

A photograph of a hand reaching out towards a forest scene, framed by translucent red and blue plastic sheets. The hand is positioned in the lower-left foreground, with fingers spread. The background shows a dirt path leading into a dense forest of green trees and foliage. The red sheet is on the left, and the blue sheet is on the right, creating a frame around the central scene.

Hằng Hằng

Artist & Scenographer
Based in Paris

hanghang.one

thithanhhang.nguyen00@gmail.com

STATEMENT

Hằng Hằng (b.1995, Hanoi) is a visual artist, performance maker and scenographer working between Vietnam and Europe. Her work reexamines **micro-history** and **family archives** through **sensual memories**. Navigating between **documentary** and **imagined landscapes**, she creates immersive spaces and environments where **reality, dreams, and magic** converge.

Informed by her scenographic practice, Hằng Hằng seeks a **holistic approach** to art. She emphasizes the importance of **site-specific** work and the pivotal moment of encounter between the audience, the artwork, and the space—where **personal and collective histories** are central.

BIOGRAPHY

In 2013, Hằng Hằng embarked on her journey by studying architecture at **Hanoi Architectural University** and later obtaining Master's degree in Scenography from **the National School of Decorative Arts in Paris**.

In 2018, she founded the **Phu Lang Sa Collective**, a community of emerging Vietnamese artists in Europe, dedicated to fostering interdisciplinary exchange across various fields and transcending geographical boundaries.

In 2022, she contributed to the design of a permanent exhibition for Văn Miếu Quốc Tử Giám – the **Temple of Literature in Hanoi**. Her works have been featured at the **Théâtre de l'Aquarium, Poush** Aubervilliers, **Linden Museum** in Stuttgart, the **BAQ Gallery** in Paris, and at **Documenta 15** as part of the «emerging artists» program of **Nhà Sàn Collective** in Hanoi.

In 2023, Hằng Hằng participated in **Common Stories**, a mobile laboratory exploring diversity in European performing arts. This laboratory took place at the Theater **MC93** (Bobigny), **Riksteatern** (Stockholm), **Festival D-Caf** (Cairo), and **Festival Alcantara** (Lisbon). In 2024, she developed her performance *At the Pond's Edge* and *Carré Arrondi* during residencies at **A Turma** in Porto and **MC93**.

GROUP EXHIBITIONS

12.2025	Exhibition of Dogma Prize 2025 grant recipients , Hồ Chi Minh-Ville
8.2025	Setouchi Triennale , curated by Le Thuan Uyen , Musée de Kagawa , Japan
2024	Screening «Con đi cơm chín rồi», Linden Museum , Stuttgart, Germany
2024	Aux sentiers qui bifurquent, Curated by Raphaël Brunel , Poush , Aubervilliers, France
2023	Neither fish nor fowl, Organized by Phu Lang Sa Collabtive , Galerie BAQ , Paris, France
2023	Tant qu'elle est dans le feu, elle vit, invited by Marine Gazio , Maison de L'ours , Paris, France
2023	Jaclab, Organized by Orsina Viscoti and Roland Schar , ENSAD , Paris, France
2023	Words Worlds Worlds Organized by Elliot Buchanan , LCC , London, England
2022	Early summer, Curated by Truong Que Chi , Hanoi, Vietnam
	Emerging Artists Program of the Nha San Collective for Documenta 15 , Kassel, Germany

PERFORMANCES

10.2025	Carré Arrondi , Laboratoire Aubervilliers ,Aubervilliers, France
6.2025	Printemps Précoc e, École polyvalente publique Macdonald , Atelier Medicis , Paris
2024	At the pond's edge, A-Turma , Porto, Portugal
2024	Fantôme à la vapeur, with artist Baptiste de Laubier , Bagneux, France
2023	Bố không biết mình đang ở đâu, ENSAD , Paris, France
2021	Thị, Théâtre de L'Aquarium , Vincennes, France

RESIDENCIES

11.2025	Lademoen Kunstnerverksteder , Trondheim, Norway
7.2025	Buda , Kortrijk, Belgium
2.2025	Le Doc , Paris, France
2024	InResidence, A-Turma , Porto, Portugal
2024	Common Prod, MC93 , Bobigny, France
2023	Common Lab, itinerant laboratory across four theaters: MC93 , Bobigny, France Riksteatern , Stockholm, Sweden D-Caf Festival , Cairo, Egypt Alkantara Festival , Lisbon, Portugal

GRANTS & AWARDS

2025	Recipient of the « DOGMA PRIZE 2025 » de Dogma collection
2025	Recipient of the «Création en cours 9» program, Atelier Médicis
2023	Recipient of the IFF Olfactory Creation Scholarship .
2019-2023	Recipient of the Odon Vallet Scholarship .

EXHIBITION DESIGN & STAGING

2025	Scenographer for the exhibition Bui Xuan Phai , Hanoi, Vietnam.
2024	Scenographer for the public performance On ne va pas se défiler Choreography by Thierry Thieû Niang , MC93 , Bobigny, France
2022	Scenographer for the permanent exhibition at the Temple of Literature , Hanoi As part of the Atelier Patrick Hoarau , Paris, France & Hanoi, Vietnam
2022	Lighting rechercher, Kobi Lighting Company , Ho Chi Minh City, Vietnam
2022	Assistant scenographer for the Grand Palais Éphémère , Paris, France Exhibition design for Eurofabrique 2022 .

LECTURES & TALKS

2025	Artist presentation, BA-BAU AIR , Hanoi
2023	Presentation of exhibition concept for the Temple of Literature , Hanoi, Vietnam. Ho Chi Minh City University of Architecture , Vietnam.
2022	Artist presentation, MoT+++ Art Space , Ho Chi Minh-Ville, Vietnam
2021	Participated in Choreogra:Free Lab of Morua , within the framework of Southeast Asian Choreographer Network #4 , initiated by the Kelola Foundation .

ASSOCIATIVE ACTIVITIES

Since 2018	Founder of Phu Lang Sa Collabtive , a community of young Vietnamese artists and cultural practitioners based in Europe.
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EDUCATION

2018 -2023	National School of Decorative Arts (ENSAD) , Paris, France Master's in Scenography, graduated with honors.
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UNFORGETTEN LAND
INSTALLATION,

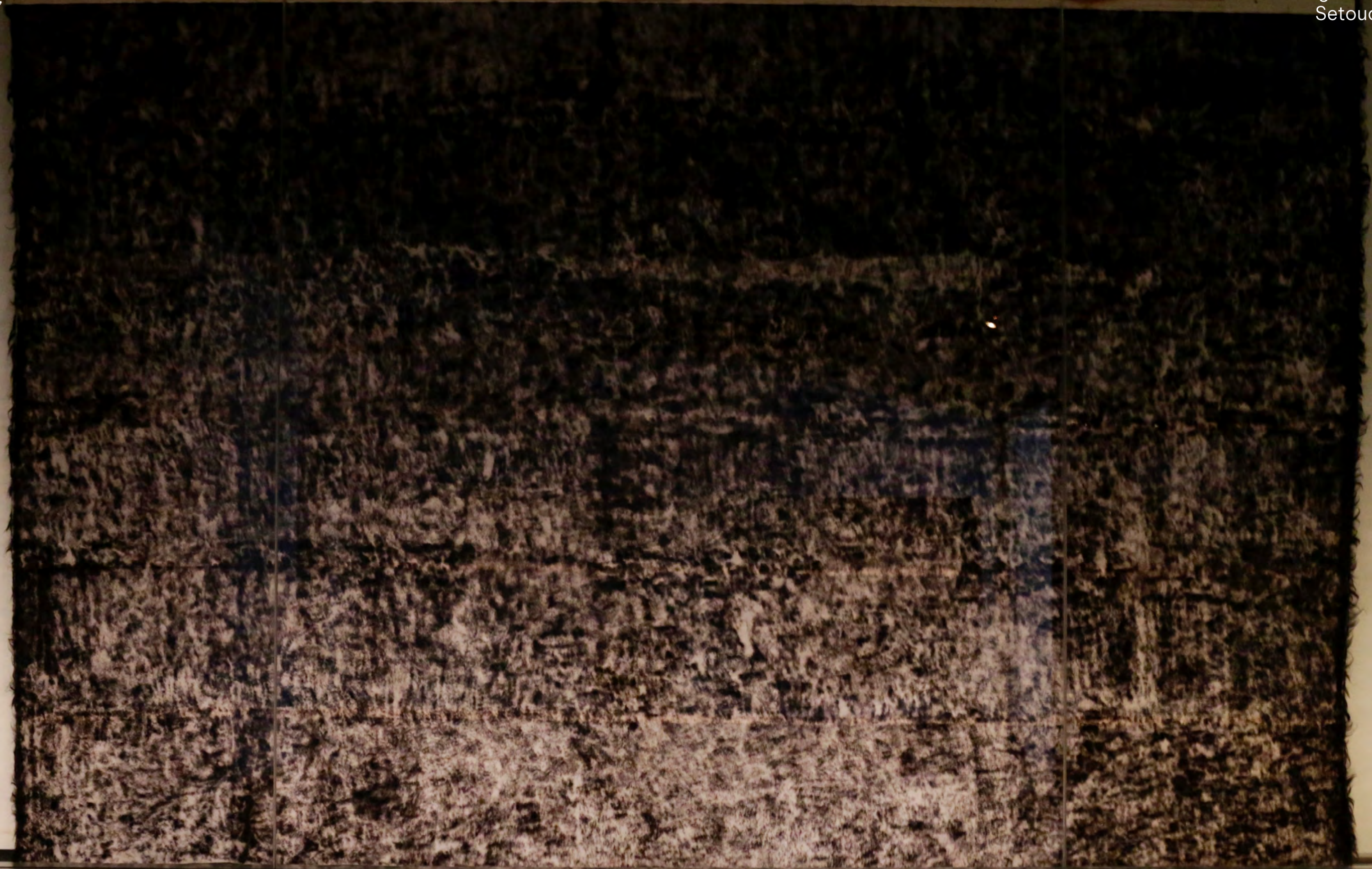
2025
Museum Kagawa , Takamatsu
Setouchi Triennale



Created with hair collected from the artist's mother's salon and the surrounding neighborhood, the artwork takes the shape of a timeless landscape. Each tactile mark carries crisscrossing imprints of personal and collective memories. Prime, press, needle punch —repeated gestures performed by family members hold a visceral, ever-present memory of pain, endurance, and resilience. The terrain made from hair unfolds in two opposing surface textures—one comforting, the other sharp as needles—recalling childhood moments of intimacy.

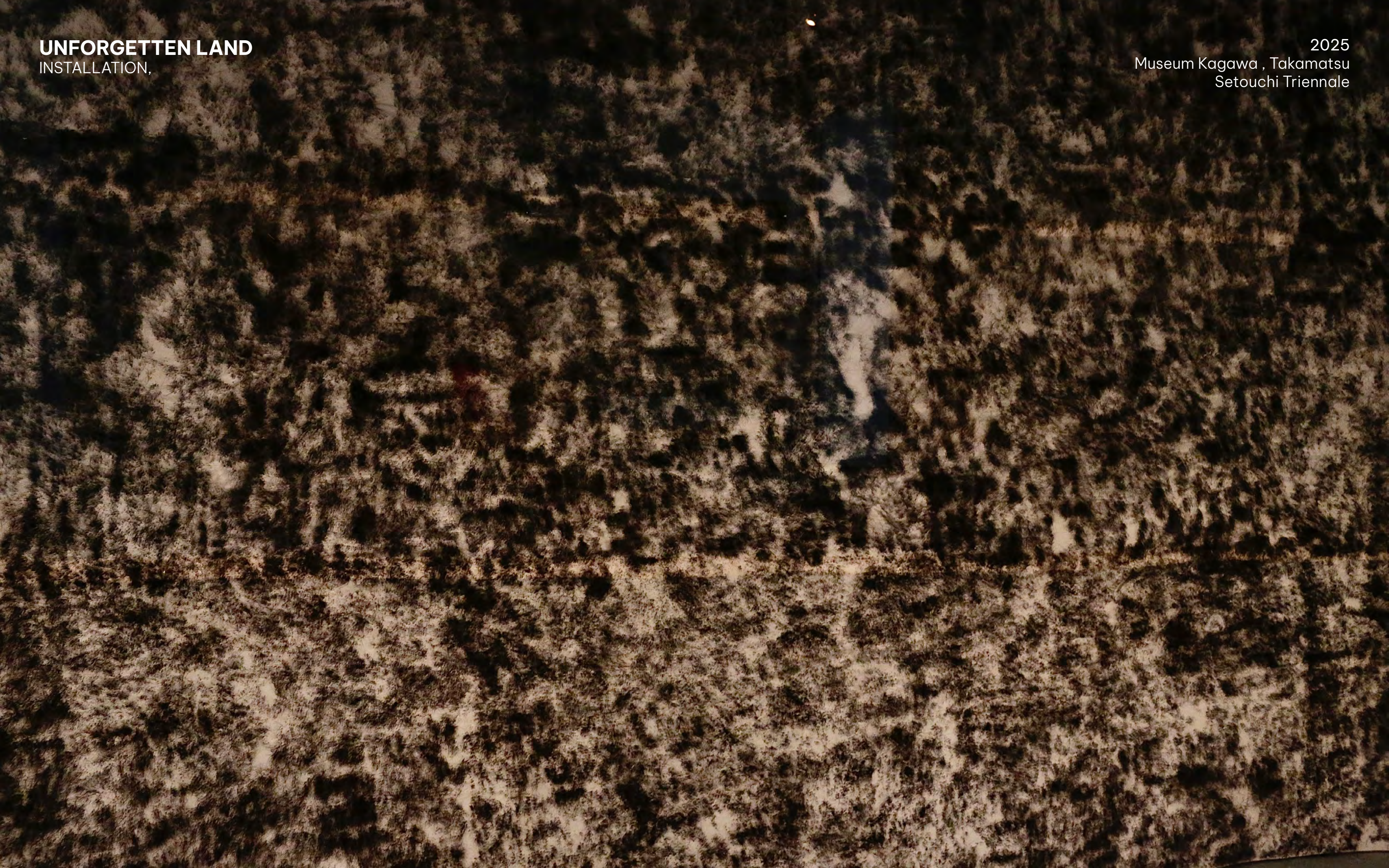
UNFORGETTEN LAND
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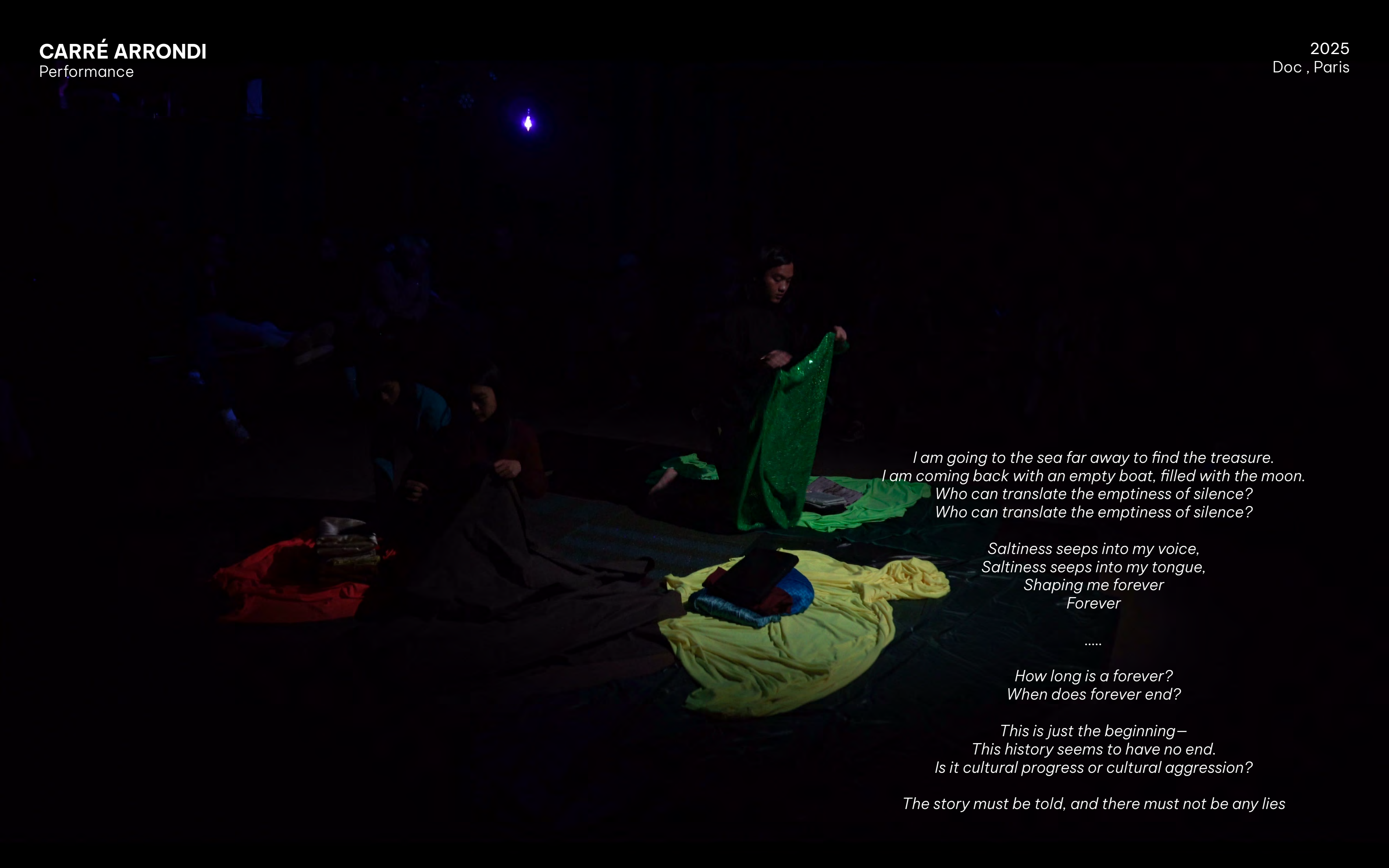
From reality to fiction, Carré arrondi (Squoval) is a theatrical performance that explores the fragmented memories of Vietnamese-origin nail technicians—figures both real and imagined. The piece navigates the fluid boundaries of identity, tracing the processes of self-deconstruction and reconstruction within the context of migration. It also reflects on the power of language, where words, silences, and the unspoken converge in the space between languages.



Squoval
What's your name?
Feet, hands, water.
What color do you like?
Square Oval
Which form do you like?
Feet, hands, water.
Which smell do you like?







*I am going to the sea far away to find the treasure.
I am coming back with an empty boat, filled with the moon.
Who can translate the emptiness of silence?
Who can translate the emptiness of silence?*

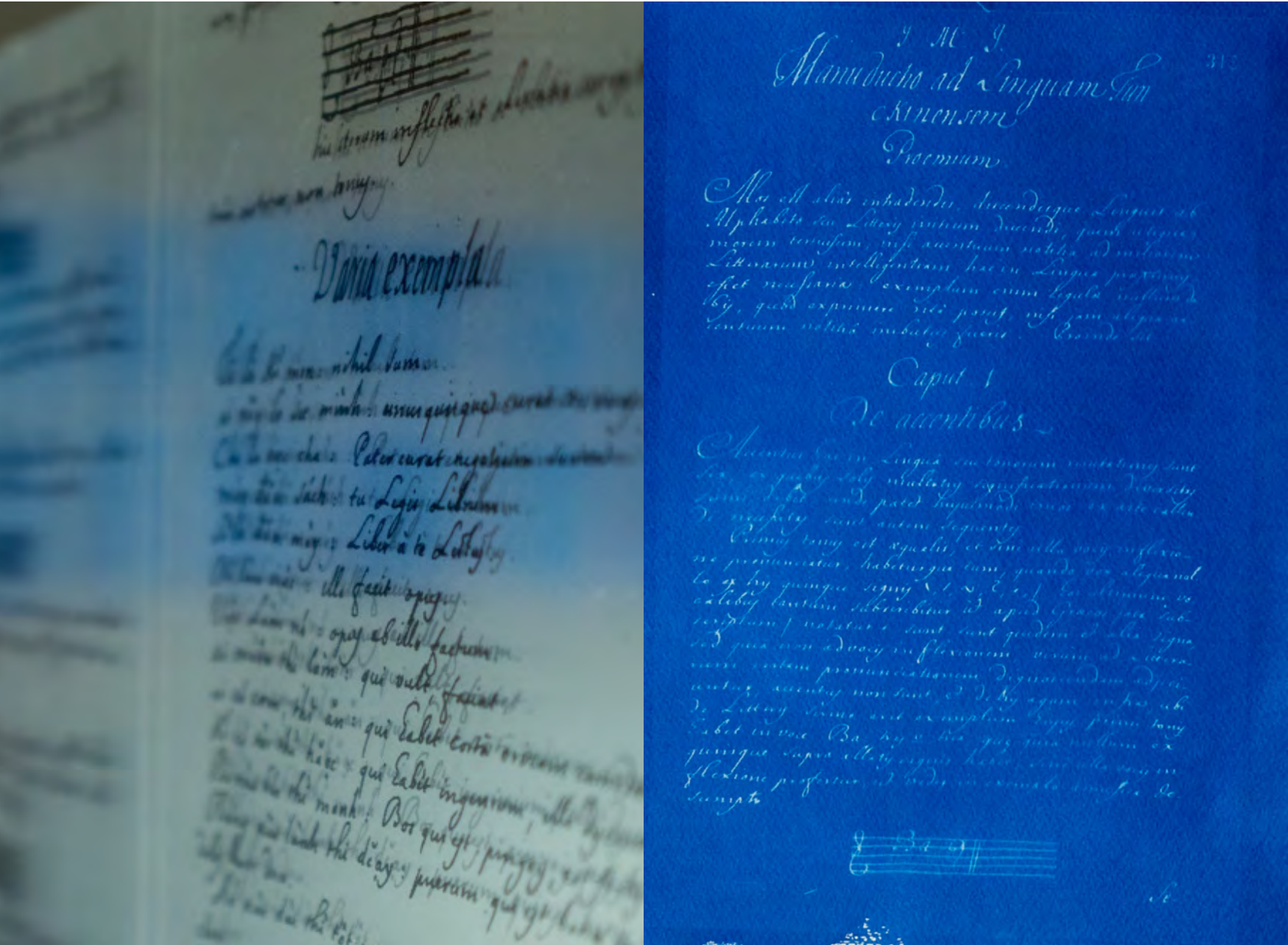
*Saltiness seeps into my voice,
Saltiness seeps into my tongue,
Shaping me forever
Forever*

.....

*How long is a forever?
When does forever end?*

*This is just the beginning—
This history seems to have no end.
Is it cultural progress or cultural aggression?*

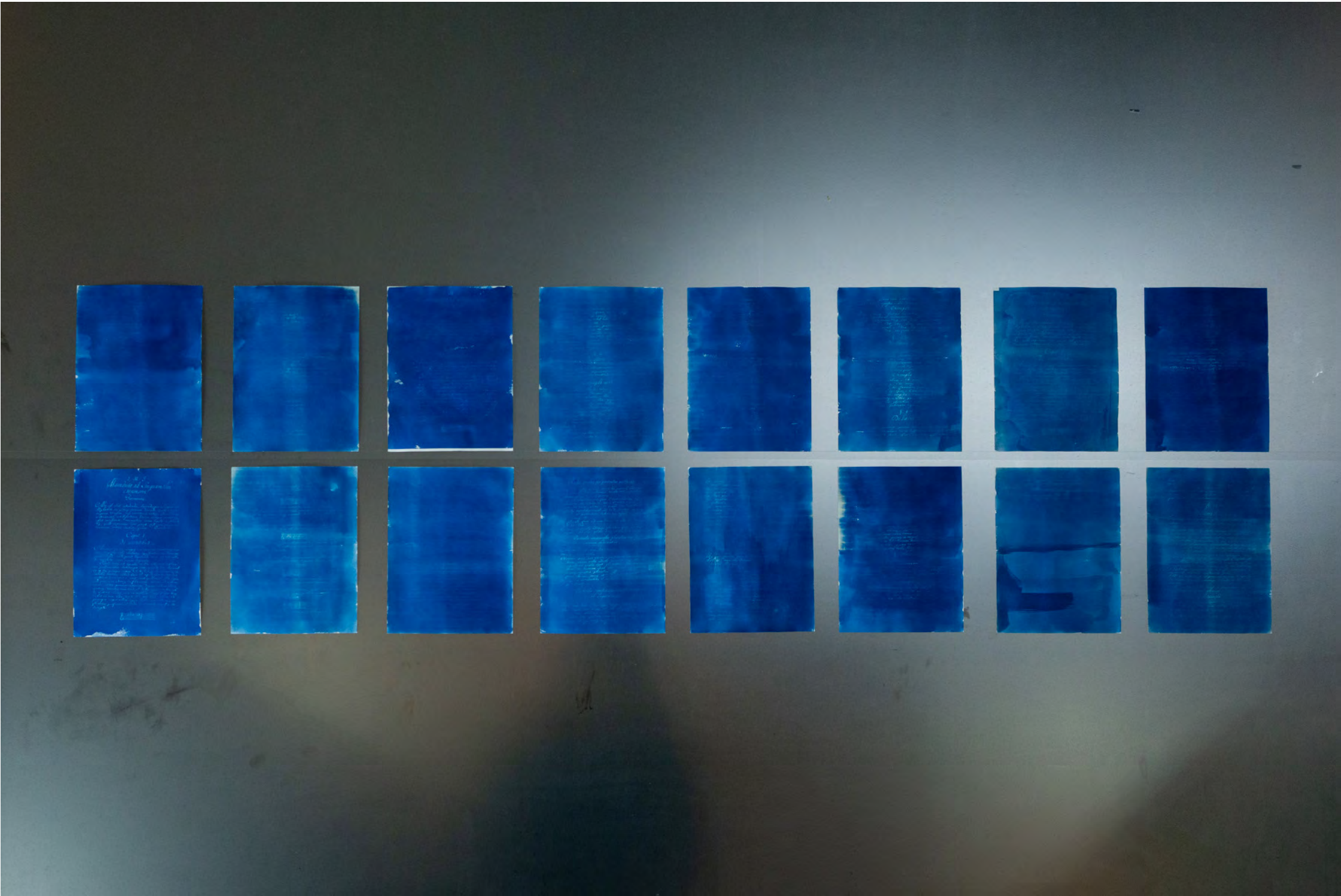
The story must be told, and there must not be any lies



Following the traces of seventeenth-century European missionaries in Vietnam, Hằng Hằng visited the Biblioteca da Ajuda in Lisbon, where she found manuscripts and letters by Father Francisco de Pina, the Portuguese Jesuit missionary credited with creating the first Romanized script for Vietnamese, which became the foundation of the modern Vietnamese alphabet. Drawing on his manuscript «A Method to Study Tonkinese», particularly its representation of Vietnamese language’s tones on a musical scale, Hằng Hằng transformed Gia Định báo, the first newspaper printed in Chữ Quốc Ngữ, into a musical scale. She began her performance by reading the newspaper alongside the music, using both as mediums for expression, resistance, and re-arrangement. This is the first part of a long-term project researching the Vietnamese national language.



Installation view featuring performer Maya de Vulpilières



The reproduction of the manuscripts into cyanotype prints



BỐ KHÔNG BIẾT MÌNH ĐANG Ở ĐÂU

Performance & Installation

2023
ENSAD, Paris

In a garden of introspection, a father and his two daughters come together. Questions arise: how to define the boundaries of a physical space where the interaction between the characters, the evocation of family memories, and the performative power of words transport one to a contemplative landscape of profound intimacy?



BỐ KHÔNG BIẾT MÌNH ĐANG Ở ĐÂU

Performance & Installation

2023
ENSAD, Paris

*...Bố không biết mình đang ở đâu.
Me too, I don't know where I am.
On est dans notre jardin, Bố!*

*Đâu là giới hạn của khu vườn?
What's the limite of our garden?
Sont-elle la clôture du jardin?
Sont-elle les aboiements du chien?
Sont-elle les bruits des cigales?
Sont-elle la plante avec sa racine?*

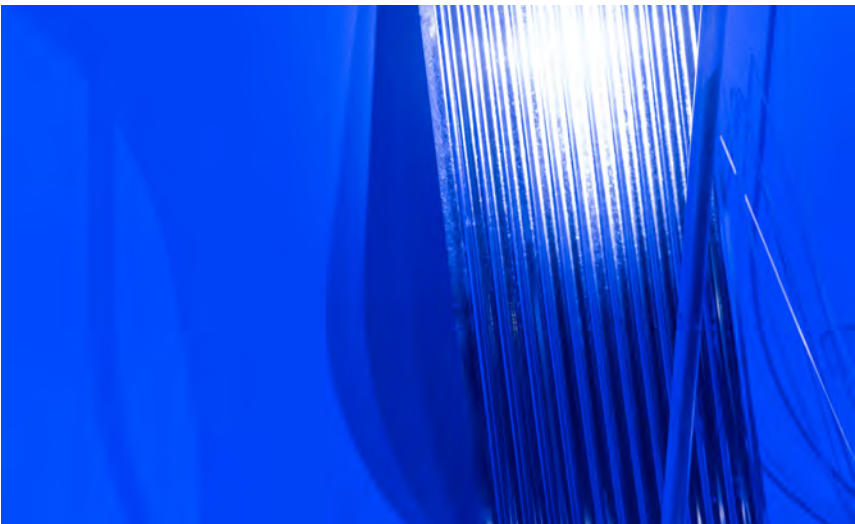
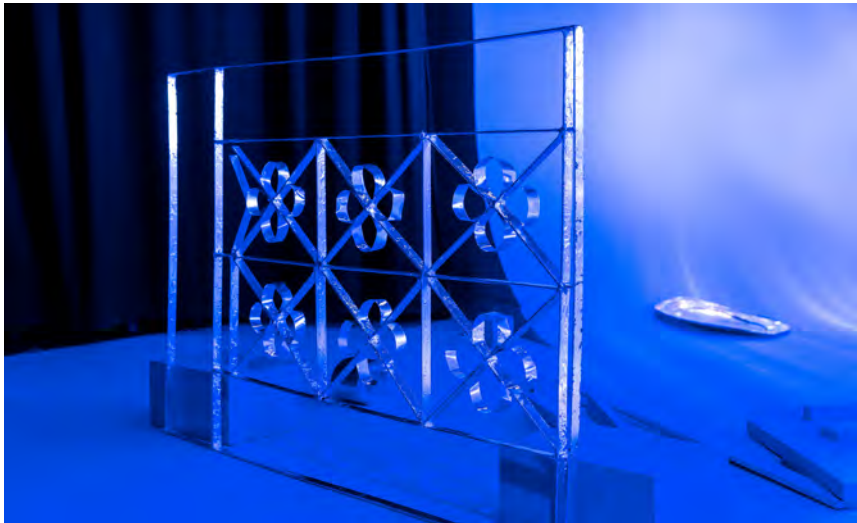
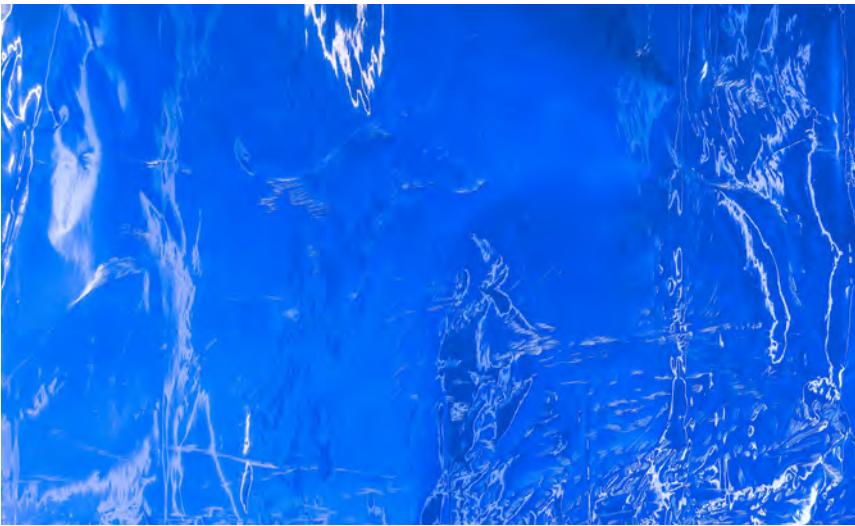
*How many steps to no longer smell the scent of this garden?
Combien de pas pour ne plus sentir l'odeur de ce jardin?
Bao nhiêu bước chân để không còn thấy hương của khu vườn này?
How many generations before forgetting this garden?...*

BỒ KHÔNG BIẾT MÌNH ĐANG Ở ĐÂU

Performance & Installation

2023
ENSAD, Paris

The audience is invited into a garden bathed in shades of blue and silver, filled with peculiar elements imbued with the scent of earth after rain. Three individuals, dressed entirely in blue, alternately recite a poem in Vietnamese, English, and French. Slowly, one of them begins to pull numerous drawings, photographs, and books from a suitcase. The performance explores the impossibility of translation and forms that resist explanation.





Jacquard fabric weaves an image of the entire family in front of the lost house.



THI

Performance & Installation

2021

Théâtre de L'Aquarium, Paris



Thị
Thị est un arbre
Thị est un clan
Thị est un fruit parfumé
Thị est un marché
Thị est une clarification
Thị est un prénom intercalaire
Thị est une femme silencieuse
Thị est elle
Thị est moi

Thị
Thị is a tree
Thị is a clan
Thị is a fragrant fruit
Thị is a market
Thị is a clarification
Thị is an intercalary name
Thị is a silent woman
Thị is her
Thị is me



Thị is a long-term project exploring the fragmented history of a family and its house in Hanoi. Here, Thị embodies a silent woman.

Here, Thi is a silent woman.





THI - EARLY SUMMER

Installation

2022

Nha San Collective, Hanoi
For Documenta 15, Kassel

The space invites bodies and perspectives to roam unpremeditated arcs, paced with photoscenic punctuations. The house frame becomes a ribchamber accommodating one's innermost experiences, a theater where some objects are heard and not seen, certain personal stories come into play without being enunciated. Curtain drawn at each step: a pas de deux of forms and narratives, intimacy and distance, functions and sentiments, the improvised and the choreographed





Fragments of family history, printed on transparent fabric

THI - EARLY SUMMER
Installation

2022
Nha San Collective, Hanoi
For Documenta 15, Kassel



*An encounter between personal history and the space of representation.
Merging into one, hidden within the space, with silence as a form of resistance.*



A century shapes a house, three days bring its fall, and thirty minutes of film reveal the bond between father, daughter, and their ancestors.



"L'empreinte de la vieille



L'écho de la vieille maison!



Quelque part



[CAMERAMAN]
EXT. THE ANCESTOR HOUSE 10/10/2022
[B0]
Ok

I am standing here in front of the house of five "Glan"-wallless rooms that my ancestors left behind. And yet...! It was built about a hundred years ago. Due to the deterioration, I will rebuild quickly because the house is too dilapidated. Its age is also high. About a hundred years, now it is degraded, so it's not okay. We have to build a new house to serve the needs of my life and the children in my family. And once dismantled, it will be carefully preserved to make a memory of the ancestors. After a few days of deconstruction, the wood is now removed, and the work is safe, no problem. Then I'm going to build a new house, move back about a meter and a half and move forward about 120m², 130m². About this land, I will repair the front facade, plant trees, and redo the environment and the landscape.



[CAMERAMAN]
Yes, do you want to shoot one more time?
[B0]
Ok

In the past, this house is from my grandfather's life. People told me that it took a lot of effort and labor. My grandfather hired a lot of people to build it. But it was a long time ago, now everything like the wood, the brick tiles, has deteriorated. If I live here, the weather will change, the wind will come and create dust, and the masonry tiles will be too weak. The wood also has a rotten part because it's been a long time. I also recruited people who have experience in dismantling the old house. During the dismantling, the workers took great care to retain and preserve our memory, a home my ancestors left me. It's also very nostalgic for me, but if I keep it, life isn't easy, now there are more people, more children. Many family members live like this; life is not convenient. I don't know what else to say? But in the end, I want to keep the remains of the house as a memory. I repeat it constantly because it also has a long memory that has marked my whole life. I will always keep them. I don't remove them to throw them away or sell them. It is always guarded. All my memory is there from the past until now. I am attached to it. If I sell it, it will be a shame. I keep it and keep it carefully, so it doesn't rot.









The screenplays were created both as a research project about the house and as a film in itself, either on paper or in digital format. Vietnamese, French, and English

*La lune est suspendue à un coin de la fenêtre,
lors d’une journée grise à Paris.
Le métro circule toujours à mi-chemin
entre les immeubles haussmanniens.
En un instant, la lune disparaît graduellement
tel un verre trouble.
Se retournant vers sa gauche, et se regardant dans le miroir,
Thị voit ses doigts frapper le clavier.
Elle écrit une lettre à son père
et s’attend à ce que cela ne mène quasiment à rien.*

The smell of damp — Dusk — Enthusiastically screaming frogs

Bố yêu quý!
My house was destroyed yesterday. You say that it wasn’t owned by me and will never belong to me. I couldn’t do anything and since it’s not mine, I shouldn’t do anything. No one can enter that atmosphere again. However, we can always live again in my stanza, touch the line of the wooden poles, go through the space of my paragraphs and fully preserve our memories, our traces of life again. Let’s think about my poem as the displacement of silence. It brings me and you to the brink of the unsayable where language just kind of does not suffice anymore. It breaks down. As Stanza roughly means room in Italian, I can take you on a tour of the poem, room by room, like walking you through our house and describing it. The shapeliness of my poetry is the shape of our house, long and narrow with an immense tropical garden. Then, you can see the whole thing and it takes some seconds to read. The first couple of my stanzas allows you in, by taking your hand, to lead the way and step over the rotten wooden door from when I was a little girl. Then I close the door behind you. Consequently, I have you inside. You can go in different directions. Here metaphor plays and imagination shifts as we are going along. A poem is an arrangement of lines whose length is determined by some principle other than the width of the page. When every line does not go out to the end of the page, it turns you back into the poem. And then, the poem says: “*Come back in here, get back into the compressing of our memories, into the altar fragrance and the vertical ray of the sun*”. Through the suffering string of light, your mother’s long black hair is slowly appearing. Now, she is standing next to her bed with a star fruit bag in her hand, waiting for something. You are standing motionless in that stanza. The oil lamp is still burning. Suddenly, the scent of soapberry from her hair slowly calls back the images of the toughest and most difficult moments: the paint that has not faded, the memories of death and loss that no human being should see. Trying to keep breathing regularly, you ponder: “*The living she has done, so far, hasn’t actually been real life, has it ?*”. She doesn’t look back. The echo of every footstep is drowned out by the rain. She is hiding in a dot of darkness. Instantly, a flashlight traverses the wooden poles. Their ephemeral shadows wake me up. I recognize that our house doesn’t have walls inside. That means my poem has only one stanza and the unique stanza is our house. Overcoming the feeling of emptiness, sneaking in the dark, clinging to the poles, I keep you standing in my poem. Silence.

