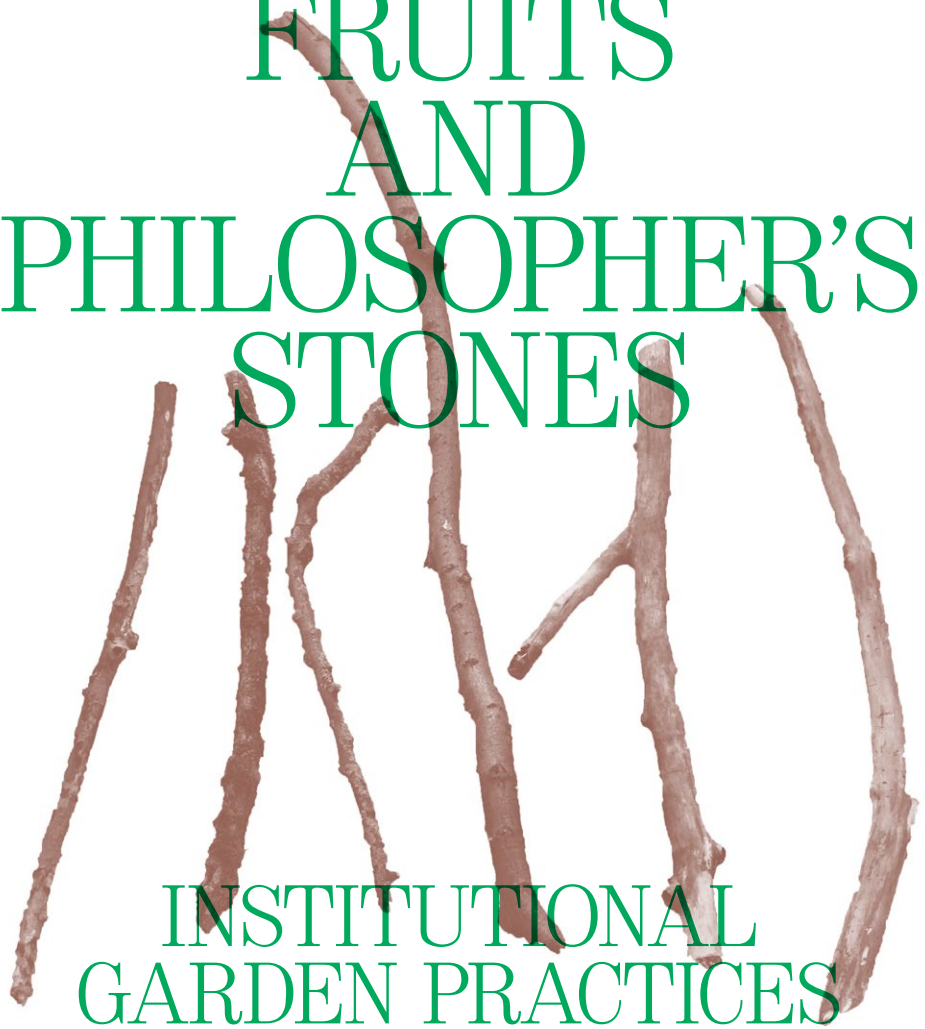
HANGING FRUITS AND PHILOSOPHER'S STONES



INSTITUTIONAL GARDEN PRACTICES AT THE JAN VAN EYCK ACADEMIE

INSTITUTION(ING)S TOOLKIT

Introduction

This little toolkit looks back at five years of gardening at the Jan van Eyck Academie. By gardening, we do not refer here exclusively to the practice that combines a variety of actions such as sowing seedlings, planting, pruning, harvesting, and shoveling. We consider gardening as a broader term that also includes questioning, remembering, reviving, discovering, connecting and caring.

The toolkit presents a non-exhaustive selection of contributions from JvE alumni, who engaged with, reflected on, and transitioned through a little plot of land hidden in the core of the academy. Called the Vegetable Garden, this plot of land has been a crossover of practices differently related to the Nature Research department and the Food Lab. Collectively maintained, the garden provided the academy's café with for instance a seasonal tisane, a selection of herbs, fruits and plants from our growing Food Forest concept, a yearly yield of grapes, a variety of berries and an everchanging selection of vegetables and fruits brought and grown by the participants. This has offered and will continue to offer the participants sensory and sensorial networks to ponder a multiplicity of questions and experiment with a variety of modes of multi-species collaboration.

As you will read, the toolkit is shaped by *hanging fruits and philosophers stones, ducks and coffee beans, grass and compost, a variety of ferments and dyes, architectural hums.* It gathers texts, poems, recipes, maps, drawings: we consider these the traces of thinking and making processes that emerged over five years at the Jan van Eyck Academie. We want to thank all the contributors who generously agreed to share this, sometimes unpublished, often exploratory, always inspiring material. Our gratitude also goes to all the other artists, colleagues, advisors, and collaborators who have contributed to the life of the garden and inspired us to think about the material and metaphorical significance of institutional garden practices.

Giulia Bellinetti
(Nature Research Department & Future Materials Lab)

Marente van der Valk
(Food Lab)

Suzanne Bernhardt

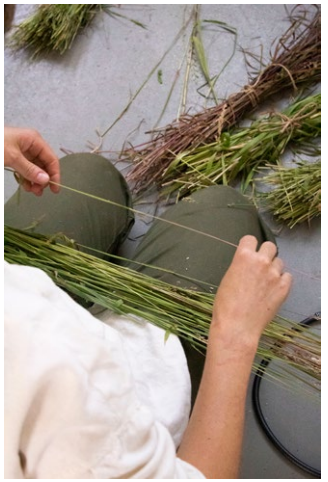




Photos by Suzanne Bernhardt









Photos by Maryse Aalbers

Grass Gathering

Grass holds the ground of human food culture. Grasses – grains, corn, rice, the Poaceae family – drew us into settlement, into staying with a place long enough to listen. With them came questions of time: how to keep, how to store, how to transform what is harvested into something that can be held, shared, digested.

These questions were answered relationally. Not through control, but through collaboration- with soil, climate, and microbial life. Across geographies, specific practices emerged: fermenting, drying, storing, tending. Food became an expression of place, shaped through ongoing exchange with local ecologies and species.

Over the last century, this closeness has slowly loosened. Many of the gestures that once connected us to land, season and process have been replaced by faster, more distant systems. Food still arrives, but its paths are harder to trace, its transformations less felt in the body. This distance draws me to follow both the routes and the roots of what we eat, back through landscapes, practices and plant lineages.

Grass Gathering began at the thresholds of cultivated fields, among grasses that precede and accompany the grains we consume. Encountering them as both familiar and overlooked, I gathered and wove them into constellations, temporary shelters. These structures invite a bodily relation to this lineage: to stand within it, to be held by it and to acknowledge these plants as quiet collaborators in the shaping of human life.

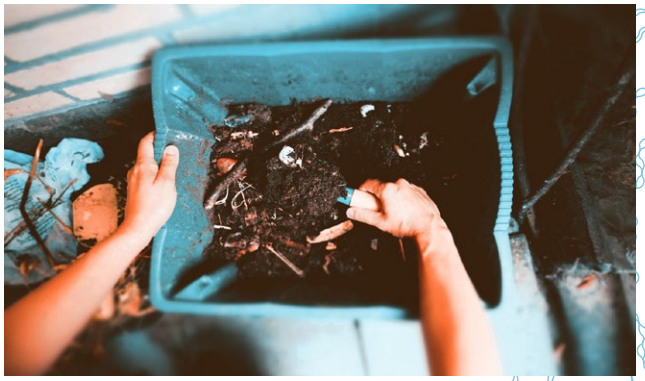
Falling into a field with your mouth open

The smell of fresh grass we all know, especially when freshly cut – something we encounter more closely in childhood, when we are nearer to the ground. Over time we become more distant from these smells of soil and growth. Grass itself remains a threshold taste. For humans it is mostly inaccessible, unlike grass eaters such as cows, whose multiple stomachs allow them to digest cellulose. A human body cannot do this alone.

For this ice cream we combine cultivated grass like fresh wheatgrass, with wild grasses such as reed, bringing together different plant relations in one mixture. The cellulose is gently removed, allowing the green taste to remain without the structure that our bodies cannot break down.

It is served directly on the hand, nothing between you and the grass. A small gesture to honour these relations, and to remember where we come from, and perhaps where we are going.

Proyecto Cocuyo



Compost

This text is written like compost. The paragraphs interweave fragments of our memory in layers of words written in our native languages: in Spanish by Carlos Guzmán and in Portuguese by Ana Tomimori. An English version accompanies this exercise, which seeks the emergence of new, nourishing soil, new words to feed the ground we now inhabit.

Ana: We arrived in winter, December 2023. Three suitcases trying to summarize seven years in the Colombian countryside. Inside them were twenty kilos of coffee, toys, and a few pieces of clothing. We weighed the suitcases on the same scale where for years we had placed sacks of coffee before taking them to the buyer of dried parchment located in the village, a fifteen-minute drive away.



Photos by Proyecto Cocuyo

Carlos: I saw the snowfall for the first time with my son through the window on that first afternoon. I saw a carpet of yellow leaves around a large Ginkgo Biloba tree. I picked one of these leaves and kept it in my agenda; it's still there, its unique shape and intense scent still lingering on my way to the studio.

A: A clean, large, and renovated apartment. With almost nothing on the walls, it was made of concrete, like a white cube. He asked his father why all the trees were dead since they didn't have any leaves. Happy, but a little disoriented. I saw piles of leaves neatly separated in the building's parking lot. Not knowing where to put the organic waste, I decided to go to the store next door, buy a bag of soil, two plastic boxes, and a gardening shovel.

C: I went along with the idea of composting because I didn't understand where to put the organic waste. Apparently, we had a small communal bin for the four apartments in the building. Composting was also easy because there were huge amounts of dry leaves at the beginning of winter. The organic waste also didn't decompose easily because of the cold. At the supermaket, I found bananas and oranges at the entrance, just like at our house in Cachipay, where the bananas and oranges were next to the house, but now they were packaged, labeled, sorted, and transported from across the ocean.

A: We had a balcony that at that moment became the official composting area. How to decompose without worms and in winter? On the farm, we built a wooden box on the ground, placed leaves and dry material (wood, weeds), a little soil and organic waste, and kept adding layers. We filled the box and mixed everything a couple of times a week. Intuitively, I did what I had done on the farm. In winter, the balcony hardly smelled.

C: We built the compost bin in our first or second year living in the countryside with the help of volunteers. Now I think about how foreign volunteers who stayed with us for a week or two built something so important at our house. This compost nourished several coffee plants, fruit trees, and other plants that we transplanted over the years. To transplant the new plants, we dug a hole in the ground and then placed a handful of compost inside, and finally the new tree or shrub. Years later, my cousin brought a small bag of red Californian earthworms. I added them to the bin, and within a few months, they colonized the entire composter, which became a vermicomposting bin.

A: The worms gradually emerged because the box had no bottom and was set up on the ground. The days with little sun were replaced by increasingly brighter days. The temperature also changed, and with that, the smell of our compost began to enter the kitchen; it wasn't very strong, but the change was noticeable. Living in a new space requires an adaptation period, a time that isn't immediate; to feel how it also becomes a little closer. Where were we going to put the compost after these months of decomposition? Now we were rummaging through our memories, trying out some words, trying to translate a context that was once planted in the backyard and was now miles away.

C: The past and present appeared superimposed daily: the fruit and compost beside the kitchen, the leaves falling from the large trees in Waldeck Park. When I first saw them, I thought they were old, ancient like the ones that had accompanied us for years in that small corner of an Andean mountain. I also thought: bananas taste like my homeland, but when I tried a few, they lacked the sweetness of my memory, since they are picked green and unripe for export. I harvested a bunch of bananas every two weeks, going down the hillside accompanied by the dogs, "Yeye", "Negro", "Lupita", "Pocilla", "Laica", and the gray cat "ceniza", who ran alongside them, thinking it was one of the pack. With the machete, I would remove some leaves and then the trunk with a firm, diagonal blow that brought it down completely, bunch included. Each bunch weighed about twenty kilos, and we ate them every day– sweet forest bananas.

A: Our neighbor and fellow artist Yoeri started a vegetable garden. He cultivated it before and after his daughter was born. Every day we saw his tomatoes, of different colors, at the entrance of our building. We no longer had a coffee plantation to tend, but we saw a little girl and tomatoes growing. He saw our son passing by, learning his language, and perhaps imagined her baby in the future. We offered him the compost, and he offered what he planted. "Lupita", "Yeye", "Negro", "Pocilla", "Laica", and "Ceniza", the parrot "Pacheco", Carmem, Camilo, and Antonio, coffee, bananas, and oranges were no longer there. But now there were memories of before, translations, Hazel, Zomer, Penelope, tomatoes, zucchini, and the memory of a 2024 that blew our lives into another soil.

The Netherlands. April 2026

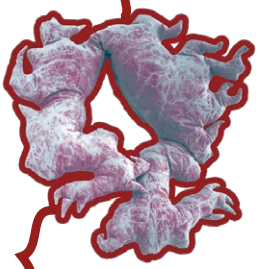
* This text accompanies the photographs documenting the compost-for-vegetables exchange that took place in the summer of 2024 with the artist Yoeri Guépin. The event was held in a community garden in the St. Pieter area of Maastricht. We made the compost at our home on Theresiaplein during our residency at the Jan van Eyck Academie.

Luca Gerry Conte

Scheme for archetypal Praecox

aka philospher stone

FERMENT — Rubedo — Citrinitas — Albedo — Nigredo — ***A-C-TION***







Sal Culianria (Lapis) — ***COAGULA*** — Non Iodata Maritimus)

MICROBIAL CONTROL — ***CERA ALBA***



Apis Mellifera

Prunus Armeniaca

4D

Acidum Lacticum (18 - 22°C)



SOLVE

I. GALLA QUERCUS
II. LIQUOR DECOLORANS
III. CURCUMA LONGA
IV. RUBIA TINCTORUM



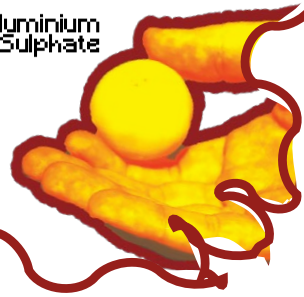
Biorkiza Pallida

Gossypium/Linus (55°C)

3D

coffee beans
grape leaves
cloves

Potassium Aluminium Sulphate



MORDANT

2D

Cristina Flores Pescorán



Photos by Cristina Flores Pescorán

Mang. Volveré a ti, volverás a mí
(Mang. I'll return to you, you'll return to me)

During my months as an artist-in-residence at the JvE, I sought experiences that would allow me to connect with this new territory I inhabited. I planted purple corn in an area of the garden, and as the weeks passed, I transformed it into a milpa with the addition of moche beans and squash. In its growth, I saw myself reflected.

The wind and the storm knocked down some stalks, and I decided to embrace that experience as a welcome to taste the water contained within their stems before returning them to the earth.

A ritual of purification and reconnection with home.

This documented experience resulted in the video "Mang. I will return to you, you will return to me."



*Mang: Maíz in Moche language

Constant conversation with time, with the wind, a greeting to the sun, a kiss to our feet.

Para VIVIR

Years ago, I asked my father
"What is your first memory of drinking chicha?"
Cutzhio*
Cutzhio
He looked at me with his big black eyes
And with a slow voice he told me

"I was 5 years old, I was a chubby little churrito*
And my mom and I were going to a party
Chim*
Chim
Back then, the roads were all dust and sand in Piura
Cutzhio
Cutzhio
It was late, I remember, and the sun was very strong
Cutzhio
Cutzhio

When I got out of my uncle Floro's truck...
I walked quickly to get to the party
...and then...
Cutzhio
Cutzhio
A car almost killed me...
It passed so close to me
It scared me so much
I didn't cry
I was stunned
All the guests were scared
Aunt Eduarda said
— Dale the churrito chicha...
To forget and heal... to come back to life
— Denle chicha al churrito...
Para olvidar y sanar... para volver a vivir
He never forgot... but he did heal and come back to life
Come back to life... to heal
Para vivir
Seguir viviendo
Seguir caminando
Cutzhio
Cutzhio
Cutzhio Chicha
Chicha — Maíz tierno
Cutzhio Celebrations
To heal
To live
Cutzhio
Cutzhio

RECIPE — Chicha Morada
(From my dad, Rómulo Flores Mendoza)

The corn cob (or husk) is cut into several pieces and, along with the kernels, is placed in a pot with 2 liters of water. / Add the peels of a well-washed pineapple. / Add whole cinnamon sticks and cloves. / Let it boil in a covered pot. / When the corn kernels have popped, it means you can turn off the heat; let it cool and strain it. You will obtain the essence of chicha morada.

Note: If you notice that the water volume has decreased during boiling, add a little more water. / Once the strained mixture has cooled, separate the portion of the chicha concentrate into a pitcher and add lemon juice and sugar, all to taste. / The color and acidity will depend on the lemon juice (to your liking); add sugar and some ice cubes... and serve.

Chicha: Beverage derived from corn and cereals.
Chim: Dancing in the Moche language.
Churrito: Little boy, typical expression of Piura, northern Peru.
Cutzhio: Chicha in Moche language.

Yoeri Guépin



A Garden for Hazel, 2024, St. Pietersberg Maastricht. Photo by Yoeri Guépin

A Garden for Hazel

During my residency at the Jan van Eyck Academie, I took over an allotment garden formerly owned by ENCI, high up on St. Pietersberg. Hazel had just been born, and in those early months I wanted to care for her in the most basic way.

The garden I inherited carried another history. Years of neglect had left it overgrown and depleted. The soil felt compacted and exhausted. In the shed, I found old pesticide containers—some no longer permitted in the Netherlands. Soil tests showed only trace residues, likely diminished over time, but the question remained: could I trust this ground?

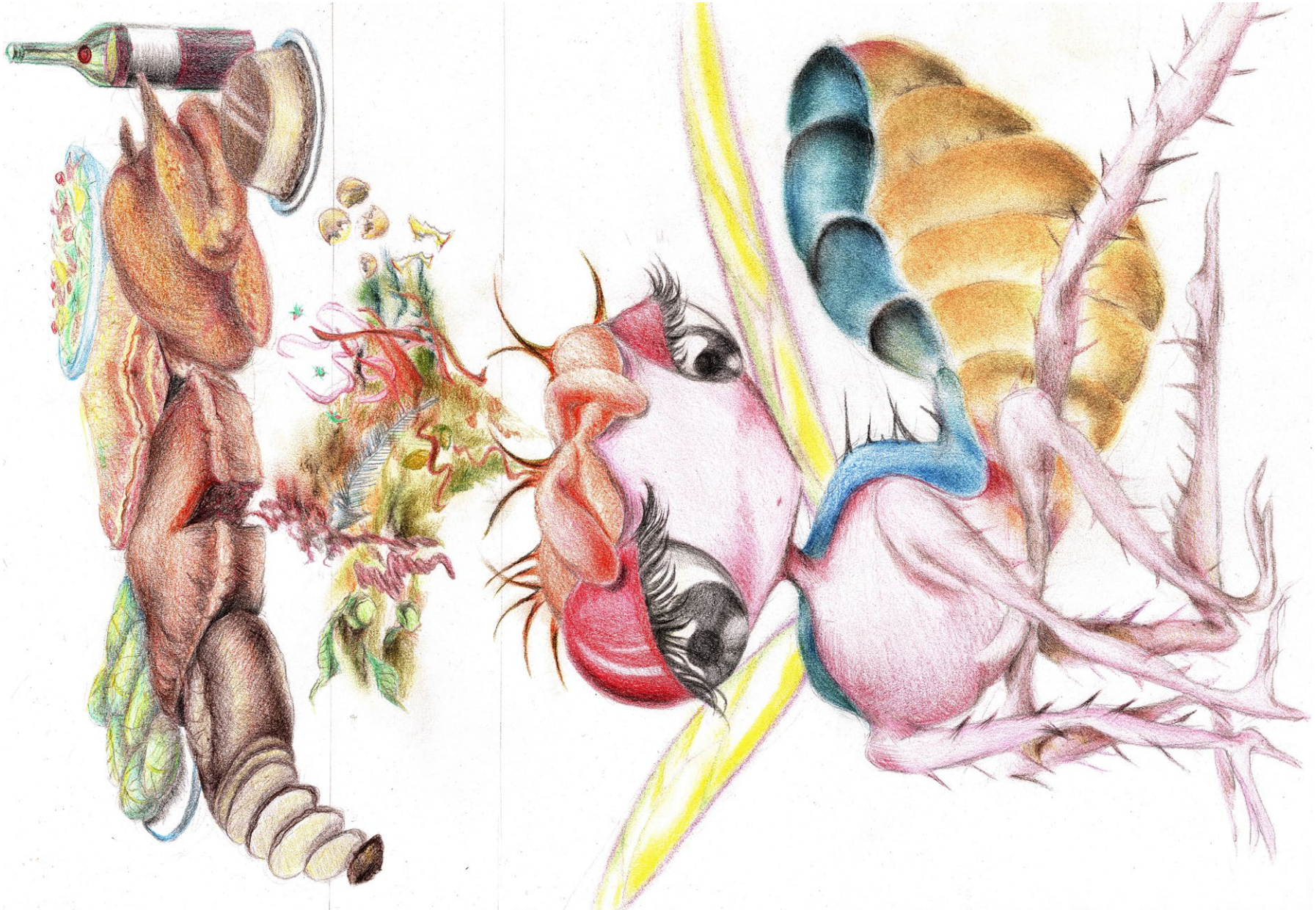
What began as cultivation became restoration. I started to think of the garden not as a site of production, but as a damaged microbiome in need of repair. A 94 m^2 system to be rebalanced. Soil is not inert. It is structured by microbial relations: roughly 10% beneficial organisms, 10% pathogenic, and 80% opportunists that follow dominance. Regeneration depends not on eradication, but on leverage—a small strengthening of the beneficial fraction is enough to shift the entire system.

Industrial agriculture, through chemical fertilizers and pesticides, stabilizes the opposite condition: favoring pathogenic dominance and locking soils into a cycle of escalating chemical dependence. One intervention produces the need for another, deepening degradation.

This is not isolated to the soil. The soil microbiome is continuous with the gut microbiome, and the gut is in constant biochemical communication with the brain. Environment, digestion, and cognition form a coupled system. To restore soil is therefore to intervene in both ecological and mental conditions.

A garden for Hazel begins here: as a question of trust, and as an attempt to recompose a living system from within its smallest actors.

Kexin Hao



Asli Hatipoğlu

Photos by Asli Hatipoğlu







RECIPE
JvE garden natural wine
(8 liters)

INGREDIENTS
- Ripe JvE grapes (about 3,5 kg)
- 5 liters of water (optional)
- 3 cups of unrefined cane sugar
- 2 times 3 liter jars with airlock

METHOD
Step 1: Collect grapes from JvE garden around October. The time of harvest depends on the season: when the grapes start to fall down from the tree, they are ripe enough and full of sugars.
Step 2: Sort out the good grapes from the bad ones: discard the moldy grapes in between.
Step 3: Wash the grapes gently.
Step 4: Pick the grapes from the stalk and put them in a big container.
Step 5: Smash the grapes to release their juices. You can do this with a potato masher or your feet if they are clean.
Step 6: Divide them into the 2 jars. Each jar should contain about 1,7 kg grapes.
Step 7: Add 2,5 liters of water into each jar. You can also alternatively skip adding water if the grapes are juicy enough.
Step 8: Since the grapes are not super sweet from the JvE garden, add additional sugar into jars, about 1,5 cup to each container. This will activate the natural yeast on the grapes.
Step 9: Close the jar and put on the airlock with water. Wait for it to ferment. The skin contact of grapes will make the color ruby red.
Step 10: After 2 weeks, discard the grapes, put back into airlock jars.
Step 11: Once the fermentation stops (when there is no longer little bubbles appearing) it means all the sugar was broken down into alcohol. Bottle the juices into clean sterilized bottles.
You can alternatively age the wine for up to 6 months.

Enjoy with friends and strangers.

Anaïs Hazo

















In places of care and caring for places,
a quiet architecture hums —
a trickle of sound,
close to nothing.

Long, deep, almost holding its breath,
yet silenced no more,
casting a spell,
scoring: hide without seek.

Retreat is soft redirection —
root turning from stone
toward water, unseen.

To hide is to attune deeper,
to resist,
by letting go.

To allow for an intimate touch,
reclaiming what minds won't know,
pressing matter into texture.

Bodies from all scales,
slugs, parcels of soil, bones and skins,
woven together — many echoes.

Beneath, between, within —
fascia threading through cells,
mycelium tickling feet.

Sensing networks:
off-center, relational, entangled.

None of this stands alone,
from radicle to flesh to air
and back to the foundations.

As the maroon whispers into the shell:
care is fluid,

slips from capture.



Elia Nurvista

Long Hanging Fruits: Palm Oil, Study, and the Ground

During my time at Jan van Eyck Academie in 2021-2022, I initiated a small study group with Sina Ribak, Michelle Lai, and Yoeri Guépin, emerging from our shared interests in food, plants, forests, plantations, and oil palm. Although we each approached the subject from different directions, we gradually narrowed our focus to palm oil. My own interest began with palm oil as a food ingredient produced on a vast scale through plantation economies in Indonesia. Through this study group, however, I was pushed to understand palm oil beyond food alone. It was also within this collective process that we coined the title Long Hanging Fruits, which I later continued to use for my ongoing project on the political economy of palm oil.

Palm oil is one of the most widely used oils in the world, yet it is often encountered only in its most neutralised form. It appears in snacks, margarine, instant noodles, cosmetics, soap, and many processed goods, usually without texture, smell, or story. Its refined forms are designed to disappear into ordinary life. That disappearance is part of its power. The smoother it moves through kitchens and markets, the harder it becomes to perceive the rougher worlds that sustain it: monoculture landscapes, land conversion, migrant labour, and the uneven distribution of profit and exposure.

At Jan van Eyck, these questions found a particular resonance. The Food Lab and the vegetable garden offered a setting where food could be approached not only as nourishment, but also as a way of thinking. In that context, it felt important to bring palm oil into conversation not as a distant global issue, but as a material already embedded in institutions, kitchens, and bodies. Our study group became a small space for staying with this tension.

We were especially interested in tracing the historical trajectory of oil palm plantations as a system shaped by colonialism. Yoeri tried to plant Deli-Dura oil palm seedlings in the Jan van Eyck garden as both a symbolic gesture and a small experiment. Although they did not grow, the attempt led us to think of the garden itself as an experimental site animated by aims very different from those of the colonial plantation. Michelle turned to folklore, fables, and inherited stories, rereading them as cultural forms through which the conquest of nature has long been imagined and normalised. Sina, whose previous research engaged the Amazon, became interested in the contrast between forest and plantation as a question of soundscape, listening to how these environments hold radically different rhythms, densities, and relations. Alongside these perspectives, we read, discussed, and exchanged references while trying to remain close to palm oil as a material in itself: its colour, viscosity, smell, and the contradictory worlds it connects.



Courtesy of JvE

These conversations eventually led to the talk we organised, *Long Hanging Fruits: Myths and Matter on Palm Oil Complex*. The title came from a desire to hold together two dimensions of palm oil that are often separated. On the one hand, palm oil is surrounded by myths: myths of efficiency, affordability, necessity, and development. On the other hand, it is also matter. It stains, thickens, softens with heat, and carries particular flavours and associations depending on where and how it is used. To speak about palm oil only through policy, statistics, or moral position is not enough. It must also be encountered through the senses, through domestic habits, and through the forms of proximity that food makes possible.



Courtesy of the artist

After the talk, our friends Philipp Schueller, Ruby Hoette, and Sybille Neumeyer prepared a dinner titled Palm Dinner. At Jan van Eyck, when someone gives a presentation, others often take turns cooking for the shared evening meal. It is a modest but meaningful redistribution of labour and care, where hospitality becomes part of intellectual life. That evening, we sat together on the floor around dishes arranged on a white cloth. Folded napkins shaped like palm leaves became part of the scenography. The dishes themselves contained palm oil, cooked with great attention. Palm oil, of course, has long been an important ingredient in many African food cultures, beyond the meanings it has acquired as a global commodity.

That evening stayed with me because it offered another way of thinking about what it means to be "on the ground." In research, the phrase often refers to staying attentive to lived conditions, material realities, and situated knowledge rather than relying on abstraction alone. But that evening it also described a physical way of being together: seated on the floor, gathered around food, sharing a common surface without the formality that a table can produce. For me, this became a way of thinking about method itself: remaining close to matter, close to contradiction, and close to others.

RECIPE

Warm Lentils with Herbs and Unrefined Palm Oil, Served in Endive Leaves

This dish works best as a shared plate. The slight bitterness and crispness of the endive hold the warm lentils beautifully, while the unrefined palm oil brings colour, depth, and a faint earthy sweetness.

INGREDIENTS

- 1 cup brown or green lentils
- 3 tbsp unrefined red palm oil
- 1 small shallot or 1/2 small red onion, finely chopped
- 1 small garlic clove, finely chopped
- 1 small handful parsley, chopped
- 1 small handful mint, chopped
- 1 small handful cilantro or celery leaves, chopped
- juice of 1/2 lemon
- salt, to taste
- black pepper, to taste
- 3 to 4 heads Belgian endive or chicory, leaves separated
- optional: thinly sliced cucumber or radish for freshness

METHOD

Rinse the lentils, then cook them in plenty of water until just tender. They should hold their shape and not turn mushy. Drain and let them cool slightly.

In a small pan, warm the palm oil over low heat. Add the shallot and cook until soft. Add the garlic and cook briefly, just until fragrant. Do not let it brown too much. The point is to keep the taste round and gentle.

Place the warm lentils in a bowl. Add the shallot, garlic, and palm oil mixture. Fold in the chopped herbs, lemon juice, salt, and black pepper. Taste and adjust. The lentils should feel bright from the lemon, rich from the palm oil, and fresh from the herbs.

Arrange the endive leaves on a plate and spoon the lentil mixture into them. Add cucumber or radish if using.

Serve immediately, while the lentils are still slightly warm and the leaves still crisp.

This can be eaten with the hands, which is part of its logic: a small gesture of holding together bitterness, oil, leaf, and legume in one bite.

Long Hanging Fruits: Palm Oil, Study, and the Ground

Nickie Sigurdsson





Photos by Nickie Sigurdsson

MAKE A GARDEN BEFORE YOU BUILD A HOUSE

In the autumn of 2021, at the beginning of my residency, Covid had returned and the Jan van Eyck Academie went into full lockdown. For me, it sharpened some thoughts I had already been carrying about work, care, and exhaustion—both personal and planetary. It also made me question the basic conditions of artistic production. I began wondering how I could reduce material accumulation, how my work might respond more directly to its surroundings, and how it could render itself more cyclical, local, or even infrastructural.

At the same time, the small neglected garden plot in the academy's in-between space seemed to offer a silent prompt: take care of this. I got permission to unearth the garden, and as soon as I started working, the place seemed to stir. Giving attention to something often creates its own momentum. Very quickly, other participants joined in, bringing compost, digging raised beds, planting, weeding. What began as a solitary gesture turned into a shared project.

The original idea was to grow vegetables for the JvE café, but the conditions weren't ideal. Too little sun and an enormous amount of snails couldn't meet the demand, however a variation of herbs and sprouts found their way into the kitchen and several collective dinners. Instead, the garden became a place of gathering and a place shared with other living presences. With help from local conservationists, seed savers, and farmers, it also became a place for endangered regional plants, including several thistle species, as well as cultural plants that participants missed from home, like Perilla, which ended up in some incredible shared meals as well. In this way, the garden slowly wove itself into the institutional fabric.

One of the more unusual "experiments" was the arrival of five Indian runner ducks, known for being excellent foragers. I got them from Wim Storken, a local organic farmer and the academy's vegetable supplier. Their presence required bending the institutional rule that forbade animals inside the walls.

At first they were shy and kept their distance, doing their peculiar neck gestures. Still, their presence made people happy, especially during a period marked by isolation. Their daily routines also aligned surprisingly well with those of the artists, someone was always at the academy early enough to let them out of the greenhouse, and someone else always stayed late enough to bring them back in.

Then one morning, some of the ducks were found dead, likely taken by a marten. One even lay with its chest torn open, collapsed over a snail that was pressed into the soil. It was a devastating sight, and I felt responsible. Boudewijn, the business director, kindly offered a place in his orchard for their burial. Together with a few other participants we made a small ceremony in the orchard. It was clear that the passing affected others too; the ducks had become part of the community of the institution.

Looking back, the garden became a place for experimental ecology and care. It was a space where local knowledge, more-than-human relations, and everyday social life met the structures of the institution. It didn't become a productive garden in the usual sense, but something shaped by attention, collaboration, collective gatherings and the sometimes unpredictable rhythms of the living things that moved through it. Perhaps, in this sense, it was an attempt to make a garden before building a house, and in a time of precariousness, the caretaking of the garden had felt, at least for me, as a place of rootedness and belonging. For the next generation of participants to continue the work with the garden, I created a practical website and a small seed library to support its ongoing care.



Artist Statements

Suzanne Bernhardt is artist and researcher working within the fields of edible storytelling. By tracing the roots and routes of foods, she unfolds narratives of the foods that surround us, and brings them into conversation with contemporary topics around living and working together with the lands we inhabit. Exposing the choices we make to nurture ourselves and our surroundings. Within this journey, she collaborates with Philipp Kolmann and with many others: craftspeople, farmers, scientists and cultural initiatives but also non-human collaborators when growing fungi, molds and bacteria to create tasty and sculptural installations.

Proyecto Cocuyo, named after a South American firefly, is an art collective by Ana Tomimori and Carlos Guzmán. For seven years, they lived in the misty forests of Cachipay, Colombia, managing a shade-grown coffee farm and the 'Cocuyo' Art Residency. Inspired by the hope following the 2016 Peace Agreement between the Colombian government and FARC, they restored Carlos's grandparents' farmhouse. There, they produced "Cocuyo Coffee," a small-scale organic product. This immersive experience provided a profound understanding of growers' challenges and the devastating impacts of climate change on agriculture. Through publications, workshops, and exhibitions, the collective shares these insights, highlighting the realities of conscious, small-scale farming. Currently, Cocuyo reflects on their rural life, its complex relationship with colonialism, and the hidden facets of the global coffee supply chain, continuing their investigation into the intersections of land, memory, and labor.

Luca Gerry Conte
Transdisciplinary artist Luca Conte focuses on spatial ecological dynamics in social interactions. Conte employs food as a catalyst, subtly influencing commonplace situations by creating discreet points of engagement. His work navigates the intersection where the authentic nature of food collides with cultural customs, offering viewers an opportunity to experience and reconnect with the context of the acted space.

After studying Fine Arts between Italy and the Netherlands, he co-founded Trixie in The Hague in 2018 and then returned to Italy in 2020 to study Gastronomic Sciences. Driven by the wish to create communities and spaces, together with a collective of people, Conte established Palazzo Bronzo in Genova in 2022, an artist-run space that explores the realms of art, architecture, theatre, and performance. Currently, his work develops between a slow and constant studio practice that he rhythmically carries elsewhere with a nomadic attitude, attempting to tune with each context. By doing so, Conte explores the subtle dynamics between mundane elements, offering viewers a window into the nuanced interplay of art and everyday life. Trying to support the ordinary becoming extraordinary through a lens that invites contemplation and connection.

Cristina Flores Pescorán (b. 1986 in Lima, Peru; lives and works between Lima, Utrecht, and Paris) works across textiles, video, performance, and installation to explore the body as a site where illness, healing, memory, and ancestral knowledge converge.

Drawing from her own experience with cancer, recovery, and medical intervention, she approaches artistic practice as a means of confronting and reimagining what healing might signify beyond the limits of clinical frameworks. Referencing traditional medicinal practices in Peru, ritual structures, and inherited forms of cultural knowledge, Flores Pescorán creates works that move between vulnerability and protection, intimate experience and collective memory.

Flores Pescorán completed the Post-Academy program at the Jan van Eyck Academie, Maastricht, and studied Painting at the Pontificia Universidad Católica del Perú. Her work has been presented in major international exhibitions including the 24th Biennale of Sydney, the 3rd Toronto Biennial of Art, the Lahore Biennale, the 12th Site Santa Fe International, and the 15th Shanghai Biennale.

Yoeri Guépin (b.1983, Zeist) is an artist, researcher, and gardener based in the Netherlands. Through films, workshops, lectures, communal gardening projects, and field trips, his practice responds to injustice and systems of marginalization. His current work engages with the repercussions of industrialization on farmers and their ecosystems through the lens of his own embodied experience of being raised in several organic-farming communities. His experience of being brought up in biodynamic farming communities, helping his parents in the fields from a young age led to an interest in (agri)cultural histories. Guépin holds an MA from the Dutch Art Institute. His work was nominated for the Dolf Henkens Prize (2023) and exhibited at A Tale Of A Tub in Rotterdam (2023), Open Studios Jan van Eyck Academie (2024), Ujazdowski Castle Centre for Contemporary Art (2025) and Konsthall C in Stockholm (2026).

Kexin Hao I am a visual artist born in Beijing (1993) and based in The Hague. I have an interdisciplinary practice across art, design, and theatre with a focus on performance. I combine a variety of media including video, printed matter, choreography, and music, while borrowing archetypes in pop cultures such as aerobic workout, video games, online streaming, puppet theatre, aiming to provide the audience with playful, participatory, and on-site experiences. What lies at the core of my art making is the creation of experiences addressing history, society and cultural heritage through bodily engagement. I am interested in the human body in relation to collective memory and political propaganda, as well as the entanglement of human and pest in health and hygiene campaigns.

Asli Hatipoğlu (TR/TH/NL) is an interdisciplinary artist whose social practice focuses on curating participatory dinners and installations that shed light on how culinary history and agricultural politics are changing our relationship to food. From working with micro-scale bacteria and yeasts responsible in fermentation to insects such as the domesticated silkworm, Asli critically investigates ways of relating to our environment and ourselves. She has been working with the shifting narrative of an artist and a tour-guide, merging fiction and reality with story-telling in performative acts as a way to critically question today's systems of production. By engaging people in conversation, she opens dialogue in critical thinking looking at the past and present use of landscapes and their speculative futures. Asli deepened her knowledge of fermentation during her residency at the Food Lab Jan van Eyck Academie 2020-2021, along with participating in festivals such as Food Art Film Festival JvE (NL), Taking Root–Food Art Film Festival CCA Glasgow (UK), Foodculture Days Vevey (CH), Japanese Knotweed Festival at Mediamatic (NL), Zamus Theaterhaus Cologne (DE), Bazaar Festival (CZ), Kiemkracht festival Ghent (BE). She has followed an artistic research residency at A.PASS (Advanced performance and scenography studies) in Belgium. Her works have been exhibited and performed in places such as Textiel Museum Tilburg (NL), Villa Filanda Antonini (IT), Nesse Terneuzen (NL), Kunstverein Bielefeld (DE), Lantz'scher park Dusseldorf (DE), Zuiderzee Museum Enkhuizen (NL), Radius CCA Delft (NL), Het Nieuwe Instituut Rotterdam (NL), Jan Van Eyck Academie Maastricht (NL), Kunsthaus NRW Kornelimünster (DE), Kafkarna Prague (CZ), Hectolitre Art space Brussels (BE).

Anaïs Hazo (1989) is a French artist living and working between France and the Netherlands. Drawing from vernacular, feminist, and anthropological embodied research, she uses various humble, malleable materials: clay, textiles, food, plants, texts. Her multi-faceted practice unfolds into scores, artifacts, tools and spaces – shelters for regeneration and resistance. Rooted in her Caribbean heritage and

inspired by maroon strategies of concealment and resilience, it merges artistic and therapeutic approaches into a form of “quiet activism.”

Her trajectory includes numerous international residencies. At the Jan van Eyck Academie, she worked with and within the institution’s garden to craft a hidden space in which to retreat. This process significantly shaped her early care-centered artistic frameworks in relation to contemporary social and ecological issues.

Hazo is also a birth doula and a myofascial release practitioner. In 2025, she returned to the Jan van Eyck and gave her first massages to the staff and participants of the Academie. She is currently developing a long-term studio, where she will host the public for treatments.

Elia Nurvista is an Indonesian artist and independent artistic researcher whose work examines the politics of food through contemporary art, research, and pedagogy. Using food as a social, political, and ecological lens, she explores labour, extraction, everyday consumption, and collective knowledge, while tracing their entanglements with ecology, gender, class, and geopolitics. Her practice spans workshops, study groups, publications, site-specific projects, performance, video, and installation. In 2015, she initiated Bakudapan Food Study Group, a Yogyakarta-based artistic research collective focused on food within broader cultural and political contexts. Through Bakudapan, she has developed collaborative research, publications, and public projects grounded in complementarity and camaraderie. She lives and works in Yogyakarta, Indonesia.

Nickie Sigurdsson With a background in agriculture and a practice as a visual artist, Sigurdsson’s work explores the entanglements between land, memory, and situated knowledge. Her works are often cross-aesthetic and time-based, unfolding across media and formats. She often works with materials involved in metabolic processes—materials that decompose, are digested, or in other ways transform over time. In her practice, materials are not treated as isolated objects but as active participants in relational circuits, shaping their surroundings and contributing to broader narratives across species, bodies, temporalities, and landscapes.

Together with the former collective Soft Protest Digest, she has explored the meal as a pedagogical and performative space to communicate the planetary crisis through sound, performance, and edible materials, often in close dialogue with farmers and other land-based practitioners. With Inland Collective, she has developed interdisciplinary projects addressing rural economies, urban–rural tensions, and land stewardship across art, architecture, literature, and curating.

Colophon

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