

mya berger



curator, writer & artist

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Swiss and Moroccan artist, writer and curator with a background in economics, sociology and cultural studies ([website](#)).

## Languages

French C2  
English C2  
Spanish B1  
Arabic A2

## Software Skills

Adobe Suite Autocad  
Wordpress Airtable  
Microsoft Mailchimp / Sendgrid  
Audacity Sketch Up

**Education** MA Culture, Curation and Criticism, Central Saint Martins, London, 2020  
Distinction (A\*) - Dissertation: Text and Image, the Representation of the invisible in Ukeles' work  
Bachelor (Honours) Liberal Arts and Sciences, Amsterdam University College, Amsterdam, 2018  
Cum Laude, major in economics and sociology, minor in cultural studies - Dissertation: From Arts to Politics: The non-linear revolution of the Parisian world.  
Baccalauréat Français (ES), Lycée Descartes, Rabat, 2015  
Mention Très Bien, specialisation in social sciences. Art & photography.

**Experience** Mediator, La Verrière, Brussels, 2025  
Upcoming show curated by Joël Riff  
Set Design Assistant, LA FACT, Brussels, 2025  
Assistant to Marie Menzaghi for the play Leviathan  
Mediator, Fondation Thalie, Brussels, 2024  
For the exhibition Regeneratives Futures  
Resident, [Studio Méridional](#), Marseilles, 2024  
Marketing Manager, [Different Class](#), Gent, 2023 - 2024  
Editor, [Skin Mutts](#), Brussels, 2022  
Consultant, Are We Europe, Brussels, 2021 -2023  
Communications management, animation of workshops on podcast making with '[End FGM](#)', organisation of live radio shows/boiler rooms  
Researcher, curator & writer, Bauhaus Stiftung & Canadian Center For Architecture, Dessau-Roßlau, 2020  
Valorisation of the [Minimum Cost Housing Group Fonds](#),  
Research Assistant, Rijksmuseum, Amsterdam, 2017  
[Counterculture in the Netherlands from 1950 to 1970](#)  
Research Assistant, Musée d'Orsay, Paris, 2017  
Research on orientalist painters in Morocco from 17th Century to 2017

**Exhibitions** [Reminiscences](#), Villa Canapé, Brussels, 2025  
Group show & workshop mediator

[Color Green](#), Espirito Mundo, Maison du Peuple, Brussels, 2025  
Group show & resident

[Parallels](#), Skin Mutts, FOMU, Antwerp, 2024  
Curator/exhibition design

[Vices and Values](#), FACE B, Brussels, 2023  
Curator/exhibition design

[A Concrete for the Other Half](#), Bauhaus Stiftung & Canadian Center For Architecture, Dessau-Roßlau, 2020 - 2021  
Curator/exhibition design

[Radio As Current](#), London College of Communications, London, 2019  
Curator/exhibition design

[Fable navigates another space. another time](#), Roman Road, London, 2019  
Curator/exhibition design & artist

**Conferences** [Offprint Festival](#), Tate Modern, London, 2025

[Bauhaus' new Digital Atlas](#), Bauhaus Stiftung, Dessau-Roßlau, 2022

[Materialities of Dirt - Bauhaus Study Rooms](#), Bauhaus Stiftung, Dessau-Roßlau, 2022

[DE.a.RE - DEconstruct and REbuild project](#), BJCEM, Brussels 2022

[Situated Knowledge- Art and Curating On the Move](#), Shared Campus, Hong Kong & Zurich (online), 2021  
Invited for the Six Degrees of Separation workshop directed by Alison Green & Lee Weinberg.

**Selected** "Dear Mum", [Transfiguration](#), Arts of the Working Class, 2025

**Publications** 'Time Does the Work', [Bridging](#), Sand Journal, 2024

"Mierle Laderman Ukeles: Relatable Politics", [Solidarity](#), Textuur, 2023

[A Concrete for the "Other Half"? Bauhaus Taschenbuch 24](#), Spector Books, 2021

"The Block", [Habitat](#), Zeitschrift der Stiftung Bauhaus Dessau 2020

Hybrid artistic-research



## Postcards/Time Did Most of the Work Here



2020 - ongoing

Time did most of the work here is an ongoing artistic and curatorial research project. For four years now, my artistic practice has focused on hijacking found postcards and photographs. I use embroidery, texts, engraving and collage to explore the tension of these often forgotten or discarded objects. I use them to write to people; the ones I haven't met yet, the ones I miss, the ones I know I'll never see again. I also send them, alongside letters or poems, to artists, curators, friends, or anyone who's willing to receive them. What happens quite often is that the receivers send me an altered postcard or photograph back.

I've also started doing [workshops](#) where I bring miscellaneous materials (postcards, photographs, watercolours, pencils, found objects, pressed plants, tape, pens, thread and needles...) for people to play with. They are also encouraged to bring photographs or letters that hold emotional value. And while we 'destroy' them, we reminisce. We talk about our creative processes or about what the photograph, the card, or the letter in question meant to us:

Take your most precious-printed photograph and a needle. Use the

needle to pierce through the paper. If it's a glossy one, you'll first feel a slightly sticky resistance before it magically pulls through and makes a hole that'll remind you of the shape a bullet leaves in metal. If you prick multiple holes, you'll eventually have a residue on the needle that resembles glue.

Hold the precious-perforated-printed photograph against a light source. You may feel something. Yes, write what you feel (or think) on the back of the picture. Pull out paint, or threads, or tape, or a pen, or whatever you have at hand to draw on the white side. Do what feels right. Regularly hold the photograph's printed side to the light. This will allow you to recalibrate.

You must think about the picture: where-how-when-why-what. Why did you take it, or where did you find it? What makes it (or its subject) unique? Who's in this photo, and do you miss them? In other words, what 'pricks' you? Write about it wherever you find room on your card. If you feel especially sacrilegious (and like having a bit of fun) also draw on the printed side. You'll know when you are done



## Je n'ose pas regarder la mer Méditerranée dans les yeux



2023 - ongoing

Ongoing photography and research project dedicated to dissecting an identity between borders.

Only 18 kilometers separate Tangier and Tarifa. Only 18 kilometers separate Europe and Africa. Only 18 kilometers separate where my mother was born to where she lives.

Two worlds apart ?

Ceuta and Melilla are two Spanish towns located in the North of Morocco. Ceuta and Melilla are fragments of Europe embedded in the North African fabric.

The Mediterranean Sea is one of the deadliest bodies of water in the world, with 28,000 people having died or been declared missing while migrating across the sea since 2014

What do we make of the privilege to go back and forth ? What do we make of the privilege that is a fragmented identity ?

[Photographs and preliminary text available here.](#)

Curation/exhibition design



# PARALLELS/SKIN MUTTS



«Because there is often no simple answer to the question «Where are you from?»»

Parallels offers a space for people from multicultural backgrounds. A place of respite. Diaspora, second-generation immigrants, and third-culture kids often share similar feelings about belonging, community, and home, despite their diverse backgrounds. We offer to rethink conversations about cultural identity as a way to retrace parallels amidst the dissonance.»

The exhibition “Parallels” showcased the photographs and texts from the magazine “Dissonance” created by Skin Mutts, for which I was also an editor and writer.

## VICES AND VALUES



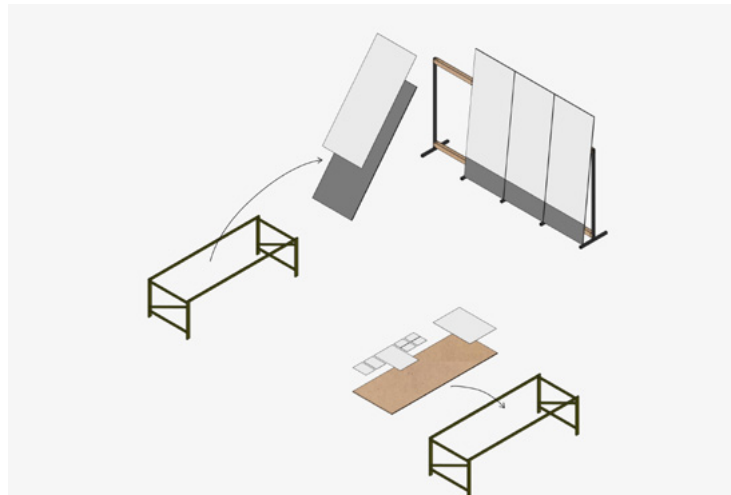
How to create an immersive and communal reading experience ?

Are We Europe magazine focuses on personal and intimate stories across the European continent. To discuss the local as a means of exploring the global. The issue 'Vices & Values' examined the use of what are considered legal drugs and their effects on everyday life. Psychedelic therapies, nicotine, or witches' remedies become relatable accounts of real-lived experiences. Photographs and text in the magazine are blown-up, suspended, for passerby to read, such as to open dialogue on a difficult subject.

I also took the opportunity to conduct a live interview (live radio broadcast with an audience) with Jarek Oleszczynski, the author of the article «The Forgotten Remedy». [Link here](#).



## Bauhaus Lab 2020: A Concrete for the Other Half?



«If you were to remove the frail archival paper visible before you, you would see a sulphur concrete block. Perhaps you could even touch its smooth surface. There is an image on one of its sides, a picture of two children. If you were to unwrap another one, there would be a couple of fish imprinted on it in a faded yellow. You may think that it's something of a personal touch, like inhabitants of a house gluing images on the surface to feel more at home. Or maybe it was the architects leaving traces of a family member.»

The Bauhaus Lab was confronted with the sulphur concrete block, a building element designed by the Minimum Cost Housing Group in the 1970s. The Lab was meant to travel to the Canadian Centre for Architecture, which held its archives. However, worldwide travel restrictions led to an unprecedented situation: the archive was physically inaccessible. Online archaeology replaced the imagined countless hours in archival fonds. The overbearing presence of screens introduced a novel dimension to the exhibition, questioning the influence of the digital on the production of engaging knowledge.

## f\_able: experimental art walk & fictionnal archive

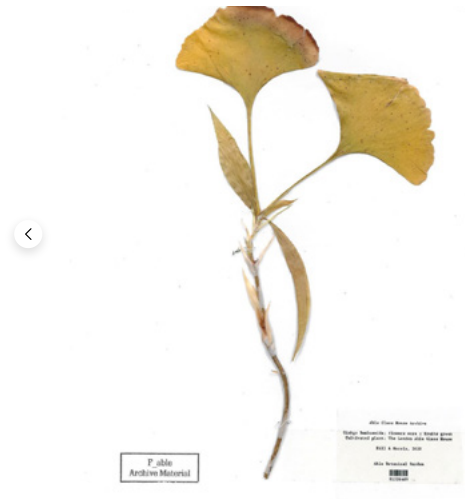
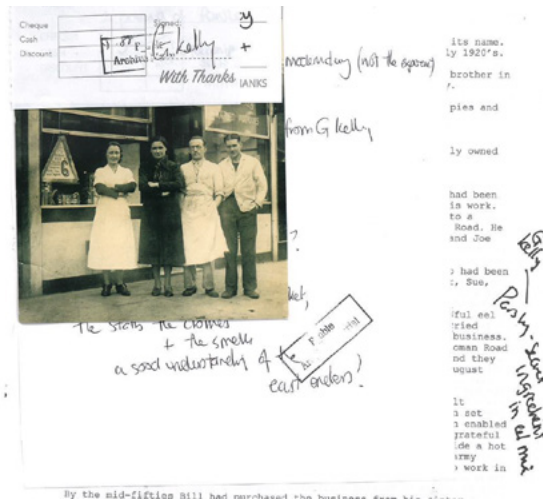
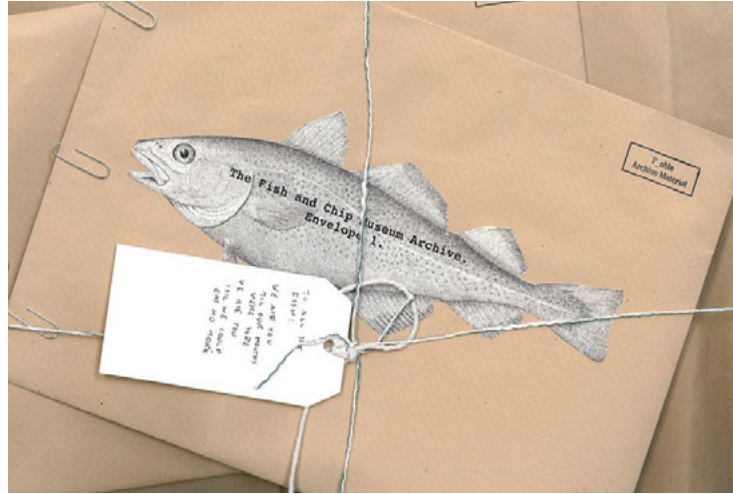


«Cakes sit, dust-iced, awaiting the heat of birthday candles and glowing faces demanding a slice. Concrete chips on the road that leads to nowhere, wishing for the pounding of dancing feet, the hum of conversation, on its forgotten ground. A newspaper turns brown, pages curling, yearning to be read, its words years out of date beyond the glass façade of the newsagent. The fryers in the fish and chip shop rust, the catch of many days past immortalised on the chalk of the blackboard. Gone is the chatter of children punctuated by the chewing of steaming chips.»

F\_able navigates: another space, another time brings these spaces to life through the work of spoken word poets, musicians, illustrators, visual and performance artists, school children, and local residents who, following conversations held during workshops at the Common Room, have reimagined the unused and under-used spaces on and around Roman Road.



## f\_able: experimental art walk & fictionnal archive



Functioning as a nod to Saidiya Hartman's method of 'critical fabulation', which combines archival research, fiction and theory to explore techniques of storytelling which reimagine how spaces function within the world, F\_able reimagined eight under-used spaces along Roman Road

F\_able's project lives on in the pages of the archive, in its sugar-smeared recipes, diary-torn entries, and book-pressed plants.

A fictionnal archive of the reimagined the unused and under-used spaces on and around Roman Road was donated to the Roman Road Trust.



## radio as current



Radio as Current is an homage to Fred Hunter's career and work. Hunter was a journalist and a course leader at London College of Communication in the 1970s, founder of the UK's first radio journalism course, and thereby teacher to many of today's journalists. After video killed the radio star and our mobile phones ultimately decimated media, we asked how his teaching would sound today. Whether it be a cheerful chat with your morning coffee or a stern debate with your evening tea, issues are resolved through discussion. Time and again, radio charges conversation.

The exhibition includes three podcast interview with and educator, radio broadcast journalist and artist who employs podcast in their practice. Each interviews were aired on a scheduled date and looped. In the background are panels that represent a brief fragmented history of radio broadcast journalists.

writing

## selected list of writings

[«En reconstruction : une architecture du temps.»](#) (research in progress)

[«It hurts where I look , Doris, chronic illness, being a woman and contemporary art»](#) (research in progress)

[«Dear Mum»](#), Arts of the Working Class - 2025

[«For you, what does it mean to be free? »](#), (interview with Firas Al Hallak), Different Class, 2024

[«Mierle Laderman Ukeles: Relatable Politics»](#), Textuur - 2023

[«Ecole des Beaux-Arts Casablanca»](#), Bauhaus Digital Atlas - 2023

[«School of Casablanca»](#), Bauhaus Digital Atlas - 2023

[«You want to do something, you want to scream, but no one is listening»](#), (interview with Denys Shantar), Different Class, 2022



## It hurts where I look , Doris, chronic illness, being a woman and contemporary art

«I began to perceive the body not only as my own but also as something abstract – an object that can be observed and examined. Beyond this biographical experience, I am interested in the body as a universal element: something that connects us all, since every human lives in and with a body, however diverse those bodies may be.» – Alexandra Bircken

Doris (2013), a sculpture made by Alexandra Bircken, was recently shown at Kunsthall Biel, SomaSemaSoma. Doris, a severed cast in resin, filled with crumpled fabric and liquid wax. Doris, halved. Doris, in hues of blue and grey. Doris, this symbol of pain, with screws and bolts and wires. Doris, and its contraceptive coil where the uterus should be. Doris, a headless body slice. Doris opened up for us to look at. Exposed. Doris, disembodied. Doris, the experience of being a woman talking to a doctor. Doris, to be a woman and to be sick. Doris, to be a woman. Doris, to be ignored or hated. Doris, to be desired. Doris, the violence of having a female reproductive system.

I learned one and a half years ago that the aching pain in my legs had a name. The burning in my calves, the cold metallic feeling in my ankles and swollen feet. The poignant sensation in my stomach, like a fist tightening itself around a shrivelled up organ. The tips of the fingers like frayed hems. The skin raw. It all had a name: Chronic illness.

I have been a curator for a few years now; I have been going to exhibitions for as long as I can remember. There is one thing I have always had a keen understanding of: physicality, bodies in space. My preoccupation is inextricably tied to my condition. I always know I am a body; a truth revealed by the continuous consciousness that comes with being in constant pain. The way people occupy the air. The way they move between artworks. The slow, pensive walk, hands joined at their back. Or that quick-witted step, followed by the abrupt stop in front of a painting. Do they dare to talk? Do they pay attention? Are they bored, or angry? Is it because of the floor? Maybe it being made of expensive marble, or creaky wood, or sleek brushed concrete changes something. Perhaps it is the seating spots or the scarce resting areas. The lack of sound or the resonance of voices within the walls.

I walk through the gallery. Its stark lighting. Its blinding white wall. How fitting. They remind me of the hospital waiting rooms I sat in for hours on end for the past ten years. Yes, it took them ten years to figure out what it was. For seven of those years, they told me it was in my head. Mental illness. Nothing more. A common experience amongst my peers. In Kunsthall Biel, there are disembodied body parts made of steel, or bronze, or gauze. There are motorbikes, and horses, and strange mannequins. But I stay stuck on Doris. I only look at Doris.

I recently started reading Caroline Crampton's book «A Body Made of Glass» which discusses the intertwining of hypochondria, medicine, being a woman and popular beliefs. Cold, hard science, something modulable. Cold, hard science, a biased field. Cold, hard science, imperfect. Like the lack of knowledge on chronic illnesses. Especially the one that affects the female reproductive system. Like the lack of contextualisation of mental illnesses. Hysteria, a reaction to deeply unjust social and political structures. Hysteria, what you can be accused of if, as an adult woman, you complain to the wrong doctor a little too often.

And Doris. She looks cold. She's not here. No.

Alexandra Bircken underwent several intestinal surgeries as a child. In the exhibition text, she said she spent a lot of time alone in the hospital. To be understood, somehow.

Steel, speculums, scalpels, coils, cold gel and latex gloves. Objects fraught with a violent history. Objects used today. The cream of the crop of innovations today. Technology, an intrusive force entering the body. A necessary evil for a better life. A glimmer of hope. Will it be better tomorrow?

I don't focus on the delicate lines that make up the contours of the body cast. How thin and fragile it looks, somehow. A body in space. Bare. She doesn't have arms, but she has breasts. And indentations on the tops of her thighs. Like the chipping away at the skin. She doesn't have feet. She can't walk away. She lies here, for us to stare, for us to think. Of our own bodies. The violence that resides in it, the one imposed on us.