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(advertisement)

71

Exhibition 30/5 – 4/10
Opening 29/5 18 – 21h

THE TITLE OF THIS SHOW IS A LIST THAT INCLUDES THE DATES IN WHICH EACH OF THE EXHIBITED WORKS WERE FIRST MADE, THE DATES IN WHICH SOME OF THEM WERE REMADE BY THE ARTISTS AND THE DATES IN WHICH THEY WERE LAST SHOWN

WITH WORKS BY WILLIAM ANASTASI, EDUARDO COSTA, DAN GRAHAM AND STEPHEN KALTENBACH

CURATED BY MARIO GARCIA TORRES

Jan Mot
Rue Antoine Dansaertstraat 190
B-1000 Brussel Bruxelles

AN INTERVIEW WITH STEPHEN KALTENBACH

by
Cindy Nemser

NOVEMBER, 1970 – *The Title of This Show Is A List That Includes The Dates in Which Each of the Exhibited Works Were First Made, The Dates In Which Some of Them Were Remade By The Artists And The Dates In Which They Were Last Shown*, is an exhibition conceived by Mario Garcia Torres, which includes works by William Anastasi, Eduardo Costa, Dan Graham and Stephen Kaltenbach.

The following interview with Stephen Kaltenbach, originally published in *Artforum* magazine in November 1970, is reproduced here on the occasion of the show as it touches upon several issues that are at the center of the exhibition. Questioned by Cindy Nemser, the Californian artist discusses his felt sculpture, which was first exhibited at the show organised by Robert Morris, *Nine at Leo Castelli*, and on view here for the first time since then. He also expresses his views regarding the critical properties of falsehood, putting into perspective the concepts of authorship and the art object, the legitimacy of forgeries and remakes, the politics of influence, the recycling of ideas, the complementary nature of talents and ineptness as well as some key notes on how to be a happy artist, among many other things.

Do you consider yourself a conceptual artist?

Yes. I think most of the work is heavily weighted towards ideas and away from the visual. Most of my art is direct action. Art is traditionally shown in galleries and the folks who traditionally show it there are trying to make the showing system work with conceptual art. It seems to me to be a difficult thing to do because the gallery/museum setup is designed for an experience which is primarily savored with the eye. For conceptual work, the taste buds are mostly in the mind.

I think that conceptual art is about art. It is an emphasis of a position of art; one way to look at art. New art is often an aspect of old art emphasized with the older percentage removed. I think there have always been concepts in an artist's production. Praxiteles'

conception of the gods or Duchamp's readymades, or the conception of the possibility of painting a painting about nothing or nothing real. Conceptual art is the strengthening of the head aspect and the minimalizing of the other aspects, like the visual. Besides, with the excess attention given to the development of art thinking, it's not surprising that art thinking itself should receive the emphasis necessary to become a movement.

My teaching is one of my most important conceptual art involvements now. As an artist, it's as logical for me to work with a person's perception as it is for me to make beauty available. In a sense it's like working in reverse. Instead of making beautiful objects to be seen, I try to make the eye see beauty in everything that's about. I want my students to see the problems and possibilities I have encountered in trying to make people see beautifully. Since I can't show them how to do it, I can show them how I'm doing it. Therefore, teaching is also a process through which I can expose myself so that other people can see what I am. This is as pure a conceptual work as anything I'm doing.

Yet what am I going to show? I put an ad in *Artforum* saying *Teach Art*. It's a suggestion about possibilities and an announcement of an art action I'm undertaking. It's more comparable with a situation or an idea or a point of view. To write it all down and to put it into a conceptual show becomes secondary. It doesn't have anything to do with the art action itself.

Does your work have a philosophical center?

It seems to me there's a way of looking at what a person does as a game. Whether or not the something is a game depends on your viewpoint. I think that my art work is about setting up processes like someone would set up a chess or checkers game and going through with it. I have a variety of reasons for setting up games. I'll set up a game to bring me success or to bring me notoriety, or to give me feelings of adequacy. Sometimes I set up my games to work out problems I have in myself. It seems my art is becoming those game things more and more directly. Let me give you an example. Here is a game I used to help me out of a hang-up. It was in a show at Berne, "When Attitude Becomes Form." It

was a little rubber stamp of my lips. (When you make an art object it can still be directly a game.) I took dark lipstick and put it on. Then I made a print so that it looked like the lips were blotted. Well, I sent it to Europe and told them to make up the stamps and sell it as cheap as they could. People could use them as graffiti stamps to put the lips on subway posters, bathrooms, etc. Ever since I was in grammar school, I was self-conscious about my mouth and the size of my lips.

It was a feature of myself that I really hated, so much so that I was seriously considering having plastic surgery done to make my lips lighter in color and smaller. Well from 1963 to last year, when I did the stamp piece, I was working my way out of that thing. Now I realize that everyone has a part of his body that he doesn't like, and with the making of the stamp, it was clear to me that I really felt OK about my mouth. The problem was solved, stamped, finished.

Were the ads in *Artforum* related to hang-ups, too?

Yes, some were. They were a series of five illusions. I am interested in the fact that you can provide verbal illusions as interesting as visual illusions. They were all similar things: *Tell a Lie, Start a Rumor, Perpetrate a Hoax, Build a Reputation, and Become a Legend*. I wanted to suggest these illusions as possibilities for artists to work with. Several of these ads had more meaning to me than others. The first one, *Tell a Lie*, was like a freeing game. I was always a fantastic liar and if I was not lying, I was exaggerating. I see it as the result of my inability to accept myself as I was, so I lied to make myself more interesting or to correct something in myself I saw as a fault. My inability to accept the act of falsifying was the hang-up for me, and the ad was the claiming that I do lie and that it's OK, acceptable to me. Being able to publish the ad in *Artforum* really made me see that now I could tell everybody "I'm a liar."

Were the other ads in that series also connected with your personal hang-ups?

Yes, *Build a Reputation* was. The idea of becoming a famous artist has been strongly with me ever since I knew I was an artist, and that was since my grammar school days... when I would win the watercolors at the end of the

year. I have always been involved with reputation and I'm always playing it down and not admitting what a big aspect of my drive to make art it is. Anyway, I got out of school in California and I couldn't get the kind of job I wanted because getting a job depends on a reputation. I was also ineffectual as an artist because a lot of my ideas were expensive and I had no money and no one was interested in underwriting them there. So I came to New York for a reputation, and it has helped me to some extent in that way. However, now I know that any reputation I've built is an illusion. It's not me. It's about me and the illusion of me as anyone sees me. All reputations are like that. If they really get out of hand, they become legends.

Could you tell me about the room construction that you did at the Whitney?

When I was still a student at the University of California in 1966 and 1967, as part of my MA thesis, Robert Mallary, my instructor, asked me to describe my work physically and philosophically as far back as I could remember. Then I had to present a variety of proposals as if I were applying for a Guggenheim grant which would extend my work from the present state to possible future development. The room constructions came out of that assignment. It gave me an objective viewpoint of my work that I wouldn't have had normally. That experience showed me that my primary concerns were with reducing the number of elements that could be removed before the work itself disappeared and that the possibility of nothing being acceptable as art was not acceptable to me at that time. So, felt that once I had arrived at the point where I was really minimal, nothing but a simple geometric shape, then other things would have to be done to reduce the experience. I accomplished that by reducing the visual complexity in the room or space where the piece was to be seen. One way I did this was by surfacing the geometric shape with a traditional interior finishing material so that it would become part of the room. It did have that effect. The negative space became more important and that reduced the value or strength of the positive space of the object a great deal.

Then you saw this room construction as a strictly formal problem?

Yes, very formal. It was like an abstract word thought, "I am making a minimal work-I am trying to make it more minimal." Then it became translated to the spatial object which became translated to human experience as people ran into the thing. If it was claustrophobic that was the result of human beings interacting with it, not the things I planned.

There were also sketches for other rooms. They presented difficult problems for those who came into them. If, as I assume, you envisioned these rooms in terms of human beings entering them, why do they present such obstacles as to make people climb and crawl about them? Why are they designed to make visitors so uncomfortable?

They're not living rooms. Everyone is used to spaces designed for human comfort. My rooms don't accede to that at all because they are about other things. They are a confrontation, in a way. You open the door and the floor, which has risen to fill the lower half of the room blocks the doorway leaving only a space of one and a half feet at the top. It's enough to crawl through, but it's really barring the entrance. If you like being obstructed, or if you're very athletic, then the rooms don't obstruct you. If not, you have to make more effort. You can make of the rooms whatever you like. It all depends on where you are at as to how you react.

Are your early rooms connected with the newest room constructions in any way?

Out of the early rooms came the process of turning three-dimensional work inside out. Several of the pieces became shaped spaces that you could enter. Rather than perceiving the shape of the space externally, it was to be seen from the inside. Those things led to the wall paintings and room paintings. The six-sided ones completely enclose you. Of course, there was Samaras's mirror room and all sort of other leads to follow.

But your new rooms are not just a problem in reduction for you?

No. The *Star room* is my being cut off from the sky. In New York there is no sky and I'm used to lots of sky, so I made my own. There are no intellectual flip-flop in the brain. It has to do with a visual feast. Making something beautiful.

Did these sky pieces grow out of a specific experience?

I was helping a friend work on a summer cabin and we were at Wright's lake, high in the Sierra Nevada near Lake Tahoe, above the timberline. There was not much above the level of the lake, only some boulders about 200 feet high and a few trees. At three A.M. I got up to go to the john, which was the bushes outside. There was no moon and no wind, but a hundred billion stars were out. It was really clear, and there was sky above and sky below. The sky was in the lake. I went back for my friend and we sat on the shore and marveled. Then we went for a ride in a rowboat and took a blanket. In the middle of the lake there was a cement block about four feet square which

cleared the water by about a foot and a half. My friend left me on it with the blanket. Then the water cleared up and calmed down, and I was really floating in the universe. It was an amazing experience.

Could you describe this new star room?

It's an eight-foot square room with a six and a half foot ceiling. It is entered through a concealed trapdoor in the floor of my sleeping platform, which lets you into the room through the ceiling.

The trapdoor is nearly invisible from the inside when closed. The room is white and on the floor, walls, and ceiling are painted about 10,000 dots of invisible blue luminescent paint ranging in size from half inch to a pinpoint. When the light is on, the dots are invisible. I imagine the experience is like that of being locked in a refrigerator. When the light is off, you expand outward. I wanted the difference. The one makes the other stronger.

Was the room expensive to build?

No, not too expensive. It's in my loft and I built it when I built interior spaces for my living quarters. It cost about \$100.

How long has this room been here?

Since December. I also built one in the Reese Palley Gallery in San Francisco, but that one had no rounded corners. It was a room with an obvious doorway.

Who has seen this room?

Mostly my friends and my students. I don't advertise it, but anyone is welcome to see it. However, just the logistics make that difficult. It's in my house and my house isn't a gallery.

What about the time capsules?

The time capsules began as a consideration of the legality of things. I got to thinking about legality and illegality versus morality and immorality and whether there was any correlation at all. Sometimes, something I would consider evil would also be illegal, but then, sometimes it wouldn't be. Sometimes some things I would consider good would be legal and sometimes not. It didn't seem to be one following the other as I was taught. Anyway, my first thinking about the time capsules had to do with the idea that I could possibly select laws which I thought had nothing to do with morality and break them and put the evidence in a time capsule in order to escape social retribution, but not hide my act forever. I was thinking about those things during the spring of 1967, but I didn't do any of them because I was in the process of getting myself together to come to New York. By the time I got around to making the capsules my ideas had completely changed.

What's inside the capsules?

They possibly contain things and possibly they do not contain things. I don't say anything about their content, or that there's any content at all, because I found out the concealment of information is as primary a function of the capsule as its preservation. When they are to be opened is on the outside of the capsule. The first three were not objects that could be handled in any commercial way. They required a specific environment to function in, and I just had to make them and place them and the ownership is not defined. I made one that Bruce Nauman is taking care of but I'm not sure he owns it. I don't think it matters that it be owned.

What came after the capsules?

The plaques were next. Coming to New York, I was turned on to sidewalk hardware. There were plaques uptown that say "Private Property," and plaques that say "Water." There are Life Magazine plaques that they use for paperweights at newspaper stands. All those things led me to make the sidewalk plaques. There was also a specific influence. I was turned on by Bruce Nauman's art. He had done a piece a year or two before which was a message, *Rose has no teeth*. It was a plaque that he screwed to a tree which the bark will eventually cover. In a similar way, my plaques are to be set in cement on a sidewalk where they will eventually be worn out as they are trodden on. I like Bruce's thinking and use a lot of his ideas. Usually it's pretty much unconscious. This time the source didn't occur to me until the plaques were cast in bronze.

Weren't they advertised in the May, 1970 issue of Artforum?

That was something else. It's continuing the chain. It went from Bruce to me and on to Jerry Walburg and Bob Arneson. Jerry made tin copies from my mold for the Art Works sidewalk plaque and titled them forgeries. Bob Arneson used the mold to make a clay artwork. So the idea continues as we pass it around.

What happened when you realized that you had taken Nauman's idea and used it so directly?

I considered what had happened and thought I would like to try it again and see what it felt like. So I tried using someone's idea without altering it in any way. When I was asked to be in the telephone show in the Chicago Museum of Art, I submitted Walter de Maria's telephone piece. They would install a phone in the Museum and he would periodically call the Museum and speak to whoever happened to be nearby. It was an idea that had appealed to me since I saw it in Letter Edged In Black Press. Unfortunately Jan van der Marck said

the piece didn't turn him on, and so I had to give him something else.

You and Robert Morris worked with felt pieces about the same time. How do you feel about that?

Bob Morris has been a large part of my art ego. It started in California. We were duplicating each other's work a lot. I was hearing a lot about him, and seeing his work constantly in Artforum made me feel very ineffectual and I was very much concerned with that kind of thing. One of the first things I did when I got to New York was to try to influence Bob's work. It was my first pure causal art work. Most of the first causal work was secret. I documented it, but my ego was so involved I really didn't know how to consider it. I wanted to specify it as an art activity and bring it into the realm of something which could be credited to me. When I first got to New York, Barbara Rose told me Bob was working with cloth manipulation. I arranged for a friend to take me to his studio for an introduction and to see his work. I then invited him over to see my work and showed him drawings for cloth pieces I'd done. I think that the art action may have stimulated some change for him. It certainly worked the other way. I was using canvas for my artistic draperies, but the felt made more sense to me after seeing it in Bob's work. Hemming isn't necessary to keep the edges from unraveling, and Bob turned me on to a place that sold a huge variety of textures, colors, and thicknesses. Besides benefiting from his material suggestions, I got a better feeling for the possibilities of scale from his felt pieces. Accepting the fact that causation is a two way road has made me much more comfortable with that kind of work. It has set up possibilities for working as an artist. I'm influenced, others are influenced by me, and I in turn am influenced by them - groovy.

How did you develop the idea for the cloth pieces that you showed at the Castelli warehouse in January of 1968?

The idea of arranging cloth things came out of an experience at Davis. Some models were dancing around in class with props. One model opened up a huge bolt of cloth and threw it over a ladder and started doing things with the cloth.

Thoughts connected in my mind of the use of it in art. There are all those draperies of one kind or another. You never get away from it. Well I got interested in it and it seemed to be something in itself, something that didn't require a table or a vase of flowers or a beautiful body under it. It seemed very important in itself as something beautiful to work with. So I first went through a lot of possibilities of just arranging cloth loosely on the floor and on

the wall. Then I made a diagram of these possibilities and if someone was interested in a piece, I would give them the diagram and ask that they select their own material of specific proportions, but any size or color. They could follow the diagrams or do their own things with it. Then by the time it got to the Castelli show, the process reversed itself, so that I was providing the shape of the material but not the arrangement of it. I assigned Leo or someone of his delegation the responsibility of arranging the piece any way he wanted to.

You were relinquishing some control over your own piece?

I am really interested in the way things get done, how what I am-the nature of myself-controls what I can do. You are really limited in what you can do by what you are. The thing that I have been looking for was how to get around that. One possibility is giving the work to other people to do.

How have you been able to incorporate those possibilities in other works you've done?

I use other people in my work a lot. Here is an aboveboard application of that. Here was this object, the slant step, which California artists have been into for three or four years. Bill Wiley found this enigmatic, homemade, homely thing in a junk shop. It was made like a step stool, but the step was slanting so you couldn't stand on it. He bought it for fifty cents and gave it to Bruce Nauman who made a variety of things from it. He made a mold for a modern version of it and a movie about how to build it. Other people got on to making their own versions of it. They had a show and then Richard Serra stole the original slant step from the show and spirited it away to New York. It next went to Philadelphia and then back to California. The ownership, or more accurately, the possession of the original kept moving around here and there. I managed to borrow it for a while myself and at that time Rosa Esman, of the Tanglewood Press, was looking for things to make into large editions. It was a great opportunity to let someone else do some art work for me. I suggested that she take the original slant step to an industrial designer and have him re-design it for consumer appeal. That was all had to do with it-making the suggestion. So she took it to an industrial designer named Bill Plumb and he came up with a smooth design and reproduced a number of them. I think it's pretty much an unlimited edition, like 25 in each color. Since the eye can perceive hundreds of thousands of shades there is no limit to the number that can be made, except that they are not selling very well. It's interesting that it has become a useful sort of thing, due, I suppose, to the fact that industrial designers make usable things. It's a comfortable footstool.

Maybe that's why it's not selling?

Well, it does throw a wrench in the works depending upon how you look at it. Some people think that art objects are not supposed to be usable and therefore it was questionable if this stool was an art object. To me it was acceptable. I'm in there accepting whatever happens to my work as it develops. I don't give things an evil connotation because they are usable. This is something I've had to do to remain a happy artist. So many of the projects I set up and get going turn out to be very small scale, and, at least from one point of view, are miserable failures.

A good example of this is the tread design I made for the astronauts. As you know, last year there was a great deal of talk about the astronauts' first footsteps on the moon, and so I got into making a lot of different tread designs for it. I went through dumb things like eagles and stars and stripes—things I didn't really care much about and finally I came up with an idea I liked. What I really wanted to do was to make the first footprint myself. So I made a cast of my bare foot and made a rubber mold from it and sent it off to NASA. Of course, they ignored it. There was no question about them offering Neil Armstrong a tread design of my foot. The project was set up to be a failure. "Born to lose." I have that experience a lot. I have really grandiose ideas, but I'm not the kind of person that is required to make things happen that way. I'm really a Walter Mitty, coming up with inventions which are concepts and therefore art works. At first when I had an idea for an invention, I tried to set up something in a way which would bring financial return to me or at least credit for it.

This became much too cumbersome because it called for much more of an involvement in a secondary aspect than I wanted to have. So now if I have an idea for a new kind of sanding disc or a new toy or a new means of advertising, I write it down, as tersely as possible, and ship it out to someone who might be interested in it. But I don't see the results, and if there are results, I don't know what they are. I seldom experience the work in a state that might be normally seen as completed. So the possibility exists that the idea has had no action, in other words, it's a failure.

Do you find that hard to live with?

It's something that I don't have a hard time accepting any more. In my secret outdoor work, there is no way to measure or determine the results. There is no quantitative measurement possible and very little qualitative measurement either. You never really see what you've done, and, in a sense, it brings up problems if you are used to working in a traditional way. For instance, I do a piece of work and the return from that often feeds the next piece,

the reaction gives me my ideas for the next development in that line of investigation. In a lot of cases the lack of return limits the development. Well, it's OK though. It forces you out of that way of working and into something else—working without a return or with a purely imagined reaction. I think that a lot of feedback is unnecessary or can lead you to things that aren't interesting or confusing. You don't have to deal with these things when you don't have feedback. You don't have to deal with reality or maybe it's a matter of being free to choose the reality that you like or the one that fits the work. Any situation provides possibilities for working. Anything I can do as an artist is determined not only by my talents but also by my ineptness.

You mentioned secret outdoor work. That leads us to the streetworks. How did you get into them and how have they been developing?

I got into them here in New York. I don't know all the forces that pushed me that way. I think a lot of it has to do with the fact that I've never lived in a city before and suddenly I was in the biggest city in the world. I found the subways exciting to ride and the graffiti all over the posters and walls was really interesting to me. It was because of seeing this graffiti that I felt a heavy urge to work outside and do graffiti myself. I got the idea of altering the subway posters by using what existed and extending it. My lip stamp was especially intended for one poster. It was a Fruit of the Loom stocking poster, which displayed a pretty chick with a very short dress and nice legs. Right up high on her thigh was a stamp that said "Fruit of the Loom." So when I rode the subways I carried the stamp in my pocket and whenever I'd come on one of those posters, I'd put my stamp right beside it.

Just working with graffiti like that got me thinking about the reaction to artwork when it's known as art work. So much of everything depends on what we read into it. You see things in your own terms from your own point of view. I think art can be anything. We make up the word and we use it and we apply it. It really depends on what we apply it to. It's a matter of who you convince and who comes to see it your way. If it's someone in a position of identifying what is art, then what you're doing becomes art. I was interested in the possibilities of giving someone an experience that was much more open-ended.

How were you able to do that?

To me one of the most important aspects of street works, especially the later things, was the fact that they were secret works. I felt if they were identified as my work, they would be identified as art, since everything an artist has ever done sooner or later has come to be

considered an art work. If I wanted to set up an experience unidentified as an art work, it was necessary to be anonymous.

In that case, you really can't tell me what the street works were, since you would be defeating your own purpose.

That's true, but street works quickly became "street works," and that's when I began to lose interest in them. They brought the museum out into the street and they identified what was going on as art work. They became specific again. It was, in my opinion, losing the aspect of it that was of primary interest to me. The experience became, once again, an art experience, and it was another thing. However, that's not definitely a bad thing. I think there have been a lot of really pretty and interesting street works done and I've been interested in involving myself with that also. I participated in all of the organized street works, but I never actually did anything myself in them. For one of the street works, I asked my classes of 105 people to carry out my street works for me by doing anything they wanted to do in a specified area. It was a problem of amplifying the strength of what was done and releasing control of what was done as much as I could. That was the second street work. The first street work was centered in a 10-block square in midtown. After the event there was a party, which was an admirable setup for what I wanted to do. I had decided not to do anything, but to go to the party and describe the things I'd done. In other words, I wanted to tell a pack of lies and see how much substance nothing could be given. It was fairly successful, as it gained a little substance because John Perreault wrote about some of the pieces in the Village Voice.

Was that the one where you tried to sell something?

I used five or six lies. First I said I had a brown paper package which I offered to 100 people. The price to the first person was \$100 and it was reduced by one dollar each time it was offered. I also said I took some Polaroid photos of sidewalk squares on Greene Street to record the position of the litter on them. Then I said that I'd gathered up the litter and brought it uptown and set it out on Fifth Avenue sidewalk squares to match the photo.

But none of this really happened?

Correct. The artwork was the possibility of making something out of nothing, which was generated out of the situation of my being faced with establishment streetworks.

You mean if you are expected to do that sort of thing why bother to do it? It's just as easy to say you did as to do it. That sort

of action is traditional in terms of the way people behave, but not in terms of the way art is made.

It seems a lot of works are like that. Artists are bound by some traditions. In getting out of art traditions, they must take from other traditions.

What about the art work that went on at Max's Kansas City in May? You seemed to be doing something with lights.

Yes. Frank Owen and I decided to do a piece together. We didn't know what we were going to do until we were doing it. In this case, we decided to do a scent piece with oil of spearmint. We squirted it under all the tables and filled the back room with it. It was like sticking gum under the tables. We didn't want to say anything about that piece, so we did a cover piece. We bought eight lights, JOO-watt bulbs, and set them up in front to boost the daylight. But we plugged them into a line that didn't have enough current, so we kept blowing fuses.

Frank and I are both from California, and out there, there is a lot of malfunction when it comes to mechanical art shows. Artists are always setting up one mechanical thing or another and they won't work. So we spent an hour running back and forth. I was tearing around the whole time changing fuses and re-setting the lights. The piece never functioned from beginning to end. So it was a matter of watching the artist struggle with his processes.

Then your work was also a kind of satire?

I thought it was a good opportunity. It's all games, just games and jokes.

Some people might resent art being fun and games.

Maybe it depends on whether you think having fun is detrimental to the experience art is able to give. If artists are doing a lot of fooling around and if the end result is no beauty for anyone, maybe you are going to get uptight about it. But all art has obviously not been serious.

But don't you think that it is unfair that the artists participating in the streetworks should be having such a good time while the people on the street have no idea what is happening? Shouldn't art communicate to more than a few people?

It seems to me that the nature of each thing determines who it's for and who it can get to. The idea that it has to be for a specific group or a specific number of people can certainly limit what you can do. Sometimes my art work will be for lots of people, sometimes for only one person, and sometimes it's just for myself.

Do you still think it's valid to do more traditional kinds of art works?

The thing is that I don't really believe in any of it as being the way, the right way, or the best way - just a way of doing it. And one way is as good as another. All seem to offer time-filling, interest-producing processes. I work in a traditional way because I feel one thing doesn't pull me out of the other. It's all just aspects of the same thing, which somehow seem to work harmoniously together.

Are you working on anything that you consider to be of a traditional nature at this time?

I am working on a stained glass wall which utilizes a combination of the techniques of stained glass and cloisonne enamel. This is part of my religious art, which falls into two categories: object making and conceptual. The object-oriented work is in the tradition of the production of votive objects. Jewelry, stained glass, cloisonne, and Liberace's gold-sequined sports coat are part of this traditional art. It functions, in a sense, like the hypnotist's jewel to distract attention from the mundane and to redirect it toward the visionary experience of non-ordinary reality. My art, like most other artworks of this sort, is a crude representation of a vision available through a variety of routes including meditation and mescaline. I'm using the materials and techniques available to duplicate as closely as possible the two most outstanding visual aspects of "the other side." The first is that light seems to emanate from all things rather than being reflected by them, and I, therefore, chose stained glass as a medium. The second aspect is the incredible minute articulation everything takes on. This geometric organization, I feel, can only be poorly imitated at best, and the traditional stained glass technique of joining pieces of glass with lead is especially unsuitable. Therefore, I'm utilizing an aspect of cloisonne enamel in order to approach more closely the light color of stained glass.

What kind of light will you use?

I want the light to come horizontally through the wall directly at the observer, so I will use the most intense artificial light that is obtainable and practical.

Will there be any specific image used?

This piece is about as strong or as total a beauty as possible. Therefore, it seemed to me, that if I'm trying to create a beautiful experience, I should start out with as much beauty beforehand as I could. The image is the face of a girl who is as beautiful as anything I know about right now.

What about the conceptual side of your religious art?

I think I can explain the conceptual side of my religious art by describing a work I did last year for a concept show at the museum in Leverkusen, Germany. This piece was designed to be executed by using the power of positive thought. Rather than contributing a work to the show, I decided to attempt to improve the show itself. I built, in my mind, a picture of perfect communication and understanding between each artist and each spectator. I think that the existing action to which this work comes closest is prayer.

How about your piece in the "Information" show? It seems to go back to games.

That project came from my involvement with graffiti and also from my last ad in Artforum, which was a statement You are me, period. It's like a description of a philosophical position or viewpoint from which things can be seen. It seems to me that in my experience, my clearest understanding of others comes from the clearest understanding I have of myself. It's the knowledge that we are all really the same as much as we are different. It comes from realizing that each person you are relating to is a you, separate, but each person is also a me, an entity not unlike myself. So the piece at the Museum of Modern Art is the command "Expose Your Self." Your Self being two words to suggest the possibility of self-examination as a means of understanding the self and therefore others.

How did you present the piece?

The piece is in the Museum stenciled on the wall. It is intentionally sexually oriented, as this seems to me, from my own experience, that that was the side of myself it was the hardest to know. It was the side of myself most bound up by traditional thinking and by my own fear. I asked that before the show some of the museum people stencil it here and there in the city in public restrooms. I guess my primary reason for doing that is that I like the idea of its being there. I get to be an awful preacher sometimes, as a lot of teachers do, and this takes the edge off of it a bit. In the john it's just more bathroom writing.

Have you done many other things with your own body?

Yes. I've done a variety of things. One of the first things I did, which I now consider as a part of my art, was to make wound prints. Every time I'd cut myself, I would make a monoprint by pressing paper on to the wound. It's a record of what happened to me, and I have those things dated and in my filing cabinet. The second thing I did was when I was in a motorcycle accident in 1963 and I had to have a toe amputated. It turned out

that a pre-med student friend, who was in my ceramics class, did the clean-up for the operation, and I asked him to save the toe for me. Since I was stuck in the hospital for two months after the operation, I asked him to put it in an unfired pot and cremate it for me. When I got out of the hospital, I mixed the ashes from my toe into a Japanese ash glaze, and put it on a small pot. This suggested to me that when I die, I would be cremated and have my ashes glaze a nice Chinese vase. I might donate it to the Brundage Collection. It's like a sea animal who dies and leaves a shell you can sell for \$50 on 59th Street. It's trying to make your remains beautiful.

Have you made other objects out of the need to create beauty?

I make objects for people I love and when I do it, I call it the art of love. Mostly they are small things that I mail out like paintings on autumn leaves or seashells. They are always things that are given-never things that are sold, and they are always made with a specific person in mind and a strong feeling in myself. Often what the feeling is determines the nature of the art work.

Sometimes it's a very platonic feeling of love. Other times, if there's an attraction, it becomes a kind of courting thing, a favor. When I feel strongly for someone, and I want to show my feelings, I make something beautiful for them.

Do you make the art of love in a conceptual way too?

It's not always an object. Sometimes it's simply a communication-telling someone that I love them and being real to them instead of being phony, which is often my first inclination. The art of love is trying to make myself able to express my true self, to expose myself. It's something that runs through my life and my work. It's not easy for me, since it's a thing that is so involved with ego and possibilities for rejection and hurting and being hurt. It seems to involve things that are dangerous and not easy or natural. For a long time, I considered these works of love as a kind of minor thing and not really my art, but now, it seems that the experience of making them is probably the best kind of experience for me. When I use a strong, honest expression, it's always good.

© Artforum, November 1970, "An Interview with Stephen Kaltenbach," by Cindy Nemser.

(advertisement)

72

Art Fair
4/6 – 8/6

JAN MOT AT ART 39 BASEL

Booth B1 – Hall 2.1
Messe Basel

(advertisement)

73

4/7 – 20H
(To be confirmed)

ORAL CULTURE MANON DE BOER SWITCH

Jan Mot
Rue Antoine Dansaertstraat 190
B-1000 Brussel Bruxelles

A piece that is essentially the same as a piece made by any of the first conceptual artists, dated two years earlier than the original and signed by somebody else.

EDUARDO COSTA
January 1970

• One of the works in the show curated by Mario Garcia Torres is by Eduardo Costa: *A Piece That Is...*, 1969-2008, plotter print on photographic paper, variable sizes.

TRIS TRIS VONNA- VONNA- MICHELL MICHELL

By
Adam Carr

Born 1982 in Rochford, UK, Tris Vonna-Michell recently graduated from Frankfurt's Städelschule. Yet it was as early as his BA at Glasgow School of Art when he first began to captivate audiences with his work, which has not lost its ability to enthral and catch people by surprise since. What enables this to take place—as well as characterising and perhaps best defining the artist's work—is the particular mode by which it is disseminated, rather than its appearance. Acting as his works primary component, it also pivotally allows it to stand at a considerable distance from much art production today since it generates a near obsolete amount of materiality. Yet, for what this may imply or suggest initially—namely a lack of physical presence within a gallery or museum space—his works direct an audience's attention to the old-age tradition of storytelling rather than to the concept of dematerialisation—a surprisingly traditional, even ordinary method to utilise for an artist who has, in just a few years, produced a constellation of work that is completely refreshing, critically challenging and highly unique.

While one might consider the method of transmission that Vonna-Michell's works take—that of word of mouth—to be an intended reference to early performance and conceptual art; the artist is not concerned with art history per se in so much a reference to those movements. Although one could make citations to the work of numerous artists stemming from the beginnings of performance art, or either those who have contributed towards its resurgence and subsequent transformation over the last 15 or so years, this would not be close to the mark for a settled categorisation nor to position his work for comparisons sake. The experience of his works is devoid of any sense of déjà vu, and yet although they could be aligned with the aforementioned perhaps on a formal level, they feel like nothing else from the world of art, or anything otherwise. Of course, the medium with which his works operate is nothing utterly groundbreaking, but considering today's market forces—arguably of which exerts a considerable force upon art production and its reception—these works seem to resuscitate an interest in the actual

experience of an artwork, through exhibition going. They possess the ability to make us consider, or reconsider, the traditional standards of an artwork and thus in turn our own position in relation to the art object, the gallery, museum or institutional space, and more pervasively, the art world in general. Though that said, Vonna-Michell's works are not primarily aimed at foregrounding a set of questions concerning the constitutive means of an artwork nor the current status of arts commercialism, but rather take place by more discreet means—standing affirmatively suggestive rather than actually being explicitly critical.

But what do his work look like? During the experience of witnessing them, the inlet to their operation and to their understanding—albeit a partial one—stands clearly right before us: the presence of the artist himself, who, via the medium of verbal storytelling, performs and narrates his work personally. If we consider for a moment that from the outset, the physical presence of an artist might well affirm a desire for something that is articulated more clearly or more visibly, and something which unravels quite literally live before us, Vonna-Michell's pieces, although indeed touching upon these aspects, also do the exact opposite. Engaging with an audience quite directly in his case does not seem to demystify the stories he narrates with their pervasion of slippages, fractures and meandering trajectories, all divested of any linear structure and rendered somewhat difficult to grasp or pin down initially. Although the pace in which the works are told begin slowly, often accompanied by a brief introduction to the audience (though on occasion have commenced without any prescript warning) this gentle and coherent tempo soon disappears when they become articulated with great rapidity, and a tangled mixture of elision ranging from poised eloquence to moments of slang synonymous with the town in which he has resided for a number of years, Southend-on-Sea.

Indeed, what is particularly intriguing, and perhaps most instantly apparent while watching the artist perform his work's, is the tight, flawless manner by which they are articulated—in such a way that suggests the artist is simply relaying stories already told. In contrast to this assumption, Vonna-Michell's

tales are in fact the result of a personal craft—the outcome of years of research. Leading spectators through narratives that oscillate between fact and fiction, truth and false, they encompass vastly diverging moments in history in what seems to be an effortless forging of links and interconnections between entirely contrasting subject matter, rendering visible the not yet seen. One story for example might see the artist rail through such disparately ranging subjects as World War II; Joy Division; Fascism; Orson Welles' radio transmission in 1938; Tokyo Rose and radio imprisonment in Tokyo in 1945; Bertolt Brecht and GDR radio fallacy freedom; 1950s Berlin; and teenage homelessness in Japan. Among these historical facts and half-truths, his works comprise partial accounts of personal experiences, which he transposes into as much significance as the points of widespread historical importance that he draws upon. Importantly, although verbal storytelling constitutes the primary technique for the delivery of the artist's works, the majority of them are performed inside of carefully constructed installations consisting of various objects. Used during the performances as props, a number of these objects soon after they turn to relics, becoming traces of the stories they assist, and are integral to, for the public to scrutinise. It is often made unclear, however, what the precise origins, backgrounds and purposes of these objects actually are, being referred to only briefly during a particular performance. It seems as though part of the intention behind them is to engage viewers to form their own connections and meaning. It is interesting how these objects can function alone, beyond the actual performances. To date, objects the artist has used include photographs, photocopies, slides, and also other materials and objects such as ice, egg timers and paper shredders. Perhaps one thing they share in common, it is that they highlight the passage of time and point to the ephemeral, transitory and momentary aspects that his works centralise.

To describe his work in more detail, three stories—that essentially mark three works—constitute the core of the artist's practice thus far, each of which interrelate and intertwine together. Beside the three central narratives stands various subplots, not only of which have fostered numerous ways in which the three core works can take place, but have also been used for the formation of new works. *Down the Rabbit-Hole* (2005-06), a piece the artist began in 2005, demonstrates Vonna-Michell's approach well. It takes as its starting point Henri Chopin, the legendary sound poet whose relocation to Essex was an apparent influencing force for his family move to the same place. Throughout this piece, the artist describes, to an audience, his

endeavour to find Chopin during the summer of 2005 in Paris, armed with recording equipment, and bad French. He relays his footsteps through his narration and also via a number of props—slide projections, calendars and quail eggs, all of which index his journey but amount to half clues of it, paralleled ultimately with the sense of his own vague hope of being brought closer to his goal. Important to mention here is an unforeseen event which occurred during exhibiting this work, post performance, which changed the course of the story and its contents forever. Late in 2006, the work was shown within an exhibition in Brussels, where unfortunately many of the props used to accompany the verbal storytelling were stolen. Without hindering

the work, or his practice per se, the artist decided to use this unfortunate incident productively, which made way for a new work, *The Trial: Act 7* (2007). This piece, among the latest in Vonna-Michell's oeuvre, has so far been realised in exhibitions in Stockholm and London, and surprisingly its contents include a lawyer and a stenographer. Events common to the art world, though largely under discussed—damaged artworks, artworks that have been stolen or 'misplaced'—are key to this work, and in this way, the artist shifts the mise-en-scene to the fore. During the performance of *The Trial: Act 7* (2007), the artist describes the events leading up to the installation in Brussels, the events during the exhibition and of course those after notic-

ing the work's missing components. The artist quite literally describes a scene of a crime, which requires him to perform the work *Down The Rabbit-Hole* (2005-06) in front of the lawyer, the stenographer and the audience, and showing the visual that accompany it (which were not stolen) in order for the lawyer to respond within a legal framework. The dialogue between the artist and lawyer is utterly compelling to watch and feels as though one has been treated to a secret meeting, one that would normally would take place behind closed doors.

Leipzig Calendar Works (2005-06) is one again loaded with sense of conspiracy and mystery. For this work, the artist's storytelling turns to an event in which he locked himself in a GDR MDF bedroom in a Leipzig Plattenbau. It is here where he shredded his entire collection of photographs and calendars from his youth to that present day, and reconstructed them entirely differently. Of importance for the artist, this action draws parallels with methods used by the Stasi and the subsequent Puzzlers who are currently reconstructing the Stasi Files. The core of this story has been performed under the title *The Puzzlers* (2007), an extension of *Leipzig Calendar Works*, where a recording of the artist's performance—taken by a member of the audience who was plottied by the artist—was played within the exhibition space after his performance throughout the shows duration, accompanied by cctv footage. More recently, the strategy of using undercover assailants to capture, archive and retell his performances—non descript participants disguised within crowds during openings—has been something of a growing interest for the artist and explored more in depth for an exhibition in Leuven, Belgium. In Leuven for example, each covert actor stood among the crowd watching the artist perform at the private view. After this, they essentially attempted to re-perform the work at the times he was not there. In this way, the artist not only takes on a museum standard—tour guides—and places this into part of the work, but he also points to ideas of deconstruction and reconstruction. The narratives of his works are suddenly deciphered by somebody and re-performed in their own way and in their own individual style, perhaps even veering of from the original storyline completely. In doing, he makes one acutely aware that a story, even told countless of times and rehearsed as many, can never be the same twice.

Perhaps the artist most well known work to date is *hah/huhn*, one of his first pieces, which he began in 2003. This again typifies the way in which he alters work to bring forth new ways of narration, which may include not actually being present before an audience physically. Linking together disparate



• Brussels, May 7. Tris Vonna-Michell performing at Jan Mot (during and after).
Photo: Filip Vanzieleghem

events concerning post World War II Berlin, this piece fuses together the seemingly unrelated histories of three German identities: Reinhold Hahn, Reinhold Huhn, and Otto Hahn. Full of conspiracy, factually evidence and half-truths, the work most notably imparts information on what is purported to be tunnels lying underneath Berlin's Anhalter Bahnhof, before veering off to other like-minded terrain. *hahh/huhn* has manifested itself in a multitude of ways to date, which, aside from the verbal component of the work, has included a dry ice sculpture, photographs and a dual-slide installation, each displayed individually but also together. A recent incarnation of the work—renamed *The Re-intervention of Twenty-odd Photographs by Word of Mouth* (2007) for a group exhibition in Berlin—revealed a new approach in the deliverance of his work. It stood more inclined towards the performative than being act of performance per se, yet still carried the main

ingredient of his: that of a delivery by his own narration. This work emerged when the artist realised that he could not attend the exhibition during dates after the opening, which is when he would usually perform a work for a first, second, or even third or fourth time. When considering this, he decided to counteract his absence by producing a series of phone cards, which were made available during the exhibition from the galleries front desk. Once they were purchased, an assistant from the gallery would direct the buyer to a phone positioned in the exhibition space upon a table. They were then given the artist's number and told to make a call to the artist who would—without any warning—commence the narration of the work almost immediately when picking up. Audience members, whether being callers or not, were allowed visual glimpses of the content of the story by way of a number of photographs placed beside the phone on desk, taken by the artist during the work's

research process. The photographs depicted landmarks, street names, images of maps, broken buildings and Berlin's monoliths. In the case of this work, objects took on a more eminent role than usual—objects which in this case were charged with potentialities, insofar as to command and dictate the activation of the work entirely. Interestingly enough, the duration of the call was dependent on the artist's geographical location—the longer the distance from Germany the shorter the call. Ultimately, this cast doubt over whether the story would, or could, ever be completed, leaving the story slightly fragmentary but making callers also eager to learn more about where the story is going to, quite literally, travel next. *A shorter version of this text was published in Spike Art Quarterly Issue 14, Winter 2007. Adam Carr (Born 1981, Chester, UK) is an independent curator and writer currently based in London.*

In Brief

Manon de Boer's first monography is published by The Frankfurter Kunstverein, Witte de With, Rotterdam and Revolver Verlag. The book, entitled *Manon de Boer*, will be launched at two venues on the same date, June 6, at the 5th Berlin Biennial for Contemporary Art and the booth of Jan Mot at Art Basel. Contributions are by Elena Crippa, Lars Bang Larsen, Chus Martinez, Suely Rolnik, Nicolaus Schafhausen, Monika Szezewczyk and Jon Wozencroft/Tobi Maier. The graphic design is by Maureen Mooren. The book will be available at the gallery from mid June. (€ 25)

Joachim Koester will present at Art Unlimited (Art 39 Basel, 3-8 June) the installation *Morning of the Magicians* (2005-2006). The works consists of a black & white 16 mm film and a series of 10 photographs.

Tino Sehgal received the Zurich Art Prize 2008. The prize is a collaboration between the insurance company Zurich and the Haus Konstruktiv in Zurich. Tino Sehgal will have a solo show in this venue end of 2008.

Tate Modern in London acquired two works: *What Happens in Halifax Stays in Halifax (In 36 Slides)* (2004-2006) by **Mario Garcia Torres** and *Never Backward* (1994) by **Deimantas Narkevicius**. Two other works by Narkevicius entered the collection of Museion in Bolzano *Revisiting Solaris*, 2006 and *One in the XX Century*, 2004. *A Brief History of Jimmie Johnson's Legacy*, 2006, a video by Garcia Torres was bought by the Universidad Nacional Autónoma de México.

The works *This is New*, 2003 and *This is About*, 2003 by **Tino Sehgal** were acquired by Fundacao de Serralves in Porto (P).

The gallery will be closed during the month of August.

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HYPNOTIC SHOW

By Kevin Killian

SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 2007—At the door of the Silverman Gallery you had to sign two releases before being allowed entry. “Basically this one says you waive liability in case you get possessed by a demon while within these walls,” explains the gallery girl, “and *this* one’s stating you won’t sue if the dream machine gives you an epileptic seizure.” Possessed? Dream machine? We were positively fibrillating by the time we took seats in the dimly lit gallery space on Sutter Street. Job Piston and I sat warily, cameras in our laps, ready to snap any sign of ectoplasm or wrathful spirits, but apparently this was just part of curator Raimundas Malasauskas’ Barnum-like showmanship, and when he promised a “séance of hypnosis,” he was using “séance” as a metaphor, as one might say, “*a whole bunch of hypnosis*,” or, a “*quiet evening of hypnosis*.” I don’t know how they say it in Lithuanian, but the philosophy of the studio heads of Hollywood’s golden age was, get those *asses into the seats* by any means necessary. Malasauskas might well be the William Castle of modern curatorial projects.

I never felt that I was actually going to be possessed by an incubus, but artist slash hypnotist Marcos Lutyens certainly had us all going pit a pat as he entered and prowled through the space, dividing the audience into two groups, those who were volunteering, and those like myself afraid to participate, who wanted merely to watch. Malasauskas had commissioned hypnosis scripts from a group of international artists, and Lutyens had worked four of them into a running spiel. The ring of chairs was soon deep in a trance, the sitters nodding and blinking like rabbits, while he spoke on in a velvety, Michael Ondaatje baritone redolent of summer, with a poignant tang of autumn surprising some of

his labial consonants. Like I say, he worked the space, reaching out here and there to clasp shut a pair of hands a—trembling on a knee, to touch a supplicant’s forehead with his thumb, all the while counting us down, five, four, three, two, one. At one we were in the deepest possible trance state, and then he’d have us count down yet again, from ten to one, deeper still. One girl wound up so out of it her hair touched the ground in front of her, I’ve never seen anything like it, not even back in college when we took massive doses of animal tranquilizers to get over the outrage of having Nixon as president.

Meanwhile Lutyens was droning on in that intimate, simpatico way, walking us into Joachin Koester’s script about a park, a sidewalk, a civic building called the “Department of Abandoned Futures,” after which we crossed the threshold and descended a stairway, entered a hall, found a box filled with—with what? We each were invited to imagine what lay within. Derick Carner’s script was more ominous, I thought, a dark, cloudy horizon along which an unimaginable object began to evince itself—in a color we could not name, as it was not a color we had ever seen before—and the name of the large object came to us little by little as its Lovecraftian shape began to struggle in shadows and gleams across the sky. I called my object “Zephyr.” I don’t know why. You’ll gather that my status as a spectator did not prevent me from joining into the general trance; Marcos Lutyens’ voice is so seductive that, were you in that room that night, you too would be dreaming these dark visions. He leaned on some catchphrases that, perhaps, judged objectively, he used too often (“went back to the well one too many times,” as my dad used to say), but I never got tired of hearing him say, “And you’re drifting and dreaming—drifting and dreaming.” Indeed I’m now engaged to Marcos Lutyens and cheerfully I am bearing his children without anesthesia. I’ll just be drifting and dreaming in a bower of erotic bliss somewhere, bent to the floor, my hair soapy and washing his high-instepped feet. Before I knew it we were waking up, one, two, three, four, five. Kylie Minogue had that song on her LP, *Body Language*, which I should have listened to before exposing myself to *Hypnotic Show*.

Count backwards 5, 4, 3, 2, 1

Before you get too heated and turned on (and turned on)

You should’ve learned your lesson all in times before

You’ve been bruised, you’ve been broken

And there’s my mind saying think before you go

Through that door that takes me to nowhere (yes boy)

I stopped you all romantic crazy in your head

You think I listen, no I don’t care . . .

The truth is, I do care, and when Raimundas Malasauskas proposed hypnotism as an avenue of total interaction, a room full of mirrors in which objects create themselves from the swept floorboards of the Silverman Gallery—the birthplace of the golem—I went there. You know how Susan Sontag coined that expression, “Don’t go there.” Well, I went there, ignoring Sontag, thrusting myself in a post-Sontag space of risk, interpellation, and impending childbirth, drifting and dreaming, drifting and dreaming, in the Alterjunga of the Australian aboriginal people—the dreamtime.

The Hypnotic Show was curated by Raimundas Malasauskas at Silverman Gallery in San Francisco (April 22-28, 2008)/ Participating artists were Julieta, Aranda, Derick Carner, Asli Cavusoglu, Torrey Cummings, Gintaras Didziapetris, Cerith Wyn Evans, Michael Fliri, Loris Greaud, Joachim Koester, Jennifer Di Marco, Nicholas Matranga & Francesca Benne, Piero Passacantando, Yuval Pudik, Gareth Spor, Maryelizabeth Yarbrough as well as one night séance by Marcos Lutyens.

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Agenda

Sven Augustijnen

Peripheral Vision And Collective Body, Museion, Bolzano (IT), 24/5 – 18/10; *Weder entweder noch oder*, Württembergischer Kunstverein, Stuttgart (DE), 31/5 – 3/8; *L'art en Europe*, Domaine Pommeroy, Reims (F), 12/6 – 31/12; *Back And Beyond Marcel Broodthaers*, PMMK Oostende (B), 13/9 – 30/11

Pierre Bismuth

Animations/Fictions, Works From The FNAC Collections, MNAC, Bucarest, 22/1 – end of August; *Coming Soon*, Queensland Art Gallery, Brisbane (AU), 20/3 – 22/6 (solo); *Locked-in. The Image of Humanity In The Age of Intrusion*, Casino Luxembourg, Luxembourg (LU), 19/4 – 29/6; *Making a Scene*, Fondazione Morra Greco, Napels, 22/5 – 30/7; Jan Mot, Art 39 Basel, 4/6 – 8/6; *Les sujets en moins*, Léo Scheer Gallery, Paris, 20/6 – 12/7; Cosmic Gallery, Paris, from September; British Film Institute, London, from September (solo)

Manon de Boer

When Things Cast No Shadow, 5th Berlin Biennial for Contemporary Art, KW Institute for Contemporary Art, 5/4 – 15/6; Jan Mot, Art 39 Basel, 4/6 – 8/6; *Presto, Perfect Sound*, Art Film, Art 39 Basel, 4/6 (screening); *Mes nuits sont plus belles que vos jours*, 5th Berlin Biennial for Contemporary Art, 6/6 (screening); *Sound of Music. On Music In The Fine Arts*, Museum der Moderne, Salzburg (AT), 19/7 – 12/10; U-Turn, Copenhagen, from 5/9; *media_city Seoul*, 5th Seoul International Media Art Biennale, Museum of Art, Seoul, 12/9 – 5/11

Rineke Dijkstra

Courtesy Hans Kenna, een keuze uit zijn fotocollectie, De Hallen, Haarlem, 15/3 – 8/6; *Collectie van Zoetendaal*, Het Fotomuseum, Den Haag, 22/3 – 22/6; *Street Art*, Tate Modern, London, 23/5 – 25/8; *Role Models: Feminine Identity in Contemporary American Photography*, The National Museum of Women in the Arts, Washington, 17/10 – 25/11

Mario Garcia Torres

Other Than Yourself – An Investigation Between Inner and Outer Space, T-B A21, Vienna, 7/2 – 21/9; *Nouvelles du mont analogue*, Musée d'Art Contemporain, Rochechouart (F), 1/3 – 30/6; *I Desired What You Were, I Need What You Are*, Maze, Turin (IT), 23/4 – 15/6; *The Artist Is a Mysterious Entertainer*, De Appel, Amsterdam, 2/6 – 22/6; Jan Mot,

Art 39 Basel, 4/6 – 8/6; *Museum As Medium*, MARCO, Vigo (ES), 20/6 – 28/9; *The 3rd Yokohama Triennale*, Yokohama (JP), 13/9 – 30/11; *Museum As Medium*, Koldo Mitxelena, San Sebastian (ES), 23/10 – 3/1

Dominique Gonzalez-Foerster

Everstill/Siempretodavía, La Huerta de San Vicente, Granada (ES), 24/11 – 20/7; *The Artist's Library*, Centre International d'Art et du Paysage, Ile de Vassivière (F), 23/2 – 13/6; *Nocturama**, MUSAC, Léon (F), 17/5 – 7/9 (solo)

Douglas Gordon

Moi, Veronique. Branquinho TOUte Nue, Modemuseum Antwerpen, Antwerp, 11/3 – 17/8

Joachim Koester

Art Unlimited, Art 39 Basel, 4/6 – 8/6; Jan Mot, Art 39 Basel, 4/6 – 8/6; *Photo Espana*, Museo Colecciones ICO, Madrid, 4/6 – 24/8; *The Great Transformation. Art and Tactical Magic*, Frankfurter Kunstverein, Frankfurt (DE), 7/6 – 7/9; *Manifesta 7*, Trento (IT), 19/7 – 2/11; *Joachim Koester*, Overgaden, Copenhagen, 30/8 – 26/10 (solo); *U-Turn*, Copenhagen, from 5/9; *Reality Check*, Statens Museum for Kunst, 6/9 – 4/1

David Lamelas

Other Than Yourself – An Investigation Between Inner and Outer Space, T-B A21, Vienna, 7/2 – 21/9; *Peripheral Vision and Collective Body*, Museion, Bolzano (IT), 24/5 – 21/9; *Above-the-Fold*, Museum für Gegenwartskunst, Basel, 1/6 – 12/10 (solo); Jan Mot, Art 39 Basel, 4/6 – 8/6

Sharon Lockhart

Sharon Lockhart, Hamburger Kunstverein, Hamburg (DE), 12/4 – 15/6 (solo)

Deimantas Narkevičius

WANÁS 2008: Loss, The WANÁS Foundation, Knislinge (SE), 18/5 – 19/10; *Portrait*, gb agency, Paris, 23/5 – July; *Revisiting Solaris*, Art Film, Art 39 Basel, 5/6 (screening); *2 or 3 Things We Know*, Kadist Art Foundation, Paris, 14/6 – 20/7; *The Vincent Award 2008*, Stedelijk Museum, Amsterdam, 20/6 – 30/9; *You Are My Mirror 2: New Stories Of Konzeptas*, Frac Lorraine, Metz (F), 27/6 – 19/10; *Modern Ruin*, Gallery of Modern Art, Brisbane, 12/7 – 12/10

Tino Sehgal

Tino Sehgal, CCA Wattis Institute, San Francisco, ongoing; *Shifting Identities*, Kunsthaus

Zürich, 6/6 – 31/8; *Museum As Medium*, MARCO, Vigo (ES), 21/6 – 28/9; BASE, Florence, from July; *The 3rd Yokohama Triennale*, Yokohama (JP), 13/9 – 30/11; *Museum As Medium*, Koldo Mitxelena, San Sebastian (ES), 23/10 – 3/1; *It Cannot Be Visited But Is Experienced*, Platform Seoul, Seoul, 24/10 – 23/11

Tris Vonna-Michell

When Things Cast No Shadow, 5th Berlin Biennial for Contemporary Art, KW Institute for Contemporary Art, 5/4 – 15/6; *Experiment Marathon*, Reykjavik Art Museum, Reykjavik, 15/5 – 24/8; *Tulips & Roses*, The Store, Vilnius, 23/5 – 21/6; T293, Statements, Art 39 Basel, 4/6 – 8/6; Cabinet Gallery, London, from July (solo); *The 3rd Yokohama Triennale*, Yokohama (JP), 13/9 – 30/11; Matrix Exhibitions, BAM/PFA, San Francisco, from 28/9

Ian Wilson

Peripheral Vision and Collective Body, Museion, Bolzano (IT), 28/6 (discussion)

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Colophon

Publisher Jan Mot, Brussels
Concept Design Maureen Mooren & Daniel van der Velden
Graphic Design Maureen Mooren, Amsterdam
Printing Cultura, Wetteren

Vrijwilligers gezocht voor de editie van de agenda 2008-2009. Het is belangrijk dat de agenda goed wordt vormgegeven en dat er voldoende informatie wordt verzameld. Het is mogelijk dat u hiervoor een vergoeding krijgt.

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JAN MOT

Rue Antoine Dansaertstraat 190
B-1000 Brussel Bruxelles
tel: +32 2 514 10 10
fax: +32 2 514 14 46
office@janmot.com
www.janmot.com

donderdag-vrijdag-zaterdag 14-18.30u
jeudi-vendredi-samedi 14-18.30h
en op afspraak / et sur rendez-vous