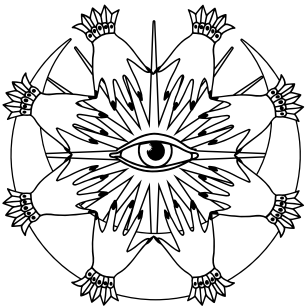


MARS

©Gaële Lagacherie
Chinese ink on paper,
50x60 cm, 2019



GANG OF WITCHES

WAKE UP

THE PROJECT

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

THE MEDIAS

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

THE WITCH

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

THE ARTISTIC DISCIPLINES

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

THE ANGLE

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

TIME'S

UP



RISE UP

LE PROJET

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

LES SUPPORTS

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

LA SORCIÈRE

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

LES DISCIPLINES ARTISTIQUES

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

L'ANGLE

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



— Editorial

P A T R I A R C H Y I S B U R N I N G

SENDING PATRIARCHY TO THE STAKE

As citizens' demonstrations are inflaming the planet to denounce an oppressive and corrupt system, GANG OF WITCHES summons for this third edition, Mars, male archetype and Roman god of war.

The artists from the gang, armed with their pens, brushes, spray-paint cans and camera lenses, are dedicating themselves bodies and souls, to serve a legitimate thirst for justice and to lead us into a trance of revolt. Their works are echoing the different sources of resistance against fascism that are getting organized and spreading around the world.

With an intersectional approach, GANG OF WITCHES deals with the themes of violence done to women, of masculinity freed from patriarchal injunctions, and questions gender codes for a global awareness towards more equality and diversity.

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Herstory, DIY — 22. Once upon a time
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Paola Hivelin Witches spread like Fire — *Sophie Rokh* Ad vitam æternam — *Aldo Soligno*
Let them show their Faces — *Mad Meg* Patriarchs — *Mina Mond* The new Horsemen of the Apocalypse
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_ The Circle



SKYE - Needle embroidery, 40x40 cm, 2018
©Clémentine Brandibas

Herstory, DIY

12 13

#Punk

#Self-love

#Posterity



Sunny Buick Herstory, DIY

Confronted to centralization of power and its representations, and along the lines of the DIY punk ideology, Gang Of Witches creates its own legend by choosing to get some of its members photographed every year. Sunny Buick goes first, with an allusion to propaganda posters. GOW then gets rid of the patriarchal society's approval and reclaims the codes of social recognition.

Paola Hivelin
Watercolor and ink,
33x61 cm, 2018

Celebrate
THE
FEMALE POWER



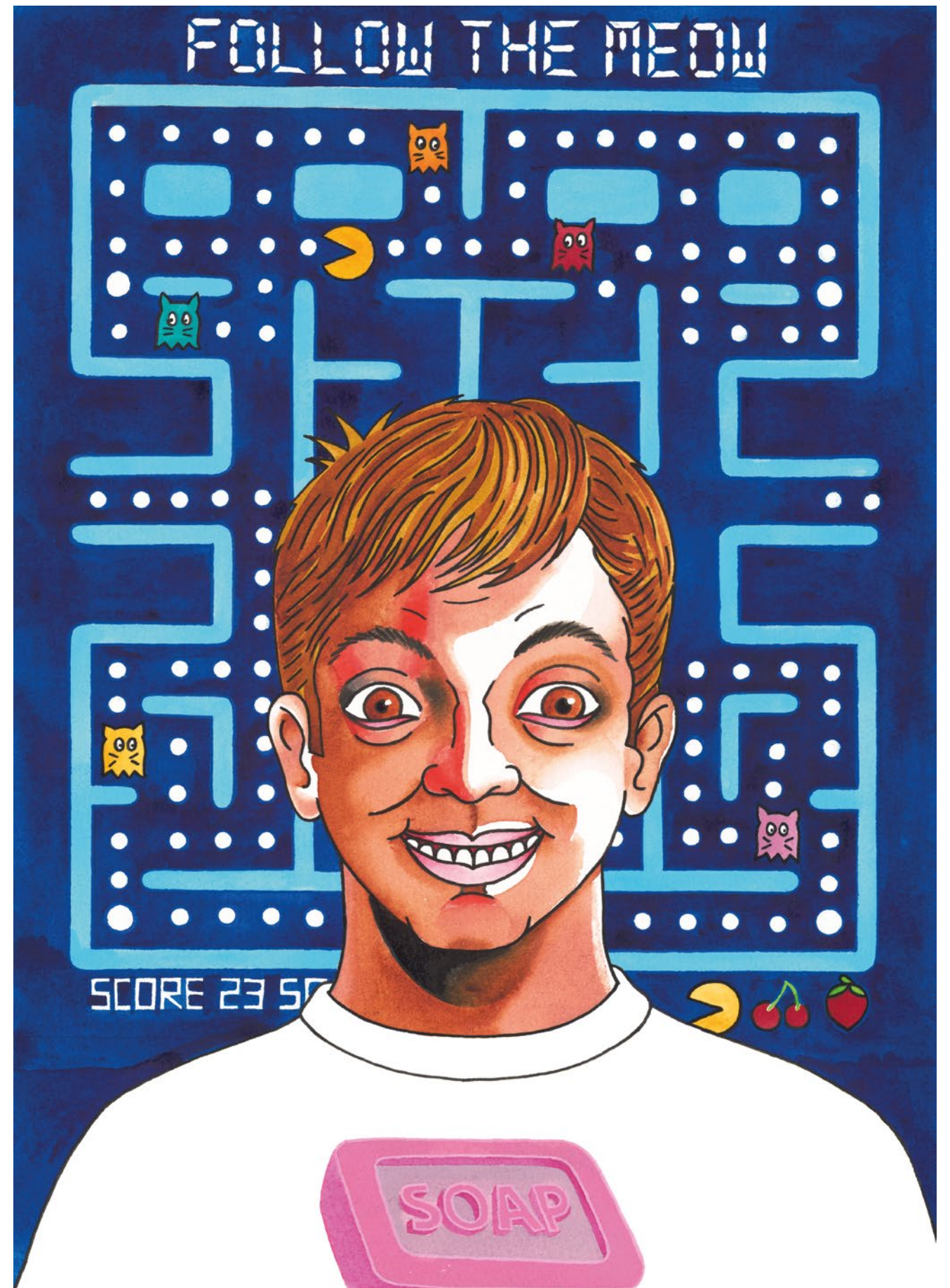
Sophie Rokh
Watercolor and ink,
30x46 cm, 2018



Self-portrait - Sunny Buick
Watercolor and ink,
31x46 cm, 2018



Son Of A Pitch
Watercolor and ink,
32x45 cm, 2019



Once upon a time

22 23

#Pioneers

#Empower

#Witch



Ciou Behind the Scene

Marcin Nagraba Matriarch



Behind the Scene

C I O U



Behind the scene is an ongoing series of pop surrealist portraits that pay tribute to female adventurers, painters, scientists and writers' remarkable work. Mary Blair, painter and illustrator, is the first on the list. She has created some of the most famous characters and settings from Walt Disney. Next will come Katsushika Ōi, painter and assistant to her father Katsushika Hokusai; Elizabeth Holloway and Olive Byrne, who inspired Wonder Woman's character; Ada Lovelace, who created the first computer program in the nineteenth century; Ella Maillart, pioneer adventurer and writer in Asia; Milicent Patrick, costume designer for the creature from the Black Lagoon and many others.

Those pioneers are as numerous as unknown. It is about time to rehabilitate their History in the collective memory.

Behind the Scene
The Fantasy World of Mary Blair
Mixed technique on wood,
21,5x26,5 cm, 2018



Matriarch

M A R C I N N A G R A B A



Before taking his mum's photographs, Marcin Nagraba attires her in Agnieszka Osipa's precious armor-costumes or wraps her in cocoons of ripened wheat that he handcrafts himself.

His mum thus embodies the witch in slave tales, the nurturing mother goddess, powerful and wise.

The representation of old women's positive figures allows one to free from the yoke imposed by our capitalistic and ageist societies where the fear of aging fuels a multi-billion euros market.

Dear Mother
Baba Yaga I
Costume: Agnieszka Osipa, 2017

* The global turnover of the cosmetic industry was estimated at 205 billion euros in 2016, according to a survey from L'Oréal.

Dear Mother
The black Witch
Costume: Agnieszka Osipa, 2017

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Dear Mother
Rye Harvest II
Costume: Marcin Nagraba, 2017



Dear Mother
Rye Harvest I
Costume: Marcin Nagraba, 2017

Dear Mother
Rye Harvest IV
Costume: Marcin Nagraba, 2017



Dear Mother
The Moon
Costume: Agnieszka Osipa, 2016

Dear Mother
Cavyca
Costume: Agnieszka Osipa, 2016



“Classics from Disney studios such as *Snow – White and the seven dwarfs* or *The Sleeping Beauty* are “staging a generational confrontation between old witches and young beauties, thus correlating a woman’s value with her fertility and youth, never basing it upon a hard-acquired wisdom” observes Kristen J. Sollee.”

Mona Chollet, Sorcières, la puissance invaincue des femmes, 2018



Time's up

36 37

#Equality
#Revolution
#Feminism



Paola Hivelin Witches spread like Fire
Sophie Rokh Ad vitam æternam
Aldo Soligno Let them show their Faces
Mad Meg Patriarchs
Mina Mond The new Horsemen of the Apocalypse

Witches spread like Fire

PAOLA HIVELIN



“ Bodies are the back bone of my work. For this edition articulated around Mars, the theme of violence related to gender imposed itself on me. We all have lived, to different extents, more or less directly, some acts of violence which we first believed to solely be a part of our personal stories. Yet this violence is systemic. Beaten, raped, burned, mutilated, colonized, killed: this is war vocabulary. These are acts of war. Our bodies and our stories are political and the feminist wave that has been rising for two years is fueled by our ability, at last, to openly speak about it. This series of masks/

ex-voto is dedicated to the women who have the courage to break the silence, to demand justice for them and those who will come afterwards, to those, women and men, who support them. ”

“ Beaten, raped, burned, mutilated, colonized, killed: this is war vocabulary. These are acts of war. ”

Witches spread like Fire - Beaten
Red copper, Moon gold 22 carats, white gold 23 carats, acrylic, mixed technique, 2019
Photos: Vivien Bertin

*The 2018 survey from UN for women counts worldwide: 137 women killed on a daily basis by a close relation and among them more than a third are killed by a partner or an ex, 15 million teenage girls raped, 200 million girls and women currently alive but victims of sexual mutilations.

GANG OF WITCHES - PATRIARCHY IS BURNING - TIME'S UP

Witches spread like Fire - Murdered
Red copper, Moon gold 22 carats, white gold
23 carats, acrylic, mixed technique, 2019



Witches spread like Fire - Excised
Acrylic, mixed technique, 2019



Witches spread like Fire - Controled
Red copper, Moon gold 22 carats, white gold 23
carats, acrylic, mixed technique, 2019

42 _ 43

“To want oneself
free is also to want
others to be free.”

Simone de Beauvoir, 1947



Witches spread like Fire - Raped
Red copper, Moon gold 22 carats, white gold
23 carats, acrylic, mixed technique, 2019

Witches spread like Fire - Acid burned
Red copper, Moon gold 22 carats, white gold
23 carats, acrylic, mixed technique, 2019



Episodes 2 and 3

Ad vitam æternam

SOPHIE ROKH



Summary of the previous episodes:

Episode 0

In a near future, Ava #1506 lives as a recluse in the Tower of Mental Health Recovery, a high-tech psychiatric hospital where no one can escape from. All her comings and goings are observed by the Father's Society whose stated goal is to "kill death". During a moonlit night, the young woman discovers a musical part: *the Man in the Moon* from Schonberg. Moved by the dissonant harmonies and the torturous melodies of this composition, she has a fit of madness. Ava in crisis is then brutally restrained by the caregivers and placed under observation.

Episode 1

Chloé Collin, the head psychologist of the Society Council, is just leaving the Sacré Cœur. The ruling power has settled there its HQ as it is the highest place in Paris which has been partly swallowed up by flood waters for several decades. The shrink had to endure sexist comments from the top executives, all males wearing ties. She is beside herself. On her way back home, on a barge, her mind is wandering to the sound of the first *Gymnopédie* from Satie. She manages to calm down and thinks about her two lovers whom she secretly lives with and whom she is about to meet after this tough day of work. But she is going to leave them very early tomorrow; she has been assigned to go and examine Ava #1506. Before going to Roussillon. But before she leaves, she would like to go out with her lovers on the Lagoon, a libertarian area where the misfits live. There is a concert from MC Chaton that she really would like to attend.

46

47

Episode 2

“No one is more arrogant towards women, more aggressive or despising than a man worrying about his own masculinity.”

Simone de Beauvoir

In the basement of the Tower of mental health recovery, in the intensive care unit, Doctor Sapin is all worked up and giving orders to his henchmen with an authoritarian tone. The chief physician is really fed up. His tolerance has reached its limits. Really. Ava#1506 has been screaming for almost 24 hours now. The boss has then decided to perform on her an anticipated lobotomy. He is spitting to his subordinates “Start the ice pick already, I have had enough of this mess!” Frankly, here,

right now, he is so infuriated that he does not care if the Council's shrink has not examined the patient yet. It won't be the first time that he is “treating” a “mad woman” without following the protocol to the letter, shamelessly mishandling Ethics. Until now he's never had any trouble. So there is no reason why he would get caught this time. He is used to get what he wants. Always. Or almost. One must say that the chief physician intimidates everybody.

First, just his craggy face freaks out the staff. Then there are his icy blue eyes that would pierce right into your soul if they could or the fact that he is a ruthlessly ambitious and despotic jerk. Let's just say that's lot for one single person. So in the unit, everyone conscientiously shuts up and turns a blind eye to

his fraudulent practice. If there was going to be a trial against Sapin for procedural violation, no one would have the guts to testify against the one they call “the ogre” behind his back. He actually knows about it and he uses it to satisfy his misogynist and sadistic drive. He's a bastard. And he has just decided that Ava is going to bear the consequences. The nurses found the patient last night, prostrate and screaming in front of the panorama window. Since then, nothing new. Unable to produce anything other than an unintelligible gurgle, she can't stop howling and moaning. A gag is somehow muffling her screams, sometimes guttural, sometimes

high-pitch and plaintive, but irritating sounds still come out of her muzzle. Restraining cuffs made of vegetable-tanned leather firmly tie her wrists and ankles but the sick woman still manages to wriggle vigorously and makes the metallic box springs on which her basic mattress lies, squeak. And this sound, this one particularly, irritates the chief physician's eardrums in an unbearable way. Doctor Sapin cannot take it anymore. His exasperation has reached its height. The nurses keep on administering the patient huge dose of neuroleptic and tranquilizer but they haven't seemed to kick in yet. She has not calmed down since yesterday. It makes no sense. How can a frail woman like Ava put up with so many doses of drugs without even batting an eye? One thing's for sure, one cannot leave a patient like that. She is obviously suffering. And they have had enough of trying to contain her delirium. The chief physician says it's a typical case of hysteria. A severe one, indeed, but a case of hysteria anyway. That's why he decided to get on with the lobotomy procedure tonight. So really, too bad for the statutory time limit; he is positive that the shrink from the Council Society, Chloé Collin, will agree to this, even in retrospect. Why would not she? All you need is to take a look at Ava to notice that she can't take it anymore and that only a cross-orbital lobotomy can extract her from her own suffering and make her docile again. And also give them a break.

- Get someone to recover the video surveillance footage of the mad woman losing it so we can show the shrink from the Council what we were dealing with. That will be the proof that we had no other choice.

This is the moment when the swing doors of the treatment room open violently like in the duel scene from a western. Doctor d'Orcel appears in the doorway. He is back and quite on edge.

- Hello there, it's been a while, hasn't it? Is Doctor Tapin* still there so I can give him hell?

Staff pretends they haven't heard anything and stays focused on the Chief physician's instructions. This one, a bit far from the entrance door, has missed his rival's dramatic entrance. Julien d'Orcel et Antoine Sapin have known each other very well, since their studies in psychiatry at the University of Mental Health Recovery on the first floor of the Tower of the same name. They already could not stand each other. Antoine's “bossy” tendencies, already latent back then, have always got on Julien's nerves. And Antoine has always hated Julien's womanizing attitude.

*Tapin: French spoonerism: “sapin” means pine tree; “tapin” means harlotry

“Get someone to recover the video surveillance footage of the mad woman losing it...”

This one proves to be a horny devil with a very pleasant physique; he was often absent from the psychiatry classes as he would prefer hanging around on the floor of the Nurses’ school rather than studying for the exams that he still managed to pass with flying colors. And that really pissed Sapin who had to work so hard only to get mediocre results. Later when they had to work together, d’Orcel would disapprove his colleague’s perverse tendencies and state it loud and clear. He would openly protest against the lobotomies galore performed on the patients of the Tower but unfortunately he could not prevent them. Indeed Sapin, because he was being so ruthlessly ambitious, managed to get the position as head of the intensive care unit. D’Orcel who then became his subordinate, would champ at the bit. And Sapin would gloat on the inside. D’Orcel knew and it drove him crazy. So in short, those two could not stand each other and there was very little chance that it would change. Last year hit the jackpot: During a reception organized to celebrate the twentieth anniversary of the Towers, a party with way too much to drink, the seductive Julien, pretty wasted, had inadvertently and cursorily fornicated with Antoine’s wife, and the one night stand lovers had gotten busted like newbies. Sapin had entered in a rage, turned upside down the buffet, throwing the petits fours up in the air, crying foul and had thrown a few bottles against the walls. Then he had sworn in front of everyone to compromise d’Orcel at any cost. This had ruined the party to say the least. The whole evening had become a taboo. A while after this sordid happening, a suspicious death -because unexplained- happened in the unit. Sapin succeeded -with some shady maneuvers completely against any sort of ethics- in putting the blame on the one who had fucked his wife. D’Orcel had been suspended for six month without any salary. One doesn’t play around with death in the Towers. One even tries to eradicate it, that’s saying something.

Julien d’Orcel is just back now, for the night shift, and he is on edge. He has been eating tasteless, freeze-dried pasta on which he just poured hot water for six months and only once a day. He must have drawn on his savings to feed himself the best way he could. It was tight. He is slim for sure. He looks even better than when he left the unit. The stranger comes behind the one he would love to slap in the face and whispers softly in his ear:

- So you are about to butcher a patient? As usual?

The bravado hits the target. Dumbstruck, Sapin jumps and lets out a tiny and ridiculous cry. He instantly recognized the “other’s” voice and remains nonreactive for an instant as he is surprised to see him already back. Then he turns around, staring down, and after a long and tense silence, looks up to his enemy and mumbles:

- You are already back?

- Good catch! You are quite clairvoyant, aren’t you? Did you miss me honey?

Sapin fumes silently. His skin tone goes from a pale pink to a blood-red. His pulse throbs beneath his temples and he has such an overwhelming desire to scream like a polecat that it’s twisting its guts. D’Orcel has that kind of effect on him. Anytime they pass each other. He has a knack for having a way with words that always infuriate Sapin while leaving him speechless. It’s unbearable.

“ It’s not my fault if uteruses are problematic organs! ”

- So you just came back to piss off as far as I can see.

- No, against all odds, I came back to work! It seems like you have a lot on your plate... What’s the problem with the pretty blonde?

- She is hysterical.

- Of course. Another one. Don’t you ever have anything else to offer diagnosis-wise?

Sapin gives that reason to D’Orcel anytime a bit too disturbed woman is admitted in ICU. Certain of his own bullshit, the head physician snaps back at his opponent:

- It’s not my fault if uteruses are problematic organs!

D’Orcel sighs heavily, closes his eyes, presses his index and his thumb on his eyelids and blasé, answers:

- And so you are going to tear her bulb apart with an ice pick, correct? Have you at least done all the preliminary tests to her? Have you sent the nano robots to check her organism just to make sure it’s not physical?

- Of course I did! Who do you think I am? Nothing to report body-wise.

- And have you considered the eventuality of a technical failure from her implant for docility by any chance? Have you?

“ Science is the official religion of the Society. ”

The audience is stunned. A panic-stricken rumor spreads across it. Some faces become red, others become livid. Then everyone holds their breath while nervously waiting for what’s going to follow. He dared. He dared to express in public his lack of faith in Science. Science is the official religion of the Society, the only one authorized. It is infallible, all-powerful, it has an answer for everything. To doubt it is considered a blasphemy. The father is formal and inflexible about it. It is an unforgivable sin.

- Do you realize what you are saying? The implant cannot screw up. It’s impossible.

- I actually think it can. And I think I am not the only one who suspects it. I had the freedom to discuss it with other caregivers those past six months. I quietly hung out in the different floors of the Tower. Well, I had some time to spare. I heard things through the grapevine, you know. People are talking, they speak up... Some doubt Science.

- Are you aware that you might end up in the Tower of the return to faith?

“ One cannot keep on messing up women’s brains like that. ”

- All I know is that one can’t keep on messing up women’s brains like that.

- Aaah, women! Them again! You do know chicks really well, don’t you? You’re such a manwhore!

- Here we go with the insults! I am breathing, staying calm, and pretending I haven’t heard anything.

- You heard me all right.

D’Orcel and Sapin stare stonily at each other, then D’Orcel announces straight away:

- Well, hmm, I suggest we take a vote.

The head physician is on the verge of a nervous breakdown. The violence of his resentment has suddenly resurfaced. He is staggered, even choked, by D’Orcel’s nerve. He still manages to answer in a furious tone:

- Until proven otherwise, I am the boss here for fuck sake!

He thought he kept it together but actually he screamed this time. He’s had enough. He cannot bear the fact that this man that he hates so much is questioning his authority and his hierarchical superiority; Moreover in front of his team. For all that D’Orcel does not get flustered and goes on, looking debonair:

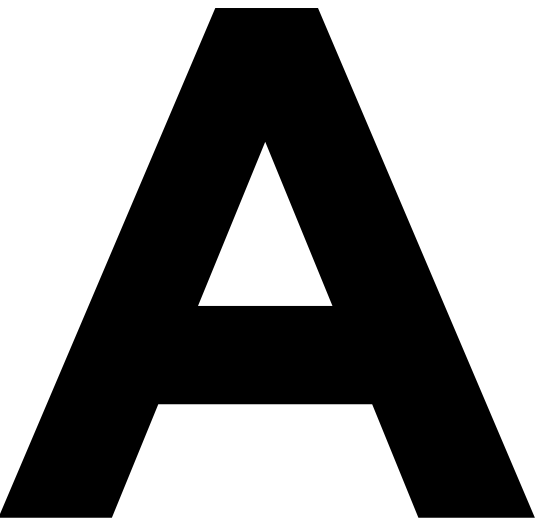
- Those in favor of waiting for the Council’s shrink’s opinion, please raise your arm!

- Seriously? Tell me I am dreaming!

Sapin is almost suffocating. But D’Orcel is overweening enough to keep going:

- It could avoid a reprimand for the whole team if we ever performed this lobotomy and Mrs. Collin happened to be against it. And trust me, a reprimand is no fun.

Death silence in the treatment room. Looking thrilled, D’Orcel raises his hand and watches the team with confidence. First with uncertainty, a few women raise their hands. Some nurses approve what this rebel and good-looking guy is saying. One must say he has a very peculiar charm and charisma. There’s no two ways about it, dude is a chick –magnet. And mostly they are fed up with witnessing their sisters, friends, getting lobotomized nonstop. In the shadows and for years now, in truth, they are pissed off. And here is the long-awaited opportunity to express their disagreement... So one by one, slowly, they raise their hands. Then some men start raising their arms too. They also want to wait for the shrink’s opinion. Maybe not to risk a reprimand from the Council. Maybe because they are utterly convinced about it. D’Orcel ignores it and does not really care about the reason that pushes his peers to act this way but he notices with satisfaction that the votes in favor of the adjournment of Ava’s lobotomy constitute a majority. He openly cracks up now. He is thrilled, ecstatic. A stupid smile lights his face up. He is damned happy. To have saved Ava from the ice pick, at least for a while. And also to have shut his enemy up. Sapin has turned white and beads of sweat drip on his forehead. He cannot believe his eyes and ears. He feels betrayed by his team. Shame engulfs him. A high-pitched sound is whistling in his head and he staggers. Unsteady, he ends up on a chair in a corner and acknowledges the fact that it’s going to be a long night.



“Without music,
life is simply a mistake,
a fatigue, an exile.”

Friedrich Nietzsche



“ MC Chaton crushes her sneaker
on his nose so dude understands
that he needs to back up. ”

GANG OF WITCHES - PATRIARCHY IS BURNING - SOPHIE ROKH

At the same time, a few hundred kilometers from there, it is pure madness in the crowd attending MC Chaton's concert. The “tiny” shoe of a tall and drunk beanpole size 45 misses Chloe's nose for just three centimeters. She barely avoids it and holds with both her hands the scraggy legs coming her way to pass them on to other “fidgets” from the overexcited audience. The slam from the guy surfing the crowd does not seem to be ending anytime soon. Dude is laughing, drooling, his face red and glowing, with glazed eyes and wet hair. From one hand he is holding a pint of beer that he copiously spreads on those who help him with his crowdfunding. From the other hand he raises his index and ring finger in communion with the Decibel god and the other overexcited followers who shake the barge Le Centre. It's an absolute chaos in the pit of the feminist and queer craft which they use as a concert venue. The boat could almost capsize from a human backwash. One must say the cast tonight is really rock n roll, even punk. It's the middle of the set from MC Chaton, a band of “riot grrrrls” inspired by the ones from the nineties: « Les Riot Râleuses ». Arms, legs and heads in motion are sticking up across the crowd under the blue and pink lights. Some try to hang onto the person in front of them or next to them, but are soon swept away to the other side of the venue by the anthropoid current. The audience are singing their lungs out. MCC and les Râleuses are really heating up the place.

Chloé, Marlo and Julie are enjoying the atmosphere. They are making out, feeling on each other's ass without any embarrassment. The Lagoon is a libertarian

space. The troupe, a bit drunk, smoked a few loaded joints that they found on this side of the wall. Chloe could finally relax, for good. She could forget a bit Ava #1506's case. For now she is enjoying the concert with her people and nothing else matters. Everything is fine. The 3 lovers exude love and drench in an exacerbated libido. Tonight, as usual, their threesome works in harmony. It's both hot and sweet. Chloe is happy. She is enjoying the moment and immerses herself for a moment into the contemplation of her two loves under the colorful lights. She loves them differently but with the same intensity. They both bring out something exceptional to her eyes. Marlo, early thirties, blond with blue eyes, works as a librarian. She found him obviously hot but he definitely seduced her when she found out he was smuggling forbidden books in the library from Les Buttes Chaumont. Books like The Second Sex by Simone de Beauvoir, Trouble in the gender by Judith Butler or Teslo Junky by Preciado, texts from this surge of interesting works about gender and biological sex, from a period of time when it was still possible to express oneself a minimum. Blondie boy, on top of having an IQ that scores way above 140 and using it properly, happened to be bisexual and a bit gender-fluid. And that definitely melted Chloe's heart. Her lover has a short haircut because that's the law for the men of the Father's Society but he would love to wear it medium-length a little bit like Oscar Wilde's type of dandies. He also would love to have manicured nails sometimes. Or to wear dresses sometimes, why not? But of course, he is not allowed to walk around like that. To walk around dressed like that

could put him in danger: if anyone saw him and denounced him, he would end up in the “LGBTQ+” Tower, the “tower of return to biological sexuality” as the Society chose to name it. The same fate is hanging over Chloe by the way. Bisexual and bigamous, she is hiding another misfit, Julie, the other soul squatting her heart. Julie happens to be a little “shrimp” in her forties, blonde too, super sexy, with a thin waist and fine joints. As a plastic artist, she was not very shy; indeed she cleverly managed to escape from the Lagoon where the Society confined her. She used floating wastes to enhance them by turning them into political, environmental and feminist pieces of art. Julie still works and reuses relic but limits the number of times she goes over the wall. These getaways can be dangerous: on top of having to pass through security checkpoints back and forth with her hacked contact lenses, she must stash on her the treasures she wants to recycle when she comes back to her new home. In plain language it's rather complicated and highly dangerous. She mostly works with the trash that her ménage à trois produces. Julie first met this beautiful brunette about her age at the Centre actually. They liked each other right away and started an open relationship. Julie also quickly fell in love with Marlo, Chloe's husband for several years. Since then, the three of them have loved each other in the most natural way and without any sort of pressure. The three lovers try to hold on to each other by the waist in the crowd's movements. But the pogos are mad, the public anarchic. The troupe is on the front row and can see the musicians really well. The trio takes it all in as the show is worth watching.

MC Chaton, red-headed tonight, turns out to be overexcited; extremely speed, she seems under coke and spits out her feminist punk while wiggling in an epileptic mode as if a swarm of wasps were attacking her. She jumps in rhythm from the right to the left, backwards and forwards. She looks like a bouncing ball in a pinball machine. Her eyes are rolling all over and she makes her mike swirl by holding the cable anytime there is a down time in the song. Sometimes she puts the jack around her neck as if she was about to hang herself and hit the mike on her head. It makes a thud, “poc poc poc”. One foot on the speaker, her buzzcut bob in front of her eyes, she whips up the crowd and urges them to sing along with her. The beer she had next to her mike stand was spilled by a wasted girl who collapsed onto the stage which is not very high. Since then, the singer has waded through a puddle of beer with her soaked set list. Now it's a guy who ventures too close to her and knocks over her mike stand. MC Chaton crushes her sneaker on his face so dude understands that he needs to back up. He raises his thumb to show that “it's cool” and throws himself again in the mosh pit. In between two songs, the singer drinks straight from a bottle of red wine then passes it on to the guitar player, XX, who is already pretty soused but is still delivering a good performance and does not mind getting more wasted. The one handling the six-strings is prancing and hopping nonchalantly with her eyes slit but her combat boots don't really get off the floor. When standing on tiptoe, the brunette performs the backing vocals with a kinda childish and nasal voice but also screams when needed as if she were possessed and

creates a bit of a freaky contrast. Foresighted, she keeps a bottle of white wine ready to be knocked back but well –hidden because she knows from experience that 1/ it's more convenient to have an opened bottle to drink in between two songs timing wise and 2/ containers with no cap have a tendency to get spilled especially during a riot concert. Her technique has proved to be efficient: she always has a bottle to sip within easy reach.

The two other musicians on stage happen to be the most sober; the drummer and bass player live respectively on energy drink and ginger beer. They have been clean for two years now after abusing each and every possible drug of the Lagoon and it almost killed them. Straight edge they stay however addicted to caffeine, the only psycho-active substance they are using now. They drink a lot of it indeed but they decided it was the lesser evil. Their duet, rock solid, is the basis of the group and seems unwavering. They form a sound steamroller which back up the most disheveled, unpredictable and eccentric performances from MCC and XX. Behind his drum set, Georges wears a tank top and a pair of briefs and sports an impressive collection of tattoos. His arms, legs, hands, top of the torso, neck, have all been under the needles of the guitar player who is also a tattoo artist. Even the drummer's temples are inked: blue and orange flames have invaded his clean shaved skull. He only wears a bang –purple tonight but the color varies according to his mood- that has survived the clippers on his forehead. Very androgynous, Georges happens to be transgender. He considered for a long time a transition from Female to Male

with the help of hormones and surgeries but finally decided to keep a female body. Surgical procedures are quite incautious on the Lagoon. Sanitary conditions are very basic and people who perform this kind of medical acts usually don't have any legitimacy in the subject. In short, it's quite scary. Georges is lucky to have a small chest and if he compresses it with some gauze, it looks like he has no breasts at all which looks nice on him. Anyway he likes troubling people, to see them panicking a little when addressing him because they are unsure about which pronoun to use.



“I am not into binarism ”, he usually answers with a teasing wink. He is totally fine with his ambiguous appearance. He tried many times injections of testosterone but noticed they made him look macho. And he is not thrilled with the side effects. Baldness? Not for him. To get a belly? No way. To have a hairy face? Thanks but no thanks. Really. He has a female body but he is gendered as a man because deep down he knows he is a man, he knows that nature just made a mistake when it gave him a woman's body. It happens. He agreed to become a part of a group called “les Riots Râleuses” because he still has an unfailing affection for womankind after being worried to be nothing but a traitor to the feminist cause. His full body is engaged in the music he is playing, he is giving a rough time to his snare drum, his other barrels and cymbals and also performs the backing vocals with a rough and croaky voice, something in between a groan and a primal scream. His girl is playing the bass. Her name is Olympe and she has African and Asian mixed origins and a messy haircut with bleached blond hair. She stays calm and sings backing vocals with a smooth, sexually arousing voice. She has a little projector at her feet which makes all the rainbow colors revolve around the stage and she directs the projector on the other musicians so the colors reflect on them. “Rainbow power” is her watchword. She wishes she were a unicorn. The bass player is the quietest of the band. When a guy from the audience literally lies on the stage, she simply rolls him off back in the pit with her graceful barefoot. The four musicians wear immaculate and white suits, the same kind

they would have to wear if they were locked in the tower of the return to biological sexuality, fate that threatens three of them if they get caught crossing the wall. The bassist's projections are just giving the gay –friendly touch those dull clothes are missing. XX, the guitar player, is heterosexual but joins her partners in the denunciation of this abomination that the towers are, in particular the one dedicated to the LGBTQ+. And anyway as a musician, she was not allowed to step into the municipality. If she passed the wall and got caught, she would end up in the tower of return to a healthy activity and she categorically refuses this despicable fate. She'd rather live free among floating trashes than in an asepticized building where her behavior would be dictated to her and one would try to teach her a job as waitress or a secretary, job categories reserved for women. If at least she had the possibility to choose... She would have studied medicine to help trans people for example, or gone to law school for the same reasons. But those are activities intended for men only. Women are judged unfit to those types of occupations unless they provide a file as long as their arm or are sponsored by one or several man/men. So she stays on the Lagoon and she gives every night or so a concert for which she does not receive any money but food and it's fine like that. Also the other “Râleuses” members and herself are addicted to the adrenaline they get from being on stage, to the excitement that they generate in the audience and the endorphins created by all this raw, almost violent, energy. When the show is over, it always

takes a little while for them to come back to reality after this stage and sound shot.

« Thank you, good night! Don't change anything, you rock, yeaaaaahhhhh! » MC Chaton yells in her mike which ends its course in Olympe's amp, making a huge and loud bang that indicates the end of the show. As usual, the singer goes directly backstage, followed by XX, who staggers a bit on her frail legs. Georges and Olympe are in better shape thanks to their abstinence from alcohol and drugs and they are working their way through the crowd to reach the merchandising booth where the band sells records, tee-shirts, badges and other goodies. It's possible to pay with the money from the Lagoon or to trade if the deal satisfies both parties. The couple squeeze behind the flight case they use as a counter and Olympe tells straight to her boyfriend:

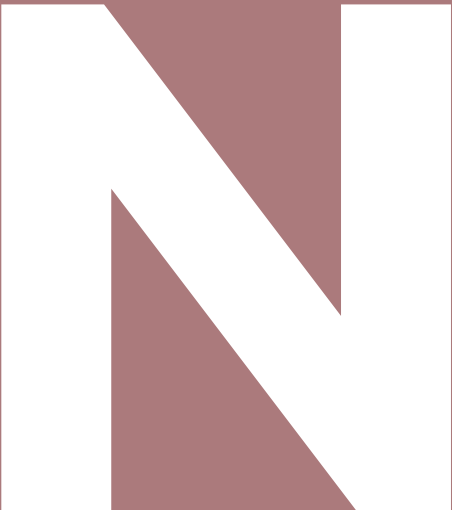
- Could you hear it dude?

- Yeah it's better for a concert, Georges answers, laughing.

- I am not talking about that... Have you heard the voices from Roussillon? In your head, I mean, fuck! Shit!

- Yeah, yeah, I got it, chill... I am just in a teasing mood. I think we played well, it was classy.

- But listen up for fuck's sake. Did you hear it? Did you understand? There was interference on the line, wasn't there? The message was not very clear.



- No it was not, but from what I understood, the girls need us In the South.

- We need to go. Like quickly. Like tomorrow. It seems really, really urgent.

Olympe and Georges have actually developed through some years telepathic skills with two friends who live in the Pyrenees, Louise and Simone. They have known each other for decades and as time goes by, their egregore grows more powerful. The four individuals, slightly shamans, are getting together four times a year for the solstices and the equinoxes in Paris or in Roussillon and exchange mentally on a regular basis. They never really understood how these mediumship gifts started but they noticed the exchanged thoughts were always exact, perfectly reliable despite some difficulties of interpretation from time to time. On the other hand, when there is an emergency, things are crystal clear. The four friends know each other inside out and it's obvious for Olympe and Georges that right now Simone and Louise are calling for help.

- Who is Ava? Georges asks.

- No idea. But her name kept coming in a loop, it bothered me quite a lot, I could not focus on my bass. I think that girl is in a great danger. And that she is important.

- I felt that too, very strongly. It seems her fate is crucial. What do we do? Do we take Al with us?

Alphonse is their roommate. Bipolar, he miraculously escaped the Tower of Mental

Health recovery and was taken in by the section bass-drums of the Râleuses. He is exhausting but also very funny and unpredictable and the two musicians like surprises. Even when the surprises are a little twisted sometimes.

- Of course, he comes with us. How is he going to manage on his own? You know he might just set the barge on fire while cooking pasta. I would not give it a try, you see?

- Ok, we need to talk to him when we come home. He is in a maniac phase, he should not be sleeping.

- No, clearly, he has been completely overexcited lately. He is probably redecorating the barge or starting a painting that he will never finish... or the beginning of a standup show, he talked to me about it yesterday.

As Olympe and Georges discuss the practical ways and means of their trip to the Pyrenees and offload a few merchandising items onto some audience members stinking of distillery, Chloe and Co are zigzagging to the bar stormed by the crowd. Once they make it to the counter, the trio waits then grows impatient: the order takes a while. The three lovers are not very tall and it's not very easy to impose oneself in the maelstrom of drunk bodies willing to get a bit more sloshed before going home and sleeping it off. Or going dancing somewhere else and keep the party going. Chloe ends up slouching on the counter in her bra so to be noticed and that someone finally deigns to serve them. Her tactics pay off: with glasses of mojito in their hands, the

three of them are heading with difficulty to the merchandising booth, spitting half their drinks on the way. Chloé, Julie and Marlo, thrilled with their evening, want to leave with souvenirs like tee-shirts or maybe a vinyl or a badge or maybe all of that, they can't choose, they feel like they want to buy everything.

When she arrives next to the musicians, Chloe speaks up with enthusiasm:

- Ooooooh look, there are even mugs for our hangover coffee tomorrow morning! I will have three please ladies and gents!

Instead of a gracious answer, the shrink gets coldly sent packing. Georges points a finger at her and declares in a peremptory manner:

- YOU! I need to talk to you. I don't know exactly why but I must talk to you. I know it. I feel it. Come backstage with us in a minute. Just time for us to pack our bags. I think we must discuss about someone named Ava.

The drummer has no idea why or how these words came out of his mouth. But he knows they are right. Chloe is blown away. Ava, again? Seriously? Can a girl get a break? Just for once? Her face turns serious. She is overwhelmed by anxiety and sobers up instantly.

— Let them show their Faces

ALDO SOLIGNO



Aldo Soligno's sophisticated eye, adept of a minimal aesthetic, contrasts with the engaged subjects he chooses to represent.

This series of portraits denounced the unacceptable situation of the LGBTQ+ community in Uganda where homosexual relations are still forbidden by law.

His photos were exposed in Italy and worldwide, in the Festival Circulation(s) in Italy and in the European Parliament. Aldo Soligno currently lives in New York.

Let them show their Faces
©Aldo Soligno / LUZ
Uganda, 2014

“ Now, it is no longer necessary to take the a person in the sexual act: in the fragrance of full ratification*, suspicion of homosexuality is enough to be accused. ”

*The law that A. Soligno mentions was passed on February 2014 and included the criminalization of the “promotion of homosexuality” as well as the obligation to report homosexuals. It was canceled in august 2014 thanks to pressures from the international community. However there is still a law from the colonial period that punishes homosexual relations in Uganda.”
(Editor’s note)



“ After the approval of the law, all the major tabloids in the country such as: Red pepper, Hello and The Sun, spent weeks publishing hundreds of photographs of suspected homosexuals and gay activists under the title of *Hang them*.”

GANG OF WITCHES - PATRIARCHY IS BURNING - ALDO SOLIGNO



“ I had already denounced the situation of the gay community in Uganda but for this project I asked Ugandan LGBTQ activists to pose from behind or against the light, creating what could be a hypothetical negative of the images published as defamatory by the tabloid press in this country. ”

Let them show their Faces
©Aldo Soligno / LUZ
Uganda, 2014





- Patriarchs

M A D M E G



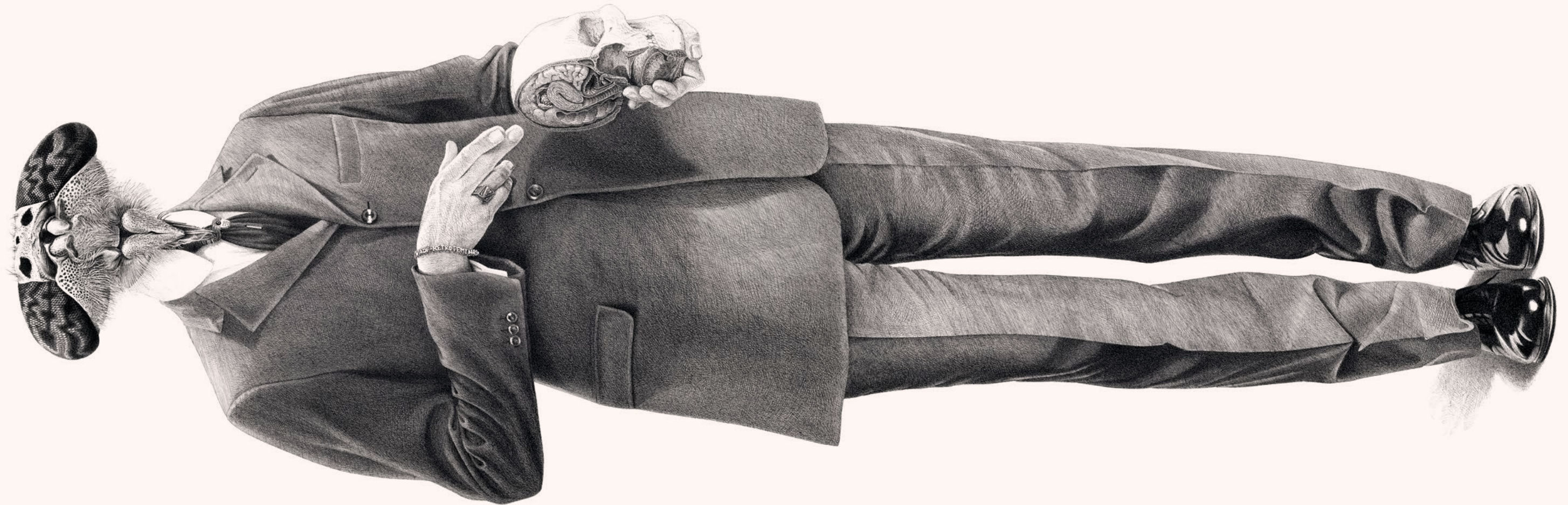
“ Les Patriarches* [The Patriarchs] are not men disguised in insects but insects which are trying to pretend they are men. They have no name, just a number and a title, they have given up any sort of humanity just to serve the role patriarchy gives them.

Things will remain as they are if we remain at the mercy of appearances and if we let ourselves fooled by their supposed greatness.

But if we change our perspectives, patriarchs are just actually small larva of insects that I draw in close-range.”

Patriarch n°17 - L'Impérialiste [The Imperialist]
Chinese ink on paper,
140x240 cm, 2016

*You can go and observe this phenomena with your own eyes at the collective exhibition HEY! #4 at the Halle Saint Pierre in Paris until the 2nd of august 2019.



Patriarch n°4 - El Matador [The Matador]
 Chinese ink on paper,
 75x200 cm, 2013

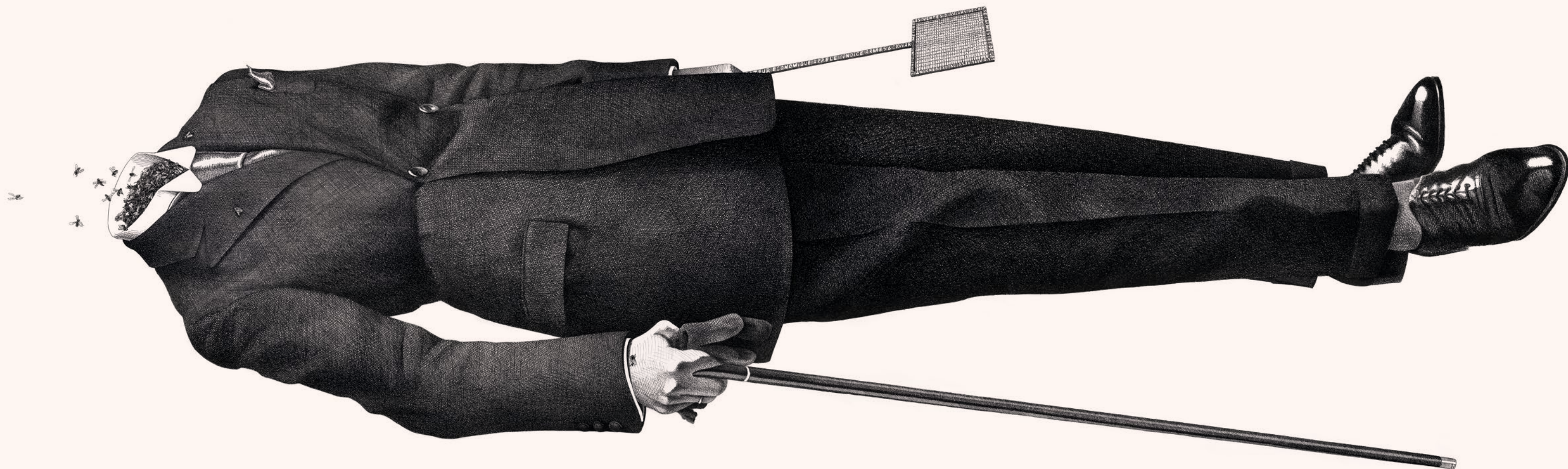


Patriarch n°24 - Le Pêcheur [The Fisherman]
 Chinese ink on paper,
 140x240 cm, 2017



Patriarch n°40 - Le Conservateur [The Conservative]
Chinese ink on paper,
82x230 cm, 2016







The new Horsemen of the Apocalypse

MINA MOND



“ Sometimes when I look at the world, I feel like we are entering a new dark age whose gates were opened by the new Horsemen of the Apocalypse.

I relate this contemporary history by mixing references from the past to it; both have always been intimately connected.”

The new Horsemen of the Apocalypse
American Hellmouth
Watercolor and liquid gold on paper,
75x54 cm, 2016

The new Horsemen of the Apocalypse
Le Démon du Caucase [The Caucasian Daemon]
Acrylic and liquid gold on wood,
125x50 cm, 2017



The new Horsemen of the Apocalypse
L'Œil de Moscou [Moscow's eye]
Acrylic and liquid gold on canvas,
120x120cm, 2017



The new Horsemen of the Apocalypse
La Bête de Washington [The Washington's Beast]
Acrylic and liquid gold on wood,
132x48 cm, 2017



No

Comment

YOU BETTER
RUN 'CAUSE I'VE GOT
MY PUSSY GANG.

©Marie Rouge
8th of March for all women
Paris, January 2017

Urbani et Urbani

88 89

#Megalopolises
#Masculinities
#Reinventing



Vivien Bertin Crystal Titans

Scarlett Coten Reimagining Masculinity



Crystal Titans

VIVIEN BERTIN



New York, hotspot of the financial world and ultimate capitalist symbol, is here presented through a photographic excursion tinted with explosive colors and a unique light.

Vivien Bertin paints a contemplative portrait of the Big Apple, in between enchantment and astonishment, where he questions humans' place.

This selection, extract from a series of sixty photos, shows a winter in New York in January 2018, a few days after a bitter cold wave hit the city.

Crystal Titans
Astor Place, Lower Manhattan,
New York, 2018











“ A giant of glass and
concrete at sea level. ”

“ Imperial and overwhelming, the
city is surrounding us. The first ins-
tants are sometimes nauseous: one
might experience the feeling of no
longer being, the loss of landmark
and identity. The frenetic city throbs
relentlessly. Humans hustle in a
continuing flow that is diluted as
blood through one of its arteries. ”



GANG OF WITCHES - PATRIARCHY IS BURNING - VIVIEN BERTIN

Crystal Titans
9/11 Memorial & Museum,
Manhattan, New York, 2018

Crystal Titans
One World Trade Center,
Manhattan, New York, 2018

GANG OF WITCHES - PATRIARCHY IS BURNING - VIVIEN BERTIN





“ A vast empire,
so beautiful and
yet so dark. ”

“ The beauty of gigantism is
stunning. All these lines excite
the retina... Wandering becomes
exhausting. Sometimes it's vital to
step back a bit to try to understand
this complex organism, to avoid
suffocation, to escape the power of
the walls. The city offers itself to us
in a vertiginous and terrifying spec-
tacle, a vast empire so beautiful yet
so dark. Humans, holed up in what
they think can protect them, have
disappeared, taken away inside the
guts of a giant of glass ad concrete at
sea level. ”



GANG OF WITCHES - PATRIARCHY IS BURNING - VIVIEN BERTIN

— Reimagining Masculinity

SCARLETT COTEN



“ *Mectoub* and *Plan américain* [American shot] are the two first parts of a greater project called : *Reimagining Masculinity*, whose ambition is to raise questions about critical matters such as gender or identity notions as well as questioning who watches, who considers, the necessity for alternative points of views or the power of the feminine viewpoint in Art.

The question of individual liberties –the will to be oneself– is at the center of my approach in an Arab world currently shaken by the “spring revolutions” and does not appear less necessary in an America in crisis since the latest presidential elections.

This project has been focusing on exploring the multiple nuances of contemporary masculinities since 2012 and is joining in fine the debate which is now worldwide on a crucial matter.

Indeed as the new feminist wave has revolutionized the status of women in society since 2017, the question is: what does it imply to be a man today? ”

Plan américain
Stephen, New Orleans, Louisiana, 2018

112 113

Mectoub
Khalid, Amman, Jordan, 2016



Plan américain
Marcus, Seattle, Washington, 2017

114 115

Mectoub
Mohammed, Amman, Jordan, 2016





GANG OF WITCHES - PATRIARCHY IS BURNING - SCARLETT COTEN



Plan américain
Kennie, Atlanta, Georgia, 2018



120 121

Mectoub
Hicham, Tangier, Morocco, 2012



Mectoub
Bacem, Tunis, Tunisia, 2014



122 123

Plan américain
Cedric, Atlanta, Georgia, 2018



**“ Reimagining
gender identities in
today’s world. ”**

“ By inviting men to pose for me,
I offer, with a series of intimate
portraits, a feminine viewpoint
which thwarts the socially construc-
ted roles and codes of standard
representations. Thus I engage in a
transgressive photographic act.

I choose men instinctively and I
always photograph those who accept
in a chosen confidential place to
match the environment in which
each one is implicated.

By focusing on the beauty and the
vulnerabilities of a sex which had
to comply for a long time with the
stereotyped expectations of one
model of masculinity which is now
disputed, my approach, mostly
empathic, tries hard to remove any
cliché or stigmatization of sensi-
tivity in order to reimagine gender
identities for today’s world. ”

GANG OF WITCHES - PATRIARCHY IS BURNING - SCARLETT COTEN



_ Ghost



Motherland

128 129

#Transition
#Ecology
#Emergency



Aron Demetz Corrupt Narrative

Vivien Bertin Urban Saxifrages



Corrupt Narrative

ARON DEMETZ



Aron Demertz' wood sculptures are the framework for diverse experimentations. Cut with a software program, carved with a knife and covered with tree resin, his impassive humanoids with classical proportions and neutral postures are troubling from realism. The weeping faces almost like putrid, the ripped heart, the bodies eaten away, burning, charred, make the audience feel uneasy. The sculptures, arranged in small groups as sentries deprived of any will, witness passively the corruption of their bodies. Many of them come directly from the trunk of the tree left in its natural state. The smell of resin finally reminds us of our organic nature and our interdependence with our environment.

Aron Demertz sounds the alarm by sharing his poetic and terrifying vision of a hypnotized humanity in the middle of an environmental plague.

Burning - Heimat
Brass,
400 cm, 2010



Advanced Minorities
Limewood

134 _ 135



Burning - Burning Man
Carbonized Wood,
230 cm, 2010



GANG OF WITCHES - PATRIARCHY IS BURNING - ARON DEMETZ

136 137

Burning - Circostanza Inequivocabile
Carbonized Wood,
230 cm, 2011





Resin - Uomo/Donna
Wood and pine resin,
170 cm, 2007

140 141





Urban Saxifrages*

VIVIEN BERTIN



**“Vulnerable and forgotten,
they walk the streets.”**

Pretty, they wait along the walls. Clumsy, they try to make their way through the passersby. Sometimes fearful, they particularly know how to lay low because they are unwanted.

However they are fearless, brave, determined. Their motivation is relentless: day after day, when trying to grow, they are volunteer and united. Their resilience allows them to occupy a hostile ground. Their courage is admirable.

They are the reflection of the abandonment of nature in our cities. Ignore them today, they will flower tomorrow.”

@perce_pierre

Urban Saxifrages
12th district
Paris, 2018

*The word **saxifrage** comes from the Latin word *saxifraga*, composed of *saxum* -the rock or stone- and *frangere* -to break-. Those rupicolous plants are known for their capacities to grow in the cracks of rocks. They actually sometimes get called **stone-breakers** or **stone-piercers**.













Urban Saxifrages
12th district
Paris, 2018

Urban Saxifrages
12th district
Paris, 2018



Urban Saxifrages
12th district
Paris, 2018

Urban Saxifrages
Passage Driancourt
Paris, 2018









Maayke



-Aimée Damen

Maayke-Aimée Damen is a pioneer in circular economy and sustainability: she has been working towards reducing waste through various companies and projects. She takes her inspiration from nature to reform economic and industrial systems. With her passion for sustainability, sharp intellect and strong will, she has become a driving force in the field. Currently, she is the co-founder of the Excess Materials Exchange (EME): a marketplace where companies can buy and sell any type of excess material and/or product. The EME works to reduce waste by actively matching supply and demand of materials that would otherwise be considered waste. More importantly, it matches materials with their highest value potential to create continuous material loops.

Maayke has won various prizes and awards for her work with the EME, amongst others as Emerging Innovator for the Ellen MacArthur Foundation for a network program CE100 and she also won the award from the association Ashoka. Previously, Maayke-Aimée Damen developed the Resources Passport that has now been made into Dutch and European policy. The passport is currently being used by the EME and many other companies to start mapping the economies material metabolism. With the Resources Passport she won a scholarship to join the Singularity University (Google & NASA).

Maayke's influence in the field can be felt through her many advisory and thought leading roles over the years with various organizations, including: the United Nations, Young Club of Rome, Sandbox, the Port of Amsterdam, INSID or TedX talks.

Game changers L'Excess Materials Exchange

Maayke-Aimée Damen is a pioneer in circular economy and sustainability.

The Excess Materials Exchange (EME) works to reduce waste by actively matching supply and demand of materials that would otherwise be considered waste. EME makes it possible for materials to be sold at their highest value potential to create continuous material loops.

The Excess Materials Exchange (EME) is a secure, digital, facilitated market where companies can exchange ANY type of excess materials business to business.

“ This ranges from textiles, to plastics and organic materials. The EME functions as a dating site. We match supply & demand, and materials with their highest reuse potential. The marketplace is a transparent and reliable source of non-virgin materials. We provide valuable data in an insightful manner which helps companies transition to a circular economy and make their organization future proof.

The transition to a circular economy ask for a radical, disruptive change in how we deal with our waste.

We need a way to re-value material streams that are now classified as ‘worthless’. Increasing world population and welfare standards are putting more pressure on our planetary resources. This has let the EU/NL to put the transition to a circular economy high on the agenda. It’s reliance on resources from all over the world, including volatile regions, is disrupting business-as-usual; threatening complex and global value chains and resulting in price volatility. The biggest stock of resources on this planet can be found in the products and buildings in Europe. McKinsey calculated in 2015 that 95% of the material- and energy value of resources was lost after a single use. Value-retention practices such as remanufacturing, refurbishment, repair and direct reuse could cut industrial waste by between 80 and 99 percent in some sectors. Greenhouse gas emissions could fall by 79 to 99 percent across these sectors if value-retention practices were adopted. The Ellen MacArthur Foundation calculated that a transition to the circular economy in Europe could generate €1.8 trillion in value. With the Excess Materials Exchange we redefine waste. Our goal is to speed up the transition to a circular economy by creating a scalable platform, including marketplaces, for secondary materials.

Why are we not (re)using these materials to their full potential? Factors that currently obstruct this transition are:

- 1. **A lack of transparency: there is little to no information available on which materials make up a product nor is it clear what the value of these materials is, what the quality is, the quantity or how that value can be extracted (within and across sectors/ industries).**
- 2. **A lack of reliability: for products/ materials there are no relevant quality standards hence it is very difficult to create a scalable production process around excess materials. Moreover timing is an issue.**
- 3. **A lack of technology/ central location. There is no central location that creates a clear overview of supply and demand of excess materials, technologies and knowledge. This results in long lead times and high costs of transactions for companies, especially for SMEs.**

The Ellen MacArthur Foundation calculated that a transition to the circular economy in Europe could generate 1.8 billion euros in value.

The EME solves these problems by creating a new facilitated market. With exponential technologies we overcome challenges that thus far have hindered the creation of this market on a large scale with short lead times at the highest value on the material level.

We create transparency in the secondary materials market by providing a clear overview of available and wanted materials with relevant (resource) information (also for search queries to establish for matches).

We create reliability of quality and supply security of materials enabling scalable production processes around secondary materials. This helps companies to decrease their carbon & environmental footprint, become more resource and price resilient and turn their waste - a cost - into a revenue stream.

At the EME, we take a holistic approach on how we help companies transition to a circular economy. We see that various tools and elements are needed to overcome these barriers and exchange materials at their highest value.”

Turning flowers into pigments.

THE FOUR MOST IMPORTANT TOOLS ARE:

- 1. **A Resources Passport (RP) to collect material, component and product information;**
- 2. **A Tracking & Tracing module (TT) to effectively follow resources passports;**
- 3. **A Valuation module (VM) to give a financial, environmental and societal value to material streams;**
- 4. **A matchmaking platform (MM) to facilitate the matchmaking and high value reuse of materials.**

“ With our Resources Passport applied to the Blockchain technology we ensure safe exchange of sensitive material/product data on a large scale (previously impossible). This unlocks the potential of cross sector and industry upcycling of materials.

We use AI to facilitate our matchmaking process. With AI we can speed up lead times and include contextual data like permit information and constantly evolving technology to ensure the highest value reuse of materials.”

EXAMPLES OF CROSS SECTORAL EXCHANGE

“ The Netherlands is famous for its tulips. After flowering the tulip heads are cut off so the bulbs can be exported. The flower heads are wasted and companies have to pay to get rid of them. With the EME we have seen that these flower heads are actually a valuable resource for other sectors. For example, they could be converted into pigments for paint. In total 800kg of pigment can be retrieved from one hectare of land. If we superposition this on the Netherlands this leads to a total market for all tulips fields of € 88 million in pigment. Moreover the amount chemicals used for the production of these pigments is significantly less than in traditional paint.

Turning coffee leftovers into a new cup

In Europe we drink lots of coffee. What do we do with the leftovers after we made the coffee? We throw it away. We are mainly burning or landfilling it.

Did you know that from the leftovers from that coffee you can also make bioplastics? And after that, you can still grow mushrooms on it. And not only bioplastic, you can also extract fibers to make paper and ink to print. This means you can create a whole coffee cup out of coffee leftovers! By doing this we turned a 40 euro cost per ton into a minimum of 20 euro profit. And at the same time we significantly reduced the companies’ carbon emissions.

New innovative business models can seduce companies to transition towards the circular economy. Before starting the EME I was baffled with the amounts of unused value within companies and our society. I am convinced a marketplace is the right tool that enables companies to leverage their excess materials in a sustainable and profitable way.

With the EME we have a shared goal (to speed up the transition towards a circular economy), we work together (also with our partners) around a shared value set and have a shared strong inner compass.”

More than words



*PD means Faggot in French

Alcoves

170 171

#Freedom

#Gender

#Queer



Émilie Jouvét filles



filles

ÉMILIE JOUVET



“ Through her work as a photograph and a video and movie director, Emilie Jouvét takes a closer look, questions and puts desire into images: desire as an artist to seize the world, as a feminist to question and deconstruct norms, as a fem to deconstruct exiting codes. A desire to reinvent a visual language that makes it possible to document queer identities.

Émilie Jouvét invents a specific language to guide us in a world turned invisible by the dominant culture, the world of the Dykes, the Riot Grrrls, kings and queens, wild fems and hot butches... She has given a voice and a place to those identities ever since she discovered and absorbed them at the same time

“ Émilie Jouvét invents a specific language to guide us in a world turned invisible by the dominant culture, the world of the Dykes, the Riot Grrrls, kings and queens, wild fems and hot butches... ”

Severa Irgacheva, 2013

as the feminist punk of the Riot Grrrls, during a trip in the USA when she was twenty. The queer feminist trends since the end of the eighties, have reflected the dissolution of the frontiers between genders and advocated de-normalization, deconstruction, and a multitude of bodies, sexualities, identities. The photographer has been exploring those multitudes for over a decade. She also forges a close bond between feminism and pornography

and shows as Annie Sprinkle that sex-positive feminism can be a means of emancipation by women and for them, by representing bodies, pleasure and the sexuality of political tools whom women and minorities can appropriate. Freedom can be sexual but it is also the freedom of loving as you want and who you want.”

Extract from the preface of “The Book”, first monography from Émilie Jouvét, by Severa Irgacheva.

filles
Not sure
Berlin, 2013



filles
One night stand
Paris, 2005



filles
Green & Red
Paris, 2006



filles
fille
Paris, 2003

filles
Don't
Paris, 2003



filles
Housewife
Louise
La Coudre, 2010

filles
Marilyn
Paris, 2006

180 _ 181





filles
High heels
La Coudre, 2010



filles
Marion in bed
La Coudre, 2010



Collaboration

186 187

*# Hocuspocus.No
MorePatriarchy
#StrongerTogether*



Video clip Patriarchy is burning

Mikka Lommi

Video clip Patriarchy is burning

MIIKKA LOMMI

Miikka Lommi has a very plastic approach of his images*. For this second video with GOW, he makes a collage of multiple independent windows. The result evokes all the screens that occupy and influence our daily lives. This aesthetic commitment shakes up our perception of the nature of reality by showing us both a cinematic and metaphysical vision.

©Vivien Bertin
Video shooting
Patriarchy is burning
Sabrine Kasbaoui, Perrine
Bocquin, Miikka Lommi

*We respected the director's wish
by presenting below low-definition
screen shots of this video.







GANG OF WITCHES - PATRIARCHY IS BURNING - MIikka LOMMI







GANG OF WITCHES - PATRIARCHY IS BURNING - MIikka LOMMI





PATRIARCHY IS BURNING



**“ Any
oppression
creates
a state
of war. ”**

—

**Simone
de Beauvoir**

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