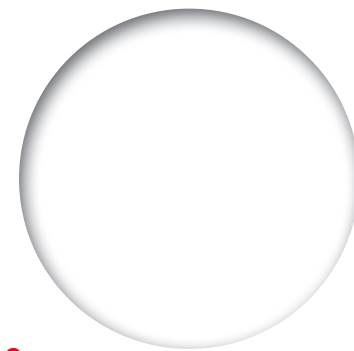
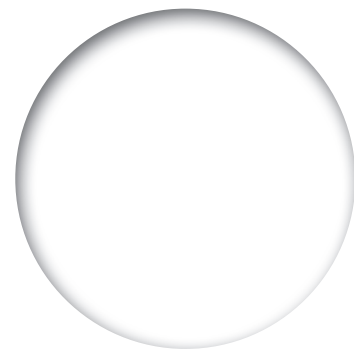
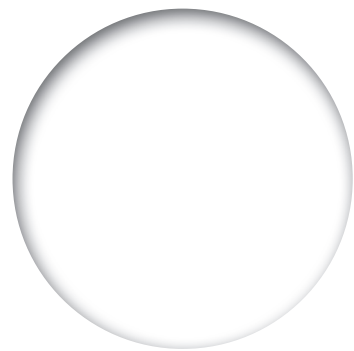
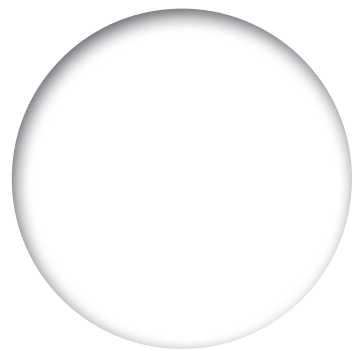




An exhibition with works by
Anthony Chiou, Blair Lam Hiu Suet,
Jette Kelholt, Luīze Nežberte,
Matthew Cosslett, Pauline Schey, Salar Marri,
Taiyo Shimizu Larenas, Victoria Hvass,
Zainab Aldehaimy

House of Day,

25.09–31.10.2026
Thu–Sat, 13:00–18:00

House of Night

WOON
HUIS

Stadhouderskade 86
1073 AT Amsterdam

FLOOR 0

- 1 Taiyo Shimizu Larenas
Untitled, 2026
Acrylic and Oil on Linen, 50 × 56 cm
- 2 Matthew Cosslett & Luīze Nežberte
Draft through time, despair, and remembering; white despair with yellow cries of stars, before a calm blanket of silvery celestial lights, ten minutes older, again, always, eternal, 2026
Two screens facing each other. On one, light entering the apparatus refracts the interior of the oldest wooden synagogue in the Baltics with the building's installation of Herz Frank's *Ten Minutes Older* (1978), its attention held on the screen across from it. Western pop music played at the canteen on the Terehova border crossing from Latvia to Russia, the sound of waiting.
- 3 Anthony Chiou
All I am is what I will be, 2026
Oil and pencil on paper, 32 × 25 cm / 30 × 21 cm

FLOOR 1

- 4 Pauline Schey
Memory Prophecy. The Orbit of clockless nowever. A Portrait, 2026
sound coming through an opened window, 9'21"
- 5 Pauline Schey
before the event from the series T Field, 2026
charcoal, graphite, pencil and pastel on paper, 51 × 66 cm
- 6 Zainab Aldehaimy
Olouj - علوج, 2025
Gelatin, 110 × 75 cm



- 7 Taiyo Shimizu Larenas
Ongeveer Daar, 2026
Chromogenic prints, glass, 50.8 × 153.5 × 0.8 cm
- 8 Matthew Cosslett & Luīze Nežberte
Little Star (music of the spheres), 2026
Timescreen, stainless steel, Loop
- 9 Blair Lam Hiu Suet
Becoming a bird, 2026
Oil on canvas, 140 × 80 cm
- 10 Pauline Schey
held from the series T Field, 2026
charcoal, graphite, pencil and pastel on paper, 51 × 66 cm
- 11 Blair Lam Hiu Suet
Hello, can you hear me?, 2026
Oil on linen, 45 × 40 cm
- 12 Jette Kelholt
Axil, 2026
Steel, steel prop, wood, XPS insulation foam, epoxy resin, plastic, tie wraps, 445 × 80 × 52 cm

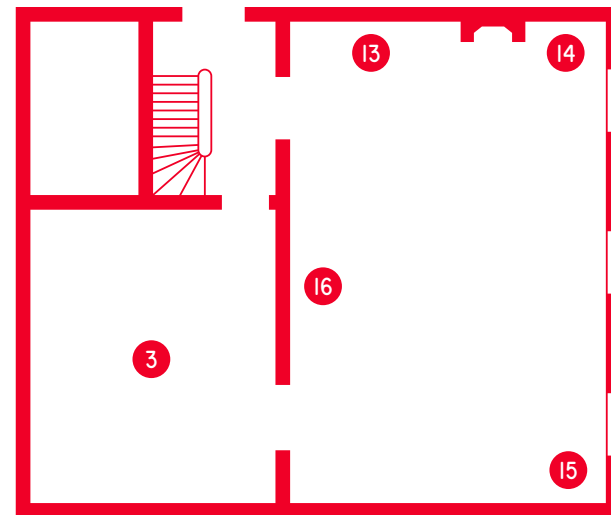
FLOOR 2

- 13 Victoria Hvass
Confetti Painting (panic pop), 2026
Oil on canvas, 130 × 160 cm
- 14 Pauline Schey
shields of passing through from the series T Field, 2026
charcoal, graphite, pencil and pastel on paper, 51 × 66 cm
- 15 Matthew Cosslett & Luīze Nežberte
Yoked to the plow for the love of your horse (sound proximal), pulling from memory (image distal), 2026
Speaker, etching of a plow, slow arrival and departure of light to a CCTV lens; exterior windows of a recently unoccupied house and imaginings of houses, satellites pointed towards amplified Russian and Belarusian signals, Linda Ronstast's cover of *This is Dedicated to the One I Love*, slowed.
- 16 Salar Marri
Orange still, 2026
Oils, ink, pastels, spider painting, tape, nails, A4 print, paper, 239 × 289 cm

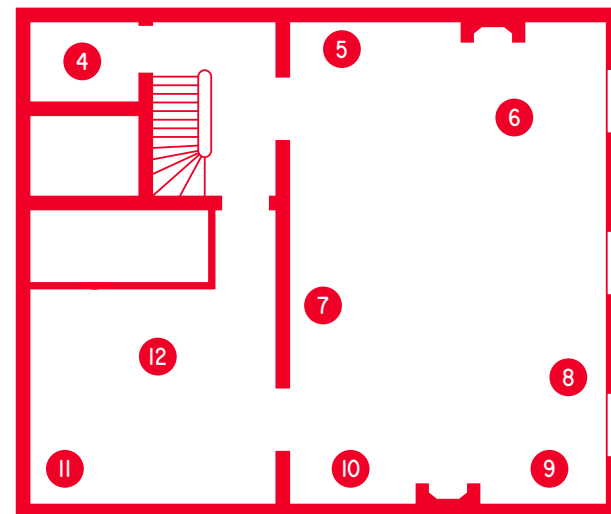
Stories of Then

A reading from an ongoing body of text, following memories in chronological order, 24.09.2026, 19:00–19:20

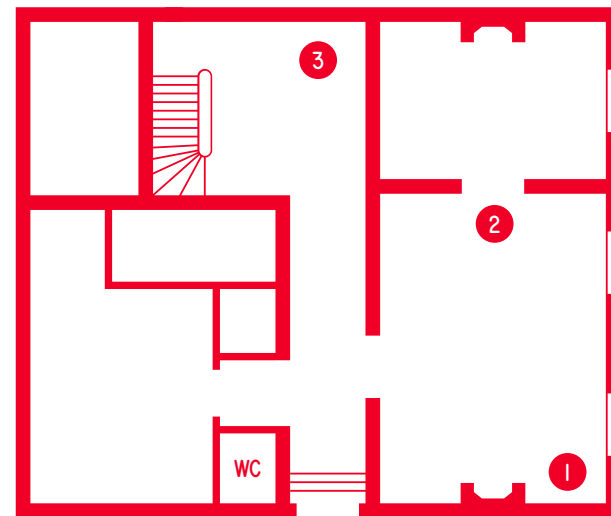
FLOOR 2



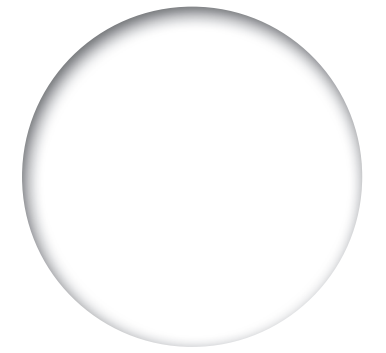
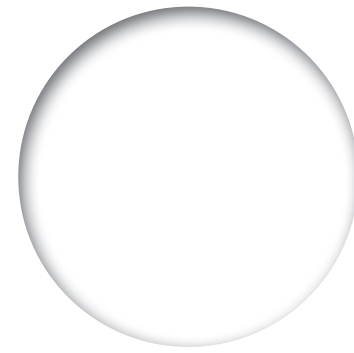
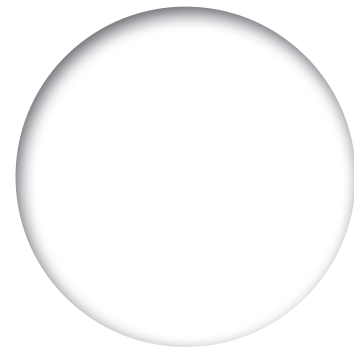
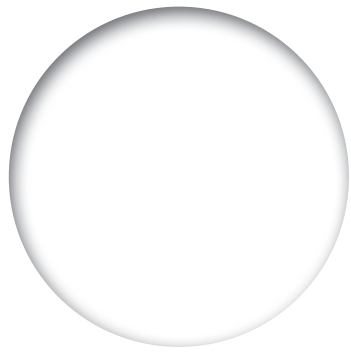
FLOOR 1



FLOOR 0



Entrance



“In her sleepy state she thought she recognized the voice, and felt sure she knew whose it was, and she fell asleep happy. But as it happens with dreams and semi-dreams, in the morning it had all drifted away and she was left with nothing but a vague impression of knowing something, without being sure what. And that was all.”
—Olga Tokarczuk, *House of Day, House of Night* (1998)

House of Day, House of Night is as much a novel as it is a patchwork of separate-yet-connected stories centered around a village. Some of these stories are longer, some shorter; some real, some imagined; about the conscious and the unconscious.

While reading the book, I could only think about how much the book was about making art.

The works in this show come together not thematically but synchronously – or geographically. They happen in the same place. Stories that at first don’t seem to have anything in common become connected.

One of the stories in *House of Day, House of Night* describes a woman who goes in search of a man whose voice she hears only in her dreams. In these dreams, he says he loves her. With only a few clues, she goes looking for him in real life.

I came across the words of W.B. Yeats “in dreams begin responsibilities”.

Our dreams and imaginations are no escape from reality. They are active forces where our sense of responsibility is shaped.

Rezi van Lankveld

Curator of *House of Day, House of Night*

BIOGRAPHIES

Zainab Aldehaimy

My work draws on my childhood experiences during the invasion of Iraq, reflecting on encounters with American soldiers that ranged from witnessing their acts of violence to moments in which they handed out candy or bubble gum that often came with temporary tattoos.

I work with an ongoing collection of 44,000 photographs that I gathered from American Soldiers by tracing images they posted online during the invasion. While still in the process of sorting and categorizing this archive, I selected images of soldiers posing and flexing their muscles inside military camps to reproduce as temporary tattoos.

Anthony Chiou

Distance has to be made to strive but in the process of that we leave more important things behind than we are able to bring. Anthony Chiou's work is a letter to the things left behind, a remembrance, a recall, a dream of them and sometimes a wish for them all to exist in the current reality of everyday life. He does this with colorful figurative compositions made of oil paint on canvas and paper. What I remember I paint, what I recall I draw and what I see I reminisce.

Matthew Cosslett & Luīze Nežberte

Matthew Cosslett was born on the new road atop Bennane Hill, Scotland. From this point of excess they cultivate a gap in-between hill and signal, individual and device, loaded with the desire to inhabit the other. Thinking of the camera, the platform, as objects held, they extract materiality from images that would rather forget their own weight. They have recently been dressed as Billy Mackenzie.

Luīze Nežberte works and thinks with sculptures, texts, images still and moving. She engages with forms to examine how cultural memory is transmitted, erased, and transformed through absence and reinterpretation. If Luīze's practice could be situated somewhere between formal experiments with the object trouvé and the disintegration of authorship through artistic appropriation, it is perhaps best described by the criminal act “theft by finding”.

Victoria Hvass

I call it The Chess Theory. It is a theory where painting is like playing chess - you can only win if you are willing to give up your fixed and brilliant plan and respond innovatively to each move, each brushstroke. Here I'm truly present and the unexpected can show.

structure

Creating becomes a machine, a slightly uncontrollable transformer

rebellion and free, the factual and the rules. Perhaps that is where my painting touches reality – *abstract nonfiction*.

Jette Kelholt

I am a visual artist who uses found materials to form large-scale assemblages. Curious about what lies underneath or in between the surface, I open up objects or spaces. The cavity that arises contains the imagined pasts and futures. In some ways, the cavity is the story, as it holds all possible stories. Quite recently the cavity also made space for a new way of working, grafting. The dynamics between the neat and the clumsy, the temporary and the eternal, and the stable and unstable are important parts of her work.

Blair Lam Hiu Suet

The mind, ungrounded, restless, is looking for things to say, the hand just wants to paint. It's a constant negotiation between these two, recently I'm letting the hand take control.

Salar Marri

My name is Salar Marri. I was born in Quetta, a valley roughly 5500 km southeast of Amsterdam. I make paintings on canvas and on paper. I write stories.

Pauline Schey

Pauline Schey currently keeps herself busy in Amsterdam.

A Loop.

A Drift.

Desire, Danger, *Lullaby*.

Taiyo Shimizu Larenas

I do not know why certain interactions with the world draw my interest, why they touch me as they do. All I know is that they do and that I attempt to record them. These are records of left behind chairs, of light, of beloved hands or simply a record of my own state of being which was momentarily reflected in the world. Whether in front of a canvas or in the darkroom, a contemplative engagement starts to take place, a search to see something beyond the record. Within this continuous engagement, thinking and feeling result in action, unveiling discoveries.

ABOUT WOONHUIS

Situated within the former caretaker quarters of De Ateliers, Woonhuis hosts an exhibition space. With its own separate entrance and approximately 200 m² of project space, Woonhuis programmes exhibitions and events featuring (inter)national artists, all by invitation of De Ateliers participants. Access via the right side of De Ateliers, Stadhouderskade 86, Amsterdam.

Woonhuis receives generous support from Ammodo and AFK.

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