

CURRENTLY ON VIEW

A Door Ajar, Singing Entrance 5:
MELVIN MOTI & CHARLOTTE POSENENSKE
with JO-EY TANG

NEXT UP

A Door Ajar, Singing Entrance 6:
LEE KIT with CHARLOTTE POSENENSKE &
MELVIN MOTI & JO-EY TANG,
Saturday 10 December 2022, 14:00–18:00

SAVE THE DATE

Shimmer 5-year anniversary
11 – 18 February 2023

Dear Friends,

Softly and behind me, the drawn-out velvet sounds of Mazzy Star play through laptop speakers. “Fade Into You”¹ extends into a light mist that falls over the port. Inside, the under-floor heating has made a musty smell of Jo-ey Tang’s leaves muddled with the scent from our dried flower collection. An archive of five years, where we’ve kept every flower ever shown here at Shimmer. Still echoing over the walls are messages left on David Wojnarowicz’s² answering machine in the wake of ex-lover Pete Hujar’s passing. “David, give me a call, let’s talk” or “David, I have those new amino acids we spoke about” a community of recitals and rememberings.

¹ *Fade into You*, Mazzy Star from “So Tonight That I Might See”, 1993

The exhibition *A Door Ajar, Singing* unpacks entrances and exits, however, they might occur. Although Mazzy Star sings about being consumed by love, our movements turn from the singular to the plural, the space where appearance and disappearance are present at once. On Saturday 10 December, Entrance 6 of *A Door Ajar, Singing* will commence with works by Lee Kit. Lee’s paintings and installations involve a material layering where projector light, text, and found materials such as containers, plastic bags, t-shirts and print outs, build atmospheric experiences that transude foreground into the background. Gradually the entire show will depart leaving Shimmer to rest.

² “Time period of Pete’s Death.” The audio recording is made possible courtesy of the David Wojnarowicz Papers, Fales Library and Special Collections, New York University.

EXPERIMENTING WITH OUR NEWSLETTER

We’ve often tried to find alternative ways of opening up Shimmer through experimentation and participation.

Whether through *Iridescence and the Rising Wave*³, our collaboration with PUBLICS⁴ in Helsinki, Cookies⁵ in Rotterdam, Akwa Ibom⁵ in Athens, or inviting cultural practitioners to share the music they listen to as they work in the studio or elsewhere⁷.

³ Our online exhibition. Visit [here](#).

⁴ *Across the Way With...* explores intimacy’s obscurity by welcoming words of artists, poets, philosophers, curators, from around the world and combining them with voices from Rotterdam. Visit [here](#).

⁵ *The World Disintegrates Around Me*, 2021. Visit [here](#).

⁶ *World as Lover, World As Self* in Athens, 2021. Visit [here](#).

⁷ *On the Waves with...* our ongoing music playlist program. Visit [here](#).

We are currently experimenting with our newsletter format by dipping into our existing content to generate new ways of engaging

with Shimmer by reworking the documentation and ephemera in our archive. We have worked with Shimmer's designer Christophe Clarijs to make a pdf that combines the past and present.

In this past year, we invited Flora Valeska Woudstra to delve into our archive to write about image captions and water⁷. In her second contribution in this current edition, Woudstra writes to and for the flowers that have passed their way through Shimmer over the years, as artworks, as bouquets, or as lures in Deborah Rose Bird's text *Shimmer, when all you have is trashed* (2014).

7 Shimmer Special Newsletter #1: We are the rain on the open windows written by Flora Valeska Woudstra. Visit [here](#).

8 Rose, Deborah Bird. 2017. "Shimmer: When All You Love Is Being Trashed." In *Arts of Living on a Damaged Planet: Ghosts and Monsters of the Anthropocene*, edited by Anna Lowenhaupt Tsing, Heather Anne Swanson, Elaine Gan and Nils Bubandt, page G60. Minneapolis: Minnesota Press.

We also invited Martina Farrugia, our Shimmer Press coordinator to select existing material and fragments from our archive. Farrugia chose are a polaroid photo from *Our Time Together is Uncertain* by Malin Arnell⁹ and a graphite rubbing of Shimmer's floor from *Sunday Morning with the Absent Body*¹⁰. From Farrugia's selection, we thought that *We Announce Our Love for Life* by Sarah Rifky¹¹ from our *Across The Way with* program parahosted PUBLICS needed to be listened to again. Rifky wrote the original text following the rearrest of Alaa Abd El-Fattah by the Egyptian Government in 2020, where he currently remains.

9 *Our Time Together is Uncertain* by Marlin Arnell, 2019. Visit [here](#)

10 *Sunday Morning with the Absent Body*, 2020. Visit [here](#).

11 Sarah Rifky, *We Announce Our Love for Life*, 2020. Visit [here](#).

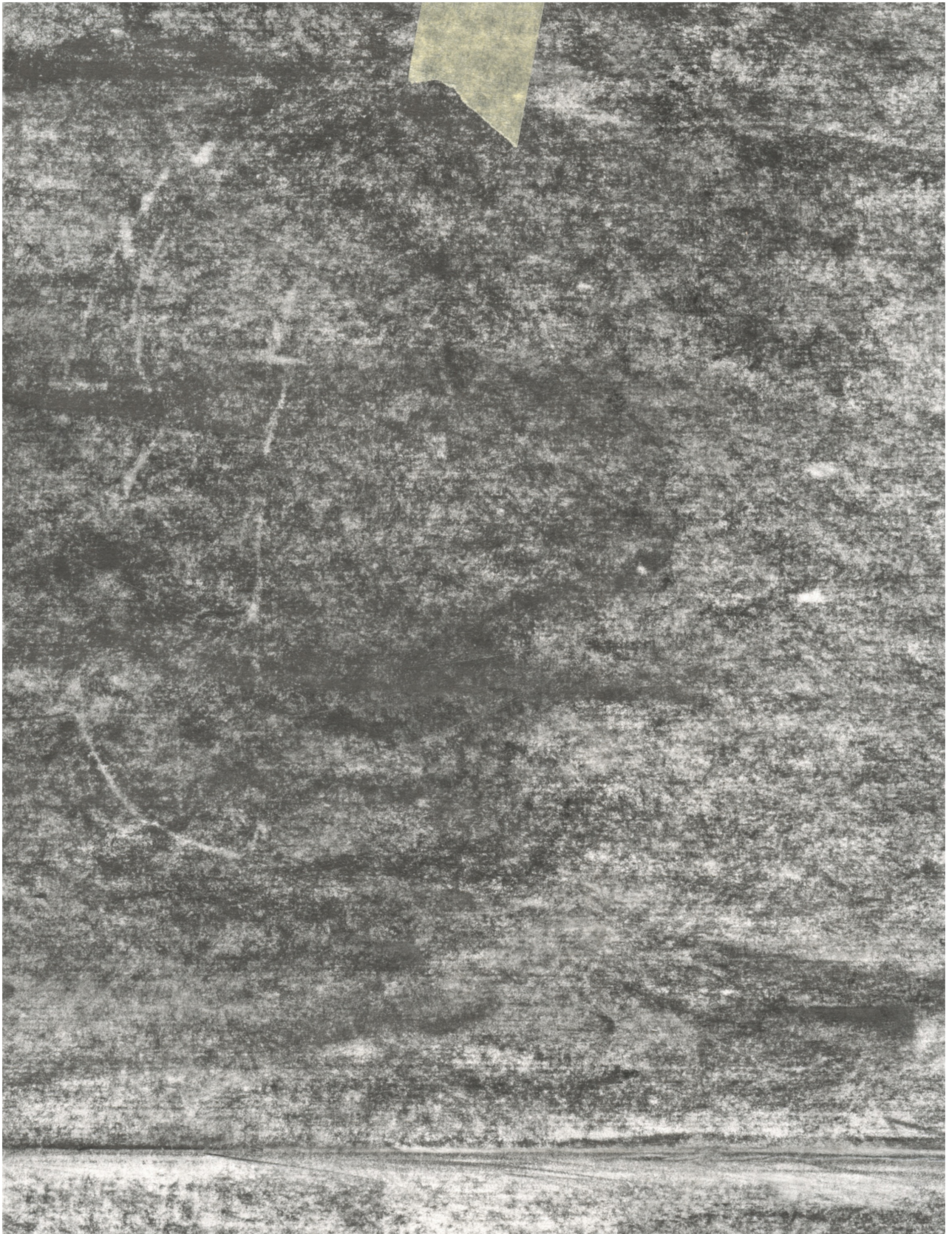
ABOUT SHIMMER

Shimmer is a curatorial studio that experiments with exhibition-making in time and space. As a curatorial studio, we develop and maintain a space where cultural, geographic, bodily, and ageist borders are reconsidered and where art and community come together. We see this as the organisation's core. We do not take this purpose lightly or as a thematic for a temporary program.

We take our name from 'Shimmer, when all you love is being trashed,' a lecture by anthropologist and feminist theorist Deborah Bird Rose in 2014.² Her talk champions love and sincerity in a world of greed and denigration. We seek to make experimental exhibitions and foster relations with artists, audiences, and worldly interconnections. In this way, we hope our activities gather and stretch across and over time while providing breathing room for artists, audiences, and artworks that work with us.



A polaroid during install of *Our Time Together is Uncertain* by Malin Arnell.



A graphite rubbing of Shimmer's benches sent to our audience in 2020.



Black and white medium format photo of Shimmer's flowers, selected by Flora for this newsletter.

FLOWERS WERE MY EYES

(for Deborah Bird Rose)

by Flora Valeska Woudstra

ritual for absence / presence
to be read aloud to someone resting

let your body fall still, into a state of soft focus,
gaze resting at the inner eyelids, or through the eyelashes

then, feel your lungs, how they facilitate the rhythm of your
breathing, and find yourself situated in the space of Shimmer
you might be somewhere in the middle of the space, or maybe a bit
off-center through the window close to you, the pink light of the
port's sunset glows sense how all of your body gazes at, absorbs,
this light - bends towards it sense also how your eyelids are
petals

the sky darkens into a blue hour cranes, cruise ships
behind you, an enormous three metres tall rose of soft pink fleshy
corolla reaches like blades, luring in the gaze of a slender
magenta lily on your other side wall to wall these flowers vibrate
softly to one another charge the space with electric invisible
pollen, sticky pollen your body, a witness

time moves differently now,
slow, backwards
into the soil, buckets of water,
through cut stems, flower trucks
into the days when Shimmer wasn't Shimmer yet and shrubs
reached climbed crawled up and between the bricks of the former
RET building a thousand arms stretching around Shimmer's yet
to be Shimmer exterior

i will tell you a secret now there is an archive of flowers
in Shimmer dried stems, leaves and faded colours
leaning-sleeping in bright blue plastic supermarket crates
a collection of bouquets
that were once both host and visitor

hands carry them in lay them out

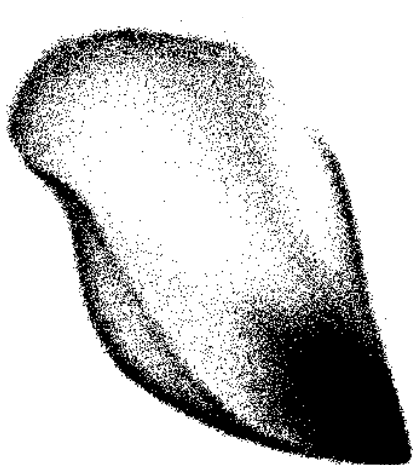
dozens of flower bodies forming a constellation, around you,
*calling out in languages of colour and scent*¹
holding, releasing memories stored in their axes
don't forget: they have shared more dirty harbour sky with the
works than any of our lungs, someone's opinion landed on their
veins sighs and gusts of air from bodies moving vibrated
through their stalk, midrib, veins

¹ Rose, Deborah Bird. 2017. "Shimmer: When All You Love Is Being Trashed." In *Arts of Living on a Damaged Planet: Ghosts and Monsters of the Anthropocene*, edited by Anna Lowenhaupt Tsing, Heather Anne Swanson, Elaine Gan and Nils Bubandt, page G60. Minneapolis: Minnesota Press.

the space, dark now, is full of memory, of no one in particular,
of us as a collective, held in these dry bodies, brittle,
released back in the air dust

slowly, feel back into your shape, your density
lungs, chest - bring a hand there to give ground

then, like a human flower truck, move your dream body home
again, crossing water, spreading pollen and seeds on the city's
asphalt now bury this memory amongst all memories you might
forget, or plant a seed somewhere along the Maas river





Series B (1967) by Charlotte Posenenske and Si hot c'est toujours les water mêmes qui gagnent, cold y'a jamais de shoulder revanche (2015-present) by Jo-ey Tang.

SHIMMER

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We're housed in the former RET Building

Hours:

Friday, 2pm-6pm

Saturday, 2pm-6pm

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