

YUE YUAN

a room of one's own

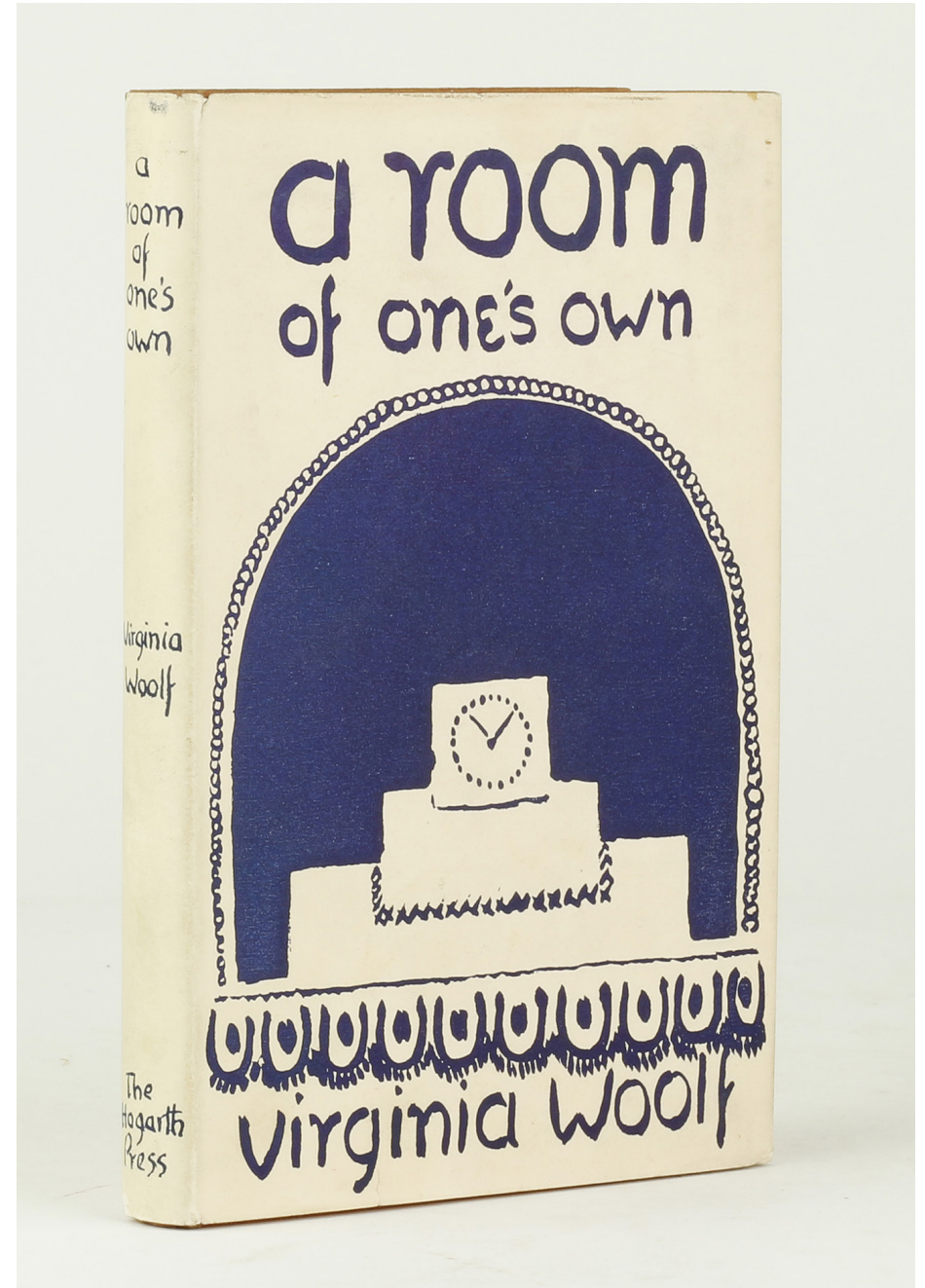


Yue Yuan
A room of one's own, 2024
Bird house, wood, 27x23x20 cm

Install this room in different places until a bird settles in it.
Location N°1,
06.04. 2024 - 09.12.2024
CCINQ
Rue de ligne 2, 1000 Brussel, Belgium

Location N°2
15.03.2025 -
Super Dakota
Rue Stanley 87, 1180 Brussel, Belgium

A Room of One's Own explores the essential conditions for artistic creation, emphasizing the need for financial stability and a private, uninterrupted space. Woolf argues that creativity flourishes when artists have the freedom to think, work, and express themselves without external constraints, whether social, material, or psychological.

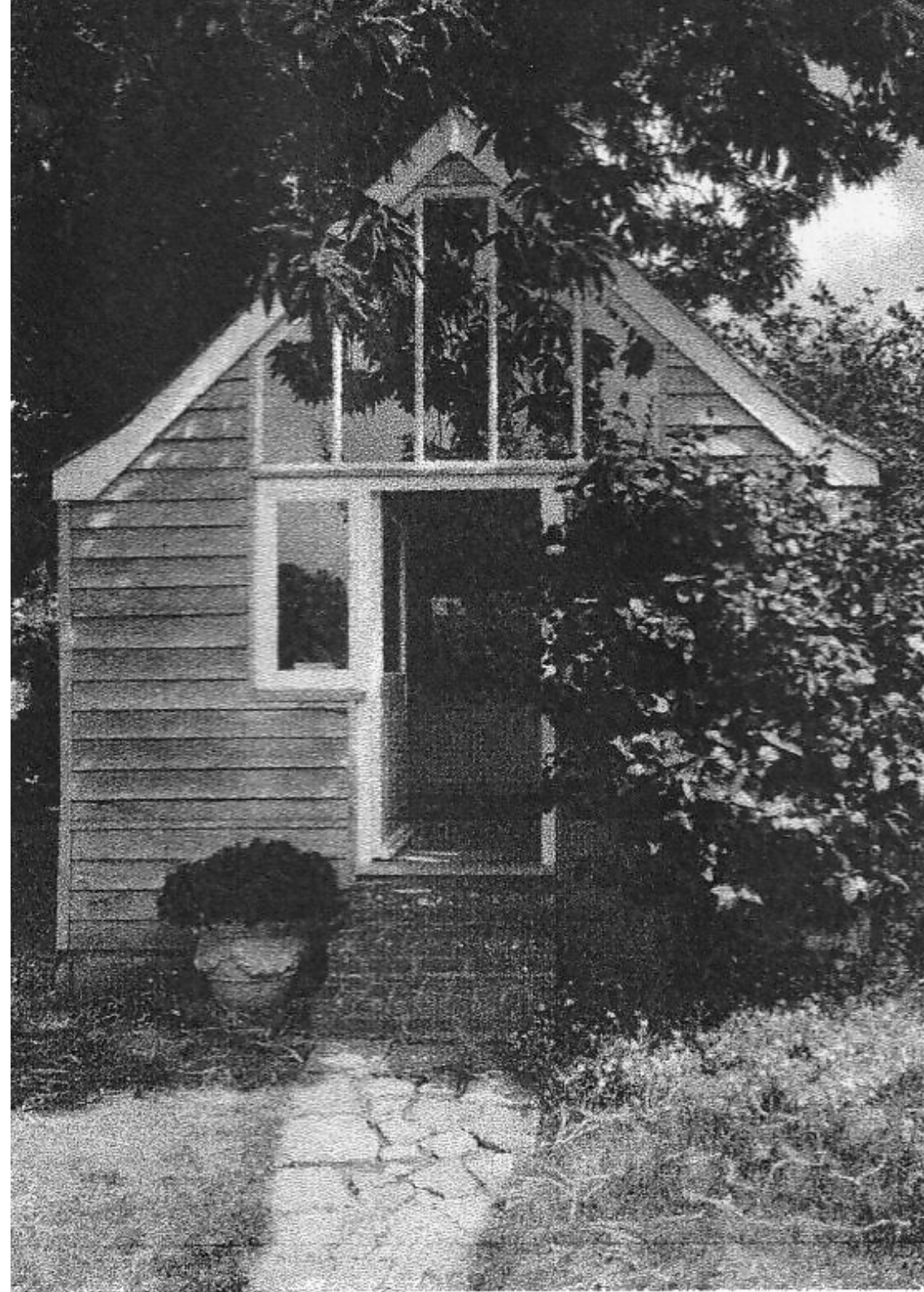


“The light struck upon the trees in the garden, making one leaf transparent and then another. One bird chirped high up; there was a pause; another chirped lower down. The sun sharpened the wall of the house, and rested like the tip of a fan upon a white blind and made a blue finger-print of shadow under the leaf by the bedroom window. The blind stirred slightly, but all within was dim and unsubstantial. The birds sang their blank melody outside.” – *The Waves*

Virginia Woolf placed birds and birdsong prominently in all of her novels and most of her shorter works, an obsession that went deeper than her fiction. In one of her final, unpublished essays, “Anon”, she theorizes that all lyrical poetry, and indeed literature itself, began with human interpretation of birdsong.

At her home in Monk’s House in East Sussex, she mainly wrote in a wooden shed that stood in the garden. In the writing lodge, Virginia wrote mainly in the mornings and it was here that she produced *Mrs Dalloway*, *The Waves*, and *Between the Acts*. Leonard, her husband, describes her walking out to work at the writing lodge “with the regularity of a stockbroker”. In a letter to her lover Vita Sackville-West, she describes this commute: “I wake filled with tremulous yet steady rapture, carry my pitcher full of lucid and deep water across the garden.” This shed is next to a chestnut tree, the bells of the church next door can be nearly heard, and, remarkably, the shed is surrounded by the singing of the birds in the garden that accompanied her writing, and perhaps, we can imagine that her writing is a translation of the singing of the birds.

But this writing lodge had the disadvantages that it’s too cold for writing in the winter, at which point she has to move back into her bedroom.



Claudia Koh

Soft Spot

0

Bayo Hassan Bello

() objects () to hold () to let go ()

-1

15 March - 12 April, 2025





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