**org is an online platform, collecting, describing, presenting and generating documents of all sorts. It documents documents.**

**Your path through the collection lead along** Residu, Nap, Starry sky, long exposure, Sandersleben (Saxony-Anhalt), 14 April 2023, Interviews with residents of Sandersleben, no specific location, 2023 [2], Red Skirt Popular on the Street, I64.762/EDK/YDW, License Plate, New Year’s Eve, 2015, The first light of day, Neptune in opposition [11/20] – Alpine, The first light of day, License Plate, New Year’s Eve, 2015, Oven encounter, pgealerts.alerts.pge.com/, A Sparta K-10, Rue Verte, Brussels, Adhesive, AI submission, Album, Roofing (3) – Simon, tu me manques, Roofing (6) – JEM, Seacat, Shelter

**What constitutes a 'document' and how does it function?**

**According to the *Oxford English Dictionary*, the etymological origin is the Latin 'documentum', meaning 'lesson, proof, instance, specimen'. As a verb, it is 'to prove or support (something) by documentary evidence', and 'to provide with documents'. The online version of the *OED* includes a draft addition, whereby a document (as a noun) is 'a collection of data in digital form that is considered a single item and typically has a unique filename by which it can be stored, retrieved, or transmitted (as a file, a spreadsheet, or a graphic)'. The current use of the noun 'document' is defined as '*something* written, inscribed, *etc*., which furnishes evidence or information upon any subject, as a manuscript, title-deed, tomb-stone, coin, picture, etc.' (emphasis added).**

**Both 'something' and that first 'etc.' leave ample room for discussion. A document doubts whether it functions as something unique, or as something reproducible. A passport is a document, but a flyer equally so. Moreover, there is a circular reasoning: to document is 'to provide with documents'. Defining (the functioning of) a document most likely involves ideas of communication, information, evidence, inscriptions, and implies notions of objectivity and neutrality – but the document is neither reducible to one of them, nor is it equal to their sum. It is hard to pinpoint it, as it disperses into and is affected by other fields: it is intrinsically tied to the history of media and to important currents in literature, photography and art; it is linked to epistemic and power structures. However ubiquitous it is, as an often tangible thing in our environment, and as a concept, a document *deranges*.**

**the-documents.org continuously gathers documents and provides them with a short textual description, explanation, or digression, written by multiple authors. In *Paper Knowledge*, Lisa Gitelman paraphrases 'documentalist' Suzanne Briet, stating that 'an antelope running wild would not be a document, but an antelope taken into a zoo would be one, presumably because it would then be framed – or reframed – as an example, specimen, or instance'.**
**The gathered files are all documents – if they weren't before publication, they now are. That is what the-documents.org, irreversibly, *does*. It is a zoo turning an antelope into an 'antelope'.**

**As you made your way through the collection, the-documents.org tracked the entries you viewed. It documented your path through the website. As such, the time spent on the-documents.org turned into this – a new document.**

**This document was compiled by ____ on 12.12.2025 09:55, printed on ____ and contains 23 documents on 49 pages. (https://the-documents.org/log/12-12-2025-6697/)**

**the-documents.org is a project created and edited by De Cleene De Cleene; design & development by atelier Haegeman Temmerman.**

**the-documents.org has been online since 23.05.2021.**

**Notes**

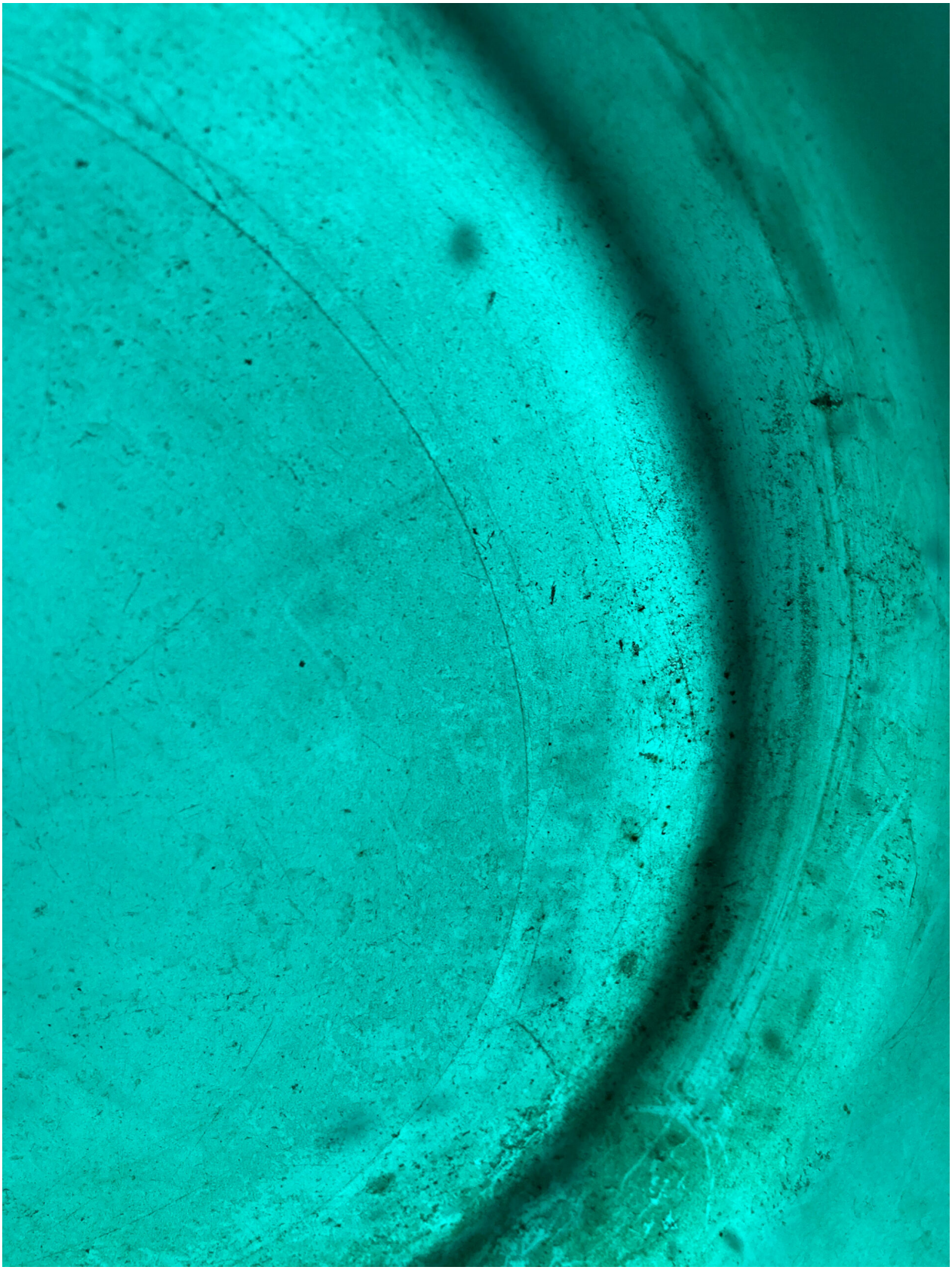
- De Cleene De Cleene is Michiel De Cleene and Arnout De Cleene. Together they form a research group that focusses on novel ways of approaching the everyday, by artistic means and from a cultural and critical perspective.
  www.decleenedecleene.be / info@decleenedecleene.be
- This project was made possible with the support of the Flemish Government and KASK & Conservatorium, the school of arts of HOGENT and Howest. It is part of the research project *Documenting Objects*, financed by the HOGENT Arts Research Fund.

**Sources**


- Briet, S. *Qu'est-ce que la documentation?* Paris: Edit, 1951.
- Gitelman, L. *Paper Knowledge. Toward a Media History of Documents.* Durham/ London: Duke University Press, 2014.
- *Oxford English Dictionary Online*. Accessed on 13.05.2021.

The last couple of days have been dry. Rain is expected for the weekend. The office buckets are in place and are empty, except for some residue. Dirt, sand, a few hairs. Some particles must have come along with the drops when they made their way through the roof.

the-documents.c



| type | date | filename | size | author |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| photograph | 07.08.2025 | IMG_5108.HEIC | 3,3MB | Arnout De Cleene |

category
architecture, collecting, data storage, precipitation, leakage

**09:54:20**

It’s time to have a nap. I tilt the window over its middle axis to let the butterfly out. A breeze ruffles the drapes. Now, it sits on the glass and throws an enormous shadow on the yellow cloth.

the-documents.c

# Nap



| type | date | filename | size | author |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| photograph | 06.01.2025 | _MG_9406.JPG; _MG_9429.JPG | 6,1 MB; 10,2 MB | Arnout De Cleene |

category
animal, cloth, decoration, encounter, family, scale, wind

**09:54:22**

the-documents.c



A constant, dependable presence. With the camera focused on the North Star for an extended period, the rotation of the Earth becomes visible. Nearby, in the municipality of Wiederstedt, the geologist, poet and philosopher Friedrich von Hardenberg (better known by his pen name Novalis) spent his childhood years between 1772 and 1784. A quote of his is engraved on a stone bench in the park surrounding the chateau where he was raised: “The human being does not speak alone – the universe also speaks – everything speaks – infinite languages.”

**Notes**

- From *S. Anders Leben. Eine Handlung in Gesprächen/S. Anders Leben – Living Differently: An Act in Conversations*
- Stephanie Kiwitt (1972) is an artist based in Halle (Saale), Germany. Utilizing a large number of images, various perspectives and also textual elements, she is known for her insightful photography that explores spaces emblematic of contemporary phenomena. Over the past three years, she has focused on evolving habitats in rural areas, photographing traces of transformation and conducting interviews in Saxony-Anhalt, the region she moved to in 2020. From 2018 to 2020, Kiwitt was a guest lecturer at the LUCA School of Arts in Brussels.
- In spring 2024 the-documents.org and Trigger co-publish a series of online articles with a focus on the meeting ground between photography and the document.

# Starry sky, long exposure, Sandersleben (Saxony-Anhalt), 14 April 2023



| type | date | filename | size | author |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| photograph | 14.06.2024 | Bild 003_mk.jpg | 73 MB | Stephanie Kiwitt |

category
astronomy, literature, Trigger

**09:54:23**

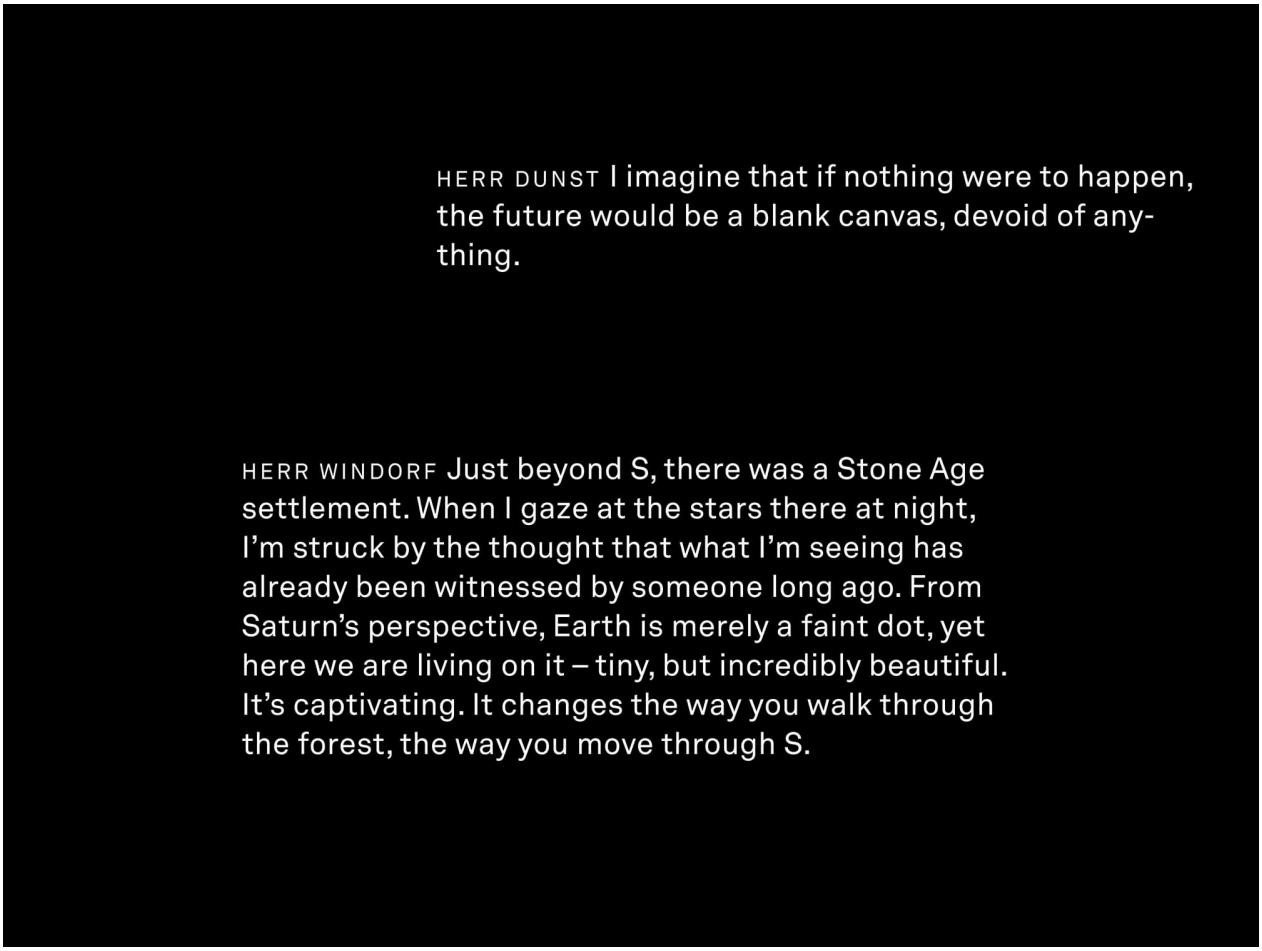
Freely adapted from interviews with residents of Sandersleben (Saxony-Anhalt). Three-act play. The first two acts take place in the present day; the third is set in the future.

From Act 2 ‘The Inhabitants’, Scene 5, ‘Living Differently’.
Characters: MR DUNST club member I, MR WINDORF amateur astronomer

**Notes**

- Stills from text animation *S. Anders Leben. Eine Handlung in Gesprächen/S. Anders Leben – Living Differently: An Act in Conversations*
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# Interviews with residents of Sandersleben, no specific location, 2023 [2]




| type | date | filename | size | author |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| collage | 14.06.2024 | 2-Stone Age.jpg | 108 KB | Stephanie Kiwitt |

category
archaeology, astronomy, encounter, landscape, Trigger

**09:54:23**

Set in the fictitious Shanghai-based Dafeng Cotton Mill, *Red Skirt Popular on the Street* (1984) follows the story of an enterprising model worker as she navigates the challenges of young adult life, from workplace conflicts to choosing what clothes to wear on her days off. In the reflection of the emerging consumer consciousness of the Reform era, many of the film's key moments happen not on the factory floor, but in the changing room where the workers seek to express themselves through their choice of dress. To this end, the film can be regarded as a document of the fashion trends being introduced into the country at the time, as best observed in the spellbinding array of colours on display as the workers leave the factory at the end of a day's work.

The textile mill used as the setting for Dafeng Cotton Mill is Shanghai No. 1 Cotton Mill. Originally occupied by the no. 13 and 14 mills of the Japanese-owned Naigaiwata Company, the mill was formally established as the China Textile Construction Company Shanghai No. 1 Cotton Mill after the Second World War. It was located at the T-shaped intersection on Changshou Road, with the gate facing Jiaozhou Road. At that time, the area on the north side of Changshou Road extending from No. 1 Cotton Mill formed a continuous industrial zone encompassing many other factories and warehouses, all of which have since been converted into the private residences and creative parks.

**Notes**

- Ho Rui An is an artist and writer working in the intersections of contemporary art, cinema, performance and theory. Through lectures, essays and films, his research examines the relations between labour, technology and capital across different systems of governance in a global age.
- In spring 2024 the-documents.org and Trigger co-publish a series of online articles with a focus on the meeting ground between photography and the document.

# Red Skirt Popular on the Street










| type | date | filename | size | author |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| collage | 05.06.2024 | redskirt.jpg | 4,89 MB | Ho Rui An |

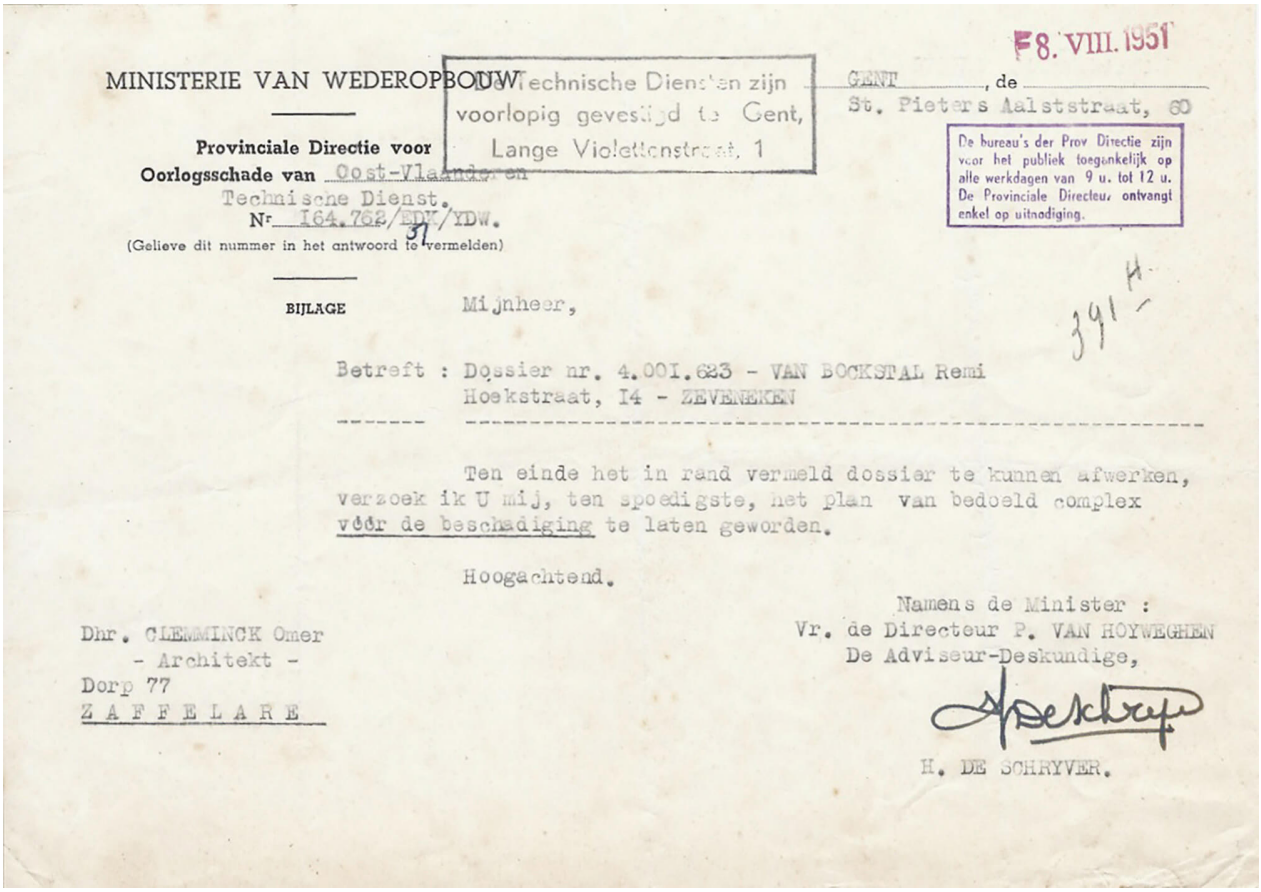
category
architecture, conflict, economy, factory, fashion, Trigger

**09:54:24**

An architect in Z. receives a reminder. ‘Please send, as soon as possible, the plans of the construction before the damage.’ The reminder was sent by the Ministry of Reconstruction, in 1951. The architect’s address in Z., as mentioned in this file, is nowadays a house adjacent to Saloon Redbarn, a hall used for activities organized by a club of country and western-aficionados.

**Sources**

Semi-translucent paper, typoscript, stamps, handwritten notes and signature, from the archive of architect O. Clemminck, file ‘Remi Van Bockstael’



MINISTERIE VAN WEDEROPBOUW

Provinciale Directie voor
Oorlogsschade van Oost-Vlaanderen
Technische Dienst.
Nr. I64.762/EDK/YDW.
(Gelieve dit nummer in het antwoord te vermelden)

De Technische Diensten zijn voorlopig gevestigd te Gent, Lange Violettenstraat, 1

GENT, de 8. VIII. 1951
St. Pieters Aaltstraat, 60

De bureau's der Prov Directie zijn voor het publiek toegankelijk op alle werkdagen van 9 u. tot 12 u. De Provinciale Directeur ontvangt enkel op uitnodiging.

BIJLAGE

Mijnheer,

Betreft : Dossier nr. 4.001.623 - VAN BOCKSTAL Remi
Hoekstraat, I4 - ZEVENEKEN

Ten einde het in rand vermeld dossier te kunnen afwerken, verzoek ik U mij, ten spoedigste, het plan van bedoeld complex vóór de beschadiging te laten geworden.

Hoogachtend.

Namens de Minister :
Vr. de Directeur P. VAN HOYWEGHEN
De Adviseur-Deskundige,

H. DE SCHRYVER.

Dhr. CLEMMINCK Omer
- Architekt -
Dorp 77
ZAFFELARE

| type | date | filename | size | author |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| scan | 14.12.2020 | Ministerie_van_wederopbouw.pdf | 1MB | Arnout De Cleene |

category
architecture, house, archive, map/plan, O. Clemminck, government, insurance

09:54:25

During the preparation of a seminar, I reread Pierre Bayard's *Qui a tué Roger Ackroyd?* (2008). On the inside of the back cover, there's an inscription: it appears I wrote down a license plate number – something I have the habit of doing when a situation seems suspicious.

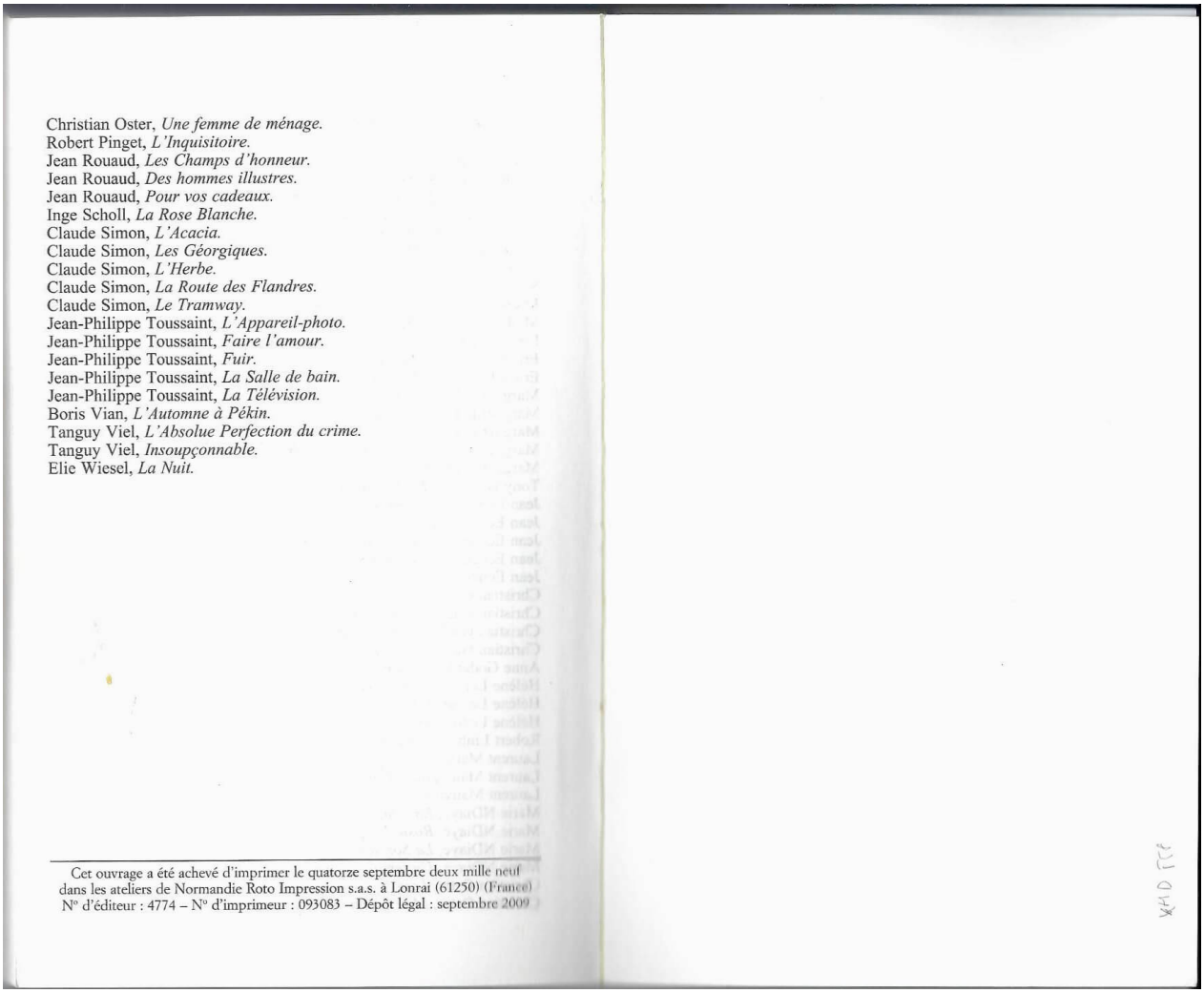
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The car with license plate number XHD 558 is unknown to me. I can't recall what I saw that urged me to write it down, nor the time or location when I saw it.

**Sources**


- Bayard, P. *Qui a tué Roger Ackroyd?* Paris: Minuit, 2008.

# License Plate



Christian Oster, *Une femme de ménage.*
Robert Pinget, *L'Inquisitoire.*
Jean Rouaud, *Les Champs d'honneur.*
Jean Rouaud, *Des hommes illustres.*
Jean Rouaud, *Pour vos cadeaux.*
Inge Scholl, *La Rose Blanche.*
Claude Simon, *L'Acacia.*
Claude Simon, *Les Géorgiques.*
Claude Simon, *L'Herbe.*
Claude Simon, *La Route des Flandres.*
Claude Simon, *Le Tramway.*
Jean-Philippe Toussaint, *L'Appareil-photo.*
Jean-Philippe Toussaint, *Faire l'amour.*
Jean-Philippe Toussaint, *Fuir.*
Jean-Philippe Toussaint, *La Salle de bain.*
Jean-Philippe Toussaint, *La Télévision.*
Boris Vian, *L'Automne à Pékin.*
Tanguy Viel, *L'Absolue Perfection du crime.*
Tanguy Viel, *Insoupçonnable.*
Elie Wiesel, *La Nuit.*

Cet ouvrage a été achevé d'imprimer le quatorze septembre deux mille neuf
dans les ateliers de Normandie Roto Impression s.a.s. à Lonrai (61250) (France)
N° d'éditeur : 4774 – N° d'imprimeur : 093083 – Dépôt légal : septembre 2009

| type | date | filename | size | author |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| scan | 15.08.2023 | ackroyd.pdf | 431 KB | Arnout De Cleene |

category
angst, automobile, book, literature

**09:54:30**

The end of 2015. For hours, precipitation of all sorts had impeded a view of the Asian side of the city. Ships went out of sight before they reached the horizon. I can't recall where exactly we were standing, or what we were visiting. I imagined it to be a place full of history. The Bosporus seemed agitated.

The Greek historian Herodotus wrote about Persian King Xerxes' torn after a storm demolished the bridge he was building across the Dardanelles, at the other side of the Sea of Marmara: 'When Xerxes heard of this, he was very angry and commanded that the Hellespont be whipped with three hundred lashes, and a pair of fetters be thrown into the sea. I have even heard that he sent branders with them to brand the Hellespont. He commanded them while they whipped to utter words outlandish and presumptuous, "Bitter water, our master thus punishes you, because you did him wrong though he had done you none. Xerxes the king will pass over you, whether you want it or not; in accordance with justice no one offers you sacrifice, for you are a turbid and briny river."'[1]

Two days later, heavy snow delayed our flight back home. For hours, we were stuck inside the cabin, watching the tarmac. Passengers wanting to get out scorned the stewards. Trucks sprayed a fluid on our plane's wings. We arrived at the family gathering just before midnight. Underneath the unlit fireworks hanging from the chandeliers, dessert was being served.

**Sources**

1. Herodotus. *The Histories* (A. D. Godley, trans.). Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1920, book 7, chapter 35. Online: https://www.perseus.tufts.edu/hopper/text?doc=Perseus%3Atext%3A1999.01.0126%3Abook%3D7%3Achapter%3D35

# New Year’s Eve, 2015



| type | date | filename | size | author |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| photograph | 28.12.2022 | _MG_9652.jpg | 2,5MB | Arnout De Cleene |

category
angst, family, food, precipitation, sea

**09:54:30**

A year ago, mid-August, just before sunrise, the mostly unlit office buildings line the road that leads to the underground parking. I turn off the ignition. I'm in F36. The walls are painted pink. Looking for the exit, I take the escalator and get stuck in an empty shopping mall. The music is playing but all the shops are closed off with steel shutters. So are the exits. I'm out of place. In keeping early customers out, the mall is keeping haphazard visitors in. I'm back in the parking lot. The elevator is broken. I take the stairs and walk by a homeless man, sleeping. There's shit on the floor. I open the door that leads out of the stairwell. It slams shut behind me. There's no doorknob. I find myself on a dark floor between mall and parking lot. People are sleeping; some are awake. Heads turn toward me. I start walking slightly uphill towards where I think I might find an exit, or an entrance. The scale of the architecture has shifted from car (F36) and customer (the closed mall) to truck. I find myself amidst the supply-chain. It takes five minutes, maybe fifteen, maybe more to get out and see the office buildings towering over me in the first light of day.

# org The first light of day



| type | date | filename | size | author |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| photograph | 15.10.2021 | _44A4965.dng | 52 MB | Michiel De Cleene |

category
angst, architecture, automobile, economy, map/plan, mistake, music, parking

**09:54:31**

the-documents.c

The car is parked on a gravel path, a few metres down from the small road crossing the village. It would be hopelessly stuck the next morning. While trying to capture Neptune through the rental telescope, I run back and forth between the tripod on the small lawn and the trunk several times to get other eyepieces and adapters.

I align the telescope, using three stars: Vega, Arcturus and Deneb.

I hear an animal. I look up and notice the interior light of the car has switched on.

A motorcycle around 3:14. The driver is shifting gears rapidly. I don’t see any headlights in the valley.

Fog sets in. Saturn practically disappears from sight. Jupiter appears as a blob.

I’m 380m above sea level. The highest hill in the area is barely 500m of height. Still, the fog and the settling dew, along with the nightly cold give it something strangely alpine.

The fog lifts.

I can still clearly see the ridge in the east. It should be darker.

# Neptune in opposition [11/20] – Alpine



| type | date | filename | size | author |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| photograph | 26.09.2022 | _44A2196.dng | 48,96 MB | De Cleene De Cleene |

category
angst, astronomy, automobile, landscape, map/plan, Neptune, parking, technology

**09:54:31**

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| type | date | filename | size | author |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| photograph | 15.10.2021 | _44A4965.dng | 52 MB | Michiel De Cleene |

category
angst, architecture, automobile, economy, map/plan, mistake, music, parking

**09:54:36**

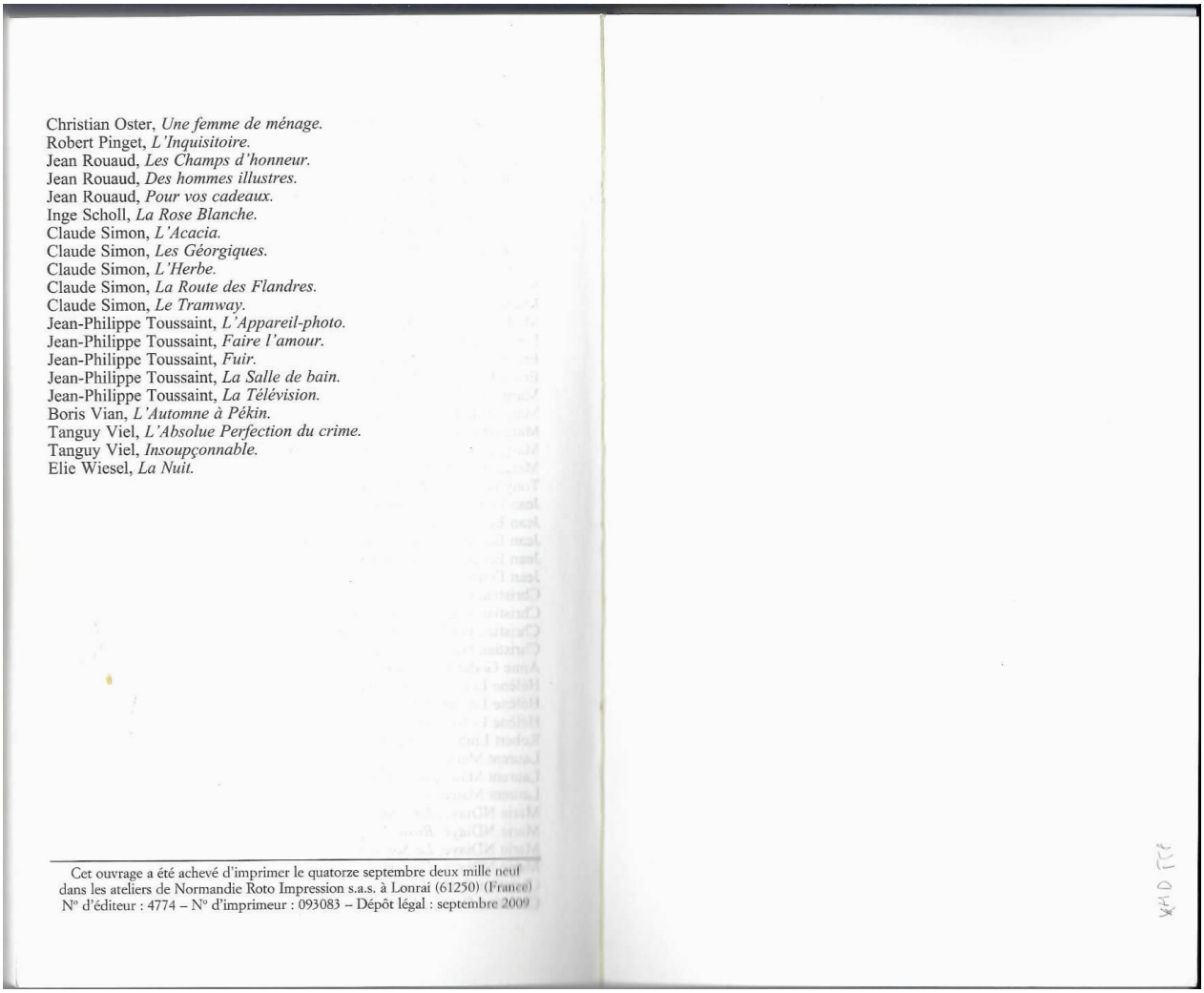
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**Sources**


- Bayard, P. *Qui a tué Roger Ackroyd?* Paris: Minuit, 2008.



Christian Oster, *Une femme de ménage.*
Robert Pinget, *L'Inquisitoire.*
Jean Rouaud, *Les Champs d'honneur.*
Jean Rouaud, *Des hommes illustres.*
Jean Rouaud, *Pour vos cadeaux.*
Inge Scholl, *La Rose Blanche.*
Claude Simon, *L'Acacia.*
Claude Simon, *Les Géorgiques.*
Claude Simon, *L'Herbe.*
Claude Simon, *La Route des Flandres.*
Claude Simon, *Le Tramway.*
Jean-Philippe Toussaint, *L'Appareil-photo.*
Jean-Philippe Toussaint, *Faire l'amour.*
Jean-Philippe Toussaint, *Fuir.*
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| type | date | filename | size | author |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| scan | 15.08.2023 | ackroyd.pdf | 431 KB | Arnout De Cleene |

category
angst, automobile, book, literature

**09:54:36**

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**Sources**

1. Herodotus. *The Histories* (A. D. Godley, trans.). Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1920, book 7, chapter 35. Online: https://www.perseus.tufts.edu/hopper/text?doc=Perseus%3Atext%3A1999.01.0126%3Abook%3D7%3Achapter%3D35

# New Year’s Eve, 2015



| type | date | filename | size | author |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| photograph | 28.12.2022 | _MG_9652.jpg | 2,5MB | Arnout De Cleene |

category
angst, family, food, precipitation, sea

**09:54:37**

Here, on his kitchen table, Marcel Poulet, an expert on the stoneware tradition in the center of France, is explaining his archeological work on ‘whale ovens’.

I started collecting images and plans of ovens, for the beauty of those abstract technical lines and for what we can learn from them. In gathering the material that makes up this Atlas, and in sharing interests and knowledge, I learned that many people know about ovens, either in their homes, gardens, ateliers, factories, streets… Everyone transforms things through heat. Even bodies need warmth and produce some themselves.

**Notes**

- Clementine Vaultier’s interests, although trained as a ceramist, are in the warm surroundings of the fire rather than the production it engenders.

# Oven encounter




| type | date | filename | size | author |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| photograph | 15.09.2022 | clementine_oven_encounter.JPEG | 1,3 MB | Clémentine Vaultier |

category
archive, book, collecting, encounter, hand

**09:54:38**

On a windy morning in April, I was on a video call with a friend, curator Maziar Afrassiabi. He listened patiently from Rotterdam as I labored over a direction for my research. It concerned a device I installed in his art space, Rib, six months prior, that monitored blackouts across California by scraping real-time data from utility companies. When a county experienced a significant blackout, it would cut Rib's electricity in kind—causing Rib to inherit and adapt to conditions that shape Californian infrastructure. During its operation, I'd been researching the grid—learning what it is, why it fails, and how communities respond when it does.

We took a short break. Maziar, with tired eyes, stepped away for a smoke. While waiting, I watched the power lines outside my window sway limply in the breeze. In spite of its apparent lifelessness, I've always thought of electricity as a psychological force. My mind wandered through a cursory model of the grid, idiosyncratically cloudy and detailed.

Energy simultaneously generated and used, cascading infrastructural operations in a blink. Outlying stations burning, vaporizing, absorbing fuel, spinning vast electromagnetic turbines. Oscillating current. Neighboring transformers boosting volts to kilovolts, compensating for lost energy coursing through long-distance transmission supported by pylons peppered across Menlo Park.

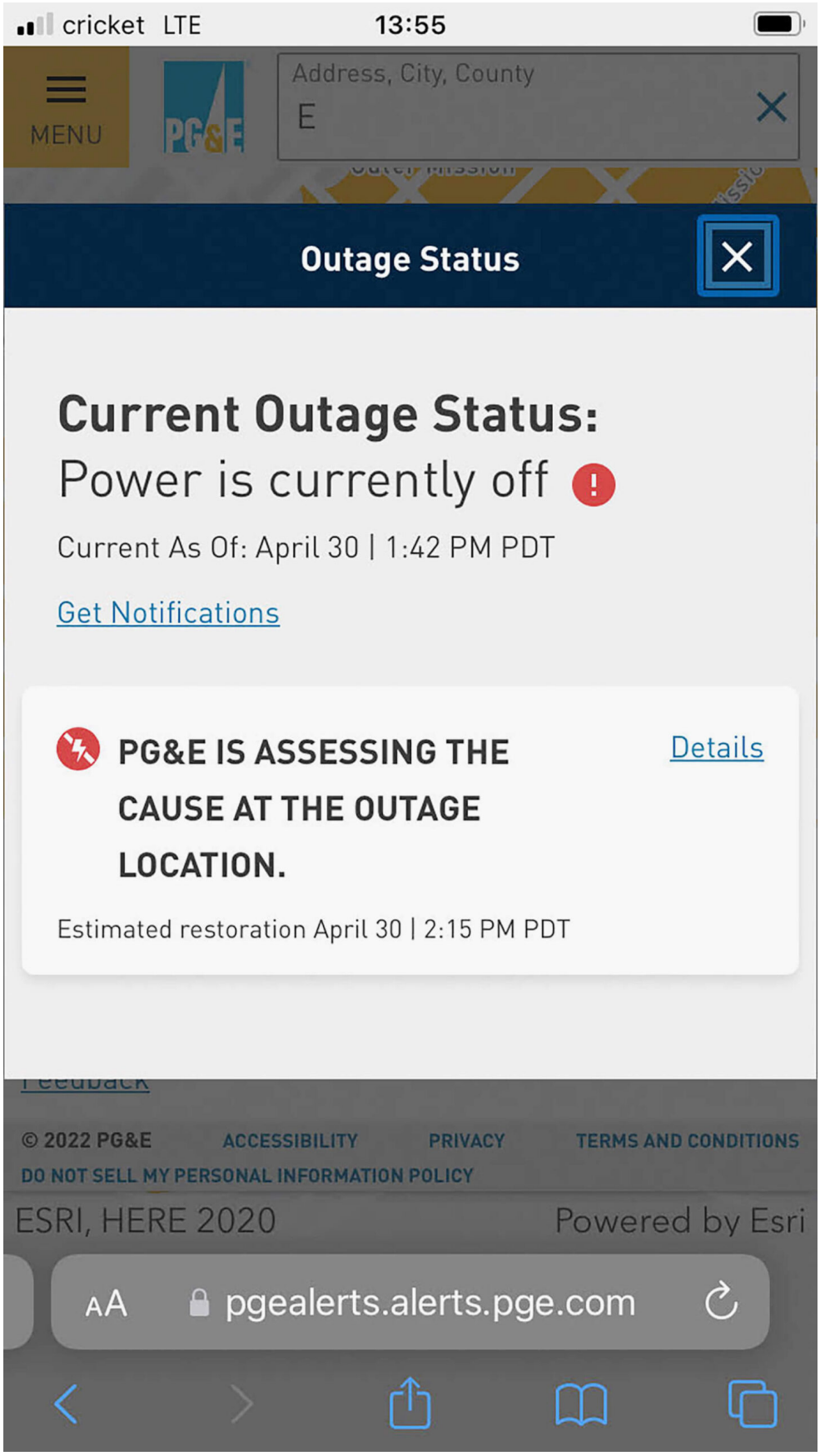
Current flows into enclosed substations. Transformers, insulators, resembling a kind of industrial Watts Towers—though uninhabitable and anonymous by comparison—step voltages back down to levels safe enough for wires traversing the city. They branch out through streets via buried cables or, like the lines outside my window, are strung atop Douglas fir utility poles at roughly 30-meter intervals…curious vestigial markers. I'd read somewhere they were provisionally pitched when Samuel Morse found that telegraph signals wouldn't transmit through the earth.

Each pole divides vertically into distinct zones, spaced apart for safety. Treacherous high-voltage wires from substations pass along the top, while safer signals—cable internet and landlines—hang nearest to the ground. The high-voltage wires enter through a barrel-shaped pole-mounted transformer. Within, submerged in oil, two tightly wound copper coils magnetically harmonize, delivering 240 and 120 volts to three exiting wires, each connected to the electrical meter attached to the building…

A blackout in my neighborhood cut my thoughts and the meeting short. The sudden silence in my apartment indicated Maziar was also in the dark. I received a text message from him and the utility company.

**Notes**

- Mathew Kneebone is an artist based in San Francisco. His interdisciplinary practices takes different forms, all in relation to an interest in electricity and technology. He teaches studio and thesis writing at California College of the Arts.




| type | date | filename | size | author |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| screenshot | 18.02.2023 | unnamed.jpg | 84 KB | Mathew Kneebone |

category
house, interference, technology, tree, wind

**09:54:38**

This bike regularly pops up on the streets of the Brussels neighbourhood where I live. On 4 June 2021, it stands in Rue Verte, in front of the entrance to the Reine Verte Park. The park is built on one of the steepest slopes in Brussels. That condition required a clever park design, in which you can hang out or walk from Rue Verte to Rue des Palais, up, or vice versa, down. The park is well cared for by city services.

The bike is an orange Sparta K-10. It has a remarkably low entry and high handlebars. As a result, it seems to be a comfortable bike, albeit one whose body posture while cycling is not geared to the gradient of our neighbourhood, in which it usually stands. Moreover, it has no gears and the saddle is very slanted.

**Notes**

- Lars Kwakkenbos lives and works in Brussels and Ghent (B). He teaches at KASK & Conservatorium in Ghent, where he is currently working on the research project ‘On Instructing Photography’ (2023-2024), together with Michiel and Arnout De Cleene.

# A Sparta K-10, Rue Verte, Brussels




| type | date | filename | size | author |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| photograph | 13.01.2023 | 20210604_081159.jpg | 5,09 MB | Lars Kwakkenbos |

category
bicycle, landscape

**09:54:39**

The Bahrain Formula 1 Grand Prix takes place every year since the track's inauguration in 2004 – except for 2011 when the race was cancelled due to protests in the wake of the Arab Spring. To prevent sand from covering the track and entering the air-ducts and engines, the sand near the track is sprayed with an adhesive to keep it from blowing around.

The cloud of sand in the picture (made near Avenue 61 on an artificial island close to Seef) was made by kicking it into the frame while M.R. and M.D.C. had to stop and wait for a truck that was being towed after the driver lost control over the vehicle and flipped it onto its side. Days earlier M.D.C. had tried to make a photograph of the F1-track, but couldn't get close enough to make a decent picture.

# Adhesive



| type | date | filename | size | author |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| photograph | 18.12.2020 | _44A7884.dng | 58,4MB | Michiel De Cleene |

category
automobile, Bahrain, crash, drought, sand, trompe l'oeil

**09:54:40**

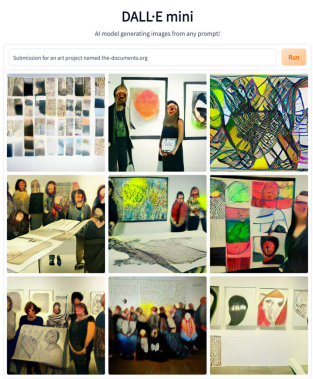
‘Submission for an art project named the-documents.org’ is a collection of 9 images[1] generated by DALL·E mini[2], an open-source AI model, on the basis of the prompt ‘Submission for an art project named the-documents.org’.

DALL·E mini is a freely available AI tool that generates images based on a description of the desired image (a prompt) provided by a user.

Though DALL·E mini seems to be primarily used as a source of humour within the online community – being able to create a set of images from any specific or abstract prompt – it also gives rise to more serious questions on AI ethics and copyright. As the model is trained with unfiltered data from the internet, it may reinforce societal biases, generating images that contain stereotypes against minority groups. DALL·E mini and similar, more advanced tools, are also capable of creating art ‘in the style of’ when they have sufficient data to source from (e.g. using a prompt as “Van Gogh painting the Eiffel Tower”). This leads to the legal and ethical question whether an artist should have a say in the use of his/her artwork as AI input data, and whether the artist should be able to claim rights for AI generated images based on this data.

**Notes**

1




2 DALL·E mini was created by Boris Dayma et al. 2021-2022, https://huggingface.co/spaces/dalle-mini/dalle-mini, to be migrated to www.craiyon.com

• Ward Verwaeren is a legal counsel in the tech industry, and former IP lawyer. He tries to know more about art than the average lawyer, and more about law than the average artist.



| type | date | filename | size | author |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| screenshot | 01.07.2022 | dallemini_2022-6-19_21-53-48.png | 1,61 MB | Ward Verwaeren |

category
archive, data storage, technology, artificial intelligence

**09:54:40**

At the State Archive in Kortrijk, I am leafing through a 1955 photo album of the construction of the provisional church in Lokeren by the famous furniture company Kunstwerkstede De Coene. Gigantic wooden, prefabricated beams structure the building. It is cold. An old man in a grey suit shuffles between the racks to look up the date of birth of his great great grandmother. Snow covers the unfinished provisional roof. A bus passes, I reckon, through the pouring rain.

the-documents.c



| type | date | filename | size | author |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| audio | 22.12.2020 | VP100184.MP3 | 1,8MB | Arnout De Cleene |

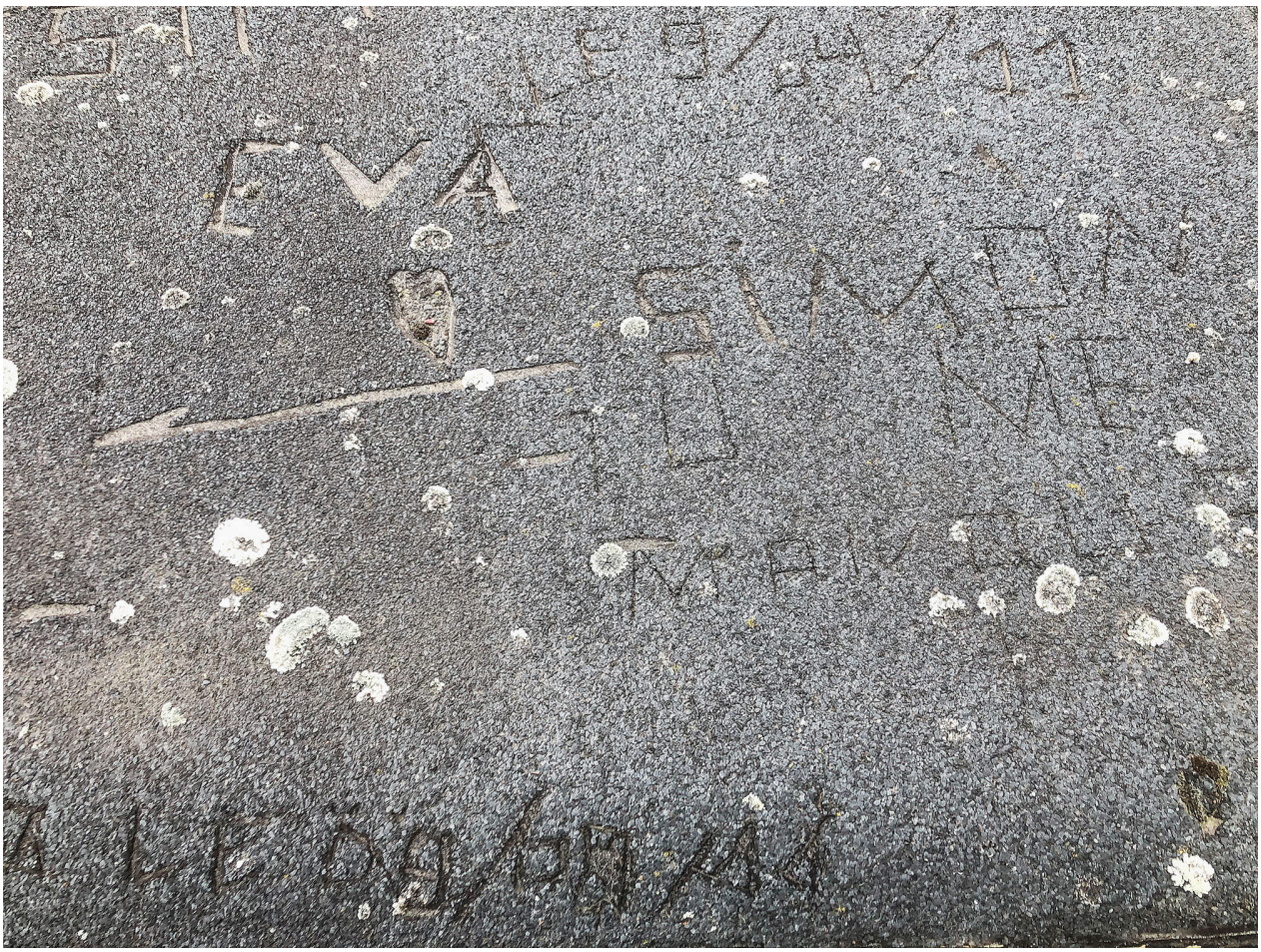
category
archive, architecture, book, data storage, De Coene, precipitation

**09:54:41**

In what order and by whom the various texts and drawings were carved into the soft roofing is unclear. To the right of ‘EVA’, a heart symbol and an arrow (pointing to the left), the roofing reads ‘SIMON TU ME MANQUES’.

The short sentence usually – yet hastily – translates to ‘Simon, I miss you’. However, in French the ‘you’ (tu) is the subject and has an active role, whereas the ‘I’ *(me)* is the direct object. In short: by his not being there, Simon actively effectuates hurt to the one who carved this text.

# Roofing (3) – Simon, tu me manques



| type | date | filename | size | author |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| photograph | 14.04.2021 | IMG_6512.jpeg | 4,50MB | Michiel De Cleene |

category
automobile, decoration, fissure, parking, roofing, sign

**09:54:42**

In summer, the roofing gets hot and soft. In winter, it gets cold, hard and brittle. None of the gates to the garages are open. It’s unsure whether the numerous texts and drawings – some dig deeper than others – have caused leakages.

# Roofing (6) – JEM



| type | date | filename | size | author |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| photograph | 14.04.2021 | IMG_6510.jpeg | 6,61MB | Michiel De Cleene |

category
automobile, decoration, fissure, map/plan, parking, precipitation, roofing, sign

**09:54:42**

Coming back from holidays, we were waiting for the ferry to take us from Ramsgate to Ostend. We were well on time. As the ship entered the harbour, I asked my parents if I could take a photograph. It's the first photograph I recall taking. I remember my dad telling me to wait long enough for the ship to get closer. I didn't. I only got one try.[1]

It took a while before the film was developed. I couldn't stop imagining what the photograph would look like: some picturesque waves in the foreground, the shining white ship, the red and blue text on the side, and a cloud filled sky.

**Notes**

1 Following every holiday, when we got home, the garden and our house would be photographed with the remaining exposures on the roll of film in the camera.

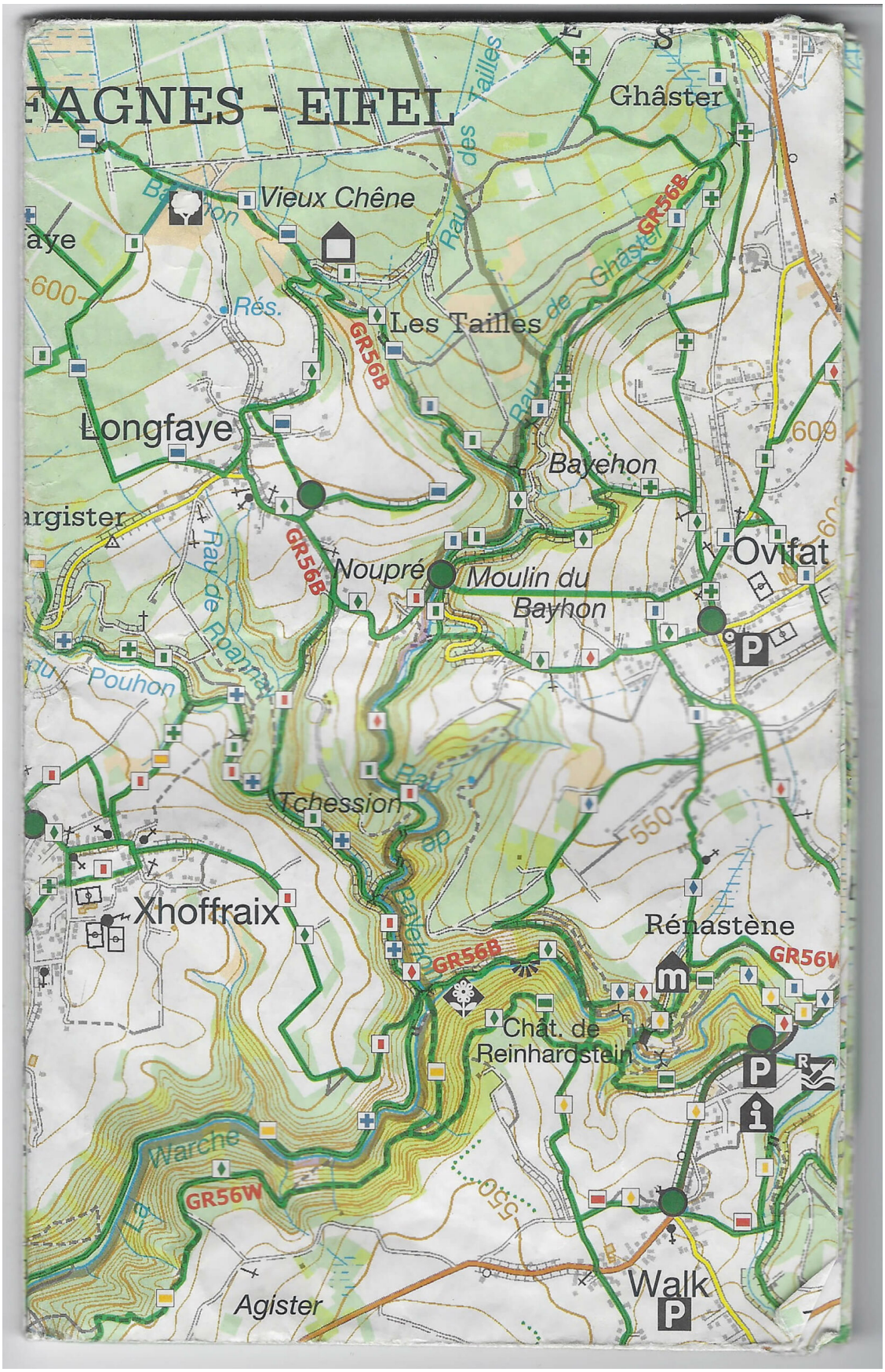



| type | date | filename | size | author |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| scan | 10.11.2022 | 48b_08.jpg | 427 KB | Michiel De Cleene |

category
archive, family, landscape, sea

09:54:43

The paths in the valley of the Bayehon are covered with ice. We are making our way down towards the valley of the Ghâster. The temperature is minus 15 degrees Celsius. The water in our drinking bottles is frozen. We are betting on the shelter indicated on the map (*Au Pied des Fagnes, Carte De Promenades,* 1:25.000, Institut Geographique National) to pitch our tent. There is almost no wind, but every breath of air feels like we're being hit with a thousand needles. What the map indicates as a shelter appears to be a picnic table.




| type | date | filename | size | author |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| scan | 14.02.2021 | Handgeschreven_2021-02-14_142153.jpg | 2,1MB | Arnout De Cleene |

category
map/plan, mistake, scale, sign, wind, precipitation

**09:54:44**