

Luis Adelantado

Gallery

Durmientes
ALEX REYNOLDS

From 16 April to 8 June.

Notes for Sleepers

It's Monday, my phone informs me that last week I spent about five hours a day as its intermittent viewer, my eyes fixed on the 14 × 7 centimetre screen, my body and surroundings a vast off-screen space. I'm so hooked on the news, messages, and reels that I don't even put my phone in my bag anymore; it's an extension of my fingertips. The more tired I am, the more I look at it, until my eyes close and we both shut down.

March 7: Israeli army issues forced displacement threat for Lebanon residents south of Litany River

I've been given a museum pass, and during my time there, I see a lot of drawings and paintings. I stand before images I've seen thousands of times before on pages and screens, and I'm surprised by how alive they are. I'm also surprised by something obvious: the amount of time the artists who made the spent observing and studying what they drew: their immediate reality; the world.

8 March 8: Israeli army issues forced displacement order for residents south of Lebanon's Litani River

Philip Guston paints himself asleep. He is curled up under a red blanket that seems to both cover and support him, like a floating bed or a magic carpet. There is some kind of pillow under his head, but no bed. His hair is a wiry mess, almost nails; his eyelashes clip over the sheets and he is wearing shoes, square and heavy like wooden blocks, like anchors. The background is black; he could be anywhere, in any corner of the night. Guston says that with age, one excludes fewer things. He also says that there comes a time when "a third hand takes over," presumably to paint.

March 9: At least 83 children killed in Lebanon in past 7 days.

Charlotte Beradt began collecting dreams when the Nazis came to power. "These dreams—these night diaries—were conceived independently of their authors' conscious will," Beradt writes. "They were, so to speak, dictated to them by the dictatorship." In 1933, a woman dreams of a mind-reading machine, "a labyrinth of wires" that detects that she associates Hitler with the word "devil." "I dreamed that dreaming was forbidden, but I did it anyway." Last week I went to the cinema, and in the Q&A one of the directors, Gala Hernández López, said that we are about 10 years away from artificial intelligence being able to access what it had never reached before: our dreams.

March 12: UN says up to 3.2 million displaced inside Iran since Israeli-US war began

"At any time of day I walk through a city in the West Indies, I encounter insomniac Indians." Lucrecia Martel reads this sentence out loud in one of her talks. It comes from a text written by a 16th-century official sent to observe the mining cities of South America. According to Martel, "we are sleepless Indians because something is falling to pieces before our eyes. Not only time and language, now possessed by machines and used with great efficiency. Everything that seemed solely ours is no longer so." I think about what this "everything" is that we have lost, and I wonder who the "we" that says "ours" is.

March 14: Iranian Red Crescent says 36,500 civilian units damaged in US-Israel attacks

I haven't spoken to Samir (Harb) in a while, but on Instagram I come across an article of his titled *The Exhausted*, written with Emilio Ristretti. The text describes the many ways in which Zionists try to make life impossible, literally, for Palestinians. The most basic resources necessary for life are destroyed time and again: wells, roads, houses, farms: "...exhaustion here is nothing new. It's the

slow peeling of possibilities.” But the exhaustion they describe isn’t passive; from there, someone continues to insist, precariously but constantly, on rebuilding possibilities for life.

March 16: Middle East conflict rattles US markets as oil tops \$100 a barrel

It’s been a few years now since I’ve been able to talk about sleep in the first person. Sleep is a kind of animal that drags me to a place that increasingly resembles wakefulness, where presence, agency, continuity, are unpredictable. When I’m about to fall, a kind of vertigo jolts me awake long enough to ask: “Who are you? Where are you taking me?”. Then comes recognition, surrender, and I fall.

About the artist

Alex Reynolds (b. 1978, Bilbao) explores our modes of relation and affection as they appear embodied in cinematic language, questioning the medium’s conventions to explore the emancipatory potential of play and refusal. Blurring the limits of film language, her work transcends the strictly visual, finding expression in sound, text, photography, or sculpture.

Her work has been exhibited internationally in prominent contemporary art museums, galleries and festivals such as the Guggenheim Bilbao Museum, Index Foundation (Stockholm), Sculpture Center (New York), Kanal Centre Pompidou (Brussels), Hollybush Gardens (London), Centre d’Art la Panera (Lleida), or the Joan Miró Foundation (Barcelona), among others. Her films have been screened at cinemas and festivals such as BFI London Film Festival (London), Courtisane, FIDMarseille (Marseille) Prismatic Ground (New York), or Documenta Madrid.

She has also received grants from the Akademie Schloss Solitude (2013), the Botín Foundation (2016) and the “la Caixa” Foundation (2020), and has received the Loop / Arts Santa Mònica / XAV Videocreation Award (2021). She is a visiting professor at KASK Ghent. Her work can be found in important collections such as; Guggenheim Bilbao, CA2M, MACBA, Ministerio de Asuntos Exteriores, Unión Europea y Cooperación and Fundación Sorigué.

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Luis Adelantado

Bonaire, 6. 46003 VALENCIA. España

T: (+34) 963 510 179

info@luisadelantado.com

www.luisadelantado.com