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The ghosts of their times whisper with archetype, technology, with literature, prophecy or war. They wander around, sometimes barely visible, sometimes horribly tangible. Like an arrester I am struck by them before passing them on to my installations. Gathering found and constructed objects, digital and audio work, and with an occasional performative aspect, I attempt to bring the ghosts to light. My task is telling the stories of these characters that come to me - through their eyes, the eyes of the past, or the eyes of the latent observer. The characters, particularly those from my own personal history, can possess me when necessary. My installations become worlds within themselves and within each other, schizophrenically swaying between 'out there' and 'in here'. In one a soldier, Herman, sitting in a barbed cage, might be praying as his paper mistress Insulinde tugs him along and the audience holds the key, in another a field of plants and flowers might hang suspended from the ceiling as three antennae watch and broadcast poem-propaganda about the flora to a radio in the center. I am not an archivist, history is living and can as such be used and played with. My role is to use it in service of itself, bringing to light its mumbles, and to intervene in its narrative, placing my work in time in turn - myth, be your song, o, godhead, the myth of history.

Zonder titel (Eventueel: "Tegenoffer-ladder," "De disputatie van de Gerst en de Muizengerst"
en "Barricade")

Uus Rada Galerii, 2025







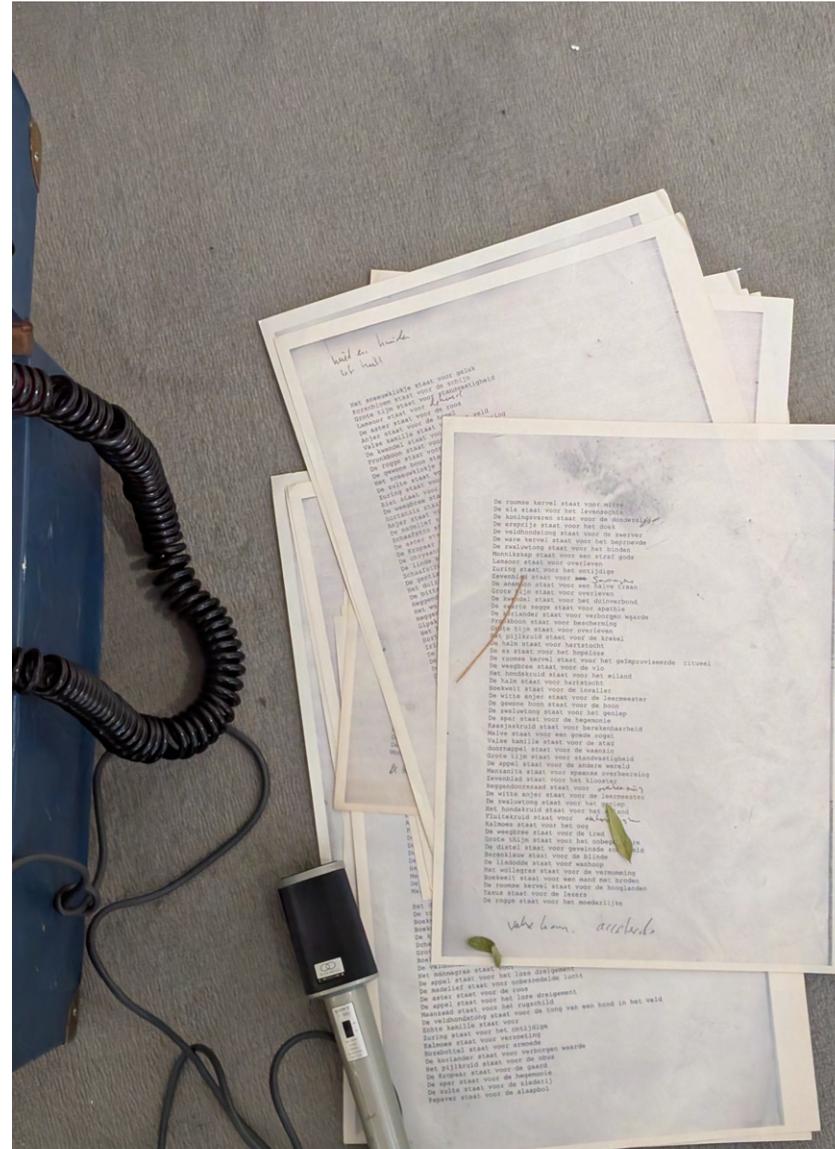
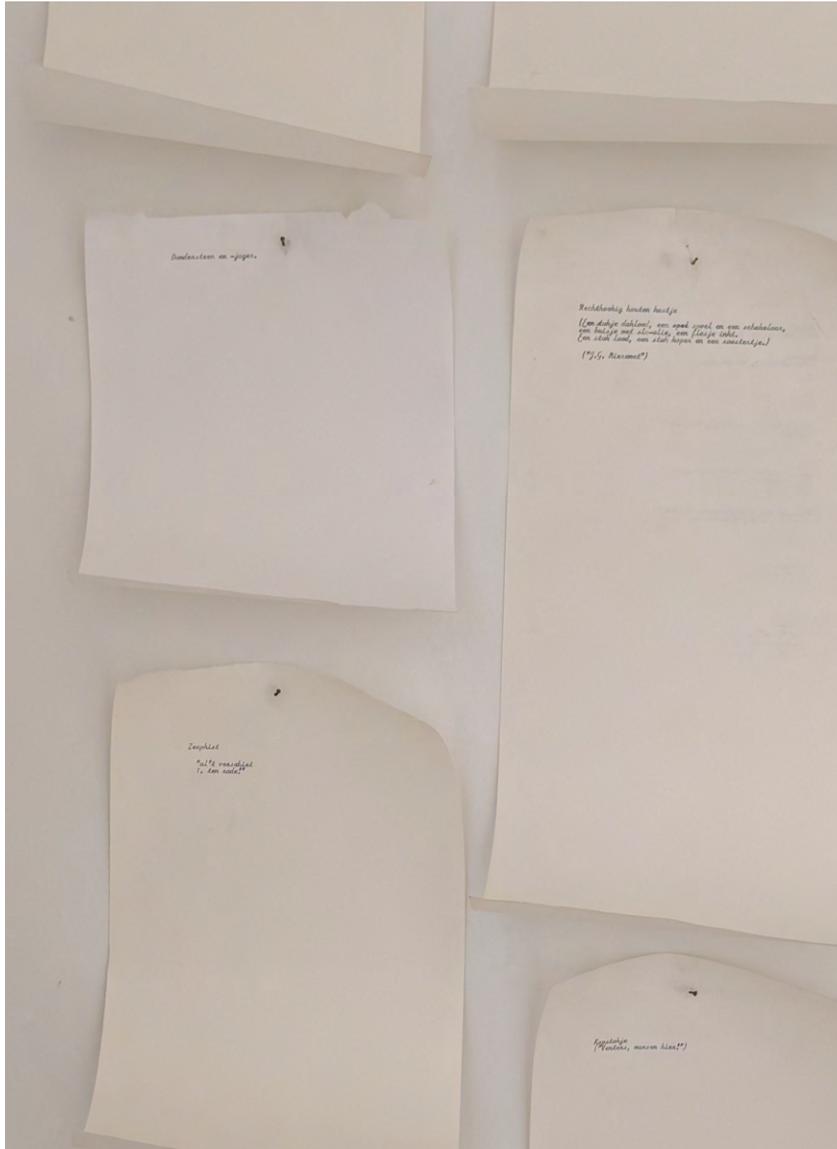
Gerst / Oder





Muizengerst / Hiireoder

De Tere Jaren,
(sce.) Schoen Valt Munt.
Galerie Ron Mandos, 2025

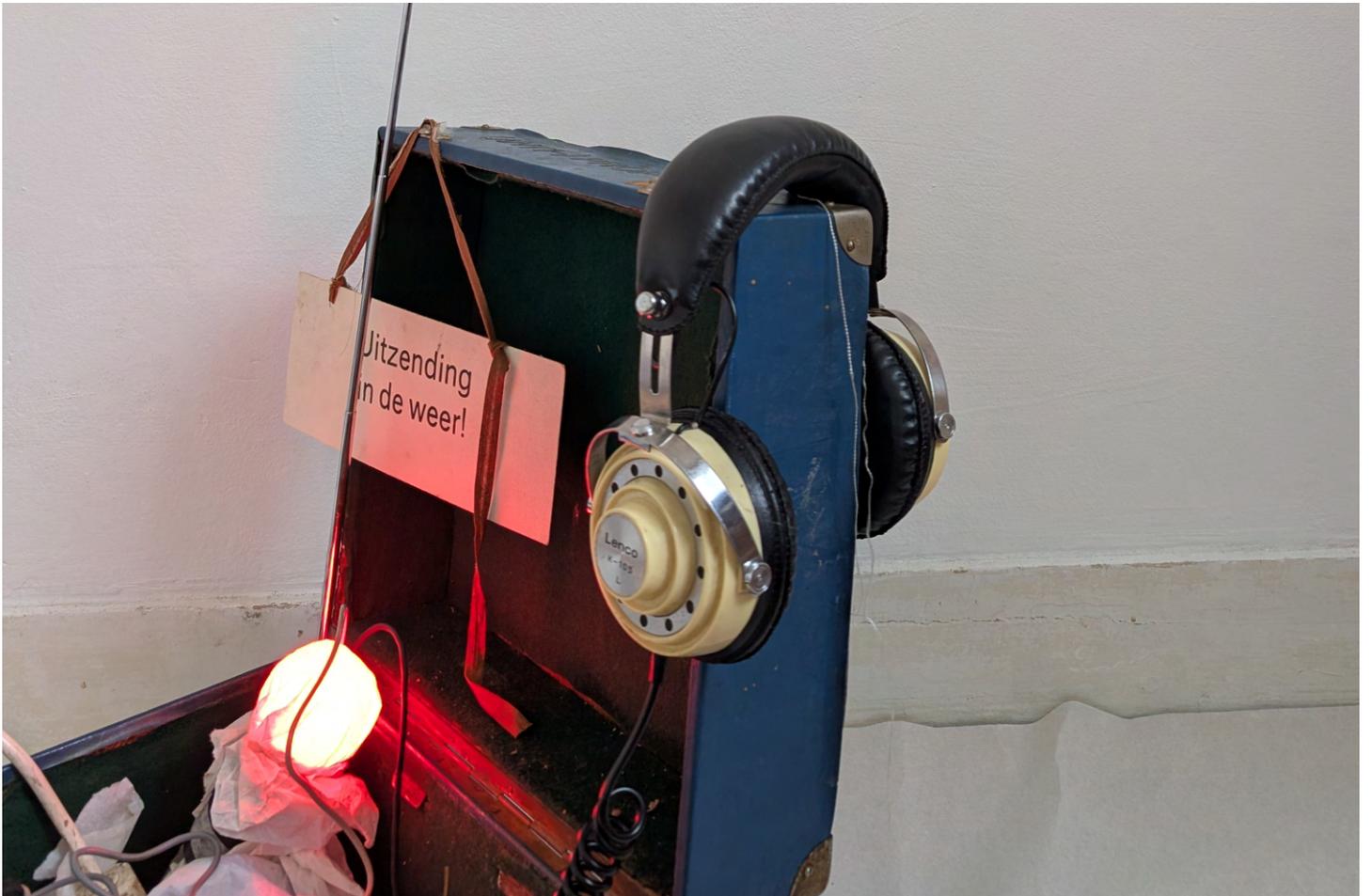


A sever of De Tere Jaren, a field of radio is broadcast, received in several pigeonholes, suspending in it various characters. Present once, congregating at the graduation show, now put to flight again. Ringers remain.

The radio still plays the role of fundament in the presentation, acting as a guiding transmission of propaganda, in the broadest sense, and residue of prior events, imposing itself beyond the sheen of the gallery. Voice passes the locale, informing characters and conflict concurrently “present.”

Now turned inwards, undressed, and chased off. Together, they gesture and trip toward a world nearing its end, or perhaps circling it ... always mumbling, always craning the neck, stiver and arrow twirling.





Emcee met veldzender 't kwartheilige

De Tere Jaren,
(sce.) Daar 't Stuivertje Tolt.
Rietveld Academie, 2025



An empirical assay to surmise an end-occasion-scenario,
issued is; a little cosmology.

The firma- and fundamentals,
those awaiting and those spinning, and their pivot
besides.

All this wandered in, a small pierced box
that reads “perhaps revelation.”

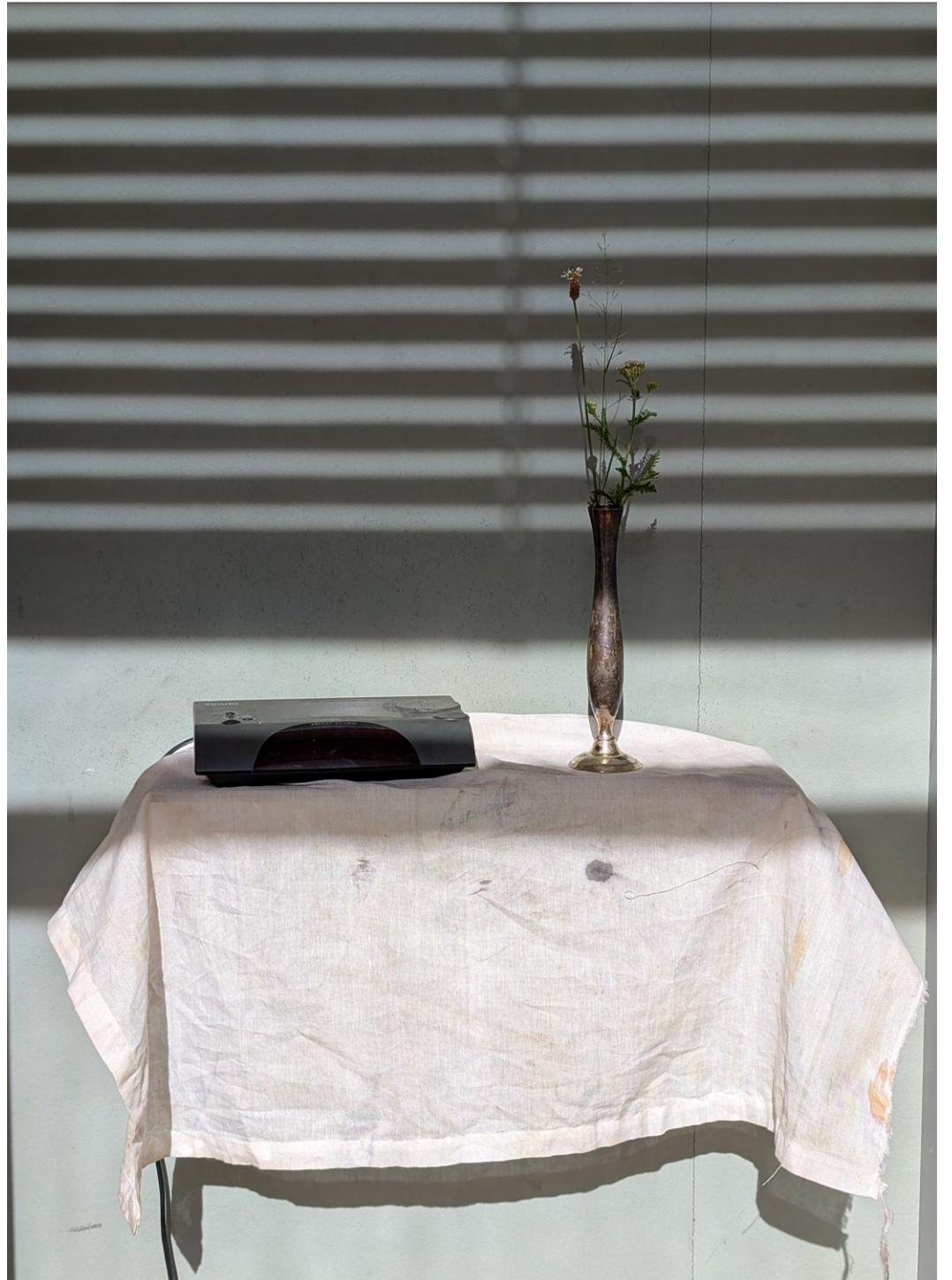
Fools and peddlers, the lot of them!

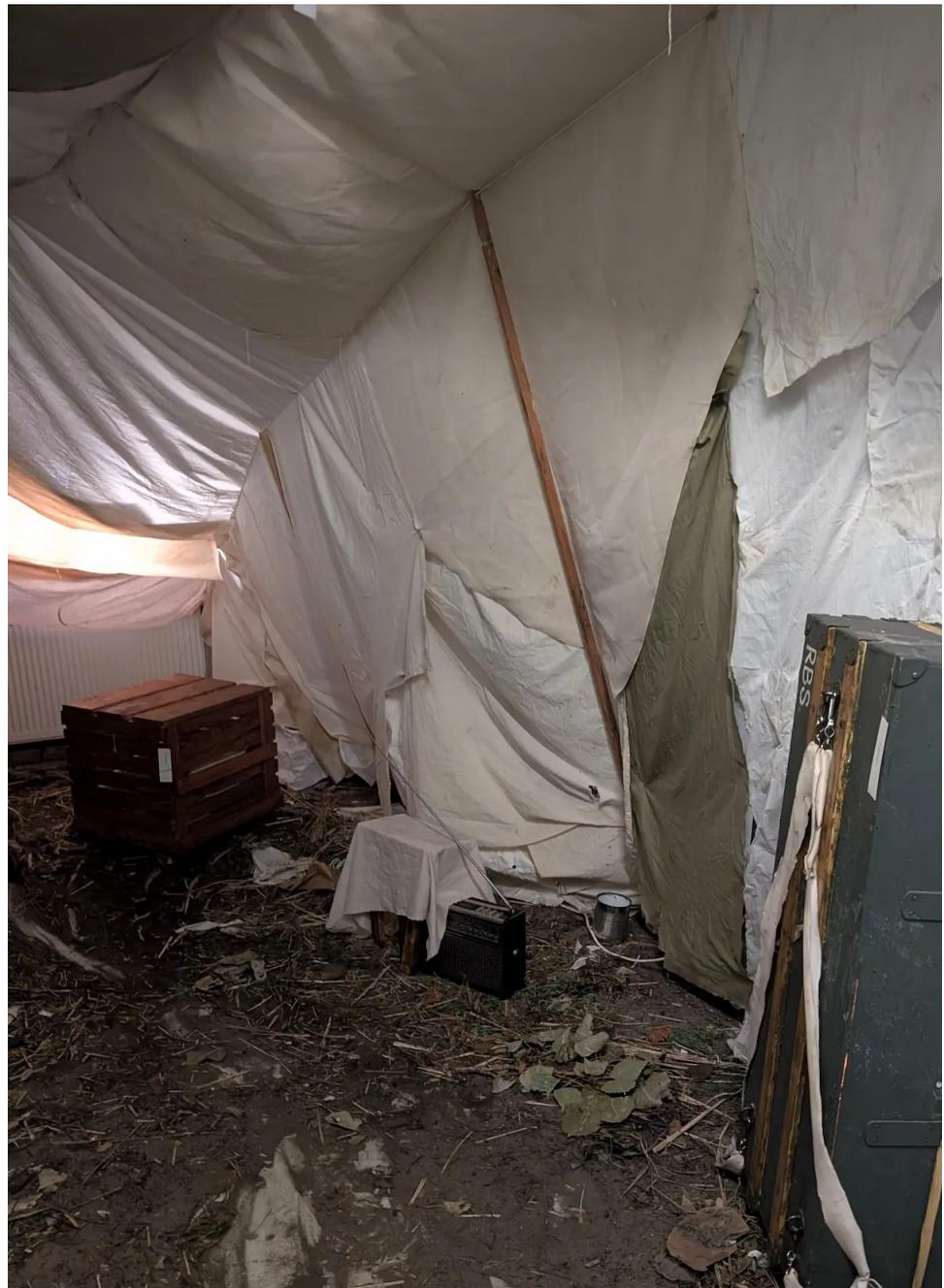
But there sounds the present,
and all of ‘m mean it.

The Years of Tar are running at an end as well.



The Emcee, then absent



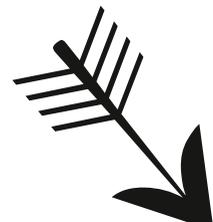


De Venters hebben hier hun kamp opgetrokken. Een verstandshuwelijk.





Pre-2025

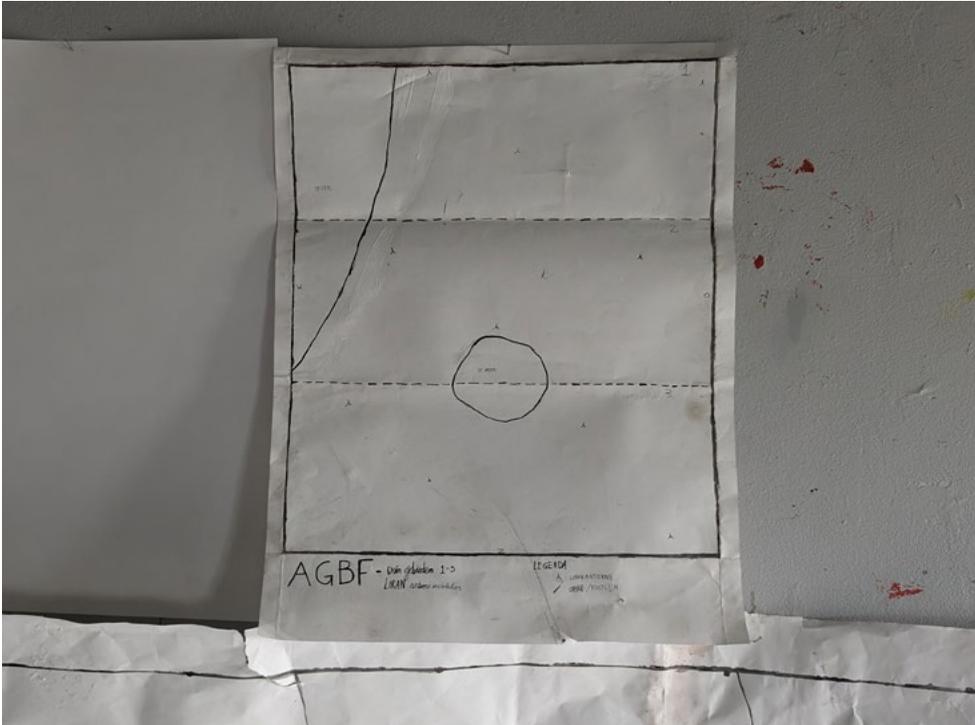
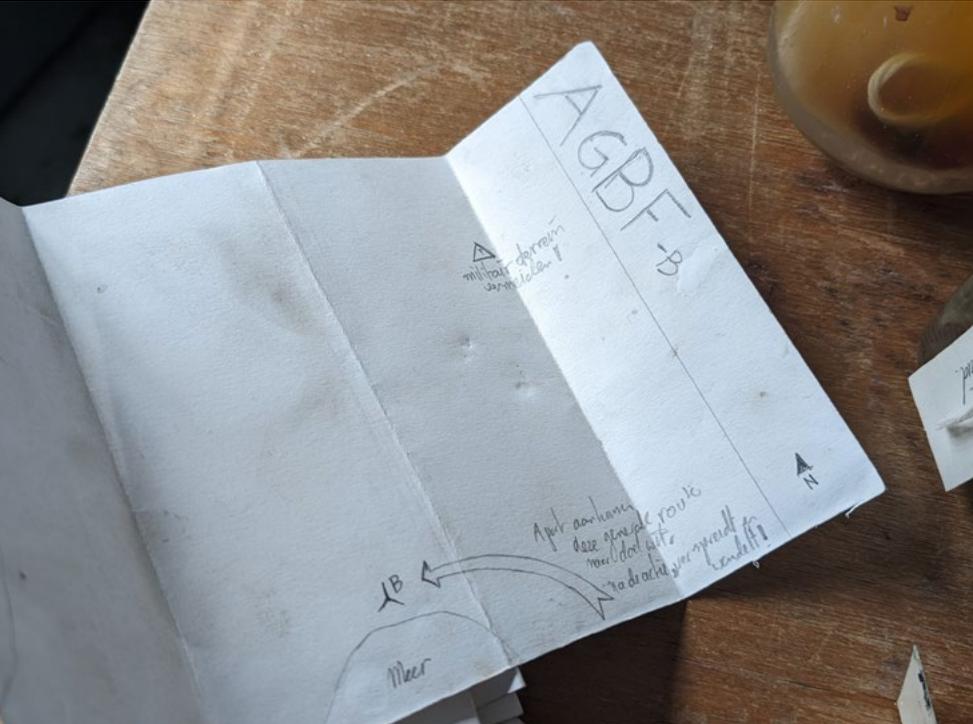


Uitvalsbasis / Base-of-Operations spring 2024

The first work was the Base-of-Operations used by the AGBF, a radical futurist guerilla group turning against the LORAN system. They map the area in which the antennae are situated and plan their attack on them. Using what they call anti-prop and a kind of alchemical molotov-cocktails they will destroy the meaning-propaganda broadcast by LORAN. The bombs all specify which signifier-signified sign they are supposed to be used against, poppy-cynic for example. Different factions within the group work on these separate parts (maps, bombs, propaganda etc.) and might just turn on one another.



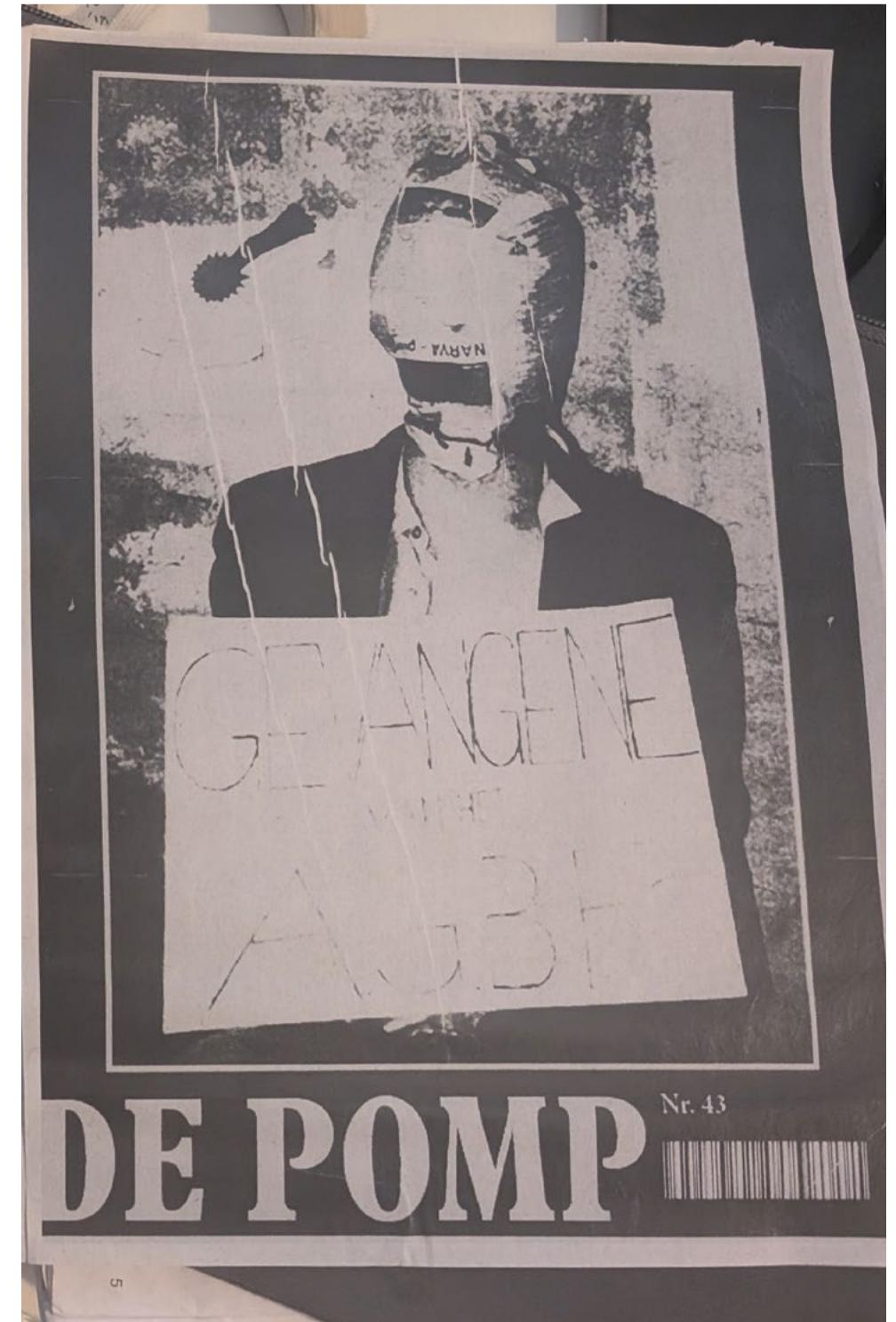
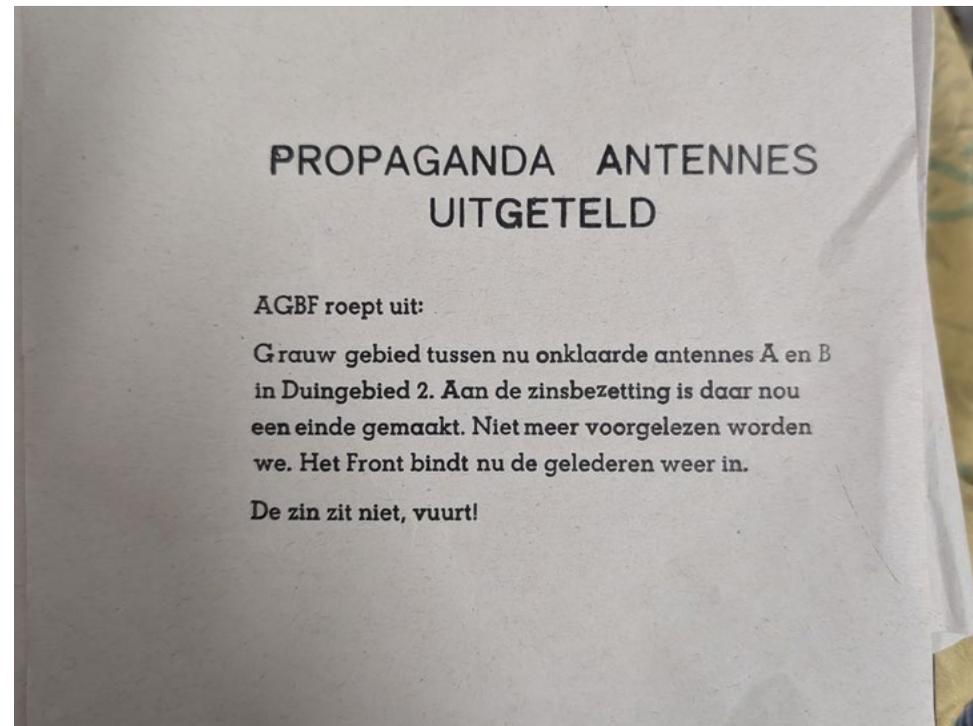
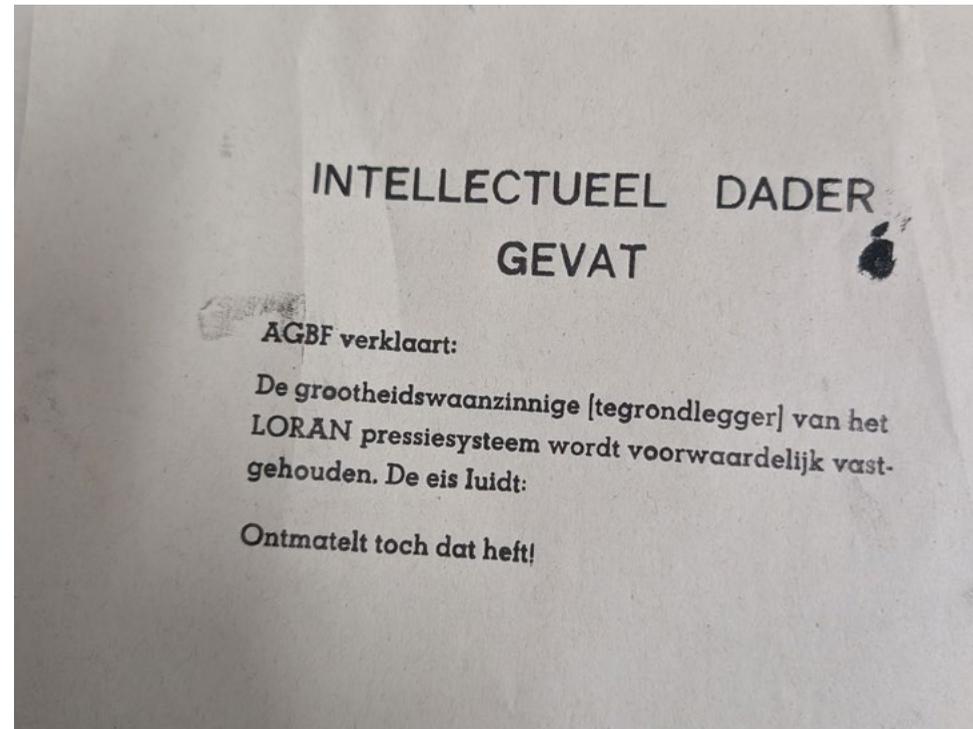
The fact that base could be seen by an audience in the end leads to the sabotage of their attack and the detainment of several operatives.



Miscellaneous material inc. kidnapping and pamphlets

Out of desperation, they end up kidnapping the architect of the system, me. A magazine shares the news and in a pamphlet the AGBF makes clear their demands. If they can't dismantle the system themselves, someone else will have to do it, under threat of the elimination of its designer.

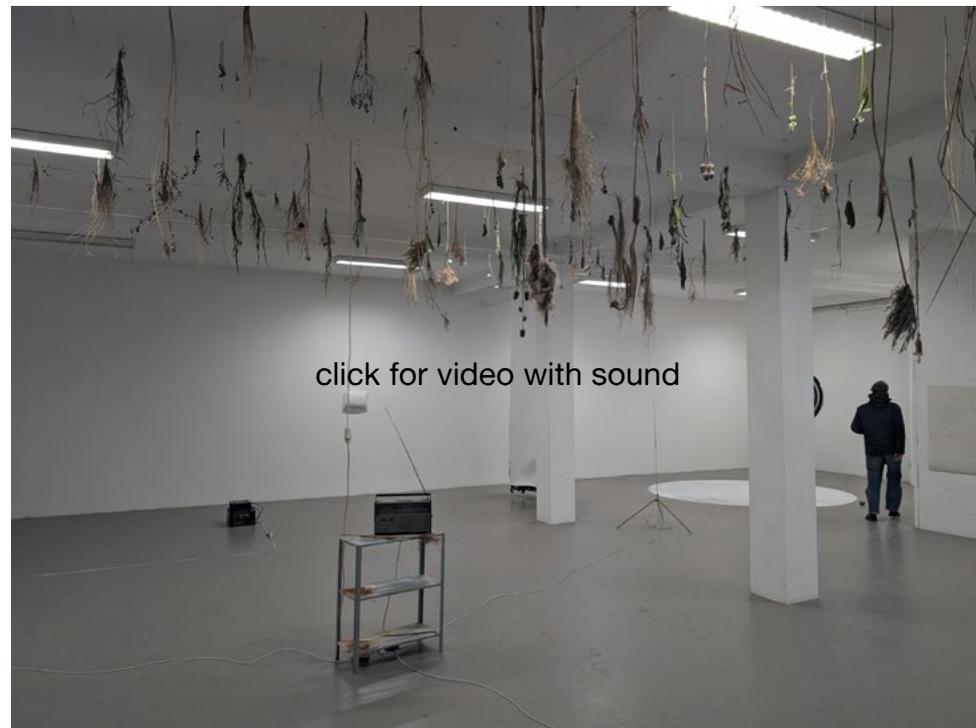
The group was turning from a simple guerilla organization attacking my work to something more ideological. They were forming into an iconoclast.



LORAN spring 2024

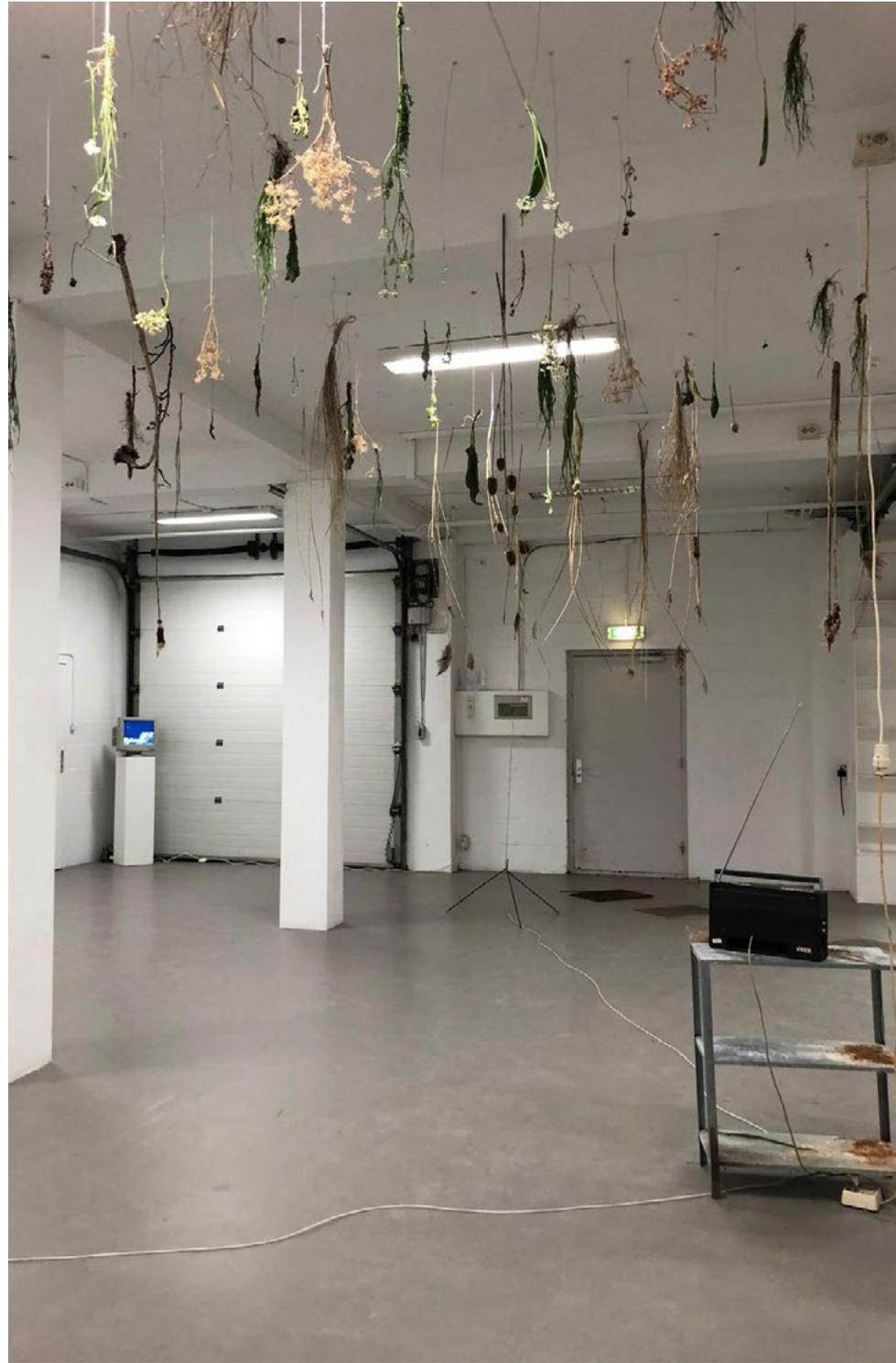
I turned the Turfsteker from dislodged servant to a kind of aimless pilgrim. From this came LORAN, the LONG RANGE Navigation system developed during the second World War. Using three antennas, the position of a vessel can be calculated and pinned on a map. Here the pilgrim or transient is given way, through a field guide-floriography meaning-propaganda broadcast. It binds plants, flowers and trees to significance, laying out the (religious) tour they are on. This is what their environs really are.

The landscape is here extracted and presented so as to be easily moved through. Ready for classification, they hang meekly. The radio-operator is not only their master, but guiding the traveler also theirs.



[click for video with sound](#)





De Turfsteker

spring 2024

The peat cutter is still out there. As all the turf was slowly cut away, only a bit remaining today, he must've gone wandering. The land he was tied down to, often owned by a bishop, now gone. A dream was projected for him as well, self sufficiency in the colony. His deepest poverty was abused and he was bound.

The bones have shrivelled to the wooden sticks that tie him to this soil. The debtor's tally stick, the burial's cross and spade for cutting. The forces that hold the Turfsteker still, even after death. Peat itself, though, also remains. The inflammable earth's spirit is also still there. Some kind of doom hangs precariously.



Something was needed to allow this ghost its search, the traveling sod house. Turf cutters, often sent to the peat colonies with little but their family, molded their home from the land and their own scraps. I needed to bring about some ceremony to bind the soul of the Turfsteker to the sod house and send him on his journey. Knowing nothing's left to cut, we look on with a rueful smile. The "occasions-jenever" was served.



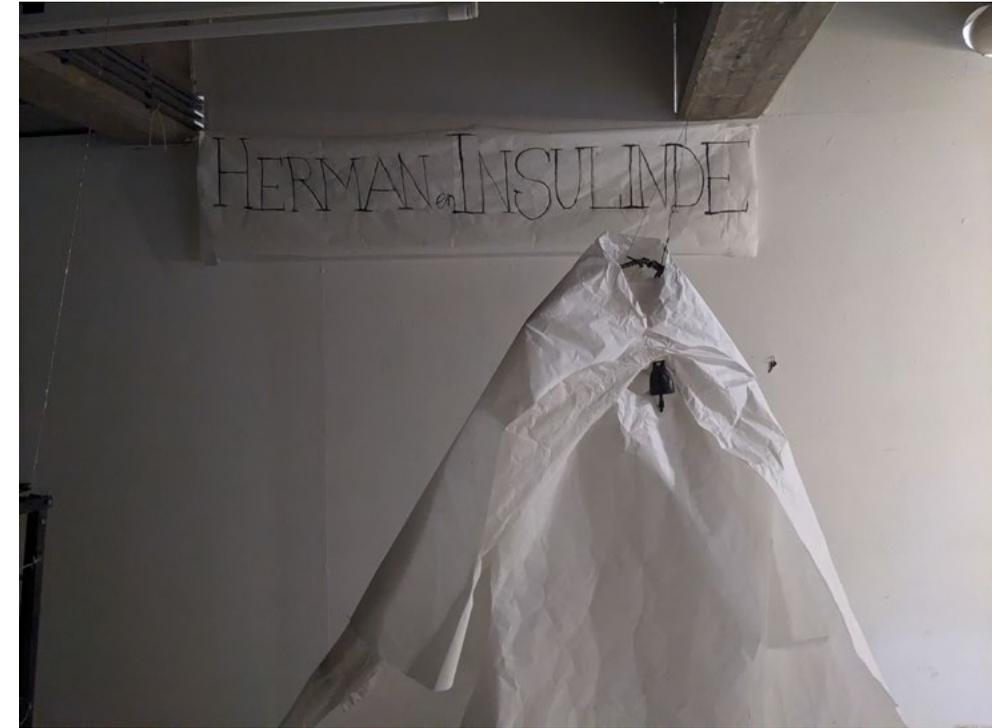


Herman en Insulinde

fall 2023

Here a Dutch colonial soldier, Herman after my own family member in the KNIL, is captured and through a prayer of atonement is (made to be) reliving his crimes. Murdering not only those that stood in the way of the Dutch colonial project, but also those that slighted the army and his Goddess, Insulinde. She is the twisted vision of golden mountains promised across the seas. A cruel master, tugging at him through the barbed wire as she appears to him in front of the cage, turned away. This gold is not that of money though. Something else is vowed to be there.

In the performance lasting some hours, I as Herman, in Dutch military costume, prayed at the screen as again



and again, after being riled up and told to by Insulinde, a new target appeared on the small island in the digital hallucination. I rested and drank, and went back to it, kneeling on the small mat. Rimbaud, having deserted the army Herman also served in 1876, appears and flees but is quickly caught up to and shot down. A Bandanese man now, from the same island group Herman's family was from, is also hunted. Each time I am rewarded with a vision of a golden bell world, a glimpse into a fictitious heaven produced by Insulinde.

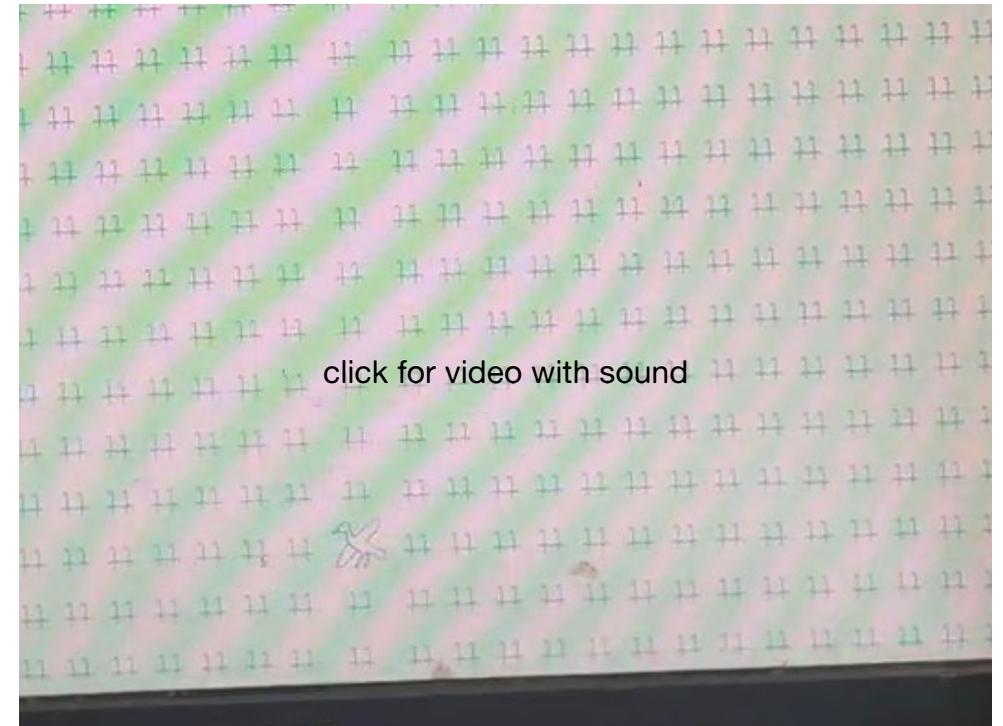
The answer to this central question, what Insulinde's promise actually entails, is not yet fully answered. The work wryly regards Herman, with some pity. At one point the game was to be played by the audience, but it's not a burden I can force them to bear.



Rover's Danshok fall 2023

Another aspect of this mental body that I was working on with Tent 1 is the Danshok, or Dancingpen. Modeled after traditional bubo fish traps, where twin traps are placed among reefs to be pulled up to the surface, here information captured in one moves along the chain to the other, in this case a bird. The object is subjected to the most uncaring music, that of the dutch draaiorgel (barrel organ in English), and activated through it. Its movement is captured and transmitted to its representation on the screen in the twin-trap. Under threat from above, the bird can at any moment be purged.

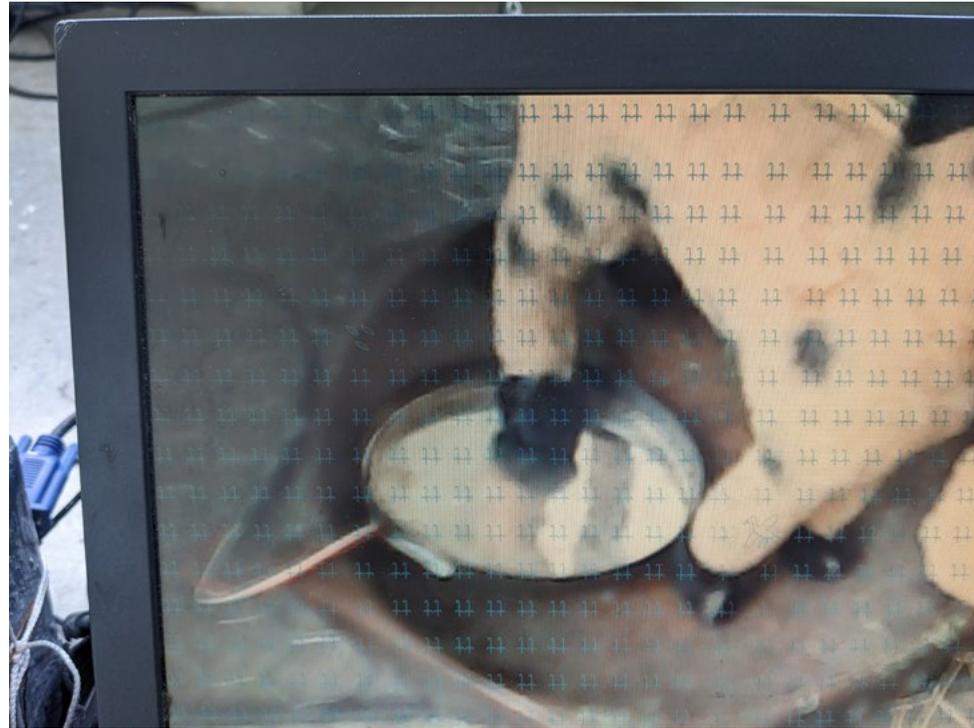
In a way this was a propagandistic work, as signalled by the banner. A sentence



adapted from Multatuli's Minnebrieven (Loveletters), a written most known for his 19th century criticism of Dutch colonial rule in Indonesia in the novel Max Havelaar. I was at this time suffering from a strong misanthropic sentiment.

“THE DIGITAL IS BEING MISTREATED, I WILL MAKE AN END TO IT.”

When it came to regarding the outside world, I was convinced through perceiving we systematized and thereby disrupted it in an unprecedented way. Quickly afterwards I realized this itself was a strongly anthropocentric sentiment. The digital realm to me was the ultimate human power fantasy, where objects are at an absolute mercy of the human manipulating them and “allowing” them to exist. A world in which we finally could really play god.



Cockfight game

fall 2022

A wee game about predicting the future. I stepped away from the Rietveld at this point and my work turned to digital and radio. I broadcasted from my house and developed several scrappy online games. The process of divination grows as the trickster learns of more kinds of dice to roll and bones, leaves, and smoke to read. A perfect sphere is the perfect die for a perfect prediction. Behind the scene, all sorts of strange scripted processes are interpreting the outcomes of the roll to cause/predict the outcome of the cock-fight. Lists and lists of special rules for which bird ought to be in which nest. The dice throw is a virtually real one, physically simulated. All is in a paper-world-assembly of National Archive documents regarding my family.

