



Bo Stokkermans

The most frequently asked question I heard regarding this cargo bike is: What is it? Its shielded form hides a part of some seemingly public space and that triggers the wish to know. Some people try and guess hoping for confirmation, some would only whisper or reflect the answer keeping it for themselves, others are fully convinced of their definition and would just shout it at the object. I praise and admire this active role, but I believe the question is a very un-constructive one. Why do we want to know? And what would be a helpful question when encountering the unknown, could the question be: How do I live in relation to it? Without reducing its being by wanting to know. This wish for defining is particularly hard for an object which is 'made' to change; at this point, i can genuinely not answer this question, as the object seems to change with every encounter. For those who cannot canalize the desire to know, I can only tell you what it has been, and please know that even those words will not define its past.

The cargo bike has been a way to influence the one living in relation to it, it has been a place for studying and experimenting, providing the way for a different view and being a question. It has been a home where comfort could be found, but also a place of uncertainty with a desire to leave. The cargo bike has been dogmatic, a goal, an idea, an answer, it has been a residency, it has been a work and not a work at the same time, it has been something to stumble upon and something to look at. The cargo bike has been a place to work from, it has been both public and private, something which attaches itself to a place trying to interact with it, it has been moved, traveled and put energy into. The cargo bike has been built and owned, it has been freed and survived, it has changed and changed, but most of all it has been there with the possibility to relate to.

Pictures consist of a combination of found, self-inflicted and appropriated footage.





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