

Ghislaine Leung lives and works in London. She conducts her practice according to a series of scores that define the very nature of each work. These scores respond to the conditions of the structures in which they are exhibited, thereby revealing their – our – own limitations within the system. Starting from a rigorously conceptual yet deeply personal approach, Leung focuses on the reproductive aspects of institutional practice that decisively shape the outcome of artistic production and reception yet usually remain invisible.

Leung has had solo exhibitions at the Kunsthalle in Basel, Renaissance Society in Chicago, Simian in Copenhagen, Maxwell Graham in New York, Ordet in Milan (Italy), Museum Abteiberg in Mönchengladbach (Germany), Cabinet in London (UK), Netwerk in Aalst (Belgium), Kunstlerhaus in Stuttgart (Germany), Chisenhale in London (UK), Reading International (UK), Cell Project Space in London (UK) and WIELS in Brussels (Belgium).

For additional information:



from 6:12 pm to 5:48 pm
Exhibition series
curated by
Alejandro Alonso Díaz

Huaqian Zhang
06.02 –
06.04.26

Michael Kleine
22.04 –
05.07.26

Camilla Wills*
14.07.26 –
17.01.27

**Exhibition in the lobby of the Fundació Joan Miró*

Ghislaine Leung
17.07 –
18.10.26

Victor Ruiz Colomer
30.10.26 –
17.01.27

With the collaboration of:

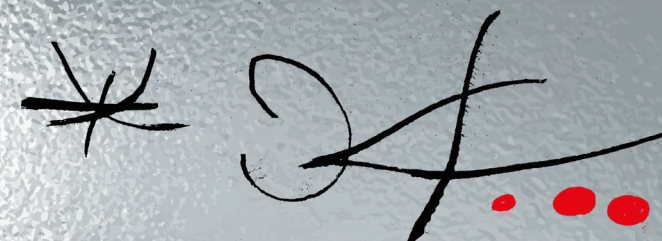
B Sabadell
Foundation

Espai

13

Ghislaine Leung
Maintenance

17.07. –
18.10.2026



Fundació Joan Miró

Parc de Montjuïc
Barcelona

Centre d'Estudis
d'Art Contemporani



Ghislaine Leung

Maintenance

Espai 13 presents *Maintenance*, a solo exhibition by Ghislaine Leung.

"It is spring. Yellow and white flowers. My father is in the hospital. He has been there for months. He wants to go home. He can't go home. I go as much as I can. I cannot always go. I cannot even go that much. Over the holidays I have to lift my mother out of the bath. She is heavier than me. I am glad I can do it. I will not always be able to do it. Be glad to do it. My daughter will be my age when I get to be my mother's age. If I get to be my mother's age. My daughter tells me that when I am away she smells my pillow. Why do you have to go, asks my daughter. No one else's mum ever goes. It's just one night I say. One night is a long time, she says. I am in the airport on the phone to the hospital. I am in the airport buying a toy. My daughter is in school. My father is in the ambulance. I am coming back from the airport. I will do the work that needs to be done. I will not go for the install. I will not go for the opening. I will go to the school play. I will take my time. I will hold and let myself be held. Let go. Let what I have already done, am doing already, be enough. And it will be okay. Spring will end and summer will come. It is here now. I am my mother and father's daughter, my daughter's mother. I am everyone I love".

Ghislaine Leung

CONVERSATION:

Alejandro Alonso Díaz:

Summer has come, and this show is titled *Maintenance*. In this weather everything is more sticky: the pavement, the sweat, the condensation, and there is certain fatigue to it. Depending on material conditions, some things are harder to maintain than others, and this interferes in both the agency of individual life and social care. What is maintenance for you, and how does it appear in the show?

Ghislaine Leung:

In this exhibition, maintenance is a score: 'The exhibition space is left as it is.' The art has been removed from the previous exhibition, its adjacent structures removed, but otherwise the space has been left. It has not been reset to institutional default, not repainted, holes not filled, dirt not swept, lighting left. Because this is the work that is always done, it is also the least seen. The space closes and reopens and it is stable. But this stability is the product of an action that maintains neutrality, the autonomy of the art context and so the art within it. You understand that labour not by making it visible but by withdrawing it. Here, we can see what happens when the image is not upkept, and what happens is beautiful, human, lived. It continues over the exhibition's duration. The space will not be cleaned and traces will not be removed. It is one of the hardest scores to perform because it involves a reckoning with our own deeply internalised protocols: to clear and tidy away. To make it look easy, effortless, permanent. But it isn't easy. Maintaining a space, a programme, an institution, a practice, is hard and far more work goes into it than the fabrication of artworks. It takes many hands and hearts to carry the work. Maintenance is hard work. It's doing the same thing every day; it's continuing to do something. It doesn't metric well. It doesn't have the desirable quality of the new, or that visibility, of progress or speculation, results and gains. It's the work that has to be done. The housework, the admin, the work of the body, of care. As a labour form, maintenance work is, even by me, routinely dismissed as not work at all. But it is what I am dependent on. Maintenance is emotional labour, it's remembering the things you realised and then forgot again, the patterns of the self, the pulls and pushes. The breakthroughs, and inevitable falls. Just maintaining, just continuing as an artist, as a mother, to remember to understand how much is already work, and that it is enough. It is the invisible reproductive labour all the optics of productive labour rest on. That work simply isn't possible without it.

AAD:

You refer to your work as context-contingent. Through this logic, *Maintenance* is a score that becomes materially present through the act of withdrawal that it activates. As contingent on the exhibition's temporality, the audience's bodies and, ultimately, life within the institution, the work takes on a specific form. But this ongoing maintenance also takes place beyond the institutional space through daily administrative, domestic, intellectual labour, which is somehow reflected in *Budgets*. How do the two scores overlap?

GL:

Sure. I think both works have been with me for a long time, since I worked in institutions, even though I only made these artworks in 2025. I wanted to find a way to articulate how much labour goes into making an exhibition, into making art, that isn't the artwork itself. That what is left behind after the dematerialised object is this immaterial labour. I spent many years working as an art handler and then as a curatorial assistant, and there is a massive amount of work that goes into making the context that art depends on. *Maintenance* and *Budgets* both speak to how much work goes into making a show besides the art. I haven't attended installation for years, but the majority of my artistic labour is not in the two weeks of installation and fabrication, running a practice is logistics and meetings and administration and accounting, time, time undone, time in the void, time unknown. A budget is a representation; it has politics; it does not track the emotional labour, the extra hours, the crisis, the drama. Much like most revelations, it hides in what it shows. I'm interested in showing that hiding perhaps. My own too.

Excerpt from the conversation between the artist and the curator. Read the full conversation here:

