## We are the rain on the open windows

To listen to the recording of Special Newsletter #1 click here

Unfolding the blue-black marbled cardboard cases holding Shimmer archive of five years, mid-april, seated on the radiant yellow carpet, my body lands - it is here again it walked the stairs without getting dizzy without feeling like a wavering liquid substance It's been a while Flicking through the folders with negatives, the many notes, colour swatches, postcards, test prints and holding a note written to Jason for his birthday, I ask, no slur in my speech\* how do you decide if something goes into Shimmer\*s archive?

Some thoughts are named, and then when we know we been thought of, says Eloise.

> What a clean way to describe not the notion but the feeling of access, I think

> > As I am here, I think of you, of those of us without access. Lungs, brains, stairs, enraged, exhausted,

invisible, hypervisible.

\*\*The scene in which I find myself or where does my body belong

## Colophon

Shimmer Special Newsletter #1 We are the rain on the open windows

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## SHIMMER

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Thin, shiny, copper sheet with dents and fingerprints, embossed with letters that read ROTTE RD A M 6 <u>unstable meters</u>

a thick em dash leads to the words sea level (2)

> I imagine us resting here Laying our bodies down flesh soft bones light bones light bones light I We sink inside the river, wash through the Maastunnel, this strange underwater structure digesting us, spitting us out at the other side of

I imagine us rising like waves rising up to sea level, or Shimmer swalls meeting LW s work facing LW s work

At the level of the sea

\*Presented in the space, we have shown an enlarged image of Louwrien\*s boat Silence from a faded photograph until recently forgotten# Silence is a boat to live life on the water, not in isolation, but in a gap of breath, to be unfixed. (3)

Inhale ---- exhale

town The port Shimmer habitat

or Silence

Jason brings in more of the archive A slim, white rectangular cardboard box with tape and the words LISA TAN®S POSTERS written on in quick handwriting

**FOOTNOTES** 

Ruth Buchanan My I, K I, be broke / Where I be Put (first published as part of

Shimmer & PUBLICS 2021

archive)

2019)

<u>Evacuation Tapes</u> 2020 Later published

Reference to a fragment of María José Crespo studio (Gift to Eloise Sweetman in 2022 and kept with are in Shimmer s

Eloise Sweetman & Jason Hendrik Hansma, Inhalation / Exhalation (Written in the context of "MOMENT VN LW/LW", Shimmer,

Virginia Woolf 

The Waves (As depicted on the National Control of the Natio the exhibition poster for MOMENT II | WAVES

Lisa Tan, Waves Video, 2015 (Screened during MOMENT II | WAVES with Lisa Tan ;

Eloise Sweetman & Jason Hendrik Hansma

exhibition text for MOMENT II | WAVES with

<u>Evacuation Tapes</u>

2020

Later published

3020

Evacuation Tapes

4020

Lisa Tan, Waves Video, 2015 (Screened

Shimmer & Goethe-Institut 2018)

during ≝MOMENT II | WAVES with Lisa Tan ∰

with Lisa Tan™, Shimmer, 2018

Shimmer & Goethe-Institut, 2018)

Ruth Buchanan My I, I, be broke / Where I be Put♯ (first published as part of

Lisa Tan<sup>23</sup>, Shimmer, 20

Shimmer & PUBLICS, 2021) ₹

protecting a cardboard tube protecting rolled up waves and cables printed on three all sized posters

\*\*We make an unsubstantial territory \*\* (4) the posters say or \*\* Virginia Woolf says

As I scan them, brain inflamed by the dense air of a heatwave, I imagine these words to be about you.

> Reaching you through simmering servers. I imagine us knowing, or not knowing that these words **\*\*** cycled through data centres **\*\*** cooled by water from rivers and from oceans (5)

A correspondence mov[ing] between the flashes of light and dark between the computer screen and the ocean between buffers and load times (6)

Or Life described and built at a distance by other bodies.

Here's where the wave broke (8)

Handwritten notes on white paper with klm blue tape reading the letters GEEEOE and, among other words soul longs to leave the body

always moaning, stretching, yawning, reaching

> I imagine our souls to stretch, drop, back in time, dwell, drip through the pipes of the building to Shimmer's ground floor, hearing Geo Wyeth's audio piece - hearing Geo Wyeth sovice through the speakers rocks in his mouth. i≛m smiling, he says, i≛m smiling.

Voice breaks

Our souls the smoke juice filling the space, held by tulip bag on river green floor

> We are the rain on the open windows. The puddles of muddy water on the rooftop where Geo stands, singing all that gas, losing tune. breaking















