

# I AM CARRIED ALONG DOWN THE STREAM

## I am Carried Along Down the Stream

Personeelskamer  
30th June

Opening hours: From 6-10pm on the 30th June, for one day only  
Address: Zuid Hollandstraat 7, 1082EK, Amsterdam

I am Carried Along Down the Stream is a group exhibition of small wall based works shown at Personeelskamer and organised by Philip Coyne.

The exhibition contains works by AJN AKKA (Léona Farrugia & John Henry Newton), Emii Alrai, Anouk Asselineau, Gino Attwood, Jonathan Castro Alejos, G.C. Heemskerk, Danae Io, Bin Koh, Francisco Mojica, Bernice Nauta, Liv Preston, Collette Rayner, Alice dos Reis, Smári Róbertsson, David Steans, Matt Welch, Samuel White and Kristoffer Zeiner, shown alongside a series of new collages by Aidan Wall and a short fictional text by Lucie Fortuin.

Thanks to Personeelskamer, Harriet Foyster and the exhibiting artists for their trust and support.

### Works list:

1 Gallarija Lamp

AJN AKKA (Léona Farrugia & John Henry Newton)

Painted laser cut plywood, LED unit

2021

2 Broad Shoulder Urn

Emii Alrai

Ink

2023

3 Popularised by (#1)

Anouk Asselineau

Graphite on card, envelopes, steel

2023

4 I Don't Think the Stairs are Talking

Gino Attwood

Graphite, oil pastel, acrylic and primer on aluminium panel

2022

5 Becoming Animal

Jonathan Castro Alejos

Mixed Media

2022

6 I entered a café: at the left table, a round table, sat a man wearing a top hat. That was normal in this period. It could not be done now, since it is out of fashion. The man gestured for me to sit next to him. I hesitated, since, because of my personal history, I did not trust anyone. But I sat with him at the table, where he smoked a cigar and told me the following story:

It was 1913 and it was autumn, September 30 to be exact. It was only recently autumn, and if you didn't look at the trees you might trick yourself into thinking it was spring. It is always autumn or not. I was still a boy and was learning at the Realschule in Linz.

The man tried to continue talking, but was interrupted by a cat who jumped onto the table and started to drink from his cup of coffee with milk. A second later, a kitten also jumped onto the table. The man continued:

This day would be the first of two occasions when I would have almost met the world-famous philosopher Ludwig Wittgenstein. What not many people know is that the Realschule has a long underground cellar. In this basement they kept all kinds of things: tools (belonging to the janitor), old papers, chemistry materials, and so on. My teacher, Leo Mayer, asked me to meet him in the basement after math class; he wanted to tell me something. I was ready and waiting for him in one of the dark, damp hallways. In my head, I sang the old soldier's song *Der Gute Kamerad*. The man did not come, and after waiting for fifteen minutes I began to investigate the corridor system on my own. It took me hours to do this, and I came across things – I won't go into them at length now, I don't wish to bore you – that a person would by no means expect to come across in a simple high school. For example, there was a box with a symbol of a coin on it. In this box were all kinds of papers; I could not identify the alphabet in which it was written. I did however recognise a picture, it looked almost like a children's drawing, of a basket full of unfamiliar fruit. Later, I would know that this was stationed here, because everyone knew there would soon be war. Where is it now? I don't know, young lady.

Only when morning came did I get outside; I did not understand how I could have spent so long exploring. During the time I was underground, the famous philosopher appeared to have had a brief conversation with his old teacher, Leo Mayer.

The man took a few puffs. He had dark hair, and despite his age, was not yet grey. He smiled. Whether God exists? Is there life after death? I don't know, he said, nor do I want to know. I sometimes wonder if such questions matter. Whether there is such a thing as meaning? And can I really ask the question if there is such a thing as meaning? Sometimes, when I read a story, I feel as though I have read the same story one hundred times, as though the writer is just replaying a trick that he read in a book written by another writer. And that one again from another, earlier, older one. You keep reading one, at most two references back in time. You could perhaps start by tracing them over and over, to find a journey to the origins of the phenomenon of story. The first story, a proto-man story. Or would the fish that first slipped on the mud already refer back to the past? The second time that I almost met the world-famous philosopher took place on May 17 at Landbeach, in the middle of the moorland. I was there selling Bibles door to door. I took the train to Cambridge, only to rent a car and travel further into the English countryside. If I had known then that he was teaching and working at the university, there at that time, I would never have driven into the moors. Then I would have knocked on every door in the city until I found him.

The door slammed open. It was a friend of the man, who wanted to sit next to him. I stood up to give him his seat, and left the café without having consumed anything.

G.C. Heemskerk and Bernice Nauta

Collage with old drawings, storyboard drawings of our film *The Plantiararchy*, newspaper which served as prop in the same film, stamps

2023

7 Not All Winters

Danae Io, Bin Koh and Alice dos Reis

Fabric, rice

2022

8 Motherboard200

Bin Koh

Acrylics, plexiglass, lead

2022

9 Psychopomp and Circumstances

Francisco Mojica

Card

2021

10 BRADFORD POTHOLE CLUB VOL.1

Liv Preston

Screen-printed caving guide, sandwich bag, water

2020

11 A Plan in Cartoon Physics

Collette Rayner

Graphite on paper

2023

12 A Landlords Husk

Smári Róbertsson

Gouache on canvas

2022

13 WORK EXPERIENCE

David Steans

Collage, laminate, embroidered patches, found embroidered patch, pins, glass head pins, felt, lockable notice board

2023

14 I saw a carpet speak

Aidan Wall

Collage

2023

15 Guilloteenager (Pleasant Shovel Arc)

Aidan Wall

Collage

2023

16 Windmills haunt every corner of my life (Guilloteenagers, Penultimate Episode)

Aidan Wall

Collage

2023

17 Deliberachi Knifeholder (Bucket Arc)

Aidan Wall

Collage

2023

18 Glib mountain, wherest I borned

Aidan Wall

Collage

2023

19 Mechborne Waves Batter the Shore (Guilloteenagers, Episode 1)

Aidan Wall

Collage

2023

20 Nonplussed (crying at the sports documentary again)

Aidan Wall

Collage

2023

21 Warticle Slice  
Aidan Wall  
Collage  
2023

22 Mech-factory Prototype (Bell-bottoms Arc)  
Aidan Wall  
Collage  
2023

23 A spell of bees (Guilloteenagers, Episode 3)  
Aidan Wall  
Collage  
2023

24 Snowfall at Bridge City (Fan Art)  
Aidan Wall  
Collage  
2023

25 Shovelhand Awakens (Guilloteenagers, Episode 2)  
Aidan Wall  
Collage  
2023

26 Dog me once, wuf wuf wuf.  
Aidan Wall  
Painting  
2023

27 Pheglmatic Intern  
Aidan Wall  
Collage  
2023

28 Untitled (Eppsteinerstr. 47)  
Matt Welch  
Pencil on paper  
2022

29 Halley's Comet, The Pleaser  
Samuel White  
Various media, silica gel packet  
2022

30 Retail psychology  
Samuel White  
Charcoal, chalk, biro, on paper assemblage  
2022

31 Death on Skates (flashback)  
Kristoffer Zeiner  
Pastels, acrylic paint and watercolours on paper and cardboard, wood frame  
2023

Exhibition text by Lucie Fortuin, printed as a hand out within the gallery space