

The Last Terminal
Reflections on the Coming Apocalypse

Volume III

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**Volume III, Part 4:
Dormitorium**

LISA IVORY (2024 – 2025)
Paintings

Lisa Ivory's paintings point to an evolving story with a seemingly clear narrative arc yet the stories do not easily yield to identifications and sympathies. They undermine our certainties about where we are in relation to what we are looking at. They lead one into a painterly universe; a shadow world, a natural habitat for nudes, skeletons, and domesticated monsters.

In *Part 1: Beating Death With His Own Arm*, we presented two paintings titled *Tourist In Your Town* and *Love And Communication*.

In *Part 2: Errors*, we presented three new paintings titled *Foal Phantom*, *Hard Times*, *Call It Something Nice*.

In *Part 3: The Recipient*, we present three new works – *What The Goat Saw*, *Outside Love*, *A Summer Evening*.

In *Part 4: Dormitorium*, we present a new series of paintings.

GERLACH EN KOOP (2024–ongoing)
Om zes uur?
Slapen.

How unpredictable is sleep. It is not a skill you can acquire or learn. The sleepless are powerless. Sleep is granted, it just cannot be forced. The only thing you can do is imitate your own sleeping body. Restage the conditions of the night before when it worked – same position, same routine – hoping that at some point the copy will again be convincing enough to merge with the original.

In 2020 gerlach en koop displayed works by other artists in an exhibition titled *Was machen Sie um zwei? Ich Schlafe*. at the GAK, Gesellschaft für Aktuelle Kunst in Bremen, Germany. In this exhibition they tried to approach the elusive phenomenon that is sleep from both sides, with works that either correspond to the disintegration of falling asleep or the reintegration of waking up.

Throughout the year a restaging of this rather unusual solo-exhibition will unfold in Rib. What was stretched out in space in Bremen will be stretched out in time in Rotterdam. Small gatherings of works each time, four or five, six at the most. Trying to find a position that worked before, trying to merge with the original, like an insomniac.

In a chapter about the apartment in his famous book *Species of Spaces*, Georges Perec tries to imagine a space without a use. 'It wouldn't be a junkroom, it wouldn't be an extra bedroom, or a corridor, or a cubby-hole, or a corner. It would be a functionless space. It would serve for nothing, relate to nothing.

"For all my efforts, I found it impossible to follow this idea through to the end. Language itself, seemingly, proved unsuited to describing this nothing, this void, as if we could only speak of what is full, useful, and functional."¹ Then, in the last part of this section, he says something difficult to grasp – something mysterious that we keep coming back to: "I never managed anything that was really satisfactory. But I don't think I was altogether wasting my time in trying to go beyond this improbable limit. The effort itself seemed to produce something that might be a statute of the inhabitable"

In the beginning of the 1960s, Perec found a job as a *documentaliste*, or scientific archivist, at a big institution for sleep research. He stayed a long time – until 1978 – and although he got the position by chance, sleep became a recurring theme in his work.

Thinking about the *Empty Room* by Daniel Gustav Cramer, it occurred to us that Perec might actually be describing the impossibility of meeting his sleeping self.

Feel free to take home a copy of the booklet *Empty Room (III)*.

The written instructions Kasper Bosmans gives to execute the mural *No Water* are very precise in some respects and very imprecise in others. All deliberate, of course. The specific hues for the blue and the brown and the height of their separation were to be decided upon by *gerlach en koop*. According to Bosmans the border between the two colours is not just a division; it is a horizon.

If you draw a line on a wall from left to right, saying 'This is the horizon' as the start of something – a story, a performance, a mural – then that line would only correspond to the real world for people who are exactly your height or, more precisely, people whose eyes meet yours exactly. This horizon would bind all of those people. Everyone else would see it as a representation of the horizon. They would follow along, but from an ever so slightly different perspective. By drawing the horizon very low (say 60 cm) or very high (say 275 cm) we can be fairly sure that it will be a representation for everyone who visits the exhibition.

For the paint, *gerlach en koop* decided to approximate the brown hue in the eyes of a very specific person and the blue hue in the eyes of an equally specific other. They didn't want to reveal the names when the work was executed the first time in Bremen, but could not keep their mouths shut then. So here they are, Andy Warhol and John Giorno, cameraman and protagonist of *Sleep*.

MELVIN MOTI

A vintage *LIFE* magazine from 1967 with the actress Mia Farrow on the cover. For her role in the movie *Rosemary's Baby* (1968), Roman Polanski asked Farrow to slowly lose weight to coincide with her mental dissolve, which is completely at odds with the weight increase one would expect from a pregnancy. The viewer sees how Farrow's character turns into something gruesome simply by becoming paler and skinnier. Disturbance is implied not by excess, but by reduction.

The magazine is exposed to a lot of sunlight, thus repeating what happened in the movie, draining life from Farrow. And yet the blue of her eyes becomes brighter and brighter.

Miamilism can be defined as the perfectly 'natural' appearance of something that keeps

the 'natural' unseen. It is a 'vehicle word' for the theatrical minimalism that is characteristically embodied by Mia Farrow. Farrow's make-up in *Rosemary's Baby* made it appear as if she had no make-up on, as if she were showing her most 'natural' face. But Farrow also visually blended into the background of the set, epitomising the manipulation of the seemingly 'natural' like no other silver-screen personality.

KITTY KRAUS

To Fall Asleep

I'm falling asleep. I'm falling into sleep and I'm falling there by the power of sleep. Just as I fall asleep from exhaustion. Just as I drop from boredom. As I fall on hard times. As I fall, in general. Sleep sums up all these falls, it gathers them together. Sleep is proclaimed and symbolized by the sign of the fall, the more or less swift descent or sagging, faintness.

To these we can add: how I'm fainting from pleasure, or from pain. This fall, in its turn, in one or another of its versions, mingles with the others. When I fall into sleep, when I sink, everything has become indistinct, pleasure and pain, pleasure itself and its own pain, pain itself and its own pleasure. One passing into the other produces exhaustion, lassitude, boredom, lethargy, untying, unmooring. The boat gently leaves its moorings, and drifts.²

VOEBE DE GRUYTER

A busy, two-lane road lined with trees in Fuzhou. Traffic noise drowns everything out. To the left are old wooden houses undergoing demolition; to the right is a construction site where new concrete apartment blocks are being built. The air is incredibly dusty and polluted, as it is in most Chinese cities. I not only smell the particles with every breath I take, I can almost taste them as well. Several people are trying to pick fruit from the trees with long sticks. I do not know what kind of fruit it is; I've never had it. They are shaped like apples, but hairy.

A row of shops lines the wide sidewalk. Large display windows show all kinds of lacquered objects. I enter one of the shops. The lacquer master offers me tea. Zheng Chongyao is his name. I look around. The space is really long and

successive paper screens mark the space's transition from shop to workshop. Several people are at work.

At the very back – about 30 metres from the street – is a room with water on the floor where no one is allowed to go. I am told that the lacquered objects dry here, where there is no dust, only to be re-lacquered 12 hours later. One layer per day, one per night. The whole process is repeated again and again, sometimes for weeks on end.

I step back out onto the street.

I am struck by the contrast.

I return to the shop a week later with apples sculpted from memory. I need all of my skills and charm to convince Zheng Chongyao to do something that goes against everything his workshop is set up for, and that is to take my apples outside to lacquer.

Each apple is a record.

GUY MEES

Verloren ruimte

In a conversation between herself, Wim Meuwissen (WM), Dirk Snauwaert and Micheline Szwajcer, Lilou Vidal (LV) says: Guy Mees approved a six-line text that defines *Lost Space*. You, Wim, had originally written the text in the 1960s as an introduction to a play, but the text was subsequently re-worked by Willem-Joris Lagrillière, who was at the time a junior copywriter at an advertising agency. This sort of ghostwriting and appropriation of language raises the question of the author, the work, and intention, all issues that Guy explores throughout his trajectory.

LV: Can we read it, then, as a sort of anti-manifesto?

WM: Yes, though at first it was not called *Lost Space* but *Ongerepte Ruimte*, which translates as *Untouched Space*. A space that's intact, virginal, tangential. I would like to show you a sketch I made for you that might help us understand where that comes from. This is the house Guy lived in on Keizerstraat. His children slept here, and maybe he did too. The kitchen and all of that were over here. That's where he lived, but I've never been in there. He lived with incredible simplicity. And this space

here was totally empty. It was an attic, entirely painted white. There was nothing there, nothing at all. Nothing but the 1830s architecture. Here you see the hallway leading to this white space, which was also totally empty, except for an armchair that he had covered with white fabric. And here was an Yves Klein table. That was all. Over here was a skylight that illuminated the blue table.

LV: It wasn't his studio, just an unused space on the periphery of the domestic area?

WM: Right. And people would come to see it. A poet, for example, and other people I knew. Artists. That's how *Lost Space* came into being. Guy and Lagrillière agreed on it, maybe, and I accepted it. Also, the text I wrote became ... another text. It was no longer my reaction to the void. And because Guy didn't write, the text became a manifesto for his work. You can call it an anti-manifesto if you want, but it is a manifesto nonetheless.³

The Lost Space is an adjoining space.

The Lost Space is complementary to present-day living space.

The Lost Space does not have a clear-cut function.

The Lost Space is space as utility object, in which bombast becomes more difficult, and tangibility easier.

The Lost Space is simply the body defined by shape, colour, taste, smell, and sound.⁴

In the absence of Gerrit Dekker

For the exhibition *Binnen en buiten het kader* (1970) at the Stedelijk Museum Amsterdam, Gerrit Dekker closed a gallery with two doors. There is a photograph documenting the work, the empty room photographed from the inside, from a very low vantage point. If you were lying on the floor and looked sideways, this is what you'd see there. Overhead light, walls covered in what appears to be, a parquet floor, the skirting board recessed, a single electrical outlet, lamps with an air vent next to them, and a closed door.

For Dekker, spending time in exhibition spaces was important. In a sense, his installations – though that term was not yet in use – are the result of performances without an audience.

We make a jump in time to 2003. Dekker is invited to participate in a group exhibition titled *Now What!* at BAK in Utrecht. His voluntary withdrawal from the structures of the art world had been going on for thirteen years. He hesitates but finally agrees to have a so-called sheet framed – a photograph depicting his collaborative partner Ben d'Armagnac leading him through the halls of the Brooklyn Museum New York – but also decides to make an intervention in the space. Large pieces of cardboard are taped to the floor, guiding the visitor from the entrance door to the exit door of the room in one straight stretch, subtly discouraging them from entering the room itself and see the sheet up close. In this work the closed gallery from 1970 strongly resonates, but if the connection was picked up at the time, we don't know.

A few years later a solo exhibition in the same institution titled *About no below, no above, no sides* followed, after which Dekker pulled out permanently. This retreat, however, did not mean abandoning art: on the contrary. Although he no longer referred to himself as a visual artist, Dekker insistently kept engaging with aesthetic practice, exploring its various potentials in everyday life, according to BAK in their press release. Volunteering to help the homeless for example, in Arnhem where he lived, until his death, October last year.

NOTES

1 This and subsequent quote appear in: Georges Perec, *Species of Spaces and Other Pieces* [Espaces d'espaces, 1974], translated from French by John Sturrock, New York: Penguin Books, 1997, p. 33–35.

2 Jean-Luc Nancy, *The Fall of Sleep* [Tombe de sommeil, 2007], translated from French by Charlotte Mandell, New York: Fordham University Press, 2009, p. 1.

3 About Guy Mees', a conversation between Wim Meuwissen, Dirk Snauwaert and Micheline Sz wajcer, conducted by Lilou Vidal, in: Guy Mees: *The Weather Is Quiet, Cool and Soft*, ed. Lilou Vidal, Berlin: Sternberg Press, 2018, pp. 161–162.

4 Guy Mees, 'The Lost Space', in: Guy Mees: *The Lost Space*, ed. Lilou Vidal, Paris: Paraguay Press, 2018, p. 18.

Volume III, Part 3: The Recipient

LISA IVORY (2024 – 2025)
Paintings

Lisa Ivory's paintings point to an evolving story with a seemingly clear narrative arc yet the stories do not easily yield to identifications and sympathies. They undermine our certainties about where we are in relation to what we are looking at. They lead one into a painterly universe; a shadow world, a natural habitat for nudes, skeletons, and domesticated monsters.

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Om vijf uur?
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Sleeping can neither be learnt nor mastered. It's an unpredictable force that cannot be forced. The sleepless are also powerless. Sleep is granted. The only thing one can do is imitate one's own sleeping body, to re-stage the night before, hoping that at some point the copy will again be convincing enough to merge with the original – and that is when you fall ...

In 2020 gerlach en koop displayed works by other artists in an exhibition *approaching sleep* at the GAK, Gesellschaft für Aktuelle Kunst in Bremen, Germany. During the year a faltered re-staging of this unusual solo-exhibition will unfold in the space of Rib. A few works at a time, two, three, maybe four. A full re-staging will follow, later on, in a somewhat larger space. Not all works exhibited in Bremen will be exhibited in Rotterdam however, and the ones that are will be changed by the very act of re-staging.

This third display will bring together three artworks and an artefact in an exhibition that also includes other works. All three have an author, certainly, we know the names – Jean-Luc Moulène, Kasper Bosmans, Bojan Šarčević – and all three have been made by someone who is not the author, we also know most of these names¹ ... but let's forget names for now. We propose to consider the artworks for what they are, to look at them and look again, to take the time to see how they relate to each other, to the architecture, to the previous exhibitions in the space and to the darkness surrounding them that we have so carefully tried to protect and preserve.

KASPER BOSMANS

The written instructions Kasper Bosmans gives to execute the mural *No Water* are very precise in some respects and very imprecise in others. All deliberate, of course. The specific hues for the blue and the brown and the height of their separation were to be decided upon by *gerlach en koop*. According to Bosmans the border between the two colours is not just a division; it is a horizon.

If you draw a line on a wall from left to right, saying 'This is the horizon' as the start of something—a story, a performance, a mural—then that line would only correspond to the real world for people who are exactly your height or, more precisely, people whose eyes meet yours exactly. This horizon would bind all of those people. Everyone else would see it as a representation of the horizon. They would follow along, but from an ever so slightly different perspective. By drawing the horizon very low (say 60 centimetres) or very high (say 275 centimetres) we can be fairly sure that it will be a representation for everyone who visits the exhibition.

For the paint *gerlach en koop* decided to approximate the brown hue in the eyes of a very specific person and the blue hue in the eyes of an equally specific other. They didn't want to reveal the names when the work was executed the first time in Bremen, but could not keep their mouths shut then. So here they are, Andy Warhol and John Giorno, cameraman and protagonist of *Sleep*².

JEAN-LUC MOULÈNE

In sleep, the brain still receives signals from the senses but they are blocked by the thalamus, the switching station that causes a kind of sensory blackout. You lose touch with reality completely. Your body is relaxed, even if some muscle tension is still present.

There are also periods during the night when the brain is as active as during the day, known as REM sleep, which is why it used to be called paradoxical sleep. When this happens, your body is not just relaxed but completely paralysed. This state is called 'atonia', the absence of tonus or muscle tension. Your skeletal muscles have no strength whatsoever. You can no longer move anything, you are trapped inside your own body³. Only muscles for automatic actions such as breathing still work, but at half strength. This

paralysis is necessary because otherwise you would act out your dreams.

At this point, the thalamus can reopen the portal of the senses, but it is not sensations from the outside world that enter the cortex now, but your emotions, desires and memories, all of which are played back on the big screens of the visual, auditory and tactile parts of our brain.

And sometimes the timing is off.

You have already come to your senses, are in fact awake, while the atonia has not yet been lifted. Now you experience the terrifying sensation of a heavy weight on your chest—someone, or something sitting on it—making it difficult to breathe and no possibility to get rid of the thing. What causes this scary sensation is precisely the atonia that includes breathing at half strength.

On the other end, you may have already embarked on a violent dream even before atonia has set in, finding yourself in bed, kicking and beating about, screaming yourself awake.

BOJAN ŠARČEVIĆ

He had visited this park a few times already. He didn't make a habit of falling asleep in the middle of the day in an unfamiliar place and so he was frightened more than usual by this rather insignificant fact of having woken up there. On waking he paused for some moments; and although the situation itself wasn't threatening at all, he still felt a little sick. After all, he found himself pressed—that was his word—against the slightly wet grass, possibly in the company of people he knew nothing about. The only voices he could hear were ones he didn't recognize. Being frightened in that way was an old habit of his.

We forcibly pricked up our ears. Having been asked and after a few moments of uncertainty, he told us what it was that was holding him down. These were his words—he was convinced it was the arm belonging to someone else lying beside him resting across his neck, softly touching his cheek. He told us the arm was especially heavy. Grateful for this clarification, though not actually a satisfying one, he had then calmed himself down by convincing himself it wasn't anything threatening. He even joked: 'If an arm is the only thing pressing you to the ground, then at least you can search for a way out with your eyes wide open!'

—Fragment taken from 'Almost as if he had', a short story by Daniel Kurjakovic, in: Bojan Šarčević, *Une Heureuse Régression*, Kunstverein München, Köln: Snoeck Verlag, 2004, p. 332

NOTES

- 1 In Bremen *Head Box* by Jean-Luc Moulène was on display, made by an unnamed Japanese craftsperson. In Rotterdam it will be the exhibition copy of the *Head Box*, which was made to be displayed for an entire year in a former donkey stable in Misileo, a small village in the hills of Tuscany. This stable was the temporary annex of lxhxb, the gallery of artist Guus van der Velden, who fabricated the copy.
- 2 *Sleep*, a 321 minutes long, silent black-and-white film (16mm) that premiered on January 17, 1964 at the Gramercy Arts Theater in New York City.
- 3 See footnote 1.

Volume III, Part 2: Errors

MATHEW KNEEBONE & TOM ALDRICH
Piano Unplugged: Variation I

Performance:
Saturday, 11.05.2024, 21:00

Piano Unplugged: Variation I is a piano piece conceived by artist Mathew Kneebone and composed and performed by musician & composer Tom Aldrich.

The composition draws from Kneebone's archive of musical improvisations performed and posted online by people experiencing a black-out. These brief melodies vary in modality and complexity, from children's recitals to elaborate jazz riffs. Taken collectively, they convey a spontaneous form of cultural production born as a direct response to disruption caused by infrastructural failure. The score for the performance arranges these improvised samples according to interpretive compositional systems from Karlheinz Stockhausen's *Klavierstücke* series, Henry Cowell's *New Musical Resources*, and Tom Aldrich's intuitive play.

Piano Unplugged: Variation I is the first rendition in a series of acoustic musical works based on improvised music created during power failure.

LISA IVORY (2024 – 2025)
Paintings

We have presented two paintings by the British artist Lisa Ivory titled *Tourist In Your Town* (2023) and *Love And Communication* (2023) in the first part of Volume III.

In *Part 2: Errors* we will reveal two new paintings as part of a two-year-long exhibition of her works at Rib consisting of eight parts totalling about sixteen paintings by the end of 2025. In the process a number of art historians with distinct specialisations in 18th and 19th century painting and unfamiliar with Ivory's work will share their readings of her paintings.

Ivory's paintings point to an evolving story with a seemingly clear narrative arc yet the stories do not easily yield to identifications and sympathies. They undermine our certainties about where we are in relation to what we are looking at. We are aware that showing only a small portion of her works in each exhibition might form a challenge to a contemporary visitor, however, we want to see if time-stretching her exhibition across such a relatively long period might better reveal her painterly progression and at the same time allow space for them to resonate with works by other artists.

They lead one into a painterly universe; a shadow world, a natural habitat for nudes, skeletons, and domesticated monsters.

GERLACH EN KOOP (2024–ongoing)

En om vier uur?

Slapen.

In *Part 1: Beating Death With His Own Arm* Rib began with re-staging a solo exhibition by the artist collective gerlach en koop titled *Was machen Sie um zwei? Ich schlafe.* (GAK, Gesellschaft für Aktuelle Kunst Bremen, Germany, 2020). In this exhibition at the edge of sleep the collective displayed works by other artists. Over the course of the coming year, this solo exhibition will be re-staged at Rib. One work, two, maybe three at a time. Not all works on view in Bremen will be on view in Rotterdam however and the very act of re-staging the ones that are, will influence their presence.

Sleeping can neither be learnt nor mastered. Sleep is a fickle force that cannot be forced. Sleep is granted. All one can do is imitate a sleeping body as best one can. To re-stage the night before and the night before and the night before hoping that at some point posture and breathing will match and the copy will again be convincing enough to merge with the original ... and that is when you fall.

Anticipating that the three-centimetre void in Rotterdam—reminiscent of the three-centimetre void in Bremen—would dissolve into thin air soon, we asked Daniel Gustav Cramer to send the object that isn't a work of art when seen in broad daylight. Details are disappearing from Alex Farrar's suit, a new addition to the exhibition. The silent abyss of Laurent Montaron's Melancholia will be rebuilt to once again be the exhibition's 'onrust'. Emilio Prini's confirmation to participate remains in suspension. These works together shape Om vier uur? Slapen.

—gerlach en koop

ALEX FARRAR

In 2007—without any prior experience or technical advice—Alex Farrar made a suit from scratch to wear whenever representing himself as an artist. When it needed replacing he made a new one. After five 'suits' Farrar was able to make a suit that was indistinguishable from a professionally crafted one, and that concluded the project. This last suit is not on display, nor will it ever be. It is not an artwork. The artist keeps it the way one usually stores their best suit, in a garment bag, hanging in a wardrobe, but he will not wear it.

An exercise for insomniacs: imagine a room and then slowly strip it of everything inside. The objects, every little thing, the furniture, then continue with the windows, the doors, the skirting boards. Then remove all colour and the corners with their shadows until a completely white space remains. No details. No dimensions. A cloud-like nothing. Now your thoughts will have difficulty finding anything—a damp spot, a half-finished drill hole, a collapsed cobweb—to attach to and thus keep you from sleeping.

The first 'suits' were not only ill-fitting, they also showed all sorts of striking details, odd seams, unusual stitching ... details that stood out. Ten years were used by the artist to gradually eliminate them. The 'suits' attracted less and less consternation in the public. If his suit is desire materialised, as Laura van Grinsven writes in her text about the work¹, after the sixth one the desire became weightless. We imagine the artist standing in front of his wardrobe, staring at the garment bag.

LAURENT MONTARON

Endlessly undulating magnetic tape inside a machine from which the lid has been removed. It's a Roland RE-201 or Space Echo, a machine that musicians use to add an artificial echo to their instruments. It was the first of its kind in the 1970s but is still popular today, despite digital alternatives. Two different kinds had been invented at the time; one artificially reproduced the acoustics of space to create reverberation, or 'reverb'. The other artificially reproduced the acoustics of a canyon, an abyss, returning the sound as an echo. The Roland belongs to this last type, carrying in its interior an artificial canyon.

The properties of this canyon can be adjusted with all kinds of controls, which brought to mind the shallow abyss described by Polish poet Zbigniew Herbert—the one that follows him everywhere he goes, clingy like a dog, not deep enough to swallow a head, a body, legs or even feet. The one that has yet to mature, to grow up, to become serious.²

The echo effect was achieved by laying down a recorded sound on magnetic tape, which was then looped and read in succession by a series of juxtaposed tape heads. As the tape came back to the start of its loop, the sound was silenced by a final tape head that erased the recording.

The Roland RE-201 has no output as it is not connected to a loudspeaker—not that it would make any difference, because there is no input. We don't hear anything. All we can do is look at it, mesmerised, hypnotised, sleeping.

EMILIO PRINI

'Confirm participation in the exhibition.' A telegram sent to Kunstmuseum Luzern in 1970 as the artist's contribution to the exhibition *Visualisierte Denkprozesse* [Visualised Thought Processes], probably his first use of a statement that Emilio Prini used again and again, always in slightly different formulations and iterations. Like the one typed on A4 paper—a standard—using an Olivetti 22 typewriter, one used as the cover for a book with Germano Celant (a book that was never made). All versions backed—and evidently so—by Prini's presence in the world.

CONFERMA PARTECIPAZIONE ESPOSIZIONE That has changed since 2016. His death has put the work in a state of suspension, it has become a kind of testimony. *Omaggio a Emilio Prini* [Homage to Emilio Prini].

Wait a minute. The window's rattling. 'Se è possibile, non creo.' If possible, I create nothing. Previous works have been repeated in Prini's exhibitions, but never in the same way. These alterations were motivated by the new situation with which he found himself confronted. He introduced a certain limited number of ideas and works to the world that he constantly revisited, re-developed, re-framed or elaborated upon, keeping them in flux almost as if they were living material. At times he just revised a date, changed a title, or isolated a detail of an

image. He might photograph a work as a replacement for the real object, or make a copy (and throw away the original).³ Describing Prini's work in terms of material, technique and dimensions always requires a lot of question marks. Their main dimension is time.

NOTES

- 1 Laura van Grinsven, 'Release me from this thing', in: Alex Farrar, *the 'suits' archived, with an inventory for ten years of performativity* (Amsterdam: 7.45 Books, 2016).
- 2 See the poem 'The Abyss of Mr. Cogito' in: Zbigniew Herbert, *The Collected Poems: 1956–1998*, trans. and ed. Alissa Vallies (New York: HarperCollins, 2008).
- 3 In Rotterdam gerlach en koop display just the glass that in Bremen protected the actual stamp print on cardboard from the Archivio Emilio Prini in Turin, Italy.

**Volume III, Part 1:
Beating Death With His Own Arm***

GERLACH EN KOOP
En om drie uur?
Dan slaap ik. (2024)

Sleep can neither be learnt nor mastered. A force that cannot be forced. Sleep is something that is granted. All insomniacs can do is imitate a sleeper, adopting the posture of a body that sleeps. In fact a re-staging of the night before and the night before and the night before, hoping that at some point their imitation will match, that the faithfully copied sleeper will coincide with the original from last night... and that is when you fall.

In 2020 gerlach en koop displayed works by other artists in an exhibition at the edge of sleep at the GAK, Gesellschaft für Aktuelle Kunst in Bremen, Germany. Over the course of this coming year a faltered re-staging of this unusual solo exhibition will unfold in the space of Rib. One work at a time. A full re-staging will follow, later on, in a somewhat larger space. Not all works exhibited in Bremen will be re-staged however, and the ones that are will be changed by the very act of re-staging. For this first one—*En om drie uur? Dan slaap ik.*—gerlach en koop decided to retrace their steps and invite an artist to discuss a work that had been present in their thinking about sleep from the beginning, a work that was absent in Bremen.

Untitled 2020/2022/2024 by TOMO SAVIĆ-GEKAN is one of three spatial interventions, functional walls initially built for an exhibition at MSU in Zagreb in 2020. This particular wall was reconstructed in Galženica Gallery, Velika Gorica in 2022, and will now be reconstructed once again in Rotterdam. The wall is straight and white and taller than wide. You can imagine this wall for art or thoughts about art. You stop in front of it, standing still. Other walls exist, sure enough, walls you walk along or past, thinking about the art you've just seen or are about to.

LISA IVORY (2024 – 2025)

For when the animal being supporting him dies, the human being himself ceases to be. In order for mankind to reveal itself ultimately to itself, it would have to die, but it would have to do it while living— watching itself ceasing to be. In other words, death itself would have to become (self-)consciousness at the very moment that it annihilates the conscious being.

—Georges Bataille, *Hegel, la mort et le sacrifice*, 1955

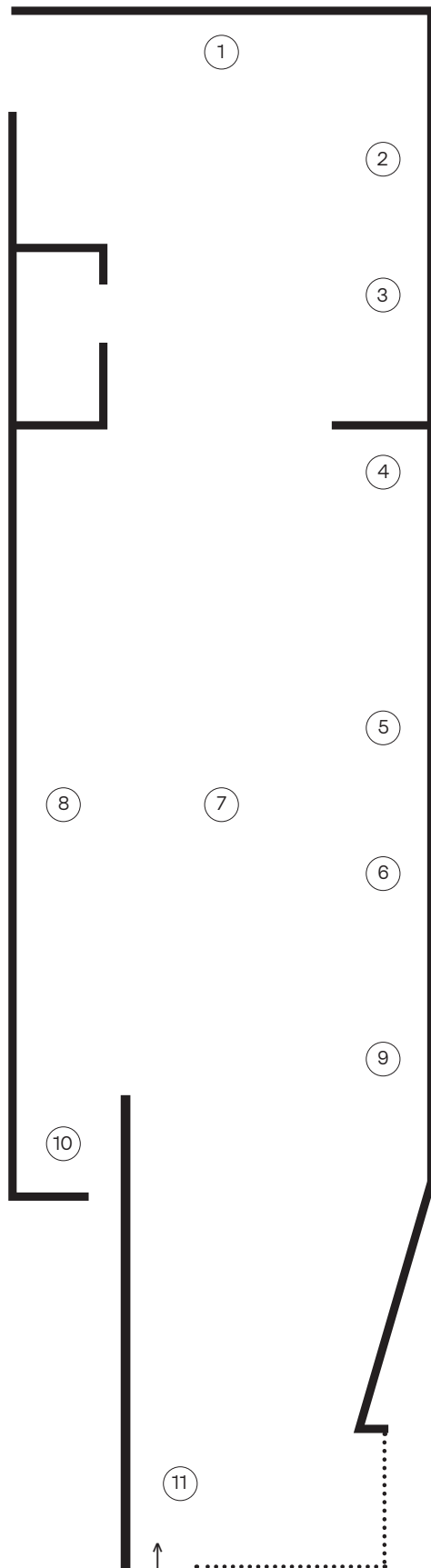
In a recent phone call, Ivory made it clear that the female figure in her paintings does not represent her. She rather identifies with the monster. The female figure in her paintings mostly interacts with a skeleton, a classical symbol of death, and a dark fluffy monster figure. In a painting titled *Upper Hand*, she is slapping death on his meatless buttocks with his own detached radius while the monster is watching from afar, and elsewhere death is returning her the same favour in a painting titled *Cross Bone Style*. Here we see death sitting cross-legged (boned) on a rock, slapping her on her buttocks, while the now tiny slightly shapeshifted monster is watching them passively from close by.

Roles and scales interchange as well as the framing of events. The same scene is sometimes painted twice. Revealing only in a later version an overview of the entire role distribution of all the reoccurring figures, including possible absentees. When paying close attention and reading for an extended period, the paintings seem to enter your soul and then your dreams.

The presentation of a larger collection of Ivory's paintings will be broken down into eight distinct chapters and shown as a developing story over the course of two years.

* Title of a painting by Lisa Ivory

Floorplan Rib



Works

Lisa Ivory

1 *Cross Bones Style*, 2023
oil on panel, 18 × 20 cm

2 *Upper Hand*, 2023
oil on panel, 18 × 20 cm

3 *What the Horse Saw*, 2023
oil on panel, 18 × 20 cm

gerlach en koop
Om zes uur? Slapen.
2024–ongoing

Voebe de Gruyter
4 *Fruit from Fuzhou*, 2012
Lacquered apple

Kasper Bosmans
5 *No Water*, 2019
Mural painting; acrylic
paint, dimensions vari-
able, courtesy: Gladstone
Gallery, Brussels

Melvin Moti
6 *Miamilism*, 2010
Magazine, 35 × 45 cm
(framed), courtesy: Meyer
Riegger, Berlin/Karlsruhe

Kitty Kraus
7 *Untitled*, 2006
Glass, 50 × 75 cm,
39 × 125 cm, courtesy:
Galerie Neu, Berlin

Guy Mees
8 *Bedroom*, 1975
Pastel (blue, purple,
black) and pencil
on paper, 123 × 157 cm,
courtesy: Gallery Sofie
Van de Velde, Antwerp

9 *Wooden pillow*, 1930,
Shaan Xi (China), private
collection of gerlach en
koop

Daniel Gustav Cramer
10 *Empty Room (III)*,
2024-2025
For the duration of the
exhibition a room in
Edgemont, North
Vancouver has been
emptied and closed.
Booklet in an edition of
500, courtesy: Vera
Cortes, Lisbon; SpazioA,
Pistoia; Sies + Höke,
Düsseldorf

11 *In the absence of Gerrit
Dekker*, cardboard, tape,
dimensions variable



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Opening times:
Friday – Saturday, 14:00 – 18:00
and by appointment