

ENSA Strasbourg

in partnership with Völklinger Hütte & L'Orée 85

If ecological anxiety can serve as a driving force for awareness and collective action, how can individuals influence the common destiny when they realize that small gestures may only ever reduce carbon emissions by 25%? Can apathy toward consumer society and its toxic structures—which have produced a suffocating urban model through limitless globalized growth—be transformed into a lever for re-envisioning a more lucid relationship with this “junk world” (Rem Koolhaas)? Can material waste—obsolete vehicles of capitalism found in junkyards—as well as spatial waste—post-industrial wastelands and other vacant sites supporting the fossil-fuel infrastructure—become the starting point for an emancipatory narrative?

The struggle against the agents of the climate crisis, described by the IPCC over the past several decades, unfolds under profoundly unequal conditions. Its outcome already seems compromised, as the “silent transformations” (François Jullien) occurring within ecosystems remain largely imperceptible, anchored as they are in temporal scales that exceed human comprehension. The purpose of the “Escape from the Green Belt” workshop is to encourage ENSAS students to mobilize the tools of visual storytelling and video performance to explore collective agency through fiction and satire. The resulting film weaves a series of fictional situations into a multilayered narrative spanning diverse spatial and temporal dimensions. Its objective is to activate the critical and symbolic power of imagination by staging invented bodies, spaces, and objects assembled into a syncretic and collective urban performance.





Once we built to dominate.
Now we crumble to belong.

Here, machines once ruled time,
now moss writes the calendar.



I've been here alone for what feels like forever,
listening to the wind hum through hollow
furnaces like a memory of voices long gone.

"Don't be afraid, it won't hurt you anymore."

It began in silence. Iron pipes, hot breaths,
restless days. Carcass of progress.

The colossus fell asleep. The machines
stopped, the cycle took over, and slowly, life
returned fragile, creative, unexpected. Moss
and trees grew where hands once worked,
and the air smelled of rain, not smoke.
Green blends with steel, and time seemed
to reconcile what once stood in conflict,
slowly reclaiming the world that
had been taken from her.

In the cracks of concrete, stories bloomed.

What once was, now lies still. As the lost nature reclaims its place, the rusty buildings remain silent.

Rust and vines enveloped the iron monster in all their splendor. On the horizon, the coldness of the steel and the heat of its destruction stood out against the cloudy blue horizon.

The wind rushes beneath the fabrics, which dance, blown in the breeze while the trickling water pierces the roofs. Those are the only witness to what remains of this place, whose weight of the past still echoes.





After the fall of the megapolis, the tribe rose from the ashes. They built sanctuaries from the remains of shattered towers.

They became dependent on trash once all the good things were gone. Instead of praising gods, now they were praising leftovers, dancing around altars made out of the remains of industrial society.

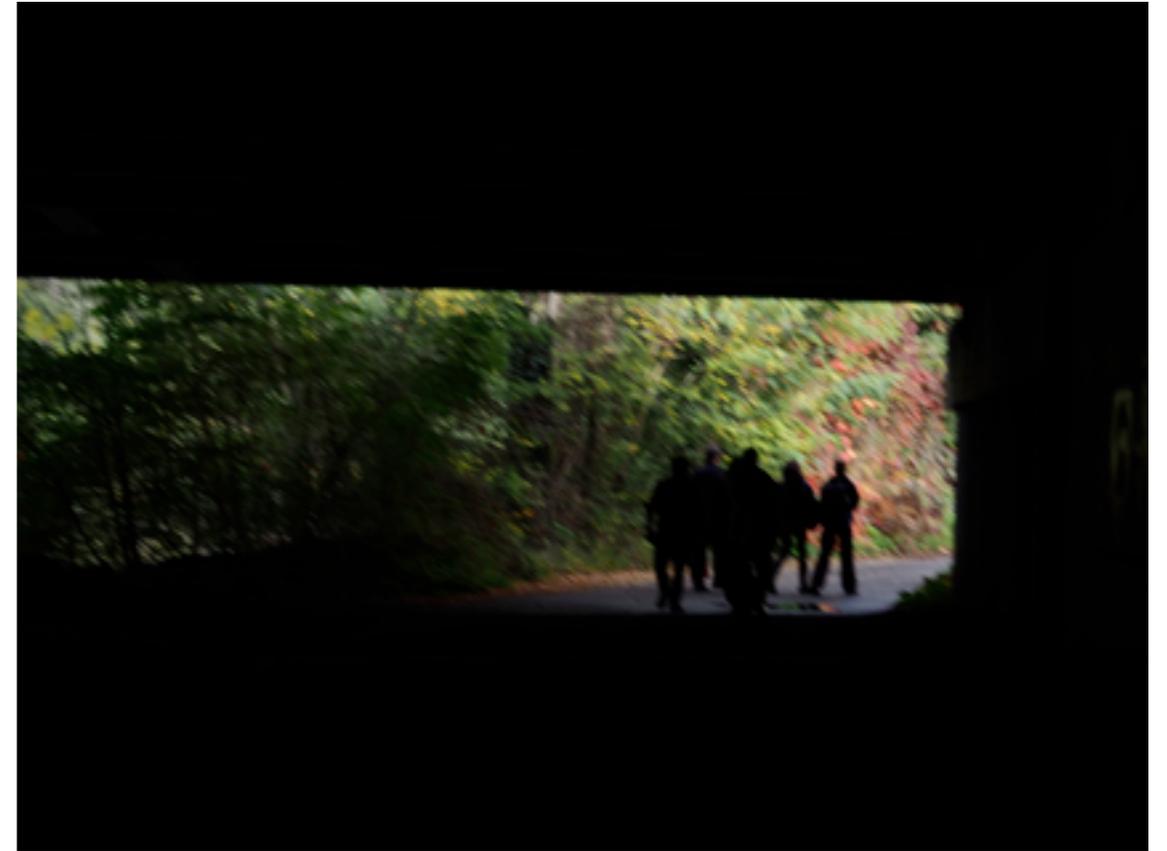




Every morning, the tribe dressed to go out. Bulletproof vest made out of pool noodles and makeshift weapons like spikes attached to rolling pins. They would wander in the wasteland to find food, scraps, anything to survive.

In the ruins of lost cities, they would try to bring back the echoes of forgotten machines.





We're going on a long trip.
I hope the house is still here
when we come back.



I went to the river this morning, like every day since it happened. There was nothing in the stream, no bottle, no message, no way to communicate anymore. I felt lonely since I didn't know where the other tribes were.





They told us that the before-people were living behind screens, hiding from the world until it collapsed. Now we gather around fires, striking out weapons on the ground in a heavy rhythm.

As we get used to our new life, we are trying to make the 'ancient tech' work by using 'nature's force': wind, water, earth, fire enhance our resilience.

We are holding on to remains, and somehow we make the disaster work for us. We live among the bones of the old world, where scraps have become our forests. Nothing is waste to us, everything breathes again through our craft.



*The tribe in green wood bright
Wears masks of thought, with guiding lights
Their symbol sparks, connected minds
Leaving the old hard world, far behind
Wheeled platforms, softly they slide
New future, better world, where they confide.*





The wind lifted the dust and spread the smell of wet earth. The wild growth was taking back what the city had left behind.

When trees started to lose their leaves, the tribe would walk barefoot into the forest. At some point, they would lie down on the ground with eyes closed, waiting for the wind to move the leaves so as to cover their bodies.

At the end of the day, their bodies would be hidden under a soft layer of fall colors. They would then rise quietly, not to disturb the wildlife around, leaving their body shapes' silhouette made of leaves as the forest kept the shadows of their presence.



Once per lunar cycle, the tribe gathered around the 'window of dreams' so that the chosen member could enter it and leave this world. Nobody knew what was on the other side. Some said it was a way to reach a peaceful place, some said it was a path fading into darkness.





Woke up from someone else's dream.
A desolate and cold atmosphere surrounds me.

Where am I?
Who am I?

I begin to explore this place to find
the dreamer who created this world.



The Walkaways
The Post-Petrol Patriots
The Stinky Earth Collective
The Rustborn
The Zorvani (those who rise again)
The Fleeing Hands
The Ex Machinas
The Muri (those who quit because
it's was hard to keep on going anymore)
The Remainers also known as the Reclaimers
The Echo Leafs
The Choum'kas
(those who carry the fire of the sun)
The TeknoCyclers
The Solen 80085
The Green-habitants
The Wonkru also known as the Hundreds
The Earthbound
The Trash Empire
The Pachatronics
The Echoes of Gaïa
The Keepers



A tribe member

The Keepers don't have a permanent leader. Instead, each week a new member becomes the tribe's head, chosen through a ritual of rotation and respect. This person can be recognized by distinct artifacts: a white suit and a helmet covered with leaves growing out of it. The puppet head on top of helmet represents the tribe's collective mind.

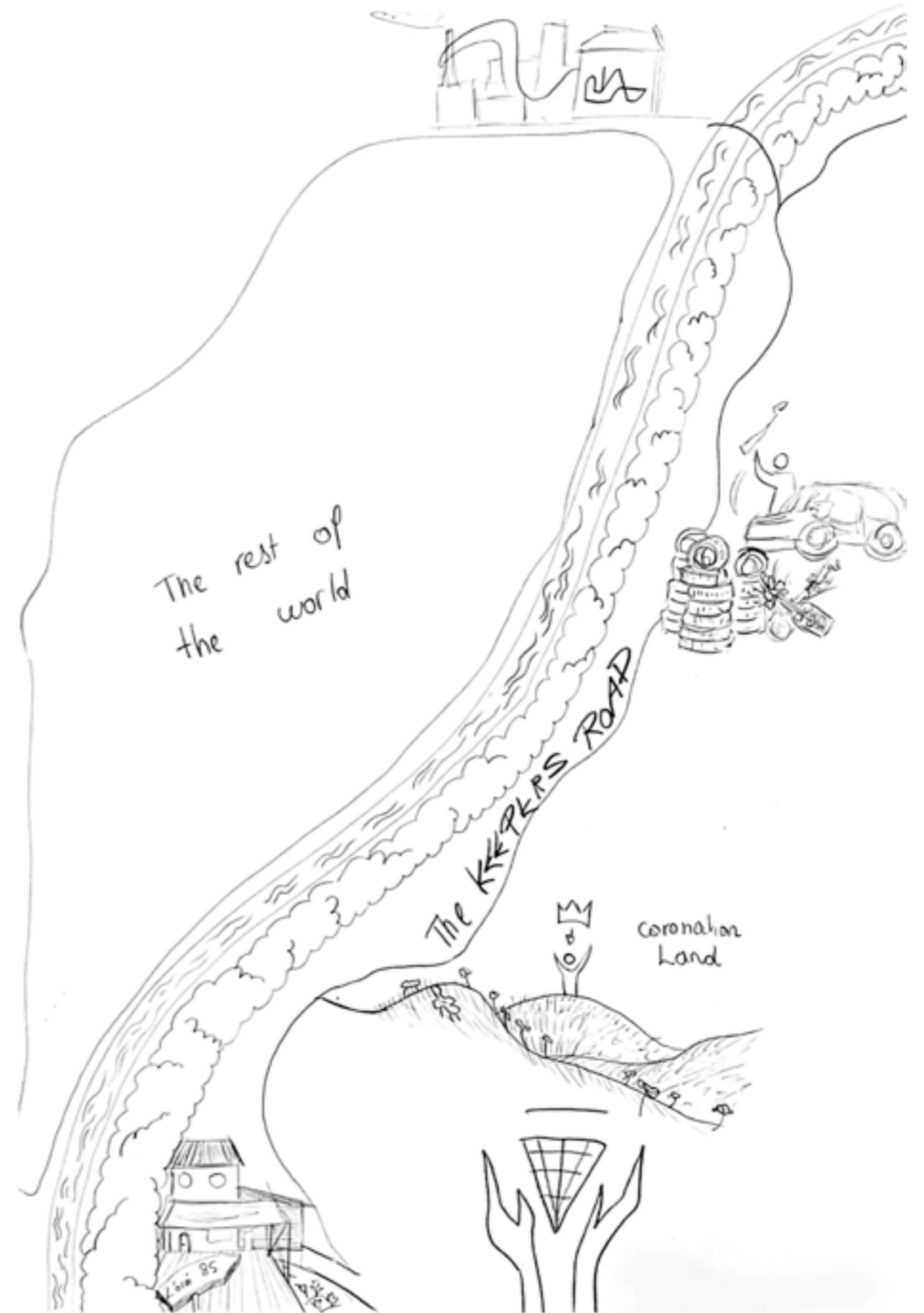
A daily ritual

At the start of each week, a new head is chosen in a short coronation ceremony, during which the valuable flower crown is placed on the head of the leader. Afterwards, the tribe begins crafting green versions of Molotov cocktails, glass bottles filled with seeds and flowers. In the afternoons, the tribe rushes to the car cemetery to fight the war against the blight, scattering their flower bombs across the site to bring new life to the waste lands.



About the tribe

The founders of the tribe once worked together for the same car repair shop. When robots took over their work, they lost everything: their jobs, their homes and even their families. With nowhere else to go, they decided to settle collectively in the company's abandoned car cemetery, hidden within the Green Belt. Over centuries they built a peaceful life there. The car wrecks provided them shelter, while the surrounding nature offered everything they needed to survive. They hunted, gathered berries and plants and learned how to live in balance with nature. But in recent years, strangers started to come to the cemetery and used it as a dumping grounds. Piles of waste grew into mountains, poisoning the land and air. The tribe could no longer survive in their once harmonious refuge and was forced to flee. Now, they have returned with a mission: To reclaim their home by restoring nature. Armed with flower bombs and determination, they fight back against the waste, transforming the scrapyards into a blooming symbol of renewal and resistance.





A tribe member

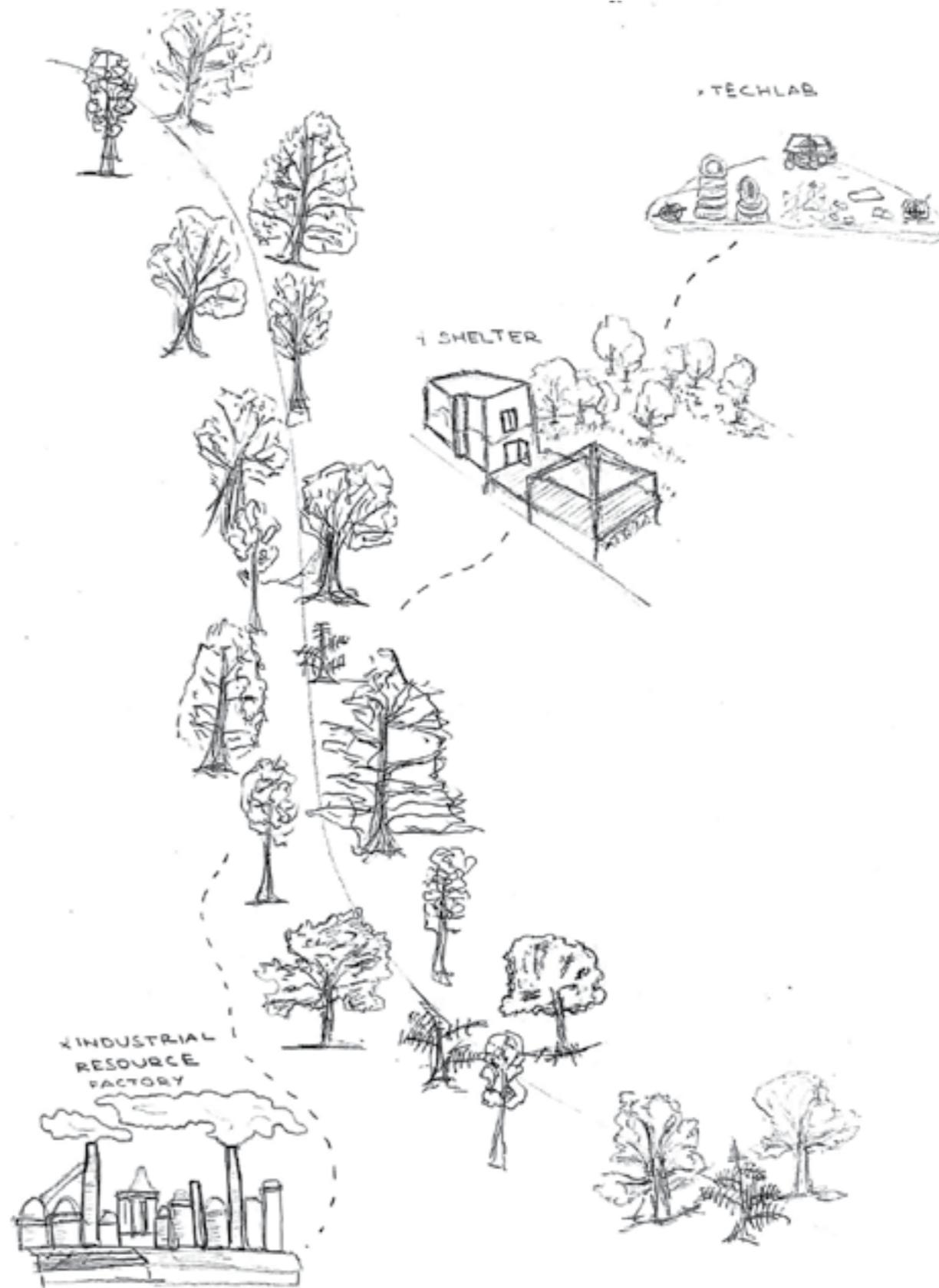
They found each other guided by instinct, not memory. Something deep inside told them they had once been part of something much bigger, a system that used them and left them empty. Their forgotten instincts carried traces of that life, a life where they moved without feeling, where their hands worked but their hearts stayed silent. They could not remember the details, but the sense of exhaustion and numbness remained. Now, in this quiet world where time stands still, they have changed. They are no longer only machines or only people. Nature has taken part of them back through the green that grows over metal, through the air that fills their lungs again. This connection with the earth gives them a new kind of sensitivity, one that allows them to listen, to feel, and to search for what their old selves had lost.

A daily ritual

They used to go every day to this place filled with objects that they didn't understand. Who left those objects there and why? They wanted to see it. They believed that other tribes might have been there before and they were the ones that did it. They tried to use those objects to connect to the time when they were created. They picked the person on whom they would attach every object like a costume, trying to reconnect to that other time. At some point, these objects became him and he became the objects. He wouldn't even recognise himself anymore. He became that time, he couldn't come back. They created this creature and they couldn't return. It was the only connection to the truth.

About the tribe

They woke to an endless green, confused and nameless. The world around them felt abandoned, as though time itself had fled long ago. Days did not pass here; the sky remained frozen in stillness. Lost and stripped of memory, they wandered the vast field until they slowly found one another—silent wanderers bound by the same unanswered question: When were they? In this timeless place, they began to sense that they did not belong to this moment. Their surroundings felt like a fracture between technological ages and nature. Scattered across the land, they discovered remnants of a forgotten Techlab, with rusted machine parts and old, scattered technological objects. Their survival instincts were guiding them. Meanwhile, they were using the shelter they found in the middle of the green fields where they had mysteriously awakened. But survival wasn't enough, they needed hope. Desperation led to creation. Believing that only a bridge between nature and machine could tear open the freeze of time, they began to build: A living time-engine, born to carry them either forward into a cold industrial future or back to a pure and primal past.





About the tribe

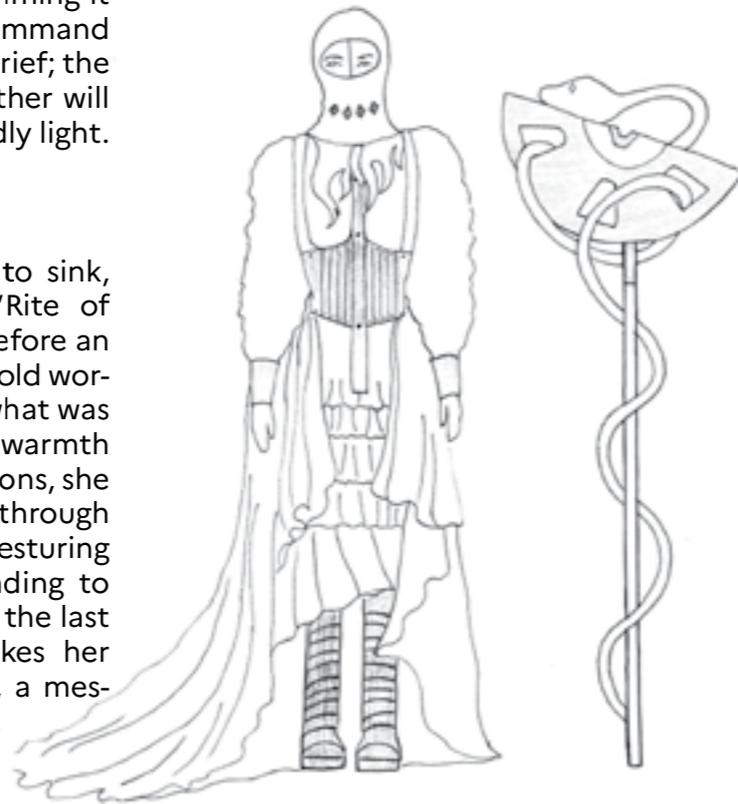
No one in this world remembers when they last felt the sun. Time erased the moment humanity was forced to turn its gaze away from the light. The Zorvani leader, the embodiment of hope, lives with the courage that allows her to confront the sun, day after day. For the others, existence begins and ends with the night. They live beneath bridges, hidden from the light, sharing warmth through the press of skin and the rhythm of breath. The first Zorvani recognized each other by their pale skin, united by a shared fear of the sun. Over time, they gathered in the safety of the underground, forming a people shaped by silence and shadow. For them, the night is home; a realm of movement, hunting, and survival. They feed on mushrooms, roots, and the remains of lost creatures that stumble into the dark. Their language, KLAP'N, is built on rhythm, a chorus of claps echoing through tunnels to warn of danger, call for aid, or carry the memory of their origins through song.

A tribe member

In this society, the Zorvani leader is the only one who has the courage and the right to expose herself to the sun, an act that never comes without consequences: cancer, burning, blindness. To her partisans, she is their protector, taking upon herself the suffering of exposure so that they may remain in safety. Linked to the tribe by her pale skin, the leader stands apart with her red beard the color of the sun itself. Dressed in black to merge with the darkness, she communicates with her scepter through Morse code, slamming it into the ground to spread fear and command among her followers. Yet her reign is brief; the toll of the sun is swift, and soon another will rise to take her place beneath its deadly light.

A daily ritual

Each evening, when the sun begins to sink, the Zorvani leader performs the "Rite of Comfort". She sits upon her throne before an ancient television set, a relic from the old world, said by her ancestors to embody what was once called a «living room,» a place of warmth and peace. With slow, deliberate motions, she mimics the gestures passed down through generations: lifting an empty cup, gesturing toward invisible companions, pretending to share a quiet evening in safety. When the last ray disappears, she stands and strikes her scepter into the ground three times, a message telling her partisans to get ready.





ECHOES OF GAIA

A tribe member

Within the tribe, only the lamp rules. Members have eyes only for it and pay little attention to their clothing. Most of the time, they wear a long robe that reach their feet, letting nature grow over it. When joining the tribe, each person has to create their own mask. They are simple, a sign of purity, because they do not consider themselves worthy enough to face the lamp as humans.

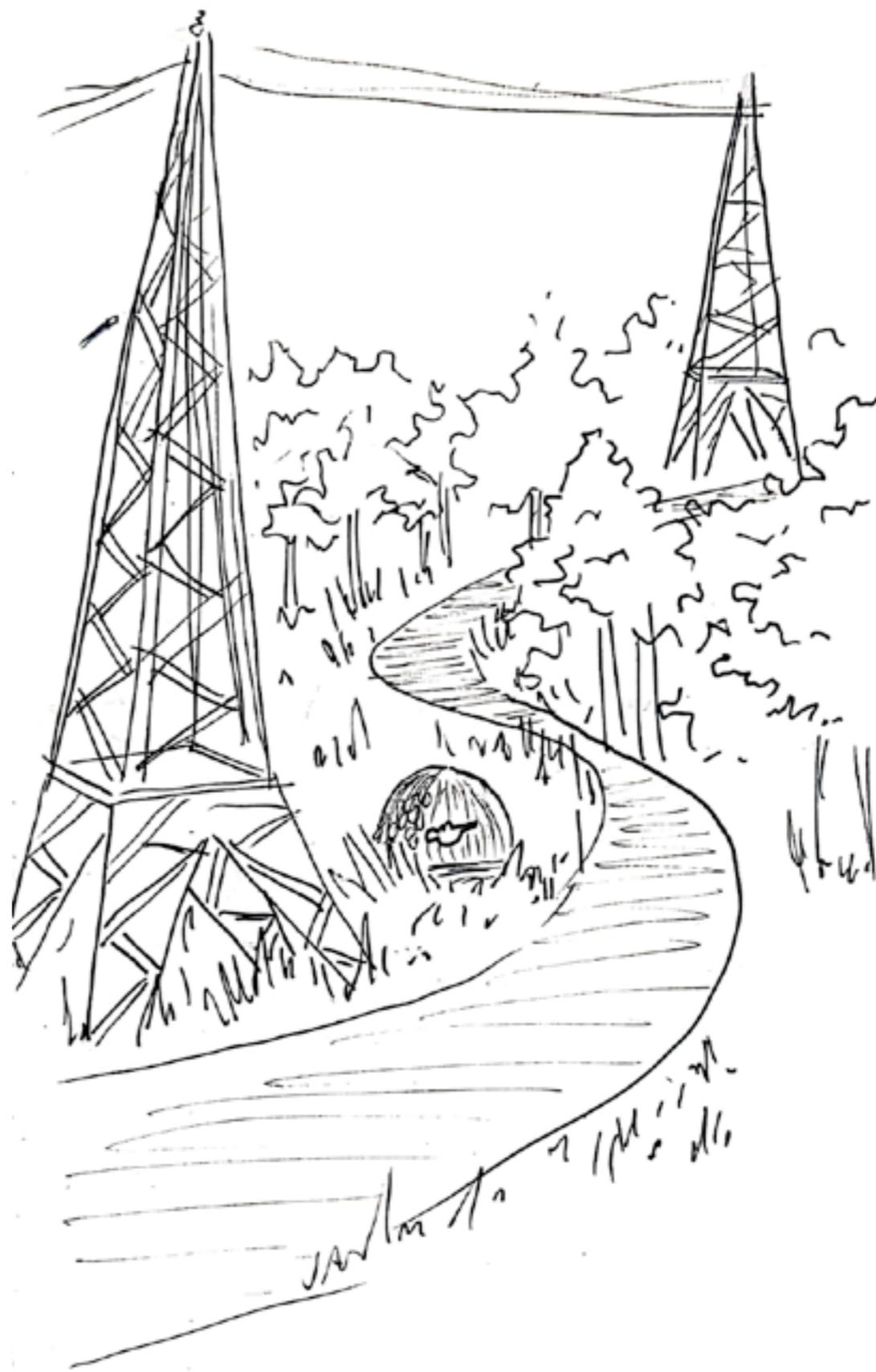
A daily ritual

"At every full moon, when the sky is clear, the chosen one offers his spirit to Gaia, in gratitude for the vegetation she has created, generously offering them a better life. Kneeling before the sacred lamp, he surrenders himself into Gaia's hand, letting roots and flowers enfold his body. And slowly, he disappears, his body returning to the earth, while his soul enters the lamp. When dawn comes and the first ray of sunlight touches the lamp, a new flower blooms in it, born from the offered spirit. Around the sacred ground, life returns. Lush vegetation awakens, and the land breathes again."



About the tribe

According to the ancient members of the Echoes of Gaia, this is how the tribe was created: "A long time ago, a dying man was lured by a lamp hanging in an altar of leaves, moving on the ground. Attracted by this mysterious object, the old man decided to follow it, and several people began to imitate him, silently walking behind each other. The altar stopped in a desolate land, ravaged and lifeless. Exhausted by this long walk, the dying man suddenly collapsed in front of the sanctuary. In a last effort, he managed to touch the lamp. A luminous halo suddenly formed around the lamp for a few seconds, dazzling other people. When the light disappeared, the procession stared at the lamp for a few seconds and witnessed an incredible event. A flower sprouted in the lamp, plants began to grow on the dead man's body, and nature reappeared around the sanctuary. The inert place slowly came back to life. Since that day, the tribe thus worshipped the lamp named Gaia, convinced of its mystical power. The Echoes of Gaia follows the itinerant sanctuary, moving at the whim of this sacred spirit."





Profile of a tribe member

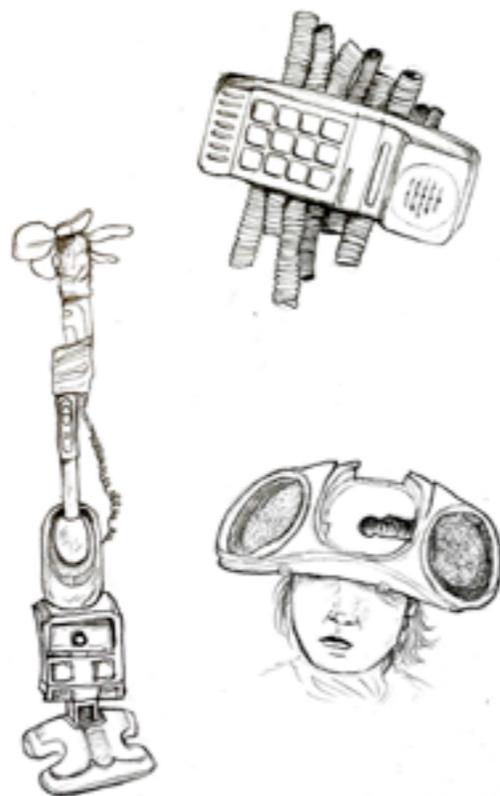
The apocalypse changed everything. The five souls blended together, giving origin to one thing: the STOLEN 80085. They are standing with a straight face, not able to make any expression, not even a trace of joy, anger, sadness. The only means they have to express themselves is playing their instruments, a fusion of representative elements of a past life. Beside them, a broken clock is witnessing their performances, no more measuring the passing of time, since life seems to have stopped.

A daily ritual

To be a band is to perform. Even without any stage or public. So, every week, the band takes their instruments and gets ready to put on the performance. They choose a place and time the day before [we weren't able to find any sense in their decision-making process] and start travelling at dawn. Their journey doesn't happen in silence, but in great noise. The band members take turns singing and playing throughout the walk, not allowing for any breaks. Silence is an enemy they need to keep away to continue performing. To perform is to stay alive. It is only when they arrive at their chosen location that they allow themselves a moment of silence. Then, the great show starts. Joining forces, they create a crescendo of sound and movement. This exhausting way of playing only ends when one member after the other gives up. Letting their sound die out. Going back to silence.

About the tribe

Once, they were known as 80085 — the most beloved creators of pink noise, playing to crowds that danced beneath neon skies. Music was their language, their lifeblood. But when the apocalypse came, silence swallowed the earth. The cities burned, colors faded, and hope turned to dust. Yet the band refused to stop. Even when there was no audience, no light, no stage — they kept playing. Wandering through the ruins of iron and ash, they became nomads of sound, searching for anyone left to listen. The instruments, as well as their old selves, were destroyed and needed evolution. They built their instruments from the bones of the old world—a vacuum guitar, a canister drum, a cell phone pan flute, a clock tambourine, and a pipe trumpet. Creativity became survival. Music became their ritual. They were reborn as STOLEN 80085—the tribe that stole sound back from silence. Roaming the wastelands, they carry rhythm through the rust, bringing color to a colorless world.



PRATIQUE MANIFESTE N° 10



Teachers-researchers

Mathieu Tremblin, Jeremy Hawkins

Guest Artist

Vladimír Turner

Students

The Zorvani: Raphaëlle Lang, Mahdi Bouziane, Nada Aarouss, Sanje Louis Thayanand, Yasmine El Bada, Angela Lopes Da Silva, Sophie Deregnieaux
The Echoes of Gaia: Emilie Ballot, Mado Ferry, Angèle Galliard, Cynthia Ngoufack Tsalong, Sahar Faye

The Keepers: Luc Heinrich, Malcolm Todd, Nadine Hermann, Coralie Payet, Cleo Doenig, Julie Bacquer

The Stolen 80085: Daša Batešková, Lorenzo Malavasi, Julia Nefahina, Zoé Kaiser, Diletta Di Luca, Christina Schuldheis, Mária Bogárová
The Pachatronics: Dina Khneisser, Gabriel Helmer, Kwanghee Kim, Alejandra Juarez Mansilla, Günsu Deliktas, Diego Rubio Pocaterra, Ana Barreto Gaspar

Colophon

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