Rirkrit Tiravanija

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8 Exhibits To See (And Eat) In May

RIRKRT TIRAVANJA: WHO'S AFRAID OF RED, YELLOW, AND GREEN? @ HIRSHHORN

The Thai conceptual artist Rirkrit Tiravanija brings his work to the Hirshhorn for the first time with a culinary experience that invites visitors to participate in the art—as well as share a meal of curry together. “By framing this everyday activity as art, Tiravanija calls attention to the beauty in a shared meal, addressing themes around memory, culture, and community,” the museum says. Works also include a wall mural that will be drawn live by local students who will share the artist’s stories about Thai government policies. Area cinephiles, take note: Director Apichatpong Weerasethakul (Uncle Boonmee Who Can Recall His Past Lives) is curating a series of documentary shorts that will also be included in the exhibition.

May 17–July 24 at the Hirshhorn Museum and Sculpture Garden.

Pat Padua
"8 Exhibits to See (And Eat) in May"
DCist - 30/04/2019
https://dcist.com/story/19/04/30/8-exhibits-to-see-and-eat-in-may/
Thai artist dishes out communal curry at US museum

Thai artist Rirkrit Tiravanija speaks to members of the press at his interactive exhibit "(who's afraid of red, yellow, and green)" at the Hirshhorn Museum in Washington, DC on May 16, 2019. AFP

Thai artist dishes out communal curry at US museum

Rich or poor, liberal or conservative, from one corner of the globe to another, we all sit down to share a meal.

Thai artist Rirkrit Tiravanija is betting that this communal experience can break down artificial divides as he serves curry to visitors at the Hirshhorn Museum in an installation that opened Friday.

‘Thai Artist dishes out communal curry at US museum’
The Nation - 18/05/2019
http://www.nationmultimedia.com/detail/breakingnews/30369624?fbclid=IwAR0j0SQIK8U-vOHIIIwFqtdh7WdGISyiPajfO6L-qMsmlvd1v9B7-EErf0o
Rich or poor, liberal or conservative, from one corner of the globe to another, we all sit down to share a meal.

Thai artist Rirkrit Tiravanija is betting that this communal experience can break down artificial divides as he serves curry to visitors at the Hirshhorn Museum in an installation that opened Friday.

The feast is part of the art. Visitors fill their bellies with red, yellow and green curries while watching local artists cover the once white gallery walls with photorealistic drawings of protests in Thailand and the United States.
"There are people who would have never sat next to each other sitting next to each other, discovering each other or themselves in a different way," Tiravanija told AFP.

In a 2010 presentation in Bangkok, Tiravanija did the cooking himself with open fires and boiling pots of curry alongside fresh ingredients -- an impossible task in security-minded US museums.

At the Hirshhorn, area restaurant Beau Thai is catering the food.

"It's not every day that we have heating elements -- otherwise known as fire to our fire wardens -- and food," quipped museum director Melissa Chiu.

Even when the daily servings of curry are gone, the spiced fragrances linger, and the installation encourages people to meet, gather and discuss in a joyous cacophony enhanced by the steel flooring in the 150-person capacity room.

Tiravanija, who had participants make friends while washing dishes at the posh Art Basel fair in 2015, is part of a group of artists including Pierre Huyghe, Liam Gillick and Jorge Pardo concerned with "relational aesthetics," whose works are defined by the interaction and collaboration they elicit.

"It's experiential, it's about art that socializes ideas and sets open discussion spaces," said curator Mark Beasley.

'Irony of color'

The title of the installation, "(who's afraid of red, yellow and green)," is a wink to American artist Barnett Newman's "Who's Afraid of Red, Yellow and Blue?" (1966-1970) provocative series of four large-scale paintings, two of which were vandalized in museums.

Tiravanija's use of parentheses and lowercase suggests the questions here are more of a "subtext."

The colors in the title of Tiravanija's piece represent the military (green) and the two main factions of anti-government protesters in Thailand at their peak in 2010: the "red shirt" rural farmers and "yellow shirt" royalists.

"For me, it's the irony of the idea of the color," said Tiravanija. "I wanted to show that may be this color or that color but you still eat the same curries, you still live in the same place."

Societies have become more sophisticated and technologically advanced, but, the work recalls, a primal

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Societies have become more sophisticated and technologically advanced, but the work recalls, a primal tendency to destroy one another remains.

"We should have a better world now," Tirevanija said. "The terrible thing about it is that it keeps cycling back — violence or the fear of the other — and it's being used. It's not just inane, it's manipulation."

Breaking down barriers over a meal may sound utopian, but the murals serve as a reminder of societal frictions that lie just beneath the surface.

They include reproductions of photographs taken from the 2010 Thai political protests and crackdown, the US civil rights movement, the Women's March in Washington and the 1976 Thammasat University massacre, when Thai state forces and paramilitary groups killed dozens of students.

The sketches will be drawn on top of one another in thick layers.
"It will get dense enough that it will cancel itself out. But in that sense, I would like to say, 'don't forget that it is still there,'" the artist said.

"With machines that remember everything for us, we are going to lose our memory much faster than we realize."

The ephemeral experience, which the Hirshhorn has added to its collection and runs through July 24, is participatory, so museumgoers are encouraged to lend their hand to the mural.

To supplement the experience, six films by emerging Thai filmmakers curated by independent director and Palme d’Or winner Apichatpong Weerasethakul are screened in one room, with Tiravanija’s feature ‘Lung Neaw Visits His Neighbors’ (2011) in another.

The latter film follows a retired Thai rice farmer living off the land in the bucolic surroundings of his native northern Chiang Mai province at a time when the capital Bangkok was erupting with political unrest.

It begs the question: in such paradisiacal surroundings, what else is needed?

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‘Ng Teng Fong Roof Garden Commission: Rirkrit Tiravanija’ at National Gallery Singapore

National Gallery Singapore has collaborated with internationally renowned artist Rirkrit Tiravanija to display his largest bamboo maze installation.

Named “Untitled 2018 (the infinite dimensions of smallness),” the immersive installation, which stands at a towering four meters high, draws its inspiration from materials, craftwork and architecture from Asia. The maze references traditional hand-built bamboo scaffolding found across Asia, while the Japanese tea house evokes the rich culture of tea with its centuries-old ceremonies. Visitors are invited to navigate through the bamboo maze as they go in search of finding something special such as the wooden teahouse located at its center, and along the way, encounter and interact with each other. This site-specific installation consists of a large-scale bamboo maze with a Japanese tea house at its center. Drawing on regional materials, architecture and traditions, it embraces Tiravanija's interest in cross-disciplinary and collaborative art practice. Within the space, visitors are invited to encounter each other, and participate in interactive programs including tea ceremonies by local and international tea masters.
This deceptively simple concept continues Tiravanija’s artistic focus on participatory works that blur the line between art and its audiences, while leveraging his strength and inclination towards the gesture of hospitality. By devising and provoking human encounters in spaces that are embodied in architectural structures like the bamboo maze and teahouse, he encourages visitors to pause, make time and space to experience something new.

This is Tiravanija’s second major solo project in Singapore. Having lived in various countries, his works reflect the constant negotiation between diverse cultures as he constructs communal environments that draw audiences to be part of his work. For example, one of his most iconic works in 1992, “Untitled (Free),” transformed spaces in museums and galleries worldwide into a place of communion where he served rice and Thai curry to visitors, thereby creating temporary but meaningful bonds between him and his audience.

Complementing the installation is a diverse range of interdisciplinary public programs including tea ceremonies by Japanese performance artist Mai Ueda, monthly tea ceremonies, Rirkrit Day with a colloquium, screening of the documentary on the making of the installation, and various performances.

The Ng Teng Fong Roof Garden Commission series invites one leading international artist each year to present a site-specific work that is inspired by Southeast Asia’s rich cultural heritage and complex histories from a contemporary perspective. The first commission was by Vietnamese-born Danh Vo (2016-2017). The Ng Teng Fong Roof Garden Gallery is made possible through a gift by Far East Organization.

*The installation is on view through October 31, 2018, at National Gallery Singapore, Ng Teng Fong Roof Garden Gallery, Singapore.*
Rirkrit Tiravanija and the Politics of Cooking

The artist explains why he took up ceramics and how slowness can be radical.

INTERVIEW BY WILLIAM HANLEY
PORTRAITS AND VIDEO BY MO DAQUD
December 19, 2017

This article is part of our month-long exploration of art and food.

Rirkrit Tiravanija bends over his potter’s wheel with the concentration of an ambitious amateur. As he carefully forms a spinning wad of clay into a bowl, he seems oblivious to the visitors who have just arrived at Greenwich House Pottery in New York City, where he finished a two-month residency in November. His French bulldog, Harry, eyes the guests briefly before going back to snoozing on the floor next to the wheel. When he’s finished, Tiravanija holds up his latest ceramic creation, one of a few hundred bowls he’s crafted since he began working with clay, earlier this year. Taking a break to talk about the work, he has an assured nonchalance, like someone with a generally strong sense of purpose and direction but no particular place to be right now. “It’s kind of like a meditative activity,” he says of making pottery, though he’s not one to clear his head. “It gives you time to think about everything else you have to do, or could be doing, or dealing with. It’s like cooking that way.”
Tiravanija knows a thing or two about cooking. He rose to prominence as one of a group of artists working within a strain of participatory art now often gathered under the broad umbrella of social practice. At its core, Tiravanija’s work tees up situations that invite participants to interact with one another. This has taken the shape of everything from a 2002 re-creation of his New York apartment at the 2002 Biennial in Liverpool to a pirate television station broadcasting from the Guggenheim Museum in 2005. But Tiravanija is best known for cooking and serving meals in spaces typically reserved for more traditional exhibitions.

Some of the pottery Tiravanija produced was shipped to Frankfurt in October, where he and Tobias Rehberger sold them, along with a varying menu of dishes, at a temporary stall in the city’s historic market. Other pieces may travel to Singapore, Tiravanija says, to be used in a temporary tea house he is building at the National Gallery for a January exhibition there. His ceramics residency coincided with an exhibition at his friend and longtime dealer Gavin Brown’s galleries in New York. It featured his archive of Super 8 films, studies of people he has observed over decades, as well as screenings of his remake of Rainer Werner Fassbinder’s 1974 film Ali: Fear Eats the Soul. Wearing a clay-splattered apron, with Harry dutifully dozing in his lap, Tiravanija spoke about how he started cooking and why gathering people for a meal can be a defiant act.
It’s novel to see you sitting at the wheel rather than standing over the stove. Why did you start making ceramics?

Well, I’ve been making tea rooms here and there, and I was interested in the medicinal side of coffee and tea, so looking at how to serve it seemed natural. At the same time, it’s kind of interesting because I teach, and I’ve noticed the kiln in the department has become very active in the last three years. I think it has to do with people discovering the material and a getting-back-to-the-earth kind of thing. If we weren’t in the city, you could take the clay out of the ground and make everything literally from scratch. And it can also go the other way: You can use the object and return it to the ground. One of the things I’m interested in doing in the future is to make a project where you use the object and then you kind of return it—after you drink the tea, then you smash the cups.
That could be cathartic. Whether it’s smashing cups or watching a film, your work always invites people to participate in one way or another. Have you always been a good host?

When I started art school up in Canada, I would [sometimes] make a pot of curry, but it’s very difficult to cook when you’re alone. You have to make it at least for four, so I would invite friends to come over to eat. And then it became like everybody would just show up every Sunday.
http://www.surfacemag.com/articles/rirkrit-tiravanija-talks-politics-cooking-ceramics/
When did you decide to make cooking part of your work?

It started with an interest in anthropology and archaeology. I was a student at the Art Institute of Chicago, and they have a big Asian art collection. I was sitting there, looking at these things, and I realized that they have been collected: They’ve become a material for knowledge. Then I realized, well, actually, these things are really everyday objects. In Thailand, we use a Buddha every day in a sense. I thought, What’s missing is the life around the object. It goes back to when I was a younger artist thinking about Duchamp’s urinal. What do you do after the readymade? After everything could be claimed as sculpture? My answer was to take the urinal, reinstall it, and piss in it. It’s the idea of reanimating an object, to put it back into use, to put the urinal back on the wall.

A few years later, I was walking down West Broadway [in Manhattan] one day, wondering what I was going to make for a group exhibition I was in, and I decided I would cook. I set up my things on a pedestal. There was a pot cooking away and some waste from the process in the gallery, and people started to participate, to add their beer bottles and cups to the pile. Then I thought, Oh, everything should just be given away. It should be pushed further, and that’s really when I started to give out the food.
How did people respond to the early projects?

When I started to cook food and serve it to people [in the early 1990s in New York City], the economy was bad and homelessness was big in the city. People started to interpret the work as a kind of comment.
How do you know when you’ve found the right context for a work?

I don’t have a studio. [The work] is always made in the place, with the conditions, with the people, and everything else that will be a part of it. I usually don’t make anything until I have to. By the time I make something, I’ve observed and experienced enough of a situation to realize something about it. Things are floating freely in my head, and when I see a certain situation, this accumulation comes back and starts to inform me about what I need to do. It’s very different to do things in the West than to do things in other places. At least, the activity of what art is, is very different.

Do you use the experiences you create to explicitly comment on those contexts?

I made my first pad thai with a cookbook by a Western woman. One of the main ingredients that she has in it is ketchup. We think it’s funny, but the acidity and the sweetness is a substitute for palm sugar and tamarind juice. For me, it was a kind of commentary on a colonial aspect of life, how the West takes on the Other and [brings] it into their home.

I mean, I really appreciate traditional things and traditional knowledge and crafts, but I’m also not interested in drowning in it. When you used to go to Thai restaurants, you were always getting this toned-down, bastardized style of cooking. Today, if you go, they’ll ask you for three or four chillies, and everyone goes for four. It’s amazing.

I’m interested in the fact that when people have more experience with something, they understand it better. Or maybe it’s just taste.
How has that played out in more recent work?

I just shot a new film for the show at Gavin Brown’s. We literally shot it in eight days. It’s a remake of *Ali: Fear Eats the Soul*. The film has been with me for a long time, and I’ve used it for twenty years in one context or another. It centers on an interracial relationship, which was [often viewed as] problematic then and is [still considered by some to be] today.

The story is complicated by what’s going on around us today, and in that sense, I thought, I have to make this film.
What specifically does the film respond to?

Fear of the Other, or fear of difference, is one of the biggest problems facing humanity right now. We’re not able to understand ourselves enough to live with the Other. And that’s one of the things that people don’t realize. We’re trying to be ourselves. We’re trying to [remain] ourselves by alienating others. It’s ignorance on a basic level.

Does your work remedy that?

I would like it to be some kind of antidote. When people are surprised by the fact that they could sit at the table with other people and enjoy dinner and a discussion, that’s a little step forward. And to be able to make a space in a place and time for this little accident to happen, I think I would be very happy if I’m successful at it.
How has the way people react to your work changed over the years?

Everybody has a camera these days. I stopped making photographs a while ago because I started to realize that there were a lot of people standing in the same spot taking pictures. So I thought, I’m just going to stand here and actually look at everything. I feel that it’s important to be sensitive to your environment in terms of your experience and not to give the machine all of your memory.

I guess everything is an Instagram opportunity. But if you make a certain kind of space, a certain kind of time available, people start to pick up on it. I’m interested in slowing everything down so that you can look at the details. The reason I make the things that I do, and the way that I do, is just to give people space to stop and pause. To stop and pause at this point is a kind of transgression.
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 undisguised 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 blockbuster PR budgets. And to engage in the idea that the audience for art is not a stupefied mass but rather a self-referential 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 post-war 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 accretes 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
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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.
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 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


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
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 restrooms at New York’s legendary punk club, CBGB (1973-2006). Except for one significant detail: the walls are immaculate, barely defaced by the relics of the old graffiti, reconstructed here using photography. 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 aesthetics, 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 ABC gallery in Paris. Not the humorous reference to Duchamp here (the Urinal), unprecedented: at the last Sharjah Biennale he evoked the Bottin Rock and Eau de Voieta. But this exhibition, Untitled 2015 (run like hell), occupies the space with a deftness and a tone that are quite new.

After his 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, the source of the sounds heard from the toilets on Rue Charlot, which we find squeezed into the gallery, is the form of a strange shape in plywood? On opening night the group Cheau played there. Other crates of marble lay around the floor filled with bread spread with Commate, the seeds that is the specificity of the Carrara region and is traditionally kept in marble, as which visitors could try. Shortly afterwards, in 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 exhibition will become part of The Land, his artists’ residences and studios project in Thailand.

Compared to all this gentle commodity, 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 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 reverberation.

Translation, C. Penwarden

Dette page/this page: Untitled, 2015 (run like hell) © Vise d’exposition/ exhibition venue: Ph. Réisme
Rirkrit Tiravanija – Galerie Chantal Crousel
06/06/2015 - 18/07/2015


La galerie Chantal Croussel 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.
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 Crosel 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.
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 many 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.
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 Huyghe, 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.

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.
http://www.domusweb.it/en/art/2015/07/16/rirkrit_tiravanija_run_like_hell.html

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
RIRKRITE TIRAVANJIA
« L’interaction avec le public m’a toujours intéressé »
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.

“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 recouvriraient 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.

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 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.
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
lard blanc et fondant, un temps conservé dans des vasques en marbre de carrare dont sont aussi faits ces facsimi-
lés 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 soulèvement populaires de ces dernières
années. Une façon de rappeler qu’en 2015, si les canaux de révolte ont changé, il souffle encore un vent contesta-

Claire Moulène

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

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 Mer-
cer 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 essentielle-
ment peuplé de clodos, de junkies et de bohémiens) les amateurs de country et de bluegrass. Qui ne vinrent jamais.
On 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,

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.


David Brun-Lambert
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
Opens June 6th 2015

Rikrit 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
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. Pavé d'art dans la Galerie Chantal Crousel, à Paris, la scène d'art est déclinée des œuvres en référence à l'acte de jouer, mais également aux objets eux-mêmes, le devenir, sans aucun écart dans le temps. Sous le titre générique « Aire de jeu », la sixième édition du « Festival Faites vos jeux ! » du Centre Pompidou, mise en œuvre par Frédéric Bonnet, laisse se dérouler un plaisir particulier parmi ceux qui ont le plus bâti le festival à travers des artistes qui ont donné un nouveau flux de questions et de réflexions sur le terrain des arts. 

Plus d'artistes, plus d'engagement & d'interactions, une nouvelle perspective de l'exposition consistant en effet en une belle série de jeux pour le visuel peut s'installer dans le public avec humour, entre le désir d'échec de Takashi Suzut et les pièces des œuvres devant être identifiées par leur couleur, jeu de cartes de l'atelier Hillson dont la valeur est fonctionnelle au jeu de carte et auquel il faut s'adapter en variable des idées et autres « interprètes » de jeux. De ce point de vue, le festival, auquel il faut s'adapter, est un lieu de rencontre et de réflexion sur le jeu. 

Le festival des jeux englobant donc le territoire d'aujourd'hui et des jeux d'interactions de manière qu'il est traité avec des perspectives suffisamment différentes et complémentaires pour être en mesure à attraper l'attention de différents journaux et de revues. Auteur d'une structure très complexe par Arnaud Barthe, sur laquelle trois fois par semaine intervenaient des artistes afin de donner une nouvelle vie à ces œuvres, le festival propose une programmation, les jeux étant proposés par les joueurs, au moyen de jeux de cartes conçus par les artistes. 

D'autres espaces du Centre Pompidou ont été invités. Dans la haute-cité du magnifique Pompidou, le festival de Jules Koller qui a été récemment une proposition de 1970 démontrant par rapport à l'état officiel, mais suffisamment menacé sous l'effet d'engagements pour qu'elle est entrée, à une époque de normalisation militante de la société industrielle. Ce travail est réalisé par Frédéric Bonnet, ainsi que de nombreux invités par le Centre Pompidou, au moyen de jeux et de revues. Les amateurs de jeux peuvent y passer une journée entière.

Michel Gauthier a travaillé longuement avec l'offre de jouets et de jouets de l'œuvre de l'art. Il est surtout le terrain de jeux qui a été le terrain de jeux de l'œuvre de la Galerie Chantal Crousel, et qui a assuré le premier moment de l'exposition de l'œuvre des œuvres en territoire des jeux. Il s'agit d'une œuvre qui s'est déclinée sur le territoire des œuvres en territoire des jeux. Il s'agit d'une œuvre qui s'est déclinée sur le territoire des œuvres en territoire des jeux. Il s'agit d'une œuvre qui s'est déclinée sur le territoire des œuvres en territoire des jeux. Il s'agit d'une œuvre qui s'est déclinée sur le territoire des œuvres en territoire des jeux. Il s'agit d'une œuvre qui s'est déclinée sur le territoire des œuvres en territoire des jeux. Il s'agit d'une œuvre qui s'est déclinée sur le territoire des œuvres en territoire des jeux. Il s'agit d'une œuvre qui s'est déclinée sur le territoire des œuvres en territoire des jeux. Il s'agit d'une œuvre qui s'est déclinée sur le territoire des œuvres en territoire des jeux. Il s'agit d'une œuvre qui s'est déclinée sur le territoire des œuvres en territoire des jeux. Il s'agit d'une œuvre qui s'est déclinée sur le territoire des œuvres en territoire des jeux. Il s'agit d'une œuvre qui s'est déclinée sur le territoire des œuvres en territoire des jeux. Il s'agit d'une œuvre qui s'est déclinée sur le territoire des œuvres en territoire des jeux. Il s'agit d'une œuvre qui s'est déclinée sur le territoire des œuvres en territoire des jeux.
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

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.
Violence

Walead Beshty, 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 Beshty 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.
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.
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.
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, 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.

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 Llam 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.
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.

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 Nigrone to the Future).

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.
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.

"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..."

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.
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.
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?
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?
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.

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, [Moine] 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?
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]
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’?

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.

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

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.

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

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 behind, but 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 RIRKIT TIRAVANJA 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«


«Far Eastern thought is not concerned with substance, but with relationships,» remarks Byung-Chul Han in his book *Hypermoralität* (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 convivialing, 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 TIRAVANJIA: 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 museums 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?


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

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


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

Galerie
Chantal Crousel

untitled 2011 (the way things go), 2011
Brick pit, aluminium box, steel plate, shovels, firewood, wood, stones, rakes / Steingrube, Aluminiumbox, Stahlplatte, Schaufeln, Holz, Feuerholz, Steine, Räte
Dimension variable / Dimensionen variabel
Courtesy of the artist and Gavin Brown’s enterprise

untitled 2011 (im faden), 2011
Brick pit, aluminium box, steel plate, shovels, firewood, wood, stones, rakes / Steingrube, Aluminiumbox, Stahlplatte, Schaufeln, Holz, Feuerholz, Steine, Räte
Dimension variable / Dimensionen variabel
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 realized 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) 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 (natur) 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 runs on theatre performances (a drinken 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
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 am 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 emuniate 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. These 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 90th 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 am 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


Ich wollte auch, dass meine Arbeit die Menschen vor Ort einbündelt, 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 die Spieler die Darstellung erschweren. Ich dachte, es könnte Chaos erzeugen und den Eindruck von Beteiligung, vielleicht!


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

TIRAVANIJA: Ich kann mit Rahmen ganz gut leben, aber
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 Lerdtheprenrt 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 to 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 not 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

TIRAVANIJA: It is with a certain fairness and vice versa, that it seems to me that something seems to be getting bigger. The same is true for the work. It is also a question of whether one has the time and the will to do something. There are times when one is not interested in these questions. What is the potential of art making? That is what I want to ask. And I want to ask this question in the context of this conference.
À partir du 23 juin et durant tout l’été, le Studio 13/16 accueille « On Air », une proposition autour de l’œuvre untitled 1996 (rehearsal studio no. 6, silent version) de l’artiste thaïlandais Rirkrit Tiravanija. Ce véritable studio de répétition et d’enregistrement, isolé phénoméniquement dans un écrin de verre, prend place pour quelques 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.

Mettez dans sa transparence, cette « boîte à musique » dans laquelle groupes et interprètes sont invités à se produire et à s’enregistrer, ne laissez 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 méditations émergent de la relation entre le visiteur et l’œuvre d’art. C’est dans cet écart que l’artiste aspire à provoquer des sensibilités alternatives, des situations d’expérimentation partagées, immédiates, sans l’intervention d’une présence extérieure.

« 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 mur, 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 fresque 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.

Dans votre travail, le public joue le premier rôle. Comment concevez-vous sa participation lorsqu’il imagine 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 ça que j’aspire provoquer ici avec les adolescents.

Pourquoi recréer un studio de répétition ?
Pensez-vous qu’une œuvre comme untitled 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 ade rappeur, un guitariste adolescent, éduqué à la musique de façon classique, avec un batteur « métalleux », une grande-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 bouche de ton en 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 m’en oublie aucun. Je les garde tous, que ce soit Gaetano Velasquez, ZZ Animal Collective, Jaffar Hussein Khan, Johnny Cash, Maria Callas, Dusty Springfield, Pretenders, Feist, Glenn Gould, Blumfeld, Modern Dog, John Coltrane, Deep Purple, Joy Division, Japan, Rivera, Cornelius, Arto Lindsay, etc., etc.

Adolescent, vous êtes plutôt...

RT — Le même. X
Rirkrit Tiravanija, Soup/No Soup

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, semblait 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. Débarrassé 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 apparaît dans toute son immensité qui le rendait paradoxalement moins tentaculaire : rarement nous avions 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.
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.
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 remade 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 soupnosoup.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.
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.


Media Farzin. “FEAR EATS THE SOUL,”
artagenda.com, April 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.

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, celebrates the business of trans-substantiation. If we were to mail this book of things and activities again, these things and activities are not—to my mind, at least—what you would see, but retain an aspect of their provenance in the world outside of aesthetic or ideological rehabilitation. Unlike Duchamp (or, rather, the pervasive understanding of Duchamp), Koons isn’t only “pointing” at things to render them “concepts”; instead, her procedures allow her to link objects to certain aspects of their grist, and, though one risks romanticizing her practice by saying so, each feels like it is a history—both before Koons, and owing to her interest in it. And though these objects have accrued a kind of symbolic value simply by appearing in Koons’s frame, they remain dearly beef-up and rugged—seen, by any other standard.

In her recent show at James Fuentes LLC, “Clear Skies All Week,” Koons 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 raw glove, a raw eggplant, a raw bowl of glass, a raw stone, and instances of raw Debeuf organic matter (what looked to be bones, rocks, and leaves). Placed together, approximating race and refusing to adhere to too readable meanings, the compositions were often attended by stamped words (usually also the title and usually also colloquial or aphoristic), as in a work from 2011, A Rolling Stone Gathereth No Moss.

In other pieces, such as the strangely elegant Cave Wall, 2003—on which words are embedded in a sheet of white flax—Knowles allows materials to remain more abstract. And in several “Even Threads” from 2006, vertical lengths of thread hang like wavy tautropes carrying various items found by Knowles in her projections. If, as a work of mine you told me, every object in a show event, Knowles’s “threads” embody this concept, delivering quiet narratives via the use of poems.

—Johanna Burton

Rirkrit Tiravanija
GAVIN BROWN’S ENTERPRISE

Rirkrit Tiravanija has always understood, intuitively and intellectually, that a gallery is a social frame, a space quasi-private and quasi-public, wherein a diverse range of encounters and activities are staged. By essentially exhibiting his exhibition “Untitled, 1992 (Free)” at 303 gallery, for which structural elements and installation from the artist’s office, was displayed in the studio of the gallery, and the office was converted into a rudimentary cooking and eating area, with free coffee offered daily, Tiravanija created a social frame and community. I saw this as a clearly materialized social intention, played out in postmodern and poststructural underpinnings, 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 meaning or notion of “free” is embedded within a complex matrix. By staging quotidian social processes—cooking, eating, and drinking—in the gallery space, he challenged a postmodern dichotomy of generativity and humility for the normative small entrepreneurial model of commercial gallery, while suggesting that such activities occurring within the frame are codifiable as an expanded art condition.

In “Fear Eats the Soul,” Tiravanija altered back as—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, 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 expansive with the street as possible. The show’s title was prominently spray-painted across various gallery walls in large, 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, through a security guard on-site. Trailed into a space more or less “transparent” to the outside world, the gallery invited in those who might not normally (or even) “see” the white cube. The theme of transparency continued inside, where one encountered a pile of brown wood next to a large industrial steel plate with two machined holes, a small viewing portal into the expansive part of the gallery behind; leaning against the wall, there were tools—chisels, hammers, 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 past of plywood rooms that replaced the dimensions of Gavin Brown’s original diminutive gallery space at 358 Bowery. Since 1992, Tiravanija has constructed replicas of artworks that displayed within the context of a 1994 exhibition that Tiravanija produced and curated there. In this quasi-representation, set back at his own history, Tiravanija rendered the gallery a platform upon which to enact recognizable tropes, and propose new ones. 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. Tuming out shirts printed with such playfully activist slogans as the days of this Society is numbered, Americans must eat rice, free china from Tibet, rich bastards beware, and fear eats the soul, the factory served as an archive of Tiravanija’s previous gallery projects, which have always suggested, perhaps ironically, the condition of everyday fashion, politics, and ideology. In the end, though, this show might be understood as an exorcism of the gallery as a platform for cultural production—but also to exacerbating limits as it does.
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 of-
ferings 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 this
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 com-
pletely bricked up. An assumption was made
that the information conventionally offered
via press release or checklist was unneces-
sary, 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 collars, you
could purchase a freshly silk-screened T-shirt with a
choice of slogans ranging from the gener-
ally banal to the specifically political, many
taken from past works by Tiravanija. ‘I HAVE
DONUTS AT HOME’, ‘IRAQ, IRAQ, IRAQ, I’M
BUSY’, ‘BRING ME THE HEAD OF THAKSIN
SHINAWATRA’. Perhaps most pointed within
the context of work-obsessed New York.

Watch was the May ‘68 Situationist motto
‘NE TRAVAILLES JAMAIS’. There was some-
thing 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 inhab-
itating the roles that Tiravanija has encour-
ged visitors to take on throughout his work.

Yet, there was one conspicuously locked
door in the exhibition, 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 cur-
rent gallery, the recreation served as a literal,
comparative reminder of how far both artist and dealer
had come. Originally, Tiravanija had paired his
everyday objects with works by Andy Warhol,
a work next to a Brillo box, stacks of glass
bear bottles beneath a Mao silk-screen. 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 en-
line 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 exagger-
ated 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 provokes against discrimina-
tion, suggested only the vaguest association
with the humanist idealism of works like the
soup kitchen, but less ambiguously powerful
when rendered in three-minute high lighting.
Undoubtedly, the title also looked great on a
souvenir T-shirt.

Lumi Tan

Rirkrit Tiravanija
‘FEAR EATS THE SOUL’
Installation view.
“Art and Food are Never as we Imagine”
Rirkrit Tiravanija
by costanza paissan

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-
tai 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 Asian 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 mediations 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 Flavouring)* 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 political-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 Kölnerische Kunstverein, kitchen (functional and working), bedroom, bath and living room remained open twenty-four hours a day - a house for the public, a theatre 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 Mavia in 2006, to *The House the Cat Built* (2008-2009), a curatorial project presented at the Galería Salvador Díaz in Madrid consisting of a model of the Thai house of Tiravanija, in which he invited other artists (Liam Gillick, Pierre Huyge, 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 explored: nomadism and walking, interculturality and meeting are elements central to his life and his artistic approach. For the show *Cocida y Crito*, 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 (Ben Yves Monies) 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