

rodolphe janssen

INFO@RODOLPHEJANSSEN.COM – WWW.RODOLPHEJANSSEN.COM

Lisa Vlaemminck

Cryogenic sleep in full colour

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Boundaries are hazy in this world, as if something shines through from the inside. A glow. An effluence. Toxic radiation.

As if everything is on the verge of melting.

Instable substances, temporarily consolidated in these forms. Impermanent constellations. In this light they almost seem organic. In this light they almost seem virtual. They have grown from the depths of Uncanny Valley like the underwater world, forest world, in a computer game. Unreal, otherworldly, illusory. Smooth and virtual. Eerily perfect slitheriness.

Close your eyes. Voices of slime seep, whispering, into your ear.

Fluorescent plants make copies of themselves, become simulations of simulations of simulations of their distant ancestors, coagulate into patterns that endlessly repeat themselves on different levels and scales of magnitude. Patterns become layers, mutate into computer game levels. Slime trickles down from the walls straight into your brain but the perversity lies not in rotting of earth and organic matter but in smooth polished perfection. Keep looking till the plasticness comes oozing out. The hard, gleaming plastic and the soft wet slime melt irreconcilably together. Organically fake, biologically virtual. Tentacles become liquid, transparent, fosforescent.

Open your eyes. The glass transition has begun. A change in properties. Colours turn viscous and bright. Shine onto your retina like pulsating, melting plants, glowing from the inside.

What do you dream about in cryogenic sleep?

About the artists :

Lisa Vlaemminck (born in 1992 in Brussels) lives and works in Brussels, Belgium.

After graduating at KASK in 2015, her works were included in several exhibitions at BOZAR, Brussels; CIAP, Hasselt; Triennial Bruges; Tatjana Pieters, Ghent; and more.