



THE END

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DATES | November 5th – December 14th

ADDRESS | 131 Chrystie Street, New York, NY 10002

PRESENTED IN COLLABORATION WITH 1 DAY AT A TIME + PENSOFINO

Once upon

A time is the thing we once measured in order to order to odor is what once pre vailed thread through lightly read threat unfailed as much the stench has longered and wailed before the big curtain drops a hint, a hissed buybuy.

Judge meant no judge meant no h arm ex tended to shake f amine no harm only the pony the little death ownly, judge. Meant to roll on by the ages let me refeel the following {trum role} my following will live the rest will per immediately per ish per not right away but soon ish, you shall feel the pre facts the facts are these the end is the end of my limp hand shakes the wea pond knee-deep is the crock sur fives horesays "coming in ga lob ga lob" otome: "I saw it coming I saw it" claiming {spoiler rotten} legs rolling on the breaks are off ered a better job elsewhere. Head hunted down h ill into the pit of arm less hell p.

Once upon a t I'm tired of antisissipainting the finale col leck tiffy leck spat leck spit leck that leck wars leck famine, two of the horses have arrived belies in the air, back sgroping along the ash felted it rubbered my back raw war raw war rawar back the way you came from both directions two of for the fifth fing sie auf. Severed trumpettes bl own this fade it's your unco ver dict ate the humble pietitty nothing left but the le-gioned of the leg gent ser pent housed at the top fell the further the tail the longer the fail swooshed the rebel ation the neighthion's wig off.

My child my warm off sprang the hore says backstory is the following: A mannyfold your legs many fingered pebble rolled aside rock et all eviate your paint in blacked out side story time, my darling, time once upon a long long tide came we new. We new all a long lined up new to end. Old beginning is this, the neigh is too soon many moons while they go elsewhere it contin used to believe it was but one whirled.

–Sophie Jung, 2025

CURATORIAL STATEMENT BY EVAN KARAS

The End is an unnatural history museum of apocalyptic peculiarities, a snapshot of the stages on which The End rehearses endless re-reproductions of end times. It presents prophetic archaeology as filtered through speculative histories, fictions prying open twisted temporal structures and building disparate worlds of generative catastrophe.

The End is read through the constrictions of storytelling, tales whose entry points slip between artefact, documentation, cinema, prophecy, and memorabilia: sharpened compulsions to domesticate the unknown. It offers the imaginary a system of objects and images to be stitched into seamless delusions of narrative closure. In place of The End is curatorial whiplash: through-lines turned fault lines, stylistic, scenographic, energetic, and spatio-temporal incongruences.

SPIELZEUG

The End is intergenerational pathology. It is Edelman's symbolic Child handed crayons to draw into being a monstrous futurity, family photos rendered radioactive. It destabilizes conservative fixity even as it reinforces the fictions of resemblance and metaphoricity. It is a Procrustean chariot of "brotherly love" lathered in calamari seasoning and deep fried, an absurd banquet of speculative outgrowths sprouting from the detritus of anthropocentrism.

The End is a storybook written in pursuit of its two final words, read into being by the child that inherits its inherent impossibility.