

A fluidity that suggests the breakdown and dispersions of the gender binaries that have narrowed the definition of what can be a sexualized or asexualized body? Of what we might want and need? Of what makes us feel good or bad or anything in between? And this has been made possible, in part, by surgical procedures that alter, suture, and modify our possibilities, pleasures, and desires. But they also throw into a tizzy the conventional divisions of gender, put pronouns in crisis, and make battlegrounds out of the places where we pass waste and wash hands.

A post used to be something you hooked a horse up to. And then it became what you did to get a message from one person to another. Following these semiarchaisms, it became a prefix that indicates a condition, circumstance, event, or person whose time has passed. So what does it mean to stick the word post in front of the words "race", "gender", and "human"? Categories are useful tools that can parse the complexity and thickness of the world. But they are also canny devices that feed us that world in increments, in spoonfuls and slices that make for both understanding and misunderstanding. They are the forensics that might allow us to (mis)perceive wholeness.

Our brief: Today, in our endlessly pluralist and globalized world, we are supposedly post-identity; post-race, post-gender, even post-human. But at the same time, the most identitarian of politics is being mobilized, both by advanced culture—which has seemingly rediscovered cultural difference, both its aesthetic possibility and its market value—and by the extreme ideologies or fundamentalisms of the

Could this mean the blurring of surety around what is truly "other"? Is the loosening of racial naming and stereotype just a prompt for a kind of "color blindness," a delusion that flatters the "sensitivities" of white culture? An alibi that motors business as usual? Who's selling this, and who's buying?

Who's advanced and who's advancing? Like the term "late capitalism," it's rife with optimism, notions of progress, and tinged with delusion.

Artforum / Artforum Vol 54 No

Prix Magasin EUR 11.50

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key. While their grasp of the language may be weak, the students of these schools have been taught that “Turkey” means “success.”

Having laid bare the mechanisms of soft power on a personal level, Ergun’s film crescendos with the Eleventh Turkish Language Olympics in Izmir, Turkey, where the local crowds go wild as a girl from Madagascars trills out a pop ballad and a Ugandan troupe kicks through a dance from Denizli, Turkey. For the finale, a multinational ensemble takes the stage to sing “A New World.” The camera cuts to a middle-aged woman holding a sign that reads THIS HAS BEEN OUR DREAM. A dream, perhaps, but, as Ergun’s film reveals, no picnic.

—Kate Sutton

HONG KONG

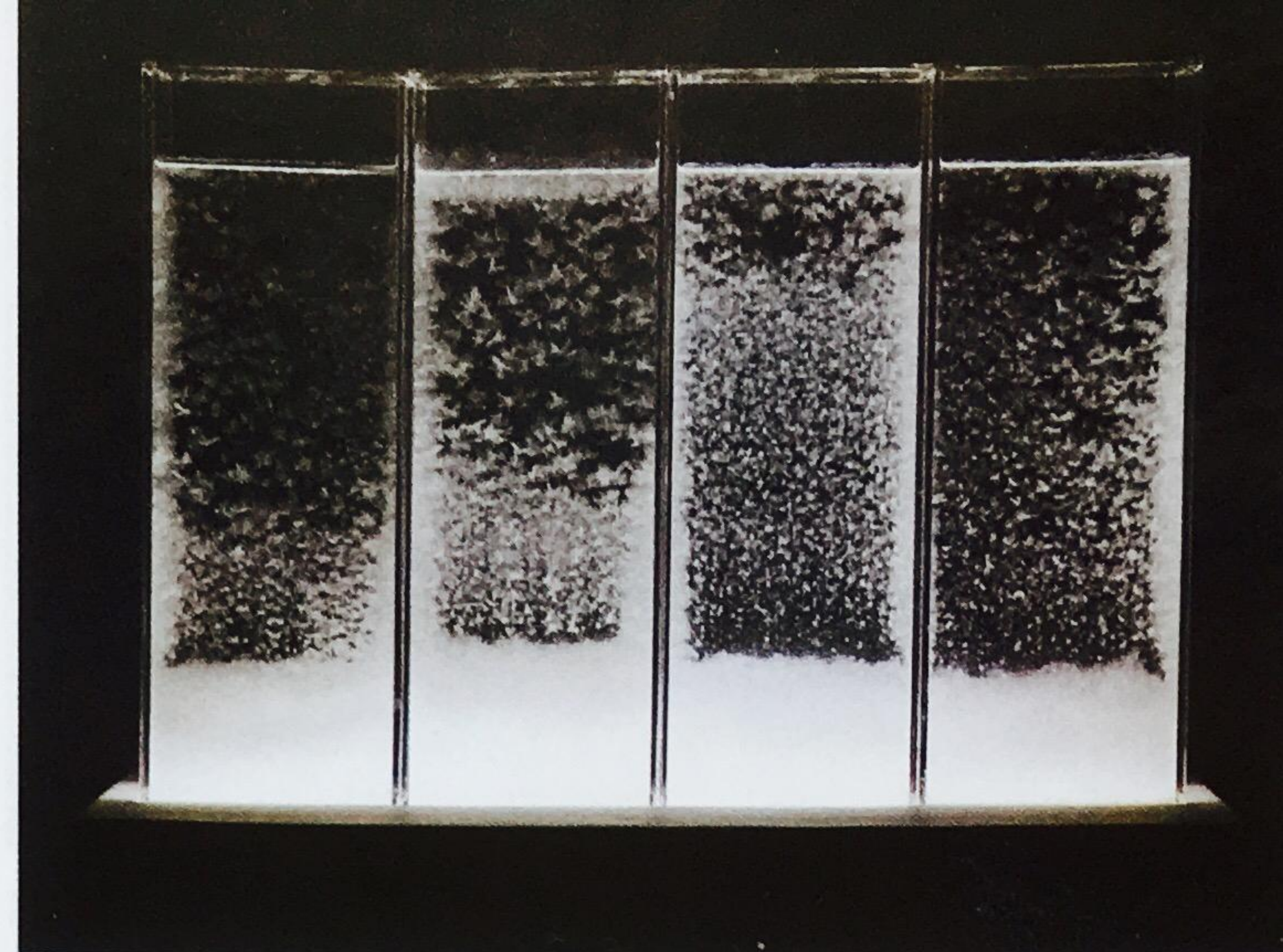
Cédric Maridet

BLINDSPOT GALLERY

Cédric Maridet’s “Fragments of Future Histories” felt like a slick steam-punk take on contemporary exploration. The exhibition of photographs, videos, assemblages, and kinetic sculptures opened with *Rise, Fall*, 2016, an acrylic tank, placed on a wooden pedestal, comprising four compartments filled with distilled water, ethanol, camphor, potassium nitrate, and ammonium chloride. This chemical admixture resulted in white, snowflake-like formations of crystals that adhered to the acrylic walls, sat on the surface of the water, and gathered at the bottom of the tank. An LED placed in the vessel’s interior illuminated the flakes; its cold glow called to mind the light of the Arctic Circle. Indeed, the entire exhibition was framed by the artist’s travels to the Norwegian archipelago of Svalbard, where he visited the abandoned Russian mining town of Pyramiden, the Ny-Ålesund research base, and the Svalbard Global Seed Vault.

The seed vault, a storage facility that was built inside a mountain and houses the world’s largest and most diverse collection of seeds, is represented in a photographic series called “Interventions,” 2014. In one image, Maridet projected the words WE THOUGHT IT WOULD NOT MATTER onto the vault’s entryway, a Brutalist concrete wall that juts out of the barren landscape. In another, texts projected onto a long wooden hut read TO PRODUCE IS A PASSION and TO CONSUME IS A TASTE. Some of these phrases were invented, but others were borrowed from Alfred Lord Tennyson’s “Ulysses” or *The Underground Man*, a nineteenth-century postapocalyptic novella by Gabriel Tarde, a French sociologist who rejected grand theories of society in favor of explaining societal patterns through “the accumulation of elementary actions.” In other words, he understood “the large by the small, the big by the detail.”

Considering German theorist Ernest Mandel’s observation about Marx’s notion of the contradictory capitalist machine—that the forces of production are steadily transforming into forces of destruction—it’s fitting that Maridet sites his project in the Arctic Circle, where the environmental consequences of globalism are so starkly evident. In another photo from the series, the words WE THOUGHT WE HAD TIME are projected inside an underground glacier; the stark and unnervingly straightforward warning leans toward cliché. Maridet also evokes the elasticity of temporality in a series of text-based works on paper titled “Last Words,” 2016. These pages, featuring printed quotes taken from nineteenth- and twentieth-century science-fiction novels, are covered in crystallized sodium tetraborate; each effectively looks like a frozen letter from the distant past.



Cédric Maridet, *Rise, Fall* (detail), 2016, acrylic tank, distilled water, ethanol, camphor, potassium nitrate, ammonium chloride, LED, wooden pedestal, 57 × 21 ¼ × 11 ¾".

Maridet’s romantic, dystopian landscape was completed with the 2015 “Parhelia” series: a handsome trio of tall metal machines that resemble minimalist totems or pylons. Each has a tripod-like base, on top of which an elegant metal rod rotates. At the ends of each rod are geometric forms based on the architectural shapes (a pyramid, a crescent) the artist observed in Svalbard; these projected light onto the walls, simulating, as the description said, “sun halos created by spinning ice crystals in the atmosphere.” The artist describes the effect created by “Parhelia” as “a new land, an in-between territory” with “a possibility to linger.” The sculptures recall—among other things—the experiments of László Moholy-Nagy and the light rooms of the Zero artists—producers who understood art, science, and poetry, as Tarde did, to be “the true needs of society,” which “spring from a necessity to produce and not from a necessity to consume.” Maridet brings these needs together through the telling of his arctic experience, articulated as an abstract feeling rather than a concrete statement.

—Stephanie Bailey

NEW DELHI

“Diary Entries”

GALLERY ESPACE

From Virginia Woolf to Anne Frank, Sophia Tolstoy to Anaïs Nin, in the twentieth century the diary was established as a woman’s respite: a blank receptacle of expression, bound by no manner of speech or society, only by its own spine. Later, it became an unbiased, uncensored literary source of cultural and historical experience. Intensely intimate, the diary was an unmediated object that freed the writer to be as furtive or frivolous as she pleased. Beginning from this premise, curator Gayatri Sinha invited five artists to consider the turmoil and tranquility of their lives in a variety of mediums. The resulting “Diary Entries” were painstaking and private, but so discreet that the viewer never felt like a voyeur; instead, the show stimulated a desire to head home and pen an entry of one’s own.

While some of the works may be read as self-contained “pages,” others are chapters, with a visual or narrative continuity across frames. Hemali Bhuta’s drawings—rather, obsessive marks and scratches—on paper (and sometimes cloth) are palimpsests of inks, paints, and other, less painterly material, such as dust and soap, layered over one another,