

EN

**Bed doesn't ask questions  
Bed doesn't judge you  
Bed is just warm and soft  
Bed is always there for you  
Bed is nice**

**Chantal Akerman, Anne Glassner, Naked Space and Anastasiia Pishchanska (shelestvetrovki)**

Curated by Estela Ortiz and Juan Evaristo Valls Boix

A round bed occupies the center of the stage in Sabrina Carpenter's latest concerts. A round bed receives Rosalía's yearning as she sings to Hunter Schafer while missing her during a solitary trip to Tokyo. A vast California King separates Rihanna from the one with whom she nonetheless sleeps *nose to nose / palm to palm*. The springs of Karol G's bed creak endlessly to the rhythm of hot sex with an unending line of lovers. All these beds are versions of the round bed that Hugh Hefner popularized in the seventies from his Playboy mansion, a space where performance and pleasure coincided seamlessly. Within that cushioned circle, where business and pleasure blurred, lies the paradox of our world: no one can sleep in their bed anymore. The logics of social capital have exhausted the tenderness of the temples of rest. And if we cannot stop, we can neither love, nor listen to the voices of intimate life. In a world of round beds, the horizontality of encounter and idleness are either outlawed or reduced to luxury commodities. With them is also forgotten any horizon of communal politics.

Sleeping is an exquisite and complex activity: where and how, with whom and when we sleep are questions of ritual and trust, of sweet risk and coexistence. In sleep, we surrender ourselves to the embrace of others, and there is no greater gesture of hospitality than that moment when consciousness fades and another body sustains us. Bedrooms are the refuge of love, but also the shelter of our vulnerable condition: to go to bed is to think about how to live together when all we share is the exhaustion of this world. The bed is a sign of freedom—*nothing concerns me, nothing demands me*—but it also evokes interdependence, care, and mutual support. It reminds us that rest is the highest form of social justice.

Once it was the plazas, now it is the beds that are the spaces of rebellion: in a world of constant stimulation and uninterrupted circulation, sleep is an increasingly scarce common good. In a society driven by mandatory enthusiasm and the passion for work, to stop becomes a gesture that combines critique and affective disobedience. The bed welcomes us not for what we are, but for what we cease to be; not for what we can do, but when we can no longer do. It does not demand or judge us, it does not measure or excite us. Beds know that to live is to fall and to take pleasure, and that is enough.

When *Hotel Monterey* ended, Chantal Akerman felt she was finally a true filmmaker. The next day she was at last able to rest, and she filmed *La chambre* to exhibit her leisure. "I can breathe, but lying down in my bed," she confessed years later. A fixed camera rotates on its axis and captures the stillness of her own room. Chantal rests on a mattress as the vase and the cup rest on the table. The

camera's circular trajectory is not a form of self-consciousness, nor does it evoke the total availability of the round bed. It is a way of turning back on oneself when the subject fades and certainties are abandoned. The encounter with myself as body, as other, as sleeper.

The piece *SOFANOVA* by the collective Naked Studio takes the motif of the round bed and resignifies it in order to imagine with it a community of rest. The pristine, marble-white of this cushioned sofa expands our imaginary with a revolutionary utopia, a collective that organizes itself around softness and articulates the social from rest and listening.

Naked Studio's utopia transforms into lazy activism in *Deep Sleep Terrorism* by Austrian artist Anne Glassner. In this performance, Glassner induces sleep in a group of people and photographs them, later spreading their sleeping portraits throughout the city streets. Their silhouettes curl up where rest is impossible, becoming sleep activists who denounce that cities can no longer be lived in because they can no longer be rested in. The performance reminds us that sleep is an urban and political matter, requiring material conditions to be accessible to all.

Exiled Ukrainian artist Anastasiia Pishchanska (shelestvetrovki) unfolds a cartography of intimacy in *She's So Hot I Wanna Clean Her Room*, where she documents the bedrooms of girls in Tokyo. As in *La chambre*, the camera circles through the entire space, now mapped in 3D, but no longer encounters calm, only the extravagant chaos of a precarious adolescence marked by anxiety and stress. Tracy Emin was the first to conceive the bed as a site of devastation. For Anastasiia, disaster is a way of affirming the rebellious existence of infamous lives. Her entropy challenges the mandates of self-fulfillment with an overexcited and confused desire to be otherwise.

Between the intimate and the urban, the arts of the bed respond to a contemporary urge to rethink the political dimension of malaise and to articulate horizons of the good life that stand as alternatives to capitalism. This longing runs through the memetics of the last decade, which has formed a vast archive weaving together the imaginary of a horizontal desire. We have gathered the most striking expressions of this life—happy because it is tranquil, fulfilled because it is lived lying down.

The subject at the end of the twentieth century took the shape of the entrepreneur. The creatures that populate the uncertain twenty-first century bear the smiling face of a sleeper. The bed receives our impotence as a mysterious gift and returns it to us transformed into a cry of resistance.

*Courtesy of Chantal Akerman Foundation and Marian Goodman Gallery*