

# ANTENNA SPACE

Guillaume Dénervaud  
*Cell 19: Observation Continues*

2026.9.19 – 2026.11.7

**Text by Naoki Sutter-Shudo**

Our situation is bizarre. During the blink of an eye that we call life we are given to see a spectacle fantastic and enchanting with its sky and its sun, its stars and its seas, its flowers and its critters, and then, all of a sudden, the show is over, nothing to see anymore. Why were we shown what we shall gaze upon no more?

And as magnificent as this spectacle might be, we cannot refrain from envisioning more perfect and more intelligent ones, thinking we could have done better, feeling we would have dreamt up more beautiful a production, suspecting the universe surely must hide from us other marvels. Would it not make sense to assume we had once witnessed them before we ever witnessed the views we know?

Instinctively we know we are made for a superior world and viscerally we wonder why this one lacks. These kinds of musings have been recorded throughout time and space. Just the other day I heard a sculptor conclude his speech with the same words he had used to commence it: 'the absolute principal remains that there is so much more that does not exist than which does.' And then applause. Cut to an announcement about how to seek the most comfortable shelter. Unclear what it's selling. We are told many structures can offer restful refuge with a little elbow grease. Examples include an abandoned school bus, an offshore platform, an underground cave. Make sure it's a place where you truly feel at peace. Their insides can be renovated with taste and efficiency. Their walls insulated with precision as to block any noise from outside and instead fitted with speakers that play soothing birdsong on loop.

The ease of living can be gradually increased as your shelter evolves and adapts. It's encouraged to be ingenious when salvaging scraps from your surroundings. Use your hands to transform detritus into protection and decoration. The odds of finding real treasure, the kind that makes you wonder why it was discarded in the first place, are slim but nevertheless exist. And chances are your windows look straight onto either the wicked that roam aimlessly or some spry bugs and rodents that you would be foolish to try exterminating. Their rapid reproductive cycle and strong resilience makes hunting them a waste of time and energy. Better cover those windows with paintings that uplift your interiors. Artworks worthy of sustained solitary contemplation rather than some acquired to show off to others or for investment purposes. Of course the utmost care is needed to mitigate the stench that necessarily rises from the waste of the shelter's occupants. We're talking the highest possible standard of care that can be legally required. We should take every reasonable precaution and exercise extreme diligence to prevent odors susceptible to attract pests. No congregation of flies should be tolerated, lest they draw the attention of voracious birds which in turn could be located by drones and other flying objects all the way to satellites with razor-sharp focus. The airs are full of keen-eyed vultures dead set on detecting activity.

Deep in the sea the situation is not much better. The wars waged under water are deadly for the weaponless and the soft bodied. Thus the weak build shells to protect their easily swallowable tender flesh from predators. They live to build a fortress of one. An instinct to grow a spiral just to survive. The Renaissance man Palissy studied shells and designed citadels where a swirling path was the only access to the inner sanctum. Later he died in a dungeon shaped more like a crab and his body tossed outside with those of dogs. And every Hindu hero blows a conch before battle begins as the gods look over while holding one in their hand.

Long ago in these zones abounded small shells that changed colors in reaction to sound. The higher the sound, the brighter they would shine. Their small and somewhat square shape made them an ideal mosaic component, affixed in intricate designs onto porous stone slabs adorning the palaces and mansions of the first royal to the last so-called man of importance. Watered regularly to keep the shells alive, they glimmered and marveled the audience as ensembles played music to force out more and more indescribable hues. An industry flourished. Instrument makers competed in who would blow the glass bell capable of compelling the brightest dazzle from the shell panels. Winners established lineages still reputed to this day. Alas, poorly planned overfishing forced the fashion to die, and the

## ANTENNA SPACE

industry it had once given birth to perished along with it. The local library held fascinating records of the rise and fall of this fine craft, among other obscure archives, until it burned down a few years ago during arson season.

But we have no use for such olden tales. Our mission is not to collect trivia. What is crucial now is to augment our defenses. Remember Job's lament: 'I was not in safety, neither had I rest, neither was I quiet; yet trouble came.' He also asked: 'can that which is unsavory be eaten without salt? Or is there any taste in the white of an egg?' Somewhere, flavors still unknown to us must patiently await discovery. Like for colors we cannot fathom that some crustaceans routinely see, we don't possess the vocabulary to describe those novel flavors. Perhaps no language is adequate when unprecedented tastes fill our mouths: a grunt, a moan, or stunted silence as the only reaction. It could be illuminating to ask those who, in times of war, have resorted to eating insects and reptiles whose names they ignored, consuming them raw, but unfortunately I am not acquainted with anyone who qualifies.

Besides, tracking down someone like that and coaxing them to share their memories might not be enough to get them to open up without hesitation. We all have the occasional experience we'd rather forget. Awkward silence sets in. To break the suffocating tension, you flick a knife that happens to lay within arm's reach, exerting speechless pressure all while maintaining a studious demeanor that signals total intellectual interest and zero morbid curiosity. The knife's rusted blade bears not the slightest trace of what it once looked like new and no amount of peering into it reveals any reflection. The only scenery is its rust powder falling here and there. Should fresh ingredients suddenly be brought forth and orders given to start cooking at once, not even the world's finest chef could achieve anything with a tool this pathetic. Try slicing wild-caught squid and cry at its translucent skin sullied with red rust dust. But thankfully you are not a chef and the knife still manages to coerce human reminiscences. Which turn out to be utterly of no value. Like how snake tastes like chicken and things of that sort. Useless chatter. Although you could say that the renewed realization that there's practically nothing to be learned from the past is some small consolation.

For true novelty to emerge, what already exists must be retired in order to make room. Perfection requires no new added thing. Creation starts with the contraction of the divine. The divine retreats from its position so that, emptied, the unknown can move in. Unimpeded by any old guard, any gods, now gone, their light dim in the distance, a vacuum where the fresh and new has ample room to settle and gestate.

The ruins of the local library were cleared with such speed that none of the children running around on the now vacant lot knows what once stood there. Their parents being indoors somewhere, probably deep in some sort of contemplation, the children are free to spend their seemingly endless energy racing and pacing and bumping into each other. Frequent collisions ensue but instead of a worried parent's reprimands, laughter, lubricated with fresh blood from the impacts, accelerates the kids' frenzy. How fantastic it would be to harness their vitality into a chain reaction able to power our infrastructure unstoppable in its hunger...

Something gestates that resembles a memory. A long winding path cutting through a mountain. The school bus in low gear swaying wide, turn after turn. The rising tide of saliva in the mouth... Not a foretaste of some exotic delicacy, but caused by the ebb and flow of motion sickness, fighting the urge to throw up. Reaching the destination on the shore, the bus disgorges a gaggle of children. Not sure whose memory this is. Maybe mine, or maybe made up and beamed into my mind from a distant location. A vast complex made up of many white cubes and cylinders resembling the building blocks the children are familiar with. The visit of the nuclear plant begins. Inside, the path forward is a succession of security checks and long waits under bright lights also reflected in the highly polished floor. Workers dressed in all white come and go in silence. More than a power plant, the atmosphere suggests the headquarters of some new religious movement.

Then the memory gets fuzzy, as if the transmission is losing signal. Yet a few bits and pieces remain in focus. Switches and lights blinking like the glowing eyes of beasts motionless in their hideouts. An abundance of pumps and conduits like flora scrambling to take root in the smallest crevices. A massive and majestic turbine spinning as it drones like a whale. Above all, one static image, burned-in on the mind's monitor: radiation-shielding glass, some yellow, some red, coloring everything beyond it, but what lies beyond, no matter how much I concentrate, is a blur.

In the junk drawer of an old desk at my childhood home, a single used fuel pellet, a souvenir of the visit, unlabeled and nondescript, is left neglected among random clutter. Everyday without a break a flood of people pass through a series of screening processes to head to their destinations and a myriad of devices controls their flow. The situation is monitored without interruption but the hurried wayfarer mustn't let his weariness show. It's critical to keep a steady pace as the gate is pushed en route to the journey's end. Whether the flashbacks it causes are traumatic ancestral memories of toiling at a treadwheel or pleasant recollections of a maypole dance, the turnstile must be nudged forward in one swift movement, with no hesitation and no fear.

# ANTENNA SPACE

When night falls, in regions remote enough to never have known artificial light, clusters of hundreds of telescopes get to work. Their observations are broadcast worldwide to be enjoyed from the comfort of one's home. Galaxies appear as exploding whirlpools. The swirl of the stars is the shape of a blossoming flower.

## Bio

**Guillaume Dénervaud** (b. 1987, Fribourg, Switzerland) lives and works in Paris. The artist studied at the École des arts appliqués, Geneva and at HEAD, Geneva.

Solo exhibitions of Dénervaud's work include: Guillaume Dénervaud: Demeter, Dracula's Revenge, New York, US (2026); Holistic Equations, Galerie Gregor Staiger, Milan (2025); Oxyde Ballad, Antenna-tenna, Shanghai (2024); Thulite, Atrata Paris (2024); Ozoned Stations, Swiss Institute, New York (2023-2024); Orphaned Wells, Galerie Gregor Staiger, Zurich (2024); Synthetic Splinter, Bel Ami, Los Angeles (2023); Surv'eye, Centre D'édition Contemporain (CEC), Geneva (2021); Zone Furtive, Balice Hertling, Paris (2019); Inversens Clinic, Alienze, Lausanne (2019); Spectrolia Corporation, Hard Hat, Geneva (2018).

Group exhibitions that have shown Dénervaud's work include: Everything looks dark now, Bel Ami, Los Angeles, USA (2026); Ghost, Jarvis Art, New York, USA (2025); The Abstract Future, Jeffrey Deitch, Los Angeles, USA (2025); Le MAMCO, de mémoire!, MAMCO, Geneva (2024); Crumbling The Antiseptic Beauty, Fondation d'Entreprise Pernod Ricard, Paris (2024); Toward the Celestial: ICA Miami's Collection at 10 Years, ICA Miami (2024); La main-pleur, Kunsthalle Friart Fribourg, Fribourg (2022); Des corps, des écritures, Musée d'art Moderne (MAM), Paris (2022); Aquarium, Maison Populaire, Montreuil (2022); Formes du Transfert, Magasins Généraux, Paris (2021); Emblazoned World, Bel Ami, Los Angeles (2021); Le sain ennui, BQ gallery, Berlin (2021); Your Friends and Neighbors, High Art, Paris (2020).

Dénervaud honored with Swiss Art Awards in 2023. He has participated in residency programs at the Swiss Institute, New York (2021) and the Fondation d'Entreprise Hermès, Paris (2019). His works are part of the collections of the X Museum, Beijing; ICA, Miami; the MAMCO, Geneva; and the Musée d'Art Moderne de Paris.

# ANTENNA SPACE

纪尧姆·德内尔沃

细胞 19 号：持续观察

2026.9.19 — 2026.11.7

撰文：首藤直辉 (Naoki Sutter-Shudo)

我们的处境很奇怪。在称之为生命的眨眼之间，我们得以看见一幅壮丽而迷人的景象——有天空和太阳，有星辰和大海，有花朵和生灵——然后，突然间，演出结束，我们再也看不到任何东西了。为什么要向我们展示那些我们再也无法凝视的景象呢？

尽管这场奇景可能如此壮观，我们却无法不去想象更完美、更智慧的景象，认为自己本可以做得更好，觉得自己本可以构想出更美丽的作品，并怀疑宇宙必定还向我们隐藏了其他奇迹。假设我们在看见现在所熟悉的景象之前，曾经见过那些奇迹，这难道不合理吗？

我们本能地知道自己是更为优越的世界而生，并且发自内心地疑惑为何这个世界有所欠缺。这类思索在不同时空中被不断记录下来。就在前几天，我听到一位雕塑家以他开场时所用的同一句话结束演讲：“绝对的原则仍然是，不存在的事物远比存在的要多。”接着是掌声。然后切换到一则关于如何寻找最舒适庇护所的宣告，不清楚它在推销什么。我们被告知，许多结构只要稍加修缮，就能提供宁静的避难所。例子包括废弃的校车、海上平台、地下洞穴。确保那是一个让你真正感到安宁的地方。其内部可以品味高雅、高效地翻新；其墙壁被精确地隔音，并安装上循环播放舒缓鸟鸣的扬声器，以阻挡外界的一切噪音。

随着你的庇护所不断演变和适应，生活的舒适度可以逐渐提高。鼓励你在从周围环境中回收废料时发挥巧思，用你的双手将残骸改造成防护和装饰。找到真正宝藏——那种让你疑惑当初为何会被丢弃的宝贝，这种几率虽然渺茫，但确实存在。你的窗户很可能正对着那些漫无目的地游荡的恶徒，或一些活泼的虫子和啮齿动物，试图消灭它们是愚蠢的。它们快速的繁殖周期和强大的抵抗力使得猎杀它们纯属浪费时间精力。最好用能提升室内格调的画作遮挡那些窗户——指的是那些值得长期独自沉思，而不是为了向他人炫耀或用于投资目的而购得的艺术品。当然，需要格外小心以减轻从庇护所居住者废弃物中必然升腾起的恶臭。我们说的是法律上可以要求的最高标准的护理。我们应采取一切合理预防措施，并保持极度勤勉，以防止可能招引害虫的气味。绝不容忍任何苍蝇聚集，以免它们引起贪婪鸟类的注意，因为鸟类又可能被无人机和其他飞行物定位，一路追踪到具有锐利聚焦能力的卫星。空中充满了目光敏锐、一心想进行侦测活动的秃鹫。

在深海，情况也好不了多少。水下进行的战争对没有武器且身体柔软者是致命的。因此，弱者建造外壳来保护它们易于被吞食的嫩肉，免受捕食者侵害。它们生来就是为了建造一座自己的堡垒，本能地生长螺旋仅为了生存。文艺复兴时期的学者帕利西研究了贝壳，并设计了只有一条通过盘旋路径才能抵达内殿的城堡。后来，他死在一个更像螃蟹的地牢里，他的尸体和狗的尸体一起被扔在外面。而每一位印度教英雄在战斗开始前都会吹响海螺，众神则手持海螺俯视。

很久以前，这些区域盛产小贝壳，它们会随声音改变颜色。声音越高，它们就越亮。它们小巧且略呈方形的形状使其成为理想的马赛克部件，被镶嵌在多孔石板上的复杂图案中，装饰着从第一位王室到最后一个所谓重要人物的宫殿和豪宅。定期浇水以保持贝壳存活，当乐队演奏音乐以迫使它们显出越来越难以形容的色调时，它们闪闪发光，令观众惊叹。一个产业因此繁荣起来。乐器制造者竞相吹制玻璃铃铛，看谁能令贝壳面板发出最耀眼的闪光。获胜者建立了至今仍享有

声誉的世系。然而，计划不周的过度捕捞最终使这种时尚消亡，而它曾催生的产业也随之覆灭。当地的图书馆保存着关于这一精美工艺兴衰的迷人记录，以及其他一些晦涩的档案，直到几年前在纵火季节被烧毁。

但我们不需要这类古老的故事，我们的任务不是收集琐事。现在至关重要是加强我们的防御。记住约伯的哀叹：「我不得安逸，不得平静，也不得安息；却有患难临到。」他还问：「物淡而无盐岂可吃吗？蛋青有什么滋味呢？」在某个地方，仍有我们尚不知晓的风味在耐心等待发现。就像我们无法想象某些甲壳类动物日常所见的颜色一样，我们也缺乏词汇来描述那些新颖的风味。也许当前所未有的味道充满我们口中时，没有语言是足够的：一声咕哝、一声呻吟，或呆滞的沉默是唯一的反应。去询问那些在战时不得不食用自己不知名的昆虫和爬行动物、并将它们活剥生吞的人，或许会有启发，但遗憾的是我并不认识任何符合条件的人。

此外，找到这样的人并诱使他们分享记忆，可能还不足以让他们毫无犹豫地敞开心扉。我们都偶尔有宁愿忘记的经历。尴尬的沉默降临。为了打破令人窒息的紧张，你拨弄一把恰好伸手可及的刀，施加无言的压力，同时保持一副专心致志的神情，表明你完全是出于智识兴趣，绝无病态的好奇心。这把刀生锈的刀刃没有一丝它全新时的模样，无论怎么凝视它都映不出任何倒影。唯一的景象是它的锈粉散落各处。如果突然送来新鲜食材并下令立即开始烹饪，即使是世界上最优秀的厨师也无法用如此可悲的工具做出任何成就。试着切野生鱿鱼，为它沾染了红色锈尘的半透明表皮而哭泣。但幸运的是你不是厨师，而这把刀仍然能勉强勾起人类的回忆。但这些回忆结果毫无价值，比如蛇肉吃起来像鸡肉之类的东西，无用的闲谈。不过也可以说，你再次意识到从过去几乎学不到什么东西，这算是一点小小的慰藉。

要真正产生新事物，已有之物必须退位以腾出空间。完美不需要增添任何新东西。创造始于神圣的收缩。神性从它的位置上撤退，清空其位后，未知之物才能得以迁入。不受任何旧有守卫、任何现已离去的众神的阻碍，它们的光芒在远处暗淡，留下一片真空，新鲜和新生之物有充足的空间安顿和孕育。

当地图书馆的废墟被迅速清理干净，以至于现在在空地上奔跑的孩子们没有一个知道那里曾经矗立着什么。他们的父母在室内某处，大概正沉浸在某种思绪中，孩子们可以自由地挥洒他们似乎无穷无尽的精力，奔跑、踱步、互相碰撞。频繁的碰撞随之而来，但取代了担忧父母的斥责的是笑声，在撞击中流出的新鲜血液的润滑下，加速了孩子们的疯狂。如果能将他们的活力转化为连锁反应，为我们永不满足的基础设施提供动力，那该多美妙啊……

某种东西正在孕育，像一段记忆。一条蜿蜒的长路穿过大山，低速挡行驶的校车在一个又一个转弯中大幅摇摆。口中唾液不断涌起……这不是某种异国美味的预尝，而是晕动症的潮起潮落所致，强忍着呕吐的冲动。到达海岸的目的地，校车吐出一群孩子。不确定这是谁的记忆。也许是我的，也许是编造的，从远方投射到我脑海中。一座由许多白色立方体和圆柱体组成的庞大建筑群，看起来像孩子们熟悉的积木。参观核电站开始了。里面，前进的道路是一连串的安全检查和漫长的等待，明亮的灯光也反射在高度抛光的地板上。身着全白制服的工人悄无声息地来来去去。与其说是发电厂，气氛更像是某个新宗教运动的总部。

然后记忆变得模糊，仿佛信号正在丢失。然而仍有几个片段保持清晰。开关和灯光闪烁着，如同潜伏在藏身处的野兽发光的眼睛。大量的泵和管道，像植物一样争先恐后地在最小的缝隙中扎根。一个巨大而威严的涡轮机旋转着，像鲸鱼一样发出低沉的嗡鸣。最重要的是，一个静态的图像烙印在心灵的屏幕上：防辐射玻璃，有些是黄色的，有些是红色的，给其后面的一切都染上了颜色，但无论我如何集中注意力，后面究竟是什么，都一片模糊。

在我童年家中一张旧书桌的杂物抽屉里，一粒用过的燃料芯块——那次参观的纪念品，没有标签也毫不起眼，被遗弃在各种杂物之中。日复一日，川流不息的人群通过一系列筛查程序前往各自的目的地，无数设备控制着他们的流动。情况被不间断地监控，但匆忙的行人绝不能露出疲惫之色。当闸门被推动着踏上旅程终点时，保持稳定的步伐至关重要。无论它引起的闪回是祖先在踏车上劳作的创伤记忆，还是对五月柱舞蹈的愉快回忆，都必须毫不犹豫、以一次迅捷的动作推动转门前进。

## ANTENNA SPACE

当夜幕降临，在那些从未见过人造光的偏远地区，成百上千架望远镜开始工作。它们的观测被全球转播，供人们在舒适的家中欣赏。星系呈现为爆炸的漩涡。星辰的旋流是盛开花朵的形状。

### Bio

**纪尧姆·德内尔沃** (b. 1987 瑞士)，目前在法国巴黎生活和工作。德内尔沃曾毕业于日内瓦应用艺术学院和日内瓦艺术设计学院。

艺术家的近期个展包括：“Guillaume Dénervaud: Demeter”，Dracula's Revenge, 纽约，美国（2026）；“Holistic Equations”，Gregor Staiger 画廊，米兰，意大利（2025）；“Oxyde Ballad”，天线的线，上海，中国（2024）；“Thulite”，Atrata, 巴黎，法国（2024）；“Ozoned Stations”，瑞士学院，纽约，美国（2023-2024）；“Orphaned Wells”，Gregor Staiger 画廊，苏黎世，瑞士（2024）；“Synthetic Splinter”，Bel Ami 画廊，洛杉矶，美国（2023）；“Surv'eye”，日内瓦当代艺术中心，瑞士（2021）；“Zone Furtive”，Balice Hertling 画廊，巴黎，法国（2019）；“Inversens Clinic”，Alienze, 洛桑，瑞士（2019）；“Spectrolia Corporation”，Hard Hat, 日内瓦，瑞士（2018）。

部分群展包括：“Everything looks dark now”，Bel Ami, 洛杉矶，美国（2026）；“Ghost”，Jarvis Art, 纽约，美国（2025）；“The Abstract Future”，Jeffrey Deitch, 洛杉矶，美国（2025）；“Le MAMCO, de mémoire!”，日内瓦现代与当代艺术馆，日内瓦（2024）；“Crumbling The Antiseptic Beauty”，保乐力加基金会，巴黎（2024）；“Toward the Celestial: ICA Miami's Collection at 10 Years”，迈阿密当代艺术中心，迈阿密（2024）；“La main-pleur”，弗里堡美术馆，弗里堡（2022）；“Des corps, des écritures”，MAM 巴黎现代艺术博物馆，巴黎（2022）；“Aquarium”，蒙特利尔大众文化馆，蒙特利尔（2022）；“Formes du Transfert”，Magasins Généraux, 巴黎（2021）；“Emblazoned World”，Bel Ami 画廊，洛杉矶（2021）；“Le sain ennui”，BQ 画廊，柏林（2021）；“Your Friends and Neighbors”，High Art 画廊，巴黎（2020）。

纪尧姆·德内尔沃于 2023 年获得瑞士艺术奖（Swiss Art Awards）。他曾参加瑞士学院（纽约，2021）和爱马仕企业基金会（巴黎，2019）的驻留项目。其作品曾被北京 X 美术馆、迈阿密当代艺术中心、日内瓦现当代艺术博物馆和法国巴黎市立现代美术馆收藏。