

The Houses Of The Serpent Bearer
The 6th House
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The eagerness of objects to
be what we are afraid to do
cannot help but move us Is
this willingness to be a motive
in us what we reject? The
really stupid things, I mean
a can of coffee, a 35¢ ear
ring, a handful of hair, what
do these things do to us? We
come into the room, the windows
are empty, the sun is weak
and slippery on the ice And a
sob comes, simply because it is
coldest of the things we know
— Frank O'Hara

A folded screen too slight to conceal, a fountain that spills only a
whisper of water, an oven that holds a small, flickering fire. These are
artifacts, but not of a past we recall—rather, they gesture toward a past
that never was, or a future that waits in the wings. They are not objects
of utility, nor mere ornaments; they stand, instead, as quiet
interruptions, as containers of stories not yet told.

To name a thing is to trap it, to force it into a role it may not wish to play.
And yet, these artifacts slip between names. They hold the shape of the
known but function outside of expectation. They are things as Ursula K.
Le Guin imagined them: carriers, vessels, not weapons of power but
receptacles of possibility. The warmth of an oven is not in the fire alone,
but in the memory of gathered bodies. A screen, even when too delicate
to obscure entirely, still suggests the intimacy of spaces shaped by its
presence.

Objects, Graham Harman might say, withdraw. They recede even as
they are held, revealing only fragments of themselves, their essence
always elsewhere. And yet, in their withdrawal, they allure. We reach for
them, sensing their refusal to be fully grasped. These artifacts are not
static; they vibrate with what they could have been and with what they
might still become.

They appear as remnants, though of what is unclear. Neither relics nor
replicas, they resist categorization, lingering in a state of ambiguity. A
fountain that murmurs rather than pours, an oven that glows more than
it warms, a folded screen that invites rather than obstructs—these are
thresholds between inner and outer worlds, gestures toward spaces
that remain unnamed. They do not instruct but suggest, suspending us
in the moment before meaning settles. And in that suspension,
something stirs—an elsewhere, a story yet to unfold.