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WIELS

Juliana Lindenhofer

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Reason is not enough / But neither are amicable feelings

Her sentence cannot claim her

Perhaps light and nature / Are false conditions

Leave your pleasure on me

Without an actual boundary to cross / I can be sure that I will never reach you

Amorous diagrams / And parodic recognition

Our underlying weakness / Is our inability to / corporally prove / I am here, now, reaching / the end. / (If possible)

Exhibition opening:
14. 10. 2026

15. 10. – **31.** 10. 2026

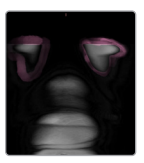
● **Reason is not enough / But neither are amicable feelings** 2026
Brass casts, strapping band, wire, foam board, ink, graphite
Work title by Chloe Chignell

● **Without an actual boundary to cross / I can be sure that / I will never reach you** 2026
Vinyl glove, paraffin, graphite
Work title by Chloe Chignell

● **The sentence cannot claim her** 2026
Foam board
Work title by Chloe Chignell

● **Amorous diagrams / And parodic recognition** 2026
Tin casts, foam board, oil pastel, string
Work title by Chloe Chignell

● **Perhaps light and nature / Are false conditions** 2025
Copper-galvanized polymer clay, copper sulfate, personal plastic box for galvanising
Work title by Chloe Chignell



● **Leave your pleasure on me** 2025
Pigment print (Digital drawing and erasing on magnetic resonance imaging)
Work title by Chloe Chignell

● **Without an actual boundary to cross / I can be sure that / I will never reach you** 2026
Tin casts, foam board, pencil, string
Work title by Chloe Chignell

● **Our underlying weakness / Is our inability to / corporally prove / I am here, now, reaching / the end. / (If possible)** 2026
Tin casts, foam board, pencil, string
Work title by Chloe Chignell

What I like best at a party is finding a spot as close as possible to the speakers, stand there with my eyes closed, facing the sound, and feeling my whole body resonate. There are no boundaries between the senses anymore. I no longer hear the music; I feel the vibrations and listen with my entire nervous system.

Juliana Lindenhofer's piece *Reason is not enough / But neither are amicable feelings* (2026) reminds me of something similar. It consists of a black packing strap running through a vertical panel of white foam. A series of irregular triangular shapes cast in brass are each pierced through their centers and strung together on the polyester strap.

The first time JL told me about this work, I saw a spine and thought to myself that it spoke to this way of listening from within that I seek at parties.

Night is a story of vibrations and porosity. Body-spirits undulate in chaos and darkness as sound, light, and color penetrate the screen of the skin. Basslines, melodies, voices, kicks, movements, clothing—everything intertwines and unravels through a loop that we hope will be endless.

I also thought of JL's piece as a relic. Something that evokes fatigue (perhaps the good kind of fatigue) like a belt left undone at the foot of the bed, a vehicle returning from a party, or a remnant, a memory, a detail that resurfaces the next morning. Something like a silhouette emerging from the night into the light of day. A return. A flash.

A party is all about frequencies. When we all resonate together, we become instruments, resonators spinning on their own axes. Chaos and order are constantly repolarized. We come to understand what a speaker does — that translation of signals into sound through its membrane.

JL has also created a hand (or rather, a glove) titled *Without an actual boundary to cross / I can be sure that I will never reach you* (2026). It is a vinyl glove containing paraffin pellets. It is like the substance of a sculpture in waiting, a promise of transformation.

At night we hear, smell, and touch more than we actually see. This piece is an emblem of that translucent sense of touch, of bodies and materials in process. We sense the weight and the potential fluidity of the past and the future. We are caught in between, imagining, and then everything melts into the night. Heat, pressure, and humidity. Everything has the potential to become liquid, "viscous" as McKenzie Wark writes about the texture of the rave dance floor.

In the dark, while dancing, I often see double and there are apparitions. My friends are there and not there at the same time. I see their bodies moving and I see other shapes moving around them like ghosts. Nothing scary, but sometimes it can be strange, fascinating, unsettling, this wordless dialogue with double presences.

There is a series of pieces by JL that evoke for me negative silhouettes, nighttime costumes. They're like spectral halos, dazzling silhouettes captured against the light. Absences, memory lapses. *The sentence cannot claim her* (2026) is probably the simplest of all these pieces. It is just a foam board, cut into. The body has vanished. I find myself thinking that JL's exhibition is perhaps a bit like a portrait, or a self-portrait, in disjointed parts.

Fragments of bodies, here; accessories and clothes laid out there. Snippets of memories torn from the darkness. Sensations, touches, textures of the night are translated. They are exposed to the light, which alters them. As Mark Fisher wrote: "Like a memory bleeding through from a mind that is not ours."

Like the night, dance music is a subtle blend of hard and soft, of right angles and curves; it intoxicates, envelops, and carries bodies away in waves as they break free from gravity.

I've often had the impression, under the influence of molly, that the body becomes air. Or rather, I realize I am becoming a hollow body, a celestial form ready to take flight to the sound of the music, which itself becomes air, a breath.

I understand the meaning of Arthur Russell's song "This Is How We Walk on the Moon." Everything becomes matter. Pure, luminous abstraction.

In *Leave Your Pleasure on Me* (2025), JL shows an MRI image of a body, over which colorful traces resembling hearts seem to float. That's exactly it: the emotion of the night, the feeling of elevation.

In French, "planer" (to hover) means to be high, but with the added sensation of no longer being held back by the weight of one's body.

The atmosphere has to be right, the energy, the music, the crowd, the chemistry. Everything must float.

When taking flight, birds fill their rib cages with air and simply rise into the sky, lighter than air. They leave the earth behind. I've felt this many times, like a body without organs. Like Rainald Goetz described it: "I forgot how to talk / how to walk and speak / and I am toward / flying into the air / raving."

"So much of what we call nightlife is actually a way to make the immaterial material, to give physical form to the vaporous or faint … thus a party is a séance," writes Zoë Beery. I think JL's studio is another kind of séance space reminding us that a club night is, above all, a matter of alchemy.

Perhaps light and nature / Are false conditions (2025) consists of a piece of copper-galvanized polymer clay placed on a plastic box. The box had been used in the galvanization process. What's truly beautiful is that the oxidation that occurred seems partly unpredictable. It's like a kind of monstrous crystallization, revealing the transformative powers of matter giving rise to something new, unknown. That's exactly what I think happens at a party: the chemistry corrodes, oxidizes, alters, dissolves, and connects all at once. It mixes and colors. Surfaces mutate and textures change. It's molecular, magical.

There is no turning back, and that is where the politics of the night lies. We plunge into obscurity and emerge changed. The magic of transformation works against all fixity. Everything is trance, morphing, sublimation, and calcination. And, as JL's work shows, it is a process that works against identity, separation, and sameness.

I've read that the 5th century Greek philosopher Empedocles believed all matter to be composed of four elements united by love or separated by hatred.

If we're lucky enough to catch a glimpse of it, and perhaps to remember — like I imagine that small sculpture by JL resting on its pedestal in the DIY lab — under certain conditions, it's not just the stars that emit light but our bodies, too, moving at full speed through the night, glow in the darkness.

Text by Yann Chateigné Tytelman

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THE SENTENCE DID NOT CLAIM HER

There are words we forget
In the speeds of oblivion
That is to say: I am looking at you
Whilst you search for a door

How tenuous is counting time
As it fades across the wall
Reason is not enough
But neither are amicable feelings

What happened was said
to have not happened
She closes the door
Against language

It is time for dinner
Space opens
But she has no body left to fill

Leave your pleasure on me
And take only what serves
Beauty is easy to miss
So try not fall for it

Instructions were provided
Four thousand years ago
This is how a gaze is hardened
This is how facts escape

You'll experience life by immersion
Drink all the water
Simply because it is time

Our underlying weakness
Is our inability to corporally prove
I am here, now, reaching the end
(If possible)

By turning ourselves into bones
We escape the baggage of being (female)
Who was lucky enough to have
Her scab fall off this morning?

Is this your peculiar obligation?
Disguised beneath your name
Perhaps light and nature
Are false conditions

We live in fabricating this
Amorous diagrams
And parodic recognition
You'll experience life by immersion

Perhaps the fear of threats
Is equal to the lure of repetition
Are you unable to ingest
The colour of your surroundings?

We've become sick on
Our quotidian memories
rustic metropolitan allegories
Are annihilating all vowels

her rare insides in direct
confrontation with speech
Now severed from her goal
The sentence cannot claim her

I have no reference left to blow
Only sounds forgetting their origin
Prevail against me, step by step

What I mean is:
A door is an orifice

We must race our feelings to the finish line
In order to bloom alternate affections

Without an actual boundary to cross
I can be sure that I will never reach you

by Chloe Chignell

Her discovery, 20 years After death

Juliana Lindenhofer