

Alice Tioli, Linus Riegger, Lorenz Walter Wernli and Ilja Zaharov

Rehearsing Between Dog and Wolf

Collaborative Exhibition at *der TANK*

Students Realm

November 09 – 11, 2024

Opening: November 09, 6 pm – 10 pm

der TANK

Freilagerplatz 1,
4142 Münchenstein

Opening hours:

Sunday and Monday: 5 pm – 8 pm

And by appointment: dertank.hgk@fhnw.ch

The exhibition is supported by the Institute Art Gender Nature, Basel Academy of Art and Design FHNW.

More information: dertank.space

Rehearsing Between Dog and Wolf at *der TANK* is a collaborative exhibition that features contributions from Alice Tioli, Linus Riegger, Lorenz Walter Wernli and Ilja Zaharov, all current and former students of the Institute Art Gender Nature HGK Basel FHNW.

The sun is setting as we speak. The exhibition has already begun, or maybe it hasn't. It feels like it's always been happening, in that way rehearsals do, one step forward, one step backwards, each movement, each decision provisional, unfinished. This is *Rehearsing Between Dog and Wolf*.

Taking its title from the twilight moment *entre chien et loup*, when dusk blurs familiar forms into something uncertain, the show inhabits a space of rehearsal that questions where preparation ends and arrival begins. What is a rehearsal if it never ends? What if the curtain never rises on the "real" show? Is this just practice for something better, or is this all we ever get, a cycle of endless preparations, forever in limbo?

The sun disappeared. It is already dark. The central video work is playing in a loop, projected onto a curtain that divides the room, splitting the glass cube in two. But the curtain is more suggestion than wall, more fog than barrier, and you can see the light flicker through, an image that both shows and conceals, a boundary that can be crossed but not fully comprehended.

Recognizable avatars dance on top the creases of the curtain. The figures appear again as spectral portraits on the walls, each a hazy echo of the participants themselves, their forms blurred like half-formed memories. Figures shift, roles dissolve, and everything hovers between clarity and obscurity, caught in the fading light where a dog might be a wolf and a wolf might be something else entirely. There's a fragility here, a sense that even the art doesn't know its destination, just like the artists, the viewers, and the world beyond the glass walls of *der TANK*.

And when the curtain trembles again, as someone shifts too close, you realize that it's this flicker, between light and dark, dog and wolf, certainty and doubt, that keeps the whole thing going.

Ilja Zaharov