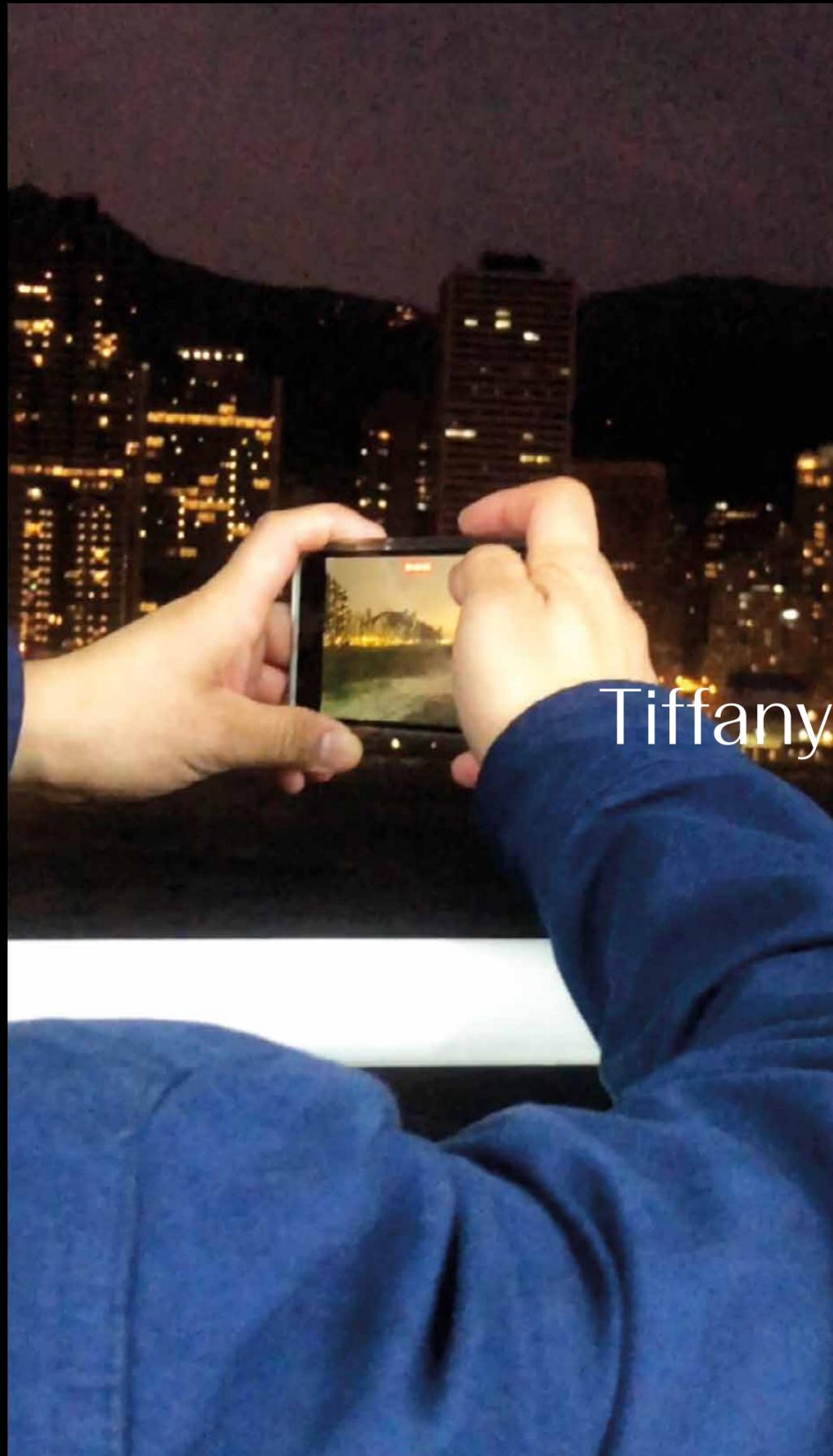


# Breathing Cameras



Tiffany Sia

in Conversation with  
Andrea Lissoni

Introduced by ANDREA LISSONI as “an apparition,” TIFFANY SIA’s short experimental film *Never Rest/Unrest* (2020)—shown, among other works, in *Slippery When Wet*, the artist’s latest solo in the United States, at Artists Space, New York (2021)—was, in her own words, “just made.” Shot “obsessively” on her phone only, with no script and without a crew, the work documents the relentless timeline of the protests that blistered in Hong Kong from June to December 2019. The ensuing conversation describes *Never Rest/Unrest* as a way of filming that posits a counter-spectacular narrative, rethinks the ethics of documentation writ large, and challenges typical distribution models. What transpires—through the embodiment of time in bodies, and Sia’s “breathing eye” behind the camera—is a series of in-between cinematic spaces where news and information indulge as quintessentially quiet, but incredibly seismic.



ANDREA LISSONI

There is something beautiful in not assigning a specific, defined shape to your work. Like, it is something, but it looks also like something else, so it could be always something else. Here comes the challenge I'd like to propose for our conversation: we could try to only focus on *Never Rest/Unrest* (2020).

TIFFANY SIA

I'd love that.

ANDREA

*Never Rest/Unrest* is an apparition. It appears, scrolls, evolves, revolves, and transpires. *Slippery When Wet*, your solo show at Artists Space, New York, seems to me both its sweat and its blueprint. In its online manifestation, it hosted a screening of *Never Rest/Unrest*, and in its real-life form it was traversed by a cinematic vertical roll that recalls both a script for film—printed by a dot-matrix printer—and analog film itself, being a continuous sheet perforated at the edges, as actual film is (or would have been). You found a wonderful mirrored cinematic device: it runs throughout the stairwell beginning in the galleries, and therefore cannot be read in its entirety. Yet one can experience it online by scrolling down, actually recalling the paradox of cinematic movement. Something chemically impressed and impossible to be read—a film—runs vertically through a projector, becomes light, lands on a wall, and generates communication, a form of reading, belief, and disbelief.

TIFFANY

It is impossible to show an entire scroll like Zhang Zeduan's *Along the River During the Qingming Festival* (1085–145), a monumental scroll in Chinese art history, for example, which I write about in *Too Salty Too Wet* (2021) and which appears in *The Bastard Scroll* (2021), which is where the book is “leaked.” Generally in reproductions of scrolls, what we see are only segments. Embedded in the scroll is cinematic thinking: the slow tracking shot across a vast landscape showing various times on a linear plane, the shifting perspective and foreshortening of the image, the editing and focus on one section.

Using dot-matrix paper as a form struck me as having an exciting multivalent potential. It is *Too Salty Too Wet* realized as a scroll printed on continuous paper that allows for this extended and continuous viewing experience. I knew that I couldn't exactly replicate the experience of reading between the web and the installation, so these differences—and sometimes limitations—in their physical presentation had to be embraced as bifurcated forms. Online, you can read the entirety of *The Bastard Scroll*. In person, you just have one segment of the scroll splayed out on the table and on the chair, and it states the text's *raison d'être*: that history is a series of receipts, an assemblage of primary and secondary accounts, and asks, how can we hold space for what is occluded, censored, or resists the written record? In the space, this guided viewing method leads you only to one section, allowing you to slowly walk around the paper form to view it, mirroring the way institutions and museums show ancient scrolls.

The dot-matrix paper is also a legally binding form, and serves as a receipt. I come from a textile family (my parents sold their business under duress and crisis in 2012, pressured out by the rise of fast fashion). Being

raised in the garment industry, I've always been familiar with dot-matrix printers; the loud shrill of these machines once provided the soundtrack for offices and factories around the world. One of my first jobs after college in the early 2010s was for a company that is part of the Ralph Lauren group, writing production orders that were printed on dot-matrix paper exclusively. I worked in AS400, an obsolete black-and-green-screen interface with f-key commands. These orders would get transmitted to a printer on the other side of the world, as a formal commitment of orders to factories. Transmissions from thousands of miles away became material through this paper form.

To return to cinematic thinking, the paper form itself looks like celluloid, with holes on the sides for the machine's sprockets to catch and pull the material along. For filmmakers and cinephiles, this is immediately recognizable as a mirror to celluloid. So, what is celluloid but a type of scroll? Anyway, any piece of curly paper is a kind of scroll. We can even think of receipts as tiny scrolls. Thus the proposition that history is a series of receipts, an assemblage of primary and secondary accounts that are visible to us. These various scrolls hold diverse records of time.

ANDREA

One icebreaking question to any filmmaker after a screening would be: Where did the idea come from?

TIFFANY

Well, I was volunteering, which brought me to the front lines a lot during the protests. To protect the project, I can't really go on the record about exactly what I was doing and who I was filming for, but I think you can read between the lines. I shot hundreds of hours of footage, and none of it belongs to me—rightfully so. It serves a purpose. But doing that work led to thinking about the ethics of documentation broadly speaking. In watching the news, there is a numbness that develops around the absorption of violent imagery. There was something to how people seemed numbed over time by the Hong Kong protests splashed onto various newspapers and other media outlets.

ANDREA

What was your specific concern?

TIFFANY

In thinking through the role of archival justice and its efficacy and limitations. Where is the role of an artist in the context of all this? As a documentarian, what is the use of showing images of violence when you're aware that it merely numbs the viewer in a culture already so saturated with such images? These are critical questions, and they haunted me during a time when I was witness to a lot of horrific scenes. I often returned to Julio García Espinosa's 1979 essay on imperfect cinema, and the vernacular of revolutionary filmmaking.<sup>1</sup> It's a kind of manifesto for the political artist. The essay proposes that to make such a film doesn't require it to be at the center of the activity or political action. It may appear alongside, or sometimes disappear into nothing. The role of true political action must function outside of art. In the age of spectacle as news—whereby crisis news is often weaponized by disinformation to splinter popular debate, moving further away from telling true human scale—*Never Rest/Unrest* attempts to strike at an anti-spectacular vernacular of nonfiction and documentary imagery to counter crisis news as

the dominant way of telling our times. The film poses instead images that are much more ambiguous and demand active interpretation. I was focused on capturing what is elusive and less photographable. What is the mood and atmosphere of living in this time and place? It is this very feeling, after all—the affect of our times—that invisibly holds us together.

ANDREA

So you didn't write anything like a script.

TIFFANY

No, there was no script at all.

ANDREA

Was there any financial support, a production?

TIFFANY

No.

ANDREA

You just made it. And how did you shoot, on your phone only?

TIFFANY

On my phone, obsessively, starting at the beginning of June 2019. Even up until now really, but all of that footage from the film is from June to December 2019, and brackets the most relentless and violent parts of the protests. I simply had this compulsion to constantly document and aggregate the timeline. Simultaneous to shooting the film, I was screenshotting the news and aggregating primary and secondary internet sources on Instagram Stories as a live, ephemeral archive. Even major journalists started following me because when they got tired of looking at Twitter, they used my feed as a sort of daily highlight reel. *Never Rest/Unrest* is part of that practice of aggregating information into various moving-image forms and reframing distribution. I was also doing it simultaneously in written form, and that became *Too Salty Too Wet*.

ANDREA

How did you edit what must have been a giant amount of material down to around thirty minutes? Or were you already selectively shooting?

TIFFANY

The latter. I was interested in moments of the in-between and the banal, things that were non-spectacular. Moments that resisted the news, that could never hold the bang of a headline, but are critical in their transformation of people's psyches. Reading history does not prepare us for knowing how to spot or perhaps even make sense of political crisis when we're living through it. But in those moments where I'm sitting next to someone who's watching a viral YouTube video of what became a kind of anthem of the protest—a crowdsourced and anonymously written hymn by Hongkongers online, which people learned in a week through the internet and began singing at protests—that's a remarkable and historic moment. So, there was this strange and outstanding way in which the accumulation of banal moments fed the momentum of huge social and political shifts, which later culminated in a loud bang of a headline.

I think often of the scene in Luchino Visconti's *Il Gattopardo* (The Leopard, 1963), where toward the end of the film, after an incredible overnight party, the prince leaves alone and pauses in front of a room of chamber pots. It's a moment of disenchantment, of observing a fading past of Italian history, which he epitomizes. Amid the extravagance of a beautiful, long party scene,

there is a room full of piss. In shooting *Never Rest/Unrest*, I was interested in trying to capture exactly that quintessentially quiet but incredibly symbolic and seismic moment—the brilliance of Neorealism that offers a complicated and quiet picture with multivalent potential. Looking at that image, you can nearly smell the stench of piss.

ANDREA

I am thinking of the three or four really time-slowng-down moments in *Never Rest/Unrest*. It seems you adapted the experimental filmmaking in-camera editing approach by way of following a chronological montage?

TIFFANY

Yes, because I didn't know what I wanted to preserve, but I recognized that the chronological timeline would itself sculpt the film for me, and I was constantly aware that many of these moments were disappearing. There's a scene where two women are talking to the cops and trying to reason with them, a kind of nonviolent tactic of attempting to dialogue with the police. That is so specific to the very beginning of the protests—when there was still some optimism or perhaps naivete left. Moreover, for a Hong Kong audience, knowing what moment this is in the protest's timeline is likely unconscious and immediate. One might even confuse it with a scene from the 2014 Umbrella protests. But you simply would not see this same body language between a protestor and the police after July or August 2019.

ANDREA

Are you saying that bodies embody time?

TIFFANY

Yes! The body becomes a cue for time's intensity and a mark of transfiguration. There is a part where there's a laser pointer and a shadowy figure on the balcony above, on a loudspeaker. For Hongkongers, despite the scene's obscurity, this moment will dredge up visceral dread: it is a cop on a loudspeaker telling people to disperse, which typically initiates a rapid sequence of events with tear gas, projectiles, charging, kettling, violent arrests, et cetera.

Keeping the timeline was critical to show the accumulation of intensity. Even in holding two audiences—one who is inside the situation, and the other who is outside—I am trying to push the latter into the total atmosphere of that time. Refusing to subtitle isn't just about obscuring or taking out information, but instead a way to force the audience to meet the work head-on as a formal experiment. Subtitling makes meaning through translation, explanation. Refusing to translate allows the moving images and sequences themselves to push the boundaries of opacity and demand more active interpretation from the audience. It reeks with meaning.

ANDREA

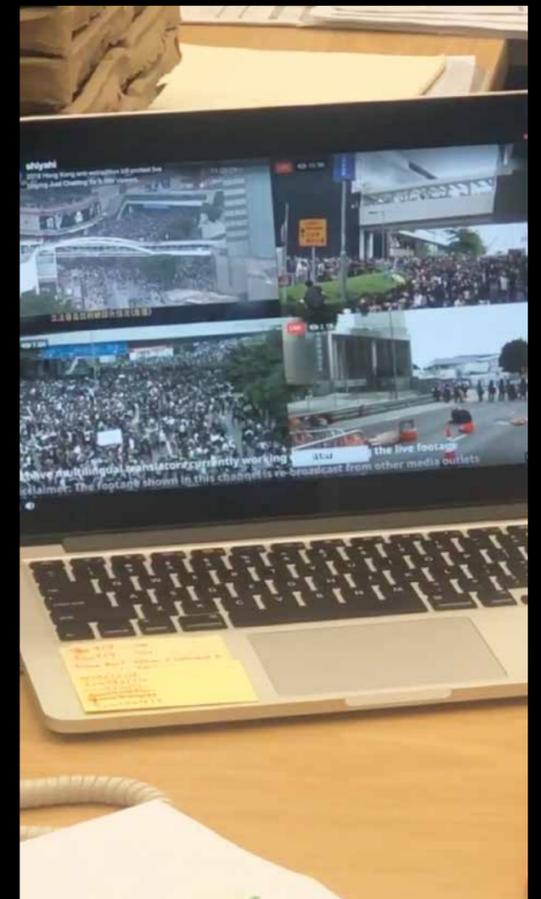
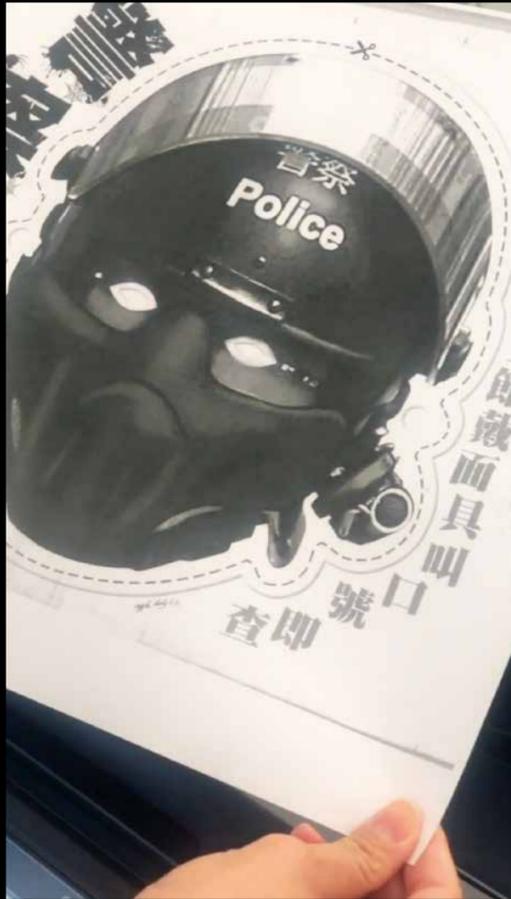
Bodies emanate, perspire, almost sweat time as forms of language, some of which further transmutate and become imaginary and source. Such time-twisting performativity crystallizes in an emblematically layered “source moment,” the Bruce Lee airport apparition, on an airplane back-of-seat movie screen.

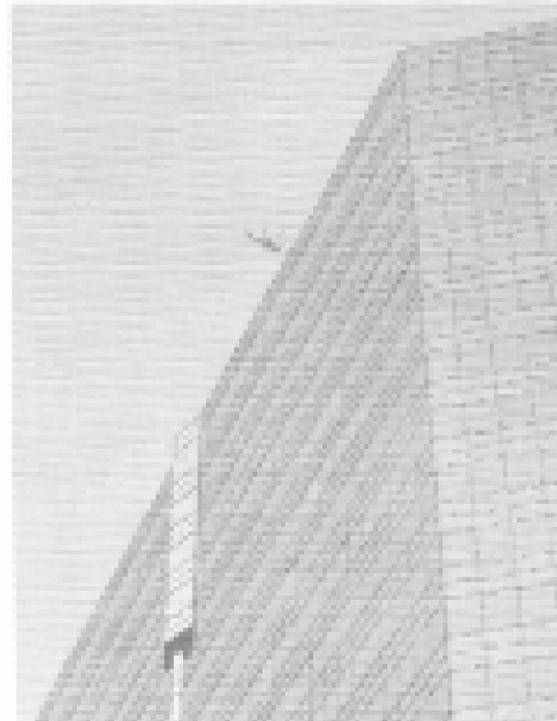
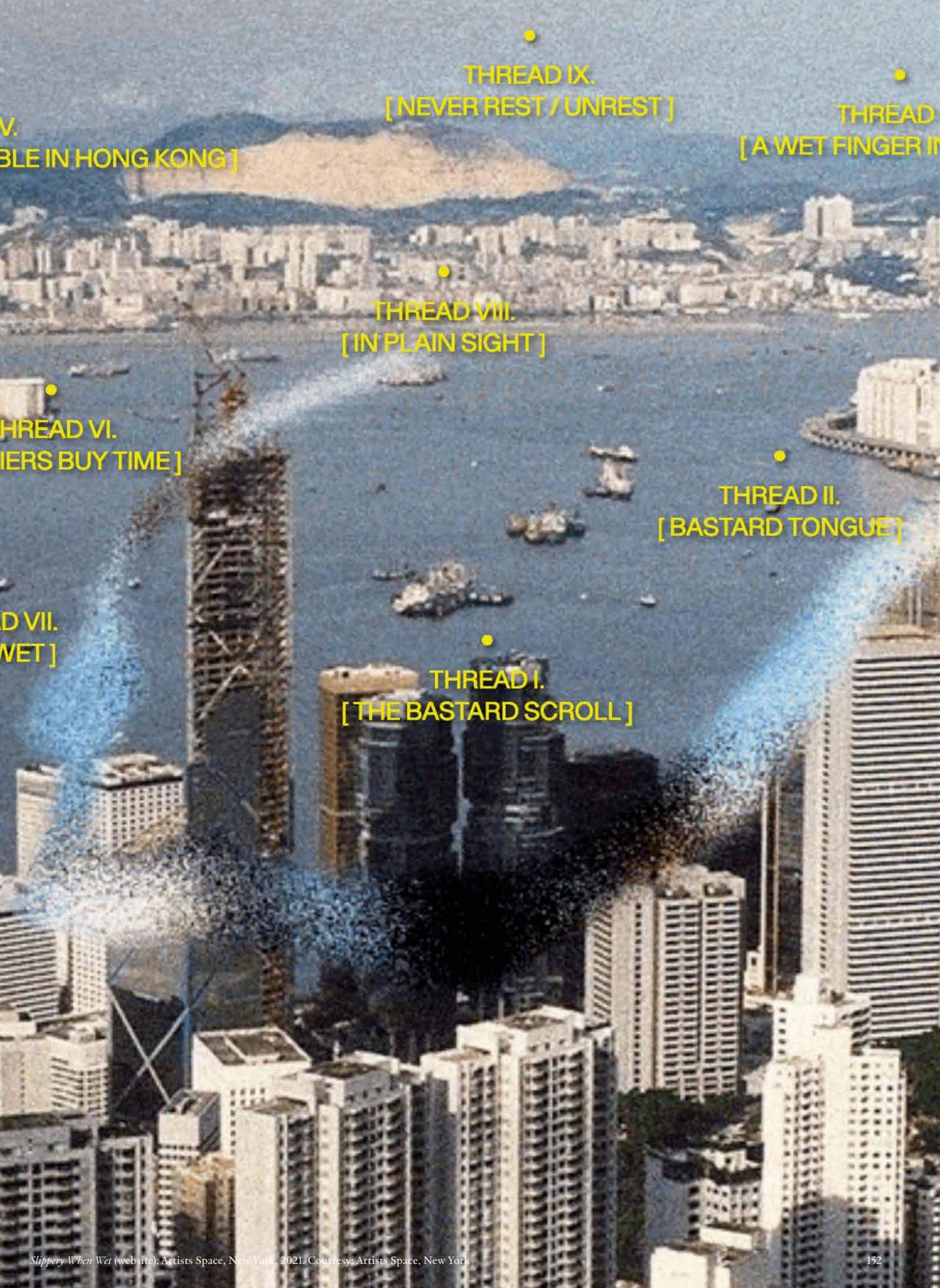
TIFFANY

Bruce Lee is the quintessential Hong Kong pop culture symbol, and a spiritual symbol of the Hong Kong protest. Lee originated the phrase “Be Water,” which describes the anti-police tactic of dispersal and









View from the Air, Hong Kong, Hong Kong, October 20, 2011

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resistance against kettling that Hong Kong protestors developed. Lee's other hometown was the San Francisco Bay Area. So he's a binational, and I think that is illuminating about Hong Kong identifying as multilayered and full of paradoxes. But the archival footage was really interesting because I shot that while watching it on the plane, mirroring Lee in that scene. Lee is on a journey between places at an airport, a nonplace. In the scene in *Way of the Dragon* (1972), he's being watched with suspicion by a white European woman. The moment is loaded with meaning about what life for a Hongkonger looks like outside of this region, and even watching that moment from the plane, seeing these slight suggestions through body language describes so much.

ANDREA

That's actually what that sequence transmits: the limits of frames, the power of bodies.

TIFFANY

The sequence shows a moving image within another, embedding a small screen inside another. This sequence comes right after an ad about Hong Kong as the world's global city, touted as a financial and export hub. The moment in the film describes where this quintessential idea of the city tilts, and you begin to see the perversity of these economic slogans. What was so aberrant to me about that scene, and seeing it in the context of the timeline of the Hong Kong protest, was that it conveys a major optical shift about the city, because undergirding a huge civic movement and relentless police violence was Hong Kong's importance as a capital of global financial exchange.

ANDREA

That's the only moment in the film where the imaginary of Hong Kong dominates: you see the town from above, it plays itself. Otherwise, it's corners, angles, from the woods, streets, and urban jungle. In that very moment, the imaginary crystallizes, sweats, and suddenly melts. Bruce Lee appears and then—two ghosts. Of course, that's what happens again at the end of *Never Rest/Unrest*: the imaginary collapses. Another very performative, gesturally inhabited, structurally uncanny sequence.

TIFFANY

Yes. That's archival footage of the 1997 handover, during which Hong Kong was released from colonial rule and returned to China. This segment is seen through the viewing apparatus of YouTube, a mediating online platform, where you are brought back in time, and the film abruptly shifts into a different aspect ratio. To your point, in that sequence the storytelling returns to show Hong Kong figuratively from aboveground, in this essential historical moment of change. But when you're observing this sequence of political ritual, you're struck by how completely underwhelming it is. Is this what political paradigm shifts look like? It's just a military exercise between two powers, and even a cameo of Margaret Thatcher in a small part of the frame. A spectacle of political ritual is just that: a televised and highly choreographed moment of symbolic enactment.

Inserting archival footage from a historical moment that foreshadowed the protests was essentially remarking on the challenge of tracing a paradigm shift visually. Historical shifts are in fact made up of many

micro-cusps, and the lived experience is tantamount. It is less the spectacle that insists to us what the cusp of change is. It is our bodies that truly tell it.

ANDREA

Transformation happens on the ground and has to do with gestures, movements, words, therefore bodily perception. Change is usually imposed and does not generate knowledge or understanding. Speaking of which, do you imagine *Never Rest/Unrest* ending abruptly, or looped? It's the narrative being interrupted that leaves the viewer in a state of suspension and disbelief against cyclicity and indifference.

TIFFANY

Totally. It's actually important that the viewer sees it from beginning to end. The experience of viewing must be a linear duration, instead of a loop that allows for dipping in and out. It's important that the sequences accumulate and reference one another and build upon themes. Looping instead encourages the possibility of a sojourn in and out of engagement, and detracts from viewing as both duration and accumulation.

ANDREA

That's what I was guessing starting with the very first sequence, which I see as vertical water and port background noise. There is background noise across the whole film, by the way. This could only have been a beginning, and the horizontal footage an end, that leaves the viewer wondering why it was cut there and what comes next. How did you treat sound?

TIFFANY

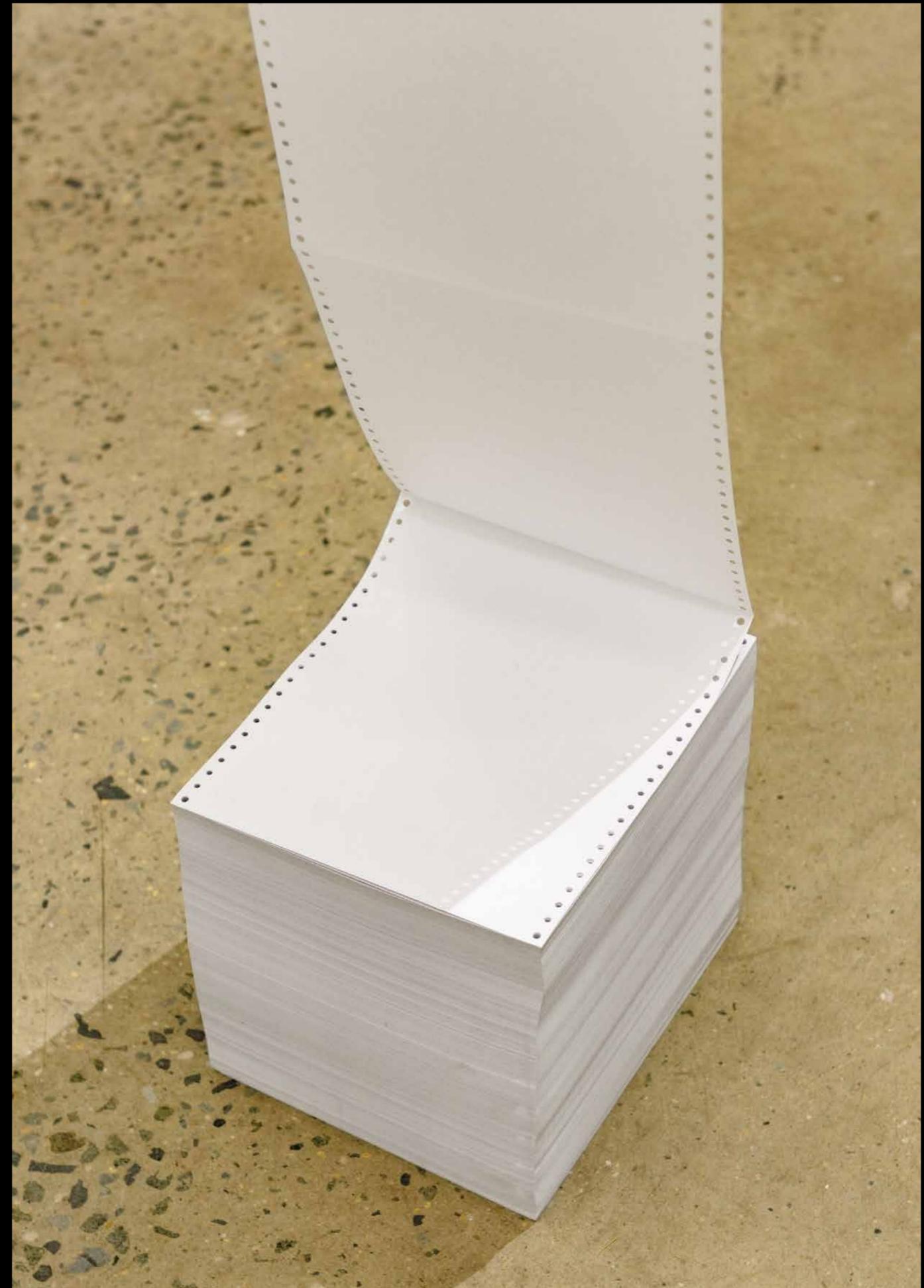
Sound is the bridge into the central atmosphere of the film. You can hear the textures of these spaces, the vastness of the marches in streets or the chants inside malls. The power of the human voice strikes across language. You can hear the anger in the atmosphere. Immersing someone totally in the unknown, without the mediation of explanation—resisting subtitles doesn't necessarily mean reducing someone's understanding of the event. It forces the viewer to rely on sound in order to interpret. And in this way, they are left with the bare power of expression of the human voice.

ANDREA

Images are vertical, as is the tool you used to shoot them. Yet I see the frame as a door. *Never Rest/Unrest* would be the perfect title for a horror movie, recalling *Beyond the Door* (1974) or *The Other Side of the Door* (2016). And this relates back to the dialectic state of suspension and suspense, as if something were always about to happen and never happens. What's behind it that never gets cracked? Finally the door opens up and you've got the uncanny, the staged rhetoric of the political gesture. On the other hand, beyond that door there is kinship, communality, care, and love, just when the door visibly becomes the device in the hands of the multitude.

TIFFANY

That's so apt. The idea of kinship is central to the role I straddled as both a witness and a participant. People behave differently around journalists and documentarians with proper film and recording gear, shooting on the front lines for the likes of CNN or a big-budget documentary. Filming on a handheld device allows oneself to more properly disappear into the overlap between witness and participant, and moreover, challenges the very presence of the moving image in the everyday.





Bastard Tongue (detail), 2021, *Slippery When Wet* installation view at Artists Space, New York, 2021. Courtesy: Artists Space, New York. Photo: Filip Wolak

This is the essential premise of Metahaven's book *Digital Tarkovsky* (2018). We spend so much time on our phones each day that it is equivalent to at least one Tarkovsky film; I'm really interested in what is cinematic about this experience. What about being on such screens and interfacing with these lenses has attracted us to these digital spaces, and what are the potentials of filmmaking in that? Is it anti-cinematic? What are the possibilities of making a picture of sublime cinematic potential through this Skype call, or even through something like Instagram Stories?

So, it's about being able to torque these systems of delivery, but also acknowledging the fact that we do spend so much time on our phones. This isn't a plea to necessarily abandon the timeline or abandon the news. It's wanting to recover a different kind of way of using and seeing this apparatus. And to think of it as the very technology that ties you to other people in kinship, watching together, or filming protests together. The aspect ratio of the film is as you describe, mimicking the dimensions of a door. It's a portal that the film invites you to enter. There's a sequence of me filming on top of a mountain with many other protestors. No official media is around. Everyone is filming at the same time, and there's an incredible swell of energy with chants. It is the longest uninterrupted sequence in the film, and it was important to allow for this duration to be immersive.

ANDREA

During that sequence I really missed being in a cinema, in a room sitting next to other people in that very modernist apparatus in which all our given individualities dissolve in empathy or plunge in that state of suspension of disbelief. We are all in it together. You really transposed that cinematic feeling in that long sequence. Speaking of empathy and pure cinematic time, I was blown away by the ibex suddenly appearing vertically on-screen, such a profoundly beautiful moment. The frame within a frame disappears, the sound of the plane's engines is taken over by birdsong, and actresses leave in favor of that majestic yet vulnerable crouched animal. Can we talk about that apparition?

TIFFANY

I want to situate the viewer in the body and that moment of breathing and uncanny suspension. It is communicated not just as a human body, but through an animal, which transports and suspends you. I love how the animal breathes. That's really important for me because that's also the way the camera breathes, like a body in the context of livestreams. You can even hear me in certain parts of the film. Watching livestream feeds of the protest, you can hear the person behind the camera breathing, observing the very way in which the body is also a recorder of this time, driving the camera to the front lines. We store these violent moments as trauma. But it's also how we breathe through these times collectively, singing and chanting together. The diaphragm moves the breaths in unison. In the mall when people are protesting and chanting, you can feel the intensity of the air swelling in people's lungs and shouting those protest slogans. For me, the ibex embodies this.

ANDREA

I loved the sequence of the street musician under the overpass.

TIFFANY

That sequence captures a street performer singing one of the anthems of the Hong Kong Umbrella protests from 2014, adapting a pop song from the 1990s by the Hong Kong band Beyond, about the pursuit of freedom and a kind of idealism—an emblematic song about longing for self-determination. It's incredibly evocative and emotional. But in the scene with the street performer, two drunken Australian women wander into the frame, and they have no idea what's going on. One of them remarks, "It's like *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*." This cultural collision is so quintessentially Hong Kong, but interesting in particular because that kind of illegibility occurred alongside a time of intense revolt. The city became alive whereby even commutes became politicized. Also, being in a former colony, there's a population of expats who typically don't speak the language and never learn, often totally missing these moments of intense meaning.

English and Cantonese are the two official languages of the city. It is this linguistic line that the film mimics in holding two different audiences by resisting subtitles: one who understands its references and/or Cantonese, and the other who doesn't understand it at all. This is epitomized in the image of Ludwig Wittgenstein's duck-rabbit. Look at it one way and you see a rabbit, look at it the other way and you see a duck, but it's simply a matter of optical training to be able to see both at the same time. Often in filming, I was interested in conveying moments that teeter between legibility and illegibility.

ANDREA

The "Never Rest/Unrest effect." Shall we talk about how your work became an exhibition? You drew edges on the floor, and there were numbers and written sentences both online and on the actual floor.

TIFFANY

The vinyl titles on the floor are in a sense a map, since my work relates to notions of geography and wrestles with ideas of community or placehood in the sense of a physical space or earthly landscape. If one is not in Hong Kong physically, feet not touching the territory of Hong Kong, are you part of the community still? Inverting the placement of wall text to ground text brings an awareness of where one is situated, and one's relation to the show's themes, thousands of miles away from the city.

ANDREA

How would you describe the floating, blurry ring suspended as time loop on the landing page of *Slippery When Wet*?

TIFFANY

That worm shape replicates an optical effect that happens to some people before they get a migraine. It's called a scintillating scotoma. You are essentially hallucinating a glitch effect, which circles your peripheral vision. It is the harbinger of a migraine, and if you see it for longer, there are probably neurological issues you should get checked out. It's an interesting other kind of optical play, marking a state of transition for your brain.

This floating shape is superimposed over an image of Hong Kong. The image, which was shot on celluloid, captures the quintessential view of the Hong Kong skyline, but there's a hidden meaning. The shot is an





archival 1988 photograph I found that shows the construction of the I. M. Pei Bank of China Tower at its very center. At the time, the building was widely criticized; various feng shui masters warned that its architectural plan was inauspicious. They believed the angular lines in its design would cut like a knife, sowing and casting negative energy to other surrounding buildings and the city. In a sense, this image traces this history, and “salting the earth” is an idiom for killing cities. In observing the gradual putrefaction of a city, can we as witnesses and people who live in this city locate the material—figuratively or otherwise—that undoes a city? For Hongkongers who know this building, they may see these references embodied in the superstitious history that building elicits. In these gestures, I’m trying to locate the harbinger of change, often disappearing or fleeting in our visions.

Along the same line of holding two audiences in *Never Rest/Unrest*, while Hongkongers will know its meaning, outsiders will simply see an ambient image. Perhaps even a prosaic image of the Hong Kong skyline, similar to ones that hang in Chinese takeout restaurants around the United States.

ANDREA

You produced Adam Khalil and Bayley Sweitzer’s *Empty Metal* (2018), in my view one of the most important films of the decade. What did you do, and what was your work about?

TIFFANY

Accounting, investor relations. Watching one of the first rough cuts and giving feedback on it.

ANDREA

Like a music producer, taking something toward another stage.

TIFFANY

The producer is sort of the glue of the team, or the lubricant of the machine. Working with my coproducers, Steve Holmgren, Franny Alfano, Alexandra Lazarowich, and others, I was one of the many people who kept the ship moving, doing essential functions to keep the directors focused on their roles as filmmakers. The work I do as a film producer mirrors the ethos of the Speculative Place residency, which I founded and currently run. I believe in the importance of willing certain projects into existence, even if it means taking on various roles in the engine. My prediction is that *Empty Metal* will be a sleeper cult hit and will, as you say, be regarded as one of the most important films of the decade.

One aspect of it that I don’t think was discussed in reviews or talks I saw or attended is the idea of the agent of history, which the film proposes. Who are the agents of change, and how can you become one or foment these conditions? There is a nearly mystical aspect underlying that question, relating to the idea of the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, or Walter Benjamin’s Angel of History. This is expressed in *Empty Metal* as “the invisible insurrection” and the telepathic revolutionaries.

This particular interest in thinking about the relationship between the metaphysical and the unseeable is a critical point that resonated with me through Adam and Bayley’s work. This incredible metaphysical irreverence in some ways runs parallel with Benjamin’s notion of seeing the intersection between historiography and theological or metaphysical concepts of time.

In developing the residency and project space to support other Hong Kong artists in other places, and being a producer on *Empty Metal*, I’m constantly asking myself how I can take on different roles for other people while still being committed to my own work. Correspondence and collaboration are critical to my practice and my being. At Speculative Place, residents live in my house for free for whatever proposed duration. We share a space and meals together. That’s really important to me, because I feel like the work and its urgency is tantamount, and community is crucial to helping realize nearly impossible projects.

ANDREA

All this has to do with ethics of love. Taking care of the energy of the shapeless and accompanying it to the state of the apparition, which may or may not reveal. Speaking of which, what happens to *Slippery When Wet* as an online show when the actual exhibition ends?

TIFFANY

It’s supposed to disappear after the show. It’s a kind of time capsule. It has to be ephemeral.

ANDREA

An apparition, again. An unexpected wave that ripples relentlessly.

1 Julio García Espinosa, “For an Imperfect Cinema,” *Jump Cut*, no. 20 (1979): 24–26, <https://www.ejumpcut.org/archive/onlinessays/JC20folder/ImperfectCinema.html>.

TIFFANY SIA (b. 1988, Hong Kong) is an artist, filmmaker, and founder of the Speculative Place residency. She is the author of *咸濕 Salty Wet* (Inpatient Press, 2019), a chapbook on distance, history, and desire in and outside of Hong Kong. *咸濕 Salty Wet* is in Tai Kwun Contemporary’s Artists’ Book Library collection and Asia Art Archive as part of the collection of print materials made in response to the Anti-Extradition Bill protests. Sia is the director of the short experimental film *Never Rest/Unrest* (2020), which screened as part of a retrospective in the Propositions program at Berwick Film & Media Arts Festival and is slated for its North American premiere at MoMA Doc Fortnight in a program titled “Crisis News Is a Genre Film.” Sia is part of Home Cooking, an artist collective founded by Asad Raza, to which she contributes the performance and reading series *Hell Is a Timeline*. A first institutional exhibition by Sia, *Slippery When Wet*, is currently on view at Artists Space, New York and centers on her new publication, *Too Salty Too Wet* 更咸更濕 (Speculative Place Press, 2021).

ANDREA LISSONI is the artistic director of Haus der Kunst, Munich.

