

Stijn Ank

Becoming
Body

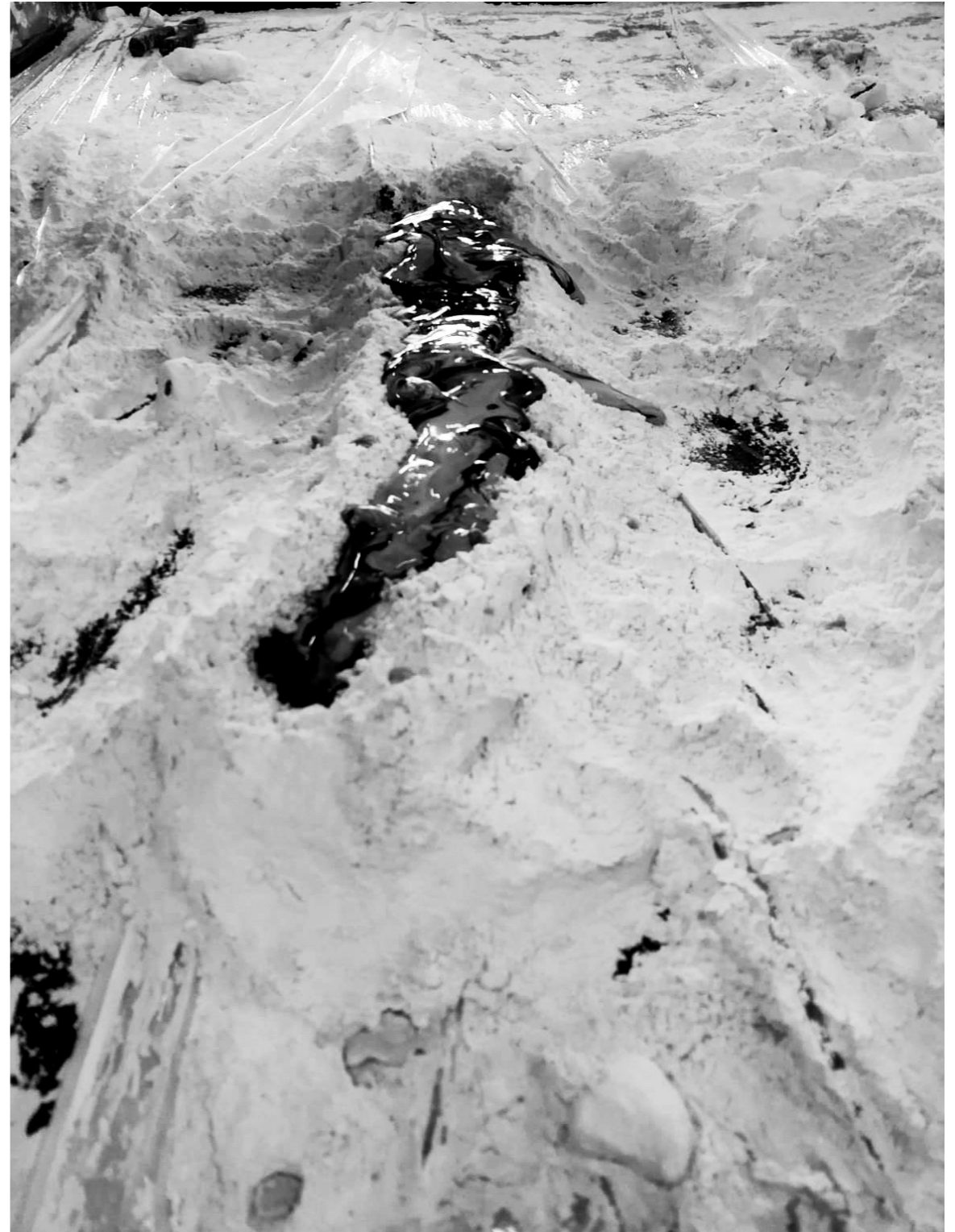
Stijn Ank

Becoming
Body

Each day in our live
is a (kind of) new 'becoming'
of and with
our body in this world.



We (constantly) learn, destroy and build
(our world/our ground)
and this is an ongoing (repeating) cyclus.



What/Where is our ground? What/Where is our body?
Wat/Where is my ground? What/Where is my body?



Through a bodily laborious & intuitive process, sculptures are brought into being by pouring pigmented plaster in a never-ending, changing mold.



This process is a constant re-learning,
re-destroying and re-building.

This process is a constant re-birth.

It is a continuous 'becoming' of the works
(ground) and myself (body) in this world.

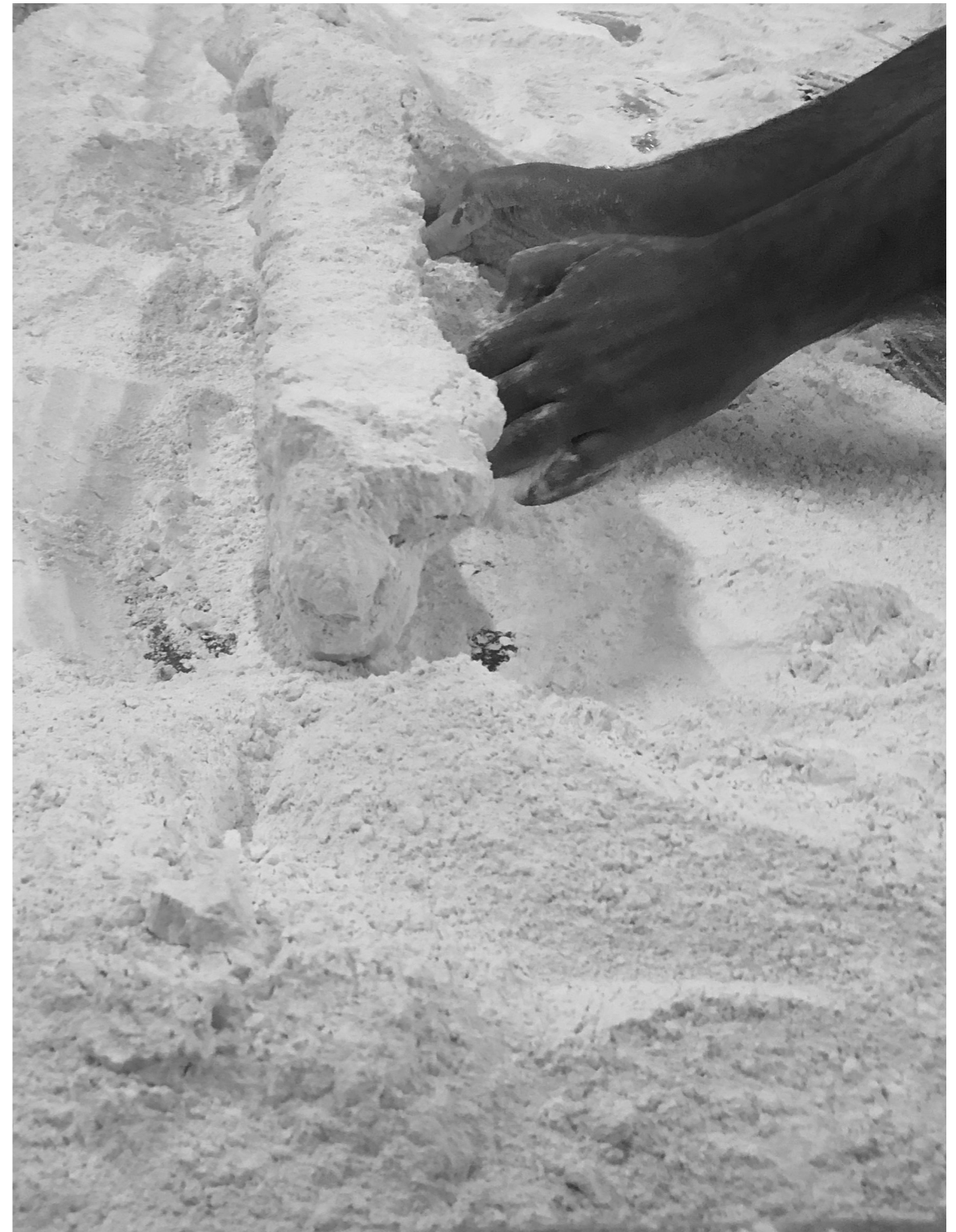


Whereas previous works were born on the inside of an external mold made from wood, rubber or a variety of other materials, this in-side/out-side opposition disappears in the new works.

The material now used for the mold (womb), a mixture of pure white plaster and pure pigments, is the same as the material that gets inserted into it. The act from the womb, to the insertion, to the birth, is an act of the entire body.

The body embraces its own material (ground), which is both pure and fragile. Nevertheless, it has a will of its own. Or it follows the will of the matter, just like a body does. The body never lies.

The protean qualities of the material used allow the work to act as a subjective being, rather than an intellectualizable object. The work behaves like a body, with all the aspects of any physical subject.



Previously
the mold was completely removed
after the pouring process.
Nowadays
it remains a part of the newborn work.

The first structure of the newborn
is the space of the mold.

Better said:
it's the space of the mold fusing
with the infiltrating matter.



Insertion does not happen anymore
as a kind of perforation in the womb.
It happens now with the whole body involved,
embracing the whole womb...
inside-out or outside-in.

The work can be seen as a newborn
which grows in and on the womb-like mold.

Lying down at first,
it grows on a soft bed from its own matter.
It then fills the mold, until it outgrows its origins.

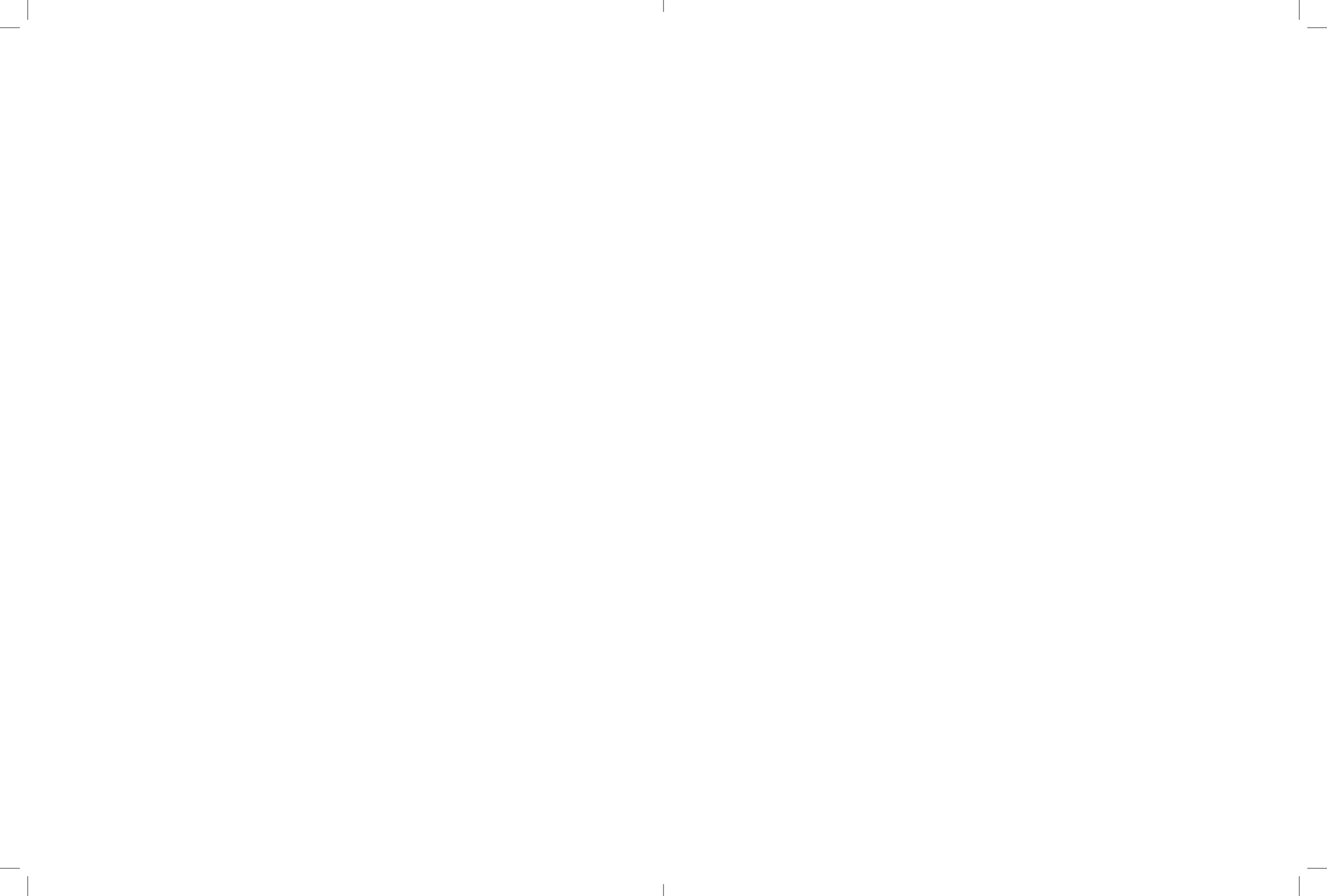


There is little intellectual rationality to it.
Even the most explicative choice of words
is at a loss to describe every dimension
that's crucial to the experience of art's physicality.



When the work is nearly full-grown,
it starts to become warm.
I like to touch it, from outside and inside the
womb,
to feel its warmth.
At a certain point,
when it reaches its top point of temperature,
I help it out to come out into this world.









Whereas previously
this (be)coming into the world
was a kind of aggressive disclosure
it is today rather a very gentle re-positioning
of the filled womb itself.



The fruition of the work is thus
a most particular repositioning of the matter itself.

This repositioning can be likened
to matter taking a stance,
almost with a complete disregard
for the artist's intentions.



Sometimes the work takes an upright stance.
At other times it stays or falls down.
In either case, it depends on its own subjectivity,
revealing its own world.



Emanating from
a volcano-esque internal life force,
these works are the source of
their own inaugural trauma.



When I distance my body
from the stance of the new body
I immediately feel
the necessity of an other body
that could possibly be there,
at a new distance.



A new body
again from the same ground
that would be there
to interact with this body
so both could become truly alive.



And then,
when there are two who make each other alive,
I feel the desire (I feel they are in need)
to meet number three, four...



It never stops,
it is a continuous desire,
a continuous be-coming
where one stance is taking care of the other.



So no body is an individual.
And each body creates the necessary space for
the other body, where the global space is the
result from their togetherness.



The urge to write these words came (be-came)
out of a new series of works
where I started to be-come
more conscious of what is be-coming
(since all these years) in my work,
of what is be-coming in and out of my body.

Of what is the necessity in me
to find a place (a stance) in this world.

Colophon

Images
Studio Stijn Ank

Text
Stijn Ank

Editing
Marc Belderbos & Karel De Sadeleer

Graphic Design
Piero Belderbos

Print
O'blong, Kortrijk (BE)

Font
Laussane

Paper
Pergraphica 120g

Edition
100

©Studio Stijn Ank

