

***Room for Listening.* Hania Rani, Zmir
(Łukasz Pałczyński & Jan Szeliga)**

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Room for Listening | **Description Of The Experience**

I'm tired...

Who with a clear conscience can and can say that his life certainly belongs to him? The possibility and the ability to make such a statement in this case are two, quite different attitudes.

I am able to do so, but I certainly cannot. Overcrowding makes it difficult to judge.

How is it possible that my head is full of thoughts about what never comes? Millions of things around and each of them with a single revelation of truth. When did we allow ourselves things to dictate our rules? For cultural codes to cause disputes, anger and hatred? Ordinary, naive and handicapped human passions.

Crippled ...

On the other hand, what else can we be but the imperfect confusion that so desires and strives for perfection? That something, that is, that animal standing proudly on two straight legs is "me". Finished, unique, naive because defective at the very base of existence, and it is solid - but try to offer someone a solid wine, it will not be a sophisticated and full of class drink, but it will be solid and this solidity is a goal and fulfillment for many.

Okay, time to drag your body down and direct it towards the narrow paths of this impossible city.

I don't have any morning routine. An algorithm that would fit every day, invariably. Just as my handwriting consists of individual characters - never has a letter of a given shape been able to repeat itself, so my life consists of constant news. Seemingly with similar features, I recognize the similarities, but it is impossible to extract from this tangle of systems that would bring me closer to the reliability so much desired by everyone. There is a strong tendency in me to put myself in situations related to all kinds of interesting quirks - so here I am, in a city that was created thanks to human fantasy and still serves today.

I haven't had the chance to experience such a sunny morning for a long time. Squares, streets and boats filled with people cross the surface of the emerald green water of the canals. The buzz coming from the café gardens, the whirl of motorboats and water trams on the Grand Canal, the variety of languages, each announcing the conquest of this city and devotion to tourist fulfillment, mixes into one noise unbearable for my ears. A million things around again. A music box plays all this mass from a side street. The smell of dampness rising from the canals after the night, mixed with my morning coffee, creates a strangely accessible mixture, which, however, pushes me into the open space of St. Mark to see the horizon and gain distance. Everyone seemed to have forgotten about the pandemic, no more dolphins had been seen at the quay for a year, and mighty cruise ships loomed in the background again.

The walk to Giardini seemed extremely short. The surrounding sounds and smells melted much more freely and seemed to fade away on the quay. Someone was playing the same music box again, and in the end, the shade of the park gave the desired respite. Seeing as many exposures as possible is not only a physical but also a mental effort. Thousands of steps, hundreds of paintings, sculptures, installations, which after some time merge into one

amalgam, the individual elements of which I can only recognize after time by looking at photos that I took with my phone. I don't remember how exactly I got to the Polish Pavilion - maybe by mistake? The entrance, which looks exactly the same, leads to several other pavilions. I was surprised when I was suggested to take my shoes off at the entrance. I succumbed to this suggestion and after a while I understood the purpose as soon as I felt the change of the floor under my feet. As a child, I found a wooden floor to feel simply warm, especially when it contrasts with the stone floor that preceded it.

It's amazing how I can study the smallest recesses in the texture of a wooden floor, which makes muffled sounds with every step. Accustomed to the noonday sun, my eyes had not yet adjusted to the twilight in the middle, so I had to rely on other senses. Even so, I had the feeling that something was wrong - am I going up the hill? Are the walls straight? The silence inside made me hear ringing in my ears. Or is it just an illusion? At some point, I realized that I was hearing a certain melody. On the one hand, it's new, but kind of familiar. These muffled sounds encouraged me to go further down the corridor, which remained in the twilight despite hanging lamps, which were in themselves an exhibit, as if glass frozen in the process of forming. They gave a warm, pleasant light that softened the surroundings and created the illusion of uninterrupted depth. The corridor curved like a maze and extended the path to what was about to happen to me at its end. The wood from which this corridor was created, this floor bore the signs of bygone eras, amazing what a container of memories and time can be the material itself. Eventually the floor breaks off and I reach a room that already has a few people in it. Some are even lying, maybe asleep? The floor in front of me is completely mirrored and reflects everything that is happening around me and the space that should be the ceiling, but I cannot see if there is an end there. In the middle there is an object, a pedestal - but there is no path to it. The mirrored floor turns out to be a perfect sheet of water, which, without any disturbances, has become a completely different material. A narrow path leads me along places that may lend themselves to long hours. But why is this pedestal in the middle without access? I slowly check that the water is really water. Bare feet become a tool that tells me that there are only a few centimeters deep in front of me and access to the pedestal becomes obvious.

Music Box. A trivial object. However, he immediately launched in me various afterimages of the times of childhood curiosity about the world. Carefully discovering, learning about the sensitivity and taking care and preserving artifacts of natural everyday life found during significant trips away from home.

Now, sitting in the recess of the wool-lined wall, I observe people as, encouraged by my discovery, they test the transition to the pedestal. I feel a notebook under my hand, a small book that resembles a telephone in its size and lies exactly in the hand in exactly the same way.

Labeled "A room for listening", I open it and read the first words: *"I'm tired..."*

ROOM FOR LISTENING | EXHIBITION SUMMARY

Room For Listening is a musical and architectural spatial installation designed by pianist and composer Hania Rani and the architecture studio *Zmir* (Łukasz Pałczyński and Jan Szeliga), which in its form refers to a journey into the depths of sleep inspired by the stories of the Polish onirism writer - Bruno Schulz. The authors of the exhibition ask about the condition of human sensitivity and imagination in the context of the future of human functioning as part of society and the ecosystem. Based on the observation of the senses, they notice that instead of helping us understand the surrounding reality, they remain dormant in response to an overwhelming amount of information. The exhibition aims to guide visitors along a path leading back to our sensual abilities thanks to a space specially designed for this purpose.

The installation inside the Polish Pavilion includes a specifically built room, constructed using demolition wood. Visitors enter the room barefoot, following the labyrinth leading to the main space along a path marked by a wooden floor. At the end of the corridor, a sculpture standing in the middle of the water basin awaits them - a music box with a specially composed piece printed on tape. Visitors can approach it and by moving the handle of the music box hear its melody or simply observe and experience the exhibition from a bigger distance. This way, the Polish Pavilion in Venice is transformed into a space that allows participants to find their senses, lost in a world constantly bombarding us with stimuli, where confinement to smartphone screens results in disquieting distance from nature and other people. *Room For Listening* allows you to experience regeneration through a journey into oneiric installation, which at the metaphysical level also becomes a journey into one's own consciousness. The subject of the exhibition and the way it is presented allow for its multidimensional understanding by everyone who visits the Pavilion, regardless of their age or origin. The universal dimension of sleep, time and rest is an opportunity for a broader and cross-cultural discussion on the presented problem, which becomes a disturbing part of the reality of modern humanity.