

Ramin Haerizadeh / Rokni Haerizadeh /
Hesam Rahmanian
"Slice A Slanted Arc Into Dry Paper Sky"

Kunsthalle Zürich
21.2. – 17.5.2015

E This exhibition isn't fit for the Internet. It's too bulky, tightly staged, inviting you to discover something in every corner. Generosity as a program. Generosity as a currency. Maybe as a signifier of a human element. Who knows. These very familiar halls that have seen many shows before now suddenly seem to cast a spirit of otherness. Something is definitely different. It feels like this institution has been stripped of its identity. Somehow it is shifting. As if it were dipped into something, like a very special sauce. This is noticeable when you realize that the walls almost disappear behind all this art on display. Is this harmless? Or controversial? The art isn't just fitted into the architecture. It's not just tamed within a building. Instead, many little worlds unfold, continuously and breathlessly, stimulat-



ing your imagination here and crumbling over there. What you see isn't built for forever. It isn't an attack on any sort of aesthetics. This paraded diversity lacks the positivism of a Benetton advertisement. This paraded diversity establishes an *Unübersichtlichkeit* which is terribly refreshing. This creates a scene of gulping overpowerment. Almost like a velvet revolution. To what end? To create one overlapping and multilayered stage for one modest spectacle. As in one big theater. As in a dramatisation: it is as funny as it is

political. You wonder about the intention of the artist. Except this is not one position. This is not one representation of identity. Ramin Haerizadeh, Rokni Haerizadeh, and Hesam Rahmanian work independently as artists and sometimes together, but not as a collective. What's the difference? The propagated form of collaboration doesn't suppress individualism. In his opening speech as director of Kunsthalle Zürich, Daniel Baumann doesn't make claims about internationalism or networks. Instead he asks us to rethink the local and the provincial. Does this really work here? In this building, institutional ambition and market efficiency have proven to be very productive neighbours. We deal daily with the dialectic between the global and the local, he says. The artists, all of them Iranians living in exile, import an otherness to Zürich. Another world. Other worlds. Worlds made by exhibiting their own work next to the work of friends, teachers, and respected artists. Slogans of the Guerrilla Girls climb to the top of a corner like poison ivy creeping up a building's facade. The human body is overtly

present. Exploring sexualities. Between the public and private. This isn't simple polemics. The complications of representation are embraced. In some cases they are distorted. With means of the grotesque or the satirical. A sensibility that doesn't object to displays of vulnerability. Perhaps exhibitions like this offer alternatives in a world dominated by consumer capitalism. Here, the conglomeration of things actually asks us to look at what is in front of us. Demanding time for contemplation. Assembling the

periphery at the center. Not just scanning through content but actually engaging with it. It is almost suspicious how invigorating this all feels. As if there were an exit. To slow down the speed of things. Stopping the stoppage. A Kunsthalle not as a dream destination but as a point of departure. No detachment upon arrival. Actually getting things moving. Not fit for the Internet, not fit for the market.

Tenzing Barshee



Ramin Haerizadeh, Rokni Haerizadeh,
Hesam Rahmanian: Installation views
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