



Fabien Giraud and Raphaël Siboni, 1922—*The Uncomputable*, 2016, HD video, color, sound, 26 minutes.

the superstitions associated with comets until that point. Similarly employing a parallelism of shots, an episode dedicated to the revolts of Lyonnais silk workers or *canuts*, against the use of jacquard looms (operated with perforated cards that many consider a precursor to the computer) equates the struggles of the working class in 1834 with the subject of another episode: the inner revolt (although in vain) of Alan Turing, who was subjected to hormonal treatment meant to cure his homosexuality in 1953.

Meanwhile, at the extreme ends of Giraud and Siboni's time frame, 1532 hallucinates 2045—artificial intelligence seizes the later film and gradually incorporates it, as part of a logic that is literally animistic, into the images of the first one. 1922—*The Uncomputable*, 2016, presented in the middle of the sequence, plays a pivotal role. More emphatic than the other works, it turns to the fantasies of the English meteorologist Lewis Fry Richardson, who imagined a spherical structure meant to contain sixty-four thousand “computers”—not machines, but women running calculations—who could predict the earth's climate. After 1922, Giraud and Siboni suggest, processes set in motion centuries before would finally begin to come to a head. A recurrent image in the project's introduction, 0000—*The Axiom*, 2014, is that of a blade cutting through metal. “The Unmanned” speaks to us about a world cut in two, a before and an after resulting from the gradual retreat of man.

—Claire Moulène

Translated from French by Molly Stevens.

GHENT, BELGIUM

Hiwa K

STEDELIJK MUSEUM VOOR ACTUELE KUNST

One of the stronger works on view in last year's Documenta 14 was *When We Were Exhaling Images*, 2017, Hiwa K's installation consisting of a stack of large clay drainage pipes. In one pipe—each had a diameter of roughly three feet—viewers found a used washing table; in others, an unmade bed, some furniture, and daily utensils. The work evoked an absurd housing project for refugees. The artist, who was born in Iraqi Kurdistan, fled his native country during the Gulf War of 1990–91. Traveling by foot through Iran, Turkey, Greece, and Italy, he ended up in what became his new home country, Germany. Since then, he has returned to Kurdistan several times. On one occasion, in April 2011, he participated in a protest march in Sulaymaniyah, his hometown. Activists and journalists shot copious footage of the event, and Hiwa K later edited this material into the video *This Lemon Tastes of Apple*, 2011.

On display in Hiwa K's exhibition “Moon Calendar,” this video shows the artist playing the well-known theme music from the film

Once upon a Time in the West (1968) on a harmonica, accompanied by a guitarist. Ennio Morricone's simple melody takes on the power of a protest song and seems to boost the enthusiasm of the ever-growing crowd. But then, at one moment, you feel that there is something going wrong without exactly knowing what. It becomes clear that the civilians are being attacked by soldiers with tear gas. One protester after another starts coughing and vomiting. They use sliced lemons to help limit the painful effects of the gas, which smells like apples—hence the work's poetic title.

Closer to the European context is the Kafkaesque story told in *View from Above*, 2017, which was also seen at Documenta. Its subject is the interrogation faced by refugees who seek asylum in Europe. To prove they come from an unsafe area, they are often asked to describe the place in minute detail. Hiwa K tells the story of an Iraqi deserter who tries to gain asylum but is unable to answer the interrogators' questions, which are based not on daily life, but on a bird's-eye view of his town: The officials know its structure and street layout as seen from the air, not the horizontal perspective the refugee experienced. Denied asylum, he then asks other refugees where they came from and starts to study the maps of those locations. By memorizing a city's structure, he is able to obtain a residence permit.



Hiwa K, *View from Above*, 2017, digital video, color, sound, 12 minutes 27 seconds.

In *Moon Calendar*, 2007, the performance that gave the exhibition its title, Hiwa K tap-dances on a street in Sulaymaniyah in sync with his heartbeat as he hears it through a stethoscope. While we hear the clacking sound of Hiwa K's tap-dancing performance, in the background another sound is present: Pile cranes and breakers are busy transforming what was formerly the notorious Amna Suraka prison into a museum of war crimes. The artist's modest gesture becomes in this context something of an exorcism, the cleansing of a tarnished place. Taking on heavy topics such as the refugee crisis or Iraq's history of authoritarianism, Hiwa K does so in a very personal and indeed musical way that became apparent here despite its having been somewhat obscured in the last Documenta's overwhelming emphasis on topicality.

—Jos Van den Bergh

VIENNA

Lisa Holzer

GALERIE EMANUEL LAYR

This exhibition, “I come in you,” featured the combination of pictures and text for which Lisa Holzer has become well known. In total, fifteen works from two series—“The Party Sequel (Berlin)” and “The Party Sequel (Paris),” both 2017—were exhibited together with a pair of posters bearing a text with the auspicious title *I cry*, 2018. I USED TO CRY A LOT AT PARTIES, Holzer admits in the text, and along with her

works' titles the statement seems to sum up what the exhibition was about: parties and crying.

And yet, was there a party at all? The "Party Sequels" are two series of large photographs, all forty-three-and-one-half by thirty-four inches, printed on cotton paper, showing either pureed foods or sugar icing in various colors. The mashed potatoes, peas, black beans, and carrots formed granular masses, having been expressively smeared on even white surfaces in an almost painterly fashion, as if spread with a palette knife. The cake icing, on the other hand, appeared rather washy. One could almost feel how the sticky and viscous substance had slowly dribbled over its support before cooling down and finding its peculiar shape.

After framing the pictures, Holzer adds a few extras. Take, for instance, a picture from the Berlin series. On top of the depicted potato puree—that is, onto the glass of the framed photograph—Holzer has placed some dabs of orange paint right in the center and some drops of transparent Crystal Clear 202/1 polyurethane on other parts of the glass. Evidently, through these surface additions Holzer's works become a little more than framed photographs; they become singular objects that by means of the artist's hand received

an individual finish that sets them apart from one another.

For Holzer, however, these additions are not purely aesthetic. They are part of an extensive endeavor to enrich her works with all sorts of meanings and references. The clues to these come not so much from the works themselves as from her text. Unlike a typical press release, it is printed on two large sheets of paper, each about forty-six by thirty-three inches. Mounted in the gallery together with the photographs, it resembled a wall panel at a museum. From it we learn that Holzer's inspiration came, in part, from Morris Louis's 1958–59 "Veil" paintings, and that her son's watercolors, too, were of some influence. We learn that the mashed and melted foods are supposed to evoke SHITTY-SWEET REGRESSION, almost like excrement and concrete, but not quite; and that the drops of polyurethane represent either tears or sweat. The pictures, Holzer writes, are crying, and sometimes color permeates the glass: DO THEY PUKE A LITTLE? I DON'T KNOW (EXACTLY) WHY THEY PUKE, OR CRY AND WHAT DO I TELL, THE PICTURES ME?

Apparently, Holzer does not pretend to know exactly what her images express, but nevertheless *I cry*. serves to imbue them with all sorts of specific meanings. The personal associations in her stream-of-consciousness writing meander, but footnotes reveal precise self-references. Quite blatantly, the obscure vagueness of the personal sugarcoats an otherwise rather brittle Conceptualism, in which a tear in fact equals a drop of Crystal Clear 202/1 polyurethane.

—David Misteli

BARCELONA

"Machines for Living"

LA VIRREINA CENTRE DE LA IMATGE

In Spain in the late 1950s, once the cataclysm of World War II had been overcome and order was restored under a welfare model, a turn away from the traditional criticism of political economy to a critique

of everyday life became imperative. The focus was no longer on the exploitation of the workforce. Rather, diffuse opinions started to penetrate the quotidian through a promotion of life models and consumption, offered like a threshold for happiness. It was this context that birthed the terms *spatial turn* and *performative turn*. The first appealed to Henri Lefebvre's idea of the importance of lived space, as opposed to those spaces regulated by architecture and urbanism; the second leveraged sociologist Erving Goffman's analysis of social interactions to create a dramaturgy based on parsing different modes of production through the space-making capacity of performative practices. It was, after all, about narrating a story capable of rescuing creative powers beyond the dictates of a welfare model transformed into a reduction of the world to a geometry of profit, to paraphrase Raoul Vaneigem. In the frame of this operation sprouted multiple theoretical proposals and numerous practical essays by the Situationists, the Dutch Provos, and so many other countercultural agents. But it was also necessary to find a model capable of embodying the new maxim, *Plutôt la vie* ("We choose life"), at which the Romanies, Gypsies, and flamencos excelled.

"*Máquinas de vivir. Flamenco y arquitectura en la ocupación y desocupación de espacios*" (Machines for Living: Flamenco and Architecture in the Occupation and Vacating of Spaces), a reference to a quote by Federico García Lorca, offered an approach to the spatialities of the Gypsy world as an alternative to the *machine à habiter* ("machine for living in") proposed by Le Corbusier. After prefacing the bipolarity of László Moholy-Nagy, who was equally fascinated by the preparations of the Athens Charter (*Architects' Congress*, 1933) and the Gypsy lifestyle (*Großstadt-Zigeuner* [Urban Gypsies], 1932), the exhibition was divided into three chapters: "*Espacio radical*" (Radical Space); "*Espacio social*" (Social Space); and "*Espacio teatral*" (Theater Space). Each, in turn, was dotted with numerous photographic works by artists such as Josef Koudelka, Jo Spence, Colita, Ramón Zabalza, Carlos Pérez Siquier, and Jan Yoors. These images evidenced the tensions that affect the representation of the Gypsy collective, forever trapped between the ethnographic documentary and a fascination with the choreographic dimension of its way of life. "*Espacio radical*" is where the accent fell on the attention Situationism paid to the flamenco world. Along with Giuseppe Pinot-Gallizio's well-known experience in Alba, Italy, which triggered Constant's mobile city project New Babylon, some lesser-known works were recovered, such as Har Oudejans's architectural projects or Alice Becker-Ho's late philological research on Gypsy jargon. From one extreme to the other, flamenco appeared in each case as a model of resistant and resilient

View of "*Máquinas de vivir. Flamenco y arquitectura en la ocupación y desocupación de espacios*" (Machines for Living: Flamenco and Architecture in the Occupation and Vacating of Spaces), 2018. Photo: Pep Herrero.



Lisa Holzer, *The Party Sequel (Paris)*, 2017, polyurethane and acrylic paint on glass, ink-jet print, 43½ x 34". From the series "The Party Sequel (Paris)," 2017.