

The Lathe of Heaven at Haus N Athen

29 September – 5 November

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Curated by Amalia Vekri

'Cold, cold. Hard. Bright. Too bright. Sunrise in the window through shift and flicker of trees. Over the bed. The floor trembled. The hills muttered and dreamed of falling in the sea, and over the hills, faint and horrible, the sirens of distant towns howled, howled, howled.

*She sat up. The wolves howled for the world's end.
Sunrise poured in through the single window, hiding all that lay under its dazzling slant. She felt through excess of light and found the dreamer sprawled on his face, still sleeping. "George! Wake up! Oh, George, please wake up! Something is wrong!" He woke. He smiled at her, waking.
"Something is wrong – the sirens – what is it?"
Still almost in his dream, he said without emotion, "They've landed."
For he had done just what she told him to do. She had told him to dream that the Aliens were no longer on the Moon.'*

The Lathe of Heaven, Ursula K. Le Guin, 1971