *Ciou Gaia* Reborn — **40.** Alcoves / *Jeanne Vicerial &*
Leslie Moquin Quarantaine Vestimentaire — *Bloomfelt* Le Jardin des Délices — *Jocelyn Lee* Bountiful
— **76.** Once upon a time / *Tiphaine Dupeyrat & Vivien*
Bertin On ne veut plus compter nos Mortes — *Alexandra Kehayoglou* What if all is — *Pauliana Valente*
Quel Pedra — *The Circle: Loose Leaf Studio* Hover Wreath — *Testimony: Selyne Ferrero* Greenpeace
France — *Elisa Riemer* Uterus Party — **140.** Herstory, DIY
— **150.** Urbi et orbi / *Sophie Rokh* Ad vitam æternam ep.4
— *Anastasia Samoylova* FloodZone — *Vivien Bertin* La Marche — *No Comment: Vivien Bertin* Dickature

G A I A

R I S I N G

Mega-fires, rising waters, sixth mass extinction, galloping poverty and famine, authoritarian populism, increase in police brutality, and now pandemics.

Shit has hit the fan on every level. We're at war, some say. And indeed, we are in the midst of a new kind of war, that of corporate states against slave peoples and mother earth.

So what are we doing in the face of what is arguably humanity's greatest crisis to date? We decolonize our imaginations and fight fiercely for what is right. We channel fear and don't give in to the urge to turn one against the other. There is only one enemy, neoliberalism, which crushes and/or exploits 99% of the population. It's about time we reinvent the struggles, reconnect with the living world, think and act local, unite, wrestle joy where it arises. We can and will write another story.

GANG OF WITCHES



Clare Farrell



**Co-founder of art dept.
for Extinction Rebellion UK**

"In her wisdom, Audre Lorde told us that our silence will not protect us. The violence in our societies against women, the 'other', the marginalized and the less-valued; is endemic, intergenerational, racist and deeply entrenched. The trauma of our barbaric history is in our bones. This moment of ecological crisis is not the first existential threat, as we are kindly reminded by the writer Mary Annais Helgar. Humans have been dominating and threatening each other for generations. As we enter 2020 it seems humankind has put the threat to everyone on the planet, and everyone yet to be. We are collectively complicit in the greatest crime against humanity and we need to question it openly and honestly.

We are heading towards the collapse of the systems that support life as we know it. Our inability to change course can lead us to hell on earth, and it seems we are well on the way. Now that human beings appear to dominate the living world, we believe that we are not part of its complex systems, but separate."

"We are in the midst of the sixth mass extinction, or maybe better described, the first "mass extermination" of planetary biodiversity, caused knowingly, by our sentient species."

**Game changers
Extinction Rebellion**

“ We can sit in our corners mute forever while our sisters and our selves are wasted, while our children are distorted and destroyed, while our earth is poisoned; we can sit in our safe corners mute as bottles, and we will still be no less afraid. ”

**Audre Lorde "The Transformation of Silence into Language and Action."
Sister Outsider: Essays and Speeches, Ten Speed Press, 2007, 40 – 44.**

Extinction Rebellion is an international apolitical network using non-violent direct action to persuade governments to act justly on the climate and ecological emergency.

They have three demands:

TELL THE TRUTH

Governments must tell the truth by declaring a climate and ecological emergency, working with other institutions to communicate the urgency for change.

ACT NOW

Governments must act now to halt biodiversity loss and reduce greenhouse gas emissions to net zero by 2025.

BEYOND POLITICS

Governments must create and be led by the decisions of a Citizens' Assembly on climate and ecological justice.

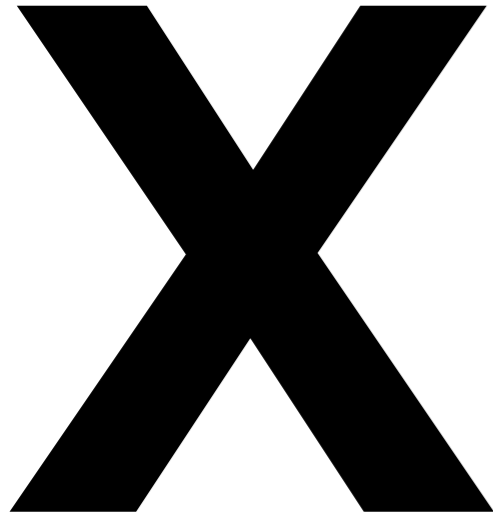
JOIN THE REBELLION

► Website: rebellion.earth

YOUTH STRIKE



FOR CLIMATE



“Creative and peaceful acts of refusal can lead to new possibilities. Nonviolence is our chosen tool.”

“If we obey this society, this culture, we are accepting this trajectory. If we choose to reject this terminal prognosis, we choose to courageously change the world around us. We choose to unmake, and remake ourselves, as we make up the fabric of our poorly society. We could choose to live our lives as an artwork in and of itself. The rebels I call friends and allies are living works of art. The art of living in a state of love, with courage, dedication, creativity, and tireless striving for empathy and peace. We know there is virtue in disobedience.

Right now in 2020, the potential for a beautiful, bountiful future is declared to be nonsense. If we allow that to pass, we accept poisonous air and water, we accept a world so toxic it is damaging the unborn, a future in which we do not know if our children will have access to food and water. When we allow there to be a dominant narrative of ‘we can’t change’ we condemn our children to watch war and famine engulf their brothers and sisters all over the world whilst continuity gradually vanishes. We condemn them to a life in which they will never see the animals in their story books, they will all be dead and gone.

We know that our experience of the coming climate breakdown will be non linear. Our beliefs about what is possible today will shape the course

of history forever. Our actions even more so. Our common future is unpredictable, but there is only one absolute guarantee of failure, and that is to do nothing.

Without change untold suffering will become unavoidable, and whole countries will disappear or become uninhabitable. Crops will fail, hundreds of millions will be displaced and starving. Now, with the heat-waves, the floods, the super-storms, and the world being quite literally on fire, is it possible to ask that people step up? Not for the future, but because the present is already looking so close to that hell on earth that we know we should be defending the next generations from.

History shows us that people have created radical change, against seemingly terrible odds. And it also shows that any human being can choose to be dedicated to that work. Creative and peaceful acts of refusal can lead to new possibilities. Nonviolence is our chosen tool. Self-education and critical thought are imperative. We must show ourselves, and each other, the leadership we need.

When you face up to your own short life and wonder what the point of it all is, a life “well lived” is the only option I can find. In this way, and as best we can manage (as products of this toxic social reality), we move ahead into our uncertain future.



“Our rebellion shows the world a non-masculine rage.”

In this critical, tiny sliver of atmosphere, just a few kilometers away from the dark deadly void of space, knowing mother earth has been brutalized by our species, we hope that in facing our grief and fear we can create the possibility to change direction. Allowing ourselves to feel vulnerable (and admit that we do) is a part of the work. Deep honesty and deep compassion are necessary for our work.

Looking carefully at our own power, systems and political reality is one place to begin. Citizens have a sacred duty and right to rebel against tyranny. In the present we see willful ignorance of our governments as such. Governments who are not protecting citizens, nor the future, they are in fact planning for mass death, via the destruction of life on earth itself.

We tend to forget that for most of European history, election was considered the aristocratic mode of selecting officials, not the democratic one. The democratic mode was sortition, random selection. This is why the demand from Extinction Rebellion for a citizens’ assembly is all important. We see ourselves at a choice point in the course of our history, where we can either push towards more democracy, or we will certainly end up with less. Led by political strongmen, building the walls, fortified and afraid until things collapse. Is that how we will see out this century? We demand participation in politics.

We can cross divisions, educate each other, find agency and take responsibility. We can overcome the pervasive sense of separation and powerlessness, but we need to organise and support the people to step into power.

Our rebellion shows the world a non-masculine rage. Full of grief, and also full of joy. Ready to show compassion and love, refusing cynicism and apathy. We dare to love life, and to love humanity, against a culture that wishes death and destruction upon all that lives. Nonviolence transforms our anger and rage into peaceful action. Our tough love is the rising feminine, calling on us all to be lead by our hearts. As if our time here on earth is a chance to live as a work of art, because one day, we will all be dead no matter what.

If others are able to live well in future it will be because humanity changed direction on a sixpence. Join your local rebels, go on strike, sit in the road, close the bridge, sit in cells, glue yourself to the doors, or if you prefer, do the admin, book the meeting venues, cook food to share, support the youth. Everyone can help. There is so much work to be done, and we are so nearly out of time.”

► **Clare Farrell,**

Co-founder of art dept. for Extinction Rebellion UK

MOTHER TOLD
ME TO
TO
FOR THE
THE FUTURE FUTURE

DIS-
OBEY



23 24

BACK TO SUMMARY

Mother Earth

#Interconnection
#Synergy
#Regeneration

Paola Hivelin - Invisible Ties

Diana Scherer - Interwoven - Exercises
in Rootsystem Domestication

Ciou - Gaia Reborn

Invisible Ties

PAOLA HIVELIN



Inspired by mycorrhizal networks*, this meditative and spider-like work begins a series that explores the theme of interconnection, and raises the question of our place within the earth's ecosystem. What are our chosen and experienced connections? How can we re-establish virtuous and balanced interactions in a sick world?

"The body. Returning to the body, to the heart, to subtle perceptions. The body never lies, and through the body we connect to all living things. It's a first step out of the matrix and into a new paradigm. Feeling before pre-judging. By constantly returning to the senses, we inhabit the present moment, and we live our emotions, from pleasant to painful.

We thus become an active subject - I confront my emotions, I take responsibility for my actions, I evolve -, instead of a passive subject - I consume to anesthetize myself, and I abandon my responsibility to the system. And as this inner de-enchanting is a challenging process, external support is indispensable. The social bond could replace the bond with the capitalist machine, which would consequently be emptied of its substance."

"All trees all over the world, including paper birch and Douglas fir, form a symbiotic association with below-ground fungi. These are fungi that are beneficial to the plants and through this association, the fungus, which can't photosynthesize of course, explores the soil. Basically, it sends mycelium, or threads, all through the soil, picks up nutrients and water, especially phosphorous and nitrogen, brings it back to the plant, and exchanges those nutrients and water for photosynthate [a sugar or other substance made by photosynthesis] from the plant. The plant is fixing carbon and then trading it for the nutrients that it needs for its metabolism. It works out for both of them."

Suzanne Simard

Professor of forest ecology at the University of British Columbia.

INVISIBLE TIES
Photography ©Vivien Bertin





INVISIBLE TIES - Muladhara #2
Metal, fabric, mirrors, gold &
copper leaves, pigments, 2020

“ Because everything is interdependent, there are no simple, single causes and effects. Every action creates not just an equal and opposite reaction, but a web of reverberating consequences. ”

Starhawk, The Earth Path: Grounding Your Spirit in the Rhythms of Nature, HarperCollins, 2005.





Interwoven – Exercises in Rootsystem Domestication

DIANA SCHERER



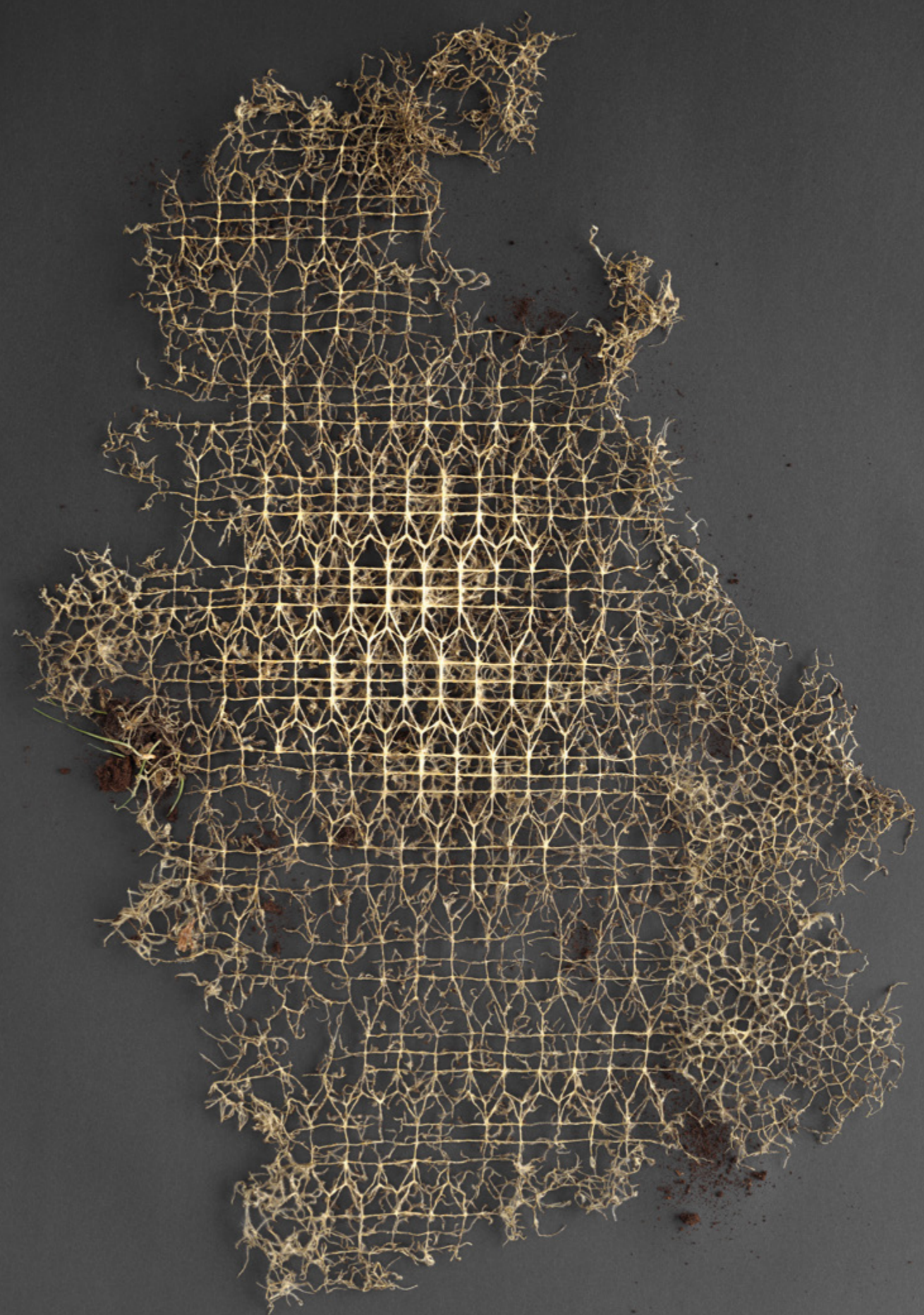
“In my work I explore the relationship between man and his natural environment, and his desire to control nature. The starting point is the ambiguous tendency of man to cherish nature, while simultaneously recklessly manipulating it.

My focus is on vegetable material. This living material forms the basis of my investigation. I work with biological processes and develop my work by making interventions, working both intuitively or by scientific means.

For the past few years my fascination has mainly been focused on the dynamics of underground plant parts.

I’ve been captivated by the root system, with its hidden, underground processes; it is considered to be the brain of the plant by plant-neurobiologists.”

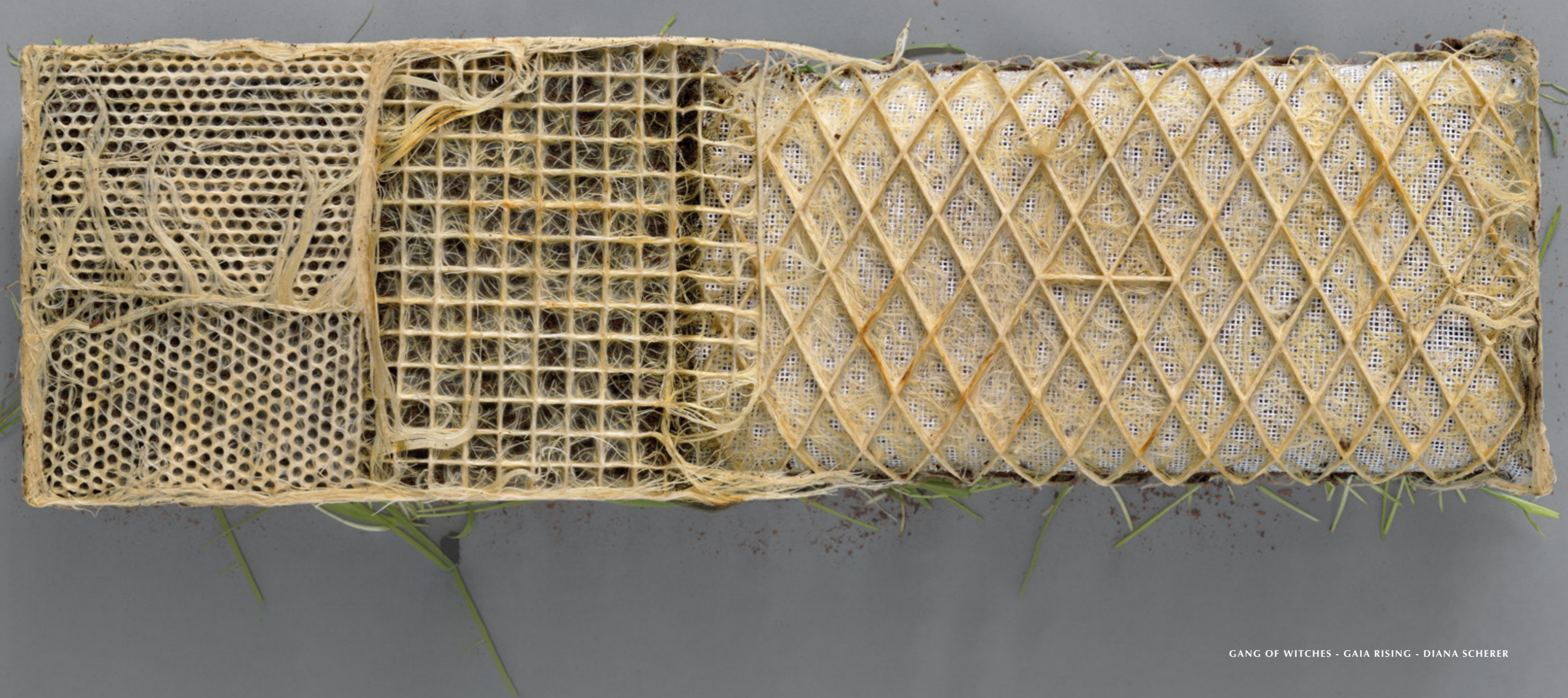
INTERWOVEN - EXERCISES IN
ROOTSYSTEM DOMESTICATION
Hyper Rhizome #5
Plantrootweaving, 2019





“Charles Darwin was the first to watch the behaviour of roots. In his book *The Power of Movements of Plants*, he describes how roots do not passively grow down, but move and observe. A root navigates, knows what’s up and down, observes gravity and localizes moisture and chemicals. Darwin discovered that plants are a lot more intelligent than everybody thought. For contemporary botanists, this buried matter is still a wondrous land. There is a global investigation to discover this hidden world.

I approach the root system as if it were yarn. For example, the refined, white root structure of grass reminds me of silk and the powerful, yellowish strands of the daisy I compare to wool. In collaboration with biologists I developed a technique to control the growth of plant roots. *Interwoven – Exercises in Root System Domestication* originated as an art project with an intuitive approach. It has now developed into an innovative material research and pursuit for a new and responsible textile material.”





Gaia Reborn

Clou

GAIA REBORN
Cosmic Egg
Acrylic and ink on paper
on wood, 80x60 cm, 2019

41 42

Alcoves

#Lockdown
#Sensuality
#BodyPositive

Jeanne Vicerial × *Leslie Moquin*
- Quarantine Vestimentaire

Bloomfelt - Le Jardin des Délices

Jocelyn Lee - Bountiful

Quarantaine Vestimentaire

DESIGN: JEANNE VICERIAL
PHOTOS: LESLIE MOQUIN



“The *Quarantine Vestimentaire* project was born the day after the decree announced in Italy on March 9, 2020. Faced with the sanitary measures currently in place, and my inability to return to France, I decided to devote all my time to the practice.

**One day = one composition
of clothing for 40 days.**

It was above all the idea of continuing to propose and create. To give myself a daily objective. A way of responding formally and visually to the current situation. It is not necessarily a protection, or a reaction to the virus. I also wanted a morning column other than the news you read in the morning. So I let every room go out every day.”

QUARANTAINE VESTIMENTAIRE
Day n°7: Daphnée





“Even though we wear masks, we keep smiling. In the morning, I didn't know what I was going to compose or make, I left total freedom to the forms that emerge.”

“If cultural venues are closed, programs postponed/cancelled, we are still there. It's true, we can no longer meet each other, touch each other physically, but we can continue to exchange and share our practices. Even if we wear masks, we continue to smile. In the morning, I didn't know what I was going to compose or make, I left total freedom to the forms that emerge. After discussions and exchanges with other people, I would give a title according to the moment, but it could change at any moment.

This project started in my studio, being alone and having to respect the imposed social distancing, it was impossible for me to work on other bodies. In fact, I started to be my own guinea pig. In order to be able to share and disseminate this research notebook, I began by fixing these moments with the use of Selfie, a solitary practice of self-staged self-actualization that takes on its full meaning on social networks.”





“We have collaborated on more than 50 clothing compositions and over 100 photographic shots we have together staged.”

“That’s how I published these daily self-portraits and other stagings via a digital research journal on my instagram @cliniquevestimentaire account. Then, on the 4th day of this solitary quarantine, the photographer Leslie Moquin decided to help me with one of the photographs. Since that day, she has joined this project for which we have collaborated on more than 50 clothing compositions and more than 100 photographic shots that we have staged together.

Even if we each have our own clothing and photography disciplines, we have played all the roles on a daily basis, one day costume designer, one day prop designer, sometimes make-up artist, stylist, set designer, photo assistant... Between the two of us, we tried our best to create imaginary spaces to share, to merge our practices and our disciplines.”



Le Jardin des Délices

BLOOMFELT



“Felting is not something I do but a place I want to go, a language of the imagination, the expression of the struggle with the body - death, sex, and the erotic life.”

LE JARDIN DES DÉLICES
Italian Moss
Felted wool, 2014





LE JARDIN DES DÉLICES
Grey Matter
Felted wool, 2019









Bountiful

JOCELYN LEE



"I have been making psychologically driven portraits of women and girls for over 35 years. I have always used the portrait to explore states of being including childhood, adolescence, pregnancy, sexuality, aging, vulnerability, illness and death. My photographs emphasize the tactile and sensual nature of the world and our place, as embodied beings, within this material continuum.

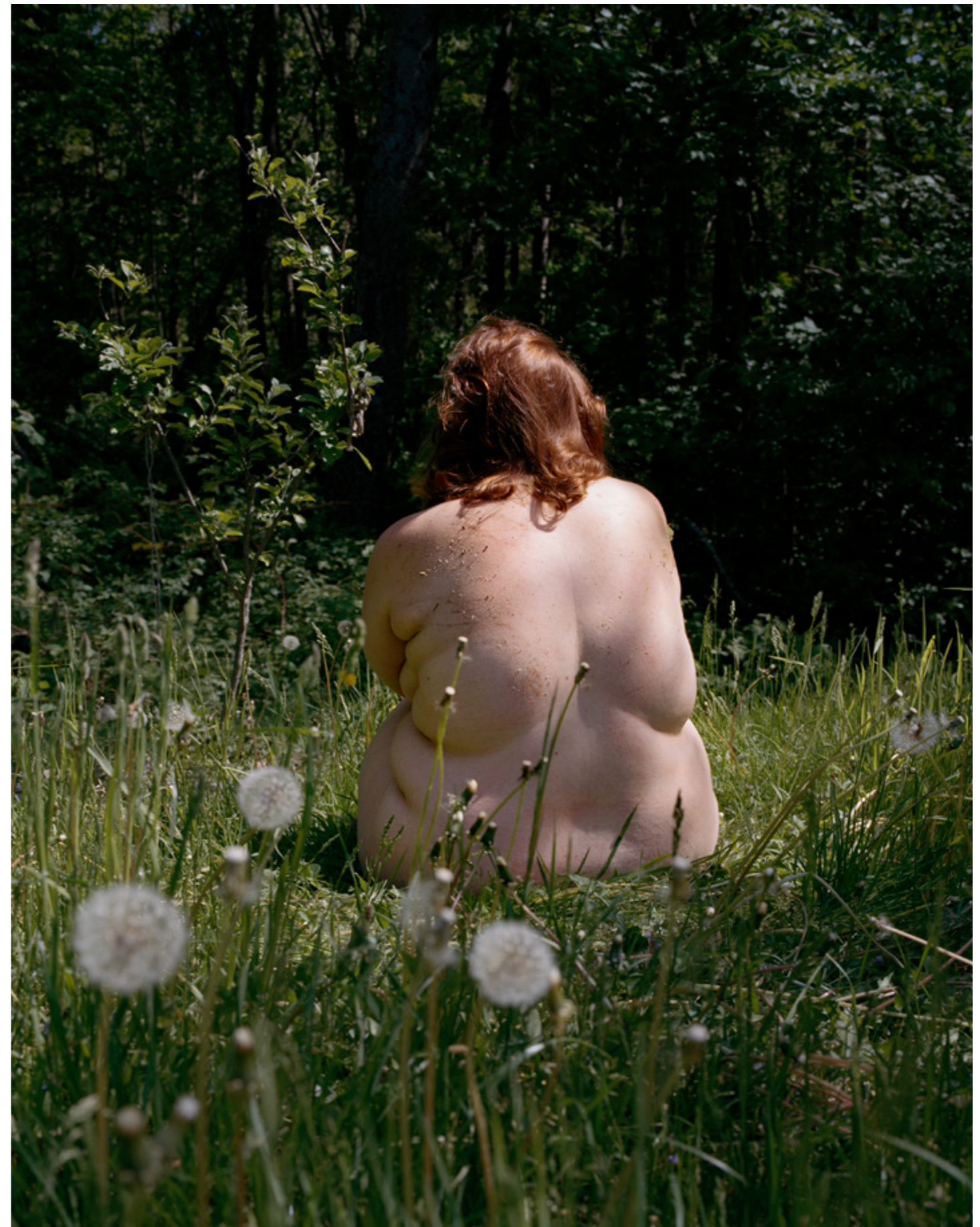
In the body of work *Bountiful* I am interested in placing my subjects in the explosively beautiful landscapes of Maine.

The women are framed by and entangled with the natural world in a way that highlights our essential corporeal and ephemeral selves.

Like all living things we pass through inevitable stages of bloom, blossoming, decay and eventual death. It is neither a good or bad thing, but is simply true.

As I age, I am increasingly passionate about making portraits of women and girls that do not fit traditional stereotypes or cultural norms of beauty. I am committed to making portraits of real women in a culture that is obsessed with vanity and a narrow vision of what is beautiful."

BOUNTIFUL
The Uncut Yard
2016









“My work aims to expand our understanding of sensual beauty to include awkward adolescence, atypical features, gender fluidity, aging skin, full figured woman, and vulnerable, sick or disabled bodies. Through this work I hope to create a greater empathy for different body types, and encourage a deeper realization that all physical beings are at their core sensual beings: aging is not antithetical to sexuality, and physical disability should never be equated with ugliness or undesirability.”

“No body is deserving of cultural invisibility.”

“My frank portraits celebrate different body types and through their exhibition, publication and presence on social media platforms such as Instagram and online magazines, they attempt to correct our cultural blindness to the breadth of human form and experience. Each of my subjects is a collaborator and all of them express love for their bodies, just as they are.

All of these images are made with a medium format film camera and are the result of a contemplative, slow relationship between myself, my models, and the landscapes within which they are created. The photographs are also an homage to Maine. The landscape of Maine is the silent partner and stage set underpinning this work.”



BOUNTIFUL
Damariscotta River
2001



77 78

Once upon a time

#Sexism

#Colonisation

#Homophobia

Tiphaine Dupeyrat × Vivien Bertin

- On ne veut plus compter nos Mortes

Alexandra Kehayoglou - What if all is

Pauliana Valente - Quel Pedra

The Circle: *Loose Leaf Studio* - Hover Wreath

Testimony: *Selyne Ferrero* - Greenpeace France

On ne veut plus compter nos Mortes

TEXT: **TIPHAINE DUPEYRAT**
PHOTOS: **VIVIEN BERTIN**



“On September 3, 2019 started in France the Grenelle against domestic violences*, when already 101 women were killed by their male partner or ex partner since January 1st.** Between the start of the Grenelle and its closure on November 25, 2019, 37 women were killed by their male partner or ex. In total, we are mourning 152 femicide victims for the year 2019 in France.

While politics where talking, 37 men killed their female partner or ex. Some were beaten to death, others were burned, stabbed, shot, strangled.

In reaction to this initiative, in which we did not have high hopes (and were right about it), collages started to flourish in Paris and spread in all of France and beyond. These massive unavoidable messages in public space denounces black on white the violences that all women are facing in the world.”

*The Grenelle against domestic violences is an ensemble of politics encounters organized in France from September 3 to November 25 2019, to take long term decisions regarding domestic, sexist and sexual violences.

The count of femicides in France, done by the collective “Féminicides par compagnon ou ex”, corresponds to the number of women that were killed by a male partner or ex in a heterosexual relationship.











“With the collages, we wish to be the voice of the ones who cannot scream, who cannot fight anymore.”

“We want to alert society but also the state who needs to take its responsibilities: in France, a woman dies every 3 days by the hand of a male partner or ex; this is an emergency. Some collages might seem violent, but they are not. The messages that they are conveying, and above all, the reality that they are describing, that are violent.

After the triple murder of her parents and sister Isabelle by her ex male partner in 2014, Cathy Thomas decided to attack french state in court for major failure of judicial system and police officers. Isabelle had told the police, filed complaints, called for help.

We are displaying our collages for her and for all women that were not listened, that were not heard. They are not being heard, we are taking all the place that is necessary to make their struggle and suffering visible.”









“No one in France can ignore that women are dying every 3 days by the hand of a male partner or ex. And we cannot stand doing nothing.”

“Meeting each other for a collage allows us to share some love, essential ingredient to continue our fight.

Displaying our collages at night time, in the street, without cisgender men, allows us to reinforce our beliefs, give strength to each other and to finally own this space and time dynamic in which we are not safe, but that belongs to us as much as anyone else.”



NON NOUS
FEMMES





What if all is

ALEXANDRA KEHAYOGLOU



Dream / Exhibition at the Chiostro del Bramante, Rome
- Curated by Danilo Eccher.

“*What if all is* follows my track through Patagonia, depicting a journey to recover emptied spaces that exist in a history of tear, uprooting and invasion. This very empty space is also related to my carpet making tradition, of my ancestors escaping from the greek turkish war with a loom into the new land of Argentina.

As a way of connecting with the aboriginal tribes of South America, that trace rock paintings more than 10.000 years, *What if all is* reflects on the way we conceive land and proposes a journey to understand the communion and beliefs that united tribes in their search of survival, trying to find their most visceral connection with their land, their inner gods: the ones inhabiting the wind, the river, the mountain.

Aboriginal conflicts in South America are manipulated by the media, portraying mapuches, tehuelches and other *pueblos originarios* as terrorists, while they struggle to recover their ancestral land.”

“In the meantime, international corporate heads get hold of immense sections of land that secure natural resources like drinking water, minerals, and fossil fuels.”

WHAT IF ALL IS
Site-specific Installation, wool
Dream / Exhibition at the Chiostro
del Bramante, Rome, 2019



WHAT IF ALL IS

Site-specific Installation, wool
Dream / Exhibition at the Chiostro
del Bramante, Rome, 2019

“Moreover the political conflict, there is a message these old tribes breathe within their discourse that preaches to protect our native territory. This idea of the sacred *territorio*, or *terreiro*, is also present in many aboriginal tribes within South America, like in northern Brazil.”

“In this direction, my translation of this problematic on to my carpet work, serves as a portal to blend time and space in order to reconnect with the forgotten land of these ancient tribes. By understanding the construction beyond native vegetation, land formation, and the human interaction with nature, I engage the viewer in a journey into the loins of Mother Earth. Furthermore, the aboriginal Cosmvision proposes a new understanding of time and space, a subject also present in my work, where noise disappears, and the visitor gets transported to a different spatial place in earth and time.”



WHAT IF ALL IS
Site-specific Installation, wool
Dream / Exhibition at the Chiostro
del Bramante, Rome, 2019



WHAT IF ALL IS

Site-specific Installation, wool
Dream / Exhibition at the Chiostro
del Bramante, Rome, 2019

“Cerro del Indio is an abandoned hill with caves next to Lago Posadas in Patagonia where aboriginal tribes of Patagonia used to get shelter and make rock paintings.”

“Next to this site on patagonian distances, just over 150 kilometers, we can find the iconic Cueva de las Manos, where these same tribes inscribed thousands of negative stamps of their hands, blowing a mixture of blood and minerals over their hands. Their hands were used to kill the first guanacos, get the meat and skin to survive the winter, and to help their women to give birth to their children inside this rock caves.

Today we continue to discuss how these rock paintings were so exact and this precise, in addition to what they meant for them. Very intricate spirals, whale heads, and men falling from the sky depict a connection of these people with the mystical, the interpretation of dreams, and theories that today clash with our understanding of reality.

What if all is unfolds these two sites, Cerro del Indio and Cueva de las manos, re constructing their vision and imagery now in 2018, more than 10.000 years from the date these rock paintings were done. It proposes the visitor to immerse into the cave and offer a different way to die, to conceive the way we live ”





**WHAT IF ALL IS
DREAM**
Site-specific Installation, wool
/ Exhibition at the Chiostro
del Bramante, Rome, 2019



Quel Pedra

PAULIANA VALENTE



“There is a legend in Mindelo, in the island of São Vicente, which says that those who sit on a specific stone in the neighborhood of Font Flip will become gay.”

“It was in this neighborhood that I met Steffy and seven of his friends: Edinha, Gi, Elton, Sindji, Susy, Henio and Jason. These boys, aged between seventeen and twenty-five years are transgender, inasmuch that they like to wear women's clothing, make up, and to be called by women's names. Faced by this specific situation in Cape Verde, and the significance of this stone, I decided to entitle this work *Quel Pedra*, which is Creole for That Stone.

There is a high degree of intolerance towards homosexuals in many African countries, in some cases motivated by religious beliefs, others out of ignorance. Many Africans are forced to immigrate to Europe due to their inability to live their sexuality freely. Sexual relations between persons of the same sex were only legalized in 2004 in Cape Verde. Until then, it was a crime to have a homosexual relationship. In twelve years, the law has changed, but the discrimination persists. In 2013, a year before I met this group of friends, the first Gay Parade was held in Mindelo.”

QUEL PEDRA
S. Vicente island,
Cabo Verde, 2014





“Given these facts, I was interested in living in this community, in order to understand their dreams, frustrations, hopes and fears.”

“Where their courage and attitude came from. I was with them in two separate moments; one in late 2014 and in March 2016. It was interesting to see how much has changed in the lives of these Cape Verdean youngsters, and in what manner. The idea of this work is to confront the viewer with their own prejudices, challenging the conventions and standards concerning the identity of the human being. Simone de Beauvoir once said: “One is not born, but rather becomes, a woman”, perhaps the aim of this work is to unveil what it means to be woman today.”











Hover Wreath

LOOSE LEAF STUDIO



“Artists Wona Bae and Charlie Lawler specialise in experiential and concept-driven installations. Using a language of texture and reduction their immersive artworks explore the connections between people and nature.”

The *Hover Wreath* series is a public art project that isolates nature from its context. Taking their large-scale artworks beyond the gallery or conventional setting and placing them in a public space.

The ongoing serie which began in 2017 sees each *Hover Wreath* suspended in an urban streetscape appearing as if floating effortlessly. These ephemeral creations have so far appeared in South Korea, Japan, the UK and Australia and their intervention within an urban space provides a moment of respite with nature, also representing the fragility of the natural world.”

HOVER WREATH
Degraes Hover
Floral composition, 2017









HOVER WREATH

Tomigaya Hover
Floral composition, 2017

Wattle Hover
Floral composition, 2017



Selyne Ferrero



Head Of Digital Greenpeace France

Selyne Ferrero is “Head of digital” at Greenpeace France, after having been “Social media manager”. She studied History and Philosophy of Art and worked for a few years in a publishing house and its art gallery.

After Nuit Debout where she participated in building the communication strategy, she transformed her many hours spent on social networks into an expertise, entirely dedicated to mobilization and engagement.

Her favourite subjects? Feminism, social networks and images. She is also a trainer from beginner to expert in the use of social networks for mobilization purposes. The rest of the time, she spends it with her nose in a book or her cheeks in the wind, sketching plans on the comet to make the revolution.

Testimony
Greenpeace

Robert W. Service, extract from
The Spell of the Yukon and Other Verses, 1916

“But can't you hear the Wild? — it's calling you. Let us probe the silent places; let us journey to a lonely land I know. There's a whisper on the night-wind, there's a star a gleam to guide us, And the Wild is calling, calling... let us go.”

Water
the way
Earth
the foundations

Earth, the foundations

“This need to go back to the source, to what we are, what we believe in, it’s there. At different times in your life, you can feel it, and you can respond to it. We grope, we search, we stray sometimes. We try to catch things, we improvise things, we get lost in mazes. But there’s a moment when, if you’re careful, there’s a kind of alignment that comes up. It’s all there. All you have to do is grab it.

Starting with what?

From the memory of those petitions I used to get me to sign in college to save the baby seals. The one about the Erika oil spill that left me destitute. From Fukushima, a few days before my twenty-seventh birthday. From my grandfather, who died of a devastating cancer, the last gift from the nuclear power plant where he had worked so hard.

And then do what with it?

How do you respond to this need for consistency, to be in the right place at the right time, with the right people around you? An imperious necessity called me for a long time, and to remain deaf to it meant betraying myself. No matter how hard I looked at my two feet anchored in the ground, there was something bigger than me missing to find me.

Water, the way

I don’t know how I heard about Greenpeace, it was so long ago. It’s as if it had always been there, like the sound of the waves that you don’t hear any more, but if you bother to listen again, it overwhelms you.

It was elusive, far too big for me.

Too distant, too blurred.

And then, by chance, we found each other, and I took the plunge.

Luckily, I was able to join my strength to the already countless others in a network that runs the length and breadth of the blue planet. I felt the peaceful confidence of a clear stream of water that, determined, takes you where you didn’t know you wanted to go. The joy of feeling connected to the whole world, of being swept away in a tumultuous ocean, of facing storms.

The storm of climatic urgency that hovers over our heads.

I look at my hands, palms facing the sky, and I say thank you for what they allow me to accomplish.

Water
the way
Earth
the foundations

Fire,
the departure

Fire, the departure

The war started a long time ago, long before I did. Maybe long before you? His battlefield is everywhere. She who does not speak her name, she devastates, she kills. Quietly, methodically, tirelessly, it’s emptying the void. Erasing millions of years, billions of lives.

Do you see it?

Look at the burning forests and the dying oceans. The fauna and flora disappearing and the land becoming arid.

The glaciers melting and the women and men poisoning themselves.

Listen to the cries of the victims. And feel the fire inside you. This anger that rises and dazzles you, this disgust that ties you, this indignation, this is your chance. Can you feel it, this swarming impulse?

Now is the time to make your choice. The choice to hold your head high, to face it, with pride as your standard. To never be afraid again, ever. To reject...”

“Look at the burning forests and the dying oceans.”

Air, the expansion

My commitment is a wind that carries me, a benevolent breath that caresses my neck, colours my cheeks, makes my clothes twirl, and animates me. The form it takes is multiple, complex, difficult to say.

It is that of a tireless, inexhaustible, unstoppable struggle. That of the justice that is coming, because there is no other way out if we want to continue to live.

And not survive.

Sometimes a vertigo grips me in front of the magnitude of the task. And then a whiff of gratitude comes over me when I know I’m not alone.

When I look at those faces.

Those arms that lift up.

Those myriad voices, young and old, echoing. And they won’t shut up. Then my little strength becomes invincible. And I no longer live without breath. I breathe. I set myself on fire.

“The fauna and flora disappearing and the land becoming arid.”

Water
the way
Earth
the foundations



PREMIER

Uterus Party

ELISA RIEMER

Ginecosofia
Digital collage, photographic
paper 90g, 42x59 cm,
2017 - 2018

141 142

Herstory, DIY

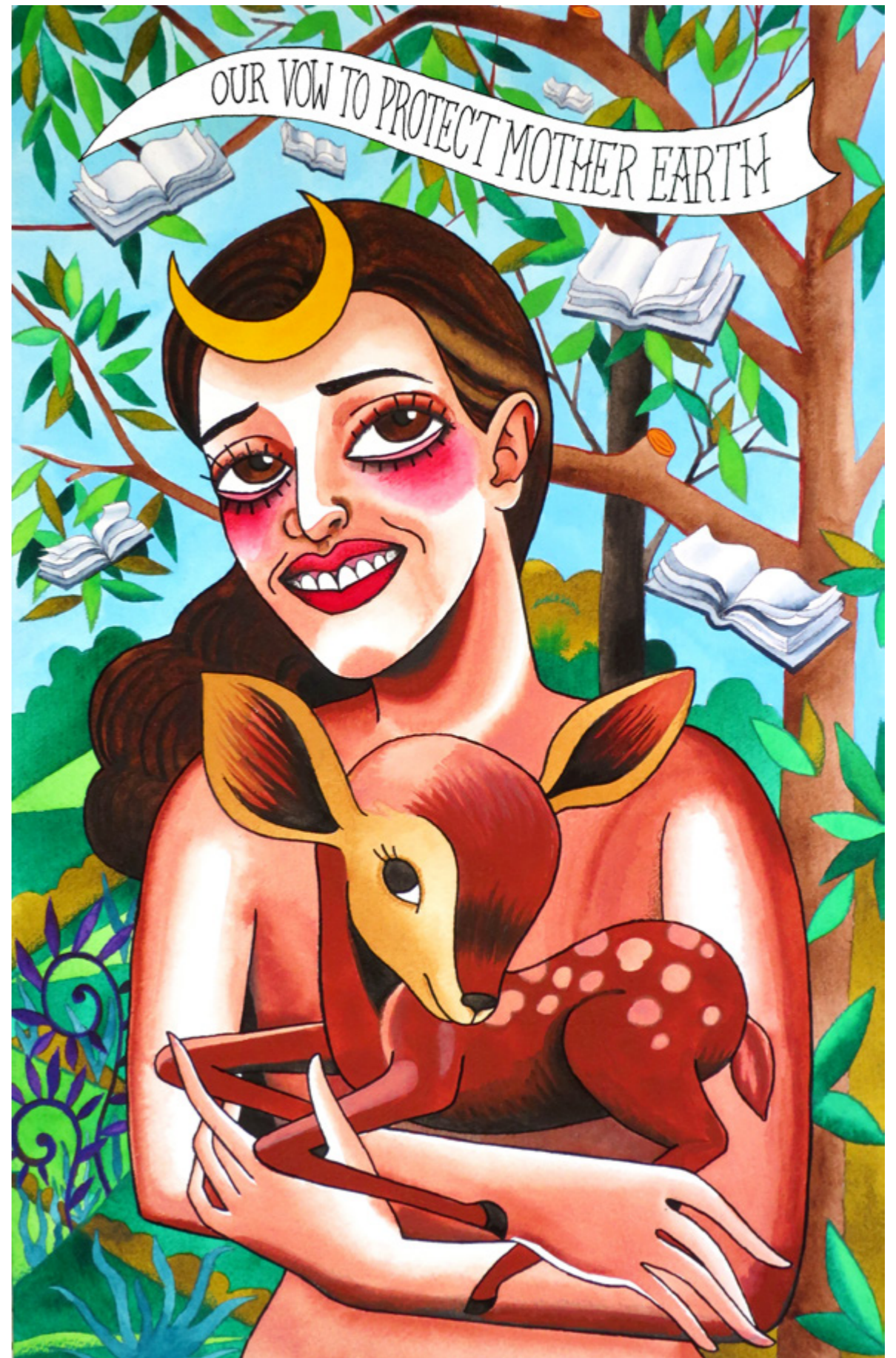
BACK TO SUMMARY

#Community
#Empowerment
#Autonomy

Sunny Buick - Herstory, DIY

Faced with the centralization of power and its representations, and in line with the punk ideology of Do It Yourself, Gang Of Witches creates its own legend by choosing to have a portrait of four of members every year. GOW thus gets rid of the approval of the patriarchal society and re-appropriates the codes of social recognition.

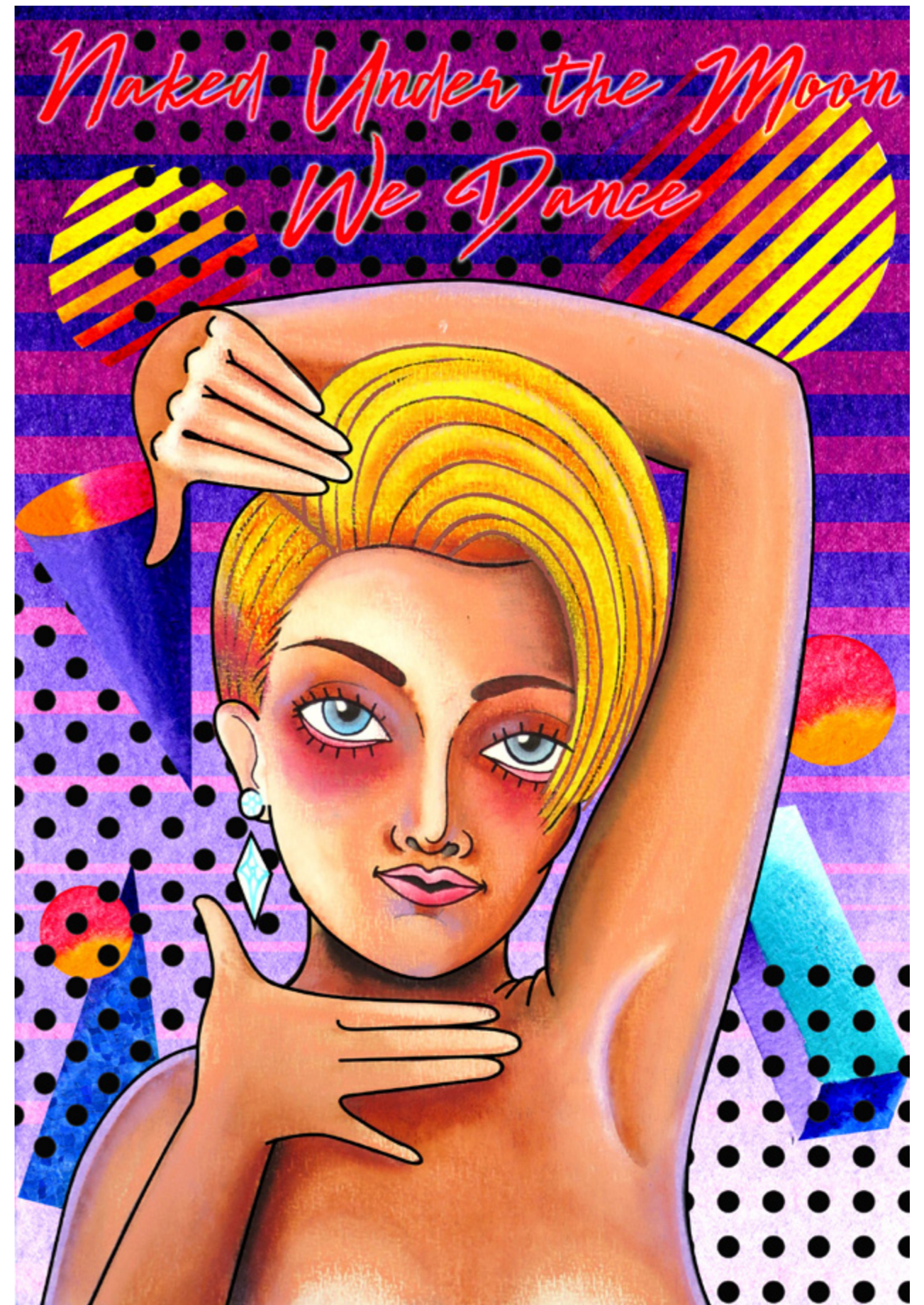
Sabrine Kasbaoui
Watercolour and ink,
33x61 cm, 2018





IN THE WOODS, FAR FROM TOXICITY
WE ARE ONE WITH NATURE ALMIGHTY

Vivien Bertin
Watercolour and ink,
28x42 cm, 2020



Amélie Poulain
Watercolour and ink,
30x46 cm, 2018

À L'AUBE DE LA NOUVELLE ÈRE GARE À L'ÉVEIL DES SORCIÈRES



Ciou
Watercolour and ink,
28x42 cm, 2020

151 152

Urbi et orbi

#Floods
#Uprising
#Change

Sophie Rokh - Ad vitam æternam ep.4

Anastasia Samoylova - FloodZone

Vicien Bertin - La Marche

Ad vitam æternam ep.4

SOPHIE ROKH



Summary of previous episodes:

Episode #0

In the near future, Ava #1506 lives in seclusion in the Tower of Return to Mental Health, where her every move is controlled by the Father's Society in which Science has replaced God. She is one of the "Chosen Ones", whose mission is to help the government "kill death". One evening, while surfing on the Internet, she discovers an incredible music that makes her go crazy. She is placed under observation by the Tower's caretakers.

Episode #1

Chloe Collin, the Society Council's shrink, is plagued by the misogyny of her male colleagues. The latter, after having humiliated her in session once again, entrusted her with the mission of examining d'Ava. She had to determine whether the case of the sick woman was hysteria. Before leaving for Roussillon, she decides to attend a punk concert with her two lovers. All three of them are secretly bisexual. They live in a clandestine troupe, as love affairs other than monogamous and heterosexual are formally forbidden by the Society.

Episode #2

In the basement of the Return to Mental Health Tower, Dr. Sapin, head of the department, is overcome by Ava's agitation. Indeed, nothing calms the patient. He's about to have her lobotomized, when Dr. D'Orcel, her sworn enemy, enters the scene.

Episode #3

Chloé and her lovers are attending a show by MC Chaton and the Riot Rôleuses on a barge in the Lagoon, where the Marginals are parked. After the concert, the shrink met Georges, the drummer, who wanted to talk to her about a certain Ava. He met her backstage five minutes later.

Serialized novel

"Coffee?" mutters Georges, sitting cross-legged on the frayed dressing room banquette. Facing him on a wobbly drum throne, Chloé nods. Coffee, perfect. Five minutes ago she was hammered, and now someone's talking to her about a patient. Which is more problematic. She needs to concentrate – a top-ranking Society member in the Lagoon is a potential target. She mustn't betray herself. The Outcasts are pissed, and she doesn't blame them. In the blink of an eye, she remembers the case of a long-ago colleague who, to withstand the wrenching pace of his job, used to buy his coke here. One morning, his swollen corpse was found floating amid the debris in the filthy water. This thought made all her muscles tremble imperceptibly. With a spasm, she braced herself as a shiver shot up her spine like an icy bolt of lightning, traveling all the way to her mouth and exploding into a tense smile aimed at Georges, who handed her a black mug initialed with a red "A" for "Anarchy." The oversized mug must contain at least 16 ounces of scalding hot coffee. She takes the beverage, politely thanks him and waits. How could this drummer know that she was aware of the Ava #1506 case?

"Hold on a sec, I just need to count tonight's takings," says Georges.

"No problem, I can wait."

As she warms her hands on the ceramic, Chloé observes the impressive tattoos that cover Georges's body. The images under his skin have been designed in a bio-mechanic style, as if the musician wanted to announce from the outset, "I am half-human, half-robot." After all, Georges does have a built-in metronome. He's the guarantor of unfailing rhythmic regularity. Both on stage and in recordings, he's an unwavering war machine, a formidable steamroller. His drumming is the backbone of the entire band, firmly supporting the group and moving it forward like a Juggernaut tank. He has truly impressed Chloé this evening. Aroused her even. In fact, she thinks he's totally sexy. Under his spell, she notes his fine jaw line, his delicate wrists, the velvety texture of his beardless face, the perfect curve of his shaved skull. His nape must be soft to the touch. *And how she'd*

love to ruffle that tuft of purple hair. Her pupils slightly dilate and in her panties, something deliciously arouses her intimacy. A little voice inside her says, *He fucking turns me on... Hold on, hot-ass, we're here to talk about work. No dicks on the job, goddammit.* The drummer turns to Olympe, who, with a pout on her face, watches her boyfriend pass the bills from one hand to the other. With her pinky in the air, she applies herself to twisting her hair. Conditioned by her profession, Chloé tries to understand this gesture. *Maybe it's involuntary. Hmm... Nah. Nothing is innocent. It must be an unconscious auto-erotic behavior. It's actually rather cute...*

"95, 100, 150. OK, it's all there," says Georges enthusiastically. He gives a wink and a mischievous smile to Olympe, whose eyes sparkle in return. A ravishing smile begins to form on her usually impassive face, briefly revealing her fetching pearly whites. She wraps a strand of hair around her finger. Gently pulls on it. Tilts her head to the side, without taking her eyes off of Georges. She bites her lower lip. Clearly, these two are in love. The drummer finally turns to Chloé and abruptly changes his tone. He's incisive again, like at the merchandise stand earlier.

"OK, there's no use denying it, we know you know Ava."

Fine, you wanna act pissed? OK, but I swear I'll stay calm, you little jerk.

Her attraction to Georges falls like a soufflé. As evenly as possible, she replies, "Uh, no, I don't know her. I've only heard about her. Briefly."

The musician maintains his biting tone. "What's that supposed to mean? Can you be a little more specific?"

If you think you're going to get any information from me, asshole, you'd better think again.

"Let's just say I got wind of her existence through my job. And you, do you know her?"

Return the question, a basic rule to reveal as little as possible. Thank you, psychoanalysis.

"No, I don't know her either. But we have good

Ava

#1506

reason to believe she's in danger. And that we can help her. What do you do?" says Georges coldly.

Shit, I should have avoided talking about work. What an idiot. "Actually, that's a sensitive subject for me, because of professional secrecy. All you need to know is that I want to help her, too."

Taut as a thong, the trans boy shoots back, "So you know what she's going through. And you're going to tell us, right?" He points an inquisitive chin toward Chloé. With a cold expression, he weighs her up. She has the growing sensation that she's being interrogated. *He's got some nerve.* But, unflustered, she straightens up and callously retorts, "No. Out of the question. Absolutely not. And please don't speak to me as if I were the enemy." *Enough already.*

An embarrassing silence invades the room. Olympe, unfazed, fixes her makeup in front of one of the many backstage mirrors at the Cintre. Just because you're a punk doesn't mean you don't care about how you look. Her makeup is all drippy from sweat. She can't stay in this condition, she gets hysterical when she looks like melted strawberry swirl ice cream. Re-touch the bright red lipstick, add golden eye shadow to the lids, adjust the complexion, there, that's better. Her sweet little face, now refreshed, is reflected ad infinitum in the mirrors backstage, where the

tension is still palpable. No one bats an eye. Specks of dusts shimmer in the golden light of the dressing room, as if weightless, and plumes of joint and incense smoke slowly dance in the air. This is the moment the guitarist, XX, chooses to uncork a bottle of cheap, luke-warm bubbly. "Pop!" The cork flies and gets lost in the backstage clutter. Of course, the pressurized liquid gushes out, half of it spilling onto the dressing room floor. XX cracks up. She's bent over, in the grip of hysterical laughter. She doesn't appear the least concerned about the seriousness of the conversation between Georges and Chloé. Still howling, she tries to pronounce an intelligible sentence. Unsuccessfully. An alcohol-induced blackout seems imminent. On all fours, the young woman tries to retrieve the bubbles that have landed on the wooden slats. She puckers her lips against the floor and inhales greedily. One of the Cintre's many cats approaches without a sound, sniffs the sparkling wine with a mistrustful air then, quite unexpectedly, takes a lick. Wrinkling its muzzle, the cat backs up, its tiny body contracting in a gag reflex, then trots away to hide in a corner. XX bursts out laughing and foam comes out of her nostrils, which makes her laugh even harder. Despite the guitarist's drunken antics, MC Chaton feels the tension in the room and prefers to remain inconspicuous. She keeps quiet and concentrates on rolling a perfect joint. This usually has a calming, almost meditative effect. But not this

time. She squints a little, her eyes have trouble focusing. Olympe, full of sang froid, takes out her glittery fan in a slow, weary motion. It's hotter than hell in here. A real oven. She looks at her boyfriend, calmly awaiting his next riposte. He stays his course. A black look in his eyes, his muscles taut and his voice still slightly aggressive, he continues, "Look, apparently we're all on her side. We're not going to starting fucking stabbing each other in the back. Girl, are you scared or what?"

He grits his teeth. Irritation alters the lower part of his face, making it more masculine-looking. He speaks in a quick, jerky manner, something is boiling inside him. Chloé avoids the question once more, decides to lie. In fact, yes, she is a little afraid. Afraid of ending up in the water. But she won't let it show.

"No," she says, frowning.

Georges fights the anger building inside him, but knows a confrontation would be futile. He sighs loudly. Clears his throat. Waits a few seconds. Then his voice softens, slows down. "Honey, if you have her best interest at heart, it'd be a shame not to pool our information, don't you think?" Trying to butter her up, he adds, "What are you afraid of, sweetheart?" *Sweetheart? Who the hell does he think he is? I'm not*

your sweetheart, dude. Not yet at least. Chloé doesn't budge. She's determined not to fess up.

"Nothing."

Georges knows he's at a dead end. He takes a drag from the slender joint that MC Chaton has handed him. Holds the smoke for a few seconds. Exhales powerfully, eyes closed. The smoke that exits his nostrils makes him look like an angry dragon. He makes a visible effort to keep his composure. Looks hard at Chloé. Has no idea how to approach her. Concentrating so as not to lose it completely, something occurs to him in a flash. Of course. It's so obvious.

"Oh-my-fucking-god. Dammit. I get it. You work for the Society! That's it, huh? Holy shit!!"

Still on the red velour banquette, he becomes agitated, his forearms waving frantically, then places his hands on his head. Chloé is dumbstruck. *Fuck. Fuck fuckety fucking fuck. Dead end. Georges: 1, Chloé: 0.* She is baffled, stunned. How could he have unmasked her like this? She feels dizzy and goes white, a sign that the drummer has guessed right. Nevertheless she tries to keep her composure, but has no choice other than to divulge a slice of the truth.

"No. But I'm a psychiatrist and I must examine her. That's all, okay? Happy?"

Georges becomes even more worked up. Vigorously shakes his head. “Nah, nah, nah, nah... It’s not nice to lie, bitch. You’re not telling me everything. Admit you work for those bastards. I know you do. I KNOW YOU DO, GOT IT? We’re not gonna hurt you. I mean, if you cooperate. If you don’t, you might never go back to work. CAPISCE?” he screamed, eyes bulging.

The tension is palpable. MC Chaton, Olympe, and even XX are captivated by the game of ping-pong between Georges and this stranger. They don’t miss a word. If they could break out the popcorn, they would. Full of dread, short of breath, Chloé must face the facts: she doesn’t know how the drummer found out, but he is confident that he knows the truth. It would be a mistake to keep lying to him. Instead she needs to earn his trust, and to do so, she’s going to have to talk. Forced to give in, she takes a deep breath and, in a whisper, mumbles, “OK, yes, it’s true. I’m the Society Committee shrink.”

Frightened, she lowers her gaze. MC Chaton mutters a slurred and anxious “Oh shit” then sniffs a line to absorb the shock of Chloé’s declaration. Immediately, Chloé continues hurriedly, trying to minimize the impact of what she’s said.

“Believe me, I’m not proud of it, that’s for sure. My dumbass father held the position and I had to take over from him. Seriously, I hate this misogynous, repressive Society. Makes me want to fucking puke. And I swore to myself I would get this chick out of jail. It would be my little way of pissing off those monsters in charge of the country.”

Terrorized, Chloé waits for Georges’s reaction, but nothing happens, time seems to have stopped. The four Ranters are stupefied by Chloé’s declaration. Georges, his eyes popping like those of a lemur on acid, just sits there with his mouth half open. Not only does this woman work for the enemy, but she holds a top-ranking position. La crème de la crème! In the concert hall, Mademoiselle Futur has entered the stage and is belting out her disheveled eco-feminist libertarian punk music. The saturated sound of the guitars resonates in the room, ricocheting off the

mirrors, filling in the interminable silence. *Why the fuck did I mention the Committee? I’m such an idiot! Goddamn alcohol, always makes me say too much. This is not going to end well!* Chloé’s cheeks are flushed and her heart is racing. She feels her pulse in her temples and a high-pitched noise is ringing in her ears. Fear, combined with the humid heat, is making her sweat profusely. A cold sweat. She tries not to let it show, but she feels light-headed, she’s going to faint, she can feel it coming. The drummer finally closes his mouth and manages to respond, slowly, as if carefully weighing each word.

“Oh yeah? Psychiatrist for the Committee, no shit! That’s, like, amazing. Huh! Incredible. OK, OK... Hmm... Wow...”

Then the O formed by his lips turns into a satisfied grin. He takes another drag from the doobie, makes smoke rings and then swallows them. Pleased with himself, he savors the moment. His intuition didn’t fail him, and he loves that. Little wrinkles of happiness form in the corners of his eyes, his cheekbones become more prominent, his hostility seems to have evaporated. He looks Chloé in the eye and gives her a glowing smile. She smiles back, a little sheepishly, unsure of where she stands. But their animosity and the underlying aggressiveness of their encounter seem to have subsided. Georges begins to speak again with an astonishingly gentle voice, which is music to Chloé’s ears.

“Well, thank you for your honesty.”

Immensely relieved, Chloé lets the sticky air fill her lungs. Slowly relaxes her toes. Takes the time to fan her drenched face with her hand. Breathes strongly, still smiling. She feels like she is no longer at risk. Understands that she will not end up in the foul waters. “Phew!” Georges continues cautiously, aware that this muchacha would be a major asset in rescuing Ava.

“Hmm... and, um, could you tell us a little more? What’s happening to her exactly?”

“Apparently she had a hysteria attack. I mean,

according to the authorities. But I’m sure it was something else. Hysteria, that’s their thing. They see it everywhere in women, since it comes from ‘uterus’. Makes sense coming from world-class misogynists. I’m supposed to decide whether or not she needs a lobotomy. But the description provided by the doctors on site doesn’t match that diagnosis. I think it’s something else.”

“A lobotomy! Seriously?! What the fuck, they’re really sick in the head! Shit... What do you think is wrong with her?”

“Actually, I don’t think she’s suffering from a disease but from a dysfunctional docility implant.”

“*Whaaat?* The fuck is that?!” says Olympe, who loses her usual cool in a fraction of a second. On edge to say the least, the bassist grips the handle of her terra cotta mug.

“Well, I know all patients are fitted with a chip in their brain, which keeps them under control. They are supposedly ‘chosen ones’ whose mission is to help the Society of the Father ‘kill death’! I know, it’s unbelievable. And I think it’s an excuse for all kinds of sketchy experiments, but I don’t know the details. In my opinion, they only informed me about everything affecting patients’ psyches so I can do my job. Oh yeah, there was also something about systematized amnesia. And I think that’s only one part of the whole fucking mess. I suspect they are much more inventive than that and that they’re finding other ways to use prisoners. Because that’s what they are you know, prisoners. Anyway, that’s all I know.”

Georges and Olympe look at each other from the corner of their eyes, shocked by what they’ve just heard. But deep down, they’re not really surprised. Dazed, XX sits with her eyes half-closed, wondering if the drugs and alcohol are messing with her mind. Everyone is aghast.

“And, um... How can I put this... Do you have any influence? I mean, you’re a woman. Does your opinion carry any weight with this army of suit-wearing dickheads?”

“Not much. But I can try to stand up to my colleagues so Ava won’t get a lobotomy. I am pugnacious. Otherwise I’ll have to use a different tack. An illegal one this time. That doesn’t scare me either. I told you, I am determined to help her, whatever the cost. I am absolutely outraged by the way psychiatric patients are treated in this country... But, um... Could I ask you a couple of questions?... How did you know I work for the Society? And that I was aware of Ava’s existence?”

“I can’t tell you, you wouldn’t understand.”

Do you think I’m an idiot or what? Vaguely irritated, she replies, “When someone explains something to me, I usually understand.”

The drummer shrinks off her response. “Forget it girl, it’s not important.”

“No, I insist. I want to know.”

Georges understands that if he doesn’t tell her, this chick could close up and be of no help whatsoever. The bitch is stubborn. And when he really thinks about it, he doesn’t give a damn if this muchacha, who he doesn’t know from Eve, thinks it’s weird. He launches into his story.

“OK, you seem pretty legit. I mean, that’s what my intuition tells me.” He is quiet for a moment. Swallows. Looks Chloé in the eye. “OK. Do you believe in the existence of the invisible?”

Chloé is disconcerted. Her eyelashes flutter. In fact, yes, she does believe in it, but she really wasn’t expecting a drummer to bring it up behind the scenes of a punk concert. A drummer in his underwear, no less. She watches her flabbergasted reflection disappear in the mirrors and surrenders to a daydream. A powerful flashback to her childhood, an image of two lovers attracting and repelling each other bursts into her mind. Her interest in occult forces had bloomed very early, while observing magnets being pulled toward the fridge when they approached it. She had sensed that something essential was happening. Her father had explained the history of magnetic fields

and opposite poles to her from every angle, making great use of incomprehensible graphs and complicated formulas. But Chloé had been only five years old. It was a bit much. Her father had buckled down to the task with displeasure. Girls, what nuisance! He was convinced that a boy would have understood faster. After all, these were hard sciences, and it was recognized by the Society that women were no good at that game. The little physics lesson had turned into humiliation, but Chloé was used to that, and her father's aggressiveness had been like water off a duck's back. What she had remembered was that vigorous yet invisible energy was at work in everyday situations. To her child's mind, this was magic. And she loved it. Later, as a teenager, she had observed the relationship of domination between her parents: Mom, submissive and ruthlessly exploited, was a vulnerable creature abused by Dad, an anger-prone tyrant with an exaggerated sense of entitlement. And the fact that he held a prestigious position at the Society did nothing to rattle his excessive self-esteem. Her genitors were waging an unequal battle. Because that's what it was – an unending combat that poisoned their home life. To the Committee's future psychiatrist, it was clear that a flow of energy, a different sort of magnetism, circulated between people, some of whom sucked the life force out of others. Being home-schooled, she was free to observe the transformation that took place in her mother when her father came home from work. The woman who was so cheerful during the day would wither when her spouse arrived. Her mood would collapse, her enthusiasm wilt. Her anxiety and depressive tendencies would rear their head at 8 pm sharp on weekdays. Even her physical appearance would change. Her back would become stooped, she would move about with tiny steps, her arms hanging motionless alongside her body when they weren't busy serving her husband. During dinner, she would only address the head of the family, content to give him nothing but flattery. Chloé only had a bit part at the dinner table. If you were under eighteen, you had no say. Period. In the evenings, to escape her father's shouting and find a semblance of peacefulness, Chloé would climb to the roof of the family home near Buttes Chaumont Park and engross herself in contemplating the starry sky. The universe was right there for

her taking. Whole, yet infinite. How did it operate? What matter was it made of? What laws governed the movements of the planets, the stars and the galaxies amongst themselves? Powerful invisible forces were also at work in the cosmos, that much was obvious. At the same time, the adolescent had witnessed a myriad of strange coincidences, but which had taken on a clear meaning for her. Like the time she had been reminiscing about getting into mischief with her childhood friend whom she adored but had lost touch with. While she was reliving these memories over a big mug of hot chocolate and buttered bread, her mood fluctuated between jubilant and nostalgic. She felt something very strong; she was in harmony with her emotions. Ten minutes later, on her way to school, Chloé had miraculously bumped into this same friend, who had suddenly emerged from the past. She couldn't believe it. The two teens had fallen into each other's arms and decided to skip class to spend some time together. Over coffee, they had laughed heartily thinking about the good old days, and Chloé had had a wonderful time. She had dozens of similar examples. Later, while studying to be a psychiatrist, she had learned what these so-called "coincidences" are called: synchronicities.

She had first come across the term in the secret library of the Tower of Mental Health Recovery, while sneaking a peak at a book by Carl Gustav Jung. She had learned about the existence of this mine of prohibited knowledge one evening when some of her father's high-ranking colleagues had come over. They were conversing about adult topics that had sparked her teenager curiosity. In the living room adjacent to her bedroom, the patriarchs were smoking smelly cigars and drinking moonshine, as alcohol was banned by the Society. Especially for the little people. Drunk, they were yakking away, shouting almost, and it was impossible not to overhear them. From the downy comfort of her duvet, Chloé had listened with stupefaction and became wide-eyed on hearing about the library. Very quickly, she had decided she would pay it a visit. She had to discover where her dad hid his pass and borrow it for a night. And she'd be all set. She would just pop in. Look around. During these gatherings of the mighty, she had heard that said pass deactivated the

surveillance cameras when her father, the most prestigious visitor from the psychiatric ward, stepped inside. Hallelujah! Easy peasy lemon squeezy. She had quickly discovered the precious pass's hiding place: a safe concealed behind a giant portrait of the Father. She had easily cracked the code. It wasn't difficult, just her dad's date of birth. Of course. That narcissistic bastard only ever thought of himself. Asshole. His birth date? Really? For something this important? Couldn't he have thought of something less obvious? Once again, he really took everyone for a fool. A bit scared of what she might discover in the library, Chloé had left the pass in the safe for several months before following through with her plan. But ultimately, her curiosity had gotten the better of her apprehension. On her tiptoes, she had accessed the temple of forbidden knowledge on a misty winter's night. There, her eyes as wide as saucers, she had discovered books about areas of research that were forbidden to ordinary caregivers but accessible to the higher-ranking ones. All the volumes in the library's countless aisles were about "parapsychological and paranormal studies," as indicated at the reading room entrance. There were works on archetypes, the collective unconscious and the law of attraction. Others broached telepathy, or near-death and out-of-body experiences. Some manuscripts focused on intuition, clairvoyance, clairaudience or channeling. Others explored the basics of quantum physics or other equally mysterious fields that Chloé had never heard of. She had also looked at shamanism and its relationship to the neurosciences. All of this had opened up dizzying perspectives that revolutionized her vision of the world and life. She had discovered the existence of psychoanalysis. She had touched on spirituality. She had gained awareness of the potential connections between "superstition" and science. She had caught a glimpse of the foundations of occultism and had wound up converting to Wicca. Little by little, she had naturally become a Neo-Pagan. She had been drawn to this life philosophy because of the direct relationship it establishes between the individual and the sacred. No religious leader acted as an intermediary between her and the universal Source of love and energy. Completely undercover, she had become her own priestess. Pagan holidays celebrated Mother Nature – the seasons, life, animals, the

cosmos. All living things. It was made for Chloé. Wicca also established an analogy between the microcosm and the macrocosm. *As above, so below.* This was in accordance with the adolescent's most intimate beliefs. Everything made sense.

Ever since, she had faithfully ritualized the lunar cycles and celebrated the solstices and equinoxes. She had diligently practiced meditation on a daily basis. This habit became crucial when she took over from her father. And even if her job today only consisted in listening to patients and giving them pills, she never forgot that the root of the word "psychology" is "psyche." In Greek, that means "soul." What if the brain was in fact a biological antenna that captures information in the ether? What if our soul was in a universal 'Cloud' linked to this antenna? Was it possible to have access to information contained in the collective unconscious? Transfixed by these vertiginous possibilities, she heard a persistent voice in the distance.

"Hey lady! Hello?! Anybody home?? Do you wanna know how we know everything, or do you not give a shit?" Georges is losing his patience. "Dude, I asked you a question, remember? Do you believe in the invisible? Yooo-hooo!"

"I think we've lost her," says Olympe, bringing her angel face within four inches of Chloé's nose. Squinting, she observes her attentively. In her usual slow voice, the bassist formulates a hypothesis. "Maybe she took something and it's just hitting her, no? Check out her eyes, they're not moving."

"I dunno. This is fucked. What kind of drug? She's been spaced out for like two minutes. She's totally absent. Heyyy! Dude! Hello!?!?" Georges blares at her.

"Huh? What?" says Chloé, lost. She comes to and realizes she has unconsciously enlarged the hole in her jeans with her tense fingers. The bluish threads have left deep marks on the reddened pulp of her fingers. She whisks her hand from her jeans and turns toward her interlocutor with a wild look on her face.

"Ahhh! You're back. Great! You kinda scared us.

What happened?”

“Sorry, I was in the cosmos.”

“Yeah, we noticed! You’re white as a ghost... are you OK?”

“Yes, I’m fine. I just had the craziest flashback.”

“OK, well you’re back, that’s what matters,” adds Georges. He asks for the umpteenth time, “So, do you really believe in the invisible?”

The psychiatrist pauses. Swallows her saliva with difficulty, then replies with a serious, concerned tone, “Yes, absolutely.”

The drummer begins to understand why he had an irresistible impulse to approach this person, and why the words had flowed so spontaneously upon reaching her. Without going through his brain first. With a satisfied smile, he began again on a playful note.

“Oh... Nice! I wasn’t sure if you’d be into that. OK, great. So here goes. We have friends in the South and, uh... We’re in contact with them. I mean, uh... a sort of immaterial contact, uh... Like communicating through the ether. Uh, um...” The drummer hesitates a second longer, fumbling for words. He clears his throat then spits it out. “Alright, we’re telepaths. There.”

Chloé is flabbergasted. Her eyes grow wide and her mouth forms into a grin. She had never met people “with magic powers,” as she used to say as a little girl. She hangs onto the drummer’s every word.

“Our two friends, Louise and Simone, informed us, by telepathy, that this Ava was in danger somewhere near where they live, in the Roussillon region. Apparently she’s an important chick. She might have powerful psychic powers. But we had a bad connection. It happens. We don’t have any details. We don’t even know exactly where she is. And to be completely honest, I “saw” that you had heard of this gal and that you worked for the Society. It’s that simple. It

was, like, a moment of extreme clarity. It just came to me, bang. Anyway. We’re heading down South tomorrow, to see our friends, so we can find out more and help this chick.”

“Oh... That’s all so astonishing!” says Chloé, thrilled. “To tell you the truth, I firmly believed that everything referred to as ‘paranormal’ at University was actually real. In fact, Ava is locked up in the Tower of the Mental Health Recovery. I’m catching an air balloon tomorrow morning, to see what I can do for this girl. And at the same time try to glean more information about the activities that go on at the Tower. But I have no idea about Ava’s possible importance. Sorry.”

“We’re coming with you.”

“What? What do you mean?”

Georges ignores the question and ploughs ahead. “Given our status as Outcasts, traveling by air is not going to happen. So, we’re going to have to take to the sea. We’ll take a speedboat, that’ll be the quickest. Not the most comfortable, but whatever, we’re not going to go by barge, too many logistics to figure out, and too slow. This is urgent. Especially after what you told us about the risk she’s running. The lobotomy. Shit. What the fuck? Olympe darling, can you get me a pen and paper, please?”

Olympe rummages through her messenger bag half-heartedly, and finds nothing. Blasé, she dumps the contents out onto the floor. The cat, which is still lurking around backstage, seems very interested. And for good reason: crumbs from a vegan muffin have fallen onto the floor. Starving, the feline hungrily pounces on and licks up the sweet remnants with its rough tongue. Touched by this, Olympe pets it with her right hand while continuing to search through her things spread across the floor. More than anything, she’s just scattering them. Tampons, tobacco, papers, keys, fruit, a bottle of water made of recycled plastic. At last, she proudly holds up a small wrinkled piece of paper and a dull pencil. “Will this do? Or do you need a bigger piece darling?”

“Nah, that’s good. OK, time for some math, ladies! We’ve never gone there by speedboat, so we don’t know how long it’s going to take... So... we have about a thousand kilometers to cover... Hmm, that’s pretty far. But with all the floating blockades these assholes have installed, we don’t have the choice. We have to make a huge detour around the Massif Central region. Uh... We travel at 37 knots tops, that’s 70 kph. Not great, but better than our barge.” The drummer makes a face, concentrates, scribbles some numbers. Frown lines appear, giving him a serious look. “1000 divided by 70... Uh, 100 divided by 7... Shit, it’s not even. Whatever, that’s roughly 15 hours of navigation, at top speed. Olympe and I will leave first thing tomorrow morning. Around 5 am. No earlier, we need to get a little sleep before the journey. These concerts are exhausting, we’re getting old... OK, so we can meet up there tomorrow evening. How about behind the hydrotherapy pavilion in Amélie-les-Bains, 8 pm. Does that work for you?”

“What?!”

“What’s your name, by the way?”

“Chloé. But, uh, what do you mean, ‘meet up?’!”

“Well duh, we’re going to need you to get into the Tower and rescue Ava. As a matter of fact, we’ll be bringing another escapee with us. Our roomie. Actually, he can’t be left alone. I have to say, he’s pretty crazy. Bi-polar, if you see what I mean. And he’s in a manic phase. Super agitated. He’d be capable of sinking our barge, or burning it or destroying it with a baseball bat. And he’d be laughing all the while. So we’re bringing him with us, it’s safer. We had no idea we’d be visiting his old jail. These synchronicities are crazy... Anyway, he managed to get out of that fucking Tower three years ago, but he doesn’t really remember how. He was panicked, it’s all a blur in his mind. But he must vaguely know how to escape. However, he has no clue as to how to sneak in. He has zero memory of how he got there, or what was going on in his life, before the Tower. Now we know why... fucking systematized amnesia. Bunch of psychopaths. Anyway, we need you to get in and out of the fortress.”

“But...”

“No, there’s no buts, actually. It’s not an option: we meet there tomorrow at 8 pm and that’s it. We’re going to get this chick out and find out why she’s important. Period.” The drummer has gone back to the biting tone he used at the beginning of their conversation. His charisma is extraordinary, and Chloé stares at him in wonder. Hypnotized. “I’m Georges, by the way.”

“I know, I’m a fan of ‘The Ranters!’” says Chloé excitedly. A smile briefly returns to her face.

“Yeah, yeah, great. Now don’t forget: tomorrow, 8 pm, behind the hydrotherapy baths in Amélie-les-Bains, that’s where our friends live. All you have to do between then and now is make sure Ava isn’t lobotomized. You gain time, got it? See you tomorrow, Chloé. Have a good one, you can go.”

Chloé can’t get over the drummer’s self-confidence. Her smile has faded. In a daze, she says “OK” automatically, not daring to retort anything else. She is torn. Part of her is scared shitless about going on a mission with half of The Ranters. She doesn’t know them and wouldn’t want Georges and Olympe to hurt her. It’s a delicate mission. She doesn’t know if she can trust these Outcasts, and has no desire to wind up in some Tower herself. But she’s also psyched about going on an adventure with half of her favorite band. And she already feels immense satisfaction at the thought of harming the Society, even minimally. She tells herself it would be like throwing a little booger in the Father’s face. With a flick, thwack, right in the eye. Exhilarating.

Find Ava in previous episodes:

- Gang Of Witches -
- [The Podcast - Ad vitam æternam](#)
- [Medium page of Sophie Rokh](#)

FloodZone

ANASTASIA SAMOYLOVA



"FloodZone is my ongoing photographic project reflecting and responding to the problem of rising sea levels. The project began in 2016, when I moved to Miami, my first experience living in a coastal environment. It was the hottest summer on record. Soon after moving I began to realize how the city's seductive tropical palette and quality of light concealed the growing dissonance between its booming real-estate market and the ocean's encroachment on its territory."

"Last 3 years brought 3 hurricanes to the shore, yet no substantial measures have been taken to address the issue besides the individual efforts to prepare for and retreat during the storms."

FLOODZONE
Staircase during King Tide
Hollywood, Florida



“Water views are prized in the real-estate world, with little regard for building projects’ locations in high-risk flood zones.”

“Investors seem to turn a blind eye to the reality that places like Miami are steadily slipping underwater. Living in Miami is bittersweet: it looks and feels like a paradise, but the only secure roots belong to mangrove trees. *FloodZone* is grounded in my longstanding attention to the differences between natural versus constructed landscapes, and to the role that photographs play in constructing collective memories and imagined geographies. Focusing first on the American South and increasingly on the East Coast—with the ultimate goal of documenting over fifty communities at high risk of rising tides in Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, South and North Carolina, Virginia, Delaware, New Jersey in the next year.

By employing a wide range of approaches in this project, my goal is to go beyond the familiar types of images produced in the aftermath of hurricanes and massive flooding. Mixing modes of representation that range from lyrical documentary to metaphoric, allegorical, and staged photographs—*FloodZone* aims to manifest the precarious psychological state of lives that teeter between paradise and catastrophe.”



“Reversing climate change is an immensely complex task, which will only work if global warming doesn’t accelerate quicker than the efforts to reverse it.”

“In such unlikely scenario, it will still take close to a century or more to fix the problem. Meanwhile, flooding is a serious and inevitable consequence we are experiencing as of right now; and the next decades will only bring more. I live across from the historic Deauville hotel in Miami Beach, where The Beatles recorded for the Ed Sullivan show in 1964. With its 538 rooms it is also been known for hosting the affluent Miami Art Basel crowd, when art dealers would set up booths in many of its grand ballrooms. For sixty years until 2017 the hotel brought business to many mom and pop shops and eateries in the neighborhood, which now struggle to survive or have already closed. What is left of mold-infested Deauville now is only its midcentury bones and façade. It has been abandoned after the property could not recuperate from the damages brought by Hurricane Irma.

An entire neighborhood felt an impact, but of course we know some in town and in Florida Keys had it worse. It was not until Irma that I understood the urgency in documenting places that are getting transformed by this already acutely felt outcome of climate change, flooding. From aerial photography to portraits of locals and close-up observations of buildings, flora and fauna; my goal is to provide a broad yet focused perspective of what it feels like to live in these atrisk areas while the development continues to bring profit and a sense of denial appears to be instilled by external forces.”



La Marche

VIVIEN BERTIN



On november the 23th 2019, the largest march in French history against gender-based and sexual violence was held in Paris. The collective #NousToutes, organizer of this historic march, claims nearly 150,000 participants throughout France, including 100,000 in Paris. Families and victims denounce the impunity of the aggressors and demand 1 billion euros and concrete actions from the government to fight against this violence. Two days later, on 25 November, the "Grenelle against domestic violence" came to an end, a disappointing outcome, below expectations and a feeling that they were not being listened to.

In France, 152 feminicides were recorded in 2019.

219,000 women are victims of domestic violence per year.

32,000 women are victims of marital rape per year.

1 woman in 10 rape victims files a complaint, only 10% of the complaints filed lead to a conviction, 1% of rapists are convicted.*

LA MARCHE
March against gender and sexual violence
on november the 23th 2019 in Paris





LA MARCHÉ
March against gender and sexual violence
on november the 23th 2019 in Paris







C'EST
NOËL DANS 16
FEMINICIDES

MEN OF GUILT
DON'T FEAR
EQUALITY

1 milliard
contre les
violences
sexistes et
sexuelles
nous
me.org

La rue
à Noël



LA MARCHÉ
March against gender and sexual violence
on november the 23th 2019 in Paris





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No Comment

VIVIEN BERTIN

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March against gender and
sexual violence on november
the 23th 2019 in Paris

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Annual publication - GAIA RISING ©Gang Of Witches 2020 - All rights reserved

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network / [@gangofwitches](https://www.instagram.com/gangofwitches) — **2020** Edition

www.gangofwitches.com



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