

*A Good Hammering  
(Once in a Lifetime)*

And you may find yourself  
walking into a structure of steel,  
and you may ask yourself  
*how did this skeleton come to hold everything?*  
Metal beams cross and rise,  
not in the background,  
but carrying the weight of everything that hangs,  
turns, rests, moves again.  
And you may find yourself  
inside a landscape under tension,  
carefully assembled,  
○ already running.

Anvils appear.  
Heavy.  
(un)moving.  
And you may ask yourself:  
*what is that object doing here?*  
No longer tools,  
they stand as markers—  
of labour, of impact, of expectation.  
A bronze bell is struck by a hammer.  
No melody.  
No gentle reminder.  
This is time.  
Time hitting something.  
Time leaving a mark.

Same as it ever was.  
○ Same as it ever was.  
Motors turn.  
Saw blades spin.  
Cannonballs roll.  
The sound keeps going,  
again and again.  
Not chaos,  
but rhythm.  
Between the strikes  
there is silence—  
the silence of looking,  
of waiting,  
of knowing the next moment is already coming.

Bright colours appear.  
Fragments of fairground rides,  
once made for children,  
now carrying weight.  
And you may say to yourself:  
*this is not my beautiful funfair.*

*This is not my beautiful machine.*  
What looks playful is heavy.  
What looks festive is mechanical.  
A workshop and a carnival  
sharing the same desire:  
movement,  
noise,  
attraction.

Elements return.  
Objects from earlier lives  
assembled into one system.  
This is a memory machine.  
Everything remembers,  
but nothing stays the same.  
Platforms.  
Levels.  
Obstacles.  
A three-dimensional game  
with no players.  
The action performs itself.

Same as it ever was.  
Same as it ever was.  
Repetition calms.  
Movement hypnotizes.  
Yet the weight never disappears.  
There is beauty here,  
close to danger—  
not the fall,  
but the edge.  
Speed. Mass. Possible impact.

And you may ask yourself:  
*how did I get here?*  
Adults recognize the child  
watching machines work,  
watching something continue  
simply because it can.  
Everything functions.  
Everything holds.  
For now.

Same as it ever was.  
Same as it ever was.  
And you may find yourself  
still standing there,  
inside the machine,  
watching it go on.



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