

Sherbet Green

Li Li Ren (b. 1986) lives and works in London, where she gained her BA in Fine Art from Central Saint Martins, University of the Arts London, in 2010, and her MA in Sculpture from the Royal College of Art, London, in 2017. Solo exhibitions include: *Sunset as Burning Bruise*, Magician Space, Beijing (2022) and *Frantumaglia*, Qimu Space, Beijing (2021). Group exhibitions include: *Frieze Sculpture*, London (2023); *Home is where the haunt is*, X Museum, Beijing (2023); *Sculptural vibe cutting through (in) accessible sites*, Gravity Art Museum, Beijing (2023); *Into My Arms*, Sherbet Green (2023); *Memorias del subdesarrollo*, Qimu Space, Beijing (2021); *In/Out*, Guardian Art Center, Beijing (2020); *Silence in Violence*, Spectrum Art Space, Shanghai (2018); and Camden Arts Centre, London (2017).

Jasper Sdougos, aka Bubble People, is a London-based musician and sound engineer whose practice centres on organic pattern, form and function. His music is rooted in neo-psychedelic sound, drawing influence from cult British groups and the 90s rave scene, as well as science fiction and the natural world. He has performed at venues around the world.

Li Li Ren

The World Forgetting, by the World Forgot

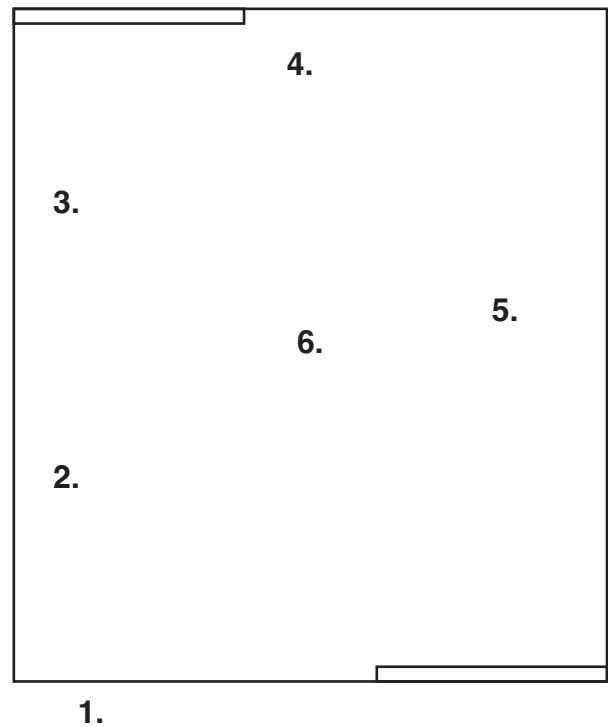
26 January - 2 March 2024

Bathing, compact whooshes, ripples of water when I move, watching the steam take shape, small bubbled clouds dispersing sweat and toxins and stress. Then there is earth cracking, crevices releasing lovers, demons, ageless, aged and barely born. In that vast expanse between our souls, bodies crawl endlessly to reach junctions west of here, where suns set. Here, there are ghosts, and we will remember them. I'll cry ten times over before the day is done, huddled round, listening to you. You say my universe holds no bounds, intertwining with yours, tickling its way along your skin. We are parched, cotton wool tongue touching roof of mouth. It is so strange the way my heart feels heavy when thinking about the centuries of us, standing, laughing, dying, our spirits moving in weighted mountain boots across urban deserts. And every time David Attenborough motions, a new behaviour is born, wheeled out; a reminder of the world forgetting, by the world forgot, blanched and bleached and ashen, snapshot and amplified.

Why do we write, mythologise and tell lies? In this sandy field, campfire ablaze, gazes locked in understanding. In this garden I have cultivated, I will remember your brown eyes as they drift across, a scavenger hungry for its next meal, in a wasteland that cannot possibly exist. To wait out the night is to wait for birds to sing, for the dogs to take a bow. Tomorrow, we will continue to look for them, for new clues of butterflies that last longer than a day; shadows that may linger to tell us things that only they could. How is it that our purified, toned forms still decay like snowflakes? Putrid mud. A child asks, moving inside my stomach, growing. Moulding itself from the cartilage of stories told around flames and on screens; half-truths catching naive actualities, themselves made up by time. Here, there are ghosts. Cicadas in praise of short bursts of light, of life, after seventeen years buried under the soil, nymphs attached to tree trunks. We have so much time and none at all and all we really do is dance and die. The steam is gone now.

Taking its title from Alexander Pope's *Eloisa de Abelard*, *The World Forgetting, by the World Forgot* is the first UK solo exhibition from multidisciplinary artist Li Li Ren, exploring memory, loss and the natural realm. It comprises an installation and collaborative sound piece with Jasper Sdougos, encircled by new sculptures and textiles.

The artist uses tactile materials, ranging from the soft to the hard and heavy, to create intimate narratives in space. She is interested in the psychological effects of human scale and bodily forms, unfolding personal narratives that evoke emotions and feelings. The seemingly absurd and dreamlike forms of her sculptures provide a mode of escapism, transporting viewers to a place where the real and imagined merge, their separation becoming insignificant.



From left to right:

1.
The World Forgetting, by the World Forgot
Glass neon
Edition of 10
15 x 180 x 2 cm
2.
Memento: The Day Is Gone
Bronze, patina, and glass
Variable edition of 3 + 1 AP
16 x 20 x 16.5 cm
3.
Memento: The Night Is Long
Bronze, patina, and glass
Variable edition of 3 + 1 AP
70 x 21 x 15 cm
4.
Memento: The Scavenger's Dream
Bronze, patina, glass, and rubber plant seeds
Variable edition of 3 + 1 AP
16 x 20 x 16.5 cm
5.
What the Eye Sees, the Heart Remembers
Mesh canvas, yarn, silicone, snake slough, acorns, rubber-plant seeds, and resin
29 x 200 cm
6.
The World Forgetting, by the World Forgot
Two-channel audio, wood, mesh, plaster, rabbit fur, fiberglass, calligraphy paper, acrylic
300 x 200 x 200 cm