

***ghosts don't like new things**
Minne Kersten

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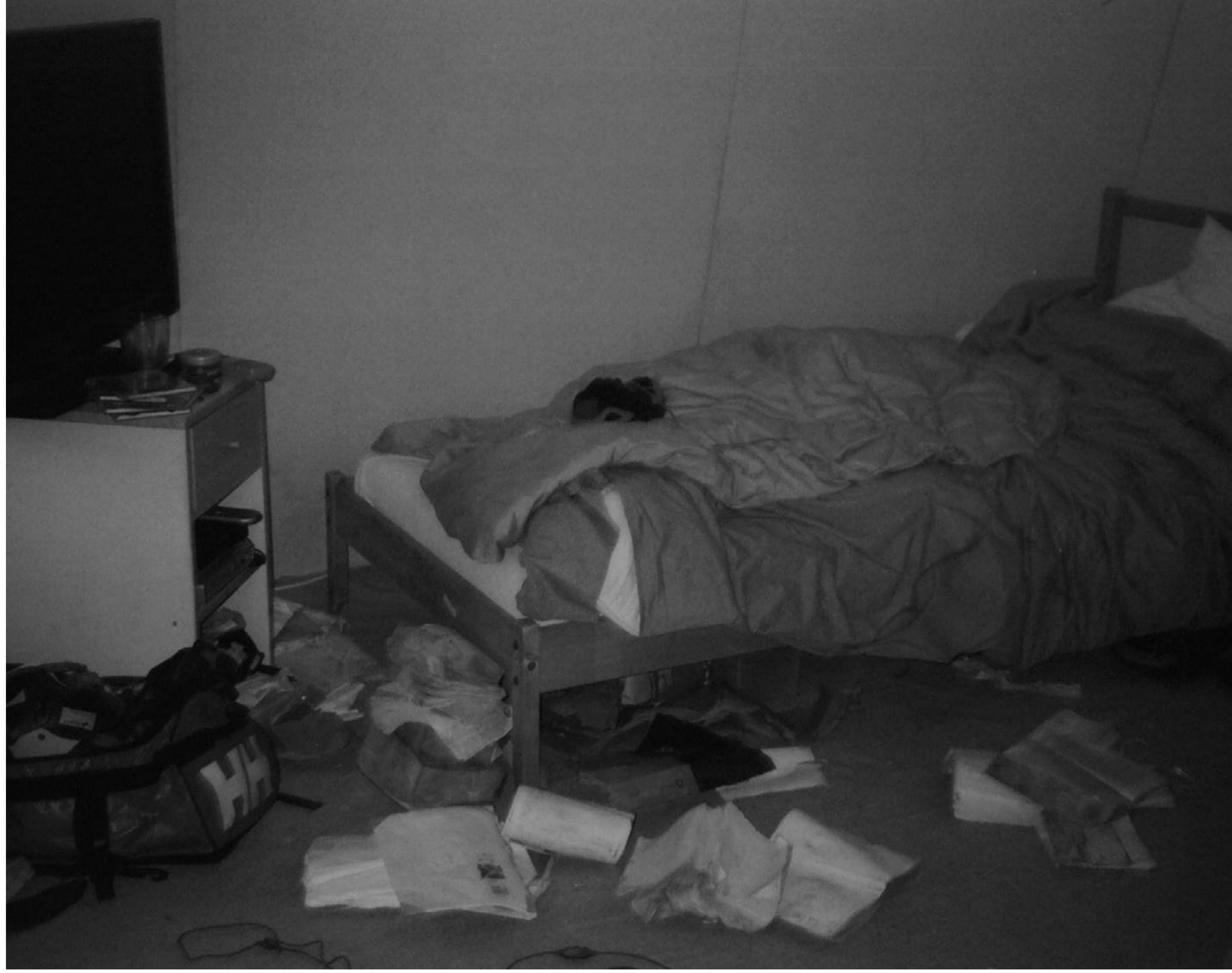
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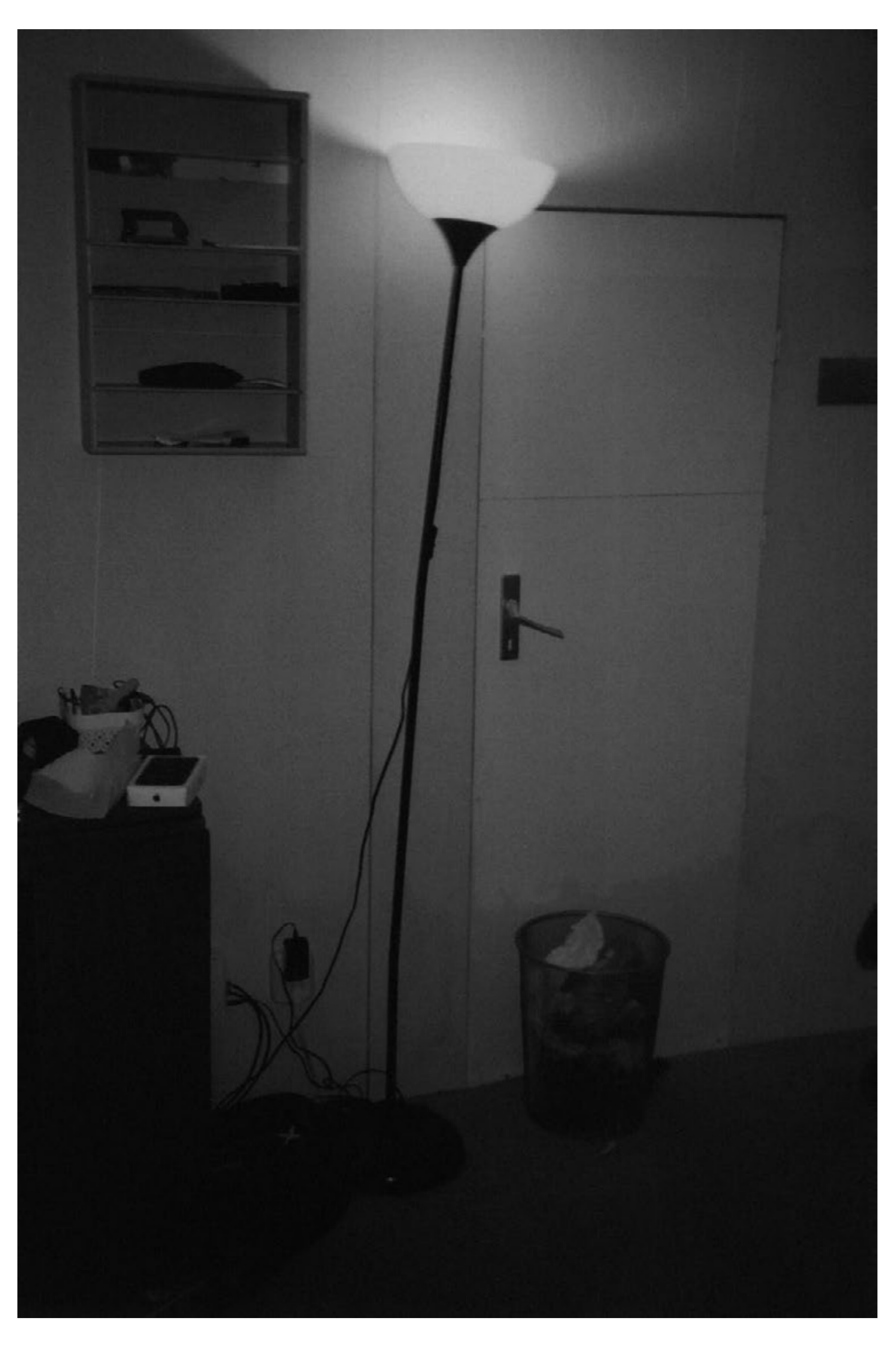
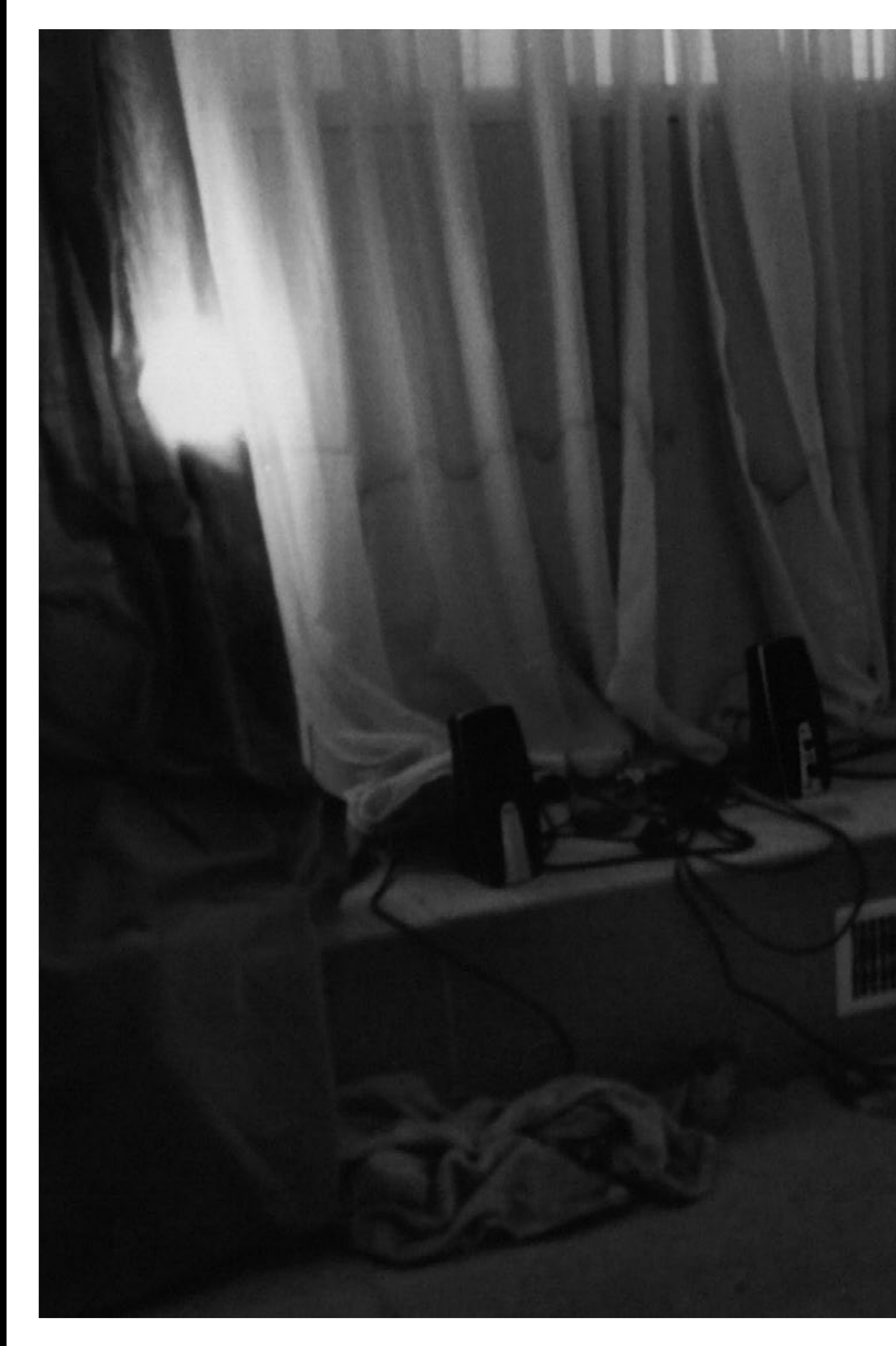
*Ghosts don't like new things because photos are always historically
taken. In some they are the historical records of things that were
never there. In others, they are the records of things that were there
but have since been removed.

Avery F. Gordon

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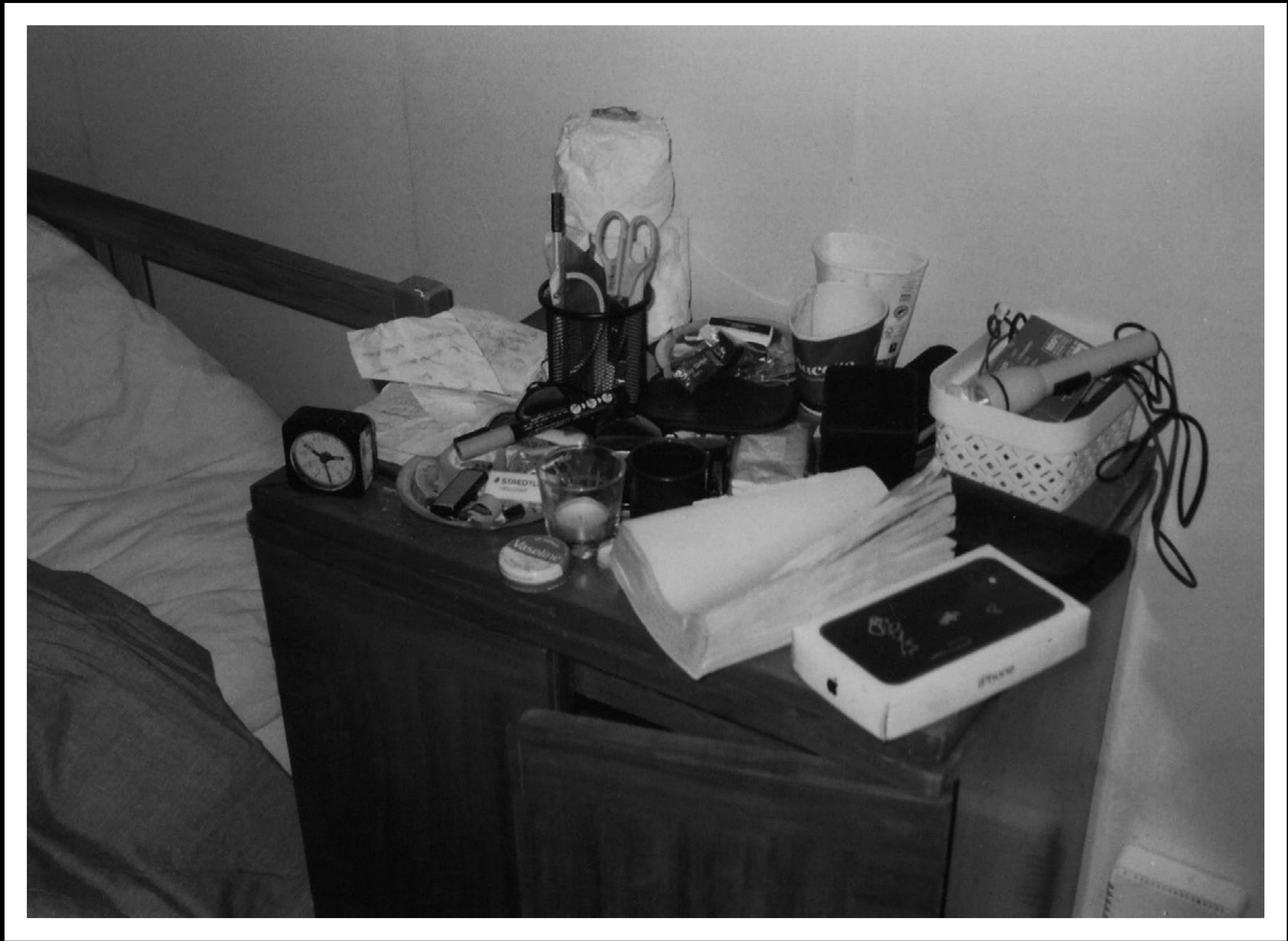














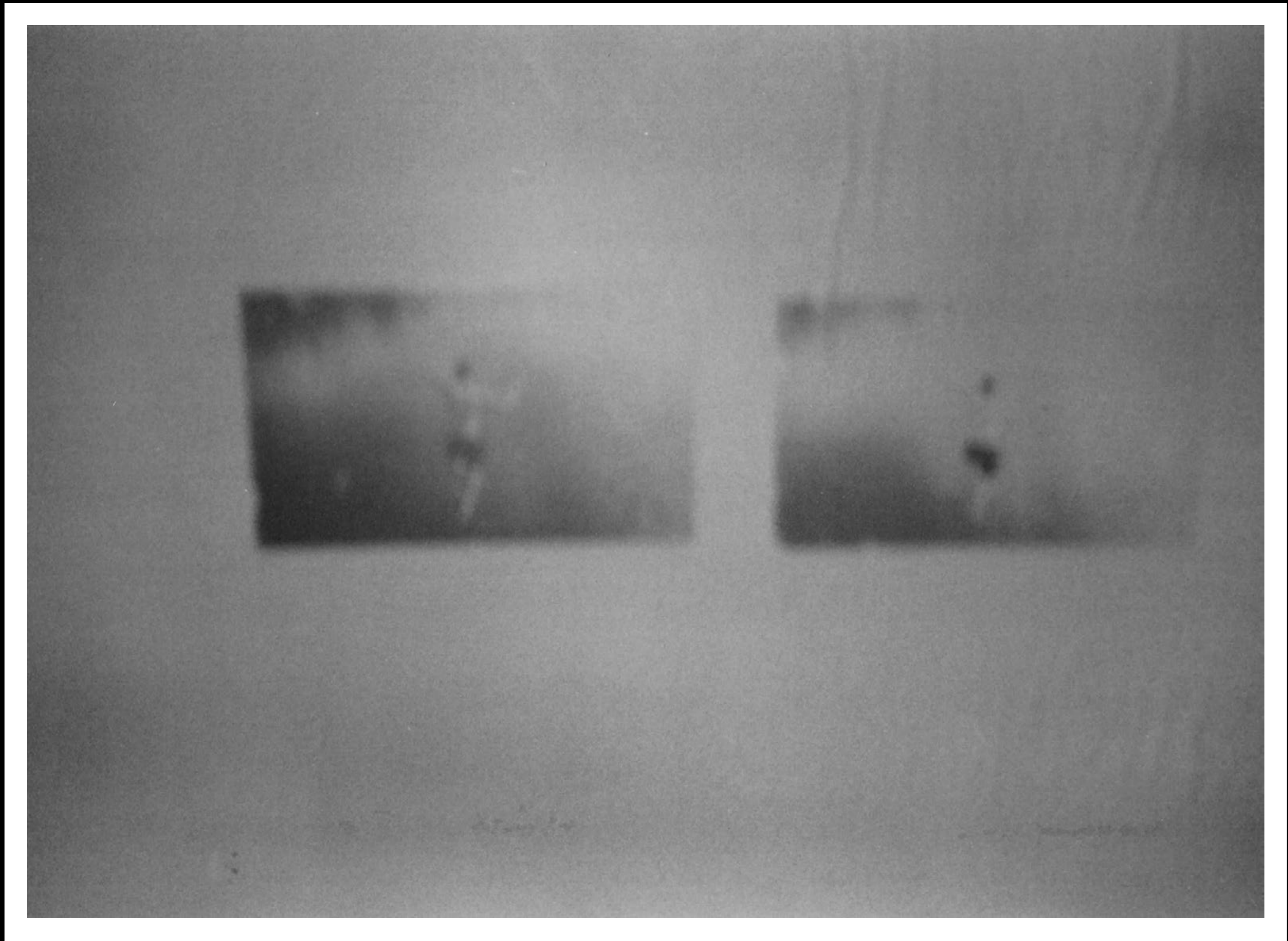
















Won Jin Choi
Sl(ee)jp walking through the story

Je dors (I sleep) With two pillows /empilé/ (stacked)
Ma nuque (My neck) /bent/
Quand je n'en peux plus je (When I can't stand it anymore I) /tourne/ (turn)
My face completely buried on stacked pillows
My whole body weight rest on my breasts /Étouffement/ (choke)
Then chin on the pillow Head almost facing the wall Retour à la nuque
(Going back to the neck) /bent/
Quand même (anyway) C'est le moment to (it's the moment to) /breathe/
Et tourner ma tête sur la droite (and turn my head to the right) Showing my
hands under the pillow Another
/Leverage/
Je dors comme ça (I sleep like this) Always on the right side of the bed
Because it's easier to reach the bedside shelf from this side
Just in case if I wake up In the midst of the night
Without a glimpse of light
to
/reach/ /reach/ /reach/ // /out/

the ordinary or the uncanny is the name we yell out
for this one living in a building maybe less than six feet under that no one
is so sure
the wandering eyes wonders around
under a light with no power to make out with the chaos
against the wind, unusual stiff coat collars
tickles and giggles but forgot about the eggs

Je ne rêve plus, (I don't dream anymore.)
Je regarde tout simplement ailleurs. (I simply look away)
I don't look away anymore (Je ne regarde plus ailleurs)
I dream (Je rêve)

The ceiling, foot of the bed, door, walls, lamps,
an empty pillow, a blanket, a book left on a bedside table
all intact
an abrupt awakens, a vif awareness
the date written on the calendar is the shutter of wide open window
Howling silence slides into the strange cycle of doubts and confusion
The mundane quotidian gets brushed by a stroke of foreign air
This unknown air swallows one into the presence of an unknown, être
Paralyzed in sleep in the most intimate room of one's own
Reality suspended on the fingertips, All it takes is a one little move,
to be able to wake up once again,
once again, in the same room.

Maria Barnas
Hit the surface, read some more

Are you avoiding the horses again? hit the surface, read some more
Maybe the fears that slip into a body
like a sharp cold in a room are good
for something hit the surface, or am I making excuses
read some more hit the surface, read some more
for my own sordid mess of a being (again) breathe in
hit surface read
well breathe out yes of course the excuses argue breathe in and out
more hit the surface, read some more
the ominous makes a lot of things in life
hit
seem simple breathe in and out like flying across the ocean
hit the surface, read some more
in an airbus breathe in and out 11 kilometers up in the sky slowly
hit the surface, read some more hit breathe in breathe out
descending even though you keep reading
breathe in breathe out
about 7th century jewelry recently unearthed
breathe out breathe in breathe out
worn by a woman warrior assumed to be male
hit the surface
for centuries not to think about the distance breathe in breathe out
breathe in breathe in breathe out
between you and your children and a husband
breathe in
and the water that is razor sharp you read
breathe out
somewhere else once you hit the surface breathe out
breathe in hit the surface, read some more
someone vomits words into a bag designed
breathing out continues
for vomit hit the surface read some more hit the surface, read some more
breathe in breathe out hit the surface, read some more
about the warrior buried with two horses
breathe in breathe out
and her weapons and you worry about the horses breathe in breathe out
but what space does distraction inhibit exactly
breathe in breathe in breathe out
and is there room for me there O and O what
breathe out
are you turning away from repeating razors
breathe in hit the surface, read some more breathe out
are only allowed on board if the blade is removed
breathe in breathe out
and showing your children who are young men
breathe in
now how to shave not telling them how the poet
breathe out
showed someone like you how to follow
hit breathe in breathe out hit the surface
the lines of veins not cross them and to save
read some more breathe out
them from something not telling them to be careful
breathe in breathe out
be careful and the question if love is distracting breathe out
breathe in breathe out
from deeper grounds and if they died with her
or if they were killed to keep the warrior
hit the surface
company were they buried alive breathe out remains
read some more breathe in breathe out

Georgia René-Worms
archive around some ghosts I love
and who haunt me

I
Chantal Akerman and her mother:
First and foremost my mother laughs, I had to hide
this book somewhere in the house.
Fear that by reading it, people I love discover things.
Things on how we are consumed.
For instance when she says: *"When it's about something
that doesn't really matter I can sometimes manage to shout
even though deep down I know it doesn't really matter,
and I'm very proud of having shouted. But when it's about
something that matters the anger stays bottled up inside
me and I get so tired out by it that I lie in bed sometimes
for several days wondering why I'm so tired, so then I start
to take vitamins. I tell myself that it must be my anaemia.
During these periods I've even gone to see the doctor who
has sent me for blood test after blood test, there's always
something wrong with my blood but I'm used to it. I ask
him if I shouldn't just get a full blood transfusion. He says
no. Sometimes he says, let me have a think, well, we don't
normally prescribe full blood transfusions and even if we
did you know in the end your blood would come back into
circulation, and suddenly I feel relieved. Deep down I
wouldn't really like to have someone else's blood. I don't
know why I care so much about my blood. It comes from
a dark place that I don't want to uncover. I know that if I
did it'd reveal something to me about myself that I wouldn't
like, so I prefer to leave it in the dark."*
I often wonder if the ghost is in my blood too.

II
GRW:
not me the other, I live with / or share
their books, their furniture, their leather goods,
their initials
apparently we had the same taste.
Like all the ghosts:
is it esthetics? cultural? emotional or just a question of
habitus?
Our relationship was tensed. They were the only ghost
I truly saw.

III
Stromboli:
The volcano has disappeared from each photograph
I took of it
me too
my face only appears as a shadow.
I must go back there to make sure we exist.

III bis
The *Third ghost*:
I have been running behind them for 35 years believing
they had something to tell me
or that they say something about me / about us?

III bis repetita
The apartment of the *Third ghost*:
Here, it is rather a labyrinth than a text.
One must first go through the vestibule, then cross the
entrance which would seem more like a living room
nowadays. A living room which is particular in the
sense it is only a transient place, a place for chatter
with no chairs or tables. Thick carpet floor, baby pink
walls, warm chandeliers' light, Persian carpets, dark
wooden bookcases. Here bodies remain vertical, the
decor indicates well that a certain behavior is required
from the protagonists entering this space. On the left
of this living room there is a double door. Moldings on
the doorframe and mirror glass. If you pass through

that door, again on your left, you end up in a space
where our bodies can take a break.
The restroom, well, here we say the cabinets. The more
formal term *cabinet* is quite suiting for this intimate
space. Since beyond being the place where all our
corporal fluids can squeeze, it resembles much more a
graphic arts collection (TN: in French, the word
cabinet means restroom but is also used to refer to a
study, or more specifically here a graphic arts collection,
cabinet d'arts graphiques). It gathers an harmonious
display of artworks, presented in series and starkly
framed. Hunting parties, bucolic countryside scenes
and some reproductions of Toulouse Lautrec repre-
sented courtesans and sex workers of the nocturnal
Paris from the end of the nineteenth century. One
painting looks out of place. A carmine red plastic
frame, containing a lithograph representing a woman
dressed all in white, with a pale complexion, laying
down with her arms along the body, a dazed gaze
towards the sky and for sole touch of color a white
tissue stained with blood.
Beyond it, slightly centered towards the left, is written:

Third ghost (The Sick Woman)

This image is an enigma, I simply cannot understand
what could possibly mean *Third ghost (The Sick
Woman)*. A body representing the esthetics we give
to sickness? A body frozen in a neutral architecture.
Almost ghostly, isolated, as if hidden in a sort of medi-
calized attic.

The apartment where I saw *Third ghost (The Sick Woman)*
in the first years, has been emptied.
The painting has been moved just next door in a slightly
smaller apartment.

The new restroom has been refurbished and the graphic
arts collection has been reproduced identically.
The Third ghost, has not been sacrificed during the move.

Oftentimes when I go to this apartment I take a photo of
this image.
It is visibly a *ghost I love and who haunts me*
since I find at least 25 occurrences of this image in my
phone between 2016 and 2023.
Perhaps this obsession crystallized on the assemblage
of words
(The Sick Woman) + ghost
An assemblage, that would represent the explosive mix-
ture, of the portrayal of the esthetics of sickness in our
collective psyche. A limpid and invisible body which
transcends all the layers of the society.

IV
The ghost of our ailments:
I am a library of ailments. I hurt in places there is nothing.
These are some sorts of mirrored ghostly pains. They
say an organ suffering on the right side can generate
pain on the left side in a place there is nothing.
Oftentimes I feel that the realities of sickness are built in
cavities, in assemblages of language designating intan-
gible and invisible things. This library is the sum of
situations and places met, my ailments are its ghostly
shape. As for Paul B. Preciado, he calls this library
soma~~theque~~ and says that: *"The modern concept of body
as an ensemble of organs, the biological body-object, is
nothing but one of the political fictions of the anatomical
and medical discourse. And that it is today necessary to
make way for the notion of soma~~theque~~... The notion of
soma~~theque~~ goes beyond and includes the anatomy-body to
think of a living political and cultural archive made of
representations, languages and computer codes and under-
gone by organic and inorganic flows"*.

Anne Marijn Voorhorst
the dreams have arrived

lost all my money today decided to follow
a gutter in the shape of my lifeline
pulling out some hairs as I go

let's not speak of shadows we all see them all over

encountering my fears at an intersection they start laughing
as I offer them my cadaver in full

taking a closer look a slice of flesh divides itself into two legs
we try to connect but the wire seems saturated

fooling around with mid-sized rocks covering up my cavities
pressing really hard

bending down and
detecting my former triumphs they made an effort and dressed up

it seems the dreams have arrived

reaching a crooked gate grabbing the wrought-iron railings
pondering over the nocturnal side of things

guided by unintelligible voices
I enter the dwelling and bump into another
roaming force

we align our paths and criss-cross hallways zero light

starting to open up drawers all over finding a jarring collection of intimacies
the dreams – unmistakably – have arrived

in the corner two fingers down my neck too
cold to be satisfying to
say the least

Presence and I

Presence calls me Asteroid
Presence swirls throughout, all over
Presence dissolves my edges

Presence introduces me to new spots in town
Presence recharges me with fun facts
Presence takes me boat, plane, train spotting

Presence explains that everything is fibre
Presence knows all about the effects of light rain on paper
Presence grows moss and shows me

Presence takes my name
Presence feeds me untenable situations
Presence sprains my wrist

Presence slaps me unconscious, unconditionally
Presence neglects me when I need it most
Presence damages my windows

Presence scribbles down my thoughts
Presence delivers me my food, fast
Presence revitalizes my limbs

Presence sleeps with my sister
Presence urges me to reconsider our past
Presence and I have a transactional relationship