

Heeey Totxana

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FRIHETEN

*Todas mis amigas tienen el mismo sofá del IKEA
se llama FRIHETEN cuesta 649 euros
menos el modelo gris claro que cuesta
549 euros
ese es el que tienen mis amigas*

*Es el sofá cama más barato
y representa, para mí,
el triunfo de la bondad por encima de todo
porque aun teniendo poco las amigas invierten
en que a sus amigas
no les falte donde dormir.*

*FRIHETEN en noruego significa libertad
y ni la que lo compra ni la que lo usa es
realmente libre
esa es la ironía a la que nos tienen acostumbradas*

*Eres libre de ser nómada
vivir de sofá en sofá o en una furgoneta
despertarte frente a auroras boreales y fiordos
eres libre de hacerlo
pero a lo mejor no quieres
a lo mejor prefieres vivir en la ciudad donde naciste y
tener una mesa camilla y
algunos muebles heredados
de tías y abuelas o
cogidos en la calle cuando la gente los deja en la acera*

*A lo mejor preferirías pagar facturas en vez de
cocinar salmón sobre piedras ardiendo al lado de una cascada
preferirías ir al bar de siempre a ver amigas
nuevas y antiguas
que en la panadería te saluden
y no pagarle a alguien en Bali para que un mono amaestrado
coja tu móvil
y simule que se hace contigo un selfie*

[...]

Mayte Gómez Molina. Circuito cerrado de vigilancia.
Ed. Cielo Santo, 2024

Back transcription

We can safely say that one of the main concerns of our time is access to housing. In one way or another, we have all been able to observe the profound transformation that Barcelona has undergone in recent years, although we could also mention many other cities around the world. Neighbourhoods change, rents rise and locals disappear; long-standing shops close or become something else... something that is the same as everything else.

The city becomes strange to us. We largely work so that we can pay to remain in it. Living in the city has become a kind of endurance race in which staying no longer solely depends on our desire or our roots. Remaining lies in the hands of a series of economic forces that constantly reorganise the space, deciding in this action who can continue to inhabit it.

Among the forces characterising modern anxiety, which are increasingly abstract and difficult to pinpoint, the myth of the algorithm also appears. Another unknown agent, which everyone names but few know how to describe, and which, however, seems to constantly act on our lives. It is portrayed to us as autonomous, but it is not, because like everything artificial and, therefore, cultural, it always stems from the human. Like so many technologies before it, it arrived with the promise of making our lives easier and freeing us from work. But, apart from that promise, it has been used by various human powers as a control agent over the way we live and exist in the world.

In *Totxana* (Brick), Heeey (Xavier Lozano) combines these two elements, housing and algorithms, to address the forced displacement of our bodies. In line with his usual practice, based on generative art, Heeey masters the algorithm as a material and thinks creatively through it. He works with systems of rules, directions and computational processes that produce variable forms each time they are executed. The logic, in this case, jumps out of the screen and comes across construction materials, as it has done on other occasions with stone and, in this case, with brick. The work invites the public to manipulate the space and become the algorithm that manipulates the sculpture.

In generative art, the code written by the artist does not necessarily produce closed images, but rather a system of possibilities. A set of rules that defines how a work can behave.

In this sense, *Totxana* engages with the tradition of conceptual art and artists such as Sol LeWitt, for whom idea, directions and procedure could be as important as the work's material form. Although here, directions not only organise lines on a wall. They organise human movements and volumes in space. The work exists because someone interprets it physically.

Enter the gallery. Observe the space. A screen asks you to press a button. You press it. Chance is then activated. A direction appears. You follow it and move the landscape.

From this simple, almost playful gesture, the sculpture begins to change. The work's future is divided between the algorithm and the visitor's body. Each turn alters the form. Small constructions and groupings appear; things even disappear. A provisional city begins to reorganise itself in the gallery.

It all seems friendly at first, but bricks, no matter how they are dressed up, have a weight.

The sculpture's initial form gradually dissolves, as too the continuity of a community dissolves when its inhabitants are forced to abandon their homes, their support networks and their daily routines. *Totxana* thus becomes a city that appears and disappears, a forced landscape subject to external rules we do not always see, although they directly affect the bodies that inhabit it.

All my girlfriends have the same IKEA sofa bed / it's called FRIHETEN it costs 649 euros / except the light grey model which costs / 549 euros / that's the one my girlfriends have

It's the cheapest sofa bed / and, to me, it represents / the triumph of kindness above all else / because even without much girlfriends make sure / their girlfriends / always have a place to sleep.

FRIHETEN in Norwegian means freedom / and neither she buying or using it is / truly free / that's the irony they've got us used to

You're free to be a nomad / living from sofa to sofa or in a van / waking up to northern lights and a fjords / you're free to do this / but maybe you don't want to / maybe you'd prefer to live in the city where you were born and / have a small side table and / a few items of furniture inherited / from aunts and grannies or / picked up on the street when people leave it on the pavement

Maybe you'd prefer to pay bills instead of / cooking salmon on hot stones next to a waterfall / you'd prefer to go to your usual bar to meet girlfriends / new and old / who greet you at the bakery / and not pay someone in Bali so that a trained monkey / takes your phone / and pretends to take a selfie with you

[...]

Mayte Gómez Molina, *Circuito cerrado de vigilancia* (Ed. Cielo Santo, 2024).