

1. **The Future is Now?** / (It. Il Futuro è Adesso?)
  2. **Freedom...The State of Where?** / (It. Libertà... Lo Stato Di Dove?)
  3. **Welcome to Everywhere and Nowhere.** / (It. Benvenuti... Ovunque e Nel Nulla.)
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Reflecting on the period of child - teen- adult. Taking the 3 quotes in consideration.

the shell

the house - the habitant -

a symbol for a way of being, of living and looking at life.

As a child I loved to look at the shells on the shore; to collect them in my little yellow bucket with the logo of Cote d'Or chocolate on it. Those holidays on the Belgian coast were very important to me; as I remember it, it was as if there was no time, there was only the moment: the sea, the sun, the wind, the shells and me. I don't remember changing my shells for paper flowers or making sand castle decorations with them ; I collected them, took them in my hands, looked at them, arranged them and ... never came home with any shell... (Later I understood that my mother emptied the bucket before packing).

As a teen I often walked along the shore, still with great interest in the shells. I loved the lonely walks early in the morning when nobody was on the beach. My mother encouraged me to look at the differences and similarities. I started collecting them, taking them carefully home, cleaning them, looking up in books what their name was, found out about Latin names, families, .... I started collecting all types of shells from our North sea coast. My parents bought me books, helped me finding the right names. I even kept living shells in buckets and empty bowls... (they also disappeared after a while, probably the same way as the shells I collected as a child).

The fascination of the past grew into an intense interest in biology, in Latin and in forms.

I remember that I was particularly interested in the hermit crab, but never found one....

Shells among other triggers, were important to me as inspiration for my first sculptures. Especially the 'outer forms'. They stand for houses, shelters, shells, armors...

last year, on holiday in France, I saw at least hundred hermit crabs on the beach while walking along the rocky shore. These little crabs that just move into empty conic shells and change house when the shell becomes too small & effortless following the water movements between high and low tides...

On this very moment I'm drawing all the different types of shells I have collected over the years, graphite on paper. The experience of time as a child will not come back, but still each time I spend drawing shells in my studio, makes me feel so complete, so here and now.

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