

ANTROPICAL

2019



Play Until United

Antropical is an open-air research-based artistic residency, focused on social impact and engagement through artistic and multidisciplinary practices.

Integrating into the *Kolla* for the past 3 years, *Antropical* has developed research on the concept of collaborative consumption and sustainability. The *Kolla Festival* is a playground, a utopic safe space, in which people can experiment, interact and create without the competitive pressure of society. Considering the *Kolla Festival* as a small-scale society where culture and art can flourish allows for a detailed observation of its development. At *Antropical* the creative process and interdisciplinary exchange is placed on a higher standing than that of the monetary value.

At *Antropical* each year a theme develops in relation to the previous years' research, past themes and issues that arose, which is why the concept of the residency is that the research practice is ongoing. We seek to evolve our core belief that art should be accessible within a festival setting, and we look forward to expanding on this with new artists, art practices and theoreticians every year.

Our residencies aim to perpetuate an evolving course of research through and reflection on experimentation, accepting the element of chance in development/ being able to 'play' with other people. In that sense, we deem the *Kolla Festival* as a location wherein *Antropical* participants conduct fieldwork that explores how to engage with festivalgoers through their artistic practices.

Following the results of the field research pertaining to last year's theme of *Microcosms*, it was concluded that the ideas relating to play worked well when connecting with the public. Play is a bonding factor of everything in the microcosm that is *Kolla*, our little utopia. In order to play you have to connect with issues at hand, be present and be more open to others. That is why this year's theme is 'Play Until United'.

Beginning with the intentionally ambiguous title, *Antropical* residents of 2019 have collaboratively explored how play can be questioning, resistance, inclusion, deconstructing and reconstructing the rules. With activities, workshops, projects, soundboards, performances, games and experimentations they have addressed the seriousness that is *Play*, taking the concept *Kolla as a playground* and bringing it to life.

#hippietralala

Tatjana Bladt-Cohen

Play Until United 2019



Publication curated by:
Lucia Fiorani
Tatjana Bladt-Cohen
Daniele Valentino

Text and editing:
Tatjana Bladt-Cohen

Cover illustration and graphic design:
Lucia Fiorani

Photography:
Emiel Wendel

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Residency organised by:
Aurélien d'Incau
Clio Van Aerde



ŒUVRE
Nationale de Secours
Grande-Duchesse Charlotte



LE GOUVERNEMENT
DU GRAND-DUCHÉ DE LUXEMBOURG
Ministère de la Culture

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UTOPIAN KOLLA STATE

by Antropical 2019 collective

**This year we are playing
the *Utopian Kolla State*.
It is an alternative
state where we can take
bureaucracy with humour
and a grain of salt,
but very very seriously.**

Just like any other passports you can collect stamps with it at the Kolla Festival.

Just like passports, they will bring joy just by being able to tell stories once you are back home. So no, it is not a competitive game and you will only be compensated by experiences.

The stamps can be collected at all the Antropical activities and some more.

For more information please address the agent at the *Ministry of Strange Affairs*.

Anyone who passes by the *Ministry of Strange Affairs* of the *State of Kolla* and applies for a Visa will get the passport *for free*.

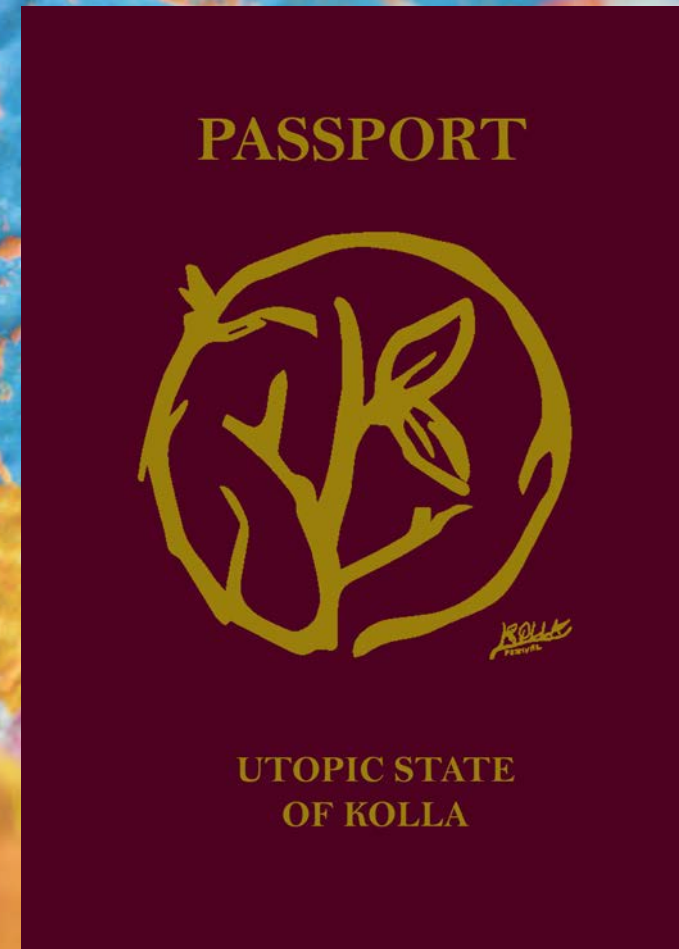
Two visas for the price of one.

**Ministry of Strange Affairs
of the state of Kolla**

**1b, rue Kollart
L- 8414 Steinfort**

Opening hours:

**Friday 15h-19h maybe
Saturday 14h-17h maybe
Sunday 14-17h maybe**



SOUND IMPROVISATION BOARDS

by Marieke Sytema

Who?

Marieke Sytema's inventions are for everybody.

Why?

So everybody can play with making sounds/music themselves, in a group and even conduct!

How?

1. Solo/ensemble style

The "hopper(s)" on the square's makes the noise of the square as long as the "hopper" is on the square.

2. Conductor(s) style

A person/the people on the side make(s) the noise of the square as long as the "hopper" is on the square.

CHOIR BOARD

various

LOUD!

normal

soft

Dynamics

Texture

tell a story

TURBO PLAY WORKSHOP

by Geraldine Massing and Christian Knapp



Participants create games, using only simple found objects (trash, sticks, tape, paper, ...) and the environment.

Each playful activity is created in only 5 minutes.

Over 4 rounds everyone creates 2 games on their own and 2 games in pairs.

The activities are shared after each round.
Learn to fail fast, fail often.

Inspired by the workshop „100 games an hour“ by Jan Willem Nijman and Kitty Calis, AMaze Festival Berlin, 2017

A workshop to make as many games/ playful activities as possible in a short period of time.



PLAY PERSONALITIES

by Gabi Linde, inspired by and based on the book "Play" by Stewart Brown.

What motivates you to play? I strongly believe that you have all play personalities in you, but naturally there are ones that are more dominant in you than others.

Knowing your dominant play personalities may help you to understand why you like to play certain games with more passion than others, and what kind of games and play makes you happy, and to accept that others may have more fun playing other games than you.

The following are descriptions of play personality archetypes. There is a wide range of variety in between the definitions. No play personality is better or worse than the other.

How to find out your dominant (2 or more) play personalities:

Read the short description and think about how you feel about them. Then compare one against each other. The stronger one stays until one is left.

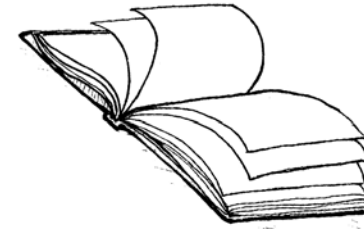
Example:

Storyteller vs. Joker -> Storyteller stays.
Storyteller vs. Director -> Storyteller stays.
Storyteller vs. Explorer -> Explorer stays. Explorer vs. Competitor -> Explorer stays...

The last play personality standing is your dominant one.

Start the process again without your first dominant play personality, until you find your second dominant one. Most people interviewed have two dominant play personalities very close to each other.

What is your play personality and which games do you love to play, which games and playful activities give you energy and "shiny eyes"?



The Storyteller

Imagination is the key of the kingdom of play for the storyteller. Active ones are performers of all sorts, and passive ones love to absorb or create imaginary exciting worlds.

The Collector

The thrill of the collector is to have and to hold the most, best, most interesting collections of objects or experiences. They may enjoy collecting as solitary acting or find themselves in the focus of an intense social collection with others who have similar obsessions.



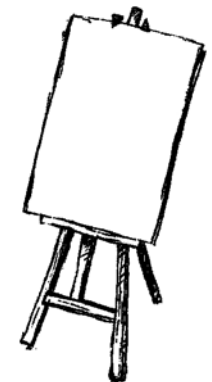
The Competitor

The competitor loves games with specific rules and they enjoy to win. Games can be solitary or social-activities, or experienced as a fan. Fun comes from being the top person of the group, or business, in which money or perks serve to keep score.



The Artist/Creator

The artist/creator's joy is to make things. Showing and selling their art to their world – or not at all. They love making something aesthetically beautiful or functional. Some like taking things apart and putting them back together, making things new or anew.





The Director

The director is a born organizer. At their best they enjoy planning and executing scenes, events and parties, at their worst they're manipulators.

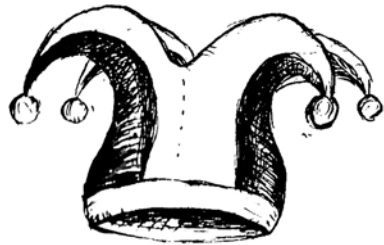
The Explorer

The preferred avenue into the alternative universe of play for the explorer is to remain creative and provoke the imagination. Physically they search for new places, emotionally for new feelings, and mentally for new subjects or experiences.



The Competitor

The joker is the most basic and extreme player throughout history. Everything revolves around some kind of nonsense. A class clown finds social acceptance through laughter. Adult jokers may carry this as social strategy, or love to play (small) pranks on friends.



The Kinaesthete

The kinaesthete loves to move in order to think. Most of them are athletes. They want to feel and push their body. Competition is not the main focus. It's a forum for engaging in their favourite activity.



HARMLESS BABY

Performance by:
Giulio Dal Lago, Kasia Lewinska, Alessandro Marchi,
Tosca Mitowska, Renske van Gelder.





RUN-THROUGH FOR A CONVERSATION AT THE END OF THE WORLD

*by Benjamin George Coles, in collaboration with
Tatjana Bladt-Cohen and Lucia Fiorani*

Suppose the world - or human civilisation, at any rate - is in the process of ending. I don't mean gradually, in the way it probably is. I mean over a matter of minutes, and then seconds.

The nuclear missiles are flying and landing. The asteroid is about to hit. Whatever you want. The important point is the world is ending, and you find yourself in conversation with a stranger. How does this conversation go? Do you suppose you could say something appropriate to the occasion? Something profound? Taking all the time you like now, can you think of something that it would be profound to say as the world ends? Note the risk that the thing you say as the world ends is not profound, but pretentious. Not a particularly frightening risk in the circumstances, you might think, but it would be a sad note to go out on, wouldn't it? Or maybe there would be, as there often is, a profundity to pretentious nonsense, and to banalities, and to entirely predictable expressions of horror

and awe, because in such speech acts there would be the basic truth of your condition. Some grand, philosophical pronouncement on the situation might be profound in some sense, but, in a more important sense, cosmetic, misleading. What would the point of such a pronouncement be, anyway? You are not duty-bound to commentate. Perhaps you don't need telling that. If you did want to say something profound, would it be more for your sake, or for your interlocutor's? Do you think you would, in this very last exchange, escape your self-centredness, or do you think you'd be more firmly its captive than ever? Maybe you wouldn't even be able to hear the words this other person spoke - if they didn't serve you in some attention-grabbing way. It's a marvellously vain thing to try

and do, isn't it - answer the end of the world with your mere words, whether for your own satisfaction or not. Mightn't it be better to say the kinds of largely senseless, pointless things we say every day just to reach others, just to minimally be with them and feel that we are? There are occasions, aren't there, when any kind of serious, thoughtful talk is an obstacle to closeness, and what we desperately need are the empty lines, the rote lines, the simplest and most familiar verbal refrains of our lives, and they become themselves almost the medium of closeness. Maybe the end of the world would be such an occasion.

Depends on your interlocutor. Would you try and get to know this person in the moments you had left? Would you be using the small-scale drama of connection as a distraction from the large-scale one you were in the midst of? What if they joked, in response to a question about where they were from, 'are you using me as a distraction from the end of the world'?

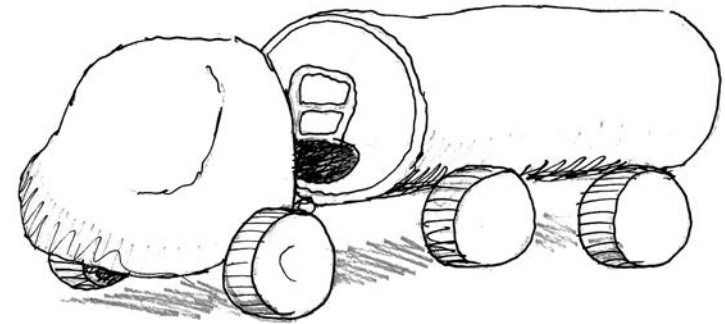
Mightn't that joke transform your exploitation into love, make these last few moments truly about the friendship born in that instant, and essentially joyous?

Imagine if you got, from this brief interaction, the sense that this was the person you'd been meant for all your life? In fact, mightn't it be hard to avoid that sense, if they were anything more than bearable. How could the situation not be intoxicating, to some degree? This would, in any case, be the person you'd ended up with. Are you the sort who, if attracted to

this person, would have the nerve to make a sexual advance, as in the end-of-the-world scenario much discussed in pubs? Would the irony strike you - the procreational impulse in the moment of extinction? Would you feel under pressure to perform? The climax to end all climaxes. Come with the world. You wouldn't want the world to end with your abject sexual failure and then some moments of awkwardness, muttered apologies, comments about feeling tired. Do you think you could perform, in such conditions? Or even begin, or be present enough to experience anything? Mightn't horror and fear get the better of you, just a little. It would be understandable. But actually, maybe failure could be preferable... maybe it could be the platform for a more beautiful, because redemptive moment - if your interlocutor / spotaneous lover smiled with eyes that had everything good in them and told you it's OK, such that you could really believe this. It's OK. ... Yeah, maybe. If it was the right sort of person, perhaps. So much in life depends on it being the right sort of person, doesn't it? Would you want to review your life now, in this conversation? Your regrets? Would you want to tell of your pride and joy? Or of the person you wish you were with instead? Would you give your interlocutor room to do the same? Would you do this even if you didn't want to - manners prevailing at the end of the world. How then would you manage that time allocation, that balance of roles? Commemorative artist and audience. Would you embellish your testimony, airbrush it? Make its highs and lows more aesthetically right? Maybe this conversation could be victorious for you, if you wanted it to be. And not just as a life review. I mean, maybe you could be, in the conversation, all you'd dreamed of being: kind and dominant, intelligent and silly, courageous and sensitive... A free-wheeling conversation, your best self in the zone. It's your last chance. Would you have something to confess? What is it you'd have to confess? Would you, in this last conversation, seek to pinpoint where it all went wrong for your species, to apportion blame? Would you be eager to take some blame yourself? Would you argue, if the other person saw it

differently? Would you, if religious, make an attempt to convert your interlocutor, assuming they weren't? Did God put this soul in your care? If you were godless - godless at the end of the world - and your interlocutor wasn't and attempted to convert you, how would you take that? Might you be excited by the end of the world? What if you were and they weren't? What if they were and you weren't? How would it feel, the thrilled eyes meeting the horror-filled ones? With what words could you bridge that gap? Would you want to just hug? Do you think that's the solution here? A hug is ambiguous - comforting or congratulatory, or any number of other things. Sometimes a hug is a cop-out, sometimes a way of silencing, or side-stepping connection, or refusing greater intimacy, or papering over the cracks. You can hide your face in a hug, and if your face says what needs to be said, hugging's a way of not saying what needs to be said. How many hugs at the end of the world would be corrupt hugs? Might yours be? Maybe you're a shy, reserved sort, and struggle to hug. Does it get any easier now? The fear of your last ever feeling being

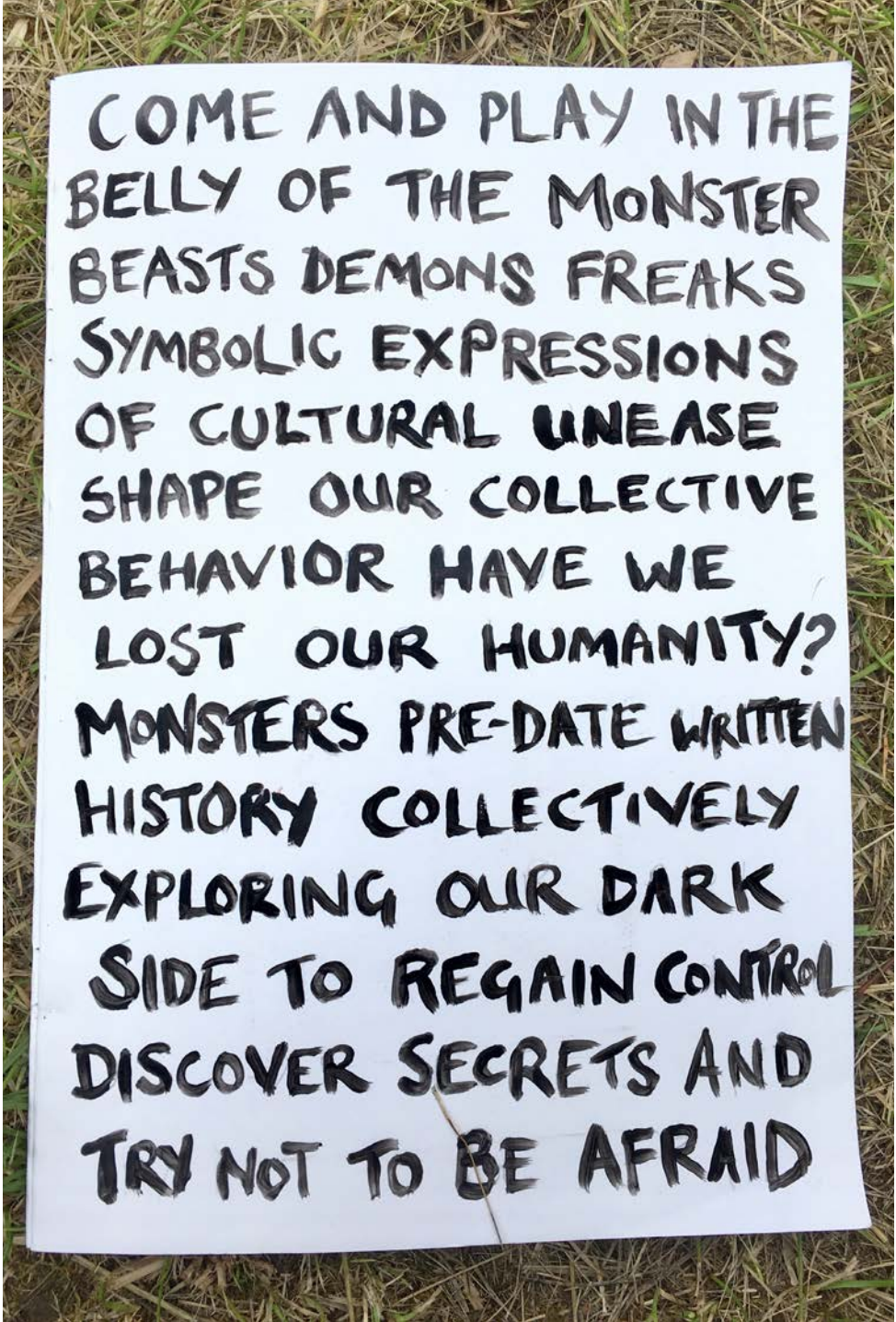
that of rejection - having had even your hug at the end of the world declined - could be pretty crippling. Would you spend this whole, final conversation worrying about what your interlocutor was thinking of you? 'He must think I'm such an idiot'. 'Does my hair look OK?' What if it was a child though? Yeah, what if your interlocutor was a child? Would you lie about what was happening? Maybe you'd have the revelation that lying is what life is all about. Lying, acting, pretending. By pretending, you can make any situation, even the end of the world, OK or even beautiful. Maybe you'd take pride in the beauty of your pretense for this child, become totally absorbed in it yourself. Maybe you'd see that your lies weren't working, and you lack the charisma or creativity to fool and thus save the child, and, through it, yourself. Maybe you couldn't bear lying, couldn't bear ending with a lie. You have lied enough - you want purity now, for once. Maybe you'd be incapacitated, incapable of words or actions, whoever your interlocutor was. That you will have such a conversation is not in fact wildly improbable, so maybe give it some thought, na?





MONSTER'S RUMBLE

by Alexandra Fraser and Alessandro Marchi

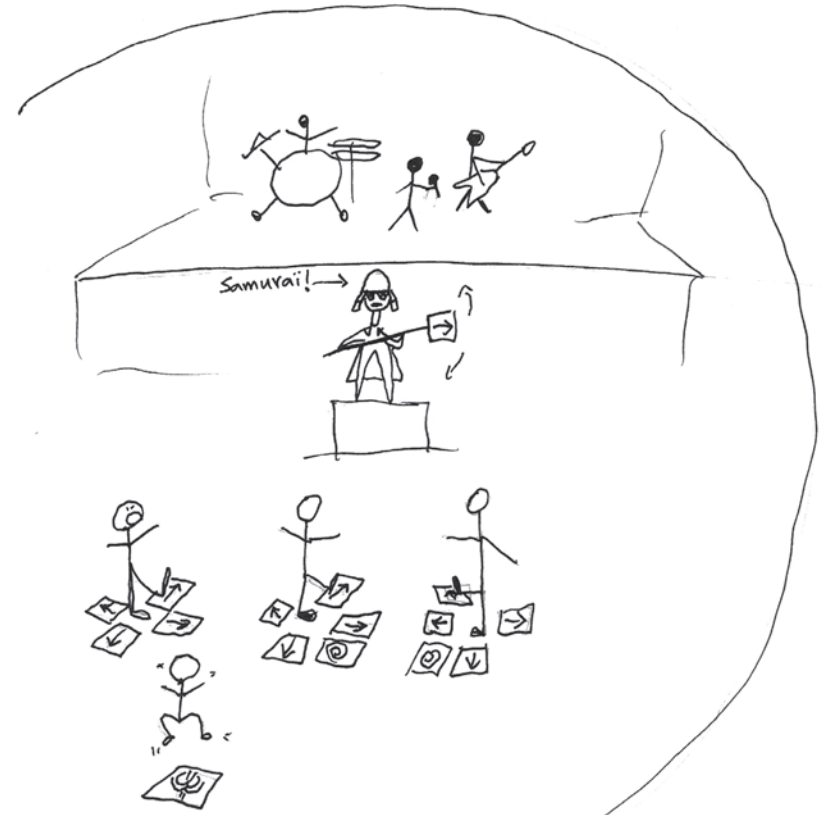
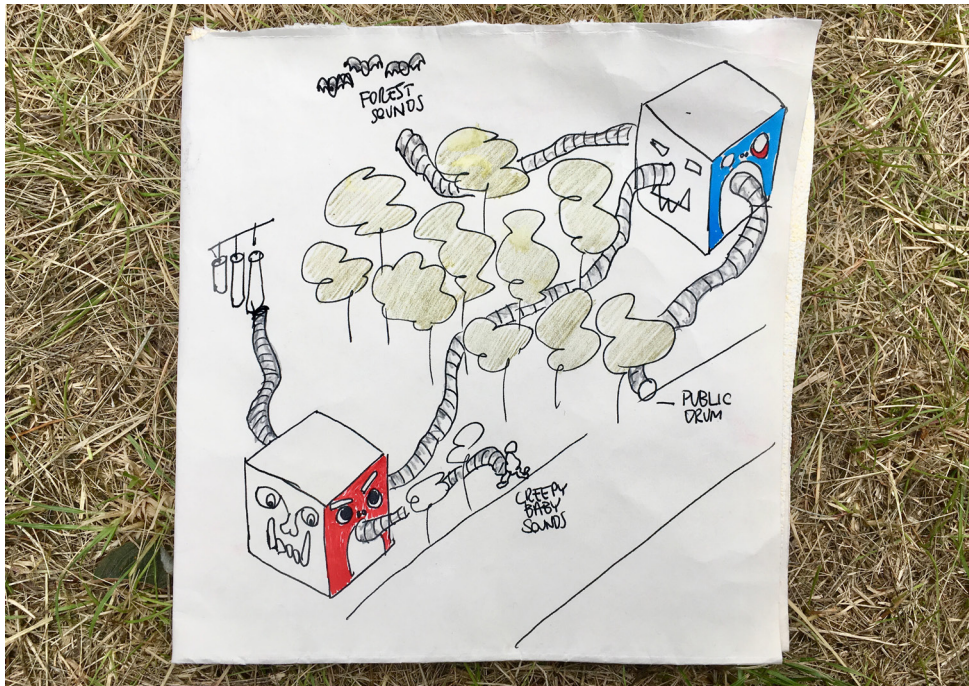
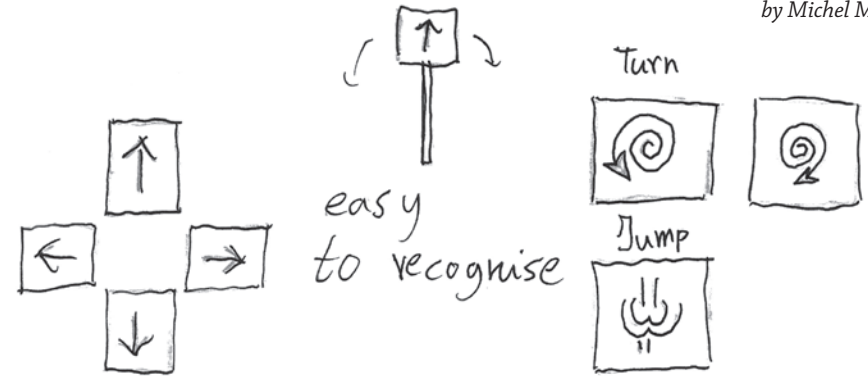


COME AND PLAY IN THE
BELLY OF THE MONSTER
BEASTS DEMONS FREAKS
SYMBOLIC EXPRESSIONS
OF CULTURAL UNEASE
SHAPE OUR COLLECTIVE
BEHAVIOR HAVE WE
LOST OUR HUMANITY?
MONSTERS PRE-DATE WRITTEN
HISTORY COLLECTIVELY
EXPLORING OUR DARK
SIDE TO REGAIN CONTROL
DISCOVER SECRETS AND
TRY NOT TO BE AFRAID



DANCING FLOOR

by Michel Metzler



THE WHAT-IF GAME

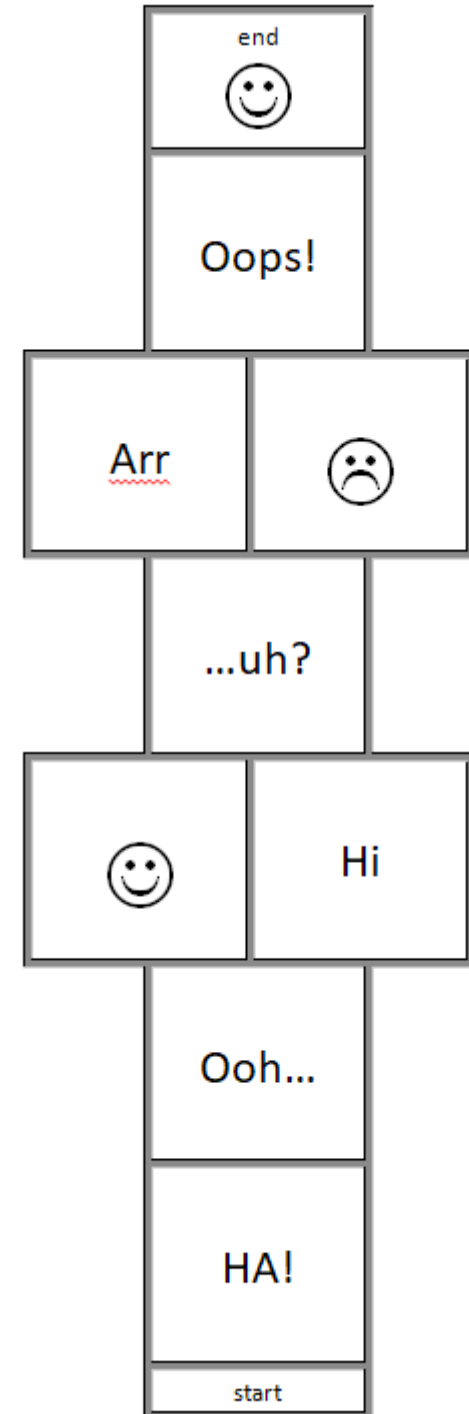
by Maina Joner

So, hum...

The task is: «*what if looking at someone makes you fall in love with them?*» **And the main character has to be a plant.**

Ok. So, there was a little plant... living in the forest. It was, hum... a sort of little branch or baby tree, with a few leaves on it, I'd say. One or two leaves. The plant was in a very far away forest, that not many people had found because it was in a very remote area. And the plant was living there, surrounded by all other plants and insects and everything. Then one day a human found the forest, he was an explorer, that's why he could find the forest. The little plant sees him and instantly falls in love with him. It falls in love with him, but the man sees the forest first and he falls in love with the forest. He doesn't see the little plant. But he loves the forest so much that he stays there to live for his entire life. And the plant is happy that she can see him everyday although he never notices it. One day, when the man is very very old and is about to die, he lies down next to the little plant that had become a beautiful tree. He sees it finally, falls in love with it instantly and then dies in its branches. And... that's the end.

HOPSCOTCH SOUNDBOARD





'HATCH'

by Kathrine Leung



THE TOTEMS OF MIRADOR

by Iwona Lisiecka

Inspired by unusual landscape of Mirador, Iwona Lisiecka, the author of the work was intrigued by concrete pillars standing alone on the side of the pavement. She decided to create a piece that will reflect the spiritual and mystical character of them.

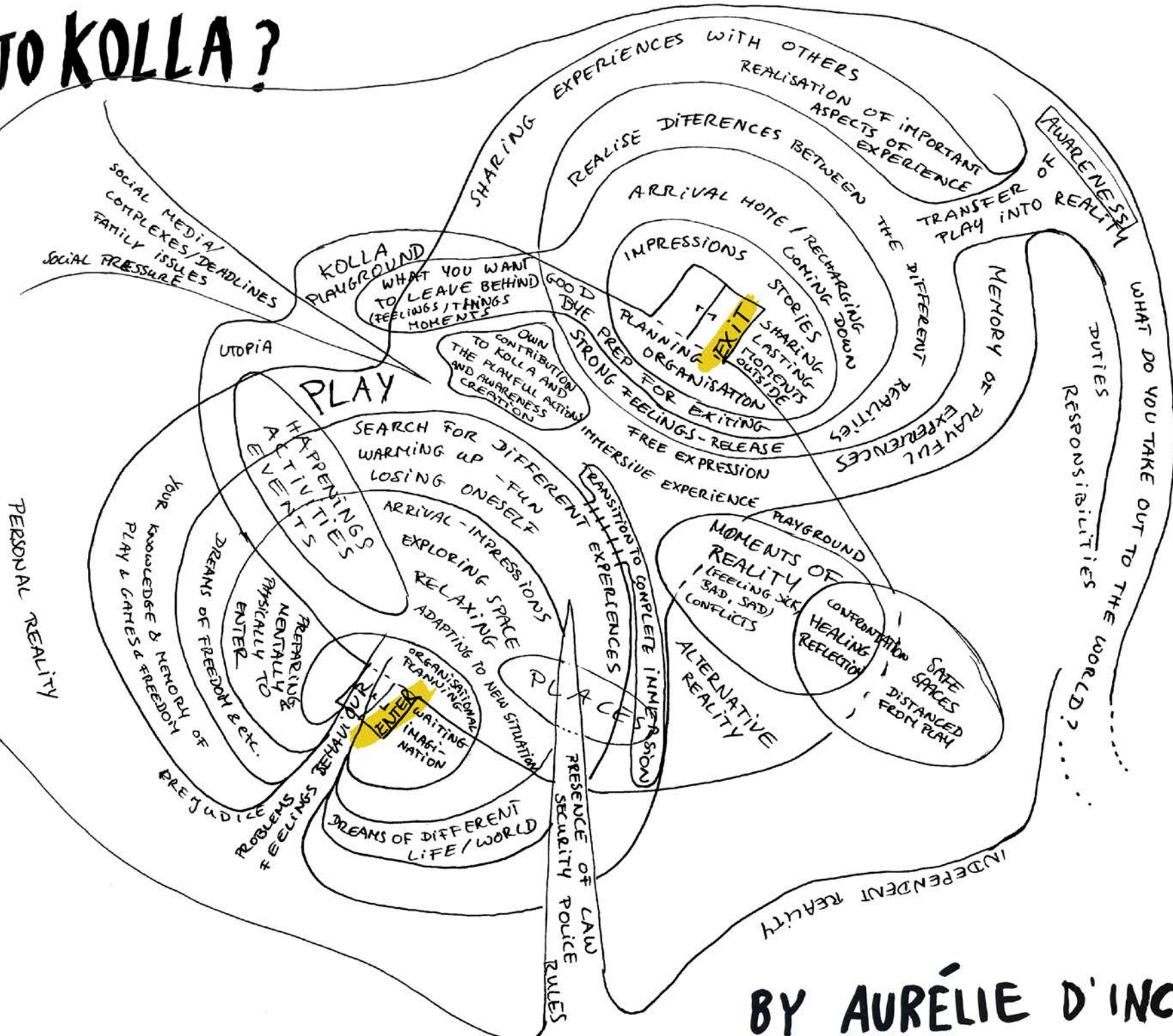
Among the natural inhabitants of the park are wildcats, pine martens, badgers, bats, owls, woodpeckers, crested newt and many more.

The few of them were chosen to guard the park and protect it with their spirits.

The author explored various styles in her sketchbook to choose the most suitable ones.



HOW TO KOLLA?



BY AURÉLIE D'INCAU

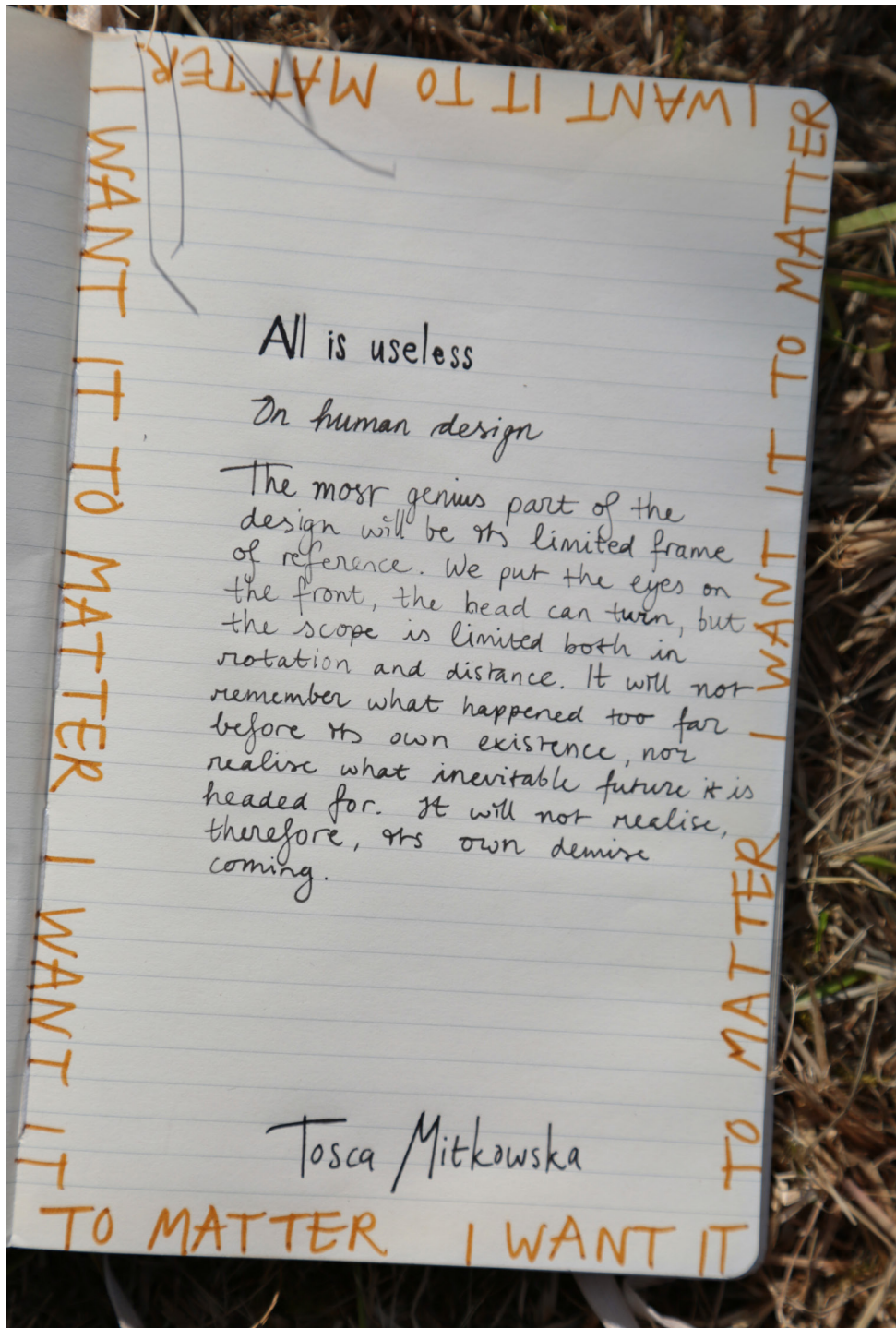
SERIOUS FUN

by Wiis Collective

The *Kolla Choir* frees visitors from their 9 to 5 routine before they enter the playground.

A music performance by Wiis Collective



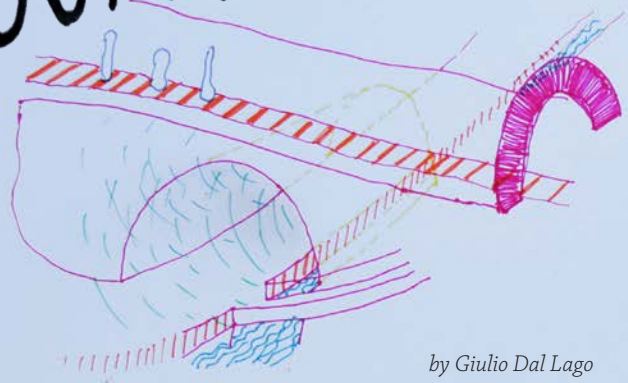


See full video:
<https://vimeo.com/353269219>

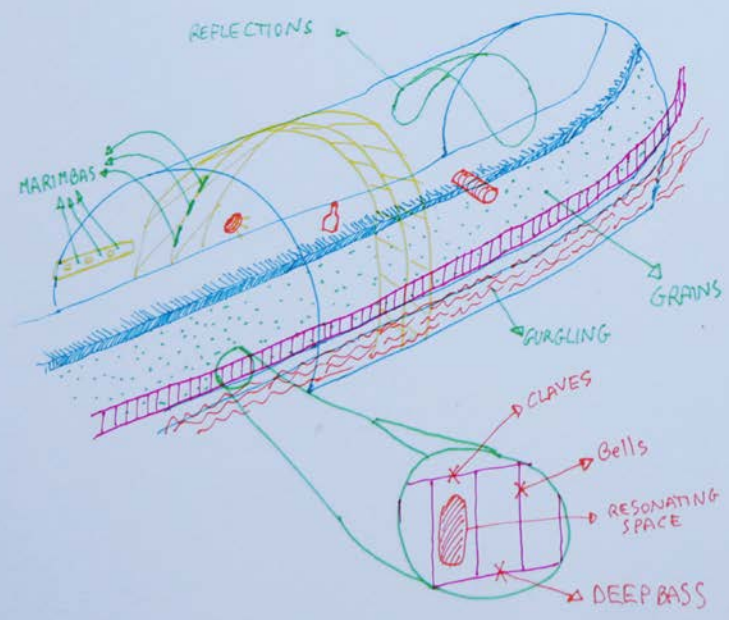




THE SOUNDSCOPE



by Giulio Dal Lago



BRING YOUR INSTRUMENT



Before Kolla arose from the ashes of human excavation's remnants, hundreds of miners extracted iron from this land, liberating the hidden underground creatures that were resting in the veins of the earth for millions of years. The energy they infused into their excavation tools gave birth to an incredible variety of sounds that became the first meal for these newborn spirits, initially made of pure energy. The more they were eating, the more their personalities were forming, driving them to inhabit different corners of the new environment they were being exposed to.

The Antropisounds, as they were named by the local community, live now inside forgotten pipes, in the trees' foliage, inside tunnels, in chemical toilets or in the rusty wires that still stretch in the forest. Occasionally they can temporarily be hosted by human bodies. In that case they might induce the host to look for other Antropisounds (or other Antropisounds' hosts). If you feel the necessity to gather and communicate with them just keep in mind that they were born from the sounding tools of the miners, so it might be good to find your own tool to feed them...

<https://soundcloud.com/user-254259007>

HOME OF THE TIME TRAVELLERS

by Gabi Linde

Where is home? When is home?

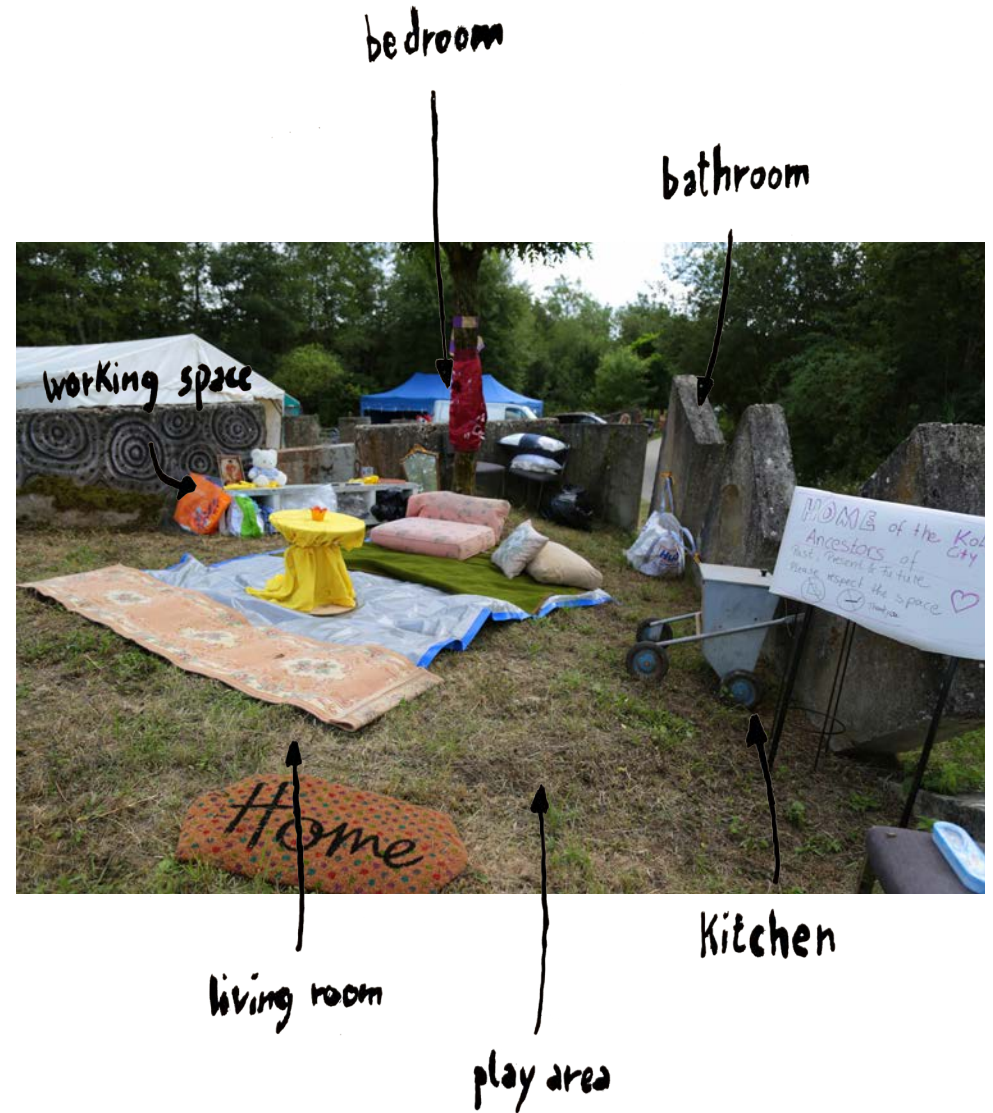
Gabi Linde is creating a home inhabited by different Kolla-citizens, a space which welcomes you to explore, hang out and visit.

This home is a time portal of people from past, present and future. You step into one home with the spirit of the time travellers of *Kolla-City*. You will see and find artefacts of their life.

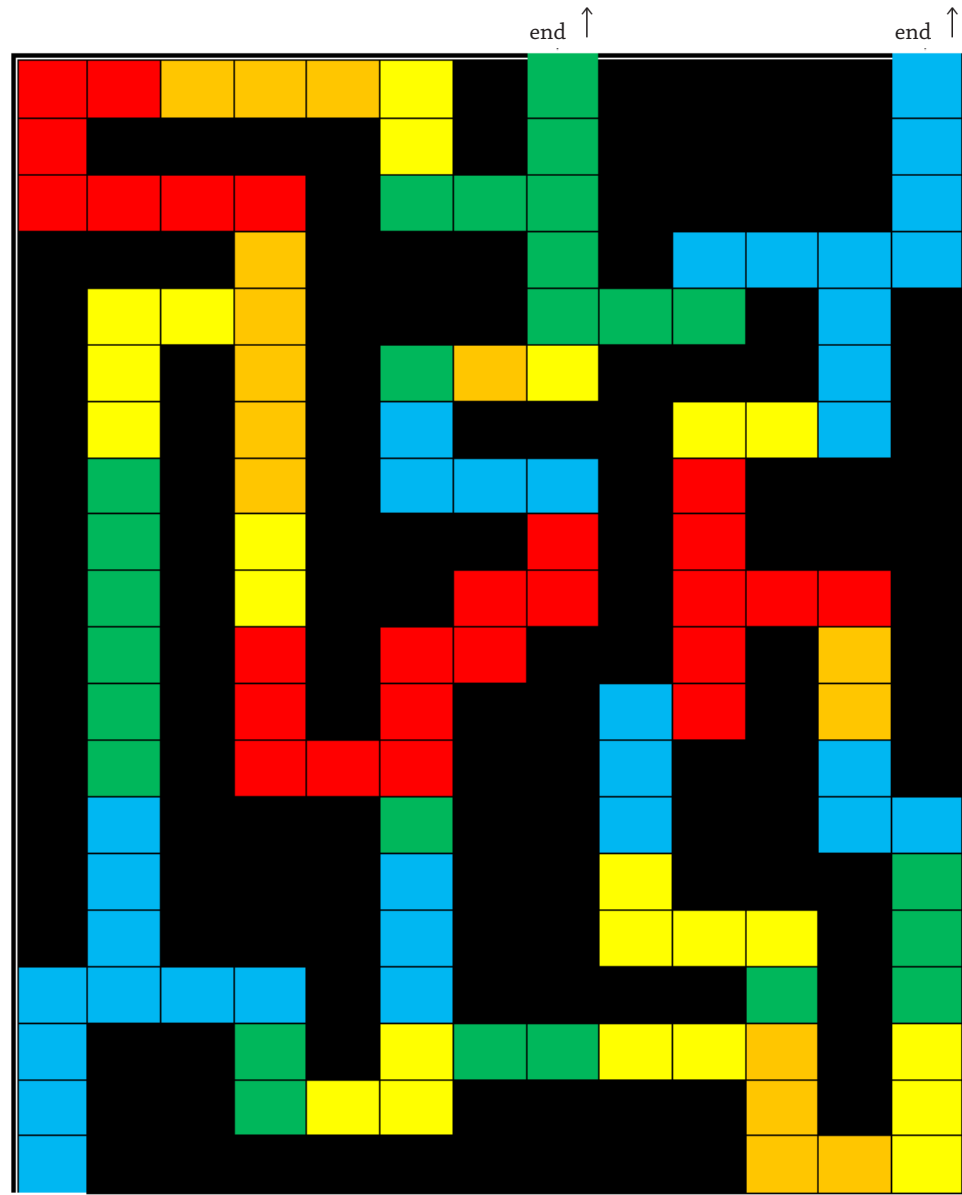
Who were they? Who are they? Who will they be? The residents might not be present all the time, but they might come by to host you – through space and time.

Every time a new *Kolla-rian* of a new time area moves in, there will be a house-warming party. Feel welcome to celebrate with them and us the concept of home.

Picture from the work in progress.



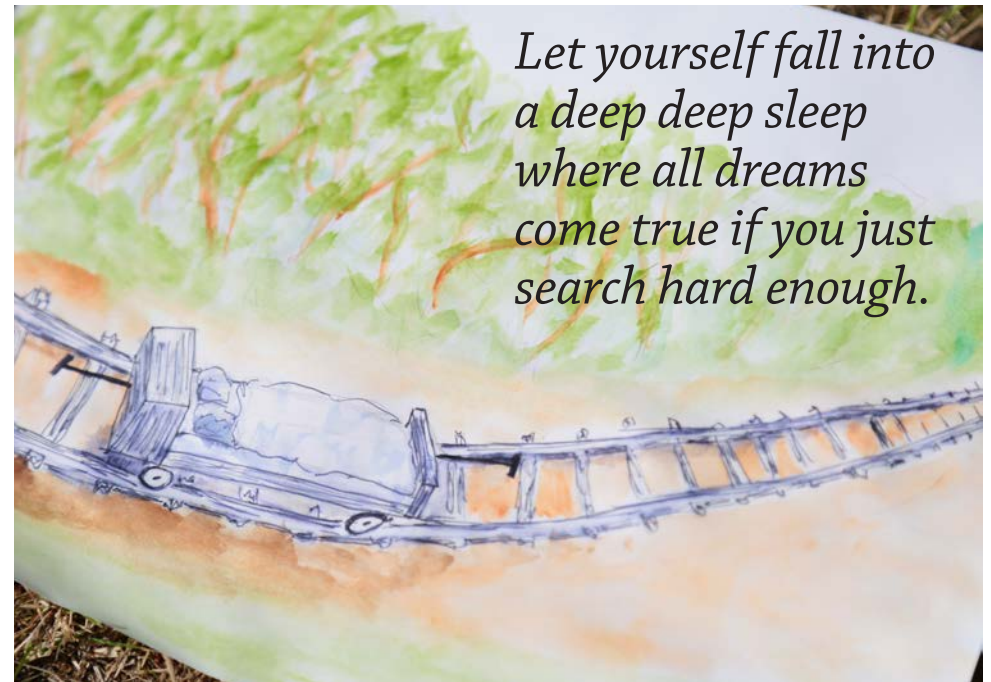
SOUNDBOARDGAME



start ↑

RAILWAY TO KOLLA

For all those who wish to enhance their experience of entering the State of Play may be rolling down the railways into another dimension.



Let yourself fall into a deep deep sleep where all dreams come true if you just search hard enough.

DOORWAY TO HEAVEN

by Aurélie d'Incau, Kathrine Leung and Michel Metzler

Entering the *Magic Portal* is an entrance into the state of *Play*, the reality of *Kolla*, *Utopia*.

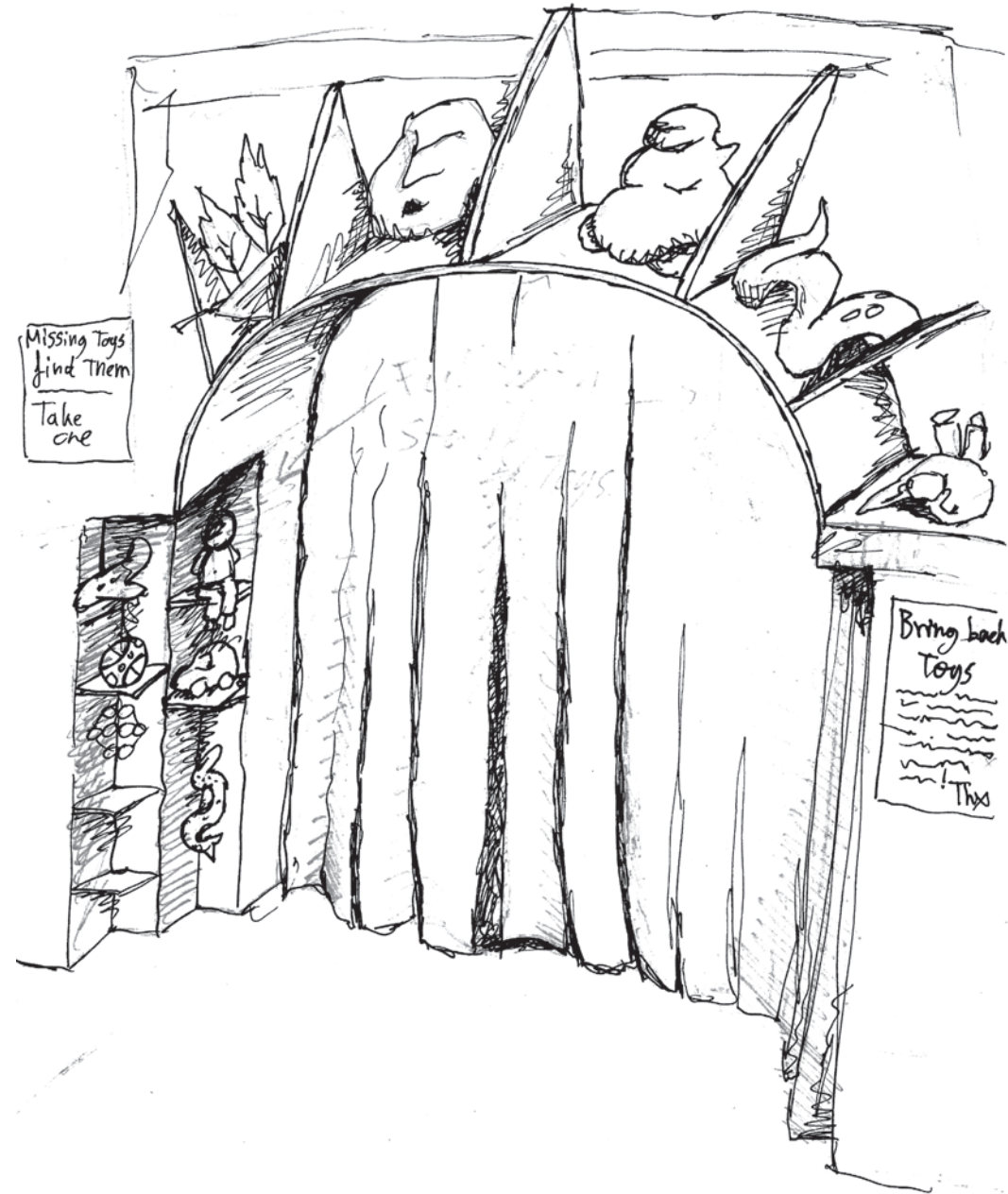
***Kolla* is a playground, within which we all may play; play with each other, with identity, imagination, with the concept of society, with binaries, with rules.**

With *Play Until United*, Antropical aims to create a playful environment, a magic circle within which imagination will come to life, which unites people and leads them into an alternative reality.

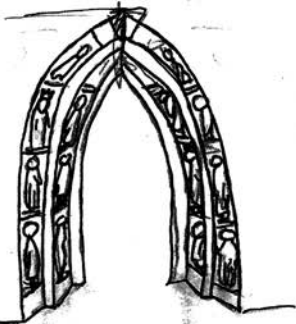
A portal is the threshold which we cross between reality and alternate reality; because of the portal we become aware of the different state of mind, the mindset of *Play*.

Within the playground we can find further such portals which invite to games within the game of *Kolla*.

Once you leave the Playground of *Kolla* through the portal, your reality will hopefully never be the same.



The idea is to create a Cathedral like Portal where statues of Saints are replaced with self made Toys. People ^(entering) can take the Toys from the Portal and place them somewhere on the Festival site. People leaving can place / decorate the Portal with Toys they found, or they created themselves, or maybe objects, they thought were Toys originating from the Portal



The Toys should be simple (referring to children imagination), so that people get motivated (a piece of cardboard can be a Toy) to create themselves and to not be worried when they disappear (objects on Top, where Ppl. can't reach can be more detailed complex)

The Toys should be from materials found on the Kolia Site, leaves, branches, stones, trash (old one found in the forest in order ~~to~~ not to bring more.)

The estetic of the Portal will be found in the accumulation of objects / toys.

The Frame of the Portal can consist out of shelves to put the toys on / Hooks to hang them up ...



Neko finds love

a comic by
Tosca Mitkowska

Tosca Mitkowska - story artist



Neko is a cranky fucker.

He spends his days on street corners.



Sharpening his nails

And being all serious about it.

That was all there was to Neko. Until he met Kolla.



A handsome red devil if there ever was one.



He was immediately on edge at someone so smooth



Tosca Mitkowska - story artist



Knowing exactly what to say at each and every moment.



It was disgusting.

meow!

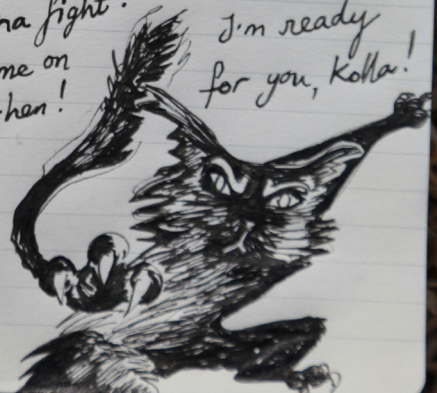
What is this now?

An ATTACK?!



You wanna fight? come on then!

I'm ready for you, Kolla!





izrZófc2ayayif73%#yays
czdz

by Kasia Lewinska

Which sign are you?

Ask your friend to tickle you. The sound of your laughter is the name of your Kollonoscope sign.

Yu£”\$sagdifugve/kf Dark clouds are above you. If you want to get rid of this bad luck, look for an old swan residing in Kolla city and offer him a poem about your liver or -optionally- about your bladder. Perform it while jumping.

Hvbdsfhhbyyyiqjohslbs655 Beware of the armless baby that wants to hug you so tight that you will fall in love with it. And then you will have to stay in Luxembourg forever or to kidnap it. Unfortunately the Luxembourgish police works quiet well, so this kidnapping might end in a rather boring way.

Skldnf*-lwnfleklfer Well, just start running. Now!

AASDFGHVMjkkn%ds878657463 Avoid schools, grocery shops and pharmacies for the next 57, 89 hours. Unless you really dream about growing an extra limb that you will have to always drag after you and will make a creepy squeaking sound.

316268479358409jkdf Find a plastic bottle, cut it in pieces and make a meal for a mushroom that eats plastic. Flavor it however you want but remember that The Great Papa Mushroom has a very distinguish taste and isn't happy with just simple, uncomplicated trashy trash.

Uheoiw970989i'£”\$!£\$%&/ If you are dressed in pink, please don't fire laser beams with your eyes. Consider yourself the next owner of London. Sekvan - eat rice.

You didn't laught at all? Well, we are deeply sorry, but your soul got old, and it is time to die. Or to kill something. Or at least bury something. Go to the shaman that will perform a funeral ritual for you.



HOW TO TALK WITH TREES

by Kasia Lewinska

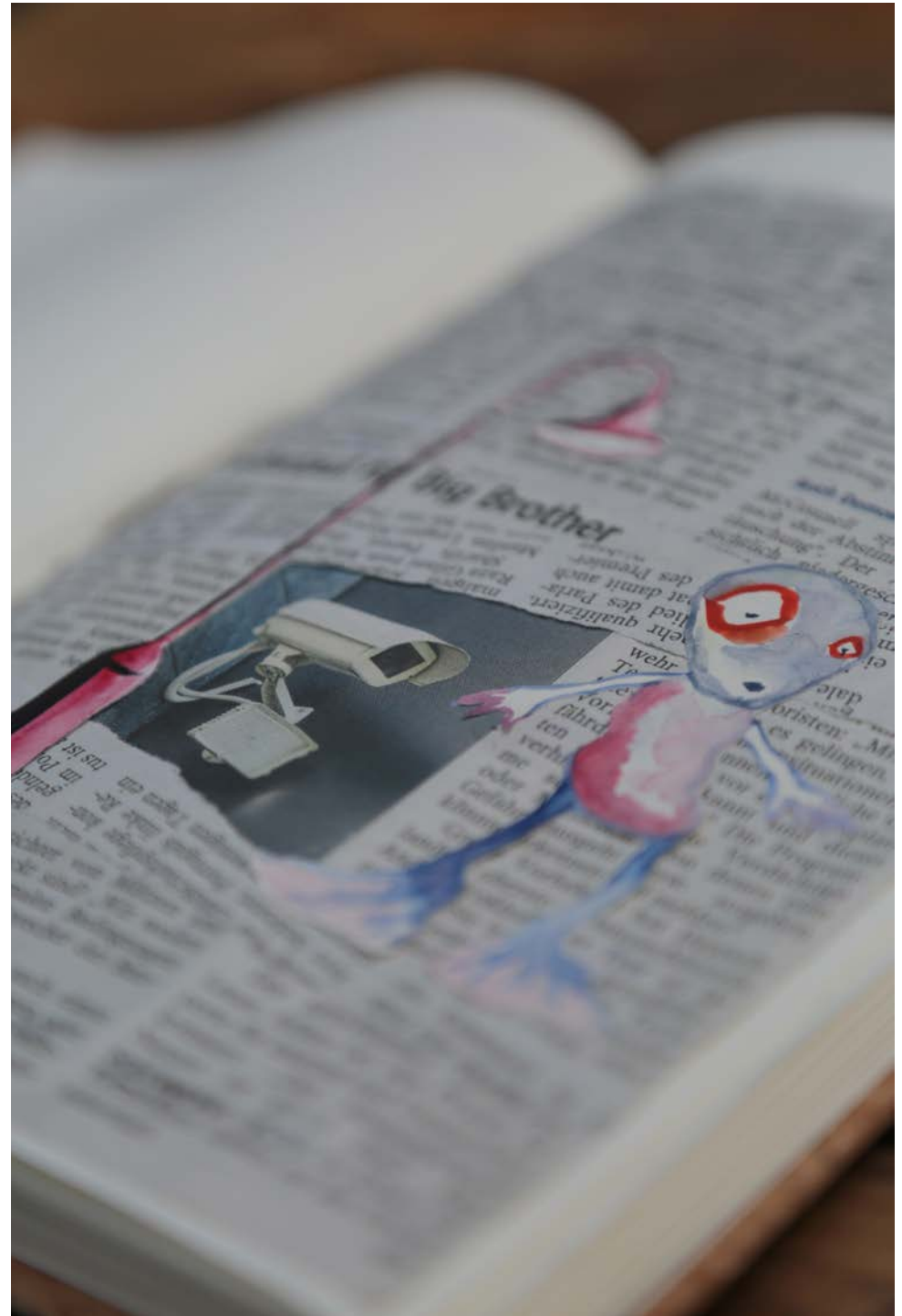
- 1. Attach your hair to the tree somehow (you can use laundry pins).**
- 2. Don't move for a while, so that the trees think you are one of them (they don't have eyes).**
- 3. Listen...**

The researchers from the Dsjbifw7jhi Institute have constructed a new biological robot, Elisa 3020, that can communicate with trees. She has already interviewed 20 different trees residing in Kolla city - an amazing breakthrough in cross-species communication. There is an ethical discussion surrounding the device, as it is constructed mostly from pieces of paper and cardboard, which are basically the corpses of trees. Anyway, Elisa has been successfully communicating with trees for two weeks now. Unfortunately, she fails to communicate with the researchers, so we still don't have access to the precious data she's gathered. She does give us some encrypted messages though. The Dsjbifw7jhi Institute has formed a special unit that works on the translation of her translation.



LIFE LINE

Reem Dada and
Margot van der Sande



LIFE LINE

LION CUB COLLECTIVE

Are we limited by our senses?

Can you hear me?

How to love multiple people?

Do people feel safer when it rains?

Are there any universal truths?

What time is it?



Am I sick?

Am I itchy?

Do mermaids have vaginas?

What sound would you throw into a well?

Is it okay to fly if you're not crossing an ocean?

Why do people take me so literally?

How can you change the rules?

LION CUB COLLECTIVE

This is the phone of existential dread, answering all the questions you've never asked, from future, present and past. The people around you have the wisdom you lack, so listen to their answers when you call back and cut yourself some slack.

Loud and clear.

As much as we are limited by our imagination.

Only if they are dry and warm.

With endless energy.

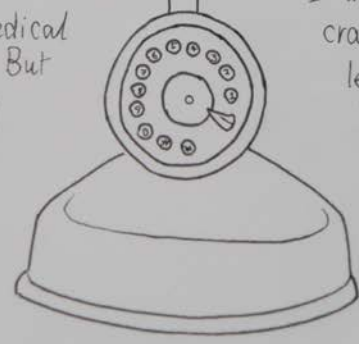
Time to get a watch.



Yes, but they can't be captured in words.

According to medical guidelines, yes. But don't take my word for it.

I did see something crawling down your leg...



The answer might lie in a watery cuddle.

I have no idea how to answer this one.

No.

They are lacking the capacity to understand the metaphors of life.

Change the game.



THE SPELL OF SPLIT SOULS

Story by: Tatjana Bladt-Cohen and game by: Christian Knapp, Geraldine Massing, Iwona Lisiecka and Tatjana Bladt-Cohen.

Read the first part of the story here:
www.thetbcproject.com/words/2019/2/21/the-origin-of-kolla

A long time ago *The Three Witches* gave their life essences so that the village of *Steinfort* could live in peace, free from the tyranny of the two evil brothers of magical heritage, *Koldin* and *Lanthor*.

The ghastly pair in their zoomorphic forms had fought terrible tooth and grisly nail for many years, destroying everything in their path. The terrifying fire of *Koldin* the Dragon raised the crops to the ground, the immense weight of *Lanthor* the Crocodile's tail flattening buildings, as they were locked together in battle, unaware and uncaring of those who covered below them.

The horrors had ended when the two were vanquished by *The Three Witches'* magic and laid to rest, held captive by their spell of reduction and imprisoned in their sculptural forms. The town had rebuilt, the farms were replanted and the lives of the villagers slowly returned to the calm it once knew.

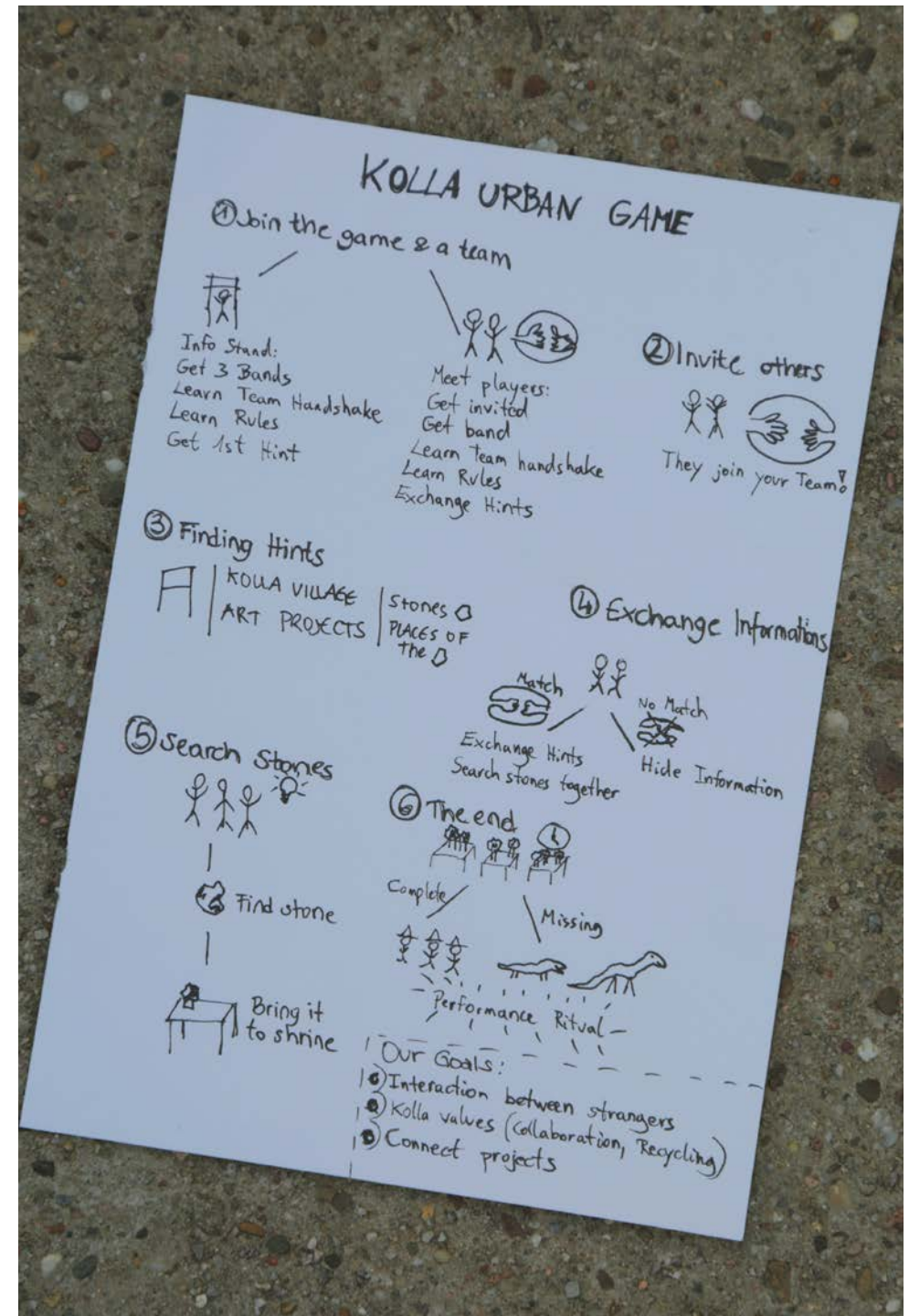
What many people fail to remember however is that magic, like any force, fades over time, and

is in need of the occasional recharging. If the magic were to diminish completely, then all hell would break loose, with the two brothers free again to terrorize and destroy whatever lay in their path.

And so, every 7 years, the souls of *The Three*, split into pieces, must be reunited and a ritual performed during the yearly celebration of their sacrifice – *Kolla Festival*.

Only those with a heart that is brave and true might be able to collect the 15 fragments of soul hidden in the same stone from the three hills of *Steinfort* that envelop the bodies of *The Three Witches*.

This must be done with haste, before the end of celebrations, lest the villagers of *Steinfort* risk the rise once again of *Koldin* and *Lanthor*.



This magazine is no ordinary publication. We at Antropical love to play and tell stories and so, in a day, we have created a game for you!

Unfold the pages, turn them over, and place them together and discover the magical, nonsensical, exciting world of Kolland!

Contributors

Concept:

*Aurélie d'Incau,
Christian Knapp,
Geraldine Massing.*

Drawing:

*Thomas Calais
Aurélie d'Incau,
Maïna Joner,
Emiel Wendel,
Giulio Dal Lago,
Marieke Sytema,
Iwona Lisiecka.*

What you can do with this map:

- make 256 different maps**
- explore Kolland**
- Colour your favourite places**
- Write a story about Mr Müller and Mrs Schmitt**
- Hang as a poster**
- Use it as a puzzle**
- Fold it up and have 16 different paper planes**
- Share it with your favourite giraffe**

Mr Müller and Mrs Schmitt live in Kolland.

Every third Friday of August, when the sunshine is just right, and there are no hurricanes in the area, they travel from their homes to meet at the Kolla Church

Arrange the pages to tell your own story about their journey and the exciting adventures they might have along the way.

An abstract drawing featuring a central yellow figure with a spiky head, riding a bicycle. The figure is surrounded by thick, expressive lines in black, blue, red, and yellow. The background is white, and the overall style is reminiscent of modernist or expressionist art.

Alessandro Maroni
Alexandra Fraser
Aurélie d'Incau
Benjamin George Coles
Clio Van Aerde
Christian Knapp
Emiel Wendel
Gabriele Linde
Geraldine Massing
Giulio Dal Lago
Iwona Lisiecka
Kasia Lewinska
Katherine Leung
Lucia Fiorani
Maina Joner
Margot van der Sande
Marieke Sytema
Michel Metzler
Reem Dada
Renske van Gelder
Tatjana Bladt-Cohen
Tosca Mitkowska