

EN

21 October - 18 November, 2017

WHERE THE F*CK IS MY SOCK

Gluklya

Ali Kazma

Stéphanie Saadé

Massinissa Selmani

Edwin Zwakman

Kirsten Geisler

Moyna Flannigan



Moyna Flannigan, *Tear 19*, 2017, collage, paint, paper, 98 x 75,5 cm

This group exhibition explores ideas of the private and domestic life, especially the moment when the private merges into social and public life. The show hints at thoughts and feelings of solitude or even isolation, as can be experienced in the 2-channel video work *House of Letters* by Ali Kazma (1971, Istanbul, Turkey) as well as the constructed space with an ambiguous narrative in Edwin Zwakman's (1969, The Hague, The Netherlands) photograph *Group*. The small animations of disorientated flies by Kirsten Geisler somehow seem to join the collaged, intimate figures by Moyna Flannigan (1963, Kirkcaldy, Scotland) which are incomplete and looking for random parts to find a match.

The title of the exhibition is inspired by Una Tibialia, one of the works Gluklya (1969, St. Petersburg, Russia) created two years ago for her *Garden of Vigilant Clothes*. This work, *Una Tibialia or the (lonely) sock*, refers to the fact that the mystery of the missing sock is actually a very familiar issue. Could the missing sock in this exhibition be a metaphor for the borderline between the domestic and the public?

In *Surrealist Chair*, one of the objects Gluklya created within the context of her project with refugees in the former prison Bijlmer Bajes, she makes an attempt to describe the refugees' feelings of isolation, confinement and anxiety, while being trapped in the structures of a prison and waiting for a new life in the Netherlands. In Massinissa Selmani's (1980, Algiers, Algeria) intimate drawings of seemingly harmless, everyday situations on the street, reflecting the protagonists' strange confusion towards violence, the threshold of the domestic realm has already been surpassed, but the public circumstances are not yet understood, let alone digested. Then, Stéphanie Saadé (1983, Lebanon), generously offers us the golden key to her home in Beirut, which may just form a demarcation line.

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