

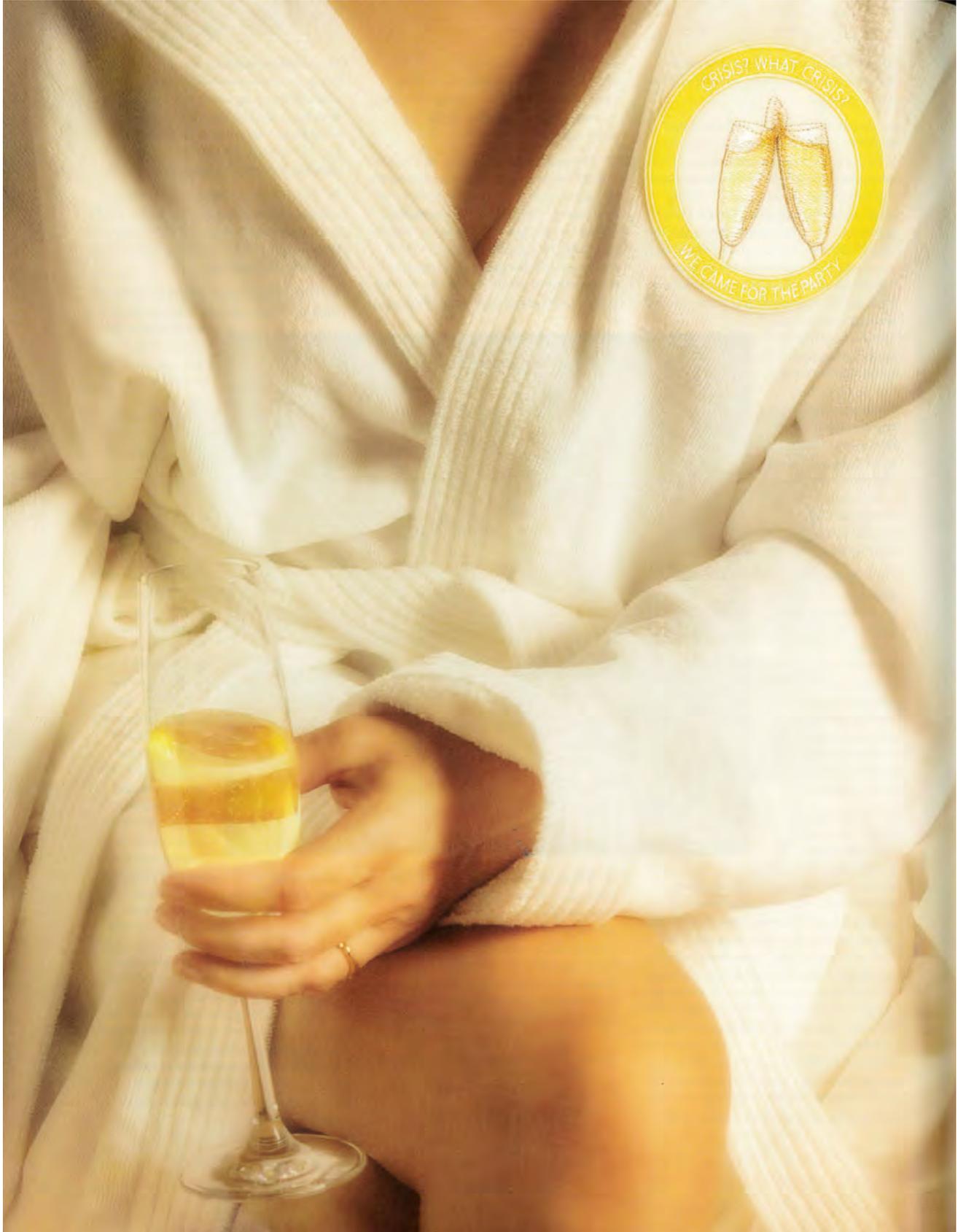
Galerie
Chantal Crousel

Rirkrit Tiravanija

Selected Press

ArtReview

Galerie
Chantal Crousel



ArtReview

Introduction

If art is about making things visible, then the Power 100 is about revealing who decides what (kind of) art is made visible. It seeks to uncover the network of interests behind the often undiscussed rhythms of generally accepted 'good taste' in art and its structures. It's an occasion for a magazine such as this one to review the extent to which it follows the issues suggested to it by blockbuster art exhibitions and equally blockbusting PR budgets. And to engage in the idea that the audience for art is not a stupefied mass but rather a self-reflexive public. It's also an opportunity for *ArtReview* to consider how the artworld operates and what those operations might tell us about the world that surrounds us.

Since its founding in 1949, during the postwar era of social and physical reconstruction in Europe, *ArtReview* has been concerned with advocating the positive role that art can play in the building of society. At the time, that mission was one that might broadly be described as optimistic, but not unrealistic. In the no-less-turbulent moment of now, we're sometimes left wondering how realistic these beliefs really are. Which makes the advocacy of the benefits of *art* all the more urgent (to borrow the catchphrase of this year's most powerful artworld player). *ArtReview's* foundational beliefs lie at the core of everything it does and provide the rationale behind the Power 100 project in particular. For this issue, however, we set advocacy aside. At *ArtReview* we know how we would like the world of art to be – but is that really how it is?

Crucially, the Power 100 is not about *ArtReview's* likes or *ArtReview's* taste; it's not even about who's popular or not. Power doesn't care for these things. In particular, it's not about confusing popularity with value, although for art to have a value it needs on some level to engage an audience. And, to be sure, how the world values art (monetarily, aesthetically, instrumentally) is a key issue. One that can mean that, at times, amid the network the Power 100 describes, it might be dealers who hold the upper hand; at others it's artists and curators; and sometimes even critics and thinkers. The Power 100 aims to reflect current debates over value, but crucially (and hardest of all) not directly asserting one particular measurement of value. Which, in turn, creates the controversies and strong opinions that often swirl around the list upon its release.

However, the criteria we use to evaluate the people of art power are clear: the person should have been active within the past 12 months; their influence is to be judged on an international rather than a local level; this influence should extend to the kind of art being produced today; and it should be an influence on the idea of art that persists in society at large. These criteria are applied by a panel of 20 people in different geographical regions who suggest and then argue for the most powerful influences on the contemporary art that surrounds them. Like much in life, the real debate is a battle of opinion as much as fact. And, in this globalised artworld, in which old ideas of centres and peripheries are harder and harder genuinely to apply, the list will necessarily privilege those power players whose influence has something of a global spread.

In general, art accrues value over time: time to think, time to digest, time to respond, time to assess, time to weigh and time to measure. But time is something contemporaneity doesn't have much patience for. Everything is in the moment, or its contemporaneity is lost. So how is the value of contemporary art set, within that framework? For *ArtReview*, it's art that tells something about the world around us that we've overlooked, and that perhaps speculates on what directions that world can or will follow. The last, of course, can only be valued over time. The Power 100, then, is a provisional assessment, one that needs to be retested and restated year after year. To be in the now is to be in a state of flux.

ArtReview

ArtReview



36 Rirkrit Tiravanija

Artist Thai Last Year 42

Sociable collaboration between artists, and artists and their publics, is virtually the rule now. But it's been Rirkrit Tiravanija's wheelhouse (most famously involving serving meals to visitors as art) for close to a quarter-century, and the Thai catalyst's example only looks more important as time goes on. Clarifying his generational impact, when Tiravanija recently collaborated with 40 people on a nearly 27m-long print chronicling his nomadic life, he exhibited it alongside work by rising star Korakrit Arunanondchai, his own former student. In the latest iteration of his *Tomorrow is the Question*, at the Stedelijk Museum in Amsterdam, Tiravanija invited viewers to play ping-pong. In LA, meanwhile, collaborating with design studio WHY, he set up a timber-framed house as a focus for interactions with the proximate Los Angeles River, a project highlighting the crucial importance of water and a reminder that bringing people together always has political potential.

frieze

1992

Galerie
Chantal Crousel



Rirkrit Tiravanija
untitled (free)

If you were to walk into an exhibition today and come across a work that required you to participate in a social act in order to 'see' it, you might not find it unusual. But when, in 1992, Thai artist Rirkrit Tiravanija invited visitors to share a free meal, it was revolutionary. For *untitled (free)*, Tiravanija turned the back office of 303 Gallery in New York into a kitchen and transformed the gallery into a communal space where visitors could serve themselves Thai curry and rice prepared by the artist. The work, which has since been re-imagined and restaged in various venues, is now regarded as one of the first instances of relational aesthetics – works that require their audience to become social participants in art. — Christy Lange



PERFORMANCE

Performance von Rirkrit Tiravanija

UNTITLED 2016

DO, 22.09.2016, 16:00 UHR
MAK-SÄULENHALLE

untitled 2016 (ballet correalismus sans mécanique) (feat. Karl Holmqvist)
Im Rahmen der Ausstellung *FRIEDRICH KIESLER. Lebenswelten*

Rirkrit Tiravanija interessiert sich für die Bildung von Gemeinschaften, die im Zeichen der Globalität frei von nationalen und territorialen Tendenzen formiert werden. Verweise zur Kunstgeschichte konterkariert er mit situativen ideologischen Gesellschafts- und Arbeitsmodellen, die er in interdisziplinären Performances, Happenings, Banketts oder Produktionen im Umfeld des Kunstbetriebs testet.

Auf Einladung von Tiravanija entwickelt Karl Holmqvist, bekannt für seine Poesie und Lesungen, im Rahmen der MAK-Ausstellung eine Live-Performance.

Holmqvist spielt die Rolle des Protagonisten Kiesler, der im Setting einer assoziativen Bühnenlandschaft posiert und aus seinen visionären theoretischen Schriften liest. In Anspielung auf Kieslers Selbstdarstellungen mit seinen Werken wählen die Künstler die 8-teilige Galaxy [Floor/Wall Piece](1952) an der Schnittstelle von Malerei und Installation als Bühne, in welcher sich Kiesler posierend fotografieren ließ.

Foto: Rirkrit Tiravanija

untitled 2015 (run like hell), Opening performance with Karl Holmqvist and Antto Melasniemi
Foto credit: Marianna Capuano, Courtesy of the artist and Galerie Chantal Crousel, Paris

PARIS

Rirkrit Tiravanija

Galerie Chantal Crousel/6 juin - 18 juillet 2015

C'est un grand retournement. Au premier regard, l'espace de la galerie Chantal Crousel, auquel on accède d'habitude par la rue Charlot, est réduit à un minuscule espace, reproduction exacte des toilettes du CBGB, la mythique boîte de nuit punk new-yorkaise (1973-2006). À un détail près, et il est de taille, les murs sont immaculés, à peine secoués des reliefs des anciens graffitis reconstitués à l'aide de photographies. Tout le mobilier que l'on imagine dans un tel lieu est en parfait état de marche et invite à faire des rencontres. Rirkrit Tiravanija, l'un des grands représentants de l'esthétique relationnelle, pratique depuis vingt ans ce principe de reconstitution : son atelier, la péniche Louise Catherine de Le Corbusier, et même les espaces de l'ARC. N'est pas nouvelle non plus dans son œuvre cette référence pleine d'humour à la figure de Duchamp—ici à son *Urinoir*, à la dernière Biennale de Sharjah à son *Porte-bouteille* et à son *Eau de Voilette*. Mais cette exposition, *Untitled 2015 (run like hell)*, se dessine dans l'espace avec une adresse et une tonalité renouvelées.

Après cette première visite, Rirkrit Tiravanija nous renvoie dans la rue, du New York des années 1970 au vieux Marais, pour faire le tour du pâté de maison jusqu'à l'arrière de la galerie rue de Saintonge. Une grande scène s'y dresse, reposant sur des caisses comme dans un concert de punk. Cette sculpture—ou bien est-ce un monument?—est en marbre blanc de Carrare, scène ouverte à tous les visiteurs qui voudraient essayer les instruments laissés à leur disposition, et magnifique forme en attente. C'était donc cela, les sons



que l'on entendait depuis les toilettes de la rue Charlot, que l'on retrouve retroussées dans la galerie sous la forme d'un curieux volume en contreplaqué? Le soir du vernissage, a eu lieu un concert du groupe Cheveu. D'autres caisses de marbre qui jonchent le sol étaient remplies de tartines de lard de Colonnata, spécialité de la région de Carrare traditionnellement conservée dans le marbre, que les visiteurs pouvaient goûter ce jour-là. Peu de temps après, c'est devant la foire de Bâle que Rirkrit Tiravanija faisait partager un repas aux passants qui le désiraient, en les invitant aux préparatifs ou à faire la vaisselle; le pavillon de *Do We Dream Under The Same Sky* rejoindra *The Land*, projet lancé en Thaïlande en 1998 comme un lieu de résidence d'artistes et d'ateliers.

En comparaison de cette douce atmosphère, il y a dans l'exposition *Untitled 2015 (run like hell)* quelque chose de sombre. Faut-il y voir une autre allusion, même pleine de dérision, à Duchamp et à son étrange prophétie de 1961: « le grand artiste de demain sera clandestin »? Est-ce

un commentaire cynique sur l'art d'aujourd'hui? Le choix du punk n'est évidemment pas anodin. Les dessins des manifestations et les agrandissements de pages de *Libération* recouvertes des mots « On ne peut pas simuler la liberté d'expression », qui sont accrochées dans la pièce à côté, donnent à cette musique une actualité intense.

Anaël Pigeat

This is a big turnaround. At first glance, the gallery space at Chantal Crousel, usually entered from Rue Charlot, has been reduced to a tiny area, the exact reproduction of the rest rooms at New York's legendary punk club, CBGB (1973-2006). Except for one significant detail: the walls are immaculate, barely defaced by the reliefs of the old graffiti, reconstituted here using photographs. All the furnishings one expects to find in such a place are in perfect working order and encourage encounters. Rirkrit Tiravanija, one of the great proponents of relational aesthe-

tics, has been making recreations for some twenty years now, whether of his own studio, Le Corbusier's barge, Louise Catherine, or the spaces of the ARC gallery in Paris. Nor is the humorous reference to Duchamp here (the *Urinal*) unprecedented; at the last Sharjah Biennale he evoked the *Bottle Rack* and *Eau de Voilette*. But this exhibition, *Untitled 2015 (run like hell)*, occupies the space with a deftness and a tone that are quite new.

After this first visit, Tiravanija sends us back out into the street, from the New York of the 1970s to the old Marais, taking us round the block to the back of the gallery on Rue Saintonge. A big stage rests on crates, as if at a punk concert. This sculpture—or is it a monument?—is in white Carrara marble, and visitors who wish to can make use of the instruments laid out there. It is also a magnificent latent form. So was this it, the source of the sounds heard from the toilets on Rue Charlot, which we find squashed into the gallery, in the form of a strange shape in plywood? On opening night the group Cheveu played here. Other crates of marble lay around the floor, filled with bread spread with Colonnata, the *lardo* that is the specialty of the Carrara region and is traditionally kept in marble, and which visitors could try. Shortly afterwards, at Art Basel, Tiravanija shared a meal with willing passers-by, inviting them to cook with him or do the dishes. His *Do We Dream Under The Same Sky* pavilion will become part of *The Land*, his artists' residencies and studios project in Thailand. Compared to all this gentle commonsality, there is a darker streak in *Untitled 2015 (run like hell)*. Might it be an allusion, even a mocking one, to Duchamp and his strange prophecy in 1961: "the great artist of tomorrow will go underground"? Is it a commentary on today's art? The choice of punk is obviously significant, too. Drawings of demonstrations and blow-ups of pages from *Libération* covered with the words "You can't simulate freedom of expression" give this music an intensely topical verber.

Translation, C. Penwarden

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Translation, C. Penwarden

Cette page/this page: « Untitled. 2015 (Run like hell) ». Vues d'exposition/exhibition views. (Ph. F. Kleinfenn)



NEWSART TODAY TV



Galerie
Chantal Crousel

Rirkrit Tiravanija – Galerie Chantal Crousel

06/06/2015 - 18/07/2015

Rirkrit Tiravanija, artiste thaïlandais né à Buenos Aires, est exposé du 6 juin au 18 juillet à la galerie Chantal Crousel. Cet artiste est l'un des plus influents de sa génération. Pourtant, ses œuvres créent souvent la polémique. Pour créer, il part d'objets quotidiens, de faits simples, souvent inédits dans les galeries.

La galerie Chantal Crousel expose actuellement deux œuvres de l'artiste liées à la musique rock. La première, est une reproduction des toilettes d'un bar newyorkais mythique qui a accueilli de nombreuses légendes du rock des années 1970. La seconde, est une scène en marbre sur laquelle se trouvent des instruments typiques de la culture rock : une batterie, une guitare, une basse.

Dans les deux cas, Rirkrit Tiravanija, pour qui le partage avec son public est primordial, laisse ses œuvres à la disposition du spectateur.

Cette exposition est riche de sens pour quiconque souhaite, à l'instar de Rirkrit Tiravanija, envisager l'art comme un espace de liberté permettant de s'affranchir des codes.

Infos pratiques :
10 Rue Charlot
75003 Paris
01 42 77 38 87

Du 6 juin au 18 juillet,
La galerie est ouverte du mardi au samedi de 11h à 13h et de 14h à 19h.

domus

Galerie
Chantal Crousel



Rirkrit Tiravanija's new work Untitled 2015 (run like hell), on display in Paris, seems an ironical attempt to construct a mausoleum for the now defunct punk aesthetic and celebrate the sense of alienation, perhaps for the purity of the marble or the super-clean sanitary fixtures – washbasins and lavatories that greet visitors to the gallery.

This is all the more so given the adoption of ingredients such as *Lardo di Colonnata*, a pure fat product we happily associate with exquisite and age-old taste experiences.

A perfectly functioning 1:1 scale version concealed behind the main Chantal Crousel gallery entrance reproduces the toilets of the legendary CBGB in New York, a club that became a punk shrine in the 1970s and closed in 2006, in a clear reference to the gentrification process underway throughout the Lower East Side. A reliquary version of the real CBGB survives in John Varvatos' luxury boutique, where its walls and a large quantity of posters and memorabilia is conserved intact.



↑ **Top:** Rirkrit Tiravanija, *Run Like Hell*, 2015, marble, 36 x 300 x 350 cm., detail. **Above:** *Untitled (cul-de-sac)*, 2015, Plywood, wooden beams, urinals, toilet, modulated resin, clear lacquer, 330 x 190 x 490 cm. Exhibition view, *Untitled 2015 (run like hell)*, Galerie Chantal Crousel. Courtesy of the artist and Galerie Chantal Crousel, Paris. © Florian Kleinfenn

Galerie
Chantal Crousel

Here, this phantom presence and precise sampling from a real context are of a different nature and ready-made strategies are cancelled out. Of all the nuances that have accompanied the thoughts and body fluids that passed over Mr Robert Mutt's white ceramic (the name Duchamp signed on the founding ready-made urinal in 1917), Rirkrit Tiravanija's display is a true exception and the invitation to use it crosses even its boundaries.



↑ Rirkrit Tiravanija, *Untitled (cul-de-sac)*, 2015, plywood, wooden beams, urinals, toilet, modulated resin, clear lacquer, 330 x 190 x 490 cm. Exhibition view, *Untitled 2015 (run like hell)*, Galerie Chantal Crousel. Courtesy of the artist and Galerie Chantal Crousel, Paris. © Florian Kleinfenn

Taking a leak in one of France's most highly regarded galleries seems quite irreverent and prompts thoughts on how the work of so many of his colleagues has evolved. Some, such as Pierre Huygue, uproot paving stones to construct sophisticated micro-environments on the roof of the Metropolitan Museum in New York. Others, like Philippe Parreno, stage multimedia super-productions at the Park Avenue Armory. But where has all the early energy gone?

The impression given by an investigation of the relationship between subject and object is that everything is caught up in the reflections of British sociologist Dick Hebdige who, about 30 years ago, lifted the lid on the powerful and unnatural fascination with subcultures. One of his pieces on style, based on an analysis of the punk aesthetic, gave the movement a theoretical reputation. An immense theoretical production and rereading of youth phenomena, from punk to grunge, placed the counterculture scene on a par with high culture. Artists started harbouring a desire for legends and biopics, just like the most famous rockstars, helping to extend the domain of the punk aesthetic.

Galerie
Chantal Crousel



↑ Rirkrit Tiravanija, *Run Like Hell*, 2015, marble, 36 x 300 x 350 cm and *Untitled (cul-de-sac)*, 2015, plywood, wooden beams, urinals, toilet, modulated resin, clear lacquer, 330 x 190 x 490 cm. Exhibition view, *Untitled 2015 (run like hell)*, Galerie Chantal Crousel. Courtesy of the artist and Galerie Chantal Crousel, Paris. © Florian Kleinfenn

Tiravanija presents today's art world with this simple exercise of turning the tables. He relaunches the construction of altars and sanctuaries, like this one in real marble: no longer the typical set for a hardcore performance but an unconscious monument to its impracticability.

Guitar, bass and drums all function perfectly and can be used but everything remains mute and, actually, unnatural. It is an explant of materials from their original setting and Tiravanija cites the Parthenon metope and marbles just like a modern-day Lord Elgin.



↑ Rirkrit Tiravanija, *Run Like Hell*, 2015, marble, 36 x 300 x 350 cm. Exhibition view, *Untitled 2015 (run like hell)*, Galerie Chantal Crousel. Courtesy of the artist and Galerie Chantal Crousel, Paris. © Marianna Capuano

Galerie
Chantal Crousel

The exhibition measures the effort and significance of the re-enactment that has become so fashionable. Today, Classicism with a capital C is portable and even *prêt-à-porter*, as too the idea of postmodern vintage. The artist, who is known for serving excellent meals to the huge art public – and whose popular curries and soups have left traces in the public and private collections of museums worldwide – is now pushing himself farther. He does not want to resemble anyone else except in the marketability of the piece. His tasty and fragrant *Lardo di Colonnata* may be a bitter pill served up to the art system but it will not halt the obsession of collecting and trading in relics.

His marble basins for maturing the fatty pork back are minimal parallelepipeds, arranged on the gallery floor and filled with edible fat which is not the same as Beuys rounding the corners of the Modern. Immersed in the rhetoric on food and eco-sustainability, in this alchemic mix of punk and classicism, all that springs to mind is the simple meal of Carrara marble workers and nostalgia for non-alignment.

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PAROLES D'ARTISTE RIRKRIT TIRAVANIJA

« L'interaction avec le public m'a toujours intéressé »

La transformation est radicale. L'entrée de la galerie Chantal Crousel, à Paris, a été transformée en toilettes par Rirkrit Tiravanija : très précisément une copie de celles du CBGB, célèbre bar new yorkais du Lower East Side qui a notamment vu défilier toute la scène punk américaine (*Untitled (cal-de-sac)*, 2015). Lui répond une scène utilisable, qui au lieu de planches convoque le marbre (*Run like Hell*, 2015).

En réalisant une copie des toilettes de ce bar légendaire, s'agissait-il de vous avancer sur le terrain de la contre-culture ? Je pense que le point de départ est toujours le ready made. Mais peut-être s'agit-il d'un « contre-ready made » ? Ce motif était intéressant pour moi car il y a eu cette exposition sur la mode punk au Metropolitan Museum [à New York] :

RIRKRIT TIRAVANIJA.
UNTITLED 2015 (RUN LIKE HELL), jusqu'au 18 juillet, galerie Chantal Crousel, 10, rue Charlot, 75003 Paris, tél. 01 42 77 38 87, www.crousel.com, 11j sauf dimanche-lundi 11h-13h/14h-19h.

Chaos to Couture », 2013] où ces toilettes avaient été recréées. Le Metropolitan est très connu pour avoir ce genre de créations d'espaces et j'ai trouvé intéressante cette idée de « transporter » un tel espace jusqu'au musée. Mais découvrant des images de ces toilettes dans les journaux, les gens qui connaissent les originaux dans le bar ont trouvé que ce n'était pas vraiment à cela que ça ressemblait. Je travaillais déjà beaucoup avec ce genre de stratification, cette idée graffiti, de textes superposés, qui est pour moi plus un intérêt pour le situationnisme.

Avez-vous un intérêt particulier pour la contre-culture, le punk, cette période ? Ou s'agit-il plutôt de références pour vous ?

Ce sont plutôt des références qui pointent pour moi un peu l'idée de résistance. Car bien entendu tout cela a des significations, c'est donc plus comme des signes que je souhaite mettre en avant et utiliser afin d'élaborer de la résistance.

Ici les murs sont complètement propres, mais l'on peut y voir incrustées dans les murs les traces de certains graffitis, ce qui crée un changement radical entre



Rirkrit Tiravanija, *Untitled (cal-de-sac)*, 2015, détail, vue d'installation à la galerie Chantal Crousel, Paris. (vue sur le bar et galerie Chantal Crousel, Paris. © Chantal Crousel)

ce que vous donnez à voir et la réalité de l'endroit...

Bien sûr, c'est une sorte de récréation. J'étais plus intéressé par la surface et d'une certaine manière par la façon d'en faire un objet, de transformer ces toilettes complètes en objet. Je cherchais donc une façon de les reproduire de manière intégrée, afin qu'elles deviennent elles-mêmes leur propre objet. En testant certains matériaux, nous

avons commencé à réaliser que certaines choses ne pouvaient apparaître telles quelles, puis j'ai pensé que finalement j'étais juste en train de créer une ombre des vraies toilettes. Ainsi cela devient d'une certaine manière une trace. Il y a donc cette question d'un véritable objet, mais aussi celle de l'image ; j'ai tenté de transformer un endroit en une image qui soit un véritable objet d'une certaine manière.

À propos du fait que l'installation soit fonctionnelle, vous avez toujours été intéressé par l'interaction avec le public. Est-ce ce même intérêt qui régit en partie cette œuvre ici ?

Oui je crois. J'ai toujours été très intéressé par les seuils que les individus doivent franchir afin de participer ; c'est leur décision d'entrer ou pas. Il y a cette question d'avoir à le faire ou de l'avoir fait qui vous étreint, et il y a cette signification de violation. Je souhaite que cette œuvre appelle aussi cette question de seuils et mettre cet objet dans un lieu où chacun doit prendre une décision. Et les deux décisions peuvent provoquer quelque chose d'intéressant.

Depuis le milieu des années 1990, vous êtes associé

à l'esthétique relationnelle. Croyez-vous que ce concept soit encore pertinent aujourd'hui ? Je pense que c'est toujours pertinent en effet et que c'est toujours joué. Peut-être ce que c'était exactement n'était pas très clair à l'époque, mais maintenant cela devient presque comme une forme, peut-être un peu trop une forme d'ailleurs.

À propos de la seconde installation, n'est-ce pas contradictoire que quelque chose qui soit censé être en bois, plus ou moins fragile, soit ici exécuté en marbre ?

Je m'intéressais à cette contradiction : quelque chose qui est véritablement éphémère en termes d'attitude et très permanent en termes de matériaux, cela joue donc avec cela. J'ai évidemment voulu montrer cela en relation avec les toilettes. Il y a une sorte de possibilité que vous soyez allé aux toilettes et que vous ayez entendu quelqu'un jouer dans le fond, c'était donc une sorte de réponse. Je regarde le tout comme une seule chose, ce n'est pas vraiment une seconde installation.

Propos recueillis par Frédéric Bonnet

Exposition réalisée en association avec le Musée de La Poste. Paris - www.ladresseuseedelaposte.fr



EXPOSITION DU
12 MARS - 8 NOVEMBRE 2015
Musée du Général Leclerc de Hayebouque
et de la Libération de Paris
Musée Jean Moulin

Partenaires, partenaires,
Administration de gravure,
Réseaux de programmes sur
www.museedelaposte.fr
MUSEE MARGUERITE DURAND



MATISSE EN SON TEMPS



Fondation Pierre Gianadda
Martigny
20 juin - 22 novembre 2015
Tous les jours de 9 h à 19 h



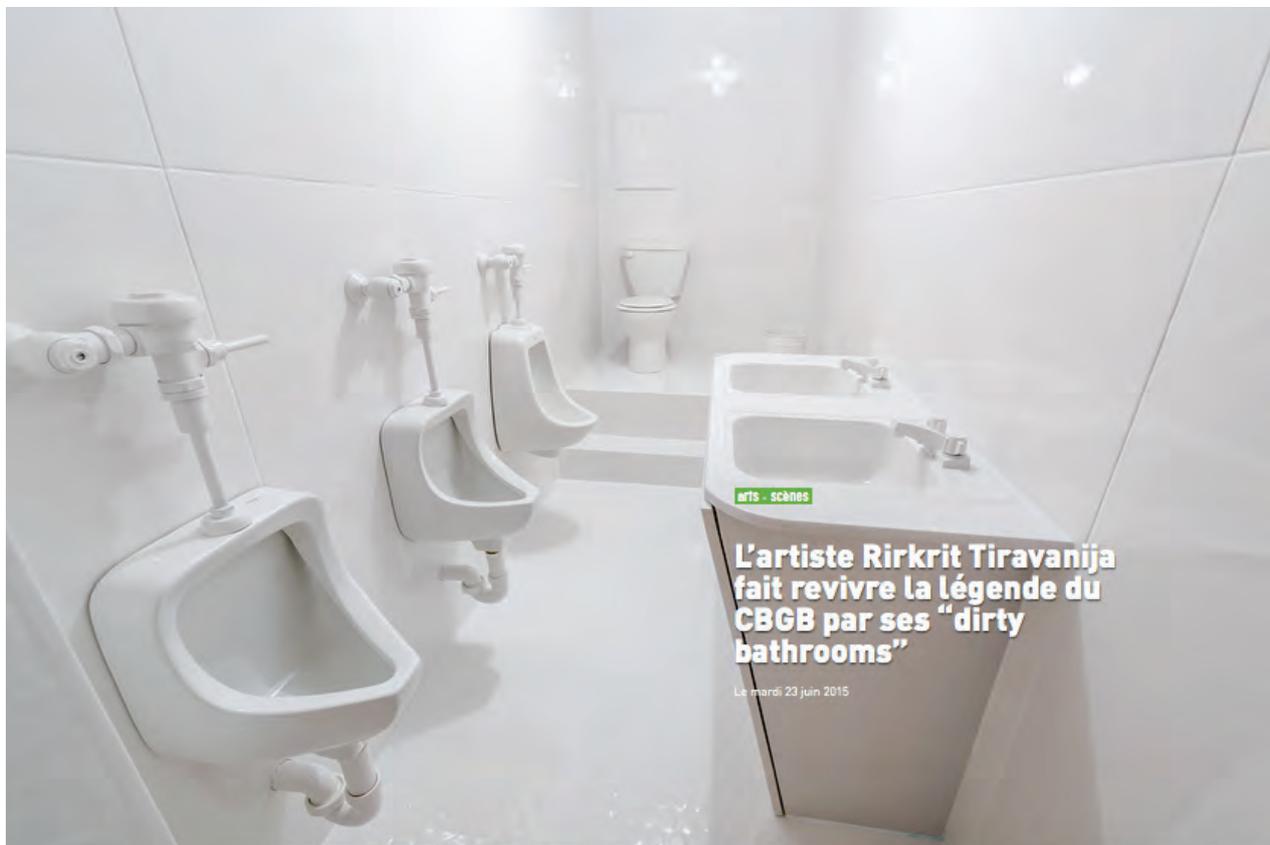
Vie Rapide S1E67 - Mardi

Galerie
Chantal Crousel



Rencontre avec l'artiste thaïlandais Rirkrit Tiravanija, qui a eu l'idée d'exposer à Paris une reproduction des toilettes d'un ancien club mythique de New-York, le CBGB.

A demain, Mehdi.



Rirkrit Tiravanija, Untitled (col-de-sac), 2015, Vue d'exposition Untitled 2015 (un like hell) à la Galerie Chantal Crousel © Photo Florian Kleinlehn, Courtesy de l'artiste et Galerie Chantal Crousel, Paris

Où est passé l'esprit du mythique CBGB, qui a fermé ses portes en 2006 après trente-trois ans de bons et loyaux services ? Voici en substance la question que pose l'artiste Rirkrit Tiravanija à la galerie Chantal Crousel, avec une reconstitution grandeur nature, sans fétichisme aucun, des fameuses "dirty bathrooms" du club punk new-yorkais.

"Je prends le bar avec moi, je prends la scène avec moi, je prends les urinoirs dans lesquels j'ai pissé avec Joey Ramone." On est en 2006, et Hilly Cristal, fondateur et gérant du mythique club CBGB, fondé en décembre 1973 à Manhattan, annonce qu'il va déménager à Las Vegas, contraint de mettre la clé sous la porte après que le propriétaire du bâtiment a annoncé vouloir doubler le prix de la location.

Depuis c'est silence radio. Avec cette question qui reste en suspens et que contribue aujourd'hui à reformuler la drôle d'exposition que signe l'artiste thaïlandais Rirkrit Tiravanija à la galerie Chantal Crousel à Paris. A quoi tient l'esprit d'un lieu ? Suffit-il, comme le proposait Hilly Cristal de télétransporter bar poisseux et backstage pouilleux pour retrouver l'odeur de la sueur et de l'alcool, les cris et la puissance des shoots, les accords dissonants de Television et la voix de Tom Verlaine, les Perfecto des Ramones et le punk sexy de Debbie Harry ?

Suffit-il comme le fait aujourd'hui Tiravanija de reconstituer à échelle 1, les fameuses "dirty bathroom" du CBGB pour retrouver un peu du parfum contestataire du punk new-yorkais né sur les cendres de la contre-



culture, les relents de la guerre du Vietnam et l'insalubrité du Bronx ?

Tiravanija ne se fait aucune illusion apparemment, qui ne fait même pas mine d'importer, ou de reporter, les traces multiples, traces de doigts, graffs et stickers qui recouvraient littéralement les chiottes cradingues du 315 Bowery ; mais livre ici un remake immaculé (bien que fonctionnel – les toilettes fonctionnent, vous pouvez y faire un stop) ces coulisses au moins aussi décisives que la piste de danse et la scène (que l'on retrouve plus loin dans l'exposition).

Les déclarations d'amour ou les insultes griffonnées à même les murs qui se sont accumulées au long des 33 années d'activité du club apparaissent ici de façon quasi imperceptible, blanc sur blanc mais signalées par un léger relief à peine visible à l'œil nu.



Rirkrit Tiravanija, *Untitled (sou-de-sac)*, 2015; *Vue d'exposition Untitled 2015 (run like hell)* à la Galerie Chantal Crousel © Photo Florian Kleinefenn, Courtesy de l'artiste et Galerie Chantal Crousel, Paris.

Galerie
Chantal Crousel

Zéro fétichisme donc du côté de Tiravanija réputé pour ses expériences communautaires (repas partagé et puzzle géant) et son appartenance à un courant phare dans les années 90 : l'esthétique relationnelle, mais plutôt un geste fort avec cette entrée en matière imposée en quelque sorte, puisque le visiteur doit d'abord passer par ce sas historique et ironique à la fois, avant de revenir sur ses pas, faire le tour du pâté de maison et rejoindre le reste de l'exposition en passant cette fois par l'arrière-cour de la galerie ! Une façon de nous mettre le nez dans l'histoire et de nous proposer une expérience live du reenactment (pratique très en vue dans l'art contemporain et dont Tiravanija est l'un des représentants).

“Il témoigne d'un rejet total des circuits conventionnels et donne notamment le droit à tout un chacun de monter sur scène pour s'y exprimer, de manière plus ou moins talentueuse. Inspiré par cette culture de l'amateurisme et de la contestation, Rirkrit Tiravanija provoque de manière récurrente des situations d'expérimentation, laissant le visiteur interagir en toute liberté avec ses installations et faisant ainsi glisser son statut de visiteur à celui de participant” peut-on ainsi lire dans le texte de présentation.

Claire Moulène. « L'artiste Rirkrit Tiravanija fait revivre la légende du CBGB par ses "dirty bathrooms" », *lesinrocks.com*, June, 23, 2015. <http://abonnes.lesinrocks.com/2015/06/23/arts-scenes/arts/lartiste-rirkrit-tiravanija-fait-revivre-la-legende-du-cbgb-par-ses-dirty-bathrooms-11755671/>

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inROCKS



Rirkrit Tiravanija, *Why Sneeze*, 2015 - Vue d'exposition *Untitled 2015 (run like hell)* © Photo Florian Kleinemann, Courtesy de l'artiste et Galerie Chantal Crousel, Paris.



Rirkrit Tiravanija during the vernissage *Untitled 2015 (run like hell)* © Marianne Capozzi, Courtesy de l'artiste et Galerie Chantal Crousel, Paris.

Galerie
Chantal Crousel

Le reste de cette exposition chorégraphiée, qui attend du spectateur qu'il joue le jeu, face à un saut aux toilettes, s'y arrêtent éventuellement le temps d'un rail de coke ou d'une pause pipi, avant de parcourir quelques centaines de mètres et de débarquer par l'arrière, joue sur la même corde, avec la reproduction millimétrée, mais en marbre, de la scène mythique qui vit passer Blondie, Suicide ou Patti Smith.

Les instruments, batteries, guitares et basses, activées le soir du vernissage par l'artiste en personne, sont désormais à la disposition du public. Tandis que des bacs à glace, sans bière, mais remplis de lard de Colonnata (un

Claire Moulène. « L'artiste Rirkrit Tiravanija fait revivre la légende du CBGB par ses "dirty bathrooms" », *lesinrocks.com*, June, 23, 2015. <http://abonnes.lesinrocks.com/2015/06/23/arts-scenes/arts/lartiste-rirkrit-tiravanija-fait-revivre-la-legende-du-cbgb-par-ses-dirty-bathrooms-11755671/>



lard blanc et fondant, un temps conservé dans des vasques en marbre de carrare dont sont aussi fait ces facsimilés de glacière), jonchent le sol de la galerie.

Dans la salle adjacente : deux couvertures sérigraphiées sur toile du journal Libération affublées du même message, "on ne peut pas simuler la liberté", font de l'œil à une série de dessins sur fond rouge (les mêmes que ceux présentés actuellement à la Biennale de Venise) recensant tous les soulèvements populaires de ces dernières années. Une façon de rappeler qu'en 2015, si les canaux de révolte ont changé, il souffle encore un vent contestataire. Bien loin de l'East Village.

Claire Moulène

Rirkrit Tiravanija, Untitled 2015 (Run Like Hell), jusqu'au 18 juillet à la galerie Chantal Crousel. Paris.



Image tirée du film "CBGB" de Randall Miller, 2013

Galerie
Chantal Crousel

Bienvenue au club

En 1973, le punk élit domicile au CBGB. Là, c'est l'histoire du mouvement qui s'écrit au fil des concerts.

Décembre 1973, le CBGB ouvrit ses portes au 315 Bowery, sur les cendres du Palace Bar. Trois blocs à l'est, c'était l'Avenue A. Deux blocs au sud, la lisière du Lower East Side. Au cœur du brasier. Peu avant, le Mercer Arts Center avait fermé. Ses habitués (New York Dolls, Suicide...) se mirent à la recherche d'un havre. Le proprio Hilly Kristal, fan de blues, était convaincu qu'il pouvait attirer dans ce coin du Bowery (alors essentiellement peuplé de clodos, de junkies et de bohèmes) les amateurs de country et de bluegrass. Qui ne vinrent jamais. Ou furent vite dissuadés par cet espace puant l'urine, au sol chroniquement sale, aux toilettes graffitées où l'on déféquait à la vue de tous, et dont les cuisines à l'hygiène moyenâgeuse abritait un chili infect dans lequel les Dead Boys aimaient à se branler...

Ainsi, le CBGB végéta jusqu'à ce que Richard Hell y programme un concert de Television, le 31 mars 1974. Héroïne en quantité. Accrochages. Pitreries de Tom Verlaine. Kristal jura qu'on ne l'y reprendrait plus, mais se vit supplier de remettre ça. Il céda. Après tout, son bar avait fait du profit, et pour cachet le groupe s'était contenté d'un peu de monnaie. La fois d'après, Television débarqua avec quatre blousons noirs : les Ramones. La suite est célèbre. Patti Smith élit domicile au 315 Bowery, aussitôt suivie d'une faune hirsute : Jayne County,

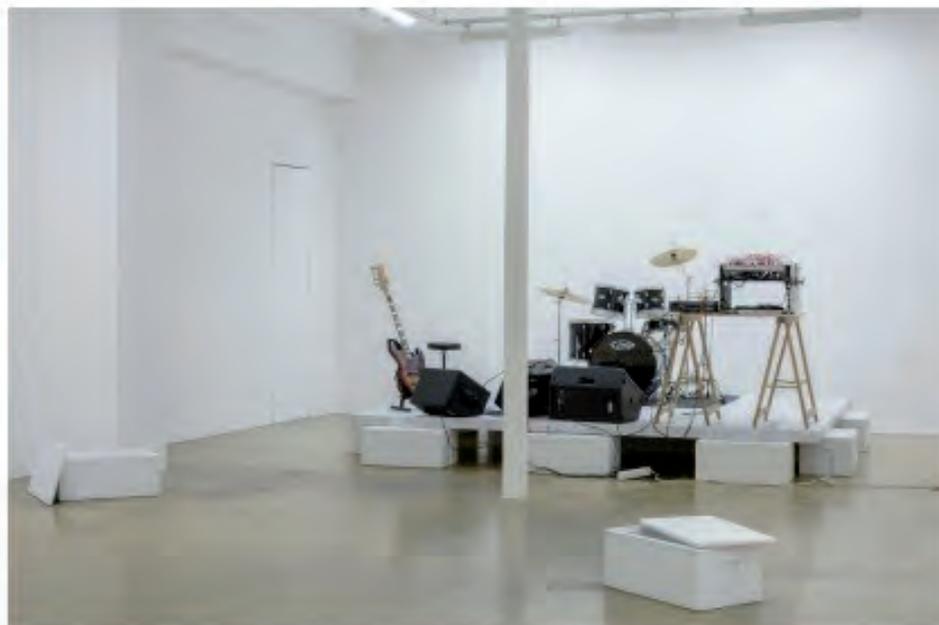


Suicide, Johnny Thunders, The Dictators ou Malcolm McLaren – alors manager des New York Dolls – qui vint ici piocher quelques idées pour son futur grand projet.

L'histoire a été largement révisée depuis mais, en 1974, il n'y avait pas cent personnes qui traînaient au CBGB. Un an plus tard, le club était l'épicentre de l'underground new-yorkais, programmant Talking Heads, Blondie, Mink DeVille. Dans le public : Iggy Pop, David Bowie, Lou Reed ou Lester Bangs. Les mêmes se retrouveraient sous peu dans un autre haut lieu punk : Max's Kansas City, sur Park Avenue South.

La décennie suivante, le hardcore y constitua son abri (Sick of It All, Madball, Agnostic Front, etc.) et, jusqu'à sa fermeture en 2006, il accueillit plusieurs gloires du rock qui vinrent y parfaire leur réputation (Guns N'Roses, AC/DC, Green Day, The Strokes, etc.). A sa place trône aujourd'hui une galerie d'art. De là, remontez jusqu'à l'angle de 2nd Street : Joey Ramone Place. Inaugurée en mémoire de ce que le chanteur "a apporté à New York". Plus loin, sur Bleecker Street, un graffiti sur la grille d'une épicerie : "Metallic K.O." Le dernier concert des Stooges avant implosion. C'était en 1974. Le punk new-yorkais venait de naître. Deux ans plus tard, l'industrie s'en mêlait. Peu après, la plupart de ses héros étaient lessivés.

David Brun-Lambert



Rirkrit Tiravanija, "Run Like Hell", 2015, marbre, 36 x 300 x 350 cm, Vue d'exposition Untitled 2015 (run like hell), Galerie Chantal Crousel (6 juin – 18 juillet 2015) Courtesy de l'artiste et Galerie Chantal Crousel, Paris. © Florian Kleinfenn

Galerie
Chantal Crousel

Rirkrit Tiravanija

L'artiste thaïlandais nous avait habitué à ses reconstitutions grandeur nature d'espaces atypiques : une péniche conçue par le Corbusier ou son propre appartement new-yorkais, tous deux répliqués à échelle 1. Cette fois-ci, c'est au pipi-room d'un lieu mythique, le bar new-yorkais CBGB1, qu'il s'est attaqué. Un backstage qui convoque avec lui toute une histoire, mais aussi toute une époque : celle des Ramones et de Patti Smith, d'avant le néo-conservatisme et la normalisation. La deuxième partie de l'expo, une scène et des bacs à glace taillés dans le marbre (mais avec du lard de Colonnata à la place des bières), sont une tentative d'inscription dans l'éternité de cette histoire de la contre-culture.

"Untitled 2015 (run like hell)" de Rirkrit Tiravanija, jusqu'au 18 juillet à la Galerie Chantal Crousel à Paris

«Must see Paris», *Artforum*, Thursday, June 4, 2015.

<http://www.artforum.com/?pn=guide&show=mustsee&country=FR&place=paris>



Opens June 6th 2015

Galerie
Chantal Crousel



Rirkrit Tiravanija's fifth show with this gallery debuts two large-scale works: a replica of the legendary (now-closed) New York City punk bar CBGB's bathroom and a stage outfitted with a guitar, bass, and drum set. There will be a concert during the opening, and during the run of the exhibition, viewers are invited to get on stage and play.

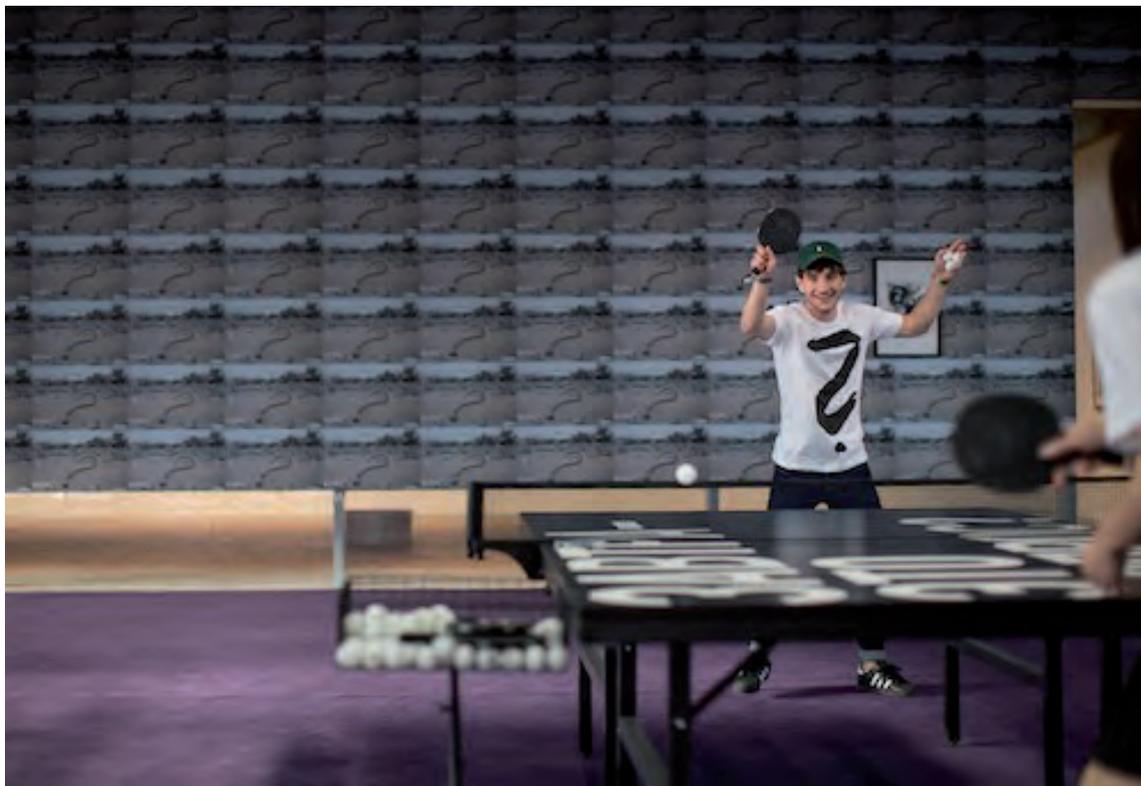
Rirkrit Tiravanija untitled 2015 (run like hell)
Jun 6 - Jul 25, 2015

Galerie Chantal Crousel
10 rue Charlot / +33142773887 / crousel.com
Tue - Sat 11am to 7pm

HUFFPOST ARTS & CULTURE

Top 5: More Summer Shows to See Around the World

Posted: 06/30/2015 10:06 am EDT Updated: 06/30/2015 10:59 am EDT



Galerie
Chantal Crousel

By Brienne Walsh, June 25, 2015

In the globalized world, it is possible to travel anywhere in the world, and see exemplary contemporary art that can't be viewed anywhere else. Below, we round up five shows in far-flung locations that can't be missed this summer.

1. Rirkrit Tiravanija: Tomorrow is the Question

Garage Museum of Contemporary Art, Moscow

Through August 23, 2015

One of five exhibitions heralding the opening of the Garage Museum's new home, which was designed by Rem Koolhaas and is located in a Soviet-era concrete building in Gorky Park, "Tomorrow is the Question" is the first solo exhibition of works by Rirkrit Tiravanija in Russia. Born in Buenos Aires, Tiravanija is best known for projects that involve relational aesthetics -- cooking meals, creating structures for living and socializing with viewers are central elements in his work. At the Garage Museum, he creates an installation based on his time spent in Russia participating in popular activities -- playing ping-pong, producing t-shirts and eating pelmeni, which are Russian dumplings. Occupying the Central and Skylight Galleries in the structure, which was originally a 1200-seat restaurant that opened in 1968, and was largely preserved by Koolhaas, Tiravanija has created a leisure space marked by a plush purple carpet, black ping pong tables, a t-shirt factory and a stand serving pelmeni. The installation will open up the museum to the city, drawing in crowds to what is arguably the most important space to see contemporary art in Russia.

Festival Faites vos jeux !

Le Nouveau Festival du Centre Pompidou renforce sa programmation et se penche cette année sur la question du jeu pour inaugurer une formule plus longue

PARIS ■ Le Centre Pompidou, à Paris, a pris des allures de terrain de jeu. Partout dans la Galerie sud se déploient des œuvres en référence à l'acte de jouer, mais également aux objets eux-mêmes, le dé notamment, avec d'évidents sauts dans le temps. Sous le titre générique « Air de jeu », la sixième édition du « Nouveau festival du Centre Pompidou », mise en œuvre par Michel Gauthier, laisse se dérouler un passionnant parcours qui fait la part belle à la fois à la contemplation et à l'action ; une distinction qui n'est pas toujours opérée en fonction de contingences chronologiques. L'une des formidables sections de l'exposition consistant en effet en une belle série de jeux Fluxus auxquels peut s'adonner le public avec bonheur, entre jeu d'échecs de Takako Saito dont les pièces sont des épices devant être identifiées par leur odeur, jeu de cartes de Robert Filliou dont la valeur est mentionnée au dos de chacune et auquel il faut s'adonner les yeux bandés et autres savoureuses drôleries des deux George, Maciunas et Brecht. Le thème du jeu engendre donc lui-même une forme d'animation, d'autant qu'il est traité avec des perspectives suffisamment diffé-

rentes et complémentaires pour être en mesure d'attirer l'attention de publics divers. Autour d'une structure centrale conçue par Anna Barham sur laquelle trois fois par semaine interviennent des artistes afin de présenter leur travail, se dévoilent au public plusieurs angles précis et très focalisés. Ainsi une actualité des formes ludiques, comme avec ce film de Boris Achour au titre faussement programmatique, *Des jeux dont j'ignore les règles* (2014) ; ou celui de Julien Prévieux traquant les logiciens de jeux vidéos qui déraillent et les parties qui dérapent ; ou à l'inverse des œuvres ouvrant une profondeur de champ plus historique, s'agissant de Fluxus donc, mais aussi de quelques pièces d'Alighiero Boetti ou d'une *Bataille navale* de Claude Rutault dessinée sur le mur, imaginée en 1985.

Plus d'artistes, plus longtemps

L'une des grandes nouveautés de cette édition 2015 est qu'auparavant concentrée sur trois petites semaines, la manifestation s'étale désormais sur trois mois. « Trois semaines c'était trop court et le public ratait beaucoup de choses, relève Michel Gauthier. Nous avons donc décidé de faire



Julius Koller, *Ping Pong Club*, vue d'installation de U.F.O.-NAUT JK (Julius Koller) orchestré par Rirkrit Tiravanija. © Photo : Michel Zabé.

un essai sur une durée plus longue, mais il fallait pour cela renforcer la composante exposition du festival car il n'est pas possible de faire défiler autant d'intervenants sur trois mois que sur trois semaines. » Ce

sont cette année quelque quarante événements qui ont été programmés afin d'alimenter la machine, entre performances, rencontres, conférences et autres interventions.

D'autres espaces du Centre Pompidou ont été investis. Dans le Forum c'est le magnifique *Ping-Pong Club* de Julius Koller qui a été réactivé : une proposition de 1970 déroutante par rapport

à l'art officiel, mais suffisamment non subversive en apparence pour qu'elle soit tolérée, à une époque de normalisation stalinienne de la société tchécoslovaque. Ce travail est réactivé par Rirkrit Tiravanija, manière d'insister sur une forme d'antériorité de l'art relationnel. Dans l'Espace 315, qui s'intéresse au format du *stand-up* et à la télévision, s'impose tout au fond une batterie de moniteurs rediffusant le programme culte de la télé américaine *Saturday Night Live* lancé en 1975, aux sketches décalés et hilarants. Les amateurs du genre pourraient y passer une journée entière !

Michel Gauthier a travaillé longuement avec l'écrivain et critique d'art Cyril Jarton, qui a assuré le co-commissariat de l'exposition de la Galerie sud sur cette thématique du jeu. Il avait en tête le projet d'une bien plus ample exposition dotée d'une perspective plus classique et historique, avant que ne lui soit demandé d'adapter l'exposition à la nature du Nouveau festival ; ce qui a nécessairement conduit à en réduire tant le format que l'ambition. Outre que ce déroutage du projet initial explique sans doute que sa transposition apparaît parfois un peu raide dans son articulation, il est permis de se demander si des questions d'ordre budgétaire ne sont pas de fait à l'origine de ce changement d'envergure ? Sans doute a-t-il été là définitivement perdu l'opportunité d'une belle proposition.

Frédéric Bonnet

THE ART NEWSPAPER

In the Giardini: five to see in Okwui Enwezor's All the World's Futures

The Biennale director's critique of capitalism is elegant and sleek

Galerie
Chantal Crousel



Rirkrit Tiravanija's Demonstration Drawings (2007) in All the World's Futures

In his interviews in the weeks before the Venice Biennale opened to invited guests and press today, 5 May, director Okwui Enwezor promised the most politically oriented Venice for years. Speaking on the roof terrace at the Ca' Guistinian yesterday he discussed the difficulties of installing his exhibition All the World's Futures in the Palazzo delle Esposizione in the Giardini. "It's an essentially Classical space, it is what it is, there are limits to what you can do with it", he said. Despite this he said he had transformed the central gallery of the pavilion to a theatrical space dedicated entirely to polemical readings, including, as widely reported, Karl Marx's *Das Kapital*. Surrounding that, he added, would be a "dim sum" of artistic presentations.

Much of the show is indeed a criticism of late modern capitalism served up in a coolly elegant, even sleek, style (though many of the works are troubling under the surface). Around the central Arena, individual artists, pairs and trios of artists are given their own presentations, flowing one to the other. What is immediately apparent is the number of less well-known artists, many born outside Europe and America, "rediscovered" older artists and women artists on display.

THE ART NEWSPAPER

Violence

Walead Besbty, various works, 2013-15

There is beauty in violence. Throughout the central exhibition at the Giardini, some of the most compelling works are those that brutalise the imagination. In Christian Boltanski's film *L'Homme qui tousse* (1969), at the start of the exhibition, a man sits alone on the floor of a darkened room and vomits blood while convulsing. An installation of recent ceramic sculptural works by Walead Besbty includes a gripping front page newspaper photograph of a murdered man, naked from the waist up, his face covered in blood. The final work in the show is John Akomfrah's gorgeous three-channel video, *Vertigo Sea* (2015), pairing sweeping images of oceans and the Arctic with sickening documentary footage of whaling and polar bear hunting.

These works mimic the violence of capitalism, which is a key aspect of Enwezor's show. But how do we deal with the beauty of violence? These pieces are hard to turn away from because they are aesthetically appealing in a way that much of the show, in its conceptual coolness, is not.

Workers as units of production

Jeremy Deller, Hello, Today you have a day off, 2013

The reading of Karl Marx's *Das Kapital* is a fitting prelude to the viewer's encounter with the works by Jeremy Deller, who filled the British pavilion at the 2013 Biennale, and Walker Evans, the 20th-century US photographer famous for documenting the effects of the Great Depression.

Though separated by time and geography, their projects both speak of the ills inflicted by capitalism on the working poor.

Deller's work includes archival photographs of anonymous, exhausted women workers in a South Wales ironworks taken during the industrial revolution, which he has irreverently titled *The Shit Old Days*. Next to these small, faded but touching images of poverty hangs a giant fabric banner with the words *Hello, Today you have day off* (2013), which he took from an automated text message recently sent to a zero-hours contract worker to tell him his services would not be required that day.

Evan's series of photographs, taken from his famous 1936 book *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men*, made in collaboration with James Agee, are just as beautifully presented as Deller's, though without any hint of arty sarcasm. Bleak and dishevelled children and mothers and dust-covered workers stare out from elegant black frames.

Let's not praise famous (white) men

Ellen Gallagher, Huma Bhabha, Emily Kame Kngwarreye

So there are some superstar white male artists in the show (Andreas Gursky, Hans Haacke, for example) but they are few and far between. Enwezor is clearly using his platform to draw the attention of the biennale crowd away from art market darlings (Oscar Murillo makes a surprise appearance) to lesser-known artists, from Africa, Asia and Latin America or their diaspora. A key room in the exhibitions places paintings by the Irish African American artist Ellen Gallagher, with a twisted, burned out tyre sculpture, *Atlas* (2015), and wooden totemic figures by the Pakistan-born Huma Bhabha. A large painting by the late Australian Aboriginal Emily Kame Kngwarreye, *Earth's Creation* (1994) completes the presentation.

THE ART NEWSPAPER

Dramatic appeal

Thomas Hirschhorn, Roof Off, 2015

Galerie
Chantal Crousel



Thomas Hirschhorn's Roof Off (2015)

Although much of the work on show is controlled, conceptual, monochrome, or archival, Enwezor has punctuated the display with some crowd-stopping installations and videos. He starts with a dramatic presentation of sculpture by Fabio Mauri under the pavilion's fresco-covered dome. A new site-specific work by the Swiss-born, Paris-based artist Thomas Hirschhorn apparently bursts through the roof of one gallery of the pavilion. A riot, almost jungle-like, of packing tape, insulation ducts and wire, fills a gallery, with discarded copies of Plato's treatises scattered at its roots. An actual tree (no biennale or art fair is complete without one) this time by Robert Smithson, enlivens a gallery of works on paper.

Back to school

Das Kapital, readings and discussions in The Arena

As clearly intended by Enwezor, it is impossible to navigate from one side of the pavilion to the other without passing through The Arena, a large performance space with seating on two levels. Throughout the biennale it will be used for readings of Marx's *Das Kapital* (all three volumes, probably read through twice over the months of the biennale) as well as other readings, lectures and debates. This is not the only overtly didactic work on show: from Hans Haacke's *World Poll* (2015), Alexander Kluge's philosophical and political videos, to Rirkrit Tiravanija's *Demonstration Drawings* (2015), there is no escaping the fact that viewers are expected to be politically engaged. Isaac Julien's *KAPITAL* (2013) even includes a lecture by anthropologist David Harvey, to some of the art world's leading directors (the Hayward's Ralph Rugoff can be seen listening attentively). Whether the art world (with its close connections to the 1% of the 1%) will pay attention or simply feel like naughty schoolchildren who then run off to the yachts and parties, remains to be seen.

Lee Woo-young. "Breathing life back into museums", *The Korea Herald*, September 1, 2014.
<http://www.koreaherald.com/view.php?ud=20140901001176>

The Korea Herald

Artist Rirkrit Tiravanija breaks the typical museum stereotypes.

He cooked and served Thai curry to visitors at a gallery in New York in the early 1990s. What many thought was an opening event continued throughout the exhibition.

He loves eschewing the usual museum paradigm: an artist, artwork and audience. He turned an exhibition space into a live radio broadcasting studio at the Guggenheim Museum in 2005. He set up a bookstore at the 2009 Venice Biennale and a pingpong table at the 2012 Gwangju Biennale.



Artist Rirkrit Tiravanija poses for a photo on his work "Demo Station No. 5" at Leeum, Samsung Museum of Art. (Park Hae-mook/The Korea Herald)

The Korea Herald

Tiravanija received the Golden Lion for Best Artist at the 2009 Venice Biennale for his idea.

This time, the artist presents another public-oriented work that invites people to watch and participate in cultural activities at the 10th anniversary exhibition of Leeum, Samsung Museum of Art.

"I imagine people to move around like they are in their daily life. Part of my interest is always to break down the distance between what we think as art or high art and what we do in our daily life," he told *The Korea Herald* last week.

The two-story wooden stage will serve as the venue for a fashion show, concerts and performances — unusual events for a quiet museum. There will be concerts of classical music, Korean traditional music and alternative music, with performances by professional dancers. At the same time, the audience can use it as their own playground, their own stage for piano performances, and a classroom, where they can learn how to play different drums from around the world.

"It's a platform for people to demonstrate something. It's about showing your ideas as part of the exchange," said Tiravanija, explaining the title of the work "Demo Station No. 5." It is the fifth project in his "Demo Station" series, which started in 2005.

The artist, who works in the United States, Germany and Thailand, said his work was about aspects of people's lives that others paid little attention to.

His interactive art started from an interest in archaeology. However, he was not interested in the conventional approach of displaying work in a museum, but instead wanted to breathe life back into galleries. He has turned what would have been lifeless installations into places where people can play, interact and share their experience with others.

"When we come to a museum, we expect there's some kind of meaning or information to learn from displays. We only read and look at what we are told. But we are not really having an experience," he said.

"I used food a lot in my previous works because it's something that we all know and understand. It wasn't about the food, but about people being together in the same place," he explained.

Recently, he began to work on films about people. The films are about the ordinary lives of a rice farmer in Chiang Mai, a poet and an artist, people that are barely paid attention to. But the 2 1/2 hour film encourages viewers to find meaning and value in the lives of these people from different areas of society.

"These are the kinds of people in the periphery, not someone we focus on every day. But they are important to us. They are poets and artists whose lives we don't pay attention to. We're interested in someone like Angelina Jolie, but I think it's important we see both," he said.

RIRKRIT TIRAVANIJA

GAVIN BROWN'S ENTERPRISE (NEW YORK) - HALL 1 U39

On a trop tendance à croire que Rirkrit Tiravanija (né en 1961 à Buenos Aires) se contente de servir la soupe. L'œuvre du thaïlandais qui vit à New York est bien plus riche et complexe que ces raouts culinaires qui ont fait les beaux jours de l'esthétique relationnelle, et même envahi un week-end le Grand Palais à Paris. Au-delà de la Tom kha gai, il faut donc se souvenir aussi que celui qui émergea avec la bande des Liam Gillick, Douglas Gordon, Philippe Parreno, tacle régulièrement les puissances abstraites qui ont pris les commandes du monde, flux financiers et consorts : « *Les jours de cette société sont*

**De slogans
détournés
en déchets chromés,
l'ironie
de Tiravanija reste
aussi redoutable que
son sens
de la convivialité**

comptés », annonce-t-il dans un immense collage, ou encore « *Moins de pétrole, plus de courage (less oil, more courage)* ». C'est dans cette ligne que s'inscrit sa proposition pour Unlimited. Y apparaissent des visages, saisis comme des ombres dans la résine, que le sous-titre *Import/*

Export permet de relier à ses premiers travaux, vers 1995 : époque où celui qui a imaginé une des plus belles utopies artistiques des années 2000, *The Land*, au nord de Chiang Mai, dessinait des simulacres d'actions à la main. De slogans détournés en déchets chromés, l'ironie de Tiravanija reste aussi redoutable que son sens de la convivialité. ■ EMMANUELLE LEQUEUX



Rirkrit Tiravanija, *Untitled 2014 (Import/Export)*, 2014, glazed ceramic with palladium luster, 66 x 55.9 cm. Courtesy the artist and Gavin Brown's Enterprise. Copyright the artist.

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* MAIN SHAREHOLDERS: Nicolas Ferrand, Guillaume Houzé, Jean-Claude Meyer

* PUBLISHER: Nicolas Ferrand * MANAGING EDITOR: Philippe Régnier

(pregnier@lequotidiendelart.com) * ASSOCIATE EDITOR: Roxana Azimi

(razimi@lequotidiendelart.com) * ART MARKET EDITOR: Alexandre Crochet

(acrochet@lequotidiendelart.com) * EXHIBITIONS, MUSEUMS

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* LAYOUT: Isabelle Foirest

* HEAD OF SALES: Judith Zucca (jzucca@lequotidiendelart.com), tel: +331 82 83 33 14

* TRANSLATION: Louise Jablonowska, Audrey Concannon

* SUBSCRIPTIONS: subscriptions@the-art-daily-news.com, tel: +331 82 83 33 13

* GRAPHIC DESIGNER: Ariane Mendez * WEBMASTER: Dérig Vitau

* PRINTER : Point44, 94500 Champigny sur Marne, France (pao@point44.com)

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Cover photo: Yang Fudong, *International Hotel 10*, 2010, black and white inkjet print,
206 x 186 cm. Courtesy the artist and Marian Goodman Gallery, Paris / New York.

There is a tendency to believe that Rirkrit Tiravanija (born in 1961 in Buenos Aires) is merely content with dishing up the soup. The work of the Thai artist, who lives in New York, is far richer and more complex than such culinary revels, which contributed to the heyday of relational aesthetics, and even took over the Grand Palais in Paris for a weekend. Beyond the Tom Kha Gai soup, it should also be recalled that as an artist who emerged with the Liam Gillick, Douglas Gordon and Philippe Parreno band, Tiravanija regularly tackles the abstract powers that have taken control of the world, financial flows et al.: "This society's days are numbered," he announces in a huge collage, or else "Less oil, more courage". His proposal for Unlimited is consistent with this. Faces appear, captured like shadows in resin, with the subtitle *Import / Export* enabling a connection to his early work, circa 1995: the time when he imagined one of the most beautiful artistic utopias of the 2000s, *The Land*, north of Chiang Mai, drawing simulacra of actions by hand. From subverted slogans to chromed waste, Tiravanija's irony remains as formidable as his conviviality. ■ EMMANUELLE LEQUEUX



In 1992, Rirkrit Tiravanija converted the spaces of 303 Gallery in New York into a kitchen where he served rice and Thai curry to a crowd that became unwitting participants in a hybrid installation titled *Untitled (Free)*. Seven years later, Tiravanija further blurred the experience between art and life in *Untitled (Tomorrow Can Shut Up and Go Away)* (1999) by re-creating the interior dimensions and spaces of his three-room East Village apartment, then extending the invitation to the public to spend time in it the way they would in a friend's home.

The transactional quality in Tiravanija's hybrid installations is unmistakable, even for those who are sceptical of art that takes participation as its point of departure as well as its endpoint.[1] In fact, it's better termed as relational aesthetics, a concept coined by Nicolas Bourriaud as a practice that seeks to establish "live" encounters in a carefully constructed environment where the experience of the viewer becomes the art in question, despite that smacking a little too optimistically of art's relatively recent paranoia regarding the audience's role and function in the gallery space.

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Rirkrit Tiravanija. *Doubt Does Not Travel in a Straight Line*, 2013; etching, screen print, metal foil, horse hair, STPI handmade abaca paper; 99.5 x 99.5 cm. Edition of 6. Image courtesy of Singapore Tyler Print Institute.

Marilyn Goh. « Rirkrit Tiravanija: Time Travelers Chronicle (Doubt): 2014 – 802,701 A.D at Singapore Tyler Print Institute»,
Dailyserving, June 18, 2014.

<http://dailyserving.com/2014/06/time-travelers-chronicle-doubt-2014-802701-a-d/>



At the very least, Tiravanija's staged tableaux of exaggerating, then capturing unscripted human responses throws the spotlight on the fine demarcation lines that stand between viewer, materiality, and artist by shifting the onus of art production to spectator-artist interactivity, even if the purpose of what the spectator is supposed to glean from his or her participation is often unclear. Considering Tiravanija's constant desire to redefine these boundaries, it is surprising to find the apparent absence of the patois of socially engaged art and interpersonal activity in his latest show *Time Travelers Chronicle (Doubt): 2014 – 802,701 A.D.* at the Singapore Tyler Print Institute, a conceptually driven exploration of time and space that's loosely inspired by H.G. Wells's novel *The Time Machine*.



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Rirkrit Tiravanija. *Almost, Always, Never, The Further the Distance the Closer Is Time*, 2013; etching, screen print, metal foil, horse hair, STPI handmade abaca paper; 99.5 x 99.5 cm. Edition of 6. Image courtesy of Singapore Tyler Print Institute.



Rirkrit Tiravanija. *The Time Travelers Calendar B, Negative Present*, 2013; embossing, screen print, thermochromatic ink, STPI handmade extra-thick cotton paper; 114.5 x 114.5 x 3 cm. Edition of 4. Image courtesy of Singapore Tyler Print Institute.

At first glance, Tiravanija's latest offerings appear to be set in stylish and sombre silver-gray flat surfaces that form circular planes of sharp but sterile contrasts against sterile white gallery-wall space. The quirky details emerge upon closer scrutiny: bold, squiggly sketches, the crooked branches of trees, precise mathematical lines that appear to be drawn by a giant compass—contained within silver circles of varying sizes. Silver is the show's dominant color in white gallery space, chosen for its ability to “reflect and absorb time and space” and “to represent the possibilities of present, past, and the future.”[2]

The installations seem to be constructed around a narrative of measuring time in the realms of the physical (*Moon Rise – Time Is Setting – Tomorrow Never Arrives* posits the means of chronicling time through phases of the moon) and the metaphysical (*Eight Chapter: Return to the Unknowing Desire, The Further One Travels the Closer One Returns (To Doubt); Spongebob's The Surreal Realm of Nothingness, He Wakes Up Under the Tree Again*). Arguably the most eye-catching of the works are eight life-sized screen prints, each chronicling a chapter in a traveler's logbook, each telling a story of a merry romp through space and time beginning with evolutionary time and Charles Darwin's tree of life (*First Chapter: The Tree of Life, The Eclipse and Drink a Nigroni to the Future*).

DAILYSERVING

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Rirkrit Tiravanija. Sixth chapter: take the spin off, unwind, reverse directions, and shatter the bonsai, on the way back don't forget to smile, 2013; screen print, metal foil, cast paper, STPI handmade cotton paper, stainless steel pedestal, 3D printed object; 259.5 x 259.5 cm; 4 sheets. Image courtesy of Singapore Tyler Print Institute.

Marilyn Goh. « Rirkrit Tiravanija: Time Travelers Chronicle (Doubt): 2014 – 802,701 A.D at Singapore Tyler Print Institute»,
Dailyserving, June 18, 2014.

<http://dailyserving.com/2014/06/time-travelers-chronicle-doubt-2014-802701-a-d/>



Jocularly playful, the amusingly long titles of each work are guaranteed to trip up every well-meaning viewer, departing from the formal logic validating Wells’s narrator’s journey into the future. Throw a bowl of curry noodles, a martini glass, a math compass, and a miniature toy of Spongebob into the loop and these small three-dimensional objects on stainless-steel plinths, deliberately positioned in front of each flat screen print, add effervescent absurdity to the entire show. In all the materials used in the show, we’re also given glimpses into Tiravanija’s retrospective reconstructions of his entire oeuvre: the iconic curry experience way back in 1992, the Negroni cocktail imbibed before flights, or the mirrored surfaces in *Untitled 2002 (He Promised)* that explicitly reflected human activities rather than the architectural structures of the building. As such, they present a conflation of memories—and a retrospective of sorts—that override the phenomenological experience of time and bear witness, by their material presence alone, to the porousness that exist in the apparent lines dividing audience and artist.

Time Travelers Chronicle (Doubt): 2014 – 802,701 A.D. will be on view at Singapore Tyler Print Institute through June 28, 2014.

Galerie
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[1] Claire Bishop, “Antagonism and Relational Aesthetics,” *October* 110, Autumn 2004.

[2] Rirkrit Tiravanija, *Exhibition Catalog*, Singapore Tyler Print Institute, 2014.

O C U L A

“At the time of this interview Ryan Gander is enjoying his last day at STPI before he returns to his native UK, and previous resident Rirkrit Tiravanija has returned for the opening of his solo show...”



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Chantal Crousel

STPI consistently delivers a challenging and exceptional exhibition programme. Resident artists – which in the past have included Ashley Bickerton, Eko Nugroho, and Do Ho Suh – are provided with an opportunity to use the Institute’s outstanding print and paper-making facilities to create works which are then presented in the Institute’s exhibitions. At the time of this interview, incumbent resident Ryan Gander is enjoying his last day at STPI before he returns to his native United Kingdom, and previous resident Rirkrit Tiravanija has returned to STPI for the opening of his solo exhibition. The overlap presents an interesting conjuncture in which to consider how two conceptual artists might approach their time at STPI and in particular, the demands of presenting object based work.

Gander’s works are still to be finalised, but a glimpse of their progress reveals a disparate, but intriguing selection – including a splattered plinth and its twin, prints of printing blocks tentatively entitled *A World you Don’t Want to Rattle*, or *We Go Dark For*, and graphic extracts of police cars. Gander is known for his representation of everyday objects: what if a child’s den-of-sheets were remade in memorialising marble (*Tell My Mother not to Worry* (ii), 2012); what if all the pieces in a chess set were remade in Zebra Wood (*Bauhaus Revisited*, 2003)? He is also known for his language and performative works - for example *Loose Associations Lecture* (2002) consisted of a talk to slides that drew an intriguing line between seemingly disparate points on a cultural map - J.R.R. Tolkien to Inspector Morse to London’s Barbican Centre.

Ultimately, Gander is a culture magpie exploring a rhizome of trajectories to up-end accepted notions. It is for this reason, one wonders whether the final exhibition of Gander’s work will point less to a marked departure from his current practice, and more to a thoughtful and playful excavation of the medium of paper and print and what it means to be resident at STPI.

OCULA

For Tiravanija, while the residency and the current exhibition do signify a significant departure from his usual practice, there are important threads that reflect a continuation of concerns that have always characterised his work. Like Gander, Tiravanija's work has steadfastly involved an analysis of the 'everyday', but he has more diligently pursued a performative approach to his practice – creating participatory events that investigate the nature of human interaction through constructed social environments. A pioneer of relational aesthetics, an early work like *Untitled (Free)* starting in 1992, converts museums and galleries worldwide into a kitchen where he serves rice and Thai curry to visitors, transforming these spaces into places of communion.

The current exhibition at STPI, *Time Travelers Chronicle (Doubt): 2014 – 802,701 A.D.*, marks the first time Tiravanija has presented an exhibition consisting solely of object-based work, but nevertheless it still provides a framework for active audience participation. Inspired by H.G. Wells' dystopian novel *Time Machine*, the exhibition reconfigures the STPI gallery space into a time machine by a presentation of eight life-sized silver works on paper, paired with 3D printed objects on chromed pedestals, each representing a series of time portals. There is no communal curry on offer, but instead an invitation to mentally engage with the concept of time via an imaginative scenario of the artist's own making.

Can you remember the first artwork that initiated your journey with art?

Ryan Gander: I can, but it's terrible.
That's ok.

RG: Ok for you! Not sure it is ok for me?

Rirkrit is here now!

[Rirkrit Tiravanija joins the conversation]

Rirkrit, I was just asking Ryan if there was a first piece of art or an artist that initially inspired him to explore art. What about you?

Ryan Gander: We went for dinner last night for Chili Crab, and we were both asked why we became artists. I suppose this is the same.

Rirkrit Tiravanija: Yes, neither of us could answer that question.

Well instead - let's look at the connections between the work you have created while resident at STPI, and your earliest work. Rirkrit, are there any threads between your early work, for example a work like *Untitled Free* (1992), and the work you created during your residency at STPI?

RT: I guess that is the difficult part for me – having to work with the medium of print and paper. The fact is - I have not really worked before to create objects (as such). So in having to work with an object, I tried to come up with a narrative that I thought would actually get people more involved with what it is that I am thinking about in creating that object. The exhibition therefore is actually still kind of interactive. It is, in a way, a complete experiment to see how creating objects can still be interactive.

OCULA

RG: The handprint work is very interactive.

[Gander is referring to a work in Rirkrit's exhibition, *The time travelers calendar B*, negative present, where at a touch, traces of handprints are left behind to dissipate over time.]

RT: Yes, you have to put your hand on it for it to be activated.

But really it is pretty tenuous between what I used to do and what I am doing here. One element that carries through is perhaps this relationship between a work and the time you spend with it. Which is something I was interested in when doing *Free Untitled* (2005) and the other more performative work that I have done since. In my work, I have always tried to present a framework in which people have to be engaged. I think I pretty much am trying to make a type of frame where people will have to enter into the work itself. In this situation, I am trying to present a narrative to the audience that requires a type of mental engagement – an engagement via their imagination.

Rirkrit, you were involved with *Il Tempo del Postino*. The question originally posed by the curators was: 'What happens if having an exhibition is not a way to occupy space, but a way to occupy time?'. You explore 'time' in the exhibition at STPI. Are there any connections between *Il Tempo del Postino* and the question posed by that project, and what you have done here?

RT: *Il Tempo Postino* was trying to re-frame the position of the viewer in the sense that when I am working with the performative, people are working through the work or the space itself, whereas *il Tempo del Postino* was trying to move the work through the people in a kind of fixed frame – which was a kind of theatre space condition. I think in this work I want the audience to enter into a certain narrative structure that requires them to use their mind to jog through the space.

The whole thing about the work here is that it is supposed to be a kind of time machine.

RG: Sometimes it is easier to give the audience a framework or restriction.

Ryan, you also are a conceptual artist and have been put in a situation where you are asked to engage with the physical act of print and papermaking. How have you found the residency?

RG: Being here doesn't feel like you are being required to make prints. For me, it feels like I am here to make artwork about prints. From the outside you have the perception that people come here and they make prints, but actually it might be print or an object – it is just about the notion of printmaking. How would the work you have made at STPI relate to an earlier work like *Loose Association Lectures*?

RG: There are lots of trajectories that you can take through them, but it would depend on who you were. You could take the geographical one of walking around the exhibition, or chronological one, or an aesthetic one. I mean, *Loose Association* methodology works with anything really.

I understand one aspect of the work you have created while at STPI also relates to the concept of time? I also wondered if history and different layers of history are relevant?

OCULA

RG: History and time are relevant to everything. History is referenced in all of the works – they all reference bits of history – print history, history of this space, etc. But I think the works I have made here are a bit of a red herring because when you look at them, they all look different so it is hard to pull a thread through them. Essentially they all have something to do with blindness. I always knew I was colour blind - but when I got here I really realised I AM colour blind. Most of the work I make doesn't have any colour in it - colours are often irrelevant to the work. In thinking about the work I have been making at STPI, it all started with being blind and trying to nevertheless make a decision on a mark. In relation to your work going forward, what do you think you will take away from this experience at STPI?

RG: I will take away a really nice print of two lobsters, which I am going to put in my kitchen [laughs].

Any residency is good, but this residency is particularly good because you are tested. There are these amazing Jedi print masters walking around who are waiting here to tell you what to do. It would be easy to waste the opportunity, so you have to think on your toes and be light footed and quick with your decisions. I wish I could work that fast all that time.

So it is a place that has challenged you and one you felt demanded a thoughtful response?

RG: Absolutely.

RT: On my part, I actually have never before sat in a studio and made work – so it was a bit like being in prison – but it was a good prison. I definitely think you have to think on your toes. But for me, working in a studio was a revelation.

It is exceptional to return now and see the works all complete and ready to be exhibited. When I left STPI, the prints were partially made – we were testing them – so we weren't really sure if they were going to work or not. So since I went away, the Jedi have actually made the works work. So it is quite an amazing thing to return and see the completed works. But it is a very different method of working for me. In a funny way it was an opportunity to step outside of my usual practice – like being on holiday, and I am trying to book myself back into this resort again [laughs].

You know the first question you asked – the one about the artists first memory of a relationship with a particular work – it's relevant here, because in creating the work here for STPI, I thought a lot about the artists who originally influenced me, and there are references to those artists that were, and still are, very important to me – like Duchamp, Beuys, and Broodthaers. When I was a student going through art history and at journalism school, it was seeing these artists that made me interested in art and made me want to be an artist. It was looking at Duchamp's urinal and Malevich's *White on White* that triggered my interest in art.

So the residency provided you with an opportunity to re-visit these early influences – to come full circle?

OCULA

RT: Yes, it is interesting that I am actually referring to those things that originally inspired me to investigate art, now that I am being forced to actually create art objects.

Let's discuss the work that appears in the Second Chapter of the STPI exhibition, Be sure to pack the toothbrush, eat Curry noodles through the wormhole?

RT: I wanted to achieve a type of passage through time using the prints. It all started from looking at Darwin's diagram for the 'Tree of Life'. It came up as I was leafing through some material when thinking about ideas for the work. Through the 'Tree of Life', I started to make this plot of a type of Time Machine - when you enter one end in a certain time and come out in another. Looking at Darwin's sketches of his diagram - it sort of explodes into a kind of time warp of information. I made a work for my exhibition at the Serpentine Gallery in London, which was kind of a retrospective work - a work really about looking back. I wasn't very comfortable about putting my old works back together, so I wrote a small science fiction time travel story about people going back in time to look to find me because I had done some bad work, and they wanted to go back in time to stop me making the work. In typical science fiction stories regarding time travel, there is always something you have to stop before the future happens. When I was in London I used to go to ... Ryan, what is that patisserie place called again?

RG: Patisserie Valerie.

RT: Yes, to Patisserie Valerie, and in my story, and in order to stop me making the bad works, the protagonists go to Patisserie Valerie and after eating a bowl of curry they are transported in time back to *Untitled Free* (1993) - so this kind of structure came into play with this idea of the 'passage of time'. So I was pulling into play different kinds of possible scenarios about space and time. I want the viewer to imagine they are going through this space that actually is about moving through time.

RG: Rirkrit, if you could time travel where would you go?

RT: Well probably back to the Chili Crab, back to the last good meal [laughs].
Where would you travel back to Ryan?

RG: Well actually I have also just made a work about time travel. I made it this week at STPI. It's a real subject. Mine is called *There are People Having More Fun with Prostitutes or Toki No Nagare*, 2014 (*Passage of Time*). Louis Vuitton, [Mointe] and Goyard - they are luxury brands from the same street in Paris and they were all created around the same time, but they went on different trajectories and ultimately they are all now in competition with each other. So I thought about re-visiting history and I re-imagined them actually on conception all coming together and forming one company. So the work I have created takes the form of an art student's portfolio and printed on the folio is a re-designed pattern reflecting the amalgamated brands. And this is left by the door at STPI and addressed to Emi the Director of STPI, so it looks like it is somebody's cheap portfolio that has been delivered. But it also has a monogram painted on it, 'SS', which stands for Santo Stern - an artist whom I sometimes make work by - a fictional artist.

Why did you create Santo Stern?

OCULA

RG: I invented Santo because I saw how easy it was to make really bad art and I needed a vessel from which to release my own bad art – so I make work by Santo that is really horrible and I really enjoy doing it. If you can imagine the most disgusting artist that you could ever meet – morally, ethically and aesthetically – he is an arrogant guy and pig-headed and his work really grates. There is a work here by him.

Tell me about the work tentatively titled, *Nothing is without Meaning*?

RG: When I got here there were lots of plinths – they were dirty and so I reproduced what is essentially a dirty plinth. So, when you enter the gallery you see something that looks like it belongs in the workshop and which appears to have been accidentally left in the gallery space. However, I made it as a twin, because I wanted the viewer to be aware that the work is where it should be – it's not a real plinth, but in fact a work about mark making.

RT: So it is essentially a double print?

RG: Yes, it is a three-dimensional double print. But it is also two fake dirty plinths.

What about the titles you give your work - do the titles come before you make the work, or after?

RG: I made 11 works while at STPI – for two of them I thought of the titles while I was here and for the others...well I have a list of titles on my phone [holds his phone up and scrolls through titles], and I write titles when I think of them on this list, and then I just pick one.

Are you serious. Give me a title now?

RG: “Whispering Vagina” or “Dreamcoats”.

What about you Rirkrit - what about the titles for the works you have created for the exhibition at STPI?

RT: I made them as I went along. Sometimes something comes up and I just jot it down. Usually I don't even title my work. But for this show, the titles – well they are more like sub-titles – something that is a portion of the larger thing.

RG: Do you ever title works to make them more complicated, or to divert the spectator? So they settle on different paths?

RT: In some ways – in this particular exhibition, it is about pointing the audience to things they should be thinking about. I am not very keen on making images, so the imagery is almost made via the narrative structure - that is the platform – created in many ways via a sub-title (which is the title of a work).—[O]

ArtReview

Rirkrit Tiravanija

Read the interview with the cover artist of ArtReview Asia's November 2013 Power 100 issue
By Mark Rappolt

Galerie
Chantal Crousel



ARTREVIEW ASIA You're doing the cover for our Power 100 issue. The vision of power, the power of vision.

So how is power exercised in the artworld? Does it have a capital 'P'?

RIRKRIT TIRAVANIJA I think of all places, the one that is very aware and weary of power is the artworld. Perhaps it's a strategy, perhaps it's a game, but I think different spheres of the artworld use (and display) power differently. Generally I don't think most artists think about power in the same way that, say, a collector thinks about it.

It is certainly played with and played out, but one has to wonder if it is all of any consequence. I think it is interesting that there are some very powerful people in the artworld that never make the list, and I think that is where power lies.

ARA What role does art and the artist play in the broader social conversation today?

RT There are different levels or layers of engagement. If we look at Olafur [Eliasson]'s recent 'little sun', we can say it is broad. Or if we look at Thomas Hirschhorn, it's narrower but nonetheless a broader reach than most artworks on display at Frieze Art Fair. But most conversations about art these days may not be so much social but rather commercial.

ARA Is art today for a few insiders, or for the many?

RT Art today is for the many insiders. There seem to be more and more people interested and involved with art, but that involvement isn't about how art is relevant to the spiritual human construction. Rather, it is more for the material/ informational consumption.

ARA You used an extract from Calvin Tomkins's interviews with Marcel Duchamp in one of the artworks for this issue. In particular one in which the artist talks about the effect of commerce on art. Why did you choose this? Is Duchamp a particular influence? Do you believe that artists are more integrated today than they were at the time of the interview? Can the mix of art and commerce be problematic?

RT Yes, Duchamp is a marker in the landscape I keep looking back to, to see how far we have come, and perhaps we can see that we haven't gotten very far. Or perhaps it's just cyclical, like Groundhog Day. The thing is, we already know how it is we wake up to each day, but we haven't been able to change our desires enough, or perhaps we have not had enough desire to change things to move the situation into another plane.

Perhaps we believe too much in power. I think I was more focused on Duchamp's idea of going underground, perhaps like a groundhog after he has seen the daylight or the light of day.

ARA Perhaps I just want to ask the question that Tomkins asks Duchamp: do you feel the commercialisation of art in our time is the leading influence on art now?

RT Yes.

ARA The impact of the kind of 'integration' of art into commerce that Duchamp talks about seems to have increased today in one way. Things are culturally as well as commercially exchangeable: both from one culture to another (let's say a Takashi Murakami show in Doha, for example, or in a different way, your use of the Thai constitution and Dieter Roth at Neugerriemschneider last year). Is this a good thing? Is it really possible for art in all its forms to be an international language? Doesn't that negate its ability to be specific? (I'm not suggesting that these things apply to you – quite the opposite – but it seems to me that there are some dangers here.)

RT I think it is both integrated and specific. Perhaps specificity changes with context.

ARA I guess that last might really be a question of translatability (partly with the Roth reference in mind). Are there some things that cannot be translated into art? That create a limit to the number of people who might be able even to 'get' them? And does an artist have a duty to reach out to an audience (I guess you could be seen as someone who does make an effort to reach out to audiences)?

RT Well, a sausage is a sausage, whether one refers to Roth or not. But I don't know if it's about reaching out as much as it is about being clear, or being readable, and perhaps readability addresses translatability. But we need to believe in what we are talking about.

ARA Can art change society, or does it just make people aware of the potential for change in society? Perhaps I'm partly interested in how this might apply to the land foundation. [Initiated in 1998, the land is an experiment in generating a self-sustaining open space 'of and for social engagement' out of an artistic community.]

RT Art can change society. The land foundation isn't about art, but many artists are involved.

Mark Rappolt. "Rirkrit Tiravanija", *Art Review Asia*, November 2013.

ARA Are there differences between works you make in Bangkok and in New York? Does the atmosphere around you affect you in this way?

RT I guess that goes back to the context (condition) question. There are no differences in attitude, but perhaps the form can be in flux. I don't know about atmosphere, but people rioting in the street affects me. Republicans wanting to repeal the Affordable Care Act affects me.

ARA You're perhaps best known still for cooking meals in galleries. Can being 'known' for something in this way be a burden or a problem? Perhaps because people attend a show not to look but to have their preconceptions confirmed?

RT It is a burden one must use to kill preconceptions. Disappointment is good for the human social experience.

ARA Can anything be art? Is art inherent in concepts or in objects? Can an object detached from a concept be an artwork?

RT Yes.

ARA To what extent is art an expression of free will? Do you believe in free will? Are you free to break the law?

RT We are never free, because we are burdened by too many preconceptions. What is breaking the law if you have no preconception of what it is?

ARA What are you working on at the moment?

RT Free will.

This article was first published in the November 2013 issue of *ArtReview Asia*

Rirkrit Tiravanija - *Station to Station*
August 2013

<http://stationtostation.com/participants/rirkrit-tiravanija/>

STATION TO STATION

Rirkrit Tiravanija



Galerie
Chantal Crousel

Rirkrit Tiravanija - *Station to Station*
August, 2013

<http://stationtostation.com/participants/rirkrit-tiravanija/>

Rirkrit Tiravanija will hand out a surprise to guests of the New York Station to Station Happening.

According to art critic Jerry Saltz, Rirkrit Tiravanija's works do nothing less than "bridge a mind-body gap that often exists in Western art." Meaning: Tiravanija's installations—which often combine food and communion among strangers within intimate, temporary worlds that contain all forms of social interaction from conversation to sex—stimulate the viewers brains and their bodies and open them up to experiences beyond just art appreciation.

Take for example the piece that Saltz was describing above: *Untitled (Free)* 1992. In it, the Buenos Aires-born, New York and Chiang Mai-residing artist took over a Soho gallery and turned it into a family kitchen. Viewers were not asked to observe the preparation of traditional Thai curry: They were implored to serve it to themselves and others and eat together, mix, and in so doing, become the art. As Rirkrit (everyone calls him by his first name) told a profiler, one of his essential materials is "lots of people." Without the interaction of the crowd, Rirkrit's art lacks the final piece: The spark of people touching the work and each other within—and because of—the art itself.

Maddeningly prolific, Rirkrit has brought works to museums and galleries throughout the U.S., Europe, and Asia. He is a professor at Columbia University School of the Arts.

"I like to work in a very hopeful way," Rirkrit told an interview in 2004. "I think hope is a kind of faith in the human race."

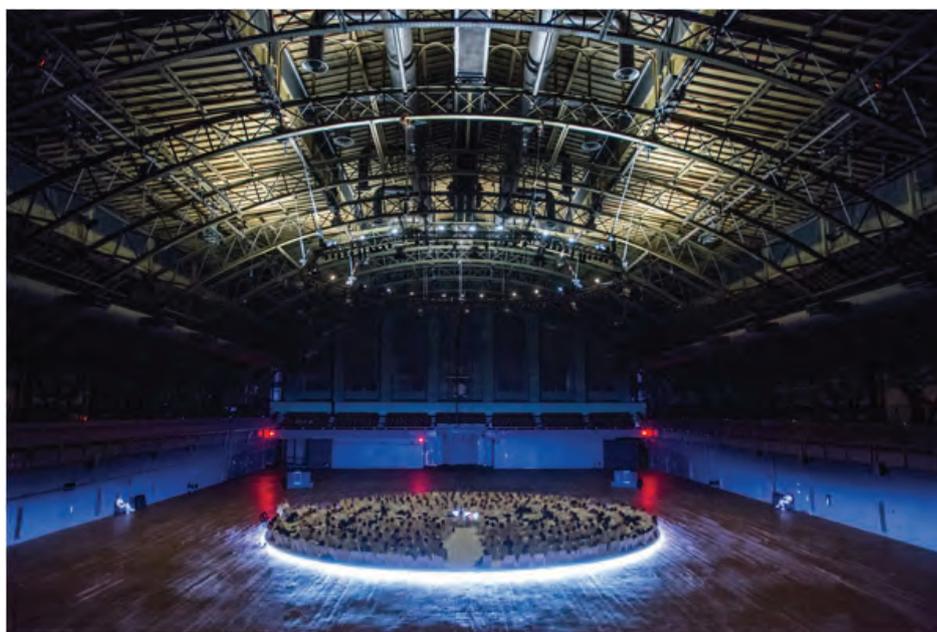
Michael Wilson. "Stockhausen Syndrome,"
Artforum, March 4, 2013.

<http://www.artforum.com/diary/id=40075>

ARTFORUM

Stockhausen Syndrome

by Michael Wilson



Karlheinz Stockhausen's OKTOPHONIE with visuals by Rirkrit Tiravanija at the Park Avenue Armory.
(Photo: Stephanie Berger)

Galerie
Chantal Crousel

"WOULD YOU LIKE to join the inner circle?" Not the kind of invitation I receive nearly often enough, but at the Wednesday night final performance of Karlheinz Stockhausen's OKTOPHONIE, the Park Avenue Armory's latest coup de théâtre, an usher seemed determined to shift me from my arbitrarily chosen middle-section seat to one in the front row. This was after I, along with every other ticket holder, had been asked to remove my shoes and don a white cloak (actually closer to a kind of disposable poncho), before heading for a circular white platform on which were ranged concentric rings of minimalist deck chairs. This visually—and, presumably, spiritually—unifying requirement was the brainchild of jack-of-all-disciplines (installation, cookery, Ping-Pong) Rirkrit Tiravanija, but it also jibed with the late composer's kosmische aesthetic.

A senior couple behind me noted the mise-en-scène's similarity to a planetarium's, also recalling the latter venue's popularity among smokers. And as if on cue, I could have sworn I detected a familiar heavy-sweet aroma. But most likely it was the power of suggestion, things having become less free-'n'-easy since a marathon performance of most of the composer's works was staged in a spherical auditorium at the 1970 Osaka World Fair. There was also an undeniable element of Halloween to the setup, as the cloaked masses fumbled for their places in the dimly lit interior like myopic phantoms. (Stockhausen preferred that listeners experience his work in total darkness, but he was usually required to compromise, often projecting a single moonlike disc of light above the performers as a simple visual focus.)

As the crowd settled in, the lights faded to black, then flashed on again to the accompaniment of a burst of electronic noise. This was overseen by "sound projectionist" Kathinka Pasveer, a longtime Stockhausen collaborator and interpreter, who was seated behind a semicircular desk in the center of the hall, a few feet away from me. For the next seventy minutes, Pasveer twiddled knobs on a mixer, perused an array of laptops (the glow of their Apple logos softened by draped white fabric), and bombarded us with music that, courtesy of a cubic speaker arrangement (four spea-

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kers just above ground level, another four forty-five feet up), zoomed around the space in a way that made mere quadraphonic reproduction seem rather half-assed. The volume wasn't overwhelming, but the dimensionality of the sound made for an immersive experience nonetheless.

OKTOPHONIE is part of Stockhausen's Licht (Light) cycle—seven operas, each of which contains sections that also function as stand-alone works. OKTOPHONIE belongs to the second act of Dienstag (Tuesday), the fourth opera in the cycle. According to the program—which also reproduces a section of the unhinged-looking score as well as technical instructions such as "The rotations roughly follow the pitch contour of the glissandi: in the case of a downward glissando the rotation descends, in the case of an upward glissando it climbs again, more or less parallel with the glissando, and so on" [emphases the composer's]—Dienstag focuses on the conflict between the angels Michael and Lucifer, and was inspired in part by the composer's experience of conflict as a teenager during World War II.



Kathinka Pasveer in Karlheinz Stockhausen's OKTOPHONIE at the Park Avenue Armory. (Photo: Stephanie Berger)

Galerie
Chantal Crousel

Attempting to describe the experience of the piece itself feels as futile as describing music always does. If you're a Stockhausen fan, you'd probably love it; if not, probably not. As an enthusiast more in theory than in practice—I own one (rarely played) recording, 1968's *Stimmung*, and have attended one previous performance, at Frieze Music in London in 2005—I enjoyed the experience without being truly awed. Perhaps the composer, who died in 2007, is a victim of his own success, having become a major influence on composers in both academic and "popular" spheres; it is difficult not to now find his work a little dated. So many of the sounds here have been so thoroughly integrated into electronica and noise music that it's easy to forget their originality.

Filtering into the ornate Veterans Room post-performance, clutching my free-drink ticket, I remembered a 1995 gambit by the *Wire* magazine and BBC Radio 3 in which Stockhausen was sent tapes containing music by a clutch of then current post-techno artists, and vice versa. This did result in the odd spark of mutual admiration, but for the most part, the elder composer found the young pretenders' efforts too repetitive, and the club kids noted their senior counterpart's compositions' undanceability. But Richard James, aka Aphex Twin, did at least offer the hand of friendship: "He should hang out with me and my mates: That would be a laugh. I'd be quite into having him 'round." Regrettably, if unsurprisingly, the date was never arranged.

I am not
interested
in leaving
things
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ideas

He has become famous as a »cooking artist« – a misunderstanding that has almost concealed the real questions raised by his work for the past twenty years. Via email, *Raimar Strange* spoke with **RIRKRIT TIRAVANUJA** about this subject and the always-surprising way that the artist has read Western culture against the cultural attitudes of his homeland, Thailand.

»Ich will keine Dinge, sondern Ideen hinterlassen«



Photo: Annette Aisell
Galerie Ingeborg Bachmann, Berlin

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Er ist als »Koch-Künstler« berühmt geworden – ein Missverständnis, das die wirklichen Fragestellungen seiner Arbeit seit gut 20 Jahren nahezu verdeckt. Darüber, und über seine immer wieder überraschende Weise, die westliche Kultur mit der Geisteshaltung seiner Heimat Thailand kritisch gegenzulesen, hat *Raimar Stange* sich mit **RIRKRIT TIRAVANIJ**A via E-Mail unterhalten.

»Far Eastern thought is not concerned with substance, but with relationships,« remarks Byung-Chul Han in his book *Hyperkulturalität* (2005). Free from any prescribed dichotomy of subject and object, Rirkrit Tiravanija explores this relational connection in his work by using a variety of formulations. The different media used by the artist, which are often negotiated in cooperation with exhibition visitors or colleagues, range from installation and sculpture to performance and graphics, posters and sound installations to videos and books. So, it is no surprise that Tiravanija played a major role in Nicolas Bourriaud's theatre of »relational aesthetics«. Though at first sight convincing, this positioning is questionable; for, as critic Helmut Draxler rightly noted, Bourriaud's cult book of the nineties focuses specifically on »good relations, which art can allegedly use to oppose capitalism's logic of alienation«. This concentration on harmonious relations swiftly shifted some art from the nineties into the proximity of a compliant event culture.

Among other things, I asked Tiravanija about the possibilities and boundaries of this kind of affirmative relational work within a politically precarious context.

RAIMAR STANGE: *When did you get the idea for your »cooking-situations?«*

RIRKRIT TIRAVANIJA: One day I was walking along West Broadway on my way to visit a gallery where I was supposed to participate in a group exhibition (curated by Robert Longo). I was thinking about the situation – that this would be the first time my work would be exhibited in New York. It seemed like a lot of pressure to succeed, so I decided to take the opposite attitude, which was to relax. Then and there, I decided to make something that was very close to me and that was part of my everyday experience. When I made the first cooking piece, it was not about cooking at all (I suppose it has never been about cooking!), but was rather a (kind of) museological critique – about cultural fragmentation (the removal or displacement of cultural artefacts from one (original) context to another, i.e. from the East to the West (from my perspective)). It was about reanimating certain structures in order to address the shifting of context, to bring back the everyday to objects which had been catalogued into a certain sphere of cultural value, such as the Elgin Marbles in the British Museum or – more closely related to my background – the Buddha statues and ceramic pottery in all sorts of museum in the West.

STANGE: *Sometimes you cook, and other people eat; sometimes you let people cook, for example in your exhibition in Ludwigsburg in 1997. Why do you switch roles? Do you want to reflect aspects of production as well as of consumption in your cooking-performances?*

»Das fernöstliche Denken orientiert sich nicht an der Substanz, sondern am Verhältnis«, stellt Byung-Chul Han in seinem Buch »Hyperkulturalität« 2005 fest. Dieses relationale Verhältnis jenseits einer vorgeschriebenen Dichotomie von Subjekt und Objekt lotet Rirkrit Tiravanija in seiner künstlerischen Arbeit mit unterschiedlichen Formulierungen aus. Das Spektrum der dabei ins Spiel gebrachten Medien, die oftmals in Kooperation mit Ausstellungsbesuchern oder Kollegen erarbeitet werden, reicht von Installation und Skulptur, über Performance und Zeichnung, Plakat und Hörstück, bis hin zu Video und Buch. Kein Wunder also, dass Tiravanija auf Nicolas Bourriauds Bühne der »relationalen Ästhetik« eine Hauptrolle spielte. Doch diese auf den ersten Blick überzeugende Positionierung ist durchaus fragwürdig, denn Bourriauds Kultbuch der 90er Jahre hat seinen Fokus vor allem, so stellte schon der Kritiker Helmut Draxler treffend fest, auf »gute[n] Beziehungen, welche die Kunst angeblich der kapitalistischen Entfremdungslogik entgegensetzen können«. Genau diese Fokussierung auf harmonische Relationen hat Teile der Kunst der 90er Jahre schnell in die Nähe einer wohlfeilen Eventkultur gerückt.

Über die Möglichkeiten und Grenzen solcher eben auch affirmativen Beziehungsarbeit in einen politisch prekären Kontext habe ich Tiravanija unter anderem befragt.

RAIMAR STANGE: *Wann hattest du die Idee zu deinen »Koch-Situationen«?*

RIRKRIT TIRAVANIJA: Ich ging den West Broadway entlang, auf dem Weg in eine Galerie, wo ich zu einer Gruppenausstellung eingeladen war (kuratiert von Robert Longo). Ich dachte über die ganze Situation nach, dass meine Arbeit in New York das erste Mal ausgestellt wird. Der Erfolgsdruck schien mir enorm, und so entschied ich mich für das Gegenteil, nämlich es entspannt anzugehen. Ich wollte etwas machen, das mir sehr vertraut und Teil meines Alltags war. Bei meiner ersten Koch-Arbeit ging es anfangs gar nicht ums Kochen (es geht eigentlich nie ums Kochen!), sondern eher um eine (Art) museologische Kritik. Es ging um kulturelle Fragmentierung (das Entfernen oder die Verschiebung kultureller Artefakte von einem (dem ursprünglichen) Kontext in einen anderen, zum Beispiel vom Osten in den Westen (aus meiner Perspektive)). Es ging um die Neubelebung bestimmter Strukturen, darum, die Verschiebung des Kontexts anzusprechen und Objekten ihre Alltäglichkeit zurückzugeben, die in eine bestimmte Sphäre kultureller Werte aufgenommen wurden, wie zum Beispiel die Elgin Marbles im British Museum oder – näher an meiner Herkunft – die Buddha Statuen und Keramiken in allen möglichen Museen des Westens.

**ES IST EIN MOMENT, IN DEM
MAN SELBST ETWAS PRODUZIERT
UND ZUGLEICH KONSUMIERT**



Exhibition views / Ausstellungsansichten »A Retrospective (tomorrow is another fine day)«
Serpentine Gallery, London 2005
Courtesy neugerriemke.de, Berlin



Exhibition view / Ausstellungsansicht
»Just Smile and Don't Talk«,
Kunsthalle Bielefeld, 2010
Courtesy neugerriemke.de, Berlin
Photo: Philipp Ottenslafer

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*untitled 2011 (558 broome st,
the future is chrome), 2011*
Plywood, tempered glass,
aluminum window frames,
glazed ceramic with palladium
luster / Sperrholz, Hartglas,
Aluminium-Fensterrahmen,
glasierte Keramik mit
Palladiumglanz
359 x 391 x 333 cm
Courtesy of the artist and
Gavin Brown's enterprise



untitled 2011 (the way things go), 2011
Brick pit, aluminum box, steel plate, shovels,
broom, wood, stones, earth / Ziegelgrube,
Aluminiumbox, Stahlplatten, Schaufeln,
Besen, Holz, Steine, Erde
Dimensions variable / Dimensionen variabel
Courtesy of the artist and Gavin Brown's enterprise



SPIKE 31 - 2012 Portrait - Rirkrit Tiravanija

Exhibition view / Ausstellungsansicht »Fear Eats the Soul«
Gavin Brown's enterprise, New York 2011
Courtesy of the artist and Gavin Brown's enterprise



untitled 2011 (558 broome st, the future is chrome), 2011
Plywood, tempered glass, aluminum window frames, glazed ceramic with pallasium luster / Sperrholz, Hartglas,
Aluminium-Fensterrahmen, glasierte Keramik mit Palladiumglanz
859 x 391 x 333 cm
Courtesy of the artist and Gavin Brown's enterprise

TIRAVANIJA: I was trying to reanimate objects (from readymades to pre-readymades) by reintroducing their function. A pot is a pot, a stove is a stove, and a chair is a chair. Initially, I didn't completely understand the Western dichotomy of »subject-object«. In Thai culture we don't have the same perspective; we have neither subject nor object – in a funny, Buddhist (philosophical, semiotic) way. When I started to cook and serve food (without planning to, purely by coincidence), I quickly realised that viewers (readers, critics) were interpreting the work as performance in a Beuysian sense, as a staged situation, which meant that viewers had a certain distance to it. I felt that this distance represented the gap in Western thought between »subject« and »object,« which I needed to attack and dismantle – the »doubt« about the author, or the »doubt« about the subject's position or positioning. So, in order to confuse the positions, I implicated the viewer. I suppose that raised questions regarding production and consumption. In talking about the works, I often bring up the idea that people sometimes walk on a floor sculpture by Carl Andre, only to find out midway (or all the way) through that they have been walking on a sculpture. Suddenly people are afraid that they did something they were not supposed to do (allowed to do). The curtain drops; it is a moment in which one produces and consumes at the same time.

**SOMETIMES I MEET EXPECTATIONS,
THOUGH UPON CLOSER EXAMINATION
THERE SHOULD BE SOME SURPRISES**

STANGE: *At Skulptur Projekte Münster in 1997, you surprised everyone by exhibiting a piece of puppet theatre. How did that come about?*

TIRAVANIJA: I like that – »surprised!« I would like to go from one surprise to another, or rather I would like to not satisfy too many expectations. Sometimes I meet expectations, though upon closer examination there should be some surprises. I was thinking about the people living in Münster and how they might have a love-hate relationship with the exhibition, with the fact that every ten years their park (nature) gets turned into a culture park (sculpture). I started to do some research – looking into the place's dark past – and found out that the zoo in Münster was a site of some contention; the man who founded the zoo was a priest who was interested in biology, which conflicted with Christianity's creation myth, and he was therefore excommunicated. But this Christian town has a society that works to raise money for the zoo. The society puts on theatre performances (a drunken theatre) where men dress up, play female roles (and vice versa) and get drunk on stage – in other words it is debauched and out of control. One play performed at the theatre told the story of a family of farmers, in which the old

STANGE: *Mal kochst du selbst und andere essen, mal lässt du andere kochen, wie etwa bei der Ausstellung im Kunstverein Ludwigsburg 1997. Warum dieser Rollenwechsel? Geht es dir bei deinen Koch-Performances darum, sowohl Aspekte der Produktion wie solche des Konsums zu reflektieren?*

TIRAVANIJA: Ich versuchte, Objekte neu zu beleben (von Readymades zu Prä-Readymades), indem ich ihre ursprüngliche Funktion wiederherstellte. Ein Kochtopf ist ein Kochtopf, ein Ofen ist ein Ofen, und ein Stuhl ist ein Stuhl. Ich verstand die westliche Dichotomie von »Subjekt-Objekt« anfangs nicht ganz. In der Thai-Kultur gibt es diese Perspektive nicht. Wir haben weder Subjekt noch Objekt – auf eine lustige buddhistische (philosophische, semiotische) Art. Als ich mit dem Kochen begann (was nicht geplant war, sondern rein zufällig passierte), erkannte ich schnell, dass die Betrachter (Leser, Kritiker) die Arbeit in einem Beuys'schen Sinn als Performance interpretierten, als eine Inszenierung – Was eine bestimmte Distanz schuf. Ich spürte, dass ich diese Distanz die im westlichen Denken vorhandene Kluft zwischen »Subjekt« und »Objekt« darstellt, angreifen und abbauen musste – »Zweifel« am Autor oder an einer Subjektposition und Subjektpositionierung. Um die Positionen dazueinanderzubringen, bezog ich also den Besucher mit ein. Ich denke, das warf Fragen zu Produktion und Konsumation auf. Wenn ich über diese Arbeiten spreche, erwähne ich oft, dass Leute manchmal über eine Bodenskulptur von Carl Andre spazieren und erst am halben Weg (oder am Ende) bemerken, dass sie über eine Skulptur gegangen sind. Es gibt einen Moment des Erschreckens, etwas Verbotenes getan zu haben, der Vorhang fällt, und man begreift etwas. Es ist ein Moment, in dem man selbst etwas produziert und zugleich konsumiert.

STANGE: *Bei »Skulptur.Projekte 1997« in Münster hast du überraschend ein Marionettentheater präsentiert. Wie kam es dazu, was war die Idee?*

TIRAVANIJA: Das gefällt mir! Überraschend! Ich hätte gerne eine Überraschung nach der anderen und will nicht zu viele Erwartungen erfüllen. Manchmal erfülle ich sie, aber wenn man genauer hinsieht, gibt es Überraschungen. Ich dachte über die Menschen nach, die in Münster leben und dass sie wahrscheinlich eine Hass-Liebe zu dieser Ausstellung haben, weil alle zehn Jahre ihr Park (Natur) in einen Kulturpark (Skulptur) verwandelt wird. Ich begann zu recherchieren, auch die dunklen Seiten des Ortes, und fand heraus, dass es um den Zoo in Münster viele Auseinandersetzungen gab. Der Gründer des Zoos war ein Priester, der sich für Biologie interessierte, was im Widerspruch zum christlichen Schöpfungsmythos stand, und weshalb er exkommuniziert wurde. Aber in dieser christlichen Stadt gab es einen Verein, der Geld für den Zoo aufstellte. Der Verein veranstaltete Theateraufführungen, bei denen sich Männer verkleiden und Frauenrollen spielen und umgekehrt und sich alle auf der Bühne be-

untitled 2011 (t-shirt, no t-shirt), 2011
Silkscreen t-shirt factory / T-Shirt-Siebdruck-Produktionsstätte
859 x 391 x 333 cm
Courtesy of the artist and Gavin Brown's enterprise



untitled 2011 (558 broome st, the future is chrome), 2011
Plywood, tempered glass, aluminum window frames,
glazed ceramic with palladium luster / Sperrholz, Hartglas,
Aluminium-Fensterrahmen, glasierte Keramik mit Palladiumglanz
859 x 391 x 333 cm
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parents wanted their son (their only son) to take over the family farm, but the son refused because he wanted to be an artist. He left the farm for Münster. The farm was then passed on to his sister and her husband, but in time the farm ran into trouble and fell into debt. At a desperate moment before the family was going to lose the farm, word arrived to their son in town. By then, he had become an established artist. He returned home to save the family farm using the fortune that he had made as a successful artist. Yes, the artist saves the day! I'm sure it was a surprise in those days!

I also wanted my work to involve the local people in order to close the gap between the community and the outsiders. I wanted to work with a school that was located near the original site of the zoo. (It has long since been relocated.) I came up with the idea of puppet theatre because I was looking for a form that was sculptural as well as one with a built-in handicap for the players. The thought was that this might create chaos and emulate drunkenness!

I AM INTERESTED IN THE POSSIBILITIES THAT CAN BE ARRIVED AT WHEN PEOPLE PUT THEIR IDEAS TOGETHER

STANGE: *In your exhibition Social Capital at Migros Museum in Zurich in 1998, you installed a supermarket. Also included in the show was an auto repair shop produced in collaboration with Franz Ackermann as well as works by other artists, for example Douglas Gordon and Dan Flavin. How important is collaboration in your work?*

TIRAVANIJA: It is important to the same extent that an audience should be involved in the work. I am not interested in authorship; I am interested in the possibilities that can be arrived at when people put their ideas together. There are ideas that have been released into the world of culture that I find important to quote, re-present or re-address. And I think that there are always ideas that we should reconsider. After all, time is a structure constantly moving forward. I am not interested in leaving (any) things behind; I am interested in leaving ideas behind. Like a good recipe, everyone knows what it is, what it tastes like and even how to make it again – perhaps even differently, following their own interpretation; or perhaps it would be a base for something completely different, a possibility.

STANGE: *In the 90s your work was discussed in the context of relational aesthetics. How comfortable are you with your work being framed in this way?*

TIRAVANIJA: I am comfortable with frames, and I'm comfortable not to be framed by it. One works as a living, breathing subject. One shifts and changes (I hope) with experience. I think it has become clear by

ICH DENKE, ES IST MITTLERWEILE KLAR, DASS ALLES RELATIONAL IST, SOGAR COMPUTERPIXEL

trinken – mit anderen Worten, es ist wild und unkontrolliert. Ein Stück handelte von der Geschichte einer Bauernfamilie. Die Eltern wünschten sich, dass ihr Sohn (der einzige Sohn) den Hof übernimmt, aber er weigerte sich, weil er Künstler werden wollte. Er verließ den Hof und ging nach Münster. Der Hof wurde an seine Schwester und ihren Ehemann übergeben, aber nach einiger Zeit gerieten sie in Schwierigkeiten und verschuldeten sich. In dieser ausweglosen Situation, in der die Familie Gefahr lief, den Hof zu verlieren, erfuhr der Sohn in der Stadt davon. Zu diesem Zeitpunkt war er bereits ein erfolgreicher Künstler. Er kehrte nach Hause zurück und rettete mit dem Reichtum, den er inzwischen angehäuft hatte, den Hof seiner Familie. Ja, der Künstler war die Rettung! Das war damals eine Überraschung, da bin ich mir sicher!

Ich wollte auch, dass meine Arbeit die Menschen vor Ort einbindet, um die Distanz zwischen der Stadt und den Besuchern zu verringern. Also hatte ich die Idee, mit einer Schule zusammenzuarbeiten, die sich in der Nähe des Alten Zoos befand (der schon vor langer Zeit verlegt wurde). Ich entschied mich für ein Marionettentheater, weil ich nach einer Form suchte, die zugleich skulptural war und den Spielern die Darstellung erschwerte. Ich dachte, es könnte Chaos erzeugen und den Eindruck von Betrunktheit, vielleicht!

STANGE: *In deiner Ausstellung »Das soziale Kapital« 1998 im Züricher migros museum hast du einen Supermarkt installiert. Unter anderem war da in Zusammenarbeit mit Franz Ackermann eine Autowerkstatt aufgebaut. Auch Werke anderer Künstler, etwa von Douglas Gordon oder Dan Flavin, waren zu sehen. Wie wichtig ist die Kooperation mit anderen Künstlern für deine Arbeit?*

TIRAVANIJA: Genauso wichtig wie das Publikum in die Arbeit miteinzubeziehen. Ich bin nicht an Autorschaft interessiert. Mich interessieren die Möglichkeiten, die entstehen, wenn Menschen ihre Ideen zusammenbringen. Es gibt Ideen in der Kulturwelt, die ich für so bedeutend und wichtig halte, sie zu zitieren und/oder wieder zu zeigen und neu zu bearbeiten. Und ich danke auch, dass es immer Ideen gibt, über die man neu nachdenken sollte. Schließlich ist die Zeit eine Struktur, die immer fortschreitet. Ich bin nicht daran interessiert, Dinge (irgendetwas) zurückzulassen. Mich interessiert es, Ideen zu hinterlassen. Wie ein gutes Rezept, jeder kennt es, weiß, wie es schmeckt und wie man es nachkocht – vielleicht sogar ein bisschen abgewandelt. Oder vielleicht ist es die Grundlage für etwas ganz anderes, eine Möglichkeit.

STANGE: *In den 90er Jahren wurde deine Kunst im Rahmen der »Relational Aesthetics« diskutiert. Fühlst du dich wohl in diesem Kontext?*

TIRAVANIJA: Ich kann mit Rahmen ganz gut leben, aber

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The land foundation, Chiang Mai, Thailand
Courtesy neugierenschneider, Berlin
Photo: Liz Linden



now that everything is relational, even computer pixels. However, I have always had a problem with aestheticizing. To me, that seems to be just another gap, and a gap that I have tried to dismantle. Aesthetics is a Western concept; it separates subject from object. And as I mentioned earlier, for me, no such distinction exists.

STANGE: *Together with Kamin Lerdchapraserit you founded The Land, a project in the northern part of Thailand, where you experiment with alternative ecological and economic models. Can you tell me a bit more about the project and what you are doing there?*

TIRAVANIJA: Not doing much, but a lot. *The Land* has now existed for over ten years. It combines different desires: on the one hand, a desire for a safe house – a place of rest, but also a place to think and to have exchanges outside or aside from the normal spheres, a desire for a retreat outside of the grid; and, on the other hand, a desire to experiment with living structures – towards holistic ideas, without idealism, without property, without ownership, and essentially without expectations. It is really a rice field when in season as well as a place for contemplation. It is a landscape upon which to act, a surface on which to build models and a table around which to meet. But it is only those things when there is a need and a will for such interaction. It lays fallow when there is no water, it becomes lush when the rain falls, and it becomes impossible when water floods the plains. It is the desire of many, but most of the time it is only a possibility. It is what many imagine it to be – beyond what it actually is. Still, it is there, and it has reached much of its potential, although it has failed in other ways. It was built, and it has fallen. And others will arrive to build on both the failures and the successes.

STANGE: *Has your teaching influenced or changed your art practice?*

TIRAVANIJA: Yes, I have been influenced by it. But, no, I would not say that it has changed my practice. Rather, I see it as part and parcel of the practice. I am interested in the exchanges and the possibilities to think and work with others. Teaching is a part of that relationship. It has its speed and its duration, and I want to spend that kind of time thinking and talking.

STANGE: *Over the past few years, your work has become increasingly political. I am thinking here, for example, of the Demonstration Drawings (2001–ongoing) as well as the mural and the buttons where you ask: Where is Ai Weiwei (2011). How do you explain this development in your work?*

I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN IDEOLOGICAL
IN MY APPROACH TO ART MAKING AND
THE POTENTIAL OF ART MAKING

auch damit, nicht in einen Rahmen gesteckt zu werden. Man arbeitet als ein lebendes, atmendes Subjekt. Man bewegt und ändert sich durch Erfahrung (hoffentlich). Ich denke, es ist mittlerweile klar, dass alles relational ist, sogar Computerpixel. Allerdings hatte ich immer ein Problem mit Ästhetisierungen. Für mich ist auch das eine Kluft, die ich versucht habe abzubauen. Ästhetik ist ein westliches Konzept. Es trennt das Subjekt vom Objekt, und wie ich schon sagte, gibt es für mich diese Unterscheidung nicht.

STANGE: *Du bist mit Kamin Lerdchapraserit Begründer des Projektes »The Land«, Ihr testet im Norden Thailands, in der Nähe von Chiang Mai, andere Formen von Ökologie und Ökonomie aus. Was genau passiert dort?*

TIRAVANIJA: Nicht viel, aber doch sehr viel. »The Land« existiert nun schon seit über zehn Jahren. Es erfüllt verschiedene Sehnsüchte: einerseits nach einem sicheren Zuhause – einem Ort, um sich auszuruhen, aber auch einen Ort des Denkens und des Austauschs außerhalb der gewohnten Sphären, der Wunsch nach einem Rückzugsort außerhalb des Rasters. Und auf der anderen Seite, die Sehnsucht, mit dem Lebendigen zu experimentieren – mit holistischen Ideen, ohne Idealismus, ohne Besitz, ohne Eigentum und vor allem ohne Erwartung. Es ist je nach Jahreszeit tatsächlich ein Reisfeld aber auch ein Ort der Kontemplation. Es ist eine Landschaft, auf der man agieren kann, eine Oberfläche, auf der man Modelle bauen kann und ein Tisch, an dem man sich trifft. Aber all das ist es nur, wenn es das Bedürfnis und den Willen für solche Interaktionen gibt. Es liegt brach, wenn es kein Wasser gibt, es wächst üppig, wenn der Regen fällt, und es ist unmöglich zu bewirtschaften, wenn die Ebene überflutet ist. Es verkörpert die Sehnsucht vieler, aber vor allem ist es eine Möglichkeit. Es ist, was viele sich darunter vorstellen, jenseits seiner Realität. Dennoch, es ist da und hat viele seiner Potenziale ausgeschöpft und andere verfehlt. Es wurde gebaut, und es ist zusammengebrochen, aber es werden wieder Leute kommen und an beidem arbeiten, den Fehlern und den Erfolgen.

STANGE: *Beeinflusst oder verändert das Unterrichten deine künstlerische Praxis?*

TIRAVANIJA: Es beeinflusst mich, aber ich würde nicht sagen, dass es meine Praxis verändert. Eher sehe ich es als wesentlichen Teil von ihr. Ich interessiere mich für den Austausch und die Möglichkeiten mit anderen zu denken und zu arbeiten. Zu Unterrichten ist Teil dieser Beziehung. Es hat seine Geschwindigkeit und seine Dauer, und ich möchte diese Art von Zeit verbringen, mit Denken und Sprechen.

STANGE: *Über die letzten paar Jahre wurde deine Arbeit zunehmend politisch. Ich denke hier zum Beispiel an die »Demonstration Drawings« (2001–07) ebenso wie an das Transparent*

The land foundation, Chiang Mai, Thailand
Courtesy: Neugerriemschneider, Berlin
Photo: Liz Linden



TIRAVANIJA: I have always been ideological in my approach to art making and the potential of art making, and I have always been sceptical about institutional structures or institutional boundaries. This doesn't mean that I have worked or lived outside the bounds of such structures, but certainly, instinctively, I have always been doubtful. Already since Ronald Reagan's presidency and continuing until now, the political divide present in Thailand has influenced this attitude. Of course, China and Thailand are different in many ways, but parallels can be drawn between the corruption of power and the abuse of information (disinformation) found in each. The rhetorics and the manipulation of the media, although blatant, are highly divisive. The battle is now being fought for stakes in the future of the country, and the question of a new (republic) state has everyone on their toes. Opinions, innuendoes and rumours are everywhere, and the need to rewrite the constitution looms large. But isn't that the case in many parts of the globe? Everywhere, we feel the shift of power under our feet; how can we not address it, even with our tongues in our cheeks!

STANGE: *One final question: What are you reading at the moment?*

TIRAVANIJA: Roberto Bolaño, *The Insufferable Gaucho*; Jülius Koller: *Universal Futurological Operation* (a catalogue put together by Roman Ondák); Simon Garfield, *Just My Type. A book about fonts*; Roberto Bolaño, *Between Parentheses: Essays, Articles and Speeches 1998-2003*; Tom Mueller, *Extra Virginity: The Sublime and Scandalous World of Olive Oil*; and *Golf Digest*, the February issue with the »Hot List« evaluating the latest golf equipment. —

RIRKRIT TIRAVANIJA, born 1967 in Buenos Aires. Lives between New York and Chiang Mai, Thailand. Recent solo shows among others: *Fear Eats the Soul*, Gavin Brown's enterprise, New York (2011); *Pilar Corrias*, London (2010); *Chew the Fat*, Neugerriemschneider, Berlin (2009); *Less Oil More Courage*, Kunsthalle Fridericianum, Kassel (2009). Recent exhibition participations include *The Last Newspaper*, *The New Museum*, New York (2010); *Compass In Hand*, *Museum of Modern Art*, New York (2009); *Re-Imagining Asia*, *Haus der Kulturen der Welt*, Berlin (2008); *theanyspacewhatever*, *Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum*, New York (2008).

Represented by Gavin Brown's enterprise, New York; Pilar Corrias, London; Neugerriemschneider, Berlin; Galerie Chantal Crousel, Paris; 1301PE Gallery, Los Angeles; kurimanzutto, Mexico City; Gallery Side 2, Tokyo

RAIMAR STANGE is a critic and curator. He lives in Berlin / ist Kritiker und Kurator. Er lebt in Berlin.

und die Buttons, wo du fragst: »Where is Ai Weiwei« (2011). Wie erklärst du diese Entwicklung in deiner Arbeit?

TIRAVANIJA: Mein Zugang zum Kunst-Machen (und seinem Potenzial) war immer ideologisch, und ich war auch sicherlich immer skeptisch gegenüber institutionellen Strukturen oder Grenzen. Das bedeutet nicht, dass ich jenseits der Strukturen arbeite oder lebe, aber ich tue das sicher instinktiv mit Zweifel. Die politische Spaltung in Thailand beeinflusste diese Einstellung. Natürlich sind China und Thailand in vielerlei Hinsicht unterschiedlich, aber der Machtmissbrauch und der Missbrauch von Information (Disinformation) in beiden Ländern ähneln einander bis zu einem gewissen Grad. Die Rhetorik und die Manipulation der Medien, obwohl offensichtlich, sind höchst polarisierend. Der Kampf um die Zukunft des Landes findet jetzt gerade statt, und die Frage nach einer neuen Republik beschäftigt jeden. Meinungen, versteckte Andeutungen und Gerüchte kursieren überall, und das Bedürfnis nach einer neuen Verfassung ist ein großes Thema. Aber ist das nicht in vielen Teilen der Welt der Fall? Überall spüren wir, wie sich die Machtverhältnisse verschieben. Wie könnten wir das nicht ansprechen, sogar mit Ironie!

STANGE: *Eine letzte Frage: Was liest du gerade?*

TIRAVANIJA: Roberto Bolaño, »The Insufferable Gaucho«; Jülius Koller (ein von Roman Ondák zusammengestellter Katalog); Simon Garfield »Just My Type. A book about fonts«; Roberto Bolaño »Between Parentheses: Essays, Articles and Speeches 1998-2003«; Tom Mueller »Extra Virginity: The Sublime and Scandalous World of Olive Oil«; »Golf Digest«, die Februar Ausgabe mit der »Hot List« zum neuesten Golf-Equipment. —

Aus dem Englischen von Stefan Tsch

ON AIR

PROPOS RECUEILLIS
PAR MAURICIO
ESTRADA-MUNOZ,
COMMISSAIRE
DE LA PROGRAMMATION
« ON AIR ».
DIRECTION
DES PUBLICS

À partir du 23 juin et durant tout l'été, le Studio 13/16 accueille « On Air », une proposition autour de l'œuvre *untitled 1998 (rehearsal studio no. 6, silent version)* de l'artiste thaïlandais Rirkrit Tiravanija. Ce véritable studio de répétition et d'enregistrement, isolé phoniquement dans un écrin de verre, prend place pour quelques

« On Air » résonne particulièrement avec la culture adolescente et les mouvements de contre-culture dont elle se nourrit, des pratiques urbaines aux musiques expérimentales, en passant par une recherche identitaire, parfois transgressive. Au min, une intervention graphique de Le Tone, une fresque que les adolescents sont invités à compléter pour écrire une histoire décalée des interactions entre les arts sonores et visuels, une frise sur laquelle le public partage ses cultures musicales et artistiques. Et pour ponctuer cette programmation, des concerts par des adolescents avec Rock en Seine... Une expérience inédite !
Entretien avec l'artiste.

L'ARTISTE INVITE LES ADOS À « JOUER » DE PLUSIEURS TERRITOIRES DE CRÉATION : LA MUSIQUE, LE LIVE, LA PERFORMANCE...

QUELLE BOÎTE
AU 20001-3012

STUDIO 13/16
FORUM - 1

AVEC LE SOUTIEN DE

LAGARDÈRE



DEEZER

LES FOLIES
D'ORFÈVRE
RACIM

YAMAHA

boesner
INSTRUMENTS & TECHNIQUE

mois dans l'espace dédié aux adolescents de 13 à 16 ans, au cœur du Centre Pompidou. L'artiste les invite à « jouer » de plusieurs territoires de création : la musique, le live, la performance... dans le contexte d'une œuvre caractérisée par une esthétique relationnelle, une œuvre qui ne vit que lorsqu'elle interagit ou se laisse traverser par le public.

Muette dans sa transparence, cette « boîte à musique » dans laquelle groupes et interprètes sont invités à se produire et à s'enregistrer, ne laisse pas passer le son. Dans ce silence apparent, elle crée une étonnante dissonance entre ce que le visiteur voit – les instruments, les gestes des musiciens, etc. – et l'absence de musique. Le contraste ainsi provoqué entre l'intérieur et l'extérieur, entre l'invisible et le visible, crée une situation où de nouvelles médiations émergent de la relation entre le visiteur et l'œuvre d'art. C'est dans cet écart que l'artiste aime à provoquer des sociabilités alternatives, des situations d'expérimentation partagées, immédiates, sans l'intervention d'une présence extérieure.

Dans votre travail, le public joue le premier rôle. Comment concevez-vous sa participation lorsque vous imaginez une œuvre ?

RIRKRIT TIRAVANIJA – Le public du Centre Pompidou n'est pas le même que celui de la maison Graceland d'Elvis Presley, à Memphis. Les attentes sont différentes d'un endroit à l'autre et les interactions sont aussi différentes d'un spectateur à un autre. Je voudrais que le spectateur joue un rôle actif dans l'activation de la situation (le montage de l'œuvre). Pour moi l'œuvre est toujours dans la construction. Sans interaction ou activation, elle n'existe pas. L'objectivation d'une image ne m'intéresse pas. Ce qui m'intéresse, c'est l'expérience subjective. C'est ce que j'aspire provoquer ici avec les adolescents.

Pourquoi recréer un studio de répétition ?

PREMIER ESPACE DÉDIÉ
AUX ADOLESCENTS,
LE STUDIO 13/16
EST OUVERT
LES MERCREDIS,
SAMEDIS
ET DIMANCHES,
DE 14H À 18H
ET PENDANT
LES VACANCES
SCOLAIRES.
TOUS LES JOURS
SAUF LE MARDI.
VOIR P 119

**C'EST LA POSSIBILITÉ DE VOIR LES LANGAGES
SE RENCONTRER SUR LE MÊME TERRAIN,
CELUI DE LA MUSIQUE, DU SON,
DU BRUIT OU DU SILENCE.**

09H23 00H
48 7 SEPT. 2012

EMMETT D'AVANILLO
D'ANETTE AURELL

RT - Je répétais avec quelques amis artistes, sans idée précise, quand j'ai commencé à spéculer sur l'action du son, son mouvement ; jouer un son peut se traduire en une activation, une action de communication, une interaction. J'étais intéressé par la façon dont l'acte de jouer (l'activation) pouvait résonner et s'infiltrer dans une structure institutionnelle plus globale, en l'occurrence le Centre Pompidou, par la façon dont l'énergie générée est transmise au public, au visiteur. Ce sont aussi les possibilités de l'amateurisme qui me séduisent. Par amateurisme, j'entends la manière dont quelqu'un peut agir ou interagir sans être doué d'un talent précis ou notoire, comme l'entend l'adage Punk « Joue une note, puis une autre, et une autre, et fait une chanson ».

Comment imaginez-vous l'interaction avec les adolescents ?

RT - Adolescents ou plus âgés, nous avons tous une relation intense avec la musique, à un niveau ou à un autre, de façon positive ou négative. Souvent cet éveil se fait à l'adolescence, c'est l'âge auquel s'affirment certains choix musicaux en même temps que se structure la personnalité, que s'expriment les goûts.

Pensez-vous qu'une œuvre comme un-titled 1996 (rehearsal studio no. 6, silent version) puisse inciter les jeunes à se tourner vers la création contemporaine ?

RT - L'engagement du public m'intéresse à tout âge : je voudrais voir un punk de soixante ans jouer dans le studio avec un ado rappeur, un guitariste adolescent, éduqué à la musique de façon classique, avec un batteur « métalleux », une grand-mère chantant avec un groupe électro-pop d'adolescents. Je pense que ce qui m'a le plus séduit dans cette salle de répétition, c'est la possibilité de voir les langages se rencontrer sur le même terrain, celui de la musique, du son, du bruit ou du silence.

Quelle place accordez-vous à la musique dans votre processus de création ?

RT - Elle a son importance comme tout le reste, comme une bouffée d'air, une bouchée de thon ou sashimi, l'odeur de l'air salé de l'Atlantique. Elle est traitée, digérée et transformée en sensibilités, en humeurs, en métaphores et en réalité.

Qu'est-ce qui vous intéresse dans le phénomène « live » ?

RT - L'énergie, la collectivité.

Et en ce moment quel est votre coup de cœur musical ?

RT - Je n'en ai pas en ce moment. J'accumule et je n'en oublie aucun, je les garde tous, que ce soit Gastano Veloso, JZ, Animal Collective, Jaffar Hussain Khan, Johnny Cash, Maria Callas, Dusty Springfield, Pretenders, Prist, Glenn Gould, Blumfeld, Modern Dog, John Coltrane, Deep Purple, Joy Division, Ismael Rivera, Cornelius, Arto Lindsay, etc., etc.

Adolescent, vous êtes plutôt ...

RT - Le même. X



Rirkrit Tiravanija, *Soup/No Soup*



Galerie
Chantal Crousel

18 tasses de bouillon de légumes (environ 2500 ml), 5 tiges de citronnelle, 5 feuilles entières de kaffir lime (ou combava), 1000 grammes de tofu mou, coupé en carrés... 15 000 bols soit 5 000 litres de soupe auront repu 8 000 à 10 000 personnes au Grand Palais le 7 avril dernier.

Un silence quasi religieux régnait alors, vers 22h, quand nous sommes arrivés. Deux rangées de tables assez sommaires traversaient la nef de part en part ; il restait encore de la place pour accueillir de nouveaux convives. Le petit bol de carton en main, il fallut décider où nous asseoir : la tablée art contemporain, aux côtés des curateurs de la Triennale et des artistes présents, ou, comme dans un restaurant ou une aire de pique-nique, parmi la foule des inconnus. La solution fut de manger un premier bol d'un côté et un second de l'autre. La première option fit que notre dîner ne différa guère d'un autre buffet de vernissage, le chauffage en moins ! La seconde, recréant une certaine intimité au cœur de la tablée, sembla nous permettre d'apprécier plus aisément la situation. Nous installer à l'écart des personnes que nous connaissions nous laissa une plus grande liberté d'observation. Le calme était sans doute l'élément le plus frappant de cette soirée, renforçant la sensation d'un moment privilégié dans un tel bâtiment. Débarassé des artifices par lesquels nous l'appréhendons habituellement – stands de foires ou autres dispositifs d'expositions qui font que, presque jamais, nous ne venons au Grand Palais pour voir le Grand Palais, excepté peut-être lors de Monumenta mais c'est là encore l'occasion de le parcourir au travers du filtre des œuvres qui y prennent place – le lieu nous apparut dans toute son immensité qui le rendait paradoxalement moins tentaculaire : rarement nous avons pu le contempler d'un seul coup d'œil. Chacun semblait y avoir trouvé sa place. Tandis que certains se sustentaient joyeusement, des enfants improvisaient une course d'avions en papier, un homme exerçait sa voiture téléguidée... On a même entendu dire que, plus tôt dans la journée, un petit concert de guitare avait été improvisé.



Galerie
Chantal Crousel

La différence d'avec tous les autres « événements culinaires » organisés par Rirkrit Tiravanija ? Principalement les dimensions du projet comme du site qui l'accueille. Un traiteur et son équipe avaient pris la place de l'artiste en cuisine et des bénévoles d'Emmaüs étaient venus prêter main forte pour le service. Quelques-uns auraient même ensuite été embauchés par le traiteur, prouvant sans préméditation la validité de « l'utopie sociale » parfois reprochée aux dispositifs de l'artiste. L'on pouvait être sceptique quant à la reproduction à l'échelle « institutionnelle » d'un concept qui a plus de vingt ans d'existence ; consécration ou redite, il était permis de douter. Pourtant, ce fut un moment fascinant que de voir le Grand Palais mué en coquille vide prête à accueillir toutes les interprétations possibles. Beaucoup d'amateurs d'art le peuplaient en effet mais il est tout à fait plausible de penser que la foule était plus bigarrée que cela, les médias ayant fortement relayé l'invitation à cette grande soupe populaire et gratuite servie au cœur d'un des joyaux de la République.

Faisant pour ainsi dire office de cartel, la recette était affichée sur un petit panneau, entre les tables et le buffet. Opérant presque comme une mise en abyme de l'œuvre, elle s'offrait sans mystère, aussi simplement que le bol de soupe qui nous était tendu derrière. [...] porter à ébullition et laisser bouillir 5 minutes pour parfumer [...] jusqu'à ce que les champignons soient tendres [...] réduire à feu doux et ajouter le lait de coco [...]. L'art de Tiravanija ne se laisse toujours pas cerner par les définitions, il se déguste avec gourmandise.

Media Farzin. "FEAR EATS THE SOUL,"
artagenda.com, April 2011.

The most striking thing about Rirkrit Tiravanija's recent New York show is also its most organic aspect: the windows and doors of the main exhibition space have been removed, exposing the interior to the street. From the outside, the space looks empty except for the soaring black letters spray-painted on the walls. Once inside, visitors can piece together the show's bleak title from the letters: FEAR EATS THE SOUL. The exhibition is built on many references, some obvious (the 1974 Rainer Werner Fassbinder film, Andy Warhol's Pop appropriations), others more personal and revealed only through conversation with the artist (the recent shooting in Arizona, Gordon Matta-Clark's Window Blowout of 1976).

Activities within the space, however, are well in keeping with Tiravanija's aesthetic of cheerful interaction, which can be as engaging as it is unremarkable. There is a plywood structure that houses a t-shirt factory/shop, where political slogans collected by the artist can be "hand-screened while you wait" by Nick Paparone, a student of Tiravanija, at \$20 each (with online orders conveniently available). Interactions with visitors are genuinely warm, albeit straightforwardly commercial and slightly awkward. Compared to a "real" shop, the conversation and curiosity are somewhat more forced, since the metonymic "framing" of commerce as art unavoidably conditions the exchange, as does the inevitable cynicism of the commodity of dissent ("Does Rirkrit ever stop by? Can I really buy a t-shirt? Can I change what it says?").

Next door to the factory is a reconstruction of Tiravanija's first show with Gavin Brown in 1994. For that show, Tiravanija's artworks, or rather his working objects, were paired with Warhol artworks borrowed or re-made for the occasion: a wok placed next to a Brillo box, for example (the latter a replica by artist Mike Bidlo). The entire 1994 show is redone here as chrome replicas, bland and shiny "art objects" that form a contrasting pair to the livelier "factory" next door. There is even a tiny office in the back with exhibition catalogues, a newspaper, and James Clifford's *The Predicament of Culture*. "I had hoped Gavin would be working there most of the time," Tiravanija mused. "I guess that shows how things have changed."

While some things, like the size and success of Brown's gallery, have changed, others have remained the same. Tiravanija's installations of the past twenty years have consistently focused on everyday activity. In the main space, window frames have been leaned against the entrance walls, next to shovels, crowbars, and brooms left behind by workers who had dug the small hole in the ground. The hole was then covered with a metal sheet, an indistinguishable makeshift manhole cover except for its slogan: "THE WAY THINGS GO." (Back to the earth, perhaps?) The pit was used to prepare the meal that the artist served to guests at his opening, an ancient Mayan dish of marinated pork that is slow-roasted by being buried a hole in the ground along with heated stones.

Cooking has defined Tiravanija's two-decade career of hospitable art-making. Several cookbooks, multiple cook-offs, and endless meals later, the basic recipe has changed little. In the recent show, the "soup kitchen" next door to the main gallery featured a weekly rotating menu drawn from various exotic and local cuisines (all recipes available online at souponsoup.com). The artist put in several appearances, but much of the work was done by assistants and hired helpers who amiably introduce visitors to the food and the work. But it would be a mistake to judge the work by the quality of the conviviality it generates or even the connotations of its recipes, despite their deliberate references to the artist's ethnicity and his interest in difference.

Media Farzin. "FEAR EATS THE SOUL,"
artagenda.com, April 2011.

The exhibition's title is more explicit about Tiravanija's larger concerns, which might grandly be called the human condition. *Ali: Fear Eats the Soul* was the English translation of Fassbinder's *Angst essen Seele auf*. The film first appeared in Tiravanija's *Untitled 1994 (Fear Eats the Soul)*, a bar he constructed at Esther Schipper's storefront gallery in Cologne that only served beer and cola. Fassbinder's two lead characters, a German cleaner and a Moroccan mechanic, meet in the film's opening scene over the aforesaid drinks, and commence an unlikely relationship that brings out their own deepest fears as much as the xenophobia and racism of their surroundings.

"Fear eat soul," Fassbinder's Moroccan hero says in his stilted German. The same kind of "foreign" slip appears in the Tiravanija billboard that links the show's main gallery and soup kitchen: "THE DAYS OF THIS SOCIETY IS NUMBERED," reads the t-shirt on the clothesline. Soup and t-shirts, food and clothing: Tiravanija employs these basic, thoroughly commercialized elements to mobilize bodies and their everyday needs and desires towards something slightly less commercial, slightly less stratified, and even slightly less fearful and isolated. This is all done gently, with a disarming smile and the "native" hospitality of an outsider, a position that Tiravanija has not hesitated to use to his advantage. But the visitors also become outsiders as they navigate a space that mixes hospitality with commerce, public with personal, and genuine with theatrical. Decades of "relational aesthetics" later, there is still a productive awkwardness about Tiravanija's spaces, which may be why he continues to stage and restage them.

"The way things go is that they take time," Tiravanija once wrote about the artists Fischli and Weiss. The phrase comes back on the manhole cover at the entrance to the gallery. Like Fischli and Weiss's videos, the Mayan roasted pork, and pretty much everyday life itself, these installations are stages for slow unfoldings. They combine lofty humanism with mundane blandness, but are saved from the fate of either by being grounded in real time and space. What matters are the small moments of negotiation brought out by the ambiguous identity of the spaces, which are never quite seamlessly one thing or another, whether galleries, replicas, kitchens or workshops. His ambitions might be grand, his means unremarkable, but Tiravanija's artwork, as this show proves, can still be affecting in its unsettling ordinariness.



1 View of Rirkrit Tiravanija's «FEAR EATS THE SOUL» Gavin Brown's enterprise, New York, 2011.

Media Farzin. "FEAR EATS THE SOUL,"
artagenda.com, April 2011.



2 View of Rirkrit Tiravanija's «FEAR EATS THE SOUL» Gavin Brown's enterprise, New York, 2011.

Galerie
Chantal Crousel



3 View of Rirkrit Tiravanija's "FEAR EATS THE SOUL" Gavin Brown's enterprise, New York, 2011.



4 View of Rirkrit Tiravanija's "FEAR EATS THE SOUL" Gavin Brown's enterprise, New York, 2011.



5 Rirkrit Tiravanija, untitled 2011 (t-shirt, no t-shirt),
2011.



6 Rirkrit Tiravanija, untitled 2011 (558 broome st, the future is chrome), 2011.

Media Farzin. "FEAR EATS THE SOUL,"
artagenda.com, April 2011.

Galerie
Chantal Crousel



7 Rirkrit Tiravanija, untitled 2011 (558 broome st, the future is chrome), 2011.



8 Rirkrit Tiravanija, untitled 2011 (t-shirt, no t-shirt), 2011.

1969 *Identical Lunch*, which was, incidentally, restaged this year at New York's Museum of Modern Art), she isn't in the business of transubstantiation. If her various reframings ask that we look at all kinds of things and activities again, these things and activities are not—to my mind at least—wholly recast, but retain an aspect of their provenance in the world outside of aesthetic or ideational rehabilitation. Unlike Duchamp (or, rather, the pervasive understanding of Duchamp), Knowles isn't only "pointing" at things to render them "concepts"; instead, her procedures allow her found objects to retain something of their grit, and, though one risks romanticizing her practice by saying so, each feels like it has a history—both before Knowles, and owing to her interest in it. And though these objects have accrued a kind of symbolic value simply by appearing in Knowles's frame, they remain clearly beat-up and ragged—*worn*, by any other standard.

In her recent show at James Fuentes LLC, "Clear Skies All Week," Knowles presented fourteen works, all of which were produced during this decade but whose materials, it seems, were collected by the artist over the course of some forty years. A number of pieces comprised objects placed on framed raw cotton and/or raw flax. These works often incorporated shoes, or parts of shoes (another trope Knowles has long pursued), and also included a work glove, a plastic glove, an egg-beater, an exhausted tube of glue, twine, and instances of less definable organic matter (what looked to be bones, rocks, twigs). Placed together, approximating rebuses but refusing to cohere into readable meanings, the compositions were often attended by stamped words (usually also the title and usually also colloquial or aphoristic), as in one work from 2011, *A Rolling Stone Gathers No Moss*.

In other pieces, such as the strangely elegant *Cave Wall*, 2003—in which lentils are embedded within a sheet of oat flax—Knowles allows materials to remain more abstract. And in several "Event Threads" from 2006, vertical lengths of thread hang like wispy talismans carrying various items found by Knowles in her peregrinations. If, as a teacher of mine once told me, every object is a slow event, Knowles's "threads" embody this concept, delivering quiet narratives via the barest of means.

—Johanna Burton

Rirkrit Tiravanija

GAVIN BROWN'S ENTERPRISE

Rirkrit Tiravanija has always understood, intuitively and intellectually, that a gallery is a social frame, at once quasi-private and quasi-public, wherein a diverse range of encounters and frictions connected to rituals of making, displaying, and consuming art are staged. I vividly recall his exhibition "Untitled, 1992 (Free)" at 303 Gallery, for which structural elements and appurtenances from the space's back office were displayed in the front of the gallery, and the office was converted into a rudimentary cooking and eating area, with free curries offered daily. I saw this as a deftly materialized symbolic intervention, playfully utopic and post-utopic, but probably not an attempt to subvert or reinvent the fundamental economics of the commercial art system. Early on, Tiravanija recognized the inherent contradictions and the intrinsic limits of his art—that any actuality or notion of "free" is embedded within a complex matrix. By staging quotidian social processes—cooking, eating, and cleaning up—within the gallery space, he exchanged a post-commodity ethos of generosity and humility for the normative small entrepreneurial codes of a commercial gallery, while acknowledging that such activities, occurring within the frame, are codified as an expanded art condition.

In "Fear Eats the Soul," Tiravanija glanced back at—and reconfigured—his own history. The artist created an operational soup kitchen



(which he called Soup No Soup) that prepared and distributed soup on Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays throughout the duration of the show; located right next to the gallery space proper, it maintained a delicate autonomy. Tiravanija's gesture was characteristically unassuming, humble, and, finally, symbolic—i.e., it was either a place just for soup, just for art, for both, or something beyond—and, as with his earlier ad hoc kitchens, he seemed to be asking whether the sociocultural ritual of eating, framed by the gallery as art, is substantially different than any other experience that one might have in the dense urban environment.

In this spirit, Tiravanija sought to make Brown's space as coextensive with the street as possible. The show's title was prominently spray-painted across various gallery walls in huge, oversize black letters, and one could see it from outside, since the gallery's windows, doorframes, and related utilitarian hardware had been removed; moreover, the space itself was open to the public twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week (though with a security guard on-site). Transformed into a space more or less "transparent" to the outside world, the gallery invited in those who might not ordinarily trespass into the white cube. The theme of transparency continued inside, where one encountered a pile of brown earth next to a large industrial steel plate (with two machined holes, two small viewing portals into the excavated part of the gallery below); nearby, leaning against the wall, were tools—shovels, brooms, wooden planks, etc.—apparently utilized in this site-displacement. This gesture suggested a way for Tiravanija to make visible or unpack his own process.

Reflecting further on the tropes of his own artistic production, Tiravanija constructed a pair of plywood rooms that replicated the dimensions of Gavin Brown's original diminutive gallery space at 558 Broome Street in 1994–97, and one contained replicas of artifacts first displayed within the context of a 1994 exhibition that Tiravanija produced and curated there. In this quasi-retrospective look back at his own history, Tiravanija rendered the gallery a platform upon which to reenact recognizable tropes, and to propose new moves. A second plywood room housed a functional T-shirt factory and shop, open the same days and hours as the soup kitchen, where one could purchase T-shirts at twenty dollars a pop. Turning out shirts printed with such playfully activist slogans as *THE DAYS OF THIS SOCIETY IS NUMBERED*, *ASIANS MUST EAT RICE*, *FREE CHINA FROM TIBET*, *RICH BASTARDS BUY RICE*, and *FEAR EATS THE SOUL*, the factory served as an archive of Tiravanija's previous T-shirt projects, which have always suggested, perhaps ironically, the conflation of everyday fashion, politics, and identity. In the end, though, this show might be understood as a testimony to the gallery as a platform for cultural production—but also to its enduring limits as a frame.

—Joshua Decter

View of "Rirkrit Tiravanija." Wall text: untitled 2011. Plywood structure: untitled 2011.

USA

Rirkrit Tiravanija Gavin Brown's enterprise *New York*

After two decades of supplying gallery visitors with pad thai and curries, Rirkrit Tiravanija knows that a free meal and cheap clothing are an easy way to win over a New York audience. In his exhibition 'FEAR EATS THE SOUL', what surrounded these two offerings seemed almost beside the point. On a brisk Saturday afternoon, the cavernous spaces of Gavin Brown's enterprise were empty, and emptied out. The usual front door was locked, but the gallery's front walls were completely removed, with the door frames leaned up inside, and floor-to-ceiling spray-paint lettering spelling out the exhibition's title. Despite the space being accessible 24 hours a day, no acts of vandalism could be seen; shovels, tools and piles of dirt were lined up perfectly, undisturbed. While the gallery itself took on a superficial sense of transparency, its staff was made even more inaccessible than usual: the entryways into the offices and reception area were completely bricked up. An assumption was made that the information conventionally offered via press release or checklist was unnecessary, that the exhibition and its production were self-explanatory.

Not surprisingly, most visitors could be found in the shelter of the soup kitchen. Customers lined up to be served or perched on stools, and the red walls were covered with witty paintings by gallery artist Spencer Sweeney, highbrow versions of bad café art. (The back room, in which the soup kitchen was located, hosts *The Museum of Spencer Sweeney*, an ongoing installation.) People could also be found clustered in the T-shirt shop where, for 20 dollars, you could purchase a freshly silk-screened T-shirt with a choice of slogans ranging from the generally banal to the specifically political, many taken from past works by Tiravanija: 'I HAVE DONUTS AT HOME!'; 'IRAN, IRAQ, IKEA, I'M BUSY'; 'BRING ME THE HEAD OF THAKSIN SHINAWATRA'. Perhaps most pointed within

the context of work-obsessed New York, though, was the May '68 Situationist motto 'NE TRAVAILLEZ JAMAIS'. There was something for everyone, but each statement also collectively contributed to the constructed identity of the artist himself. In these two spaces of exchange and distribution, people were talking, interacting and generally inhabiting the roles that Tiravanija has encouraged visitors to take on throughout his work.

Yet there was one conspicuously locked door in the exhibition, behind which was a plywood replica of Gavin Brown's original SoHo space, containing a restaging of Tiravanija's first exhibition there in 1994. Almost comically dwarfed inside Brown's current gallery, the recreation served as a literal comparison of how far both artist and dealer had come. Originally, Tiravanija had paired his everyday objects with works by Andy Warhol; a wok next to a Brillo box, stacks of glass beer bottles beneath a Mao silkscreen. The updated version, however, cast each piece in chrome, monumentalizing the coming-together of art-world megastars. These sequestered, precious sculptures acted as shrine to a mythic past, but also to the idea of the luxury art object. Functioning as the only works of visible commercial value in the entire exhibition, these objects were preserved as fossils, whereas the liberated experience of the open gallery, the free soup and the affordable T-shirt belonged to the present moment. While visitors took advantage of the unconventional accessibility to the gallery, the artist, and the work (so much so that during the exhibition's run, Brown's car had been taken for a joyride by two visitors when it was parked inside the gallery, keys in the ignition), it still felt like business as usual, an exaggerated display of democratic art processes to the usual contemporary art audience. The title's reference to Rainer Werner Fassbinder's celebrated 1974 film *All: Fear Eats the Soul*, in which a couple prevails against discrimination, suggested only the vaguest association with the humanist idealism of works like the soup kitchen, but felt ambiguously powerful when rendered in three-metre-high lettering. Undoubtedly, the title also looked great on a souvenir T-shirt.

Lumi Tan

Rirkrit Tiravanija
'FEAR EATS THE SOUL'
2011
Installation view



Paissan, Constanza. « Art and Food are never as we Imagine. Rirkrit Tiravanija ». Cura Magazine, 2010.

“Art and Food are Never as we Imagine”

Rirkrit Tiravanija

by costanza paissan



Rirkrit Tiravanija, Courtesy: Kunsthalle Bielefeld Photo: Antoinette Aurell - opposite page: Rirkrit Tiravanija, Untitled (young man, if my wife makes it...), 1999, wooden chopsticks, plastic and metal bowl Courtesy: Gavin Brown's Enterprise, New York

A column on the relationship between art and cuisine cannot avoid speaking about the work of Rirkrit Tiravanija, the Argentinian artist of Thai origin who uses the medium of cuisine, endowed with strong social and political values, as a principal (but not sole) mode of expression and communication. In his work Tiravanija explores the potential of food as a medium for contact and interaction with the “other”. The act of cultural negotiation and exchange runs throughout – and even traverses – the sharing of the meal, a secular rite characterized by the principle of dialogue, and of communion, in which the senses are put into play alongside the intellect, and feelings alongside memories, passions and instincts. A creative itinerary, such as that of Tiravanija, in which food assumes a depth and multiplicity of facets, that rises above the mere possible momentary and performative character of the meal, to open up to conceptual, cultural, poetic and social relapses, renders the works of the artist among the most interesting, influential, and dynamic of recent decades. We will now follow this line of inquiry, lingering on some of the fundamental thematic knots, in which the reflection of the artist in relation to food are condensed.

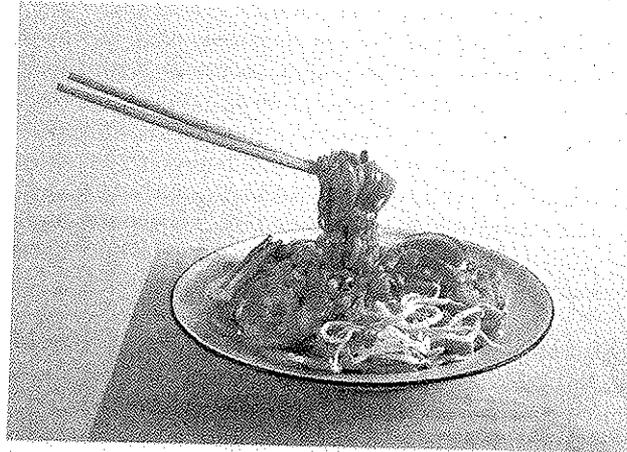
Food is memory. Marcel Proust expresses this essential characteristic in his masterpiece *À la recherche du temps perdu*. A drop of tea and a bite of *madeleine* become for him the stimulus for personal reflection based on aesthetic sensation. Food can be a vehicle for an intimate and profound exploration of the internal world of memory, for a renewed and conscious trip into the past, into the experiences of one's own life or into a more general history of the world. “I grew up around the kitchen of my grandmother, who was a well known teacher of both Thai and Continental cuisine; besides teaching, she had her own restaurant and her own television show. This became a significant factor in my development as an artist. I learned the art of sharing and giving. This sharing and giving came in the form my grandmother knew best: the preparation of food and the sharing of meals. In my work over the last ten years, I have become known as the ‘cook’ of the art world. I have, more or less, used the kitchen and cooking as the base from which to conduct an assault on the cultural aesthetics of Western attitudes toward life and living. I have found food to be a common medium for creating conditions and experiences for communication that do not always en-

tail language, but which have a spiritual dimension. In the communal act of cooking and eating together, I hope that it is possible to cross physical and imaginary boundaries." The artist's work for the *Open* section of the 1993 Venice Biennale, *Untitled (Twelve Seventy-One)* explored the social and historical foundations of food. The title recalls the year in which Marco Polo left Venice to explore the Asiatic World, from which he brought back the knowledge of, among many other things, oriental food. Tiravanija displayed on that occasion a canoe, a series of kettles, tables, and crockery from which to serve a continuous supply of noodles to the public.

As far back as 1992, at the 303 Gallery in New York, the exhibition space had already been turned into a social place in which to enjoy art in a completely new way, in comparison to established canons: at regular intervals, during the execution of the work *Untitled 1992 (Free)* (presented again more recently at the David Zwirner Gallery in a context of further mediation of memory), the artist served oriental meals to the public for free. The previous year, within the environment of the group show *Wealth of Nations* in Warsaw, the work of Tiravanija openly demonstrated the artist's political values, and his depth of reflection on the broad dynamics of the contemporary world: the work *Untitled (Artificial Flavoring)* consisted of two huge suitcases filled with American branded bacon and yoghurt flavored potato chips. While these chips were destined to be quickly devoured by the public, attracted by the novelty of "western" flavouring, the empty suitcases remained as a residual sculptural form. The food symbol of American consumerism was thereby offered in a completely novel context, transformed as Poland was by the fall of the Berlin Wall: the artist reflected upon the distance between opposing politico-economic models and on the value of food, nourishment and consumption in the recent history of the world.

Food is home. Its taste and smell characterizes in a unique way each person's abode, so becoming part of the specific identity of the individual. In the work of Tiravanija food is a vehicle, a machine for the senses, enabling the artist to journey on roads to the places of his origins, of his family, to the many places in which he grew up (from Argentina, where he was born in 1961, to Thailand, to Canada, to Ethiopia, up to the United States and to Germany, where he lives and works today). In 1996 for the show *Untitled 1996 (Tomorrow is Another Day)* the artist recreated his own New York apartment inside the Kölmscher Kunstverein; kitchen (functional and working), bedroom, bath and living room remained open twenty-four hours a day - a house for the public, a theatre production of daily life, a reactualization of the domestic environment, of its rites, including dining (as well as sex, sleep and personal hygiene). "The situation is not about looking at art. It is about being in the space, participating in an activity. The nature of the visit has shifted to emphasize the gallery as a space for social interaction. The transfer of activities such as

cooking, eating or sleeping into the realm of the exhibition space puts visitors into very intimate if unexpected contact. The displacement creates an acute awareness of the notion of public and private, the installations function like scientific experiments: this displacement becomes a tool and exposes the way scientific thought processes are constructed. The visitor becomes a participant in that experiment." Tiravanija has created many houses: from the *Tea House*, an oblique cube-house created for the Villa Manin in 2006, to *The House the Cat Built* (2008-2009), a curatorial project presented at the Galería Salvador Diaz in Madrid consisting of a model of the Thai house of Tiravanija, in which he invited other artists (Liam Gillick, Pierre Huyghe, Martha Rosler...) to present their own works, as part of a collective platform.



Food is a journey. Travel experiences are often remembered in terms of the tastes of the new and diverse foods that characterize each new place. In the work of Tiravanija this aspect is often exalted: nomadism and walking, interculturality and meeting are elements central to his life and his artistic approach. For the show *Cocido y Crudo*, held in Madrid in 1994, Tiravanija arrived at the airport with a bicycle turned into a mobile kitchen. "I embarked on an absurd walking tour, from the airport to the center and then around the city, in the hope of cooking a lunch or a supper with the people that I met. There was nobody around! In reality I knew some people and others came to meet me, but it was very difficult to do. The work was active as long as it remained outside, once it entered the museum it turned into the usual sculpture placed on the floor."

Along similar lines, one might also look to the work *Untitled (Bon Voyage Monsieur Ackermann)* (1995), "a nomadic work of food and the road", an itinerary between Berlin and Lyon in which the artist, together with Franz Ackermann, an Opel car, a stove and three