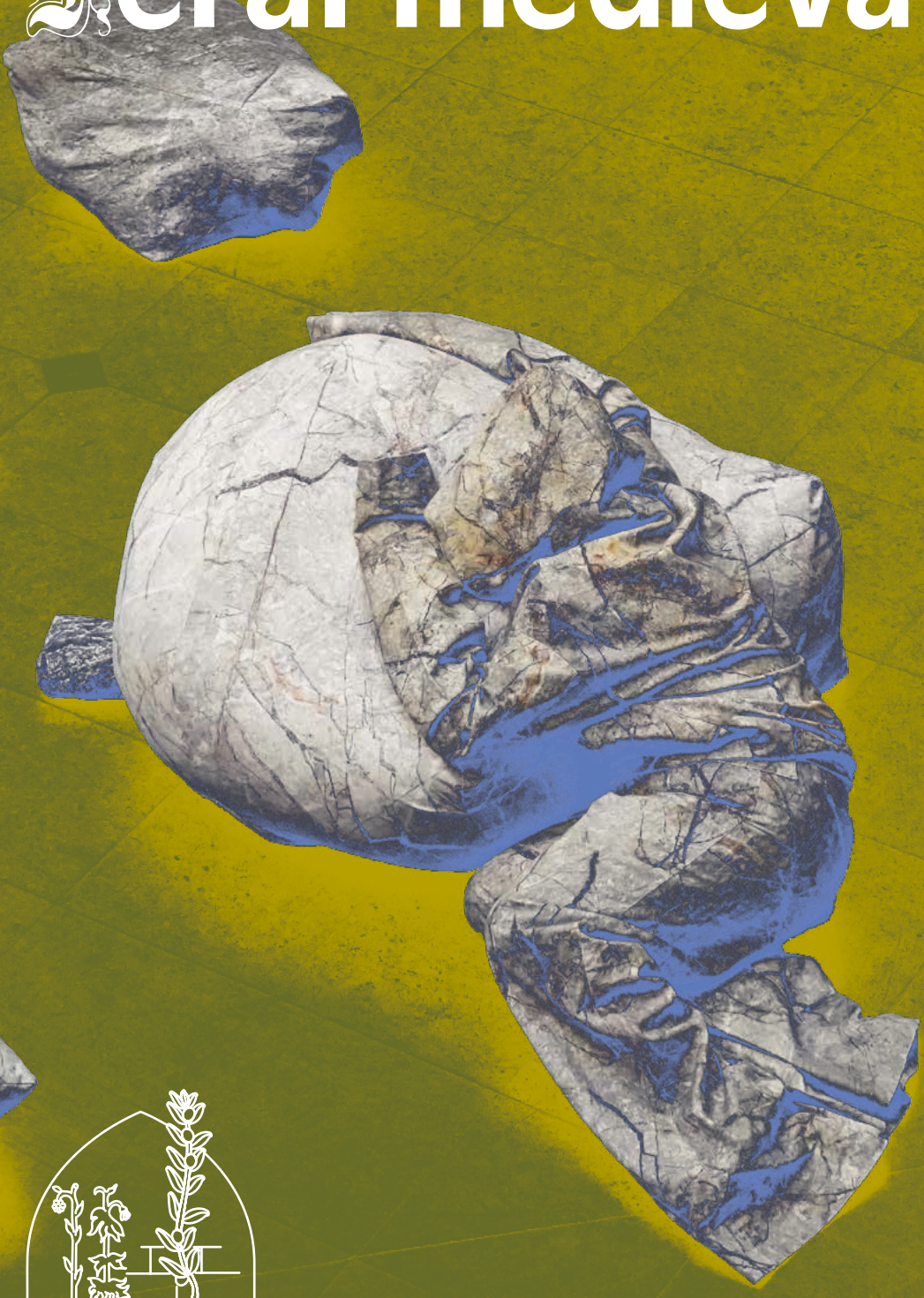



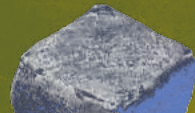
At the Intersection of Performing Arts and Public Space

# Feral medieval



REVUE FERAL N°4

 the transition from  
domesticated to wild







# Let's Coat of Arms!



**H**ello there, visitor!  
Tell us, what's your coat of arms?  
We're posing the question for inspiration, because the magazine you've just opened is also looking for inspiration.

Allow us to elucidate: we're here in Brussels, at 46 Rue de Flandre, 2nd floor, first door on the right, where it says Cifas, compiling a record of the Feral festival that took place in September 2025. That 4th edition was called Feral Medieval. If you're intrigued by the combination of those two words, we can totally understand why. What's the point of gathering around the Middle Ages today, you might ask. And what does 'Feral' - that transition from the domesticated to the wild - have to do with it? The fact is that the artists, thinkers, historians, and the public who took part in the festival collectively brought the medieval era to the fore as a terrain of struggle and emancipatory imaginaries, in the here and now.


How, why, and by whom? We'll let the contributions that follow guide you through this journey.


For our part, we thought that to set the tone and outline the substance of this edition, creating a coat of arms would be a fitting introduction. In fact, we're dreaming of a coat of arms brimming with colours, shapes, emblems, and symbols to replace the thousands of words this editorial needs to contain. You've arrived right in the middle of the team's brainstorming session, but since you're here, do stay - we're almost there.


Leslie, the editor-in-chief: '...if we're talking about a coat of arms, it wouldn't be a bad idea to give credit where credit is due, and acknowledge the brilliant work of the graphic designers at Open Source Publishing, particularly their workshop during the festival. It was quite mind-boggling to realise that in the Middle Ages, everything is a sign and everything signifies something.


And that even today, these coats of arms are highly visible in our cities and also in our virtual lives through emojis. And that is precisely the essence of what our contributors are going to tell us: the Middle Ages are everywhere; they've just been transformed.'


Emmanuelle, Anna, and Aurel, the dramaturgs: 'In this vein, we have each chosen a few symbols that reflect the core themes of Feral and which could adorn this coat of arms:


The Key,  because it allows us to open doors and cross thresholds; it represents key, essential concepts – those we choose to explore;




The Saxifrage , as it is a herb that grows spontaneously in the crevices between rocks; it symbolises solidity and resilience, endurance and perseverance;

The Tower , a symbol of the kingdom and of bargaining, of the prevalence of improvisation and negotiation between people, with a view to peace and respect for one another's needs;


The Moon , symbolising cycles and what the body knows without knowing that it knows;

The Ladder , for its link between heaven and earth, and often representing medieval cosmogony;

The Dolphin , as a symbol of regeneration, and also found in the motto *Festina Lente*, 'Hurry Slowly'...

Flore, the editor and publication coordinator: 'Moreover, this , which marks the emerging unity of a kingdom, has brought together artists, activists, and historians who have recounted this omnipresence of the Middle Ages and its imaginaries. It could become a landmark for our first chapter. From there, the key grants us access to the second chapter, within the city walls and its concrete experiments; in Brussels, from Josaphat Park to the former MONA convent. The  can lead us to expand our medieval legacies towards new commons. Then a slowdown in the third chapter. It is the  that sounds like 'sexy Middle Ages'. A rock-breaker, this plant paves the way for the knowledge and practices erased by imperialist colonial history. It re-roots.

There you have it; perhaps I've tried too hard to tame the symbols by seeing a guiding structure in them, but I'm also confident that they'll eventually run wild, reclaim their ferality, just like everything else in the magazine!

Lucie and Nina, the graphic designers: 'To allow them to branch out in every direction, let us first give these symbols a shared framework. The shield, the base of our coat of arms, could take the form of a rhombus, or a diamond , historically associated with unmarried women, widows, and young girls. By stripping it of our fathers' arms,

**Feral Magazine** is here to reimagine the notion of public space through artistic practices that are engaged with today's socio-political urgencies. It collects and expands upon the reflections exchanged during the **Feral festival**, which brings together practising artists and thinkers, activists and experimenters, around a shared theme. From the relationship between [rural and urban](#) (2022) to the [solidarity of bodies of water](#) (2023) or the [presence of rituals](#) in today's art practices (2024), it is the **medieval** that has collectively set us to work this past year. Self-published and free of charge, the entire journal is available in English and in French on the [Cifasothèque](#), Cifas's artistic resources platform. Feral Magazine is the harvest of the year and an invitation to propagation; an annual ritual of sharing and cross-pollination.

we transform it through a vibrant reimagining, built upon our new heritage. Images, words, and symbols would flow through the magazine against a vibrant background, with elements intersecting, blending bold hues with softer tones. This coat of arms would be rendered in line drawings, designed to be applied to any surface, using any tools.'

Marine, the publishing director:  
'What you're saying makes me want this coat of arms to have a life beyond the pages of Feral Magazine! We could keep improving it, and who knows, we might even raise it as a shared symbol. We could put it on manhole covers. It's true, if you take a close look at those, they're coats of arms. What if we replaced the existing covers with our coats of arms? May these new symbols, created collectively, inspire us with visions that are enlightening and transformative! May they punctuate the city beneath our feet and give us new spaces for recognition!'

Leslie, the editor-in-chief: 'I don't know about you, but I'm starting to get a pretty good picture of what this coat of arms will look like. And I'd love to add some gold leaf, just to make our intentions crystal clear. Because ultimately, what we're proposing is a sort of medieval illumination; or rather, how we make this so-called 'dark' period shine through the performing arts and trans-disciplinary approaches; how we link it to a post-capitalist, decolonial, and queer perspective. Oh, and let's throw in some glitter too! Like an invitation to a reading experience as effervescent as it is titillating!'

The Editorial Team

**On the cover and on the introductory pages of the chapters, you'll find images from Slowed Landscapes, a series of participatory and site-specific performances by Moni Wespi, exploring the power of slowness and camouflage in public spaces. At Feral, it is the timelessness of stone that has slowed down Parc Josaphat (Schaerbeek), Place du Miroir (Jette), and the courtyard of la Bellone (Brussels).**



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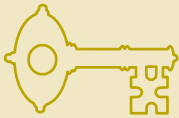
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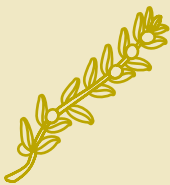
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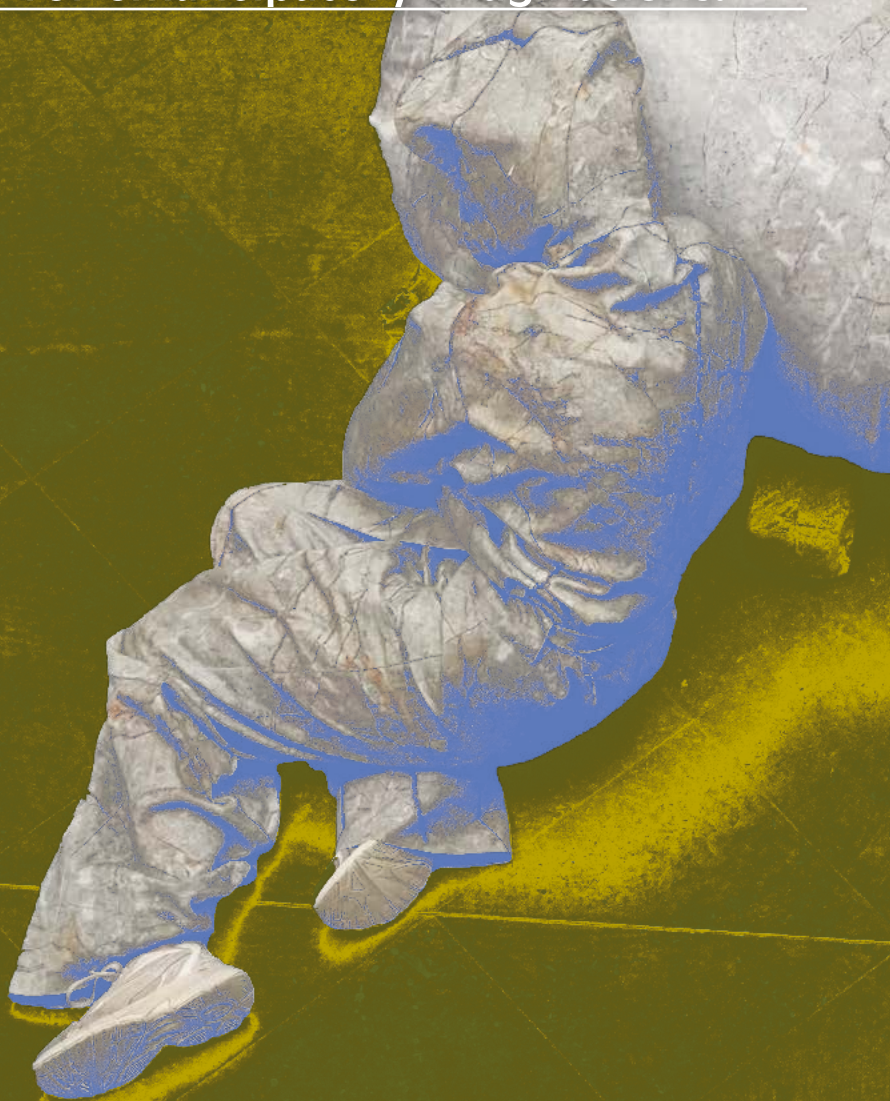
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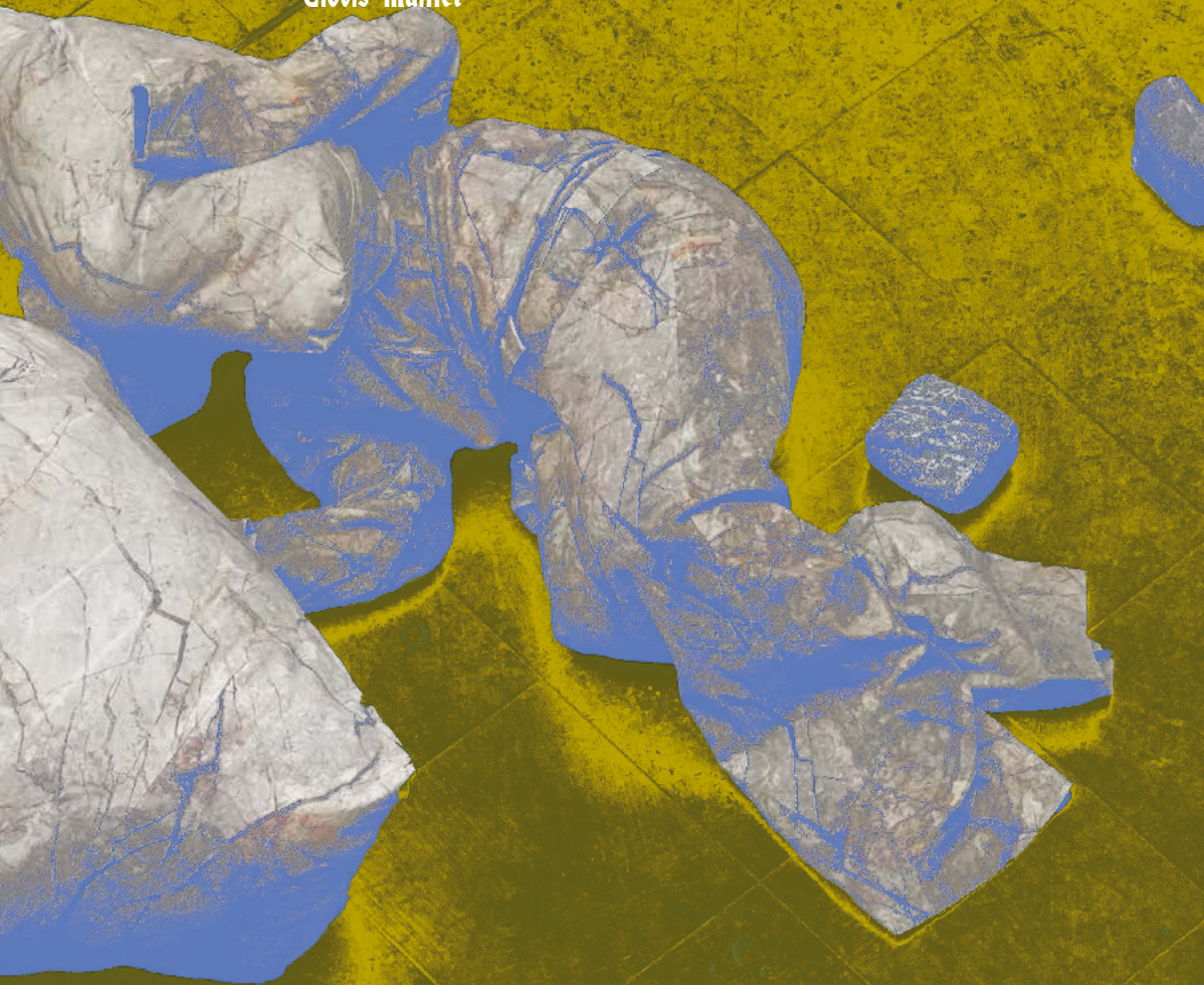
# When Imaginaries Collide

From the depths to the sky,  
the tower reveals the expanse of  
a kingdom. At its base, new myths are  
being forged – that of a Middle Ages  
transformed into a battleground  
for emancipatory imaginations.



'Are we becoming medieval because we are living  
in the Middle Ages of the world to which we aspire?'

**Clovis Maillet**



# 'The Middle Ages Have changed'

Over the past fifteen years or so, the subject of the Middle Ages has moved beyond the realm of scholars and nostalgics to become a *resource* for thinking about the contemporary world. How widespread is this new medievalism? What legacies and struggles does it express? Historian Pierre-Olivier Dittmar takes stock of the situation, from the perspective of academia and French society more broadly. His contribution to Feral, an excerpt of which we publish here, is a call to action. If the Middle Ages indeed becomes a 'new myth' that can be used to reflect on the origins of our current world, then let us embrace and nourish it.



The Middle Ages have changed profoundly. In just a few years, they have become a place of poetic and political projection, an imaginary world of struggle and reaction. A space of dreams and conflict that permeates society as a whole. To try to convey this feeling, I would like to describe a few images.

It is 2014 and Ukraine is in the news. Unprecedented images are coming in from Maidan Square in Kiev, where protesters are fighting, carrying shields, crests and chain mail, confronting the police with catapults, waving medieval banners displaying ACAB (All Cops Are Bastards) alongside images of the Virgin Mary.

A few years later, at the *Zone À Défendre* (Zone to Defend) in Notre-Dame-des-Landes, the image of a monk in the mist, victoriously raising a tonfa (a wooden weapon used in martial arts) belonging to the CRS (a specialised unit of the French National Police force



responsible for ‘maintaining order’), appeared on our screens.

These two images were unimaginable in the 1980s, when I was a student of medieval history. At that time, the Middle Ages were a ‘comfort blanket for reactionaries’, a subject for scholars fleeing the world or Christians who (consciously or unconsciously) harboured nostalgia for a Christian, white Europe, a fantasised rural world. And in the faculty where I studied, two leaders of the National Front (the equivalent of today’s French far-right: Rassemblement national), Bruno Gollnisch and Pierre Vial, clashed over their reactionary visions of the world.

Nowadays, the Middle Ages have become a political issue that cuts across a wide variety of struggles.

What has happened? How can we not see that, far from the avant-garde and

the universities, a new Middle Ages is taking hold everywhere?

Because we must take seriously the endless proliferation of medieval festivals of all kinds in the countryside, with more than 800 in France this year.

We must take seriously the neo-witches and the Bardcore concerts (medieval musical covers).

We must take seriously the experiment of the carpenters of Guédelon (an experimental reconstruction site of a 13th-century fortified castle in Burgundy, employing the techniques and materials of the period).

Researchers, students, and activists are working with a Middle Ages that no longer appears as a foil but as a resource. A social resource, a resource of situated practices and techniques.

The aim now is to imagine a Western society before the Anthropocene, before naturalism, before capitalism, before the forms of domination accentuated by modernity.

This is the case with the figure of the witch, who feeds millions of people organically without destroying the planet.

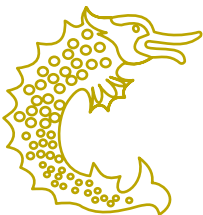
This is the case with agroforestry techniques, the energy mix (with a mill every 5 km), entirely renewable energies, etc.

This is the case in the environmental struggles of Baptiste Morizot, who sees Saint Francis, for example, as a ‘diplomatic’ saint, capable of negotiating with animals.

The animal question has become political, the Middle Ages have become political, and these issues are now as much the subject of confrontation between activists as they are of debate in learned societies.

A new Middle Ages has emerged, both disturbing and positive, a source of inspiration for a pre-capitalist imagination, situated and anchored in the territory, a reservoir of knowledge and values to be rediscovered in order to organise our survival.

If we take a step back, we realise the



extent of contemporary medievalism that has been spreading since the 1970s. And I'm not even mentioning the Gothic movement, which is as much a musical genre as it is an *aesthetic of existence* à la Michel Foucault.

We must take seriously the fact that Hildegard of Bingen (a 12th-century mystic and composer) earned a gold disc in 1993.

We must take seriously a society that grew up – not only in Europe – with Harry Potter, while their parents or older siblings watched *Game of Thrones*.

We must assess this strange phenomenon, multifaceted in all its variants – commercial, opportunistic, emotional.

We saw this during the Notre Dame Cathedral fire in Paris, which saw donations pouring in from all over the world while gamers on Assassin's Creed climbed the spire of the digital cathedral at sunset.

I am giving all these examples to better convince you that this culture

permeates the entire social sphere. Therefore, if a new Middle Ages has emerged in the struggles, this is also the case on the conservative side.

I am thinking here of Behourd (a combat sport using medieval weapons and armour), or Battle of the Nations (an international Behourd championship), a kind of mixed martial arts in armour, often involving former military personnel.

Strikingly, this medievalism is spreading to places with little or no trace of the Middle Ages, such as Russia, Ukraine, Australia, the United States, and Israel.

It can be seen as one symptom among many of a masculinist Middle Ages, promoted in the French-speaking world by Papacito and other influencers in the far-right sphere.

The Middle Ages, more than any other period, are at the heart of a cultural war that seeks to change perceptions and experiences of the past for political gain.





This year, beyond the already long-standing example of Puy du Fou (a theme park in the Vendée region in France, depicting a mythical and conservative Middle Ages), we have seen billionaire Pierre-Edouard Stérin invest in the field of memory with the aim of saving 'the most beautiful festivals in France' that are in danger of disappearing.

This is an unprecedented appropriation of history by the far right: a particular, lived, immersive, uncritical history, articulated through fantastical links that we weave with a territory.

What are we to make of all this?

This description of highly varied phenomena, in all areas of society, is confusing. My hypothesis, which is inevitably fragile, excessive or simplistic, is that the Middle Ages are changing in nature. They appear less and less like a historical period among others, but now fall into another category, that of myth. I am thinking here of myth in the anthropological sense: not a story that is known to be false or a work of fiction,

but a form of expression that's widely shared within a society whose reception of which is subject to infinite variations – literary, musical, political...

Let's take a step back. For almost 1,500 years, the myth (or myths) of the origins of Western societies was based on Mediterranean antiquity. European political systems and nations justified themselves by claiming descent from Rome, Athens, Sparta or Troy.

This structure – which refers to a mythical antiquity, a period of turmoil and a renaissance – can be found throughout the Middle Ages. Each generation saw itself as part of a renaissance after the Middle Ages: there was the Carolingian Renaissance in the 8th and 9th centuries, the Renaissance of the 12th century, the Gothic Renaissance and the rediscovery of Aristotle, and the Italian Renaissance. The Middle Ages were a series of renaissances.

Today, in a world where the most powerful entities are increasingly less the State itself and more the techno-feudal corporations such as GAFAM [Google, Apple, Facebook (now Meta), Amazon and Microsoft] and their billions of subjects, the question of origins is no longer whether to claim Rome or Athens, but for the far right to defend the Christian – and therefore medieval – origins of Europe.

The Middle Ages are no longer just one local historical period among many, but have become a global myth that shapes our understanding of the origins of the modern world.

The myth is a story of origins that speaks of a paradise lost and how we came to be here.

This is how the Middle Ages can be this fantasised egalitarian animist world, before the fall, before the Anthropocene or the Capitalocene, and the one that, just as fantastically, invented Capitalism, made possible the conquest of the world, slavery, etc.

It must be said that this myth, in all its variations, has little to do with the living conditions in this part of the world



1,000 years ago. Instead, it has become the flipside of our contemporary world, which has been affected in its entirety by a change in ontology.

If this hypothesis is correct, then this is far from a passing fad. The Middle Ages permeate our representations like no other period.

This is a major anthropological upheaval. For 1,500 years, the West has thought of itself in terms of a series of nostalgic revivals of a return to Antiquity. However, in recent decades, it seems that we are changing our founding myth and placing it in the Middle Ages. If we change our myth only once every 1,500 years, we can appreciate the magnitude of this event.

As we have said, the Middle Ages as a myth has little to do with the real Middle Ages: witches were not ecofeminists; Charles Martel did not stop the Arabs at Poitiers; Saint Francis was not an animist diplomat; the Cathars were not resisters to the central state, nor were they anarcho-autonomists living in the Pyrenees.

But then, how can we preserve the emancipatory value of the Middle Ages? How can we ensure that history does not become a killjoy filter, dampening all enthusiasm and undermining all momentum?

The idea is certainly not to advocate for a pure, authentic Middle Ages, detached from the contemporary world. To reject all anachronism is to live in presentism, to be trapped in the tyranny of the present.

If we accept that the Middle Ages have become a myth, this gives history new responsibilities, creates new problems and new desires.


This desire for the Middle Ages, like the focus on desirable, non-apocalyptic futures, is salvific. If our hypothesis is correct, it is a movement of such magnitude that rejecting it would be futile.

We cannot oppose the myth, but we can enrich it and create a thousand new variations.



# Medieval Ambivalence

Clovis Maillet is an artist and medievalist. His research explores medieval history through the lens of trans identity (Joan of Arc, of course, but not only her). He also studies the use of history in contemporary art. Through his research project *Un Moyen Âge Émancipateur* [A Middle Ages Emancipator] (2021), conducted across several art and design schools in France, he highlights the influence of the Middle Ages on young artists and the way in which they use it as fertile ground for pre-capitalist and emancipatory narratives. At Feral, Clovis Maillet, alongside Pierre-Olivier Dittmar, observed the political ambivalence surrounding the Middle Ages. What, then, is truly 'medieval'? What does this 'imaginary' feed into artists' practice? And how is the medievalist aesthetic being repoliticised today?

 For a long time, Greco-Roman antiquity had been the subject of various and varied reinterpretations. But nowadays, we no longer argue about whether Pericles was gay, a democrat or an authoritarian. On the contrary, anyone anyone can put on their chain mail before heading off to a protest, or dream of riding alongside trans knights, or sing in front of feminist queens as queer *trobairitz* [the female form of troubadour]. Protesters humorously play on the apparent contradiction between a Middle Ages steeped in outdated traditionalism and the cultural battles of our time, which include gender identity and sexuality.

It seems to me that medieval texts and images have a unique ability to transport us to another world. Although apparently close (because we have all been inside a cathedral and we all love dragons), medieval society is nevertheless so distant (because we no longer remember very well what the Three

Orders, the Investiture Controversy, or the Humoral Theory were). When the Middle Ages finds its way into our artistic events and practices, we don't always understand much of it and we no longer know what is reactionary, revolutionary, dangerous or amusing. What is medieval? The violence of *Game of Thrones*? Hildegard's herbalist recipes? Rainbow unicorns? Trans monks in abbeys?

Crystallising all these contradictions, Jeannette (known as Joan of Arc) is both the most famous historical figure of her time and the most politically ambivalent. Prophetess and military leader during the Hundred Years' War, teenage warrior dressed as a man, she was condemned to death for heresy. The anti-clerical republic of the 19th century made her an anti-Catholic national heroine, shattering the power of the Church by defending France. In contrast, the Archbishop of Paris compiled a dossier for her canonisation, which finally succeeded just after the

First World War, turning this heretic into a Catholic saint. Jean-Marie Le Pen's far-right began calling on her 'for help' (2015) in 'driving [foreigners] out of France.' However, she was already seen by Vita Sackville-West as an androgynous lesbian (1936), and Leslie Feinberg had portrayed her as a non-binary trans heroine (1996).

During a survey launched in French-speaking art schools during the 2020 lockdowns [Thomas Golsenne & Clovis Maillet, *Pour un Moyen Âge émancipateur*], an anonymous student confided to me that beyond the far-right medievalist imagination of nostalgic returns to an ancient Christian regime of male domination and class society, the Middle Ages were also 'in vogue' because they had the ability to transport us to another world.

**'I think that more and more people are turning to the Middle Ages to create emancipatory narratives, to look for traces of things other than poverty, tyrannical feudalism and extremely violent wars. Complexifying the image associated with the Middle Ages allows us to question the notion of progress and the foundations on which our society is built. It is also a means of asserting that the manner in which history is told is not insignificant, that it shapes our current imaginations and therefore, in a certain way, the world of tomorrow.'**

In the same survey, another student confided that it was the search for new skills and autonomy that opened up the possibility of thinking of themselves as a little more medieval.

**'A reappropriation of manual skills and crafts is necessary in order to oppose the destructive model of our capitalist and patriarchal society. It is by inventing, connecting, and considering interdependencies that we can also reconnect with the living.'**

Emancipation through the reappropriation of our bodies, our identities, would also go hand in hand with the possibility of circumventing the constraints and subjugation of capitalist models. A young artist with a passion for the Middle Ages saw this as a way to fuel her practice:

**'Art, handicraft, labour, struggle, gender, fiction, and the practice of care form a vibrant whole from which I try to draw connections and practices, not only for my artistic work but also to envisage new ways of living together.'**

My dual career as a medievalist and worker in the field of contemporary art and live performance secures me a front-row seat from which to observe how these two worlds collide, provoking new interpretations, often in a way that's delightful, though sometimes disconcerting. Neo-Gothic, an ancient style, serves as a backdrop for magic but also for violence; for gender fluidity but also for unapologetic male domination. Ecofeminism and anarchism were movements that drew more or less heavily on medieval aesthetics, inviting Hildegard of Bingen and the first witches to build new communities as the female knights of our time. This runs parallel to a more or less depoliticised aesthetic and spiritual Middle Ages.

What is most familiar and instantly recognisable to us is medieval aesthetics. The medieval imagination that often serves as a backdrop to contemporary medievalism is steeped in references to late Gothic, or even international Gothic – that aesthetic characterised by flying buttresses and keystones, by trefoil windows and pinnacles silhouetted delicately against the cloudy sky. Ultimately, it's just a late architectural style that has come to represent the entire Middle Ages. Where are the new Carolingian interlacing patterns and reinterpretations of Romanesque frescoes? It was this neo-Gothic aesthetic that formed the

backdrop for the exhibition *Berserk & Pyrrhia* (at Le Plateau and the Cluny Museum in Paris in 2025), where mini-cathedrals with flying buttresses were constructed. Precious gold medallions by Youri Johnson, steeped in New Age cartomancy, filled the display cases of this Museum of the Middle Ages. A strange wax beast seemed to move through the corridors of the art centre – a sculpture by Rose-Mahé Cabel, fashioned as if in a terrifying dream. An image on paper showed



humanoid bells that seemed to ring in the ears. Their coagulated red colour being a reminder that they were painted with the blood of the artist, Alison Flora.

Radouane Zeghidour's bas-relief was populated by semi-demonic creatures. These works, apparently influenced solely by medieval aesthetics, also recounted, using traditional techniques, the glorious victories of small communities. The bas-relief is a memorial to the victorious struggle of the shepherds of Cervières (at the start of the 1970s) against the construction of an ultra-modern and polluting ski resort. Rose-Mahé Cabel's spider baskets tell the story of how today's queer and non-binary people wander against the winds, just as fairies and fantastical animals once did. A little further on, L. Camus-Govoroff's fountain, entitled *OpenSource*, was distributing macerates of contraceptive plants at the same time as DIY recipes for clandestine abortions in the (increasingly numerous) states that are deprived of them were being exchanged on the internet, as well as homemade transition-hormones for trans people who do not wish or cannot have access to medicalised transition.

In contrast to this politicised neo-Gothic style, the spiritual appeal of cathedral aesthetics should not be overlooked. We dream of a world where Christianity is ecumenical and inclusive, finding it difficult to believe that the Gothic world was also that of the

Crusades. While it's true that the violent conquest of Jerusalem was an opportunity for cultural interpenetration, it was above all an opportunity for hyperbolic violence justified by a religious ideal. And this model of holy war, a contradiction in terms (wasn't God more about love and peace than war and the sword?), laid the foundations for violence that was easy to legitimise. I must also clarify here that when we talk about spirituality today, we often think of an internal vision of faith, whereas in the Middle Ages spiritual power and earthly power were interdependent and a source of debate between kings and popes, sometimes leading to schisms with serious consequences.

Ultimately, what is most foreign to us and sometimes appealing is the social history of the Middle Ages; it allows us to imagine what daily life was like for workers at that time, whether they were in the fields or kneeling in prayer. When thinkers gather under a medieval roof at the Goutailoux farm in Tarnac to discuss the decolonisation of Kanaky ('New Caledonia' in the Melanesian language), or under the shelter of the future in Notre-Dame-des-Landes, listening to Starhawk's (ecofeminist activist and witch, based in the United States) anti-Trump neo-pagan rituals, it's a bit like the medieval village fighting against the power of the lord that we are looking for, as when William Morris (artist and socialist activist, a leading figure in the Arts & Crafts movement in mid-19th-century Britain) wanted to recover a medieval timber frame to hold meetings of the Socialist League there.

As Silvia Federici, a materialist feminist thinker, often says:

**'I believe that the return to the Middle Ages was of some importance. Going back to pre-capitalist times allowed us to understand what was specific to the capitalist world.'**

Can we find the tools of revolution in the Middle Ages? Florent Tillon and H el ene Magne’s film, *Messa Guerrillera* (2017), is a lyrical road movie that traces recent revolutions – from the Orl ans monorail to the roadblocks on the Zone   D efendre to the Plateau des Mille Vaches (in the centre of France) via the police killing in Villiers-le-Bel (of two teenagers: Mouhsin Cehhouli and Lakamy Samoura, in 2007). Their film finishes with the end-of-construction party at the Goutailoux farm, and a voiceover reads a letter to the ‘compagnon’ (a member of the *Compagnons du Devoir*, a movement promoting apprenticeships in traditional trades) who led the construction project, written by Benjamin Rosoux in the companions’ travel journal.

**‘What a mark you have left here. In a thousand years, it will still be here, and people will wonder what obscure craftspeople committed such an anachronism. What madness could have driven people to build such a structure in the first quarter of the 21st century in a simple farmhouse? I have no doubt that the future use of these premises will live up to its design. I hope that you will also be among those who give substance and consciousness to this waking dream. [...] It is a pity that we lack the appropriate rituals to express our friendship. Our tradition does not quite date back to the Middle Ages, but perhaps we will have been the Middle Ages of a tradition setting-out to conquer the world.’**



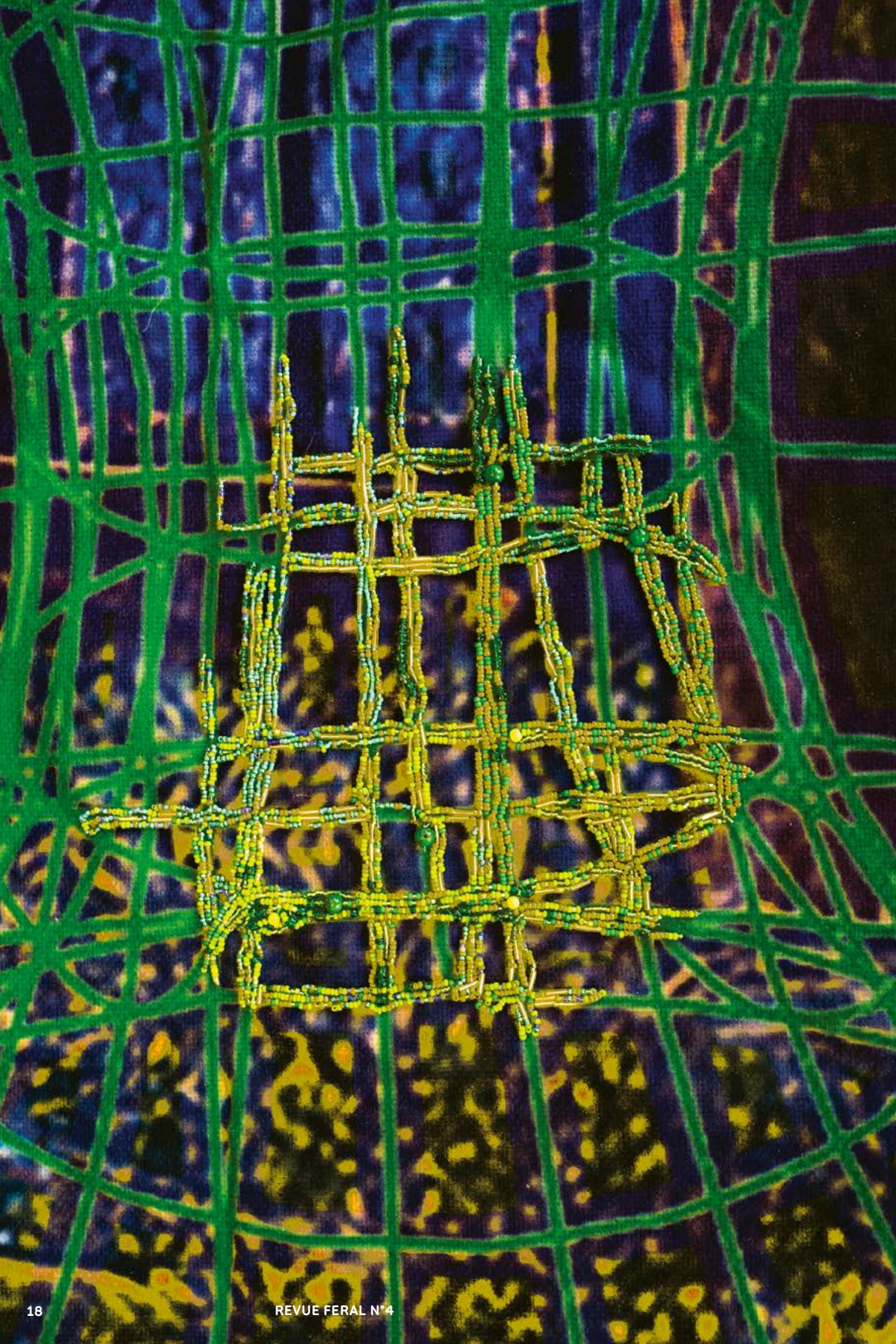
Are we becoming medieval because we live in the Middle Ages of the world we aspire to? With international capitalism, we are seeing the return of the worst of aristocratic feudalism, pushing entire populations into what is perceived as voluntary servitude and subjugation. But we have counter-powers, hidden in our forests and among web hackers, in transfeminist meetings and mourning rituals. Time to revolt?

# An Icon Never Dies: Imaginal Meditation with Jane Dark

Eden Tinto Collins is a hybrid artist, hypermedia artist, and 'poetician'. She also describes herself as a 'tropaïdiz', a female troubadour. Her quantum sitcom *A Pinch of Kola*, which we binge-watched at Feral, whisked us away into the Afro-retro-futuristic, low-tech world of Jane Dark, a queer and racialised avatar of Joan of Arc, embarking on an existential quest through space-time. The Sankofa bird, which, in the Ashanti tradition, calls on its peers to look to the past to nourish their future, often serves as her guide. Eden Tinto Collins thus reappropriates a highly controversial historical figure and explores new paths towards reparation. Here, she imagines the first episode of her upcoming season: a transhistorical journey that will lead Jane to set foot in 15th-century Flanders...



Eden Tinto Collins,  
*Ordalie Tardive*, textile  
installation at 19M,  
Paris, 2025.





Here we enter a boundless realm, a climate<sup>1</sup> without a map: the imaginal world. It is a space where only intensities matter, images to be left to resonate, forces that awaken. We traverse and inhabit it like a dream, without fixed points of reference, where aether<sup>2</sup> circulates, connects and transmits. It pulses in our cellular memory, travels from the spiral of hair to the crown chakra, and irrigates the first eye – what others call the third eye.

We are in motion yet motionless, gliding from one climate to another without stopping. Suddenly a bird with a bent neck appears, holding an egg in its beak. And without dropping it, whispers:

‘Se wo were fi na wosankofa a yenkyi’ – It’s not taboo to go back and retrieve what one has forgotten.

Jane whispers back: ‘Are you a deity of remembrance? An icon of memory?’

The Sankofa bird: ‘You have the ability to activate the power of what has been lost, erased, scattered. You can bring it back into the present and open up other possibilities. Yes, we are all in dialogue with eternity.’

Jane seemed to be deep in thought; after all, it was true, the quantum bird was certainly intriguing, especially in this symbol-laden atmosphere. It was as if it were drawing a loop of retro-causality with its folded neck, as if this bird were indicating that the past and the future touched at this very spot...

Memory is not only what comes before, it is also what comes after, what emerges from the body, from the archive, from the story we tell ourselves...

‘If it appears on the web, it is to invite you to feel, to welcome both visible and invisible legacies, to become the living centre of a transmission that transcends you.

For Jane, it immediately clicked!’

Here we are. In this zone of resonance where worlds respond to each other, where storylines bend and overlap; we remain connected beyond any distance. In this space, connection is a vibration, as if each being, each narrative, each memory were intertwined with the others, so that what affects one immediately affects the other... When Fannie Lou Hamer<sup>3</sup> said ‘Nobody’s free until everybody’s free,’ it was not just a figure of speech but the recognition of a vibratory and political reality. In this imaginal climate, the effort is not to alter one’s consciousness, but rather to amplify it, to render it coherent, to prepare it for the journey it is undertaking beyond all matter.

The bird with its folded neck has disappeared, and I don’t know if you feel this slight fluttering, this vibration that rises from the ground up to the nape of the neck, but my breath lengthens, my limbs grow lighter, I can no longer feel them; I have the impression my consciousness is expanding, that something in me is detaching itself, like a thread unwinding.

We glide, weightless, timeless.

The night sky opens up: we fly over the lands of the old Duchy of Burgundy, those of Flanders with its humming looms, to the plains of Artois and Picardy, to the vineyards of Champagne, to the slow banks of the Meuse.

Fields of pale blue flax, squares of golden wheat, dusty roads where merchants parade by, the fairs of Bruges, sheets drying on glittering meadows, winding rivers that connect the cities like veins of silver...

The silhouettes of fortified cities, towering bell towers, abbeys shrouded in mist, markets where fabrics, salt, and spices – all pass by like shadows.

To the east, Flanders and the fog, where French, Flemish, and Picard are spoken; then to the south, Burgundy, whose villages cling to the hillsides, where monasteries watch over

1. According to historian Alain Corbin, ‘the climate’ refers to a space or region of experience, with its own unique qualities. The 8th climate is the imaginal world: a space of transition, revelation, and encounter between the visible and the invisible. It is not a substance but a zone of experience, an atmosphere, a tone.

2. A subtle, invisible substance considered in many traditions to be the medium for the transmission of energies, waves, memories and vital forces. Aether is the vibrational field that connects beings, worlds, and planes of reality (refer to ‘nine aether’ in Afrocentric cosmologies).

3. A civil rights and voting rights activist in the United States in the 1960s.



manuscripts, a land already exuding the scent of new wine, black earth, and summer rains.

We fly over this patchwork of fields and forests, this mosaic of waters and lands, and the feeling is gentle, strangely familiar: we are no longer entirely ourselves, nor entirely elsewhere. We traverse the centuries, in a single glance...

And it is there, in this fold of history, that Jane Dark takes us, towards the clearing in the Forest of Orleans, as if we were rewinding an old magnetic tape whose images fade away, then reappear.

The furrows in the fields fill up, the wheat turns back into wild grass, the villages shrink, the roads gradually fade away, the rivers change course, the forests reclaim their rights, engulfing the human traces in a slow green tide.

We retreat even further, to the rhythm of an ancient pulse. The voices of centuries overlap, languages change; clothes, faces, everything is transformed before our eyes.

We were traversing the memory of the soil.

We find ourselves with a sense of vertigo in a place where planet Earth has already passed. We then understand that we are not just travelling, but reconnecting our minds to a world that no longer exists; and we approach the clearing, where the forest opens up like a lung.

On the outskirts of Gien, it's the very beginning of summer, the dawn of

a long day in June – or July, depending on how you count time. Under the Julian calendar, the light stretches out, the Loire exhales its mists, and the forest pulsates with new life.

In the centre of the clearing, Jane Dark stands, as if suspended in a sheet of trembling light.

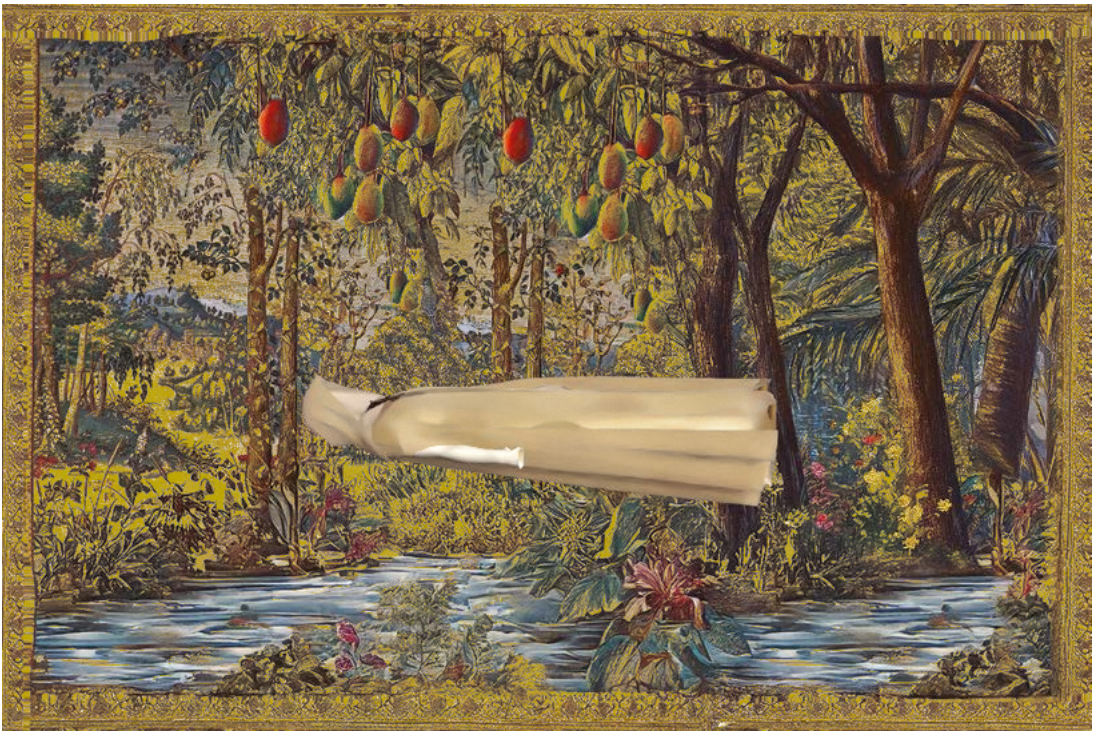
Her costume captures every nuance: organza edged with golden threads, translucent pearls that oscillate with the slightest breeze, intricate embroidery intertwining medieval motifs and abstract lines, as if each stitch, each seam, were a note in a song, a code sewn into the fabric of time. On her shoulders, the fabric undulates like a magnetic field, creating a subtle aura, a glow, around her. Golden circles, spirals, like the imprint of an invisible torus<sup>4</sup>, where each particle seems to vibrate with the possibility of another future.

In the soft light, we perceive the tension in the air, the coolness of the morning that grips the skin, the breath of wind rushing through the high branches.

Opposite Jane, another presence emerges, slowly rising from the mist: Joan of Arc.

Her armour gleams with a dull sheen, polished by marching and by battle. Fitted steel plates, a breastplate covering the chest, armbands, gauntlets, thigh guards and sabatons – each piece hugs the body with almost severe precision. But beneath the

4. A ring-shaped form similar to a doughnut or a lifebuoy that allows energy and information to circulate in a loop without loss. The torus embodies the coherence and self-organisation of living fields, from the human heart to the galaxies, and serves as a model for transmission and regeneration in the universe.



5. A disease caused by ergot, a parasite that affects cereals, particularly rye, and which has caused millions of deaths over the centuries.

6. *Haqueux* is a contraction of the adjectives 'aqueux' [aqueous] and 'hacker', referring to anyone who seeks to understand the inner workings of technology and/or infiltrates a computer system to give it new functions.

metal, she wears well-lined robes of gold and silk to ward off the cool of the night and the harshness of the road, a fitted doublet, tight hose; and on her head, a rosary of matte beads, in wood or polished bone, which murmur a soft, wordless prayer with every step, clinking softly.

The smell of wool, metal, and leather worn smooth by the road mingles with that of inks and parchments which a scribe, sitting on a tree stump, holds ready to receive her words. We hear the rustling of the paper, the scratching of the pen, the whisper of Joan's voice, deep and composed, as she dictates a letter to the Duke of Burgundy.

Jane Dark advances, sparkling, straight towards Joan, who, in addition to the voices she hears, imagines for a moment that she is hallucinating – ergotism<sup>5</sup>, perhaps, or fatigue, or something else.

At that moment, as the mist clears, Jane approaches again, and Joan, in an inner, hesitant voice, wonders:

"Where did you come from? From my dreams? Or from my fears?"

Suddenly, the ground sucks us in, an invisible force tugs at us, as if the earth were contracting; the mist dissolves, the scent of moss, linen, and wet leather fades away, our eyelids grow heavy, the landscape blurs, shapes dissolve, silence is broken by a short breath.

We feel the weight of our limbs returning, the heaviness of our breath, the warmth of the blood pulsing in our temples. The body regains its place, each muscle tenses, each nerve awakens, as if after a long, deep sleep.

Consciousness returns, thick and numb, as if we were slowly emerging from a *haqueux*<sup>6</sup> dream.

We remain there, motionless, imbued with a new intensity, familiar sounds invite themselves in: a heartbeat, a murmuring, the fabric of reality resumes its place, with the feeling of having brought back from the journey

an unknown vibration; music arises  
– it's *Le Carillon de Vendôme*, that  
contemporary nursery rhyme about  
Joan of Arc. The words have changed,  
accompanying us back to the edge of  
the world, towards that in-between...

*Sovereignty is not a given,  
It must be learned day and night.  
Our images, our stories,  
Our presence, our minds,  
Vigilance! Vigilance!*

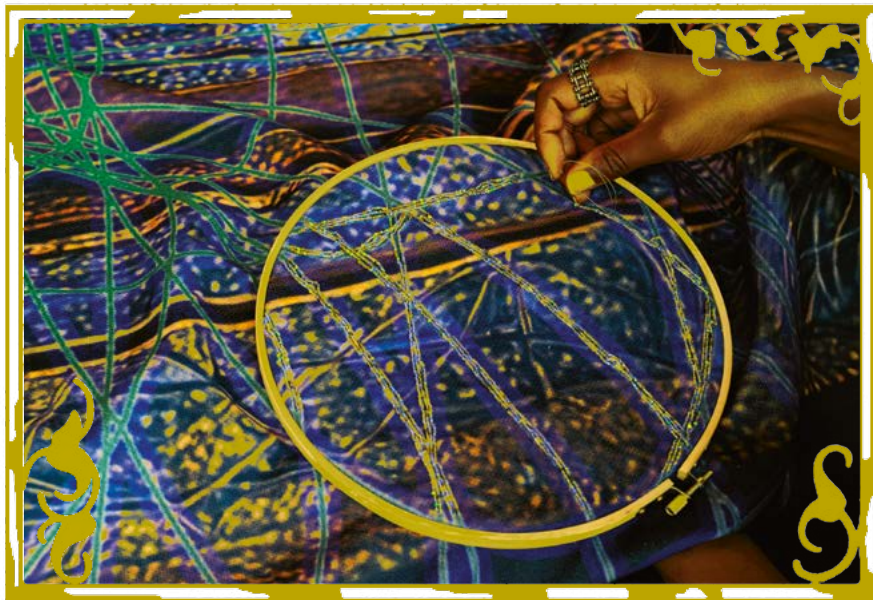
*My friends, what remains?  
Of our dreams, of what they say?  
Our images, our stories,  
Searching for the path, for life,  
Vigilance! Vigilance!*

*The networks have taken everything,  
Our presence, our minds,  
The forests, the geniuses,  
The icons, the subtle worlds,  
Vigilance! Vigilance!*

*Yet the breach is here,  
In the climate of the sensitive.  
Our images, our stories,  
They persist and take root,  
Vigilance! Vigilance!*

**Discover the first imaginal meditation by Eden  
Tinto Collins during Feral 2025, in audio format  
on the [Cifasothèque](#).**

[@edentintocollins](#)






Open Source  
Publishing  
**be**  
Vinciane  
Dahéron,  
Sarah  
Magnan &  
Doriane  
Timmermans

# Negotiations on 'Belonging' with Coats of Arms

Open Source Publishing (OSP) was invited by Feral to conduct a workshop around coats of arms. It took place in the cosy library at MONA, a former convent. 'D'argent, à la traverse dentée de sable' was a proposal to create coats of arms on fabric. By accessing a database containing medieval coats of arms from the various Belgian municipalities, participants remixed or redesigned these existing heraldic symbols to lend them new meaning, drawing these new coats of arms on fabric with the means of a pen plotter, a mechanical drawing tool using pens. The following text has been written by Doriane Timmermans (OSP) as an archive of this workshop. It looks back at this 'thinking together by drawing together' and the production of new common symbols as tool for thinking.

 Today lots of people love to upcycle Middle Ages aesthetics for many contexts – from contemporary artists to queer communities, to right wing propagandists, and so on, but that raises some serious questions about coats of arms... Outside of their appealing graphics, what do they actually mean; and is there any room left for re-interpretation? If we want to reappropriate those shapes, we need to know their origins. After all, we realized they're still present in modern documents; we find them on the websites of Belgian municipalities and on street

signs, for example, not to mention police uniforms.

Without pretending to be Middle Ages experts, we tried to situate coat of arms through a few points in history. In every case, coat of arms are symbols of 'belonging'. Even before the Middle Ages, they made it possible to recognize the different fighters in a battle, hence the shield shape that has lasted through time. With the Gallic Wars, fighters were using emblems, patterns and stylised images on their shields and equipment to be identified. Later with the Crusades, more simple coats of arms (principally crosses)

appeared on banners, helmets and armours. They spread as propaganda and colonial claim. Then this war-like sense of belonging transferred with time to labour and land in the form of feudalism, thus outside of any battlefield, throughout the Middle Ages. In the 12th century, coats of arms began to be used to assert heritage and social status, then as a tool for political propaganda, before becoming powerful instruments of visual communication that embodied power, lineage and territorial rights.

Although today 'belonging' feels close to notions of identity or (moral) affinity, in the context of feudalism, the idea of belonging could as well be formulated as a practical alliance. It is an economy: you work the land of the lord as a peasant (serfs) in exchange for food and protection by the vassals (knights). There were also coats of arms for guilds, to show one's belonging to a field of practice, or for ecclesiastic confraternities, to show one's spiritual belonging. Then coats of arms faded out for a while, their heraldry to be rediscovered by regions and provinces during the 19th century, expressing the identity and authority of a territory against state interventionism. During the 20th century, noble families handed down this heraldry through the generations – which could be read as a sign of belonging to a certain social class.

So, this is an iconography that also talks about nationalism, colonialism, power and we don't want to ignore these darker parts or romanticise that aesthetics. Yet, municipalities reclaiming their coats of arms could be seen, with a little stretch, as an anarchist thing: to emancipate our symbol from the authority of the state and to reclaim our local history? Also, to belong doesn't mean to have shared moral values, to have an affinity, to be a completely united collectivity, let alone a friendship! Instead, it's more of a non-idealised entanglement between one's own life and that of others, in

order to continue living together.

'We find ourselves conflicted between the need to belong, while refusing to conform' (an idea posited in a talk in Gent in 2025, titled '[On Belonging: Rethinking Power, Violence, and Justice](#)' by Judith Butler, remembered and rearticulated by Doriane Timmermans)

This idea of frictional belonging finds itself at the centre of many very modern questions... To what do we belong today? Judith Butler mentions the paradox of belonging being a right that everyone should have access to. Think about immigration and the right to be recognised as a citizen, or transidentity and the right to belong to a gender, or even the right to be part of an institution or a field of practice and to question powers and representations within them. At the same time, to entirely belong to something means to back away from any criticality or individuality: it means to conform. So, we have to navigate, to fight for the 'the right to belong' while 'refusing to conform'. Can the exercise of collective coats of arms-making, help us to negotiate the paradoxical nature of belonging?

During our selection and research on coats of arms, we browsed through the list of charges on wikipedia ('charges' or *meubles* in French refer to the names of individual, often figurative symbols on coats of arms), and compared some of them with the symbols present on [indextreme](#), a French website that lists fascist symbols, their (mis)uses within specific contexts. It contains the following quote that feels appropriate:

'The power of a symbol lies in its ability to produce meaning and communicate that meaning.'

What interests us is how symbols can be used to gather, to form commons, outside of idealised smoothed out communities. But if we do so, which myths are we taking with us and which are we leaving behind? In our

current times, it seems we have lost any 'grand narrative'; we don't have one lord anymore, we don't have an all-encompassing spirituality anymore and are left with a 'tiny mythology'.

'Lacking a grand narrative, we carry tiny mythologies' is the title of a work by contemporary artist Juliusz Grabiński (whose practice investigates the role of digital cultures and mythologies). It circulated as an internet meme, accompanied by an illustration of a jester.)

We navigate contradiction, we belong to the many identities we carry with us. Can the making of coats of arms be a tool with which to explore those tiny mythologies, the ones we are against as well as the ones we embody?

**You're welcome to read the entire article [online](#), illustrated with OSP's visual material and to discover more about OSP's plotterstation: [plotterstation.osp.kitchen](#)**

### Declarativeness

Alongside its visual representation, a coat of arms exists as a declaration: a short text, here in old French, with its particular syntax, grammar and sets of words. It is used to precisely describe the *charges* (symbols), their position, specific colour palette or layout division, patterns, etc. The design of a coat of arms can change over the centuries, but even if at a given moment there wasn't a single original or official version, the differences are somehow allowed in its design. In the Middle Ages, you couldn't send a vector file or a jpg over the internet for the artisans to replicate. It required some form of lightweight encoding that could be reinterpreted by craftspeople and translated into different materials (i.e. a textile banner or a metal shield, through drawing, carving, or embroidering...) while maintaining distinct intentions in the different instances of the design.

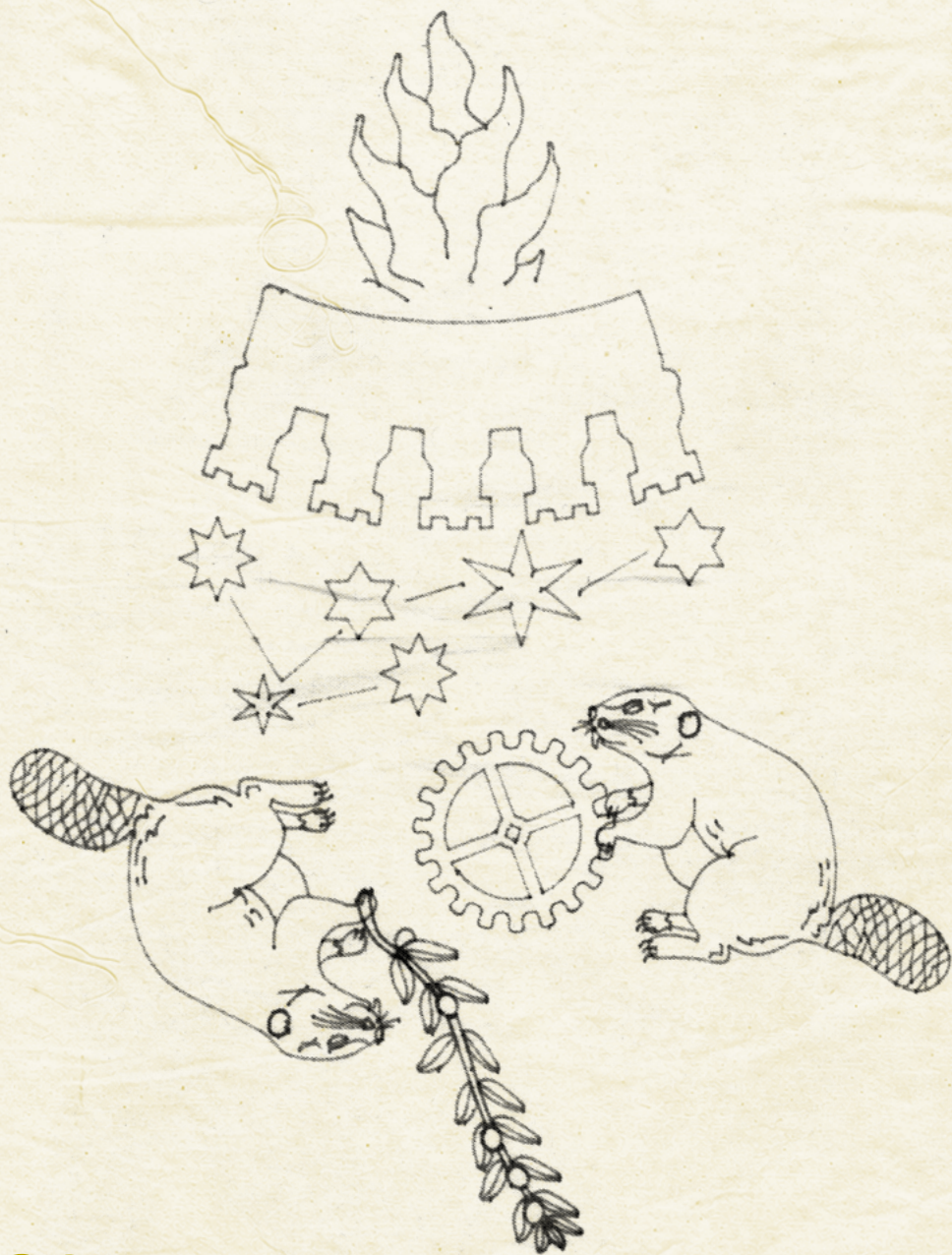
**Throughout the magazine (p27, p39, p46 and p59), you'll find that each coat of arms created during the workshop comes with its own declaration and caption.**

### Wikipedia & Open Moji

Since coats of arms are often mentioned on Wikipedia, many exist as vector drawings [the digital image of a drawing, based on mathematical formulas so it can be scaled differently without losing quality]. We used a script to download all the vector coats of arms of Belgian municipalities (see on Wikipedia), and then manually extracted 180 simple outlined vector drawings. We also came to categorise the *charges by type* (animals, plants, geometric shapes...) which resemble a lot to another category system we know: emojis, a symbol validated by the Unicode Consortium. There are different visual interpretations of emojis 🌀 🌿 🍷 and their linguistic meaning evolves over time (simply think of the erotic interpretation of 🍆 or 🍷, or the most recent uses of 🍷). Some symbols like the crown, the key, the wheat, the heart in fire, the sun with a face (and many others) exist both as emoji and in coats of arms. What made certain symbols part of either heraldry or emoji 'dictionary'?

When are they not just a drawing, but a shape that was repeated enough so that it is a culturally anchored symbol?

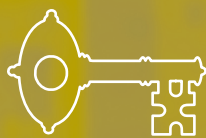
**The series of charges and emoji's collected by OSP are to be found inside the back cover.**



**B**ehold two beavers, positioned in an alternating cycle. The first clutches a plant, the second a machine. They're flanked by an inverted crown, whose towers plunge into a constellation of stars, themselves crowned by fire.

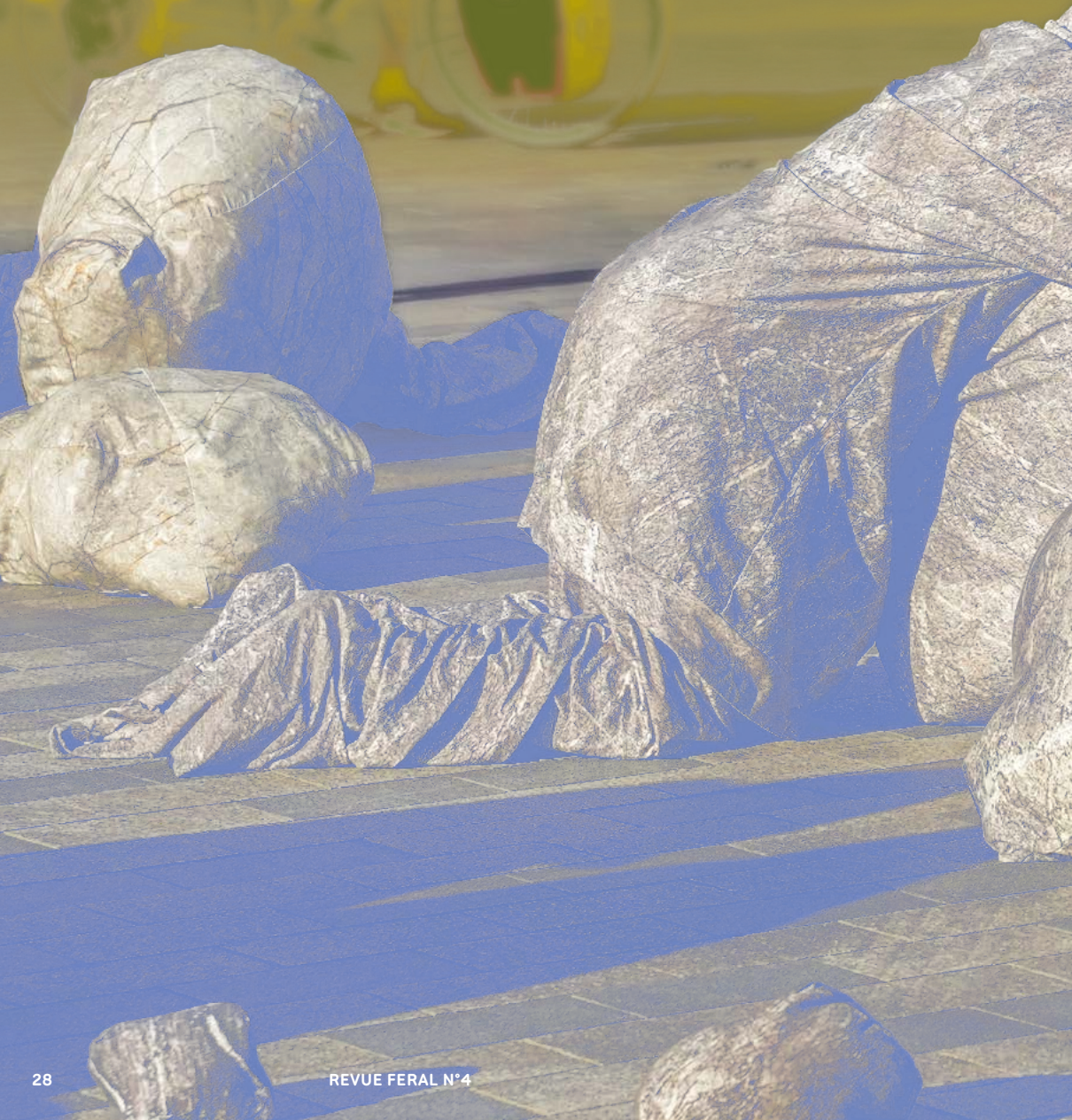
A discussion on the social rights of working artists, the pooling of equipment and artistic spaces, cooperatives in the cultural sector, and the role of money and materiality in our practices.

Here, the beaver becomes a symbol for artists: it builds bridges between two banks, but it also blocks or slows down the flow. Our practices call for the collectivisation of the equipment necessary for artistic production, as well as our knowledge. We move through the underground constellations formed by a city's many studios, in a world ablaze, and with a burning passion.



# Branching out Towards New Commons

With the key, the gates of the city  
open and communal practices are  
explored. 'Circling' the community is  
always a new way of understanding it,  
the start of a cycle.



'Imagine a city designed for kin community living.  
What would it look like?' **Kin Agency**



# The Jousts Are Over!

What if a public park became a life-size laboratory for playing with the medieval? Let's reimagine the opening of Feral as a mini-fair amidst the green hills of Josaphat Park in Schaerbeek, where you could

**P**erform 'vertical pole archery' with the Royal Saint Sebastian Guild of Schaerbeek

**C**ount their trophies in their exhibition at *La Buvette Bucolique*

**R**ediscover the guilds of Brussels with Chloé Deligne (p32)

**T**aste experimental potions by fede fantini (p60)

**C**ompare OSP's heraldic symbols (p24)

**G**allop on Giulia Piana and Chiara Monteverde's hobby horses (Micha's Amateur Theater Group) between two fleeting appearances of *Cavalcata Sauvage*

**B**e enchanted by the sound of Linus Vandewolken's hommel

**B**reathe in the deepness of time and embody the living stones of *Slowed Landscapes* by Moni Wespi (p6,28,50).

## **Cavalcata Sauvage**

'We will go galloping, an animal between our legs, with the wind in its mane. We will create our own dance with it.'

Listen again to the festival guests on the programme *Flux Détendu* (17/09/25) on Radio Panik



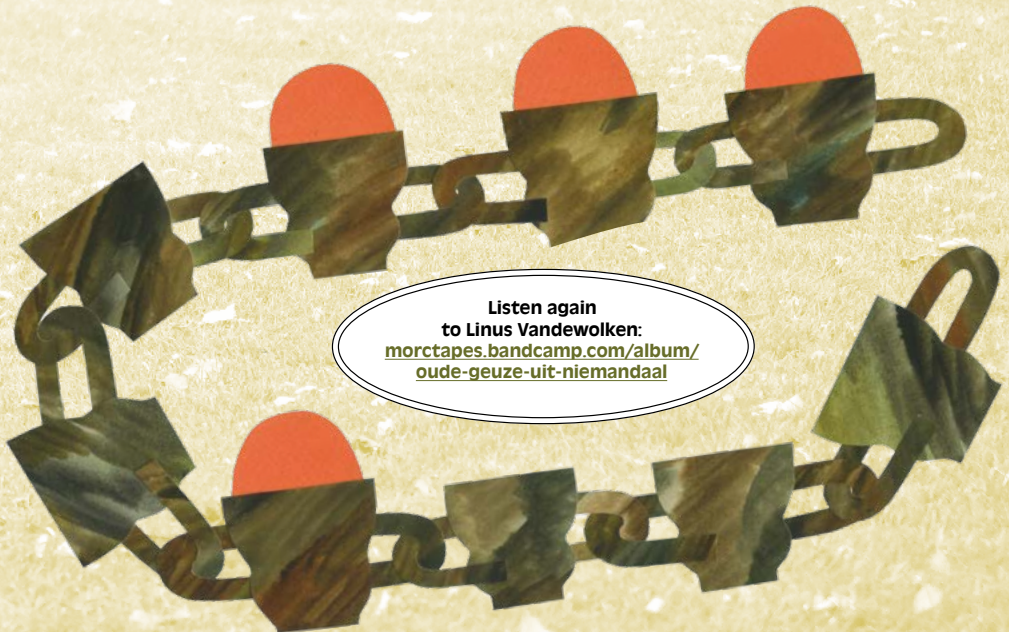
The Royal Guild of Saint Sebastian of Schaerbeek is one of the few surviving archery guilds in the Brussels

region to practise shooting with a vertical pole. In the time of Charles V, the silent arrows stopped anyone attempting to sneak into the city. Since 1904, the Guild has been in residence at the Saint-Sébastien refreshment bar in Josaphat Park, and the tradition continues in a more folkloric vein. Long reserved for a small community of initiates, pole archery has been open to a wider public for the past fifteen years or so. Every week, from April to October, members meet to practise. Once a year, a tournament decides the champion, after which a king or queen is crowned.



**Cir au coq ..... 4 points**  
**À la poule ..... 3 points**  
**À la Canne ..... 2 points**  
**À l'Oiseau ..... 1 point**

[@schaarbeekgilde](#)  
[@michasamateurtheater](#)



Listen again  
to **Linus Vandewolken**:  
[morctapes.bandcamp.com/album/oude-geuze-uit-niemandaal](http://morctapes.bandcamp.com/album/oude-geuze-uit-niemandaal)

# A Brief History of the Guilds

Here are the insights of historian Chloé Deligne, a specialist in the history of Brussels since the medieval period.

Our regions stood out very early for their exceptionally dense urban geography. It is estimated that by the end of the Middle Ages (14th - 15th centuries), in the areas stretching from the Meuse and the North Sea, around 30 to 40% percent of people lived in cities. This is enormous by the standards of most European regions at the time. Only Northern Italy showed comparable levels of urbanisation. These two regions formed a true patchwork of powerful cities that enjoyed great autonomy from their lords or princes throughout the Middle Ages. This gave rise to specific forms of sociability, especially through guilds.

Guilds are a social invention original to the medieval era. They played a different role than in modern or contemporary society.

The word '*gilde*' – '*gilde*' or '*gulde*' in Dutch – derives from *ghelt*, a term found in the Germanic languages meaning 'tribute', 'payment', or 'reward'. The word points to two things: it emerged in northwestern Europe, and it refers to a common feature of guild organisation, namely the fact that membership was obtained by paying an entrance fee. That fee gave access to shared resources, which could be mobilised in times of hardship or for important life events such as weddings and funerals, or more broadly in support of the guild's collective aims. At their core, guilds rested on the pooling of resources and the defense of common interests.

In our regions, the term *gilde* was later applied retrospectively to several kinds of groups that were not necessarily called *gildes* in the Middle Ages.

There were merchants' guilds, whose purpose was to protect traders and their goods along commercial routes.

There were craft guilds, later known in the 19th century as *corporations*. In Brussels, only the occupational group connected with drapery or textiles was called a *gilde*. The others were simply known as *ambachten* ('trades'). These were primarily economic organisations, which regulated the stages of production, ensured product



quality, and fostered solidarity among members. Their main political goal, like in many medieval cities, was to secure representation in government, which was tightly controlled by patrician oligarchies composed of established prominent families with landed wealth (known in Brussels as '*lignages*').

There were also military or archery guilds – for example, in Brussels, the archers of the Brotherhood of Saint Sebastian in Schaerbeek and the crossbowmen of Our Lady of the Sablon. Originally, these were elite armed corps charged with defending the city during attacks or sieges, as well as maintaining internal order.

There were, in addition, two forms of affinity-based associations.

Devotional and charitable brotherhoods gathered around the cult of a saint and often pursued charitable aims. They were at the origin of hospitals, which received members and travellers in need of care, thus becoming places where social groups otherwise opposed in political life could meet.

Cultural brotherhoods – or 'chambers of rhetoric', the ideologues or their time – animated urban life through theatrical performances, music, and competitions.

The life of these different types of guilds and brotherhoods was structured by rituals that revived social bonds: banquets, games, poetry contests, and shooting competitions such as 'shooting at the bird' or 'shooting at the papegay' (in Brussels, the target was placed atop the bell tower of the church of the Sablon). And above all, processions. In a society whose social glue was Christian faith and religion, where there was no meaningful way to envisage processes of becoming outside that worldview, affinity-based associations gathered around a patron saint, a Christian figure, or a relic at an important moment in the Christian calendar. Once a year, the figure or relic was carried in procession, either as a statue or in its reliquary, around the perimeter of the space understood as belonging to the community (*Ommegang*, or 'walking the bounds'). The procession was thus a ritual of unity that physically marked the boundaries of communal space.

What the various activities of these guilds and brotherhoods reveal is a society driven by contradictory forces that had to be held in balance. Some forces sought to unify urban society in order to prevent internal conflicts that could damage trade and weaken the city in the face of a lord, the Duke of Brabant, who might seek to impose his will. Other forces, by contrast, aimed to assert the existence and identity of distinct communities, each with its own social or political claims. The various guilds and brotherhoods stood at the intersection of these two movements.'





The Ommegang is part of Belgium's 'national folklore' and a major tourist attraction in Brussels. Once a year, on the Grand Place, it recreates a procession of all the city's guilds. Yet in its medieval origins, the Ommegang is a procession that 'goes around' a parish. Initiated in the mid-14th century, it brings together the entire cortege the entire urban population, along with its magistrates and princes. It serves to recall the existence of a local community made up of people of different social statuses. It is a rite of unity in a deeply fractured and heterogeneous city. In the 16th century, the rite becomes a way to demonstrate not just the unity of a parish or neighbourhood, but also of Brussels as a whole. Before Charles V, whose power takes on an increasingly state-like dimension, the Ommegang showcases the city in all its splendour in order to arouse the sovereign's favour. Grand welcoming ceremonies and lively spectacles make clear to everyone that the city is united, well governed, secure, and hospitable, beyond all its internal divisions.

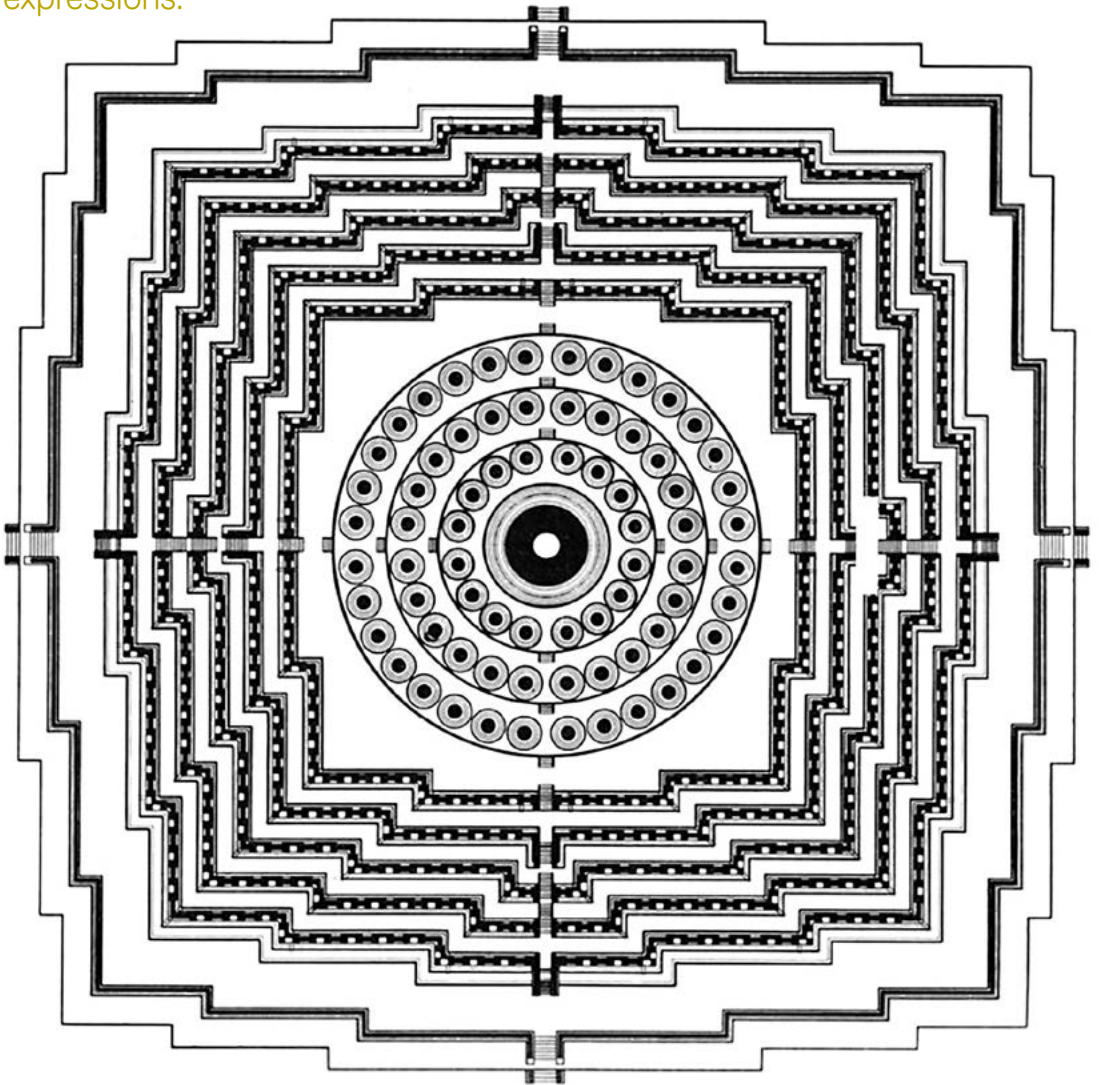
Denis van Alsloot,  
Celebration of the  
Ommegang in Brussels:  
Procession of the  
Guilds, Oil on canvas,  
1616, Museo Nacional  
del Prado.

Seen from above,  
the Borobudur  
Buddhist temple  
(Java, Indonesia), built  
in tiers of terraces. Its  
concentric symmetry  
is reminiscent of a  
mandala. Collection of  
the Balai Konservasi  
Borobudur, Denah  
C. Borobudur Candi  
Borobudur, 1973.

Amalia  
Laurent  
fr

# A Thousand Years of Walking

Amalia Laurent is a visual artist currently doing a PhD in historical anthropology. We asked her about the research for her thesis, 'Walking the City: Survivals of Medieval Performative Practices in the Contemporary Era', and how it resonates with her artistic practice. From Christian processions to gamelan orchestral scores, from medieval architecture to batik dyeing, Amalia Laurent explores the parallels between Western liturgy and Javanese holism. In doing so, she breaks down the strategies that shape the collective experience of space, be it architectural, urban or sacred. Remnants of the Middle Ages thus sometimes resurface in our footsteps, our bodies, our expressions.



1. According to Catherine Basset, 'Gamelan, architecture sonore (et Gamelan mécanique)' [Gamelan, sound architecture (and mechanical gamelan)], *Moussons*, 8, 2005, pp. 157-170.

## 'Can you present your research and explain why liturgical processions are so important for understanding the medieval city experience?

From the 13th century onwards, processions became increasingly common in the West, gradually leaving the confines of cathedrals to take over the entire city. They emerged in a context of urban growth, political restructuring, and repeated crises (plagues, famines, etc.), which reinforced the need to gather in large numbers. These ritualised walks established multiple rhythms: the rhythm of footsteps, songs and incantations, but also rhythms imposed by the liturgical calendar and the modulations of power. The medieval city was reconfigured by the repeated passage of the group and these processional marches. The walkers are both participants and spectators, and the walk unfolds within a multifaceted space, interweaving liturgical, political, and commercial dimensions.

In my research, I break down how walking – part of the analogue system of thought, specific of the Middle Ages [whereby a similarity between two very different realities is established, for example an abstract reality through an observable natural phenomenon, or time and a river] – became a political instrument capable of transforming the city through the effectiveness of the group. I analyse how moving bodies produce social forms, reconfigure shared space, and inscribe new rhythms in the urban fabric.

This is a continuation of my previous research on the architecture of the Borobudur Buddhist Temple (Java, 9th century). My initial fieldwork enabled me to approach walking as a process that unfolds both horizontally and vertically. The idea was to use a method of analysis derived from historical anthropology to validate a hypothesis formulated in the

2000s; namely that this monument was the musical score for a Javanese instrumental ensemble, the gamelan.<sup>1</sup> This ensemble of bronze instruments (gongs, xylophones, metallophones, cymbals, drums, etc.) is played by at least 15 people and requires a spatio-temporal score. In the temple, architectural ascent in the form of terraces would suggest a score that starts from the centre (a gong, the fundamental sound bringing together all the very low and very high notes), diffracting the sound as one moves away from it (individual instruments, such as the rebab). The journey orchestrated by the monument produces a reading in which bodily experience precedes the development of discourse. Walking articulates and links architecture and images in an analogical system whereby the walker becomes the focal point of a cosmology and a silent score revealed in stone.

## As a visual artist, what role did walking play for you?

In my artistic research, I try to see how it is possible to connect objects scattered throughout a space. I now call this operation 'walking', even though I hadn't yet named it at the time, and it can take many different forms. It was when I started working on the Borobudur Temple that I realised that walking allowed me to wander around the monument, to connect the bas-reliefs, which, as you move forward, become like a comic strip to be read, revealing all the strategies of the architecture (for example, that sound is absorbed by the stone or that there are moments when you can or cannot see inside the space). That's when I understood that it was called *walking*: movement through the gaze. I am also thinking of neumes: a musical notation used in the Middle Ages that did not supply formal instructions on the type of music to be sung but was used by priests to note down and remember

their own performance during mass. In fact, this early musical notation was made up of movements, oscillations, and memories. It's a good definition of what I see in walking: something that allows us to remember, to perform, to walk with our eyes or our voice.

**What does this dialogue between academic and artistic research enable you to do?**

Although it may not always be apparent, I've always been closely involved in research for my artistic projects. I start with an extremely



precise framework that allows me to break free and create something that's more about sensation. I create monumental pieces that evoke a comprehensive and highly emotional response. When I began my research, it was exciting. I was able to test my hypotheses directly through my artistic work, see if they worked, and if so, continue writing my thesis. In 2023, I created a site-specific performance called *Loro-loroning atunggal*. *Unifying what is dual at*

Sainte-Chapelle in Paris: a major centre of monarchical power, Western polyphonic music, and a true architectural masterpiece of the Flamboyant Gothic style. I wanted to take this idea of the strategies that shaped processions to its logical conclusion by breaking them down and replacing them analogically with another genre, to see if we would achieve the same elevation. I confronted Sainte-Chapelle with the ritual codes of Javanese holism, among which were Batik dyeing, traditional Indonesian dance, and a new composition for gamelan. It's not the result that matters to me – whether we enter into a trance or not. But to see all these elements, how they were composed and how music can generate architecture and an experience of elevation similar to that which medieval processions might have experienced. I think that's the heart of my practice, as well as of my thesis: understanding how power endures over time, how 'a thousand years of walking' allows power to remain in place, evolve or deteriorate.

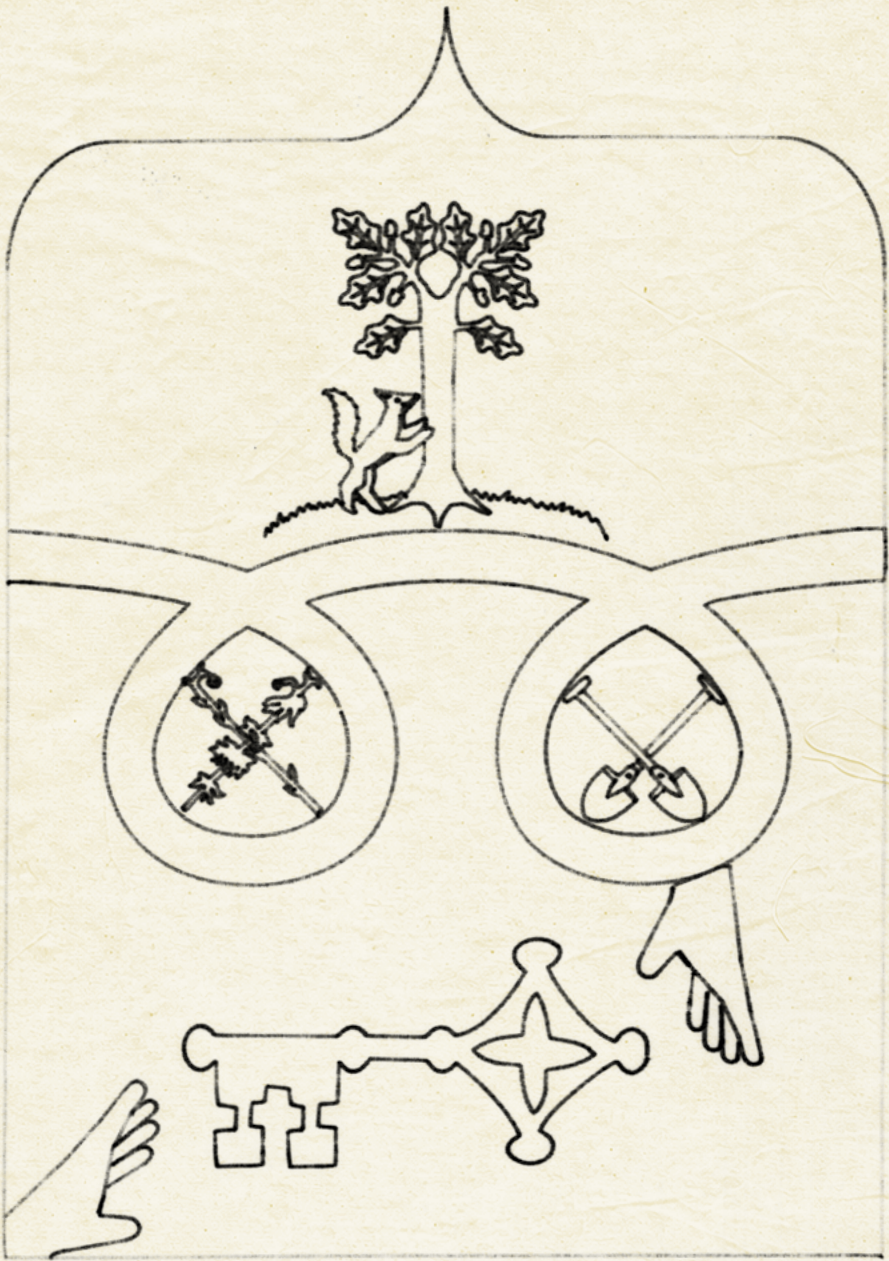
**What are these 'survivals' that you observe in public spaces today?**

From the 9th century onwards, and particularly in the 13th century, the formation of towns completely changed medieval society in Europe. All meeting places, including processions, were designed to prevent unrest and demonstrate political power. 'The medieval town is in the shadow of the castle' as André Chedeville and Daniel Pichot (and their eponymous book) would say. In other words, as the day goes on, the shadow of the castle, along with its power, gradually falls over the town. I am interested in processions because everyone is on more or less the same level, even if there are guilds or other forms of separation. Some chronicles report processions in Paris in the early 15th century, where people intervened with graffiti

on the walls, using this moment of pure control to alter the city. My hypothesis is that processions, while the quintessence of power, were a means of emancipating oneself from that power. I also wonder whether liturgical processions in the West were not the beginning of contemporary demonstrations in public spaces. In full view of everyone, we are somehow made invisible and protected by this group force. The ways in which we reclaim urban space today were already in use in the Middle Ages. I will continue to analyse this hypothesis over a longer period of time...'

[amalia laurent.fr](http://amalia laurent.fr)





**An inverted shield forms a door. Fess-crossed with a double loop, the first void contains plants, the second, tools. Surmounted by a cunning fox, and supported by a rod – a key, with two hands reaching towards it.**

A discussion on the themes of flat-sharing, communal living, the pooling of resources, and opportunistic alliances under capitalism. When living in a community, we forever encounter recurring difficulties, but we always end up going a little further: sharing resources and working together. We each have the same key, the key to the house. Gathering resources becomes a tactic. And it all happens in our home.

# Stone Wastelands and New Commons

**H**ere we are, standing in front of the imposing brick walls of MONA, the former neo-Gothic convent in Jette, that since 2022 has been repurposed for temporary occupation. Charities, local residents, refugees, and artists come together in these premises to meet needs that cannot be accommodated elsewhere. Facilitated by the non-profit organisation Toestand,<sup>1</sup> their activities do not conform to the usual requirements of urban planning (productivity, spatial and temporal optimisation, monetisation of services, administrative categorisation). It is the coexistence and friction between the different social realities that bring the place to life.

The secular spaces adjoin the walls of the Church of Sainte-Marie-Madeleine, which is still in use. Some might say it's a stone wasteland, opening up possibilities for alternative use, or that it is a respite within the city, 'a time of vigil',<sup>2</sup> of uncertainty, of refuge. Others will say that the monastic architecture serves as a laboratory for political experimentation:<sup>3</sup> like a city within a city or a beguinage that opens its gates by day, temporarily making its gardens public, and closes its walls at night, in search of that precarious balance between accessibility and self-organisation.

Beneath the large tree, artist Simona Denicolai now evokes the movement of 'enclosures' in England, which, throughout the 17th and 18th centuries brought an end to common land. Until then, those forests, moors, scrublands, and other communal meadows provided peasants with resources such as wood, broom, honey and pasture, without the need for title deeds, and through collective management.

This medieval system of governance, so often cited to ground contemporary struggles for the commons<sup>4</sup> – sometimes romanticised – will remain with us for the rest of the festival. This, so that it may help us scrutinise our administered, privatised, and surveilled public spaces, and put new commons into practice in spheres of our lives that have yet to be imagined!

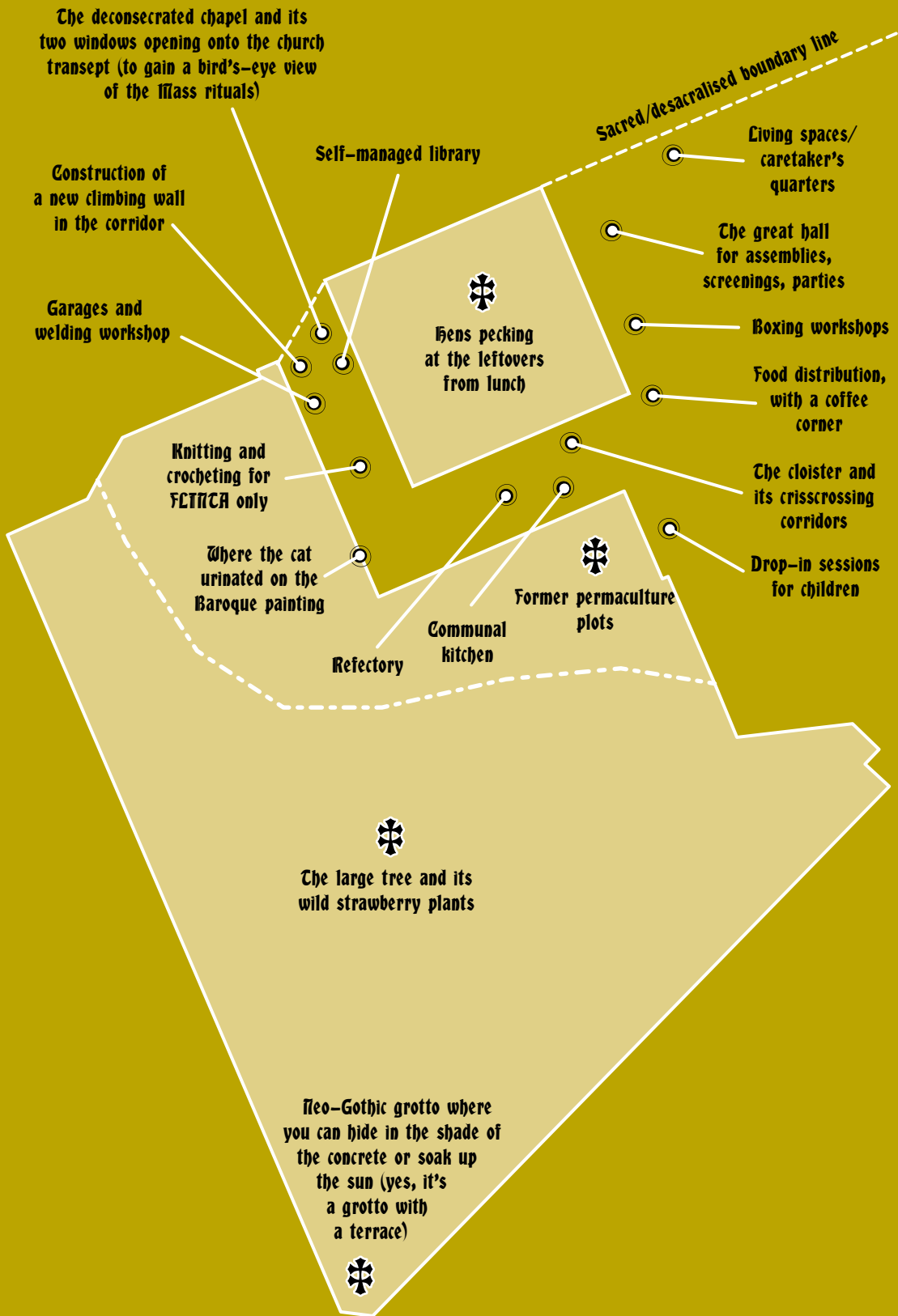
1. [toestand.be](http://toestand.be)

2. Charles Ambrosino, Lauren Andres, 'Friches en ville : du temps de veille aux politiques de l'espace' [Brownfields in the City: From Monitoring to Spatial Policy], *Espaces et sociétés*, n°134, Érès, 2008.

3. Anne Lechêne, 'L'histoire méconnue des communs' [The Little-Known History of the Commons], *Colibris*, 2017.

4. Silvia Federici, *Caliban and the Witch: Women, the Body, and Primitive Accumulation*, Autonomedia, 2004.

A map loosely based on MONA. Discover the activities and organisations involved via [@mona\\_1090\\_bxl](https://twitter.com/mona_1090_bxl) or [toestand.be](http://toestand.be)



# Back to the First Beguines

Rita Fenendael draws on theology, history, psychoanalysis, and philology to understand the very beginnings of the Beguine movement in the 12th century, prior to the establishment of the major urban beguinages. Considering herself a proto-beguine, she seeks to embody that spirit which remains free and untamed, driven by a ‘fiery spiritual desire’ and a commitment to radical poverty and solidarity.

At Feral, she invites us to rekindle the flame and to inspire ‘new beguinages’ – clusters of dwellings organised around a set of religious, social, or political values, in order to reinvent ways of ‘communal living’. Here are a few highlights from her talk.



**B**eguineism is a passion, a ‘vocation’, something that just came upon me. I was on a spiritual quest, and for 45 years now it has never left me. What is it that I love? A fiery mysticism. A non-binary spirituality. Both one and the other: secular, religious, contemplative, active, emotional, loving, speculative, minimalist, solitary, collective. It’s all part of the game. I call it the logic of the beguines. It is primarily proto-beguineism<sup>1</sup> in which I’ve entrenched myself – very loosely structured, wild and free. I love it!

‘The first beguines were homeless or lived in small cells, much like hermits. Mind you, they didn’t follow the hermits’ rules, nor did they yet have any common rules. They were on the move, welcoming people who came to ask for help. They undertook short pilgrimages. It was hard to pin them down. This is what troubles the Church, which, just like medieval society, craves order. Little by little, they come to call themselves ‘beguines’. It’s a pejorative term, with heretical connotations.’

‘The beguines were, in a sense, the first emancipated women in the West; they worked to support themselves. They rejected the choice that had hitherto been offered to women: either marriage or the convent. They wanted neither. They took control of their own lives and forged a new path – the middle way.’

1. Rita Fenendael co-founded the Centre for the Study of Proto-Beguineism (CIPO) in Oignies, one of the earliest centres of proto-beguineism alongside those in Liège and Nivelles.

‘The Church and society would steer them towards a more structured way of life. At first they begged for a living, but very soon the Church forbade them from doing so (unlike the male mendicant orders). They then resorted to manual labour. With the rise of hospitals during the 13th century, they turned their attention to serving society, establishing leper houses, caring for the sick, and accompanying the dying on their final journey. They returned to the early Gospel and certain of its themes, such as ‘the poorest among us are our teachers’. If there was any authority in these leper houses, it was the lepers themselves.’

‘The bourgeoisie who received medical care were grateful and showed their appreciation by purchasing houses for them, and granting them property, annuities and privileges, particularly the poorest. Without the Countess of Flanders and the Duke of Brabant, the great beguinages of Bruges, Ghent, and elsewhere would never have come into being. [Thirteen such places in Flanders are now listed as World Heritage Sites]. But this was accompanied by increasing control exercised by the bourgeoisie and the Church, who began to interfere in the organisation of the beguinage, its statutes, and even its doctrine. There was a loss of freedom and spirituality.’

‘During the 13th century, the beguine movement became unquestionably urban. Residences consisted of small beguinages, small houses, convents, and slightly larger houses where several Beguines lived, sometimes in rural areas. But fundamentally, it was an urban phenomenon. It was a city within a city.’

‘The beguinage can be seen as a place of communal living for all the beguines, rich or poor, who lived there and ran it in a spirit of non-possession. I think the beguines created a sense of community with great boldness. They lived together, but it must be noted that the beguines kept their own property. They no longer took vows of poverty as they had done at the beginning. They could even be landowners or set up proper businesses.’

‘To bridge the gap between the old and new beguinages, I lived for a few months with the last two beguines<sup>2</sup>, and then in a beguinage for the elderly [the first of the new beguinages, founded in Louvain-la-Neuve in 1995]. If we don’t take charge of ourselves, it will be our family or the state that will have to look after us.’

‘What I found most characteristic of the beguinages of today is this philosophical and spiritual reflection on the meaning of what gives us life. These communal living arrangements draw inspiration from the beguine tradition, but with new interpretative approaches: they are Christian, but also feminist and ecological. At the time of their founding, each beguinage sets its own rules and its own statutes. There’s no uniformity whatsoever. Meaning is found through a commitment to others, through shared ideals. It is the common good within a collective way of life.’

2. The last beguine, Marcella Pattyn, passed away in Kortrijk in 2013.



## The 7 stages of love


By writing in the language of the streets, Marguerite enabled the working classes, including women, to access ideas that the ecclesiastical authorities deemed 'full of errors and heresies'. They did not appreciate the idea that one could reach God without them. How? By passing through the seven stages of love:

1. hard work,
2. material dispossession,
3. desiring something against one's own will,
4. ecstasy,
5. falling into nothingness,
6. becoming transparent, and finally,
7. annihilation.

### Annihilation

For Marguerite, self-annihilation takes place through a kind of extreme receptivity: the perfecting of one's capacity to receive; a willingness to have something given to one, to renounce one's own will because it has never truly been one's own, through the act of intentional receptivity. As described in *The Mirror of Simple Souls*, the soul does not 'become' Love, but Love moves within it. It's in receiving this Love, given unto her, that makes possible the process of unification with the divine. Once compelled by Love, choosing between good and evil, between virtue and sin, becomes gratuitous. But only if the being of Love can be welcomed. This conception of sin as superfluous was a particularly disruptive idea in her time; it is probably still so today.

[@bryana\\_fritz](#) / [@stefagovaa](#)

ow many stages are needed for words to become imprinted on the body and for the self to fade away, making room for the Other – that is to say, for spirituality? Seven stages to gradually annihilate one's soul and unite with the Creator.

Bryana Fritz and Stefa Govaart's workshop was not intended to bring us closer to the Creator, but to encourage us to reflect on the writings of female mystics and on the Other. We experienced three of these stages.

The first was to introduce our neighbour based on what they had shared of their personal history, and vice versa. I myself was Rita Fenendael, an expert on the Beguine movement who had taken part in the morning panel. Embodying someone other than myself in the first person allowed me to experience, even for a moment, the more fluid conception of the individual and of identity in the Middle Ages. The second part immersed us in Marguerite Porete's text and the power of her poetic language. Mystical concepts can sometimes be difficult to grasp, but the beauty of the imagery remains etched in our hearts.

The final stage involved our bodies. Firstly, through dance improvisations set to poems by Hadewijch of Antwerp (a 13th-century Brabant mystic), set to music by the Graindelavoix ensemble. With fluid movements and arms stretched upwards, as if to perceive the desire for elevation inherent in these texts. Then in trios (as in an interpretative loop): one person lying flat on their stomach, the second dancing on top of them, and the third interpreting this danced message so that the person on the floor could see these movements. In the background, electro-pop hits helped us stay in a state of joy and connection – something experienced physically yet remaining elusive. This recalled the joy that filled the Beguines, in their desire to invent a new form of sharing and living together.'



**I**n primary position, a swarm of bees, each pointing in a different direction. Adorned with a bird, wrapping them in cloth. Below, a spider's web – itself adorned with a pathway that begins in the wind, continues through seashells, and ends at the heart.

A discussion on the themes of hospitality and migration, the invisible and sometimes clandestine support networks within the city, and caregiving in precarious circumstances. The dove provides a shelter for a community that organises itself and forges connections with joy, energy, and a spirit of equality. The seashells and the little cloud 'that breathes happiness' signal, to those who know how to decipher them, refuge stations for whoever needs to stop, rest, and set off again.

How can we create a kin family with joy, sustainability, and safety? How to live love, parenting, housing, health, education, and finances as commons to be shared outside the nuclear family?

What new terminologies and structures can we invent together to meet our needs that institutions ignore?

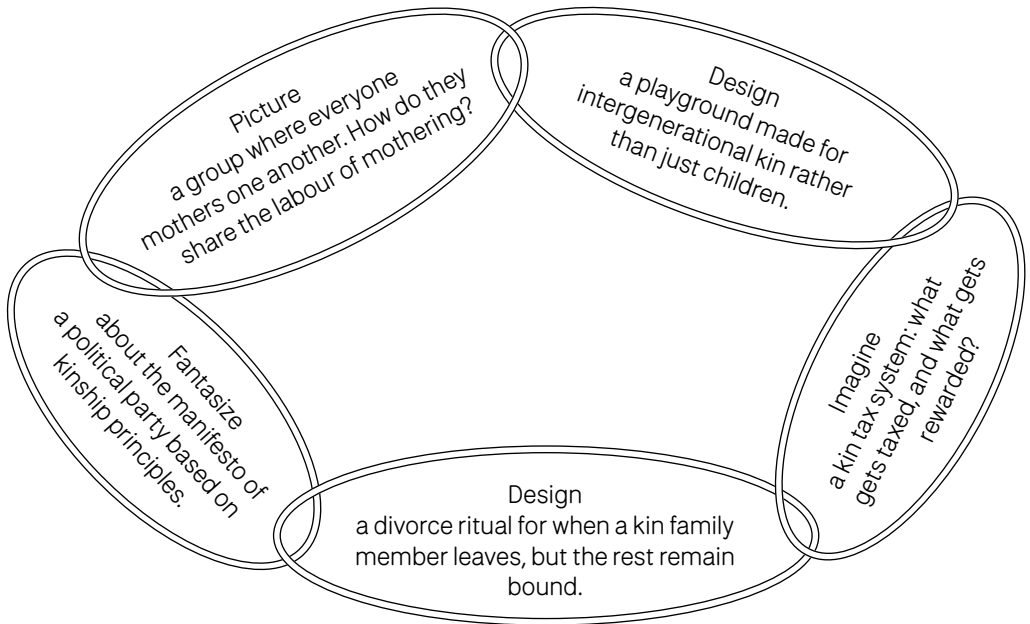
Join our *Kin Agency* to imagine something different!

*Kin Agency* is initiated by The Aunties, a Brussels-based collective dedicated to the imagination, realisation, and celebration of family models based on kinship, beyond traditional boundaries.

Each kin event explores a different dimension of kinship, such as the figure of the auntie, queering spaces, creating support structures, co-parenting, and more. Come and share your stories, learn from others, propose new directions, build community, and dream up future possibilities together!

## 'Kin?'

Understood as kinning, it names the active practice of choosing relationship and living with others and for one another, as relatives – both human and more-than-human – through care, responsibility, and reciprocity.



During Feral, The Aunties invited participants to co-create a fictional *Kin Agency* – a DIY institution. What services would the agency offer, what events would fill its calendar, and how might its internal functioning be structured? Might medieval kinship practice and structures of commons inspire its modern-day vision? Since, their speculative calendar has expanded and offers concrete moments to gather in Brussels.

	September 2025	October 2025	November 2025	December 2025	January 2026	February 2026	March 2026	April 2026	May 2026	June 2026	July 2026	August 2026
<b>Kin stories</b> ●												
<b>JuriKin drop-in service</b> ●												
<b>Maykin love politics</b> ● ‡												
<b>Intergenerational pyjama party</b> ‡ ●												
<b>The matching department</b> ●												
<b>The healing court</b> ● ‡												
<b>KLIKA</b> ‡ (Kin Life Issues – Kin Anonymous)												
<b>Living archives</b> ●												
<b>Kin-family surprise excursions</b> ●												
<b>Aunties-in-law at School of Love</b> ● ‡												



### **Kin stories**

A curated monthly event where participants share personal experiences related to their kin-family engagements.

### **JuriKin drop-in service**

Information, advice, and guidance on how to protect kin-family constellations within the legal system.

### **Maykin love politics**

Political awareness campaigns related to kin-family issues, organised seasonally and in public spaces.

### **Intergenerational pyjama party**

A household invites one or more people from another generation (or from a generation underrepresented in their household) to sleep over. The *Kin Agency* facilitates networking, exchange, and preparatory meetings.

### **The matching department**

This department facilitates connections between persons seeking a long-term, non-normative kin-family commitment to share their lives: through a joint portfolio, shared rights, growing old together, parenting, property, or other arrangements. It does not deal with romantic or sexual relationships, as platforms for these already exist. Each successful match will be marked by a public ritual and protected by mutually agreed contracts.

### **The healing court**

The establishment and adaptation of a restorative justice system to deal with conflicts and wounds of all kin and of every kind.

### **KLIKA (Kin Life Issues – Kin Anonymous)**

Support group that gathers around individual requests for help concerning challenges/conflicts emerging within their kin, collective, and/or biological families. KLIKA facilitates the articulation of needs and responds to them constructively.

### **Living archives**

Digital, physical, and nomadic archive on kin theories, practices, and methodologies for organising kin-family events.

### **Kin-family surprise excursions**

A format designed to nurture trust, initiative, enthusiasm, and desire, and to break the habitual patterns through which we relate to one another within family structures. Each kin prepares one excursion with the help and advice of the *Kin Agency*.

### **Aunties-in-law at School of Love**

A collaboration between School of Love and The Aunties to develop educational formats and pedagogical and didactic concepts promoting 'love is the law'.

[@theauntiescollective](https://www.instagram.com/theauntiescollective)

- Regular**
- Ongoing**
- Intensive**
- Frequent**
- One-off**
- Special occasion**
- On demand**

- Housekeeping:** internal organisational structure / maintenance
- Homing:** community building / sharing / justice / celebration / support structures
- Aunties' revolution:** political demands and actions



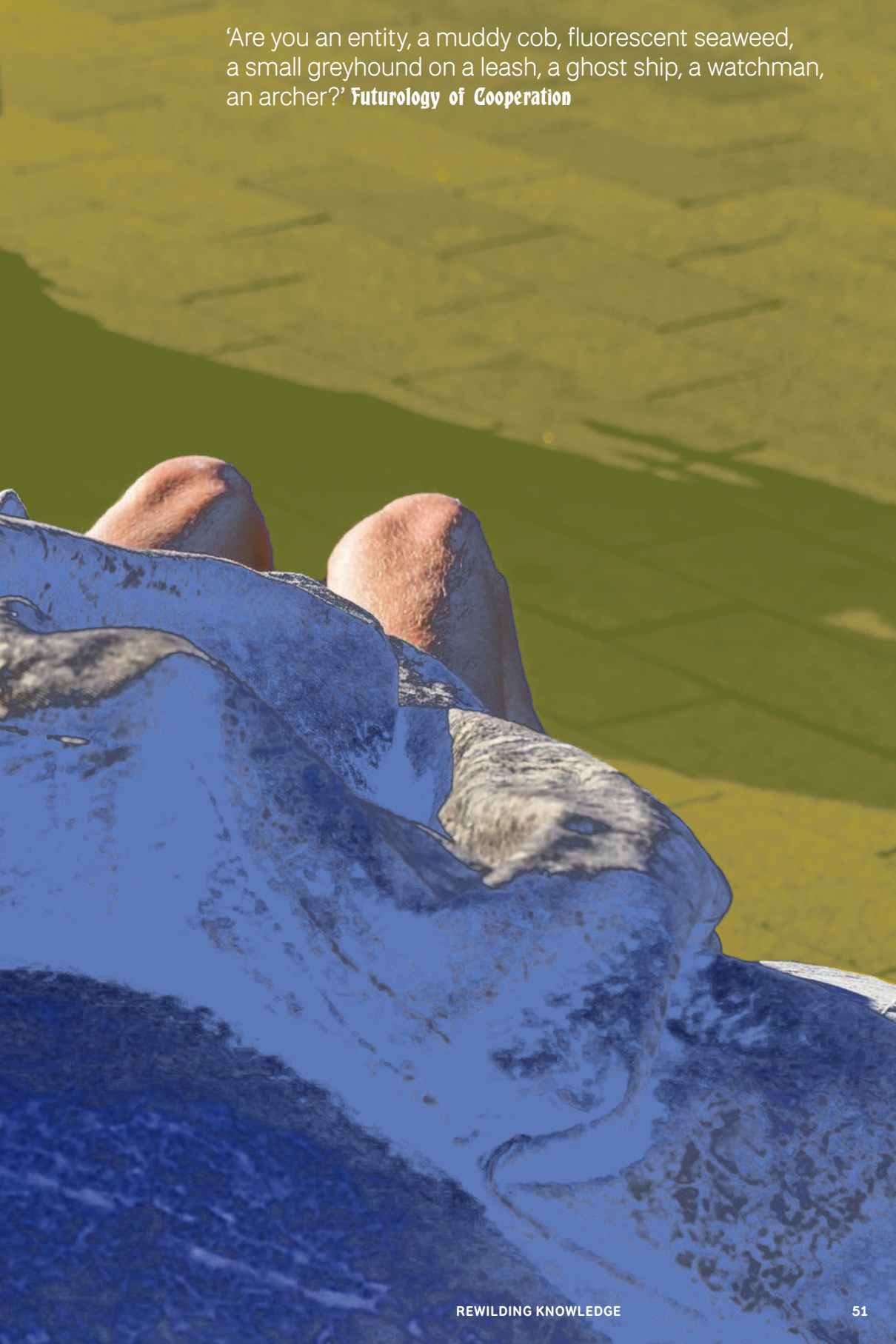
# ewilding Knowledge

A concrete-breaker,  
the saxifrage takes root  
and thrives in hostile environments.

It reopens the way to the body,  
to the sensory, and to the re-rooting  
of lost practices.



‘Are you an entity, a muddy cob, fluorescent seaweed, a small greyhound on a leash, a ghost ship, a watchman, an archer?’ **Futurology of Cooperation**



Ondine Cloez **fr/be**  
& Viviane Genest **fr**  
Aurel Leforestier **be**

# Are We Able to Think [as] Plants?

Aurel Leforestier is an artist and dramaturg, notably for this medieval edition of Feral. They took part in the workshop *Here, Now and in the Middle Ages* given by Ondine Cloez and Viviane Genest. Here they reflect on their sensory experience, eyes closed and feet firmly planted in the ground.



**T**owards the end of the 15th century, handwritten pharmacopoeias depicting plants underwent a change that may seem unremarkable to eyes accustomed to modern botanical illustrations: the roots disappeared from the drawings. Their removal is not accidental; it coincides with the great revolution that will see Nature escape the intangible order of Creation, becoming conceivable as an object in itself, whereas previously it had been considered the property of the divine or demonic. [...]

**In a literal sense, modernity was 'uprooting itself from the dark ages.'**

Pierre Lieutaghi,  
*La plante compagne*

I really like this quote from Pierre Lieutaghi. It reminds us that any aesthetic change brings with it a political vision, a different relationship with the world. The disappearance of the roots becomes an epistemic operation: transforming the plant into an object

separate from its environment. This marks the birth of the modern gaze, which, at the end of the 15th century, invented the concept of 'landscape', placing Nature at a distance in order to observe it. It was also at the end of the Middle Ages that black boxes, known as theatres, were built to observe – also from a distance – re-creations of worlds. In short, a whole new regime of the senses, and above all, a scopic one, through the gaze.

Returning to medieval texts, as suggested by Ondine Cloez and Viviane Genest, allows us to experience, even briefly, other perceptions of ourselves or our surroundings, such as plants.

Here at Feral, there are no black boxes, but rather arts at the fringe. And this afternoon, we find ourselves on the edge of a garden, surrounded by buildings and avenues. There is no one else left in the garden at MONA now; all the participants from the other workshops have dispersed into the different wings of the convent. There are 10 of us, and

we are gathered in a corner, among the bushes.

Ondine and Viviane tell us about how they met a few years ago. The starting point for both of them was plants and the Middle Ages. Viviane, a historian specialising in medieval literature, was conducting research on the place of plants in medieval texts, and Ondine, an artist, was working on a 13th-century treatise, *The Art of Preserving Health*, which often refers to the use of medicinal plants and herbalism.

Today they ask us: 'Are we capable to think [as] plants?'

Ondine invites us to shut our eyes and think about the expression 'close your eyes'.

Isn't it the eyelids that fall?  
So I'll let my eyelids fall.

She invites us to be mindful of our breathing; of how we are grounded; of what we see with our eyes closed. Because 'even when we close our eyes, we continue to see.' It's one of the few games I've retained from childhood into adulthood: trying to put into words, to describe what we see with our eyes closed. 'It's different for everyone,' Ondine tells us. An inner world unique to each of us, which is not only that of memories, but which begins with our perceptions, and which continues even when we are not active. In a way, we always see something.

After addressing what we see, Ondine invites us to pay attention to the sounds around us. Those that are far away, those that are close, those that are diffuse, those that are sudden. I hear the rustling of a bird's wings in the tree branches. I hear ambulance sirens in the distance.

Then, after touch, sight and hearing, we also explore our sense of smell and taste. Taste is stimulated by our environment, but also simply by our own mouth and breath.

We raise our eyelids.  
Viviane reads aloud:

**'What would it take to truly think differently, to truly think ecosophically? Would we be capable to think plants and avoiding ontological re-stabilisation? Could some aspect of herbaceous beings help us to develop a new way of thinking without domesticating them, even in our thoughts? [...] What then would a becoming-plant be?'**

Karen Houle,  
'Becoming Plant-Like', [Chimères](#)

I listen and wonder, alternately this question of a possible becoming-plant is part of a line of thinking that has been referred to in recent years as 'the thoughts of the living', which works towards new ontologies; that is to say, towards modifying the conceptual frameworks that underpin our relationship with the world; for example, moving from a logic of ownership and separation to a logic of co-existence and interdependence. This is all the more relevant given that recent research on plants reveals that they are sentient organisms with extremely diverse types of behaviour. Becoming a plant: could this mean trying to approach our somatic perceptions differently? Not giving primacy to sight over the other senses, for instance?

New instruction: in pairs, we will give each other a 30-minute guided tour, each in turn, with our eyes closed, at our own pace, in silence. Twice the guide can say: 'open.' The other person opens their eyes for a few seconds, as if it were a postcard, a photograph of a moment in time.

I begin by guiding my partner. We cross the garden, the wings of the convent, the library... In front of the replica of the Lourdes grotto, I tell her to open her eyes. I also let myself be carried away by my wanderings, and finally, even with my eyes open, I find myself in a place I had never dared to go before:

behind the MONA chapel, where it is possible to climb onto a roof and find yourself very close to it. Perfect for opening the eyes a second time.

Then it was my turn to be guided. I decided to do the exercise barefoot. I mention this because it shaped my entire experience: I have Type 1 diabetes, so walking barefoot poses a real risk to my health. I liked choosing to take that risk and enjoying the sensory experience.

I believe that walking barefoot changes our relationship with the world: the ground is not a backdrop linking all the natural elements together, but rather, a direct interlocutor. The warm earth, the prickly gravel, the still-warm asphalt: each of these materials has its own accent. My feet tell me where I am, even without knowing how to orient myself in space. My partner takes me outside the convent. I begin to ask myself questions.

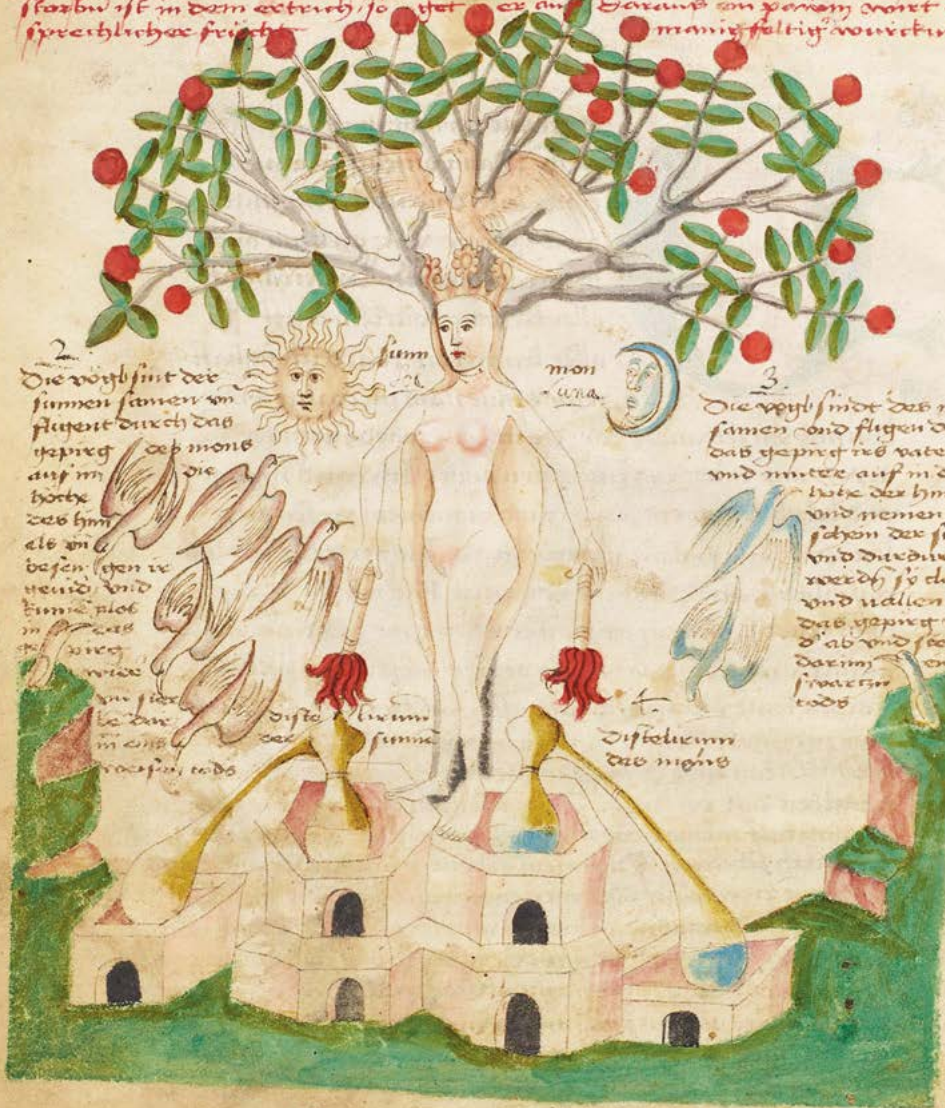
We lie down comfortably on the floor. Viviane shows us a photograph of the capitals of a Romanesque church with stylised plant motifs (palmettes) and tells us that in the Middle Ages, plants not only connected beings but also implied an upward movement towards the divine. Plants carry within them a power that leads to God. We close our eyes. Viviane evokes one last image, with Guillaume de Conches (a 12th-century intellectual):

**'Man is like an inverted tree, which is why the Greeks call him *'anthropos'*, meaning inverted. It is true that trees plant their roots, or their heads, so to speak, down into the earth, from which they draw their nourishment, but they extend their branches upwards. Conversely, man raises his head, in a sense, his roots, into the air, whose breath gives him life.'**

Guillaume de Conche,  
Dragmaticon

*Book of the  
Holy Trinity, University  
of Basel, 1550*

Der baum kumt aus dem samen der mans vnd der frawen So der sam er  
 starb ist in dem eckert so yet er an Darauß von perien vort vnauß  
 sprechlichæ frucht manigfaltig vortung



2  
 Die vogel sint der  
 summen samen vn  
 flugent durch das  
 gepreg des mons  
 auf in die  
 höche des hml  
 als in  
 besen sgen re  
 vneid vnd  
 kumt plot  
 in das  
 vnd  
 wie  
 in die  
 le dar  
 in aus  
 vortung

sum  
 mon  
 una  
 distelium  
 das mens  
 summe

3  
 Die vogel sint der  
 samen vnd flugent durch  
 das gepreg des vaters  
 vnd mütter auf in die  
 höche des hml  
 vnd nemen de  
 schon der sume  
 vnd die durch  
 weerdh s dar  
 vnd vallen in  
 das gepreg wi  
 d' ab vnd sterbe  
 darinn vnd  
 vortung

N. 1

**Le génocide / épistémicide de la chasse aux sorcièr.e.s n'est pas encore terminé**, il continue à annihiler les corps qui tressent des savoirs avec les territoires, cultivant les sciences au coeur du vivant, du féminin, du marginal, de l'indigène, du trans-spécifique, du non-binaire, non-blanc, non-humain. Les armes pointent et tirent sur tout ce qui risque de ralentir le progrès. Être sorcièr.e est encore très dangereux.

Pour transformer le monde il faut être hérétique, jeter des sorts, diverger, séduire les machines, soigner, voler, faire du *trueque* avec son voisinage, faire chair avec l'humus et les rivières, câliner ses symbiotes, habiter son corps au-delà de la douleur et du plaisir, auto-expérimenter, négocier avec l'invisible, s'échapper du feu et du glyphosate, se reconnaître dans son biotope et comprendre que la pensée sur le monde nous est révélée d'hallucination en hallucination.

**La sorcellerie est le pouvoir pour tou.t.e.s.**

Les **#Witches** sont **#tendance**, penses-tu acheter un kit de sorcellerie ☹ ?  
Combien de cristaux "bien-être" possèdes-tu ? **#HealingCrystals**  
Tu détestes l'extractivisme, tu sais dire Pachamama. Connais-tu les chemins des pierres ? Combien d'oxygène peut-on respirer à 30 mètres sous terre pour trouver ta tourmaline protectrice ? Qui est cet enfant du Sud global qui déterre dans des sols morts les minéraux de ton autel ?

# Against Witch Washing

Faire de la magie n'est pas une affaire d'exotisme.

Anhara Rodado

**La colère et l'action disruptive sont nécessaires à la sorcellerie.**

La douceur et la tendresse sont les bénéfices à intermittence d'une bataille pour défendre la multiplicité de la vie. Il ne s'agit pas d'être en harmonie tandis que les technologies de la mort nous traversent sans relâche. Le.La sorcièr.e ne doit pas être domestiqué.e. I.elle n'est pas un **#BeingOfLight**

**Un.e sorcièr.e travaille sur soi pour mieux rétribuer sa communauté.**

I.Elle n'est pas très important.e. I.Elle est indétérmin.é.e, ni masculine ni féminine. I.Elle vit en haut et en bas, habite toute la terre. I.Elle est bien enraciné.e dans un territoire.

**Un.e sorcièr.e. n'oublie jamais les actes de rétribution trans-espèce.**

I.Elle fait des offrandes. I.Elle prend soin des ses alli.é.e.s. I.Elle n'a pas peur de se lier à tous les êtres car I.Elle pense et construit avec nous : Datura Stramonium, Iboga, Ayahuasca, Yopo, Amanitas, Mandragore, Amphibiens, Cannabis, Claviceps, Morning glory, Psilocybe, Peyote, San Pedro, la pierre sous ses pieds, le vent...

/ Fragment 1

**Le Witch Washing ne nous aura pas ! Nous restons sales, souterrain.e.s et combati.f.ve.s.**

# Combating Epistemicides with 'Flying Cream'

aniara rodado is a choreographer and researcher. She explores witchcraft and interspecies relationships, drawing on the plant world and adopting a trans-hack-feminist and counter-colonial perspective. Accompanied by musician Martin Howes, the two of them led the workshop *Ointments, Fires and Fountains: an activation of performative rituals blending fire, plants, history and dissidence*, based on 52 ointment recipes. This forms part of a long-term research project in the arts and sciences centred on a 'flying cream' inspired by witchcraft ointments. And here, we get a glimpse of it...<sup>1</sup>

The 'flying cream' that I have developed refers to an ointment that was used in pre-modern European witchcraft. I am not seeking to recreate it as such, but rather to question an epistemicide.

The concept of epistemicide – created by Boaventura de Sousa Santos and developed by Sueli Carneiro in relation to white supremacy – describes the systematic eradication of Third World knowledge by Western science. Epistemicide and genocide are two fundamental and inseparable elements of the colonial process. It involves dominant groups imposing their own epistemological framework on marginalised groups; it's also a spiritual genocide that penetrates the body and affects the memory.

Witches' ointment – often mentioned in European witch trials – was a herbal preparation intended to be applied to the skin and the mucous membranes of the rectum or vagina to induce

altered states of consciousness. Like Ayahuasca in the Amazon, it enabled people to construct the world through plants. In current scientific debate on this ointment, a number of authors cast doubt on the existence of pre-Christian shamanic cultures in Europe in the 15th century. Historians and botanists who focus on the plants of the Solanaceae family (such as mandrake, belladonna, and datura), assert that datura, which is native to the Americas and features in many ointment recipes, could not have been used in Europe prior to the colonisation of Abya Yala.<sup>2</sup>

The name *Datura*, however, derives from the Sanskrit *dhatūra*, and its flower is associated with Shiva. Indian, Arabic, Persian, and Andalusian sources support the theory that this plant reached other continents before the colonial era.

However, the academic world seems to struggle to conduct transdisciplinary research that takes non-Eurocentric sources into account. The fact that

[Against Witch Washing manifesto](#), aniara rodado & Anouk Daguin.

1. This text brings together various quotations from [aniara rodado's website](#), as well as from her article ['Flying Ointment: Material Memory of an Epistemicide?'](#), published in the journal [.able](#) in 2023.

2. Or 'Generous Land', referring to the American continent before European colonisation.

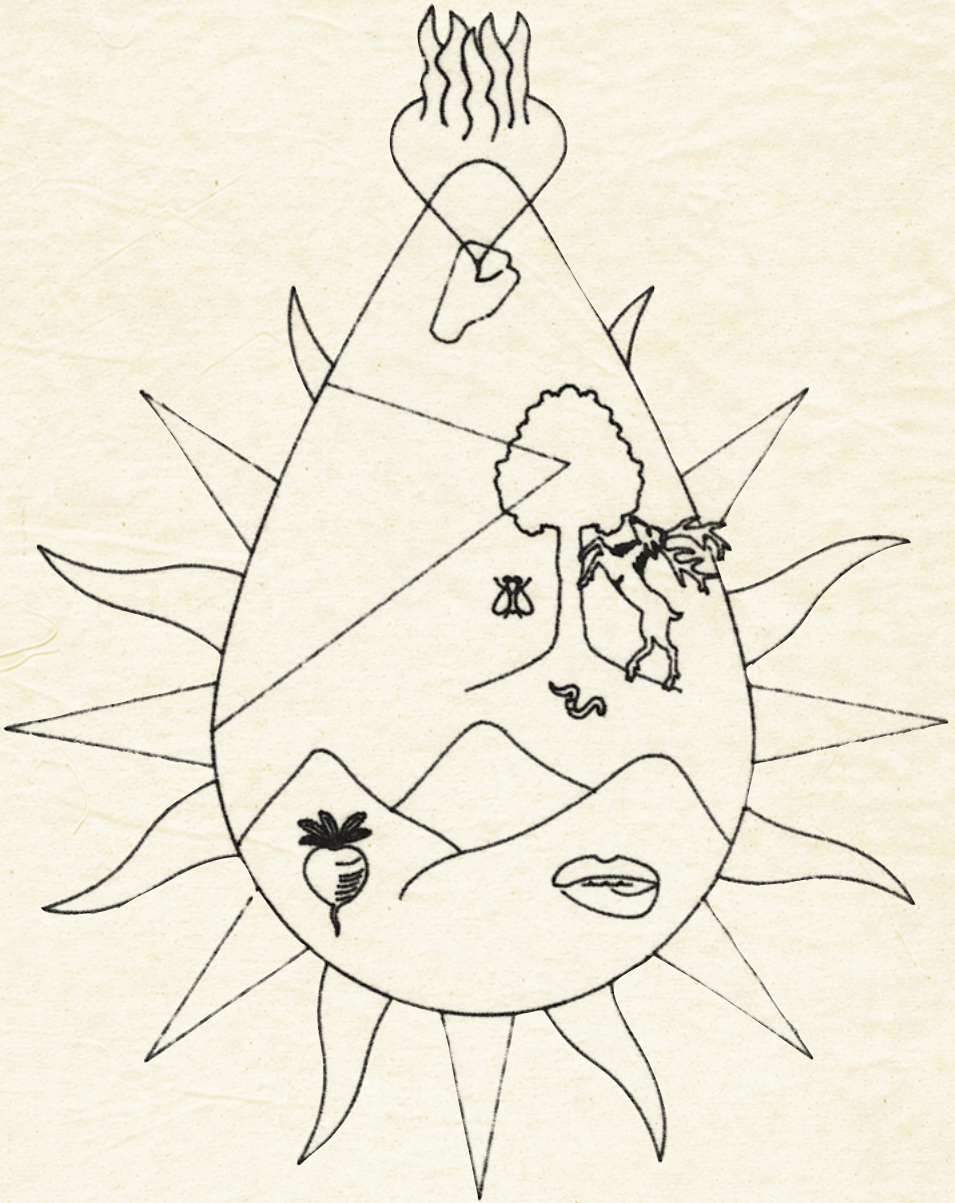
3. Michael Ostling, 'Babyfat and Belladonna: Witches' Ointment and the Contestation of Reality', *Magic, Ritual and Witchcraft*, vol.11, n°1, pp30-72, 2016.

there is no ritual continuity regarding the use of these plants in contemporary European culture does not confirm the absence of such practices, but rather opens up a field to be reconstructed – one permeated by taboos, silences, secrets, and the production of ignorance.

It may be only through dialogue with these plants that we will be able to reconstruct a history that does not concern only human beings.'

**Excerpt from the Table of 52 recipes for witches' flying potions through the ages, compiled by anthropologist Michael Ostling.<sup>3</sup>**

Source (Author & Work)	Approx. date	Type of source	Origin	Description / Key ingredients
Albertus Magnus, <i>On Plants, Book VII</i>	ca. 1260	Supernaturalist	Germany	Application: image of henbane drawn on the body. Effects: invocation of demons. Ingredient: henbane.
Theodoric Borgognoni, <i>Surgery</i>	ca. 1267	Medical	Italy	Application: soaked in a sponge held to the nose. Effects: analgesic. Ingredients: opium, henbane, mandrake, hemlock, lettuce.
John Ardene, <i>Anal Fistula</i>	1376	Medical	England	Application: directly on the forehead, wrists, palms, soles. Effects: analgesic. Ingredients: henbane, mandrake, poppy, etc.
Bernardino of Siena, <i>Sermon Sermon Against Sorcery</i>	1427	Supernaturalist	Italy	Application: an ointment. Effects: metamorphosis illusion. Ingredient: unspecified herb.
<i>Errores gazariorum</i>	ca. 1430	Supernaturalist	France	Application: smeared on chairs or staves. Effects: harmful magic, flight. Ingredients: herbs, fat, children's flesh.
Johannes Nider, <i>Formicarius 5.3</i>	1437	Supernaturalist	Germany	Application: directly on the skin. Effects: metamorphosis, illusion. Ingredients: children's fat, herbs, powder.
Claude Tholosan, <i>As for the magicians...</i>	ca. 1437	Supernaturalist	France	Application: non-specific. Effects: illusion of flight, sin. Ingredients: rendered children's fat, herbs.
Johannes Hartlieb, <i>The Book of All Forbidden Arts</i>	1456	Supernaturalist	Germany	Application: rubbed on benches, chairs, tools. Effect: flight. Ingredients: heliotrope, lunaria, vervain, mercurialis, jove's beard, maidenhair fern, bird blood, animal fat.
Johann Wonnecke von Cube, <i>Garden of Health</i>	1485	Medical	Germany	Application: rubbed on temples/wrists/navel. Effects: sleep or sweat. Ingredients: nightshade, mandrake, bitter lettuce, poppy, jove's beard, poplar buds.

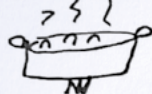


**C**ontained within a drop, radiant with sunlight. At its centre, within a borderless circle, a stag, a tree, a fly, and a worm. The tree pierced by an empty triangle to the right. The two figures supported by the ground, a radish to their right, a mouth biting its lips to the left. The whole surmounted by a bouquet of flowers like a burning heart, perfectly placed.

A discussion on the themes of veganism, Nature, anti-speciesism, the more-than-human, and the constant demand for the Earth's resources. The ecosystem, as a cycle, governs our perceptions yet contains an empty triangle: the paradox inherent in any representation of Nature from a human perspective. Our relationship with the Earth, which we claim in order to grow vegetables, allows us to nourish ourselves with as much energy as that of desire. It is a gift we hold like a bouquet, with its own violence. Water shines brightly here, like the sun.


## Syrup de sauge

1 litre d'eau + 1 kg de sucre = bouillir  
+ 20 ml jus de citron



ça bout? retire la casserole  
du feu.

Ajoute des feuilles de  
sauge fraîche et appuie  
dessus avec une cuillère.  
+ quelques tranches de  
citron par dessus.  
couvre et laisse reposer  
pendant 24 H.

Le lendemain, filtre   
et fais bouillir à nouveau  
pour épaissir.

→ ça marche pour les syrups  
de toutes les herbes ♥

### Sage Syrup

Boil 1l water + 1kg sugar  
+ 20ml lemon juice.

Remove from fire, add some fresh  
sage leaves, press them down with  
a spoon and top with slices of lemon.  
Cover and leave to infuse for 24h.  
The next day, strain it and bring it  
back to the boil to thicken.

It works for all herbs!

### The Water of Intention

The bramble says: 'Speak only about  
what you really want to achieve'.  
Infuse bramble sprouts in cold water  
for at least 2h. Drink within the next 24h.

### Vino Hildegardiano

Cures fever and even malaria.  
750ml of red wine + fresh basil leaves  
+ 1 tablespoon of honey.  
Boil for a few minutes. Drink hot.

dans une casserole:

750 ml vin rouge  
+ quelques feuilles de  
basilique frais

+ 1 c.à.s de miel.

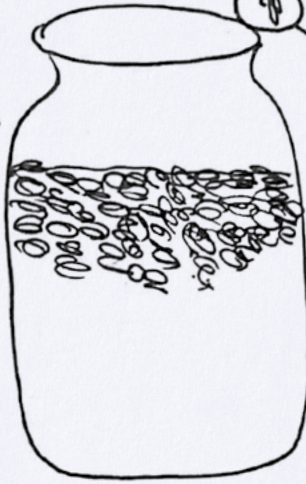
laisse bouillir quelques min.  
à boire chaud.

Between wandering and witchcraft, artist and cook fedefantini gathers wild plants in the city to create healing and gourmet infusions and decoctions, in the spirit of Hildegard of Bingen. Here are three recipes taken directly from her notebooks.

## L'eau de l'intention

La ronce dit:

"PARLE  
QUE DECE  
QUE TU  
VEUX  
VRAIMENT  
REALISER"



→ graine de ronce

Infuser dans  
l'eau froide  
pendant au moins  
2 heures avant  
de boire.  
Consommer dans  
les 24H

## Vino hildegardiano

soigne  
le fémur,  
même  
le mal de



# The Grazing Crusade

To round off the festival, Feral plunged in a retro-futuristic cooperative game inspired by Live-Action Role-Playing (LARP). Anna Czapski and Diederik Peeters invite us to Testerep, off the coast of Ostend. In the 13th century, this island was home to a gentle and vibrant way of life, before being swallowed up by monastic polderisation. Shall we go back?

## Protocol

### The aim of the game

The Crusade of the Lively Pasture is a streamlined social game, based on conversations, which emphasises personal relationships and stories.

We provide a setting and a story, a very brief description of a medieval island society that you are invited to be a part of.

It's up to you to fill in the gaps, develop this world and plant your ideas in it.

You are encouraged to create your own relationships, through conversations between two or more people.

How do you feel about the development of the island? Do you resist it? How? With what alliances or compromises? Do you benefit from the island flourishing in a more structured and hierarchical way?

### What should you expect from this game?

We shall play as we are: as humans in human form, but you can also choose to be a creature.

It is a conversation game for two or three people maximum; we shall not be 'acting out scenes' as in improvisational theatre.

The characters have no gender, this game does not play on gender roles.

The functioning and structures of this world are not 100% established and explained – we prefer to leave space here and there for you to fill in.

We expect all participants to accept each other's ideas and to allow for a certain amount of nonsense when gaps are filled in.

We prefer the crafting of curious stories to logic or factual accuracy.

Get used to saying 'Yes, and' when responding to players' suggestions, in order to build together.

To start, we shall share the basic outline of the plot with you via a kind of guided meditation.



**Y**

ou are at the water's edge. Let the sea breeze blow gently through your thoughts.

You leave the coast. Heading out to sea from Ostend, in the year 1282.

The salty wind from the North Sea brushes your neck.

The boat glides silently over the water and then you hear the lapping of the waves and the cries of the birds.

On the horizon, the island of Testerep reveals itself, alive and timeless.

You are no longer in the world you know.

You are entering the Middle Ages – reimagined.

A time that never happened, or that could happen again.

Here, everything is fluid and changing.

You see the large dune undulating slowly. The smell of salt, dried seaweed and damp peat already fills your nostrils.

The island is never the same; the wind, the seasons and the tides continually redraw its contours.

You are barefoot because you have taken off your poulaines, and a curly lamb from the salt meadows comes trotting between your legs. You are entering a permeable, fertile Middle Ages. It is the green season. The earth is mossy and soft.

You have arrived at a salt marsh or salt meadow, the grassy part of the foreshore that slows down the swell in stormy weather and protects against sand accumulation. It is a marshy meadow, an alluvial plain, covered at high tide... where wigeons and teals come to peck for worms. When the mist descends, the marsh is filled with omens and

you are afraid to go there.

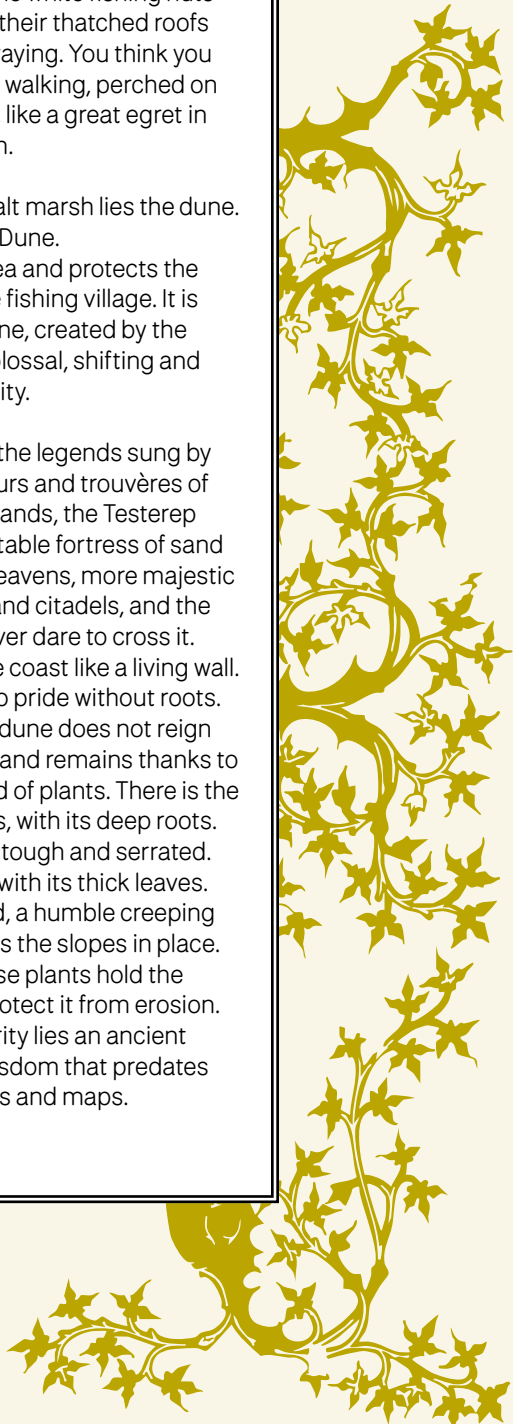
Legends of sacrifices and bites dissuade you.

Even in broad daylight, you think you can see the white fishing huts on stilts, with their thatched roofs and reeds, swaying. You think you can see them walking, perched on long stilt legs, like a great egret in the salt marsh.

Beyond the salt marsh lies the dune. The Testerep Dune.

It stops the sea and protects the coast and the fishing village. It is an aeolian dune, created by the wind. It is a colossal, shifting and sovereign entity.

According to the legends sung by the troubadours and trouvères of the northern lands, the Testerep Dune is a veritable fortress of sand defying the heavens, more majestic than a thousand citadels, and the sea would never dare to cross it. It protects the coast like a living wall. But there is no pride without roots. The Testerep dune does not reign alone. It rises and remains thanks to a brotherhood of plants. There is the marram grass, with its deep roots. The sea holly, tough and serrated. The sea kale, with its thick leaves. The bindweed, a humble creeping vine that holds the slopes in place. Together, these plants hold the dune. They protect it from erosion. In their austerity lies an ancient strength, a wisdom that predates humans, ports and maps.



## Who are you on this island?

The inhabitants share the land in harmony with the flow. Here, nothing is fixed. The dunes dance with the wind. Crops move, herds move too, and we practise free-range grazing, letting the animals graze on common land according to the seasons. Property is not a wall but an agreement. A balancing act.

And you? Who are you on this island? You belong to the community like a pebble belongs to the shore.

Are you a farmer? You plant beans, cabbages, flax. You listen to the moons. You give as much as you take.

Are you a healer? You glean in the dunes and marshes. You know the secrets of salt, seaweed, sea buckthorn. You mix, you infuse, you heal. You know that bodies and lands speak the same language.

Are you trained by a lineage? Or did you learn in silence, in the shadows of the trees?

Are you a recluse? Who lives walled up in the buttered stone, singing and telling fortunes to those who consult her through the keyhole?

Are you a member of the watteringue, worried about storms and famine... the guild that organises the draining of the land, by building dykes and small canals, to gain stable agricultural land and settle livestock?

How do you get on with the monks, who would like to drain more?

Are you moss from the grey dune? Which turns green and spongy when it receives a few drops of rain?

Are you a salt worker or a marsh worker? Or perhaps a bird trapper?

Or a fisherwoman...Your fishing rods are made of hazel wood or carved from oak; your clothes are made of the same linen as your sails and nets. You have a mermaid with an eel's tail tattooed on your arm.

Where do you live? How do you wear your hair, what do you wear, what shoes do you wear?

Do you wear poulaines or white boots fastened with buckles, grey taffeta jackets under purple satin doublets, white feathers on top, puffed purple velvet breeches or sandals woven from prickly sea grass, a grey rat-coloured invisibility cloak?

Are you a ravish of the gods, a shepherdess without a sword, with a stick and a whistle, a fiery beguine, a magical and mixed beast, vouivre, coquadrille, kraken or unicorn?

An entity, a muddy cob, fluorescent seaweed, a small greyhound on a leash, a ghost ship, a watchman, an archer? A player of fretel, estive, douçaine, or other bagpipe that some call chevrette, each according to their skill and subtlety...

What is your connection to the wind and the sea?

Ask yourself this question, gently: What is your role here? What can your hands do? How fast do your feet move?

**Take the time to imagine who you are, take time on this island, for one minute that passes here, two years pass in Cesterep.**



## The threat

For several years now, a nightmare has been haunting the community. The island is ruled harshly by a provost, to whom the Count of Flanders and Hainaut has entrusted the bailiwick and who represses local beliefs close to nature. He mocks the movement and disregards customary rights. He wants to freeze the land and the coastline, drain and dry out the marshes even more, build bigger dykes and trade in sand for construction and marram grass for basketry. He has been nicknamed the Gabelle, an evil figure linked to the destruction of the dunes. He represents the order of the flatteners and, more generally, a certain idea of coastal development and land-sea relations...

## The shepherdess

Fortunately, invisible creatures, such as the Horse of Mist, are allied with the inhabitants and mystical guardians of the island and its fragile balance. Kraken, vouivre, will-o'-the-wisp, coquadrille... ghosts are part of the game.

The eel-tailed mermaids, protectors of the moving, also get involved: they watch out for the levellers, using their charms to destroy their certainties.

And then, and then...

The Shepherdess steps forward. Poor little thing? Not at all. Doubly victimised by the powerful as a peasant and close to animals, she is in the best position to voice criticism.

She steps forward dressed in beautiful fur, mocking the bailiff

who believes her to be more beast than human. Their feet shod with dry grass, their staff of bone and silver hangs at their side.

Beneath their fur, they wear chain mail, blessed with mint and the hair of a stillborn lamb.

But they do not come on foot.

No.

They ride Graveline, the great ewe whose neck is adorned with a human mask — a living medallion, placed where animals are slaughtered.

But today, this throat does not bleed.

It speaks.

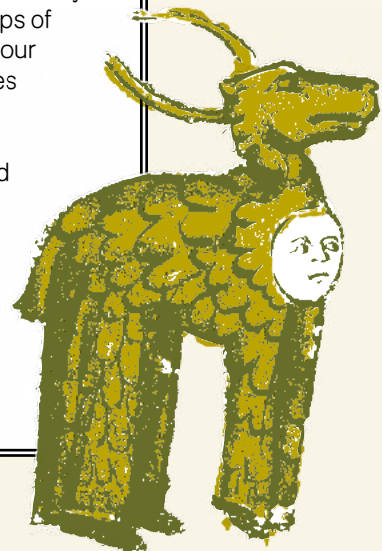
The face opens.

And in a strange voice, made of salty wind and curdled milk, it utters:

'Are you acting like tyrants and predators in the castle, without doubt? Lords and mutilators of the law, I will have my plough shoeed, my camail and my haubregon rolled, and my sword polished; But let me have my head armed; And at my side my great cutlass; And in my fist a leaden hammer; To conquer for grace or honour, I will pursue them so fiercely; That they will say I am bold. Lords and stumps of the law, Dorenlot aer! Let your shovels rust; Let your dykes split.'

He calls for resistance, and behind him, the seaweed binders, the peasantry and the horse of the mists advance, with curved weapons.

Futurology of cooperation





# Bios

**Ondine Cloez (fr/be)** is a choreographer and performer. During a residency at Les Laboratoires d'Aubervilliers, she worked on the 13th century treatise *L'art de conserver la santé*. This resulted in a choreographic piece, walks and visits, as well as talks on health and the Middle Ages.

**Chloé Deligne (be)** is a historian, FNRS researcher and lecturer at ULB (Brussels). Part of her work focuses on urban social groups (butchers, guilds, etc.) in the Middle Ages (in Brussels and Mons), their spatial organisation and their political role.

**Simona Denicolai (it/be)** is a visual artist and part of the duo Denicolai & Provoost. She teaches at ERG, especially in the 'La Friche' (wasteland) workshop. She is also a member of agricultural collectives working on food and medical autonomy, herbalism, and land ownership.

**Pierre-Olivier Dittmar (fr)** is a historian and lecturer at EHESS (Paris), and a member of the *Anthropologie Historique du Long Moyen Âge* research group. His work focuses on interactions with non-humans, whether animals, invisible entities or artefacts.

**fede fantini (it/be)** develops a research practice combining art and cooking in public space. The most recent iteration of this project, somewhere between drifting and witchcraft, experiments with healing and nourishing recipes using wild plants gathered in urban environments.

**Rita Fenendael (be)** identifies as a 'proto-beguine' and is interested in female mysticism in the Middle Ages, particularly the beguine movement. She has devoted numerous articles, talks and interviews to the subject.

**Bryana Fritz (us/fr)** works at the intersection of poetry and performance, often in duet with the OSX user interface. Her work is informed by an interest in medieval literature, fanfiction, media studies and collective reading practices.

**Futurology of Cooperation** is a research project led by poet and dramaturg **Anna Czapski (fr/be)**, and artist and performer **Diederik Peeters (be)**. Together, they form a wise and unruly research duo that collects, hacks and transmits techniques for time travel, exploring other ways of living and creating collectively with both artists and non-artists.

**Viviane Genest (fr)** is a medievalist historian specialising in literary texts. She is the author of *L'Esthétique du raffinement*, on Marie de France (12th-century poetess). She also develops research on concepts of the living in the Middle Ages, with a focus on plant life.

**Stefa Govaart (nl/be)** works across dance, performance and text, and teaches at P.A.R.T.S. Together with Bryana Fritz and Chloe Chignell, they co-wrote the performance *BEGIN/The Mirror* (2024). They are part of the *Sex Negativity* research group (University of Amsterdam).

Clara Thomine,  
[Les Visiteur.euse.s](https://www.lesvisiteur.euse.s),  
vidéo de 7min, 2025,  
Château de Guédelon,  
France.

**Royal Guild of Saint-Sebastian in Schaerbeek (be)** is one of the last remaining archery guilds in the Brussels region. Since 1598, it has practised vertical pole archery. The guild trains in Josaphat Park from April to October. Everyone is welcome to join for an initiation.

**Martin Howse (uk/de)** builds electronic machines and writes software. In his practice, the electromagnetic spectrum becomes a space that can be manipulated to generate sound and images. He runs *micro\_research*, a platform exploring the psychogeophysics of software.

**Amalia Laurent (fr)** is a visual artist, a graduate of EHESS (Paris), the Royal College of Art (London) and the Strasbourg School of Decorative Arts. She is currently undertaking doctoral research on the links between architectural arrangements and processional practices.

**Yohanan JB Lefebvre (be)** trained as an actor. After exploring corporate training and textual improvisation, he now focuses on writing and a personal research practice around poetry and Judaism.

**Aurel Leforestier (be)** is an artist and dramaturg, a graduate of INSAS (Brussels) and EHESS (Paris), where they studied representations of nature in 16th century Italian theatre scenography. They co-founded *3ème Vague*, a group examining the political ecology of the performing arts.

**Clovis Maillet (fr)** is a medievalist, artist and performer. He has published *Les Genres Fluides*, *Un Moyen Âge émancipateur* (with T. Golsenne) and *Écotransféminismes* (with E. Bigé). He specialises in gender studies, trans history and the uses of history in contemporary art.

**McCloud Zicmuse (be)** is a multidisciplinary artist. His practice combines performance, printmaking, textiles, ceramics and music. Currently Prince of the Schaerbeek Carnival, he has a strong interest in the instruments, accessories and rituals of medieval Brussels.

**Giulia Piana & Chiara Monteverde / Micha's Amateur Theater Group (for professionals) (be)**

**Micha Goldberg (no/be)** is a performer and actor trained in physical theatre, and a graduate of RITCS (Brussels). He co-created *GERMAN STAATSTHEATER* with Rosie Sommers.

**Giulia Piana (it/be)** is a dancer and performer. She is part of *GERMAN STAATSTHEATER*, as well as Sophie Melis' *Social Dancing Social Club*.

**Chiara Monteverde (it/be)** is a dancer and performer. She works both collectively and solo on transdisciplinary projects combining dance, text, voice and clay. She is part of *Artist Commons*, a Brussels-based community organised around temporary spaces.

**Open Source Publishing (be)** is a graphic design collective working across typography, websites and web-to-print tools. They question the influence and possibilities of digital tools through design, pedagogy and applied research, working exclusively with free and open-source software.

**aniara rodado (co/fr)** is a choreographer, artist and researcher. She explores witchcraft and interspecies relations from a plant-based perspective, through a transhackfeminist and counter-colonial lens. Her projects are developed in open source, using ancestral and low technologies alongside domestic DIY practices.

**The Aunties (be)** are dedicated to imagining, creating and celebrating family models based on kinship. The collective is composed of seven artists who note that their life choices, outside the nuclear family model, are not institutionally supported.

**Clara Thomine (be)** is a visual artist. Her practice combines video, installation and performance. She plays with the boundary between reality and fiction to address themes such as art, digital culture, ecology and selfies.

**Eden Tinto Collins (fr/be)** develops a hybrid, poetic and hypermedia artistic practice through noetic devices that connect thought and mind. Her installations explore frictions between melancholies, mythologies and post-, trans- and cyber-human imaginaries.

**Toestand (be)** works on the reactivation (through use) of abandoned or forgotten buildings, land and (public) spaces by organising temporary and autonomous socio-cultural centres. Dialogue, creation, autonomy and action are the guiding principles of their practice.

**Moni Wespi (ch/be)** is a choreographer, artistic director and designer. In her choreographic work, she creates images through radical scenographic choices combined with movement research. She is also the founder of the company LOUTOP.



**Lucie Caouder (be)** is a graphic designer. Editorial design is her main practice, developed through clear and accessible proposals that balance experimentation with careful attention to detail.

**Leslie Doumerx (fr/be)** is a sound artist. She works at Radio Panik and Radio Campus as a programmer, producer, host and technician. She enjoys experimenting with narrative forms and shares these approaches with students on the ULB journalism Master's programme.

**Flore Herman (be)** supports artists in sharing their knowledge and developing their creative processes, often in relation to public space. That brings her somewhere between editing, mediation, facilitation and dramaturgy.

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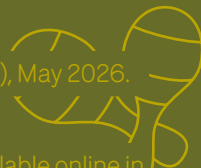
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CENTRE CULTUREL DE  
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Stirring the imagination, branching out into new commons, rewilding knowledge... This is a magazine exploring the emancipatory power of the Middle Ages through the lens of contemporary artistic practices.

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