



RINUS VAN DE VELDE

FILMS

HANNIBAL



THE VILLAGERS





In the Realness of Things

Timon Karl Kaleyta

EN

The question of whether the arts are, first and foremost, about representing an alleged reality as precisely and effectively as possible was actually answered at least 200 years ago – with a clear and unequivocal ‘no’. The realisation that naive, hand-crafted replications of reality will at some point lose their relevance has been around since at least the rise of modernism. No matter how professionally and technically skilled these replications of reality have been executed, more often than not they are limited as their pure representation, precision and overwhelming attention to detail only places the focus on the subject itself or the craftsmanship of the representation. They only draw the observer into an illusion, and present them with a feeling of affirmation and astonishment. Their only purpose is to present the observer with a perfect image of what they can observe. The departure from this idea of art as perfect replication or representation of reality marks the ceremonious transition to modernism.

In this context, it is worth casting an eye over the dominant products of our own contemporary culture. The latest internationally acclaimed, award-winning cinema productions and TV series could easily lead us to believe that the art of film is in denial of its modernist heritage and has returned instead to the task of fervent imitation. In contrast, painting, sculpture and photography (which is still considered by some to be realistic) continue to find the naturalism of former times difficult to engage with; far more, they self-assuredly insist on the distinction between fiction and reality. The hyperrealistic yet strictly abstract paintings of Annette Kelm and the deliberate surreal-romantic leanings in the works of Andreas Mühe are just two examples that could be given in this context. But the art of film appears to have rediscovered its faith in realness and authenticity, possibly unconsciously.

The meticulous detail with which series such as *Stranger Things* and *Mad Men* resurrect and replicate bygone worlds and centuries almost matches that of most Oscar nominees and winners over the last decade, from *The Artist* and *The Revenant* to *The Shape of Water*. The original world they portray, right down to the skill of the acting, is clearly appreciated by audiences. Not infrequently, it arouses feelings of nostalgia – a nostalgia that is abundant in the omnipresent adoration of the 1980s in every area of current pop culture, especially in series such as *Stranger Things*. Audiences are only too willing to be drawn into familiar, reconstructed worlds containing easily decipherable references;

they will fully and completely believe and indulge in the realness of symbols.

There was a time when film seemed to have been closer to abstraction than it is today, a time when materials and tools were flaunted, illusions resolved, and there was a departure from naturalism. Expressionist science-fiction dystopias such as *Metropolis* (1927), German cinema of the 1920s, the work of Antonioni, Truffaut and Pasolini and, of course, the existentialist, clinically pared-back creations of Ingmar Bergman all illustrate the case in point. So, what is actually going on here?

The current work of the Belgian artist Rinus Van de Velde offers some surprising answers. His all-encompassing, near-megalomaniac, long-term film project *The Villagers* is particularly revelatory. This 40-minute film can and should be described unconditionally as an attempt, on the one hand, to demonstrate to the medium of film its own inglorious tendency to imitate, and, on the other, to rid it well and truly of any such proclivity.

But first things first. For a long time, the Antwerp-based Van de Velde has been known primarily for his large-format, almost monumental charcoal drawings on canvas or paper. For more than a decade, he depicted a fictitious world of invented identities and stories in these drawings. Often, the artist himself – or his consistent alter ego – can be seen, alternating with nameless individuals and famous protagonists in an open and uncertain plot. Time and again, his narrative work raises the age-old question of the individual’s own identity, a recurring theme that permeates his work at every turn.

Critics and curators claim that Van de Velde’s finely rendered, monochromatic drawings have always incorporated a strong narrative moment, a scenic density normally found in movies. They seem like momentary ‘snapshots’, like single images lifted from a longer cinematic narrative. There is often a sense that the imagined camera capturing the scene will pan at any moment, to take in the next element of the story. Without exception, the narrative moment of these images is supported by the captions beneath them; literary testimonies, scattered like crumbs, that add an emotional component to the events depicted.

Rinus Van de Velde used to base his drawings on old photographs and postcards he had found, intensifying and transforming their images. Some years ago, however, he threw off these constraints and set about creating entire stage sets of his own,

in his studio. Using no more than stiff cardboard, paint, glue and plywood, he would depict scenes: a ship on the verge of capsizing in stormy seas, for instance, or a crash-landed aircraft. His fictions would become materialised in his studio and then act as models for his drawings. His original ideas would follow two routes of abstraction: first becoming three-dimensional constructions, and then making their way on to the canvas.

With time, Van de Velde explains, his cardboard stage sets became increasingly prominent. Ever more elaborate, colourful and sophisticated, they eventually developed into highly complex sculptures. From time to time, he would even integrate them into his museum exhibitions and make them important elements of his shows. But often they would simply end up in the bin, consigned for ever to his drawings, as it were.

Van de Velde first hit on the idea of making more out of his stage sets while watching a documentary on the surrealist André Breton. In the film, the camera travels slowly and fluidly through Breton’s studio, past his artworks, along never-ending bookshelves, and past unidentifiable artefacts in an apartment brimming with beautiful objects. It was this kind of shot Van de Velde wanted to create with his “decors”, as he calls them, to trace them with his camera, enliven and elevate them to cinematic worlds. He wanted to capture their immense wealth of detail to this new medium; details which, given the material they were made of, were based not on the real but clearly on abstraction; details which he felt were all too often lost when transferred to his charcoal drawings. And yet his scenes were not just created to be documented on film; they were to provide backdrops for actors, who would bring them to life and turn them into scenic miniatures with their own plots.

As a result, Van de Velde has created 17 life-size stage sets. From the telephone on a desk to the slice of cake in a café, every detail in every one of them is made of cardboard, and is as rough or precise as it can be, given the material. Among all these fabricated objects, a loosely arranged story unfolds to create the film *The Villagers*. Set in a fictitious hamlet in the French Alps and featuring around 15 characters, the film is made up of interacting fragments of wordless narrative that, in the absence of any strict script, are causally interlinked purely by the juxtaposition and editing of scenes.

The result is a tiny parallel universe with its own rules and laws, a “reduced reality”, as Van de



Velde calls it. The strangely displaced yet seemingly familiar world of cardboard provides the setting for his figures, none of whom are trained actors, just friends and acquaintances who happened to have some spare time. One of them is his long-standing studio assistant Joe, who looks so much like Van de Velde that he could easily be mistaken for him and therefore takes the role of his alter ego. Originally, Van de Velde wanted to play the starring role himself - but as with his cardboard cutouts, it turned out that obvious copies work better than the real thing; they make more artistic sense, and, strangely, come across as more authentic and original. The backdrop represents an alternative reality that is false on every level, which provides the setting through which the actors move silently, enacting their own stories, just like the camera that drifted through Breton's studio.

The observer is immediately deeply disturbed, because everything he sees seems strangely familiar: the hotel corridor with numerous doors and a lift at the end; the diner with a television running and a cigarette machine; an apartment with a bed; even the lighting is reminiscent of classic Hollywood productions. And in any case, whatever happens here follows a single narrative cliché, just as the artist intended: the only moment of action consists of a murder, observed through a blind at a window. It's all so familiar but at the same time so obviously rooted in fake, copy, counterfeit, precisely because, from set to actor, not a single element could ever claim to be real.

This is particularly true of the sounds in *The Villagers*. Because cardboard on cardboard has no particular sound, specially recorded noises were incorporated throughout. The artist mostly used the best sounds he first came across in various internet databases. As a result, everything - be it an opening door, a swinging lamp or a gunshot - sounds excessively clear and overly accentuated, further heightening the sense of dissociation. Movies receive the same treatment, of course, with professional sound designers ensuring that actual reality never falls short of expectations. But Rinus Van de Velde is not out to simulate reality; instead, he has deliberately cranked up the volume too far, making the artificiality of this world impossible to ignore.

To lean back and lose yourself in this crazy world, you would have to completely shut down all your senses to blot out the artificiality. And that's how watching *The Villagers* becomes an exercise in critical viewing. It is precisely because the film consists of such clichéd images that meet all our usual visual standards that it succeeds so well at unnerving us. Everything about the place tears the observer out of their purely contemplative position as a viewer enjoying a film. After all, what is there to hold on to? Not even the temporal setting is discernible: whether in the actors' costumes or anywhere else, Van de Velde thought it important to eliminate any such clues, leaving us in a supra-temporality that remains far beyond our control.

For us as viewers, it is also difficult to discern what exactly we are watching. Is it an art film? Video

art? A video installation? A short film? Whatever it is, this piece is a counterclaim to any assertion of authenticity and verisimilitude in art, or perhaps simply an attempt to confront an aesthetic of reception that intends everything to have an immediate effect, to absorb, transcend and compel with an alternative. No, this is not the place for such conventions; even the way Van de Velde pushes his clichés and stage sets around, or just leaves them standing uncommented, is far too comical for that. He clearly knows exactly how film works, and at what point a simulation or replication of reality slips into parody.

Perhaps he is demonstrating another form of hyperrealism - one where fakes and copies are so exaggerated that they could even be more real and informative than any replication that is camouflaged as reality. In his book *Fälschung und Fake* (2012) the media academic Martin Doll claimed that forgeries could be viewed as objects of insight. Indeed, it could almost be said that in our age of digital image editing, the cardboard constructions in Van de Velde's film comes closer to finding reality than any photo-realistic or nostalgic construction à la Hollywood or Netflix. The French philosopher and media specialist Jean Baudrillard described hyperrealism as the highest art. And if successful art has anything to do with the successful acquisition of insight, then Rinus Van de Velde is clearly on to something big.

The great thing is that, to Van de Velde, film remains a relatively new medium, and he is far from done with it yet; nor is he done with questions of realness and copy.

Over de echtheid der dingen

Timon Karl Kaleyta

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De vraag of kunst in de eerste plaats gaat over het zo precies en zo effectief mogelijk weergeven van de zogenaamde realiteit werd al minstens tweehonderd jaar geleden beantwoord, met een duidelijk en ondubbelzinnig ‘neen’. Het besef dat naïeve, met de hand vervaardigde replica’s van de werkelijkheid op een bepaald moment hun beste tijd hadden gehad was er al zeker sinds de opkomst van het modernisme. Hoe vakkundig, professioneel en enthousiast dergelijke replica’s ook uitgevoerd zijn, toch blijft de aandacht voor hun zuivere voorstelling, precisie en indrukwekkende gedetailleerdheid vaker wel dan niet beperkt tot weinig meer dan zichzelf en de onderwerpen die ze afbeelden. Hun opzet gaat niet verder dan de toeschouwer in een illusie te vangen, een opwelling van emotie en afirmatie teweeg te brengen, te verbazen, en zo veel mogelijk de toeschouwer te laten samenvallen met wat hij ziet. Het loslaten van het idee van kunst als een perfecte replica of voorstelling van de realiteit markeert de officiële overgang naar het modernisme.

In deze context loont het de moeite om een blik te werpen op de toonaangevende producten van onze eigen contemporaine cultuur. De laatste internationaal bejubelde en bekroonde filmproducties en

series kunnen gemakkelijk de indruk wekken dat de filmkunst haar modernistische erfenis de rug toekent en teruggaat naar de opdracht van fervente imitatie. Schilderkunst, beeldhouwkunst en fotografie (die door sommigen nog altijd als realistisch wordt beschouwd) daarentegen blijven het moeilijk vinden om aansluiting te vinden bij het naturalisme uit het verleden. Sterker nog, ze blijven zelfverzekerd vasthouden aan het onderscheid tussen fictie en realiteit. De hyperrealistische en toch abstracte schilderijen van Annette Kelm en de bewust surrealistisch-romantische neigingen in het werk van Andreas Mühe zijn wat dat betreft twee typische voorbeelden. Maar de filmkunst blijkt haar geloof in echtheid en authenticiteit, wellicht onbewust, te hebben teruggevonden.

De minutieuze details waarmee reeksen als *Stranger Things* en *Mad Men* voorbij werelden en eeuwen doen herleven en repliceren, zijn typisch voor de meeste Oscar-genomineerden en -winnaars van het laatste decennium, van *The Artist* over *The Revenant* tot *The Shape of Water*. De perfecte weergave van een oorspronkelijke wereld, die wordt versterkt door de al even vlekkeloze acteerprestaties, wordt duidelijk door het publiek gesmaakt. Niet

zelden roept dat gevoelens van nostalgie op – een nostalgie die overduidelijk is in de alomtegenwoordige adoratie voor de jaren 1980 op alle gebieden van de huidige popcultuur, vooral in series als *Stranger Things*. De kijkers willen maar al te graag worden meegevoerd naar vertrouwde gereconstrueerde werelden met gemakkelijk te ontcijferen referenties. Ze geloven volledig in de echtheid van symbolen en genieten daarvan.

Er was een tijd dat film dichter bij abstractie leek te staan dan vandaag, een tijd waarin kundig gebruik werd gemaakt van nieuwe filmische mogelijkheden en trucage en het naturalisme de rug werd toegekeerd. Illustraties daarvan zijn expressionistische sciencefictiondystopieën als *Metropolis*, de Duitse film van de jaren 1920, het werk van Antonioni, Truffaut en Pasolini en natuurlijk het existentialistische, klinisch uitgekende werk van Ingmar Bergman. Wat is hier aan de hand?

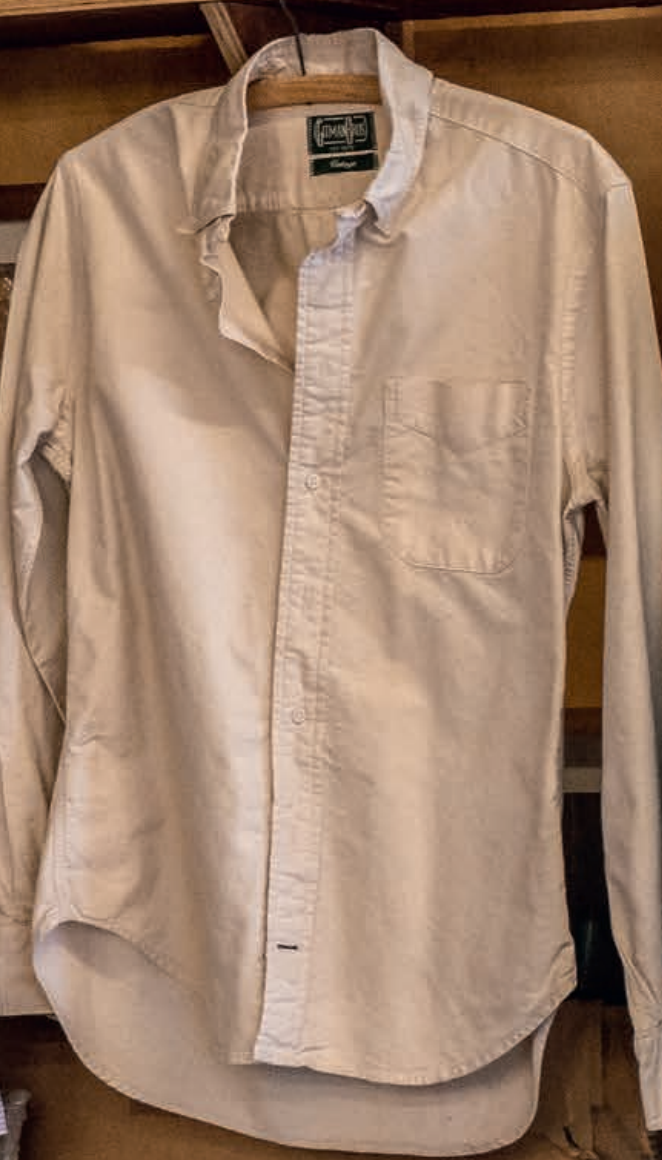
Het werk van de in Antwerpen gevestigde kunstenaar Rinus Van de Velde biedt enkele verrassende antwoorden. Zijn alomvattende, bijna megalomane, langlopende filmproject *The Villagers* is bijzonder verhelderend. Deze 40 minuten durende film kan en moet absoluut beschreven worden als een poging om enerzijds te laten zien hoe het medium film de roemloze neiging heeft om te imiteren en anderzijds om het voorgoed van een dergelijke drang te verlossen.

Maar laten we beginnen bij het begin. Lange tijd was Rinus Van de Velde vooral bekend om zijn grote, bijna monumentale houtskooltekeningen op doek of papier. Meer dan een decennium portretteerde hij daarop een fictieve wereld van verzonden personages en verhalen. Vaak is de kunstenaar zelf – of zijn alter ego – te zien, afwisselend met naamloze figuren en bekende protagonisten in een open en onzeker verhaal. Zijn verhalend werk stelt altijd weer de eeuwenoude vraag naar de eigen identiteit van het individu, een thema waarvan het hele werk doordrongen is.

Critici en curatoren zijn het erover eens dat Van de Veldes gedetailleerde, monochrome tekeningen altijd een sterk narratief moment bevatten, een scenische densiteit die gewoonlijk in films terug te vinden is. Het lijken snapshots van een moment, zoals stills van een langer filmscenario. Vaak wekken ze de indruk dat de imaginaire camera die de scène opneemt elk moment zal uitzoomen om een volgend element van het verhaal op te nemen. De verhalende momenten worden stevast toegelicht























MOST OF THE TIME DURING THE DAY ROBERT RINO STAYED IN A LITTLE ROOM IN THE SELF DUG BASEMENT UNDER HIS PAINTING STUDIO. THE ROOM WAS ONLY ACCESSIBLE VIA FROM ENTERING THAT DOOR. IF YOU WOULD WALK THE STEEP STAIRS BEHIND THE DOOR YOU WOULD SEE ROBERT BEING HYPER CONCENTRATED FOCUSING AND CALCULATING IN



A BIG METAL DOOR WITH HEAVY LOCKS IN THE BACK OF THE STUDIO. THERE WAS AN ASSISTANT WHOSE ONLY JOB IT WAS TO PREVENT OTHERS
INTENSELY THE MARKETS AND BUYING AND SELLING STUFF ON SELF MADE COMPUTERS, MAKING SECRETLY LOTS OF MONEY TO FUND HIS ART HE PRODUCED AT NIGHT.



SEEMINGLY QUIET, STILL HALF AWAKE, THIS WHOLE INTERN
ME GIVING ME MULTIPLE AND SIMULTANEOUS DIRECTIONS TO GO, EVEN



AL WORLD WITH TRUTHS AND LIES OPENED UP TO
NTS TO REENACT AND TO DISCOVER.













Nous suivons le double de Van de Velde dans un road trip surréaliste de 13 minutes, en un effort désespéré pour se libérer du cycle labyrinthique de l'éternité - piégé dans une boucle éternelle sans issue. Le film se termine comme il a commencé : une parabole sur l'insignifiance de toute existence. Comme son titre, le film est un palindrome - un artefact qui se lit de la même manière à l'endroit et à l'envers - où peu importe la direction que vous prenez ou le moment où vous entrez dans l'histoire - pour le spectateur non plus, il n'y a pas d'issue.

Les deux films, par conséquent, ne laissent que peu de place à un individu réel ; les personnages n'ont pratiquement rien d'unique. Le film dépeignant l'être humain comme un jouet de pouvoir, l'individu n'est qu'une *pars pro toto* pour l'inévitabilité du destin, et le double de Van de Velde un simple symbole, ce qui nous amène à une conclusion saisissante : la personne sous le masque, c'était nous.

A Life in a Day commence là où se termine *La Ruta Natural* - avec le double de Van de Velde couché dans son lit. Nous sommes attirés dans un monde en carton et, une fois encore, nous devons nous réorienter. Et pourtant, cette fois, tout est différent : du linge mouillé étendu dans la pièce, de l'eau dégoutte sans cesse. Alors, notre protagoniste se réveille, s'habille, quitte la pièce avec un porte-documents et monte dans un train vide. Une fois encore, nous ressentons l'étrangeté obsédante qui s'infiltré partout. C'est un univers familier, mais dépourvu de toute relation interpersonnelle, un univers à l'emprise froide et effrayante. La musique contribue elle aussi à l'ambiance angoissante.

Le train file à travers un paysage montagneux désertique, passe devant un gratte-ciel et y pénètre en trombe. Un homme, portant un accessoire de tête surdimensionné, digne d'un dessin animé, est assis seul dans une galerie d'art. Il glisse une note dans son porte-documents et sort sur le balcon. Par une deuxième porte, le double de Van de Velde entre lui aussi dans la pièce ; tous deux échangent silencieusement leurs porte-documents - deux mondes semblent se croiser. Puis soudain, après une coupure, nous nous retrouvons dans une jungle, et l'ambiance change brusquement.

Tout à coup, plus rien ne correspond à nos attentes. Le monde hostile et froid a disparu : au son du gazouillis des oiseaux et d'une musique de clarinette douce et légère, Van de Velde fait son entrée. Il s'assied sur une souche d'arbre, sort de son porte-documents de la peinture et des pinceaux, commence à peindre et sombre dans la contemplation. À présent, nous comprenons que le travail, la démarche artistique, l'entraîne et apporte momentanément de l'ordre dans le chaos. Les images en témoignent aussi : nous voyons des végétaux méticuleusement fabriqués en carton, tels que des fleurs, des feuilles et des bourgeons, dans des gros plans détaillés.

Alors que, dans *La Ruta Natural*, la situation restait désespérée, toutes les frontières se dissolvant comme dans un film de Lynch, nous vivons à



présent des moments de bonheur individuel et fugace. Peut-être n'est-ce qu'un souffle, mais, pendant que Van de Velde travaille, le monde est à nouveau en ordre, et tout paraît possible.

Quand le protagoniste a terminé son œuvre, il remballe tout et sort de la jungle pour rejoindre une steppe désertique. Il ouvre une porte secrète dans un cactus qui se détache sur le ciel, la franchit et descend dans un caveau souterrain - comme dans *La Ruta Natural*, où nous nous sommes déjà enfoncés dans des puits mystérieux et des mondes souterrains où se déployaient l'interdit et l'incompréhensible. Bientôt, le double de Van de Velde atteint une chambre forte, l'ouvre et pénètre dans une pièce tapissée de classeurs sur plusieurs mètres de haut. La chambre forte renferme les archives de ses processus internes. Van de Velde tire de son porte-documents un de ses nombreux tableaux, gravit une haute échelle et place le document dans un des innombrables tiroirs. Le travail est terminé.

Et pourtant, il doit se frayer un chemin vers la surface, revenir à la morne « normalité ». À l'extrémité du puits, il ouvre une lourde vanne dans le plafond, et l'eau se déverse sur lui. À la surprise du spectateur, au milieu de ce déluge, il monte sur une échelle et se retrouve au fond d'une piscine. Épuisé, il s'assied sur le bord de la piscine, rince ses pinceaux dans l'eau jusqu'à ce qu'elle se colore et que les traces de son travail disparaissent, et s'en va dans la nuit, dégoulinant. De retour dans son appartement, il suspend ses vêtements mouillés sur une corde à linge et s'endort. Plusieurs paires de chaussures mouillées sont alignées à côté du lit. Le dur

labeur reprend ; le jour suivant commencera comme n'importe quel autre - et pourtant, cette fois, un sentiment différent, plus optimiste, s'attarde.

La troisième œuvre vidéo de l'artiste Rinus Van de Velde le rapproche de nous plus que jamais. Dans *A Life in a Day*, il nous offre l'aperçu le plus intime, quasi touchant, de lui-même, ou du moins de l'artiste et de ses alter ego, que nous suivons depuis si longtemps déjà dans ses tableaux et ses dessins.

Van de Velde réussit à mettre au jour les structures psychanalytiques, concrétisation unique de ce que signifie le travail artistique, de ce qu'implique l'immersion dans l'œuvre, et de ce à quoi peut ressembler ce lieu solitaire où une personne - qu'elle soit ou non artiste - organise et archive ses souvenirs, pensées, désirs secrets et sentiments. Van de Velde nous entraîne au plus profond du caveau de l'intériorité, dans l'endroit le plus personnel et le plus individuel possible, là où personne d'autre n'est autorisé à regarder.

C'est là en bas, dans une chambre forte accessible seulement par une entrée secrète, retranchée derrière une porte massive, que se trouve le véritable trésor de l'humanité. Van de Velde nous montre que personne d'autre que soi-même ne devrait avoir la moindre raison d'y entrer : aucun gouvernement, aucune police, aucun partenaire, aucun thérapeute ne devrait pouvoir y accéder facilement. Nous seuls, les spectateurs de *A Life in a Day*, descendons avec lui pour un moment fugace, à titre exceptionnel et sous stricte surveillance.

Sigmund Freud a défini l'étrange comme quelque chose qui se révèle à l'intersection du familier, de l'habituel, du caché, et du secret. Sa



conception de l'étrangeté explique pourquoi les humains éprouvent peur et malaise face à quelque chose de non existant, voire d'inconnu. La psychanalyse postule que l'inquiétant ou l'étrange est une variante du tourment. Une « inquiétante étrangeté » par laquelle ce qui est déjà familier devient étrange, où l'étrange se transforme en ce qui est déjà familier¹.

Freud a conclu que le terme « étrange » englobe tout ce qui est secret, aurait dû rester caché, mais est apparu à la suite d'un bouleversement, d'un écart imprévu par rapport à la normalité. C'est ainsi qu'émerge l'ambiguïté de l'étrange ; il semble familier, mais en même temps caché. De cette façon, l'étrange prend une forme de tourment.

Dans *La Ruta Natural*, nous sommes descendus dans des puits sombres ; il s'agissait d'une descente aux enfers, d'une chute dans des zones cachées, interdites, dans le subconscient, le dangereux, le caché, l'étrange. Aujourd'hui seulement, nous comprenons qu'il y avait peut-être dans tout cela quelque chose de véritablement étrange dès le départ – et pas seulement les mondes étranges faits de décors, le jeu avec la vérité et la fiction, et les « faux » souvenirs imprégnant son œuvre. C'était toujours le regard sans précédent de Van de Velde sur quelque chose qui nous a pris au dépourvu, quelque chose qui aurait dû rester caché parce que cela ne nous regarde pas².

Dans *A Life in a Day*, Van de Velde révèle l'étrange : le regard sans précédent, frissonnant et saisissant, dans les profondeurs du protagoniste et de ses créations. Du fond de son caveau, il nous interpelle : nous n'avons rien à faire là.



1 Edith Sánchez, 'Der Sandmann und das Konzept des Unheimlichen in der Psychoanalyse', in: *Gedankenwelt*, 2023.

2 *Ibid.*









List of Works



p. 83
The cigarettes, ..., 2019
 Charcoal on canvas, artist frame
 119 x 72 cm
 Private collection, Belgium
 Courtesy Tim Van Laere Gallery, Antwerp - Rome



p. 86 (right)
Every day he sits here., 2019
 Charcoal on canvas, artist frame
 107 x 65 cm
 Collection Uyttenbroeck - Verschueren, Belgium
 Courtesy Tim Van Laere Gallery, Antwerp - Rome



pp. 78-79
Most of the time during the day..., 2018
 Charcoal on canvas, artist frame
 300 x 600 cm
 Private collection
 Courtesy Gallery Baton, Seoul



p. 84
The hotel, ..., 2019
 Charcoal on canvas, artist frame
 200 x 130 cm
 Private collection, Belgium
 Courtesy Tim Van Laere Gallery, Antwerp - Rome



p. 87
They call him the wall of the village., 2019
 Charcoal on canvas, artist frame
 159 x 153 cm
 Tim Van Laere Collection, Antwerp
 Courtesy Tim Van Laere Gallery, Antwerp - Rome



pp. 80-81
Seemingly quiet, still half awake, ..., 2018
 Charcoal on canvas, artist frame
 105 x 200 cm
 Private collection
 Courtesy Tim Van Laere Gallery, Antwerp - Rome



pp. 84-85
It talks to me, all day long., 2019
 Charcoal on canvas, artist frame
 250 x 400 cm
 Collection Ethnecraft, Belgium
 Courtesy Tim Van Laere Gallery, Antwerp - Rome



p. 88
My self-made pyjama's..., 2019
 Charcoal on canvas, artist frame
 138 x 132 cm
 Private collection, Belgium
 Courtesy Tim Van Laere Gallery, Antwerp - Rome



pp. 82-83
Dear, I have been strolling around now for quite some time., 2019
 Charcoal on canvas, artist frame
 250 x 400 cm
 Collection Ethnecraft, Belgium
 Courtesy Tim Van Laere Gallery, Antwerp - Rome



p. 86 (left)
This plant, ..., 2019
 Charcoal on canvas, artist frame
 200 x 100 cm
 Private collection, Belgium
 Courtesy Tim Van Laere Gallery, Antwerp - Rome



p. 89
In this small town..., 2019
 Charcoal on canvas, artist frame
 86 x 103 cm
 Private collection, Antwerp
 Courtesy Tim Van Laere Gallery, Antwerp - Rome



p. 90
He will put the towel always on the exact same spot, ..., 2019
 Coloured pencil on paper, artist frame
 11.9 x 13.8 cm
 Tim Van Laere Collection, Antwerp
 Courtesy Tim Van Laere Gallery, Antwerp – Rome



pp. 96–99
 Installation views *The Armchair Voyager*, 2023
 Museum Voorlinden, Wassenaar, The Netherlands
 © Antoine van Kaam and Museum Voorlinden



pp. 166–167
I stay in the room..., 2021
 Charcoal on canvas, artist frame
 245 x 459 cm
 Private collection, Belgium
 Courtesy Tim Van Laere Gallery, Antwerp – Rome



p. 91
He checks and controls every move of the villagers., 2019
 Coloured pencil on paper, artist frame
 15 x 19 cm
 Collection Maxine Tahmaseb, Antwerp
 Courtesy Tim Van Laere Gallery, Antwerp – Rome



pp. 100–101
 Installation view *The Villagers*, 2019
 Tim Van Laere Gallery, Antwerp, Belgium
 © Photo: Tim Van Laere Gallery



p. 168
Many men talk like philosophers..., 2019
 Charcoal on canvas, artist frame
 192 x 96 cm
 Collection Kris van Assche, Paris
 Courtesy Tim Van Laere Gallery, Antwerp – Rome



pp. 92–93
He constantly watches sport on television..., 2018
 Coloured pencil on paper, artist frame
 13.9 x 26.8 cm
 Private collection, Belgium
 Courtesy Tim Van Laere Gallery, Antwerp – Rome



p. 164
And now I wasn't able to be neither eloquent positively nor negatively., 2020
 Charcoal on canvas, artist frame
 167 x 120 cm
 Private collection
 Courtesy Tim Van Laere Gallery, Antwerp – Rome



pp. 168–169
I was also very sensitive to patterns: ..., 2021
 Charcoal on canvas, artist frame
 270 x 400 cm
 Private collection, London
 Courtesy Tim Van Laere Gallery, Antwerp – Rome



pp. 94–95
One day, after a long crisis..., 2019
 Coloured pencil on paper, artist frame
 11.5 x 27.4 cm
 Private collection, Belgium
 Courtesy Tim Van Laere Gallery, Antwerp – Rome



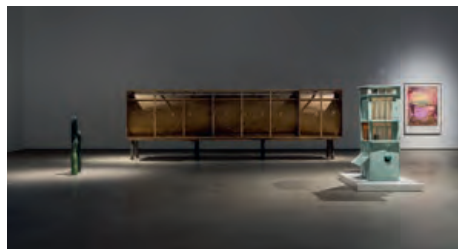
pp. 164–165
'I would never,' he said on the phone, ..., 2021
 Charcoal on canvas, artist frame
 281 x 435 cm
 Courtesy Tim Van Laere Gallery, Antwerp – Rome



p. 170
I had never attempted to initiate anything., 2020
 Charcoal on canvas, artist frame
 119 x 138 cm
 Private collection, Belgium
 Courtesy Tim Van Laere Gallery, Antwerp – Rome



p. 171
But the world he lives in..., 2020
 Charcoal on canvas, artist frame
 98 x 121 cm
 Private collection
 Courtesy Tim Van Laere Gallery, Antwerp – Rome



pp. 176–179
 Installation views *I want to eat mangoes in the bathtub*, 2024
 Jeonnam Museum of Art, Gwangyang, Korea
 © Jeonnam Museum of Art



p. 240
A few seconds later, ..., 2023
 Charcoal on canvas, artist frame
 250 x 193 cm
 Collection Jordaan, Amsterdam
 Courtesy Tim Van Laere Gallery, Antwerp – Rome



p. 172
And slowly I had to accept that there is no end., 2022
 Coloured pencil on paper, artist frame
 29.6 x 36.5 cm
 Private collection
 Courtesy Gallery Baton, Seoul



p. 180
 Installation view *I want to eat mangoes in the bathtub*, 2024
 Jeonnam Museum of Art, Gwangyang, Korea
 © Jeonnam Museum of Art



pp. 240–241
But within the darkness of my despair, ..., 2023
 Charcoal on canvas, artist frame
 282 x 400 cm
 Collection Buyle-Scheers, Leuven
 Courtesy Tim Van Laere Gallery, Antwerp – Rome



p. 173
It is we, the mysterious plural, who decide what you get to see., 2021
 Charcoal on canvas, artist frame
 200 x 140 cm
 Private collection
 Courtesy Tim Van Laere Gallery, Antwerp – Rome



p. 181
 Installation view *I want to eat mangoes in the bathtub*, 2024
 Jeonnam Museum of Art, Gwangyang, Korea
 © Jeonnam Museum of Art



pp. 242–243
Pleinairists, abstract nature scenes, Willem de Kooning, cigarette smoke, ..., 2021
 Charcoal on canvas, artist frame
 280 x 450 cm
 Private collection, Denmark
 Courtesy Tim Van Laere Gallery, Antwerp – Rome



pp. 174–175
 Installation view *I'd rather stay at home, ...*, 2021
 Kunstmuseum Luzern, Lucerne, Switzerland
 © Marc Latzel



pp. 182–183
 Installation view *I want to eat mangoes in the bathtub*, 2024
 Art Sonje Center, Seoul, Korea
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pp. 244–245
I sought solace..., 2023
 Charcoal on canvas, artist frame
 210 x 295 cm
 Private collection, Belgium
 Courtesy Tim Van Laere Gallery, Antwerp – Rome



p. 246
Lying there, I dreamed about past periods..., 2023
 Coloured pencil on paper
 23.2 x 32.6 cm
 Private collection, Namur
 Courtesy Tim Van Laere Gallery, Antwerp - Rome



pp. 250-251
 Installation view *I want to eat mangoes in the bathtub*, 2024
 Jeonnam Museum of Art, Gwangyang, Korea
 © Jeonnam Museum of Art



p. 256
Prop, model 3, 2022-2023
 Paint, cardboard, wood and mixed media
 195.5 x 97 x 85 cm, pedestal: 10.5 x 97.5 x 126.5 cm
 Courtesy Tim Van Laere Gallery, Antwerp - Rome



p. 247
Every single day. Never missed one. Luckily I guess..., 2023
 Coloured pencil on paper
 32.7 x 21.6 cm
 Private collection, Brasschaat
 Courtesy Tim Van Laere Gallery, Antwerp - Rome



p. 252
 Installation view *I want to eat mangoes in the bathtub*, 2024
 Jeonnam Museum of Art, Gwangyang, Korea
 © Jeonnam Museum of Art



p. 257
Decor, vault, 2021
 Wood, cardboard, metal, paint
 300 x 300 x 200 cm
 Courtesy Tim Van Laere Gallery, Antwerp - Rome



p. 248
A drawing in the wrong cabinet under a wrong lemma is a lost drawing..., 2023
 Coloured pencil on paper
 22.8 x 32.7 cm
 Private collection, Belgium
 Courtesy Tim Van Laere Gallery, Antwerp - Rome



pp. 252-253
 Installation view *I want to eat mangoes in the bathtub*, 2024
 Art Sonje Center, Seoul, Korea
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p. 249
Even though I come here every single day, ..., 2023
 Coloured pencil on paper
 33.1 x 25.6 cm
 Collection Mauro Poponcini, Antwerp
 Courtesy Tim Van Laere Gallery, Antwerp - Rome



pp. 254-255
 Installation view *The Armchair Voyager*, 2023
 Museum Voorlinden, Wassenaar, The Netherlands
 © Antoine van Kaam and Museum Voorlinden

Colophon

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TIM VAN LAERE GALLERY

I'd Rather Stay at Home music credits

Composed and performed by Joachim Badenhorst

Clarinet, bass clarinet, soprano saxophone, tenor saxophone, voice, vibraphone, keyboard, electronics

Recorded in Antwerp 2018-2023

Recorded and mixed by Joachim Badenhorst

Mastered by Pieter de Wagter