

The flesh of space

12.11.25 – 20.12.25

Marco Bizzarri

John Divola

Varvara Uhlik

Zearo

We think of architecture as hard—concrete, steel, plaster. We trust its boundaries to separate inside from out, self from world. Yet space absorbs us as much as we occupy it. Lived space is fleshy: permeable, porous, alive. Even when empty, it breathes with the presence of all who have moved through it. As Gaston Bachelard wrote in his seminal 1957 text *The Poetics of Space*, "A house that has been experienced is not an inert box. Inhabited space transcends geometrical space." The house, he argued, helps us to say: *I will be an inhabitant of the world, in spite of the world*. From attic to drawer, alcove to cabinet—scale holds no threshold when it comes to harboring our inner lives.

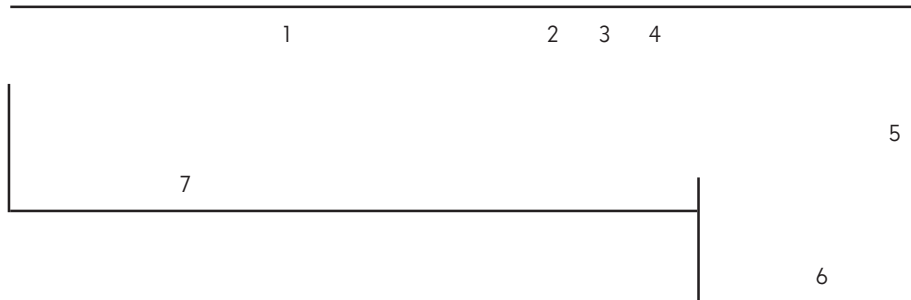
It is this understanding of constructed space as a vessel that anchors the works of Marco Bizzarri, John Divola, Varvara Uhlik and Zearo. Through multidisciplinary practices, the artists depict architecture stripped of the human figure yet imbued with its trace—spaces suspended in time, where absence becomes a presence turned inward.

In *The flesh of space*, walls and furnishings cease to be static objects. They become witnesses—membranes absorbing gestures, atmospheres, psychological sediment, insisting through their very incompleteness that emptiness itself possesses phenomenological weight. Doors stand ajar, threshold and invitation collapsed into one. An abandoned room, its surfaces decayed and softened by time, returns our gaze. A motionless swing, a seesaw suspended mid-air. A bathtub of water, surface undisturbed, drawn for a body departed or approaching. The quiet tilt of furniture arranged by no visible hand. These objects do not speak; they wait—patient, dense with the gravitational pull of what has been and what might return.

What links these disparate scenes is their refusal of narrative closure. We do not know who left, or when, or whether they will return. We know only that someone was here. The swing was pushed, the water was drawn. The door was opened and left that way—neither welcoming nor barring entry, but held in a state of potential. Perhaps the air itself has changed, charged now with a flicker of human consciousness. What is withheld becomes the point of entry, an aperture through which the viewer's own associations reanimate what absence has stilled.

The artists employ distinct formal strategies, yet they converge on a shared insight: inhabited space is never neutral, but a container for lived experience. What remains when the body departs is the atmosphere of having-been-here, the spatial echo of habitation. *The flesh of space* asks not whether places remember, but what they remember—and whether, in attending to these traces, we might come closer to understanding what it means to inhabit the world at all.

Upper Gallery



1. Marco Bizzarri

Rayo, 2025
oil and acrylic on canvas
70 x 114 cm

5. Zearo

Every Shadow's Diary, 2025
pigment on washi
148 x 117 cm

2. John Divola

1_2019A_10 (GAFB, Daybreak), 2019
gelatin silver print, framed
36 x 44 cm

6. Zearo

Song to Another Summer, 2024
pigment and ink on washi
62 x 90 cm

3. John Divola

1_2019A_12 (GAFB, Daybreak), 2019
AZO gelatin silver contact print, framed
36 x 44 cm

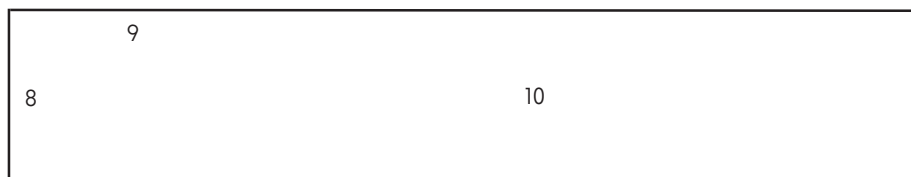
7. Marco Bizzarri

Polvo y estrellas, 2025
oil and acrylic on canvas
150 x 230 cm

4. John Divola

4_2020_8 (GAFB, Daybreak), 2020
gelatin silver print, framed
36 x 44 cm

Lower Gallery



8. John Divola

Zuma #75, 1977
archival pigment ink, framed
100 x 127 cm

10. Varvara Uhlik

Play Ground II, 2025
two steel sculptures, water, black dye
6.1 x 3.65 m
(See-saw: 123 x 40 x 46.8 cm)
(Swing: 160 x 25 x 110)

9. John Divola

3_2019_4 (GAFB, Daybreak), 2019
AZO gelatin silver contact print
36 x 44 cm