

An exhibition by

Alison
Yip

03.04–02.05.2026
Thu–Sat, 13:00–18:00

LOTTO

WOON
HUIS

Stadhouderskade 86
1073 AT Amsterdam

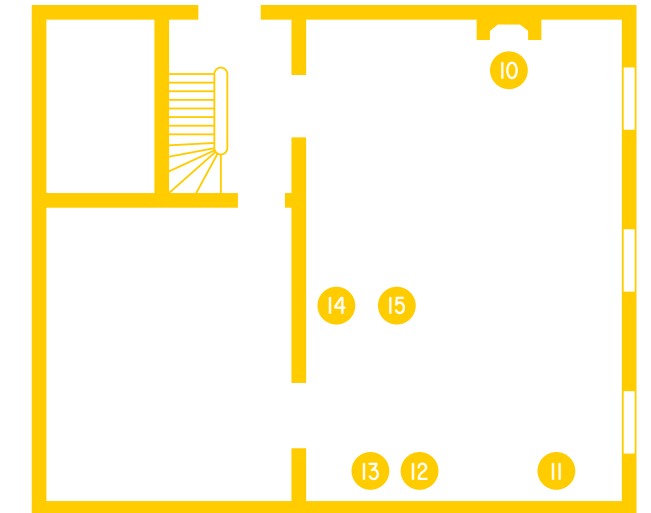
FLOOR 1

- 1 *Generator*, 2026
oil on linen, 92 × 70 cm
- 2 *Many Retreats*, 2026
oil on linen, 76 × 62 cm
- 3 *LOTTO*, 2026
oil on linen, 92 × 70 cm
- 4 *cool fatigue*, 2026
oil on linen, 50 × 40 cm
- 5 *notifications*, 2026
mixed media on linen, 24 × 30 cm
- 6 *Baby!*, 2026
oil on linen, 76 × 62 cm
- 7 *i'll never go back to that day (fettuccine)*, 2026
oil on linen, 30 × 39 cm
- 8 *the shimmering*, 2026
graphite on paper, metal bin, 57 × 52.5 × 28 cm
- 9 *Proto-fantasia with blindspot*, 2026
oil on linen, 76 × 62 cm

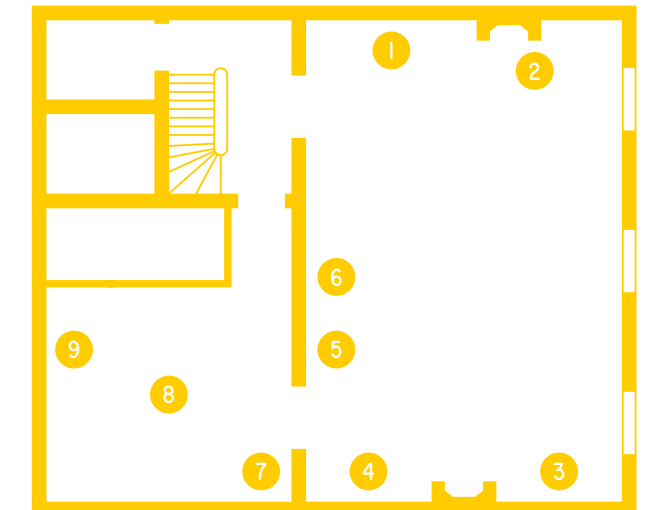
FLOOR 2

- 10 *ANAL MOON MOAN PANORAMA*, 2021
moon calendar cut outs on newsprint, 40 × 57 cm
- 11 Katja Ruge
Helena Hauff for Groove Magazine, Hamburg, 2018
Fine Art Print Ilford matt, Edition 5 + 2 AP,
46 × 61 cm
- 12 *Untitled (Wendy Yoshimura 1)*, 2026
1975 newspaper clipping, photo, 17 × 27 cm
- 13 *Untitled (Wendy Yoshimura 2)*, 2026
1975 newspaper clipping, photo, 20 × 28 cm
- 14 *Dig*, 2026
oil on linen, 40 × 30 cm
- 15 *Untitled (conversation chairs)*, 2026
found chairs, oil, acrylic paint and graphite,
dimensions variable

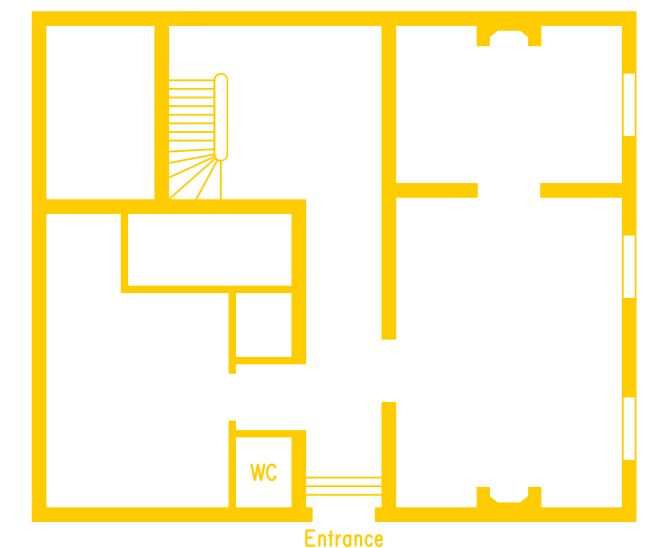
FLOOR 2



FLOOR 1



FLOOR 0



Emergency Vehicles

Wendy Yoshimura is an octogenarian Japanese-American maker of watercolour still-life paintings. She was also, in the 1970s, a member of several by-any-means-necessary radical leftist organisations including, alongside kidnapped-heiress-turned-revolutionary Patty Hearst, the Symbionese Liberation Army. These days, Yoshimura apparently doesn't want to talk about that. Living quietly in Oakland, California, she's outwardly pledged herself to art, separating a time of extreme engagement from one of retreat into aesthetics, into 'just' painting. For many artists, though, and Alison Yip seems like one of them, things are more conflicted, day to day, hour to hour. The world, as the contemporary cliché runs, is on fire; polycrisis and precarity engulf us; today's news makes you nostalgic for yesterday's, et cetera. How do you go to your studio and make art in the face of that? How do you get through the day, even? Maybe you're not going to be able to close yourself off, and maybe you don't want to – you'd prefer to feel connected to something larger, to overcome the anomie that's a hallmark of this century. Maybe some of the daily dodging of psychic burnout is going to become something resembling subject matter. Probably you don't have to be an artist to relate.

Yip doesn't know Wendy Yoshimura personally, but she might claim connection with her, provisionally, on the axes of Asian-Americanness plus their shared profession. She also doesn't know all the other Alison Yips on social media, but they too constitute an accidental community she's part of. Many of them, she found, like to post pictures of the matchas and coffees they're having, and of the fancy marbling of the foam that baristas – ersatz painters of a sort, you might say – routinely apply. (Of course, this habit is not limited to Alison Yips: it's a symptom of flattened internet image culture, of visual conformity.) *This* Alison Yip, in making paintings in turn of those cream-and-brown swirls with other Alison Yips swirled into the compositions, enacts a reaching-out to, or a reaching-towards, these other aesthetic appreciators. But to widen out beyond them, again, a barista coffee epitomises treat culture; the

small and relatively affordable things that we – the collective we – allow ourselves to get through the day. That we need, because the days are this nerve-jangling. So Alison can have a little cappuccino, as a treat. And so can Alison, and Alison, and all the rest of us non-Alisons.

If there is an element, in all this, of wresting something from catastrophe, it's perhaps epitomised by Yip's semiabstract paintings rooted in violent celestial phenomena, explosive lightning etc, which avowedly have their roots in Gilles Deleuze's thoughts about how painting might emerge from what he terms, a little gnomically, a 'catastrophe' in the early stage of making, but also track back to premodern eras in which such events in the sky were read almost as premonitions and were politically instrumentalised by leaders, fake news of yesteryear. It might also be appropriate that they relate to atmospheric conditions, because Yip's entire show is a climate, an airspace crackling with ions, rather than a statement. Sense might appear to arise not within but between works, in a wobbly matrix, and in an activity of collective meaning-making. For instance, a photograph by Katja Ruge of German techno DJ/producer Helena Hauff, which Yip traded for an artwork, here points towards the building of temporary communities when read alongside, say, the works mentioned above, or chairs arranged, in the manner of nineteenth-century French salons, in a way that encourages conversation; waiting for occupancy.

In play here is the widescreen question of what is appropriate to artmaking and exhibition-making in the present climate. Yip's response involves a movement both away from familiarity and finished-ness, on the level of images, and also a movement *towards* something that is more open, less definitive: the creation of a context in which a desire for community meets a community of interpreters (us, the viewers) and a cloud of questions. Those questions might include what kind of painting one can feasibly make right now, and whether an artist who's frequently worked in that medium – and in figurative imagery, a format currently being dragged downward by the prevalence of AI slop and templated image making – can currently express

herself fully within it. Or whether some thoughts are not appropriate to painting, and might require another, improvisatory community of forms or materials. If the energy this show runs on is sincere ambivalence, it also pivots into a satisfying paradox: ambivalent, yes, but not unsure about being so, and – gestures at the teetering world outside us, the roiling worlds inside us – also not unsure about why.

Text by Martin Herbert

PUBLIC PROGRAMME

- 02.04.2026, 17:00-20:00
daisy bar by Derya Akay
- T.B.A.
Poetry workshop by Tiziana La Melia

BIOGRAPHIES

Alison Yip
Alison Yip is an artist based in Cologne. She studied at the Alberta College of Art and Design, Kunstakademie Düsseldorf, and Hochschule für bildende Künste Hamburg. Solo exhibitions include *Creative Background*, Franz Kaka (2025), *Touristorama*, Chris Andrews (2025), *Soma Topika*, Contemporary Art Gallery (2022) and Galerie Noah Klink (2021) and *Bare Heel Country*, Dortmunder Kunstverein (2020). Recently she co-produced *Burn Folder*, a play by John Jesurun for Die Verabredung (2026). She is represented by Galerie Noah Klink.

daisy bar
For the opening we are delighted to host daisy bar, a travelling cocktail bar by artist and cook Derya Akay. Operating somewhere between bar, kitchen and sculpture, daisy bar treats hospitality as its working material. Each iteration adapts to its setting with a small menu of cocktails and snacks built from seasonal ingredients and kitchen experiments such as infusions, ferments, acids and homemade liqueurs. daisy bar grows out of earlier

food and bar projects including Girl Dinner at Pale Fire Projects (Vancouver) and Estradiol Kitchen at Moodswing Bar (New Westminster). Akay currently studies at Städelschule in the class of Dora Budor and holds a BFA from Emily Carr University (Vancouver).

Tiziana La Melia
Tiziana La Melia is an artist and author born in Palermo (IT) and raised on an orchard-garden on Syilx/Okanagan territories. In her writing and art practice, La Melia gleans the detritus of the everyday and transmutes it into material textures, and iterative shapes and symbols, which move through layers of diasporic time. Selected solo and two person exhibitions include *canzone*, Unit 17 (2026); *Country Mouse City Mouse Hamster*, Or Gallery (2025); *Hyper-Precious*, Pilot (2025); *Country Mouse City Mouse Hamster*, Bad Water (2024); *confessions on sparkling hill*, Damien and the Love Guru (2023); *St. Agatha's Stink Script* and *Broom Emotion*, Galerie Anne Barrault (2019/2017); *Innocence At Home*, CSA (2015); *The Eyelash and the Monochrome*, Mercer Union (2014). Her latest book of poetry, titled *I come from a long line of people who don't use words*, was released by Archive Books in June 2025.

ABOUT WOONHUIS

Situated within the former caretaker quarters of De Ateliers, Woonhuis hosts an exhibition space. With its own separate entrance and approximately 200 m² of project space, Woonhuis programmes exhibitions and events featuring (inter)national artists, all by invitation of De Ateliers participants. Access via the right side of De Ateliers, Stadhouderskade 86, Amsterdam.

Woonhuis receives generous support from Ammodo and AFK.

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