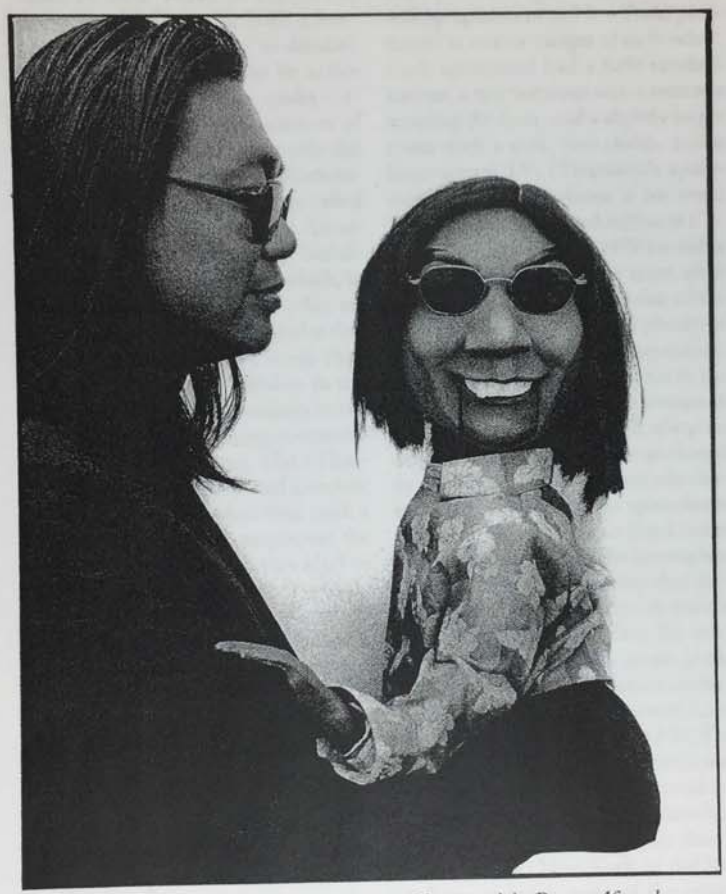
PROFILES

SHALL WE DANCE?

The spectator as artist.

BY CALVIN TOMKINS



Rirkrit Tiravanija, with a look-alike puppet. Photograph by Ruven Afanador.

For a long time, artists have wanted us to do more work. Minimalism, conceptual art, and a host of other trends have validated Marcel Duchamp's 1957 statement that the artist performs only one part of the creative act—that it is up to the spectator to complete the process by becoming, in one way or another, an active participant. Spectators do tend to malinger, of course, and to long for the days when the simple act of looking at art was supposed to give pleasure, but this hasn't discouraged the art-instigators one whit. Ankle-deep in the twenty-first century, we are beset on all sides by strange, hybrid art forms that insist we meet them halfway, or better.

Rirkrit Tiravanija, a Thai artist who has become a vivid presence on the international art circuit during the past decade, not only welcomes but depends on this collaborative embrace between artist and spectator. One of his early works, for a 1991 group show of Asian artists in New York, was a phonograph and a recording of the song "Shall We Dance?" from "The King and I"; anyone who cared to could dance with the artist, whose silky black hair and friendly manner offset his shortcomings as a ballroom dancer, and who spent as much time on duty as he could manage during the show's run. Several of Tiravanija's pieces in the nineteen-nineties consisted of his cooking Thai curries and other specialties for gallerygoers. The food, the surprise of receiving it, and the soothing personality of the artist allowed willing participants to enter a situation that lay somewhere between performance art and gastronomy. Tiravanija's art has to do mainly with social experiences and interactions, not painting or sculpture. His contribution to a group show called "Sleepless Nights," at the P.S. 1 art center, in Queens, in 1993, was four beds for weary viewers, and two years later, at the Whitney Museum's Biennial, he placed three electric guitars and a set of drums on a platform and let it be known (by word of mouth) that visitors were allowed to play them. "I make things that people can use," he told me last spring. "My starting point was looking at the things in museums, like Thai artifacts, which were generally Buddhas or old potteries, and thinking, Well, everybody understands that there's a culture there, that these are beautiful objects, but you don't really see the people around it. You just see the craft or whatever, but no life. I was trying to bring back the life, to reanimate it in some way."

Like many artists of his generation, Tiravanija, who is forty-four, has a global practice. Besides a three-room apartment in New York's East Village, he keeps a modest flat in Berlin and a loft in Bangkok, but he spends relatively little time in any of these places, because he is usually taking part in an exhibition somewhere else. The proliferation of international art shows—biennials, triennials, art fairs, and festivals in cities large and small, from Venice and São Paulo to Johannesburg and Fukuoka—has brought to prominence a new breed of nomadic, post-studio artists who travel from place to place, making and installing their pieces on the spot, often with funds provided by the exhibition's organizers. Most of the artists know each other, and sometimes collaborate on joint projects.

No artist has been more active on the global art circuit than Tiravanija, and the past two years have brought him recognition on a scale he seems to find somewhat embarrassing. As the winner of the 2004 Hugo Boss Prize, a biennial award for significant achievement in contemporary art, he had a show last fall at the Guggenheim Museum in New York. In one of the upper-level galleries he built a low-power television station "to demonstrate how individuals can be active contributors to their own media culture, rather than mere consumers of it." The film being broadcast over the closed-circuit monitor was a nineteen-seventies fictional documentary called "Punishment Park"; it showed American antiwar protesters being brutalized and even shot by police, which, in the light of Abu Ghraib and other recent horrors, came as a reminder that Tiravanija's art has more levels than you might think. In addition to the Guggenheim show, a Tiravanija retrospective has been making successive appearances in Chiang Mai (Thailand), Rotterdam, Paris, and London; in each place, the exhibition took a different form, as if to emphasize the difficulties of mounting this kind of survey of an artist who doesn't actually make art objects. I took in the fourth and final version, in London, where it opened on July 4th, at the Serpentine Gallery.

The Serpentine is a pleasant, small museum situated in Kensington Park. The British art crowd turns out for its lively exhibitions of contemporary work, but the place also draws quite a few strollers who have no idea what they're going to see. Rochelle Steiner, its American-born curator, says that this spontaneity makes it especially well suited to Tiravanija's work, which, as she put it, "is fundamentally about bringing people together." Steiner steered me through the exhibition, which was opening three days later. In the front room, the sole object was a four-thousand-piece jigsaw puzzle on a table, and some wooden stools for visitors to sit on while they worked at putting it together. To the right, in a vitrine, was a replica of the artist's Thai passport, a remarkable document whose accordion-pleated additions stretched off from the matrix at odd angles; to the left, another small room housed a single painting by Tiravanija (who rarely paints), with white letters on a black ground spelling out the words "LESS OIL MORE COURAGE."

The main part of the exhibition was in three larger rooms in back. Two of them had been made into more or less exact plywood replicas of Tiravanija's walkup apartment in New York, positioned as mirror images of each other. Each apartment had a fully stocked kitchen, a tiny bedroom with a mattress covering the floor, and a slightly larger room with a sofa, two chairs, and a large-screen TV. (Tiravanija's apartment is a recurrent theme in his work; he re-created it for an exhibition in Cologne, in 1996, and in 1999 he did it again, in New York.) The artist often specifies "lots of people" as one of the materials in his work, and plenty of them showed up at the Serpentine. They made themselves at home in the two apartments, and a young woman in filmy summer silks, who fell asleep on one of the beds, needed to be awakened by a guard when the museum was closing. In between the two apartments was a space that had been fitted out as a broadcasting studio. The centerpiece of the show was a radio play that dramatized, in a mixture of goofy science fiction and biographical fact, the story of Tiravanija's life and his career; it was broadcast every day, in fifteen-minute segments, over an experimental London station called Resonance FM. The script, mapped out by Tiravanija and written by two associates, followed the adventures of a pair of time-travellers from the future, who project themselves back to New York in the late eighties and visit seven of the artist's exhibitions. Their descriptions and comments were audible to Serpentine visitors in the "studio," or over small radio receivers scattered throughout the galleries.

I wondered how this would be received by sophisticated Londoners, but when I met Tiravanija later in the day, at an art opening in the East End, he didn't seem at all concerned about it. (As it turned out, the London critics loved the show, and Richard Dorment, in the *Telegraph*, called Tiravanija "a major figure in contemporary art.") "Usually, before an exhibition I'm always doing something," Tiravanija told me, "but this time I don't really have to do anything. It's all done." There was going to be a small private preview of his retrospective the next day, a Sunday, and Tiravanija had agreed to cook lunch for everybody, in one of his two kitchens at the Serpentine.

That's where I found him at noon, cutting up kingfish, pork sausage, bamboo shoots, and small green eggplants, and preparing coriander potatoes and cucumber salad. He wore what he usually wears: olive-green Swedish worker's pants with copious pockets, a lightweight navy pin-striped jacket, sneakers, and rose-colored prescription sunglasses. One of Tiravanija's three New York studio assistants was helping him in the kitchen. Two or three artists, friends of Tiravanija's who had come to London for the Serpentine opening, had established themselves there as well, drinking beer and talking about the Live 8 rock concert that had drawn more than two hundred thousand people to Hyde Park the day before. Tiravanija seemed to have time for everybody. I joined a group in the living room to watch part of the Wimbledon final between Roger Federer and Andy Roddick. Once or twice, I found myself wondering how all this differed from being in Tiravanija's place in New York, where I had gone for lunch a month earlier, and I decided that there was no difference. Did it become an art work this time because it was in a museum? Applying the Duchamp principle, I guessed that it would become a true art work only if some of us spectators pitched in to complete it, and apparently a lot of people did just that during the next few weeks. Rochelle Steiner informed me that "an Estonian man" took up residence in one apartment, cooking lunch for whoever was in the mood for it,

and attempting to teach Estonian to the diners. Graffiti, posters, and written comments proliferated on the walls, many of them with rude messages to George Bush and Tony Blair. There was a two-day break in the programming because of the July 7th subway and bus bombing, but visitors continued to come in large numbers, and someone initiated a book exchange, with paperbacks left for others to take.

At one point, I squeezed into the kitchen, where Tiravanija was still cooking. To what degree, I asked him, did his work depend on his physical presence? "No degree at all," he said, beaming. "Really not. It doesn't need me." Tiravanija's presence does exert a certain charisma, but it runs on very low wattage. When I inquired, a little later in the afternoon, how he managed to avoid becoming a celebrity, he laughed uproariously and said, "Just don't be one! You have to not want to be one. Probably being Thai helps. I would like to be a bonefish. You know it's in the water, but you don't see it—can't catch it!"

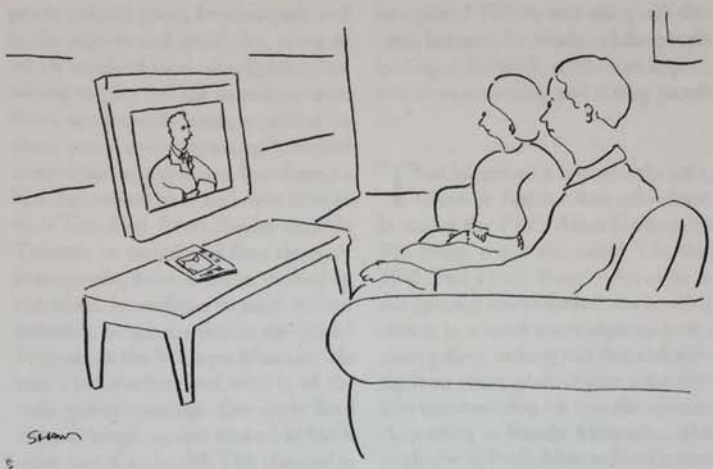
At the opening, the next day, several hundred people milled through the Serpentine and a temporary open-air pavilion that had recently gone up nearby. Men, women, and children were trying out the beds, and both kitchens were a mess. It was too noisy to hear the actors reading the prelude to the radio play. Tiravanija stood by himself outside the museum, against a wall that was catching some rare London sunshine. He held a portable radio to his ear, listening to the plummy tones of a British actor reading one of the parts. "Sounds good," he said. And a moment later, with gentle irony, "Riveting!" He told me what he had said back in New York, that when this retrospective cycle was over he looked forward to "doing less." He and his new wife, Annette Aurell (they got married at City Hall in April), are building a house in Chiang Mai, at the base of the foothills of the Himalayas. They plan to make this their home, and Tiravanija intends to cut down on the number of exhibitions he accepts. He is keeping his New York and Berlin apartments, though, and he's just bought a small property in western New York, near the Pennsylvania line; and he will continue to teach one full semester each year in the art department at Columbia, where he has been on the faculty since 1999, so he will still be spending a lot of his time on airplanes and adding new sections to his passport.

Gavin Brown, his New York dealer, a forty-one-year-old Englishman whose occasionally scathing manners and unkempt black beard remind me of Bluto, Popeye's nemesis, believes that Tiravanija, to whom he is very close, may indeed be starting a new chapter in life. But Brown gets annoyed by the perception of his friend as a gentle, passive soul.

"People say his work is about generosity, about the social sphere in the best utopian sense," he told me at the Serpentine opening. "I think that's a very one-dimensional view. Look at his painting 'Less Oil More Courage'—it's not about being nice, or bringing people together. There's a lot of anger in the work, and a lot of aggression. Reticence, too, of course. I think that speaks to how complicated it is to talk about his art at all. With Rirkrit, where do you stop and the work starts? Sometimes it's all in what you bring to it, and his willingness to let that happen."

Rirkrit—we'll call him that from now on, as everybody does, pronouncing it without the second "r"—was born in 1961 in Buenos Aires, where his father was an official at the Thai Embassy. His mother was, and is, an oral surgeon. The family returned to Bangkok when Rirkrit was three, and he remembers being unhappy there. He was sick a lot—the heat bothered him—and he hated his Thai grade school. Growing up with two busy parents and a younger sister, he felt particularly close to his maternal grandmother, who had been a teacher and a school principal; after being sent to France by the Thai government to study nutrition, she came back and opened, in the back yard of her house—and with the help of her husband, a deputy minister of education, who was also a horticulturist—the first garden restaurant in Bangkok. "I spent a lot of time with her," Rirkrit told me. "I loved to watch her cook."

The Tiravanijas moved to Ethiopia in 1968, when Rirkrit's father was posted to the Embassy in Addis Ababa. The high altitude there made it cool year-round. Rirkrit went to an international school, rode around on donkeys, and learned to speak English. When the fam-



"And, in suburban news, construction of the new, attached four-season solarium at 6870 Evercrest Drive continued amid the silent, seething envy of the neighbors."

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ily returned to Bangkok two years later, he was sent to a Catholic school. Although Rirkrit had been brought up as a Buddhist, Thai Buddhism is "very generous and forgiving," as he puts it, and able to accommodate other beliefs. "The school cut me off from my own culture in a way," he told me, "but what I learned later is that you don't have to look very hard for that, because it's just there." He left home when he was nineteen, to go to Carleton University, in Ottawa. His ambition then was to become a photojournalist, but early in his freshman year, as he sat in an art-history class that he had signed up for quite by chance, two slides projected on a screen changed everything for him. One slide showed Kazimir Malevich's "White on White," an abstract painting of a white square superimposed on a white ground; the second slide showed Duchamp's "Fountain," a porcelain urinal turned upside down and presented as sculpture. Rirkrit, who knew almost nothing about art, was so excited by these images that he "just kind of ran out and went to the first art school I could find," as he told me. "It was a realization that there was something important in art, and something I would like to do. When I saw those slides, I saw how I would like my life to be—that a different reality was possible. I knew I wanted to be an artist, and I knew what kind of artist. I didn't want to be traditional. I wanted to find new ways to think about art."

He transferred to the Ontario College of Art & Design, in Toronto, and spent the next two years absorbing the diverse realities of modernism. Duchamp led him to the writings of the composer John Cage, whose use of chance methods (tossing coins, etc.) to make musical decisions was inspired in some part by Duchamp and by Zen Buddhism. "I started to make things based on chance ideas," Rirkrit said. "They weren't interesting—what was interesting was to talk about the ideas." Conceptual, idea-based art was in full flower, and Rirkrit, with his rapidly improving English, was a good talker. ("I'm not articulate," he says, "but I can talk.") His other big influences in art school were Jean Tinguely, the Swiss master of kinetic sculpture, and Joseph Beuys, the postwar German artist, teacher, and shamanistic proponent of what he called "social sculpture," which included such mesmerizing public actions as his "explaining" art to a dead hare, and spending a week in a gallery with a live coyote. Rirkrit wanted to go beyond Duchamp and Beuys. "One way to deal with what Duchamp did," as he told me, "would be to take the urinal and re-install it back on the wall and piss into it." If the single absolute necessity of modern art was that it had to be useless, in other words, new thinking might require it to become useful.

He was not the first contemporary artist to reach that conclusion, of course; Siah Armajani, Scott Burton, and others of the art-in-public-places school had been designing bridges, gardens, furniture, and other functional art works for years. Closer to home, in 1971 the artist Gordon Matta-Clark started a restaurant called Food in New York's SoHo, staffed it with fellow-artists, and pronounced it a work of sculpture. But Rirkrit's Asian background gave him a somewhat less object-centered view of the old form-versus-function dispute in Western art. In Canada, he found himself thinking a lot about Thailand. "I knew about basketball, baseball, McDonald's, and I had desires for all things Western," he once said, "but when I got to this side I realized I knew nothing about my own culture."

New York was an hour from Toronto by air. Rirkrit came down for a visit during his second year of art school, and he moved to lower Manhattan in 1982. Through a classmate, he found the apartment that he lives in today, a dilapidated fourth-floor walkup on East Seventh Street, which he shared initially with two female friends. It was rent-controlled, at two hundred and ninety-nine dollars a month. "The walls were buckling and falling apart," Rirkrit recalls, "but I never let anyone in to work on the place, for fear I'd get kicked out." Whenever the woman who lived above them washed her floor, the water rained down through the ceiling. One of his roommates went back to Canada, but others kept turning up. For a while, there were twelve of them living there, in three small rooms. "Always people moving in and out," Rirkrit said. "I find it a perfect layout for a shared space."

Shy but savvy, Rirkrit had entrepreneurial talents that might have made him a successful art dealer. His many jobs included driving a truck for an art mover; on weekends, he turned the truck into a mobile art gallery for himself and others. He worked part time for several commercial galleries, helping to install exhibitions. He also managed to get any number of small grants. On his own time, he painted monochrome canvases (small squares coated uniformly with

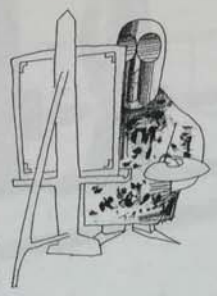
peach-colored paint, for example), and made objects and multiples, most of which involved food—backpacks containing recipes and the utensils to cook them, aprons with sausages printed on them (plus a recipe for sausage), cooked curry dishes in sealed cans. In college, he had discovered that he knew how to cook Thai food. Every Sunday night in Toronto, he would cook for a dozen or more people, most of whom showed up uninvited. In addition to these various activities, he spent a year in the Studio Program at the Whitney Museum. He met a lot of artists, and went to all the right gallery openings. Everybody liked him, although no one seemed to know what sort of art he did. This changed in 1989, when he was invited to be in a group show organized by the neo-expressionist artist Robert Longo, at the Scott Hanson Gallery, in SoHo. His contribution naturally involved food: on four milk-carton pedestals placed at the gallery's entrance Rirkrit prepared and cooked a Thai curry. Visitors could see it and smell it, but that was all; the results just sat there on the pedestals until Rirkrit cooked a new curry, which he did once a week. But something wasn't right, he realized: "There was too much distance between the work and the people looking at the work, so the next step . . . was to start cooking and letting people eat."

That happened a few months later, when he had his first solo show. It was at the Paula Allen Gallery, on Broadway, and it was called "Untitled 1990 (Pad Thai)." People who came to the opening found Rirkrit at a cooking station in a small room adjacent to the main gallery, making pad thai and serving it on plastic plates. Quite a few visitors assumed that he was the caterer. According to Randy Alexander, who worked with Paula Allen and had invited Rirkrit to show there, "Rirkrit's idea was just to leave everything as it was, so the detritus of the opening was the formal work people would see when they came into the space the next day. We had a concern about the olfactory presence of rotting food, but because of the spices he used it never went beyond obnoxious."

Alexander was impressed by Rirkrit. "His gestures, his style, his elegance all became a part of the piece," he remembers. "But at the same time he had this casual, funny, normal side. I never heard a critical word about him from anyone, and in the art world that was pretty unique." Later that year, when Alexander started his own gallery, Rirkrit was the first artist he showed. For this one, "Untitled 1990 (Blind)," Rirkrit offered a voice-activated tape recorder, a pair of binoculars on the windowsill, and a floor strewn with discarded envelopes containing audiocassettes that Rirkrit had recorded; viewers could make use of these items or not. Alexander served Rolling Rock beer at the opening, because he could get it at a discount. "Rirkrit liked the bottles," he remembers. "I stacked them up in their original cartons and we made a piece of it." The effect that Rirkrit and his work have on some people is not easily explicable. Gavin Brown, who came in one day, was working then for Lisa Spellman at the increasingly influential 303 Gallery, but he thought of himself as an artist—he had gone to art school in London. Something about the four cases of stacked green bottles pierced his soul. "It irritated me so much!" he remembers. "Beer bottles in their cardboard cases, all empty, tops off. It wasn't like a found object—there was so much more to it than that. I could feel this in waves, even though there was almost nothing to it. It was an object that seemed to say, 'You don't realize how little everything else matters.' I couldn't get it out of my head." Brown hadn't yet met the artist, so his reaction, we must assume, was purely aesthetic.

It was around this time that Rirkrit met Elizabeth Peyton. She was twenty-five, an aspiring artist with a job as a photo researcher. She had been noticing Rirkrit at galleries and openings—someone she thought of as "that cute Thai guy." Her boyfriend at the time referred to Rirkrit once as "a real ladies' man," but he didn't strike her that way. "I thought he seemed really sweet," she recalls. "Every time I saw him, I'd think, Wow, what a great smile he has." They finally met when he came to her boyfriend's birthday party. A few weeks later, she ran into him at an art opening. Rirkrit's visa was about to expire. "It was a desperate moment, in a way," he told me, "and I had started talking to people about the idea of getting married. Nobody got married then. But somehow I mentioned

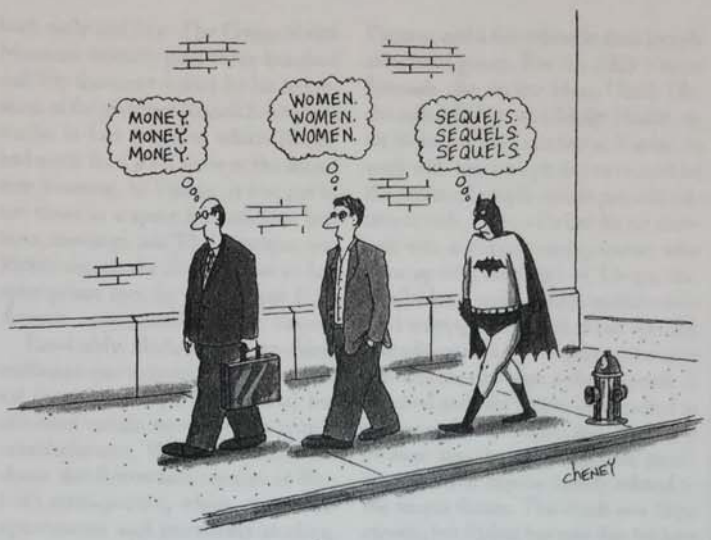
it to Elizabeth. I said, 'I really have to get married, because otherwise I'm going to get kicked out of the country.' And she said, 'I'll marry you.' We got married a few weeks later, and Elizabeth moved into my place. We were together for about three years." The marriage fell apart in the mid-nineties, when Rirkrit began spending more and more time on the international exhibition circuit. At first, Peyton's job kept her from travelling with him. "That was hard for me," she said, "because I was very young, and unsure of myself, and dependent, but it became a good thing, because I had to be more independent, and that's when I started painting a lot. I was excited for Rirkrit, but jealous, too. I felt like, now's my chance, I can't be following around after Rirkrit. It made me sad, because I totally loved him, but I kind of forced myself to end it." Peyton's small, intensely romanticized portraits of friends and famous people, both historical (Napoleon) and contemporary (Kurt Cobain), have made her a successful and admired artist. Like Rirkrit, she shows with Gavin Brown, and she and Rirkrit have remained close, both personally and professionally; they didn't get divorced until last year. Peyton and Tony Just, the painter she lives with now, came to the wedding party after Rirkrit and Annette Aurell got married last April, and a few days later the newlyweds spent the weekend with Peyton and Just at their house on the North Fork of Long Island.



Gavin Brown arranged for Rirkrit to be in a group show at the 303 Gallery in the fall of 1991. The show was called "True to Life." The artist Andrea Zittel had a live chicken running around loose in the gallery. Rirkrit's contribution was a table with two burners, two pots of boiling water, and ten dozen raw eggs. At the opening, a gallerist named Tom Cugliani, instead of boiling an egg, picked one up and smashed it against the wall. Several other people did the same thing. Elizabeth Peyton, who was there, said later that it was sort of frightening, a look into the dark side of the freedom that Rirkrit's work embodied. "It was the first time I saw that hardness in his work," she wrote later, in a catalogue note, "and I thought, 'Wow, Rirkrit's going to go all the way.' " But did Rirkrit foresee that people would throw eggs? "I didn't anticipate it," he said, "but I wasn't surprised." According to Peyton, he certainly wasn't dismayed. "I think he almost expected it," Peyton told me. "Rirkrit is not aggressive, he's very gentle, but at the same time he's quite fierce. His attitude of not saying no to anything was clearly going to include a larger chunk of the world." Rirkrit joined the 303 Gallery soon afterward (Randy Alexander was closing his), and for his first solo show there he had all the office equipment moved out to the main gallery—desks, file cabinets, furniture, window blinds—and turned the office space into a kitchen where red and green curries were cooked and served by the gallery staff. Rirkrit cooked for the opening, although not afterward.

Offers to show his work started to come in after that, many of them from Europe. At the Venice Biennale in 1993, Rirkrit was placed next to Damien Hirst in the "Aperto" ("Open") section; his piece, called "Untitled 1993 (twelve seventy-one)," was an aluminum canoe equipped with two pots of boiling water and two stacks of Cup o' Noodles, in honor of Marco Polo's voyage from Venice to China in 1271 and his mythical introduction of the noodle to Italian cuisine. Somewhat to Rirkrit's surprise, the piece was bought not long afterward by a Cincinnati collector named Andy Stillpass. ("There was something about Rirkrit that I'd love to have in my life," Stillpass told me.) His work was getting some positive reviews. "Rirkrit Tiravanija's affecting fusion of process and performance art is as messy as it is pure," Roberta Smith wrote in the *Times*. "What Mr. Tiravanija really rearranges are expectations. . . . He imbues the role of the artist with an almost religious humbleness while remaining very much in control." Some of his cooking utensils from the early shows were starting to sell. I wondered how Rirkrit felt about that: if the work was supposed to be about social interaction, what did an unwashed wok that he'd bought and used once have to do with it? "I didn't think it through at first," he told me, "but then I realized, yeah, there was a problem. What I do now is ask people to use what they buy. Cook a meal, invite people to eat with you, have your own experience. The value and the meaning are in the use." Eileen Cohen, a collector who began buying Rirkrit's work very early, gave a party in her apartment last spring to "reanimate" a cooking piece of Rirkrit's that she had just acquired. Three handsome stainless-steel pots stood on pedestals, over propane stoves, cooking three different kinds of dumpling—mild vegetarian, not-so-mild veal, and highly spiced beef. I also saw a wok from one of Rirkrit's first pieces, crusted with ten-year-old shrimp curry, displayed on a shelf in Cohen's library, next to a Hopi ceramic pot.

Gavin Brown, by this time, had abandoned his ambitions to be an artist and decided to make his living as a dealer. Brown built his gallery, Gavin Brown's Enterprise, around Rirkrit. "It was as though I understood what he was saying, and I was the only person who could hear it," Brown said. Rirkrit, who avoids confrontation, wasn't able to tell Lisa Spellman that he was defecting from 303; Brown finally had to do so. (Spellman seems not to have forgiven him; she declined to be interviewed on the subject.) Rirkrit and Brown were like brothers, with diametrically opposite and somewhat competitive personalities. Abrasive to the point of rudeness at times, Brown took issue with what he saw as a masochistic streak in Rirkrit's passivity. "I see so many things in the work that maybe he doesn't," Brown told me. "In one sense, the whole thing is just a crashing, fucking bore, all excruciatingly embarrassing. I've seen that, too, and acted to change it." When Rirkrit remade, for the 1995 Whitney Biennial, a piece he had done earlier at Brown's gallery, which at the time was on Broome Street, with electric guitars and a set of drums for anyone to play, Brown couldn't resist taking it over at the opening. "I had some friends who were musicians," Brown said, "and I thought the opening was a time to kind of blow this thing up, so I kicked Rirkrit's friends off the guitars. If you're going to have amplified music in a museum, you've got to be as aggressive as possible, and this turned into the most extraordinary situation. There was no beginning and no end to



the music. I can remember Patti Smith standing against a wall and just screaming. But Rirkrit was pissed off at me for a few days."

David Ross, the Whitney's director at the time, remembers this piece as "one of the highlights of my time at the Whitney, an enormously successful work of art." During the run of the Biennial, he said, several different bands of young, unknown musicians would meet there by arrangement to practice or to play. "It was as selfless as Rirkrit's pieces can be," Ross said, "and at the same time for me it was a real signature work, in the grand tradition that Rirkrit embodies, of art as a servant, an inciting servant and teacher, who provides something very simple and basic."

Rirkrit's career as a teacher had started in 1996, when he was asked to be a visiting artist at Columbia University's School of the Arts. His free-form teaching methods, which usually included treating his students to lunch at a local Thai restaurant, proved to be so effective that he was made an adjunct professor and then, four years ago, an Associate Professor of Professional Practice, a newly created category at Columbia, which amounts to virtually the same thing as tenure. From 1996 on, he also began spending more time in Thailand. He built a new house for his parents, who weren't quite sure what he did. "I think his parents knew he was an artist," Elizabeth Peyton, who went there with him soon after they were married, told me, "but they didn't really understand what that meant. They didn't understand why he lived in New York and not with them."

Peyton says that his going to Thailand also had to do with a feeling that he was misunderstood in New York. "When he was doing the cooking pieces," she said, "people would call up and say, 'I'm having an opening, would you like to be part of the show and cook?' He was really angry over that, really upset. The other thing was that not many people were buying his work." Rirkrit found a Thai mentor, an older artist named Montien Boonma, who was a link between the established school of European-trained, Western-oriented Thai artists and a younger generation that was trying to find its own way. "I was kind of an outsider in Thailand then," Rirkrit remembers. "People didn't believe I was really Thai, and Montien was the one who pulled me back in." He met a number of young Thai artists, and started a visual magazine called *oVER*. In 1998, he and an artist named Kamin Lerdchaiprasert bought a plot of land outside the village of Sanpatong, near Chiang Mai, with the idea of establishing a self-sustaining collective enterprise where artists and local villagers could live and work, growing rice and generating their own electric power and gas for cooking by innovative, environmentally friendly means. "The Land," as they called it, was also to be "an open space to cultivate ideas of social engagement."

When Rirkrit re-created his apartment for the first time, at the Kunstverein, in Cologne, in 1995, he called it "Tomorrow Is Another Day," because that was something Udo Kittleman, the museum's director then, was in the habit of saying. When he did it in New York, at Gavin Brown's Enterprise, in the summer of 1999, it was called "Tomorrow can shut up and go away." That was Brown's contribution, and it reflected the grittier ambience of the New York piece. They couldn't fit the whole apartment into the gallery, so the rooms were smaller and more crowded. And since Gavin Brown's was a gallery, rather than a museum, and Brown had recently opened a bar next door, and the show ran twenty-four hours a day for three weeks, the level of behavior showed fewer constraints. "I met someone who claimed to have had sex there, and another person who said he had group sex there," Jerry Saltz reported in the *Village Voice*. A gay men's magazine did a porno shoot in the space. Fisherspooner, a then unknown art-rock performance group, used it for their first, defining (and deafening) public performance. One or two homeless people moved in. A lot of visitors drew on the walls—some of them well-known artists, like Ashley Bickerton and Ronald Jones. Erik Parker, a young painter who knew Elizabeth Peyton, was recruited to paint a mural on one wall and to keep his eye on the place at night, but his surveillance was less than stringent. He and his future wife conducted their courtship in the bedroom. "There was all this kind of drunkenness and debauchery after 2 A.M.," Parker said. "It was really hot—no air-conditioning. Some guy mouthed off at Chris Ofili one night, and I sprayed him with a fire extinguisher." But nothing really bad happened, amazingly enough. Nobody got hurt, or overdosed on drugs, or raped a nun. "We were lucky," Brown concedes. "The art world is very polite."

A private foundation in Liverpool bought the whole apartment installation from the gallery that year, for an undisclosed amount. These days, Brown is selling more and more of Rirkrit's work,

both early and late. The Guggenheim Museum recently paid three hundred and fifty thousand dollars for his re-creation of the architect Rudolf Schindler's studio in Los Angeles, which Rirkrit had made for a 2002 show at the Secession museum, in Vienna; it was put to use there as a space for concerts, lectures, meetings, and Thai massages, and Rirkrit expects the Guggenheim to find appropriate uses for it on upper Fifth Avenue—psychiatric sessions, maybe.

Inevitably, Rirkrit's laissez-faire, audience-participation approach to art (not to mention his success) has offended certain sectors of the critical establishment. Writing in *Artforum* about the Rotterdam version of Rirkrit's retrospective, where, instead of apartments and broadcast studios, there were only empty galleries and disembodied voices reading from a script over loudspeakers, the critic Sven Lütticken scoffed at an art that "led ever so easily to self-satisfied, self-congratulatory art-world jubilations." In a longer essay in a 2004 issue of *October*, the sacred fount of formalist artspeak, Claire Bishop criticized Rirkrit's lack of political commitment. "Despite Tiravanija's rhetoric of open-endedness and viewer emancipation," she wrote, "the structure of his work circumscribes the outcome in advance, and . . . reduces its scope to the pleasures of a private group who identify with one another as gallery-goers." Rirkrit's colleagues naturally feel that Bishop missed the point of this new kind of work. "If Claire had her way," the artist Liam Gillick said recently, "we'd all know who was good and bad, and nothing would change. Rirkrit comes from a position that the world is changing. A lot of the work he's done—and that others have done—doesn't try to tell you what you already know."

While Rirkrit's work doesn't usually deal directly with political issues, there is a sense in which all of it can be considered political. He is an artist who is constantly changing the rules of the game, and challenging institutions to open up and do things they have never done before. There is also that strain of utopianism in Rirkrit's thinking—playful utopianism, let's say—and in the thinking of Gillick, Pierre Huyghe, Philippe Parreno, and a few others in their loosely associated group. For the 2003 Venice Biennale, the curator Hans-Ulrich Obrist asked Rirkrit and Molly Nesbit, an art historian who teaches at Vassar, to work with him on a project to reconsider the notion of utopia and its possible relevance today. It was Rirkrit (in his alternate role as curator/entrepreneur) who came up with the design of "Utopia Station," a long, walled platform like a railroad waiting room, with doors opening into adjacent exhibition spaces; it became one of the main events at the Biennale. A hundred and fifty artists were invited to do posters for the exhibit, and about forty of them also showed sculptures, paintings, or other objects loosely related to the utopia theme. The result was fairly chaotic, but Rirkrit has said that his idea of utopia is being able to exist in chaos. What Rirkrit deeply mistrusts is the kind of homogenized thinking that he sees in the drive toward globalization in the world today. "I think globalization is the Western world trying to deal with how the rest of the world is catching up to it," he said. "The term is used to give the impression that we are open, when in fact we're just as closed as before, and we're still trying to control how everything works, how everything is made." All the previous dreams of utopia—especially Western ones—have failed, he believes, because they did not give sufficient weight to human differences.

What about art, then? Can art do anything to change society? "Well, I kind of believe it," he said, laughing. "That's one of the reasons art is interesting. I wouldn't say it can change the world, but it can slowly change some minds, or bring people to some thoughts." The other day, I reminded Rirkrit of Duchamp's definition of art, the only one he had ever found to be valid: "Anything that is made by man." Rirkrit laughed, and said that at this point he didn't have a working definition of art. "Maybe at the end of my life I'll say the same as Duchamp," he said. "It's very hard to define now, but I think very much about how I can . . . continue. With me, it is always about a structure for people to use. I don't want to tell people how to use it. But I think there must be something in art that gets you to that point of there being a different reality, of having another kind of experience." ♦

SHALL WE DANCE?

(Rirkrit Tiravanija Profile)

by

Calvin Tomkins

For a long time now, artists have wanted us to do more of their work. The need to change passive appreciators into active partners in the creative process goes back at least as far as the late nineteenth century, when Mallarme and the French Symbolists made poetic language a mystifying gambit for bemused readers, but more recently the demand for heavy lifting by the non-art sector has come mainly from visual artists. Minimalism, conceptual art, and a host of other trends have validated Marcel Duchamp's prophetic 1957 statement that the artist performs only one part of the creative act, and does so without really understanding what he (or she) is doing; in order to complete the process, Duchamp said, the spectator must step in to decipher, interpret, and "determine the weight of the work on the esthetic scale." Spectators tend to malinger, of course, and to long for the days when the simple act of looking at art was supposed to give pleasure, but this hasn't discouraged the art-instigators one whit. Ankle-deep in the twenty-first century, we are beset on all sides by strange, hybrid art forms that insist we meet them half-way, or better.

Rirkrit Tiravanija, a Thai artist whose presence on the international art circuit has quietly become indelible during the last decade, brings to the collaborative embrace

between artist and spectator several unique and rather endearing elements. For a 1991 group show of Asian artists in New York, he installed a phonograph and a recording of the song "Shall We Dance," from "Anna and the King of Siam." Anyone who cared to could dance with the artist, who has long, silky black hair and a friendly manner, and who remained cheerfully on duty much of the time during the show's run. Several of Tiravanija's pieces in the 1990s had him cooking Thai curries and other specialties for gallery-goers, and his contribution to a group show called "Sleepless Nights," at the PS 1 art center in Queens, in 1993, was four beds for weary viewers. Three years later, at the Kunstverein in Cologne, Germany he constructed a replica of his own three-room flat on Manhattan's Lower East Side -- an installation where, for three weeks, surprised but adaptive museum visitors could, and did, cook meals in the kitchen, use the bathroom facilities (including the tub), and hang out, nap, or make love in the bedroom.

Tiravanija's art has to do mainly with social experiences and interactions, not paintings or sculptures. "I make things that people can use," he told me last spring. "My starting point was looking at the things in museums, like Thai artifacts, which were generally buddhas or old potteries, and thinking, well, everybody understands that there's a culture there, that these are beautiful objects, but you don't really see the people around this. You just see the craft or whatever, but no life. I was trying to bring back the life, to re-animate it in some way. And I thought one way to do that was to bring people into the picture, and have them participate by using the objects."

Like many artists of his generation, Tiravanija, who is forty-four, has a global practice. Besides his apartment here, he keeps a modest flat in Berlin and one in Bangkok, but he spends relatively little time in any of these places because he is usually

taking part in an exhibition somewhere else. The proliferation of these international art shows -- biennials, triennials, art fairs, and festivals in cities large and small, from Venice and Sao Paolo to Johannisberg and Fukuoaka -- has brought into prominence a new breed of nomadic, post-studio artists who travel from place to place, making and installing their own pieces on the spot, often with funds provided by the exhibition's organizers. Most of the artists know each other, and sometimes collaborate on joint projects. Festival art, as the critic Peter Schjeldahl calls it, went into high gear in the 1990s; it has produced some interesting work and an amazing amount of forgettable rubbish, but probably no more of it than the gallery system churns out in its own, time-honored way, and the cities involved profit from the somewhat inexplicable appeal of advanced art to the touring masses. No artist has been more active on the global art circuit than Tiravanija, and the last two years have brought him what he appears to find almost too much recognition. As the winner of the 2004 Hugo Boss Prize, a biennial award for significant achievement in contemporary art, he had show last fall at the Guggenheim Museum in New York, in one of whose upper-level galleries he built a low-power television station "to demonstrate how individuals can be active contributors to their own media culture, rather than mere consumers of it." (The station broadcast a 1960s French-made antiwar film called "Punishment Park," which was once banned in the U.S.) Simultaneously, a series of Tiravanija retrospectives has been making successive appearances in Chiang Mai (Thailand), Rotterdam, Paris, and London; in each place the exhibition took a different form, as if to emphasize the difficulties of mounting a retrospective of an artist who doesn't make art objects. I went over to see the fourth and final version in London, where it opened on July 4th at the Serpentine Gallery.

The Serpentine is a pleasant, small museum located in Kensington Park. The British art crowd turns out for its lively exhibitions of contemporary work, but the place also draws quite a few park strollers who have no idea what they're going to see; Rochelle Steiner, its American-born curator, says this makes it especially well suited to Rirkrit's work, which, as she put it, "is fundamentally about bringing people together." Steiner showed me through the exhibition two days before the opening. (Tiravanija, who had been up very late the night before at the Serpentine's annual garden benefit, was not around.) In the front room, the sole object was a 4,000-piece jigsaw puzzle on a mirror-topped table, and some wooden stools for visitors to sit on while they worked at putting it together. Fully assembled, she said, the puzzle showed Marcel Broodthaers, the Belgian conceptual artist, standing in nearby Hyde Park and holding up a sign reading "Visit the Tate." To the right, in a glass vitrine, was a replica of Rirkrit's Thai passport, a remarkable document whose accordian-pleated additions stretched off from the matrix at odd angles; to the left, another small room housed a single (and surprisingly topical) painting by Rirkrit on one wall, with white letters on a black ground spelling out the words "LESS OIL MORE COURAGE."

The main part of the exhibition was in three larger rooms in back. Two of them had been made into more or less exact, plywood replicas of Rirkrit's walkup apartment in New York, positioned as mirror images of each other. Like the one he had done in Cologne, each apartment had a fully stocked kitchen, a tiny bedroom with a mattress on the floor, and a slightly larger living room with a sofa, two chairs, and a large-screen TV. Steiner said that the guests at the summer party the night before had had a fine time in the two apartments, and that a young women in filmy summer silks had taken a

recuperative, two-hour nap in one of the bedrooms. The gallery space in between the two apartments was fitted out as a radio broadcasting studio, with electronic components, turntables, and other professional-looking paraphernalia. "The centerpiece of this show is a radio play," Steiner explained. "We've made an arrangement with Resonance, an experimental FM station whose frequency covers greater London, and the play will be broadcast from here every day, in fifteen minute segments." The play, from a script mapped out by Rirkrit and written by two associates, was a mixture of science fiction and biography. Two time-travelers from the future project themselves back to New York in the late 1980s in search of "the artist" (i.e., Tiravanija), who has been blamed, posthumously, by the repressive, totalitarian government in power, for inadvertently causing a nuclear catastrophe that poisoned the environment. The travelers visit seven of the artist's exhibitions, and their descriptions and comments -- audible to Serpentine visitors live, in the "studio," or over small radio receivers scattered throughout the galleries -- enable visitors to form their own understanding of the high points in the artist's career, while experiencing communal interactions in his re-created habitat.

I didn't get an overwhelming sense that this was going to work, but when I met Tiravanija later in the day, at an art opening in the east end, he didn't seem even minimally concerned about it. He and his new wife, Annette (they got married at City Hall in April), and Gavin Brown, his New York dealer and close friend, and several artist friends of theirs were just leaving to go to a party. "Usually when I'm having an exhibition, I'm always doing something," he told me, "but this time I don't really have to do anything. It's all done." This reminded me of something Rochelle Steiner had said, that "with Rirkrit, whatever happens -- that's how it was meant to be. Things shift, and

develop over time, and unfold in response to other things, and that's the beauty of the work." There was going to be a small private opening of his show the next day, and Tiravanija had agreed to cook lunch for everybody, in one of his two kitchens at the Serpentine.

That's where I found him at noon on Friday, slicing chicken and ginger root and dropping the pieces into a pot of boiling liquid with lemongrass. He wore what he always wears, Swedish worker's pants with copious pockets, a lightweight jacket, sneakers, and rose-colored (yes!) prescription sunglasses. Tiravanija's three New York assistants, Liz, Francesca, and Tony, were helping him in the kitchen. David Gordon, Pierre Huyge, and two or three other artists, some of whom he has collaborated with in the past, hung out in the kitchen, drinking beers and talking about the Live 8 rock concert that had drawn 200,000 people into Hyde Park that day. I joined a group in the living room to watch the Wimbledon semi-final between Federer and Roddick. Tiravanija, who seemed entirely relaxed, was cordial to everybody. At one point, I asked him to what degree his actual presence was necessary to his work. "No degree at all," he said. "Really not. It doesn't need me at all. But in general people want me to be there. I think they feel more secure." ("He's always saying he wants to disappear from the work entirely," his assistant Liz Linden had told me. "I don't think he'll ever succeed in that.") The undeniable charisma that his presence exerts runs on very low wattage. When I asked him how he managed to avoid becoming a celebrity, he laughed uproariously and said, "Just don't be one! You have to not want to be one. Probably being Thai helps. I would like to be a bonefish -- you know it's in the water, but you don't see it -- can't catch it!" (Tiravanija, who loves to fish, had done some bonefishing on his recent honeymoon in Eleuthera.)

At the press opening on July 4th, several hundred people milled through the Serpentine and overflowed a temporary open-air pavilion that had been designed by the Portuguese architects Alvaro Siza and Eduardo Souto de Moura. Volunteers were being asked to come into the broadcasting studio to talk about time travel. Men, women, and children were using the beds, and both kitchens were a mess. It was too noisy to hear the actors read the prelude to the radio play. Tiravanija stood by himself outside, against a wall that was catching some rare London sunshine. Three military jets streaked overhead, trailing streamers of red and blue smoke -- they had nothing to do with the show, but Tiravanija acted as if they did. He held a portable radio to his ear, listening to the plummy tones of the British actor reading one of the parts. "Sounds good," he said, grinning broadly. And a moment later, with gentle irony, "Riveting!" He reiterated what he had told me earlier, back in New York, that when this retrospective cycle was over he looked forward to "doing less." He and Annette, who is half-American and half-Japanese, and who has two young children from her previous marriage, are building a house in Thailand, in the foothills of the Himalayas near the provincial city of Chiang Mai, and Tiravanija plans to cut down on the number of exhibitions he accepts so that they can spend more time there. He is keeping his New York and Berlin apartments, though, and he will continue to teach one full semester each year in the art department at Columbia University, where he has been on the faculty since 1996, so he will still be spending a lot of his time on airplanes and adding new sections to his passport.

Gavin Brown, his New York dealer, a Brit whose scathing manner and scraggly black beard remind me a little of Bluto, Popeye's nemesis, believes that Tiravanija may indeed to starting a new chapter in life. But Brown gets annoyed by the misperception of

his friend as a gentle, passive soul who may now be returning to his Thai roots. "People say his work is about generosity, about the social sphere in the best utopian sense," he told me at the Serpentine opening. "I think that's a very one-dimensional view. There's a lot of anger in the work, and a lot of aggression. Reticence, too, of course. I think that speaks to how complicated it is to talk about art at all. With Rirkrit, where do you stop and the work starts? Sometimes it's really in what you bring to it, and his willingness to let that happen."

Rirkrit -- we'll call him that from now on, as everybody does, pronouncing it without the second "r" -- was born in 1961 in Buenos Aires, where his father served as consul general for Thailand. His mother was, and is, an oral surgeon. The family returned to Bangkok when Rirkrit was three, and he remembers being very unhappy there. He was sick a lot -- the heat bothered him -- and he hated his Thai grade school. The route from his home to the school passed by a fenced-in victory monument with a locked gate, and as often as not, Rirkrit he would throw his shoes out the car window and over the fence so that the family's driver would have to take him home. Growing up with two busy parents and a younger sister, he felt particularly close to his maternal grandmother, a remarkable woman who had been a teacher and a school principal, and who, after being sent to France by the Thai government to study nutrition, came back and opened, in the back yard of her house and with the help of her horticulturalist husband, the first garden restaurant in Bangkok. "I spent a lot of time with her," Rirkrit told me, "because my father was often traveling outside the country, and my mother was head of the dental

department in the hospital. My grandmother was a very generous person who never said anything bad about anyone. I loved to watch her cook."

The Tiravanijas moved to Ethiopia in 19??, when Rirkrit's father was posted to the embassy in Addis Ababa. The high altitude there made it cool year round. Rirkrit went to an international school, rode around on donkeys, and started to enjoy life. When the family returned to Bangkok two years later, he was sent to a Catholic school. "It cut me off from my own culture in a way," he says, "but what I learned later is that you don't have to look very hard for that, because it's just there. The Thai people are very open, and very adaptable, while still being Thai." He left home when he was nineteen, to go to Carleton College in Ottawa. His ambition then was to become a photo-journalist, but early in his freshman year, sitting in an art history class that he had signed up for quite by chance, two slides projected on a screen changed everything for him. One slide showed Kasimir Malevich's absolutist abstract painting, "White on White;" the other was of Duchamp's "Fountain," a porcelain urinal turned upside down and presented as sculpture. Rirkrit, who knew nothing about art at the time, was so excited by these images that he "just kind of ran out and went to the first art school I could find," as he put it to me. The motivation here is somewhat unclear. ("I'm not that articulate," he once said, "but I can talk.") With the Malevich, he sensed "a kind of spirituality, but also a social body in the work. And in Duchamp, also." More to the point, "It was a realization that there was something important in art, and something I would like to do. When I saw those slides, I saw how I would like my life to be -- that a different reality was possible. I knew I wanted to be an artist, and I knew what kind of artist. I didn't want to be traditional. I wanted to find new ways to think about art."

He transferred to the Ontario College of Art in Toronto, and spent the next two years absorbing the diverse realities of modernism. Duchamp led him to the writings of John Cage, the experimental composer, whose interest in chance methods of composition was inspired in some part by Duchamp and by Zen Buddhism. "I started to make things based on chance ideas," he said. "They weren't interesting -- what was interesting was to talk about the ideas." His other big influences in art school were Jean Tinguely, the Swiss master of kinetic sculpture; Yves Klein, ringleader of the French "nouveaux realistes" in the nineteen sixties; and Joseph Beuys, the postwar German artist, teacher, and shamanistic proponent of what he called "social sculpture," which included such mesmerizing public actions as his "explaining" art to a dead hare, and spending a week in a cage with a live coyote. (The latter performance, which took place at the Rene Block Gallery in New York in 1974, was entitled "I Love America and America Loves Me.") Rirkrit wanted to go beyond Duchamp and Beuys. "One way to deal with what Duchamp did," as he told me, "would be to take the urinal and re-install it on the wall and piss into it." If the single absolute necessity of modern art was that it had to be useless, in other words, new thinking might require it to become useful. He was not the first contemporary artist to reach that conclusion, of course; Siah Armajani, Scott Burton, and others of the art-in-public-places school had been designing bridges, gardens, furniture, and other functional art works for decades, and the barriers between art and design were crumbling every day. But Rirkrit's Asian background gave him a somewhat less object-centered view of the old form-versus-function dispute in western art. In Canada, he found himself thinking a lot about Thailand. "I knew about basketball, baseball, McDonald's, and I had desires for all things western," he once told an interviewer, "but when I got to this side I

realized I knew nothing about my own culture." Through John Cage, in a way, his Buddhist inheritance reasserted itself.

New York was an hour from Toronto by air. Rirkrit came down for a visit during his second year of art school, and he moved here right after he graduated in 1982. Through a classmate, he found the apartment he still lives in today, a dilapidated fourth-floor walkup on east 7th Street, which he shared initially with two female friends. It was rent-controlled, at $299 a month. "The walls were buckling and falling apart," Rirkrit recalls, "but I never let anyone in to work on the place, for fear I'd get kicked out." Whenever the woman who lived above them washed her floor, the water rained down through the ceiling. One of his roommates went back to Canada, but others kept turning up. For a while there were twelve of them living there, in three small rooms. Rirkrit had many jobs. He worked for Fred Worden, an experimental film-maker who had an art-moving business; Worden hired young artists to drive his truck. They could work as many hours as they liked, on a schedule they figured out themselves. In off-hours, Rirkrit turned the truck into a mobile art gallery for himself and others. "You could park it anywhere because it had commercial plates," he said. "Just park, open the back, and let people climb in and see the show." He also worked part-time for several commercial galleries, helping to install exhibitions. On his own time, he painted and made small objects and multiples, most of which involved food -- backpacks containing recipes and the utensils to cook them, aprons with sausages printed on them (plus a recipe for sausage), cooked curry dishes in sealed cans. In college, he had discovered that he knew how to cook Thai food, from watching his grandmother as a child. Every Sunday night in Toronto he used to cook for a dozen or more people, who showed up uninvited -- it was

just like his grandmother's house in Thailand, where "everybody is your family." He did his art work at home, because he couldn't afford to rent a studio; eventually he found he didn't need one. "In New York twenty years ago, you didn't need much," he said. "You could have a dinner in Chinatown for three dollars." The people who bought his multiples all seemed to understand that they were supposed to use them.

In addition to these various activities, he was going to graduate school at the Art Institute of Chicago, commuting by air but living in New York, and in 1987 he spent a year in the Studio Program at the Whitney Museum. Shy but gregarious, he met a lot of artists, and showed up at all the right gallery openings. Everyone liked him, although no one seemed to know what sort of art he did. This changed in 1989, when he was invited to be in a group show organized by the artist Robert Longo, for whom Rirkrit worked as a studio assistant, at the Scott Hanson Gallery in SoHo. His contribution naturally involved food: on four pedestals placed at the gallery's entrance, Rirkrit prepared and cooked a hot Thai curry. Visitors could see it and smell it but that was all; the results just sat there on the pedestals until Rirkrit cooked a new one, which he did once a week. But something wasn't right, he realized. As he said later, "There was too much distance between the work and the people looking at the work, so the next step…was to start cooking and letting people eat."

That happened a few months later, when he had his first solo show. It was at the Paula Allen Gallery on Broadway, and it was called "Untitled 1990 (Pad Thai)." People who came to the opening found Rirkrit at a makeshift cooking station, in a small room adjacent to the main gallery, making a popular Thai noodle dish called pad thai and serving it to them on plastic plates. Quite a few visitors assumed he was the caterer,

hired to provide hors d'oeuvres for the show in the larger room next door. "That was nice," Rirkrit said. According to Randy Alexander, who worked with Paula Allen and who had invited Rirkrit to show there, "Rirkrit's idea was just to leave everything as it was, so the detritus of the opening was the formal work one would see when they came into the space the next day. We had a concern about the olfactory presence of rotting food, but because of the spices he used it never went beyond obnoxious."

Randy Alexander was very impressed by Rirkrit. "His gestures, his style, his elegance all became a part of the piece," he remembers. "But at the same time he had this casual, funny, normal side. I never heard a critical word about him from anyone, and in the art world that was pretty unique." Later that year, when Alexander started his own gallery, Rirkrit was the first artist he showed. The show, called "Untitled 1990 (Blind)," offered a voice-activated tape recorder, a pair of binoculars on the windowsill, and a floor strewn with discarded envelopes; viewers could use them or not use them, without any promptings from the artist. Alexander served Rolling Rock beer at the opening, because he could get it cheaply. "Rirkrit liked the bottles," he remembers. "He stacked them up in their original cartons and made a piece of it." Gavin Brown came in one day and went nuts over the bottle piece. Brown was working for Lisa Spelman at 303 Gallery then, but he thought of himself as an artist -- he had gone to art school in London with Chris Ofili and Peter Doig -- and something about the four cases of stacked green bottles pierced his soul. "It irritated me so much!" he remembers. "Beer bottles in their cardboard cases, all empty, tops off. It wasn't like a found object, there was so much more to it than that. I could feel this in waves, even though there was almost nothing to it. It was an object that

seemed to say, you don't realize how little everything else matters. I couldn't get it out of my head."

The effect that Rirkrit and his work have on certain people is not always explicable. Elizabeth Peyton, a young artist who is now quite celebrated, was going with another man when she met Rirkrit. She had seen him around, at galleries and openings, someone she thought of vaguely as "the cute Thai guy." They met when he came to her boy friend's birthday party. A few weeks later she ran into him on the street. Rirkrit was having problems with the immigration authorities, because his visa had expired. "It was a desperate moment in a way," he told me, "and I had started talking to people about the idea of getting married. Nobody got married then. But somehow I mentioned it to Elizabeth. I said, 'I really have to get married, because otherwise I'm going to get kicked out of the country.' And she said, 'I'll marry you.' We got married a few weeks later, and Elizabeth moved into my place. The marriage first, and then the relationship. We were together for about three years, although we didn't get divorced until last September. We're still very close. It was a good marriage, for me."

Gavin Brown arranged for Rirkrit to be in a group show at the highly-regarded 303 Gallery in the fall of 1991. The show was called "True to Life." The artist Andrea Zittel had live chickens running around loose in the gallery. Rirkrit's contribution was a table with two stoves, two pots of boiling water, and two dozen raw eggs. At the opening, instead of boiling an egg, an artist named Tom Cugliardi picked one up and smashed it against the wall. Several other people did the same thing. Elizabeth Peyton, who was there, said later that it was sort of frightening, a look into the dark side of the freedom that Rirkrit's work embodied. "It was the first time I saw that hardness in his work," as

she wrote later, "and I thought wow Rirkrit's going to go all the way." But did Rirkrit foresee that people would throw eggs? "I think he almost expected it," Peyton told me. "Rirkrit is not aggressive, he's very gentle, but at the same time he's quite fierce." The next year, for his solo show at 303 Gallery, Rirkrit had all the office equipment moved out to the main gallery -- desks, file cabinets, furniture, window blinds -- and turned the office space into a kitchen where red and green curries were cooked and served by the gallery staff -- Rirkrit cooked for the opening, but not afterward. A lot of people came to the show, and adjusted quite enthusiastically to the experience of communal nourishment in a commercial art space.

Offers to show his work poured in after that, many of them from Europe. At the Venice Biennale in 1993, Rirkrit was placed next to Damien Hirst in the "Aperto" ('Open") section; his piece, called "Untitled 1993 (twelve seventy-one)," was an aluminum canoe, equipped with two pots of noodles boiling on gas stoves, in honor of Marco Polo's voyage from Venice to China in 1271 and his subsequent introduction of the noodle to Italian cuisine. Somewhat to Rirkrit's surprise, the piece was bought not long afterward by a Chicago collector named Andy Stillpass. ("There something about Rirkrit that I'd love to have in my life," Stillpass once told me.) Some earlier artifacts were also starting to sell, electric woks with the remains of a dried-up curry still in them, and other relics from the cooking shows. I wondered how Rirkrit felt about this -- if the work was supposed to be about social interaction, what did an unwashed cooking pot have to do with that? "I didn't think it through at first," he told me, "but then I realized, yeah, there was a problem. What I do now is ask people to use what they buy. Cook a

meal, invite people to eat with you, have your own experience with it. The value and the meaning is in the use."

Gavin Brown believed in Rirkrit so completely that he left 303 and started his own gallery because of him. "It was as though I understood what he was saying, and I was the only person who could hear it," he said. Rirkrit, who avoids confrontations, wasn't able to tell Lisa Spelman that he was defecting; Gavin finally had to do so. The two of them were like brothers, intensely involved and somewhat competitive. When Rirkrit re-made, for the 1995 Whitney Biennial, a work he had done earlier at Brown's first gallery on Broome Street, Brown felt so proprietary that he took it over at the opening. The piece involved several electric guitars and a set of drums, mounted on a platform for anyone to play. "I had some friends who were musicians," Brown said, "and I thought the opening was a time to kind of blow this thing up, so I kicked Rirkrit's friends off the guitars. If you're going to have amplified music in a museum you've got to be as aggressive as possible, and this turned into the most extraordinary situation. There was no beginning and no end to the music. I can remember Patti Smith standing against a wall and just screaming. But Rirkrit was pissed off at me for a while." David Ross, the Whitney's director then, remembers this piece as "one of the highlights of my time at the Whitney, an enormously successful work of art." During the run of the Biennial, he said, several different bands of young, unknown musicians would meet there by arrangement to practice or play. "It was as selfless as Rirkrit's pieces can be," Ross said, "and at the same time for me it was a real signature work, in the grand tradition that Rirkrit embodies of art as a servant, an inciting servant and teacher, who provides something very simple and basic."

Around this time, Rirkrit's focus was shifting from food to architecture. He re-created his apartment for the first time in 1996, in at the Kunstverein in Cologne. He was nearing the end of a six-month residency there, awarded to him by a German health insurance firm, and he had accumulated furniture and kitchen utensils and a TV that he had to get rid of anyway, so he moved it all into the work of art. The show was a huge hit. People cooked meals, listened to music, talked and drank, slept in the bed -- all the things one never expects to do in a museum. German students used it as a crash pad, and a child had his birthday party there, but there was no vandalism. Rirkrit had ten other solo exhibitions in 1996, in Milan, Bangkok, Dijon, Montpellier, Hamburg, Chicago, Tokyo, Amsterdam, and other places; his work also appeared in twenty-five group shows. The next year, asked to be in one of the highly prestigious Project shows at the Museum of Modern Art, Rirkrit got the museum to build a half-scale version of Philip Johnson's 1949 glass house in the garden, as a classroom for schoolchildren. "Hundreds and hundreds of kids used it," according to Laura Hoptman, the MoMA curator behind the operation. "Fifteen or twenty artists came in to teach, including Rirkrit, and the kids made drawings and stuck them to the walls, so that by the end of four months the whole interior was covered."

Rirkrit started teaching at Columbia in 1996, as a visiting artist. According to Bruce Ferguson, the dean of the graduate School of the Arts there, "Both John Kessler" - the chairman of the visual arts department -- "and I felt that he represented the next generation of thinking about aesthetics." His free-form teaching methods, which often involved taking his students to a local Thai restaurant for lunch, proved to be so effective that he was made an adjunct professor and then, two years ago, a "Professor of

Professional Practice," a newly created category at Columbia which amounts to virtually the same thing as tenure. From 1996 on he also began spending more time in Thailand. He built a new house for his parents, who weren't quite sure what he did in life. "I think his parents knew he was an artist," Elizabeth Peyton, who went there with him soon after they were married, told me, "but they didn't really understand what that meant. They didn't understand why he lived in New York and not with them."

Rirkrit had found a Thai mentor, an older artist named Montien Boomna, who was a link between the established school of European-trained, western-oriented Thai artists and a younger generation which was trying to find its own way. "I was kind of an outsider in Thailand then," Rirkrit remembers. "People didn't believe I was really Thai, and Montien was the one who pulled me back in." He met a number of young Thai artists. In 1998 he and an artist named Kamin Lertchaipresert bought a plot of land in the village of Sanpatong, near Chiang Mai, with the idea of establishing a self-sustaining collective enterprise where artists and local villagers could live and work, growing rice and generating their own electric power and cooking gas by innovative, environmentally friendly means. "The Land," as they called it, was also to be "an open space to cultivate ideas of social engagement." Rirkrit designed and built a house for himself on the property. His close friend Philippe Perreno and a few other European artists now have their own houses there, and visiting artists, both Thai and foreign, have come for stays of varying length. Rirkrit and two young Thai friends also started a magazine. Called "oVER," which is published (irregularly) in Bangkok and distributed internationally; the format is mainly visual, with a CD in each issue carrying audio texts in various languages. "I like being there," Rirkrit said the other day, "because life is very vivid in a

very different way. I'm interested in sitting in the middle of that, and thinking about things."

Constant travel and increasing fame took a toll on his marriage. Elisabeth couldn't travel with him at first, because she had a job [DOING TK]. "That was hard for me," she said, "because I was very young, and unsure of myself, and dependent, but it became a good thing because I had to be more independent, and that's when I started painting a lot. I was excited for him, but jealous, too. I felt like, now's my chance, I can't be following around after Rirkrit. It made me sad, because I totally loved him, but I kind of forced myself end it." Peyton's small, intensely colored portraits of friends and famous people, both historical (Napoleon) and contemporary (Kurt Cobain), have made her a highly successful young artist, and, like Rirkrit, she shows with what has become one of the essential New York galleries: Gavin Brown's Enterprise.

When Rirkrit re-created his apartment for the first time, in Cologne, he called it "Tomorrow Is Another Day" because that was something Udo Kittleman, the Kunstverein's director, was in the habit of saying. When he did it in New York, at Gavin Brown's Enterprise in the summer of 1999, it was called "Tomorrow can shut up and go away." That was Brown's contribution, and the ambiance in the New York avatar was correspondingly grittier than it had been in Cologne. They couldn't fit the whole 7th street apartment into the New York gallery, so it tended to become more crowded. And since Gavin Brown's Enterprise was a gallery, rather than a museum, and Brown had recently opened a bar next door, and the show was open twenty-four hours a day for three weeks, the level of behavior was less constrained. "I met someone who claimed to have

~~crowded~~. And since Gavin Brown's Enterprise was a gallery, rather than a museum, and Brown had recently opened a bar next door, and the show was open twenty-four hours a day for three weeks, the level of behavior was noticeably less constrained. "I met someone who claimed to have had sex there, and another person who said he had group sex there," Jerry Saltz reported in the *Village Voice*. A gay men's magazine did a porno shoot in the space. Fisher-Spooner, a then-unknown art-rock performance group, gave its first, defining (and deafening) public performance there. Homeless people discovered the place, and moved in. A lot of visitors drew on the walls -- some of them were well-known artists -- and nobody cleaned up the kitchen. Eric Parker, a young painter who knew Elisabeth Peyton, was recruited to paint a mural and to keep his eye on the place at night, but his surveillance was less than stringent. He and his future wife conducted their courtship in the bedroom, to put it discretely. "There was all this kind of drunkenness and debauchery after two a.m." he said. "It was really hot -- no air conditioning. Some guy mouthed off at Chris Ofili one night, and I sprayed him with a fire extinguisher." But nothing really bad happened, amazingly enough. Nobody got hurt, or overdosed on drugs, or raped a nun. "We were lucky," Brown concedes. "The art world is really very polite." A private foundation in Liverpool bought the whole apartment installation from Gavin Brown's Enterprise a few years later. These days, Brown is selling more and more of Rirkrit's work, both early and late. The Guggenheim Museum recently bought his re-creation of the architect Rudolf Schindler's studio in Los Angeles, which Rirkrit had made for a show at the Secession museum (?) in Vienna; it was put to use there as space for concerts, lectures, meetings, and Thai massages, and Rirkrit fully expects the Guggenheim to find uses for it on Fifth Avenue.

Inevitably, perhaps, Rirkrit's laissez-faire, audience-participation approach to art (not to mention his success) has offended certain sectors of the critical establishment. Writing in *Artforum* about the Rotterdam version of Rirkrit's retrospective, where, instead of apartments and broadcast studios, there were only empty galleries and disembodied voices reading from the script over loudspeakers, the critic Sven Lutticken scoffed at an art which "led ever so easily to self-satisfied, self-congratulatory art-world jubilations." In a much longer essay in a recent issue of *October*, the sacred fount of formalist artspeak, Claire Bishop criticized Tiravanija's lack of political commitment. "Despite Tiravanija's rhetoric of open-endedness and viewer emancipation," she wrote, "the structure of his work circumscribes the outcome in advance, and…reduces its scope to the pleasures of a private group who identify with one another as gallery-goers." Rirkrit's colleagues naturally feel that Bishop missed the point about their kind of work. "What she's saying is that it doesn't antagonize the bourgeoisie enough," according to Liam Gillick, a British artist who has collaborated with Rirkit. "Her piece is a classic academic argument…but if Claire had her way, we'd all know who was good and bad, and nothing would change. Rirkrit comes from a position that the world is changing. A lot of the work he's done -- and that Jorge Pardo, and Philippe Perreno, and others have done -- doesn't try to tell you what you already know. It's more playful than that."

There is a strain of utopianism in Rirkrit's thinking -- playful utopianism, let's say -- and in the thinking of Gillick, Pierre Huyge, and a few others in this loosely associated group. "What's shared is a way of approaching things," Gillick told me recently. "When we were growing up, we were told it's over -- the kind of modernist optimism that things can be better, and that design and art and the social space can be worked with. But the

post-modern irony about the failure of modernism is not at the basis of our work." For the 2003 Venice Biennale, the curator Hans-Ulrich Obrist asked Rirkrit and Molly Nesbit, an art historian and teacher, to work with him on a project to reconsider the notion of utopia and its possible relevance today. It was Rirkrit who came up with the design of "Utopia Station," a long, plywood platform with doors opening off to adjacent spaces, which became one of the main events at the Biennale. One hundred and fifty artists were invited to do posters for the exhibit, and forty of them also showed sculptures, paintings, or other objects loosely related to the utopia theme. It was fairly chaotic -- "a grand mess," as David Ross described it -- but Rirkrit has said that his idea of utopia is being able to exist in chaos. "When I talk about utopia, it's not the western model of the idea," he says. "I use that word to describe…a possible, open place." He told me that he thought of the Biennale project as "a kind of open journey, not an end journey, so you start with a station. Everyone arrives at the station platform, and either they get on the same train or they jump off to a different train." What Rirkrit deeply mistrusts is the kind of homogenized thinking that he sees in the drive toward globalization in the world today. "I think globalization is really the western world trying to deal with how the rest of the world is catching up to it," he said. "The term is used to give the impression that we are open, when in fact we're just as closed as before, and we're still trying to control how everything works, how everything is made." All the previous dreams of utopia have failed, he believes, because they did not give sufficient weight to human difference. His approach -- his way station -- is based on the idea of understanding difference, although that, he says, "is something I think would be difficult

for the western hegemony and the Eurocentric structures to open up to, even though they talk about globalization."

What about art, then? Can art do anything to change society? "Well, I kind of believe it," he said, laughing. "That's one of the reasons that art is interesting. I wouldn't say it can change the world, but it can slowly change some minds, or bring people to some thoughts." Did that apply to his own art, one of whose specified ingredients has always been "lots of people"? Rirkrit doesn't really like to talk about his own art. But in a 2002 interview, speaking like a confirmed Buddhist, he said, "I don't have any expectations. That means I'm very open and I'm ready for anything. Failure is not in my head, it is not possible. More success would be more people and less success would be less people…One person would be a success."

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The defining moment in Rirkrit Tiravanija's young life came when, newly arrived from Thailand to attend Carleton College in Ottowa, he sat in an art history class and saw a pair of slides projected on a screen. One of them showed Kasimir Malevich's "White On White," an abstract painting of two white squares; the other was Marcel Duchamp's "Fountain," a porcelain urinal turned upside down and presented as sculpture. Tiravanija, who knew almost nothing about art at the time -- his ambition until then was to be a photo journalist -- found the pair of images so riveting that he "just kind of ran out and went to the first art school I could find," as he put it to me last spring. "When I saw those slides," he said, "I knew I wanted to be an artist, and I knew what kind of artist. I didn't want to be traditional. I wanted to find new ways to think about art."

Tiravanija, who has become a vivid presence on the international art scene in recent years, clearly owes more to Duchamp's subversive thinking than to Malevich's purist ideals. It was Duchamp who insisted, in a 1957 lecture, that the artist performs only one part of the creative act, and that it is up to the spectator to complete the process by stepping in to decipher, interpret, and "determine the weight of the work on the esthetic scale." Spectators tend to malinger, of course, and to long for the days when the simple act looking at art was supposed to give pleasure, but the Duchampian notion of changing passive appreciators into active participants in the creative process has been so influential that today, ankle-deep in the twenty-first century, we are beset on all sides today by strange, hybrid art forms which insist we meet them half-way, or better. Tiravanija brings to this collaborative embrace between artist and spectator several unique and rather endearing elements. For a 1991 group show of Asian artists in New

York, he installed a phonograph and a recording of the song "Shall We Dance?" from "The King and I." Anyone who cared to could dance with the artist, whose long, silky black hair and a friendly manner offset his shortcomings as a ballroom dancer, and who spent as much time on duty there as he could manage during the show's run. Several of Tiravanija's pieces in the 1990s consisted of his cooking Thai curries and other specialties for gallery-goers, who found themselves participating in something that was part performance art and part communal activity, and his contribution to a group show called "Sleepless Nights," at the PS 1 art center in Queens in 1993, was four beds for weary viewers. Two years later, when he was invited to show at the Whitney Museum's Biennial exhibition, he placed three hand-carved electric guitars and a set of drums on a small platform, along with a note encouraging visitors to play them. Tiravanija's art has to do mainly with social experiences and interactions, not paintings and sculptures. [Pick up "I make things…]

RIRKRIT TIRAVANIJA
Born: Buenos Aires, Argentina 1961
Education
The Whitney Independent Studies Program, New York
The School of the Art Institute of Chicago
The Banff Center School of Fine Arts, Banff, Canada
The Ontario College of Art, Toronto, Canada

Solo Exhibitions
2005 Retrospective, ARC, Musee d'Art Moderne de la Ville de Paris, Paris (cat.)
Guggenheim Museum, New York
2004 Retrospective, Museum Bojmans Van Beuningen, Rotterdam, Netherlands (cat.)
Gordon Matta-Clark-In the Belly of Anachitect (with Pierre Huyghe & Pamela M. Lee), Portikus, Frankfurt am Main, Germany (brochure)
Nothing, CMU Art Museum, Chiang Mai, Thailand
Social Pudding, Rirkrit Tiravanija and Superflex, 1301PE, Los Angeles, CA
2003 Demo Station No. 4, Ikon Gallery, Birmingham, UK
In the Future Everything Will Be Chrome, Gavin Brown's enterprise, New York, NY
Social Pudding, Galerie fur Zeitgenossische Kunst, Leipzig, Germany
2002 Untitled 2002 (He Promised), Secession, Vienna, Austria (cat.)
Untitled 2002 (The Raw & The Cooked), City Opera Gallery, Tokyo, Japan
Demonstration, Sumida River Project, Asahi Beer, Tokyo
oVer station no 2, Astrup Fearnley Museum of Modern Art, Oslo
2001 The Land, Galerie Chantal Crousel, Paris, France
Rirkrit Tiravanija – Over Magazine, Oslo Kunsthall, Oslo, Norway
GAM, Turin Italy
Untitled 2001 (the two sons of Monchengladbach), Stadtisches Museum Abteiberg, Monchengladbach, Germany
Untitled 2001 (No Fire No Ashes), Neugerriemschneider, Berlin, Germany
Untitled 2001 (Demo Station No. 3), Portikus, Frankfurt, Germany
Kunstverein, Wolfsburg, Germany
2000 Passage Cosmo, Project Gallery, CCA Kitakyushu
Untitled 2000 (oVer Station No.2), Galleria Emi Fontana, Milan, Italy
Untitled 2000 (oVer Station No.1), Gallery Side 2, Tokyo, Japan
Untitled 2000 (demonstrate), Galeria Salvador Diaz, Madrid, Spain
1999 Untitled 1999 (Community Cinema for a Quiet Intersection (After Oldenburg)), The Modern Institute,Glasgow, UK
A Trailer for a Film (in progress for the past several years), 1301 PE, Los Angeles. CA
Helga Maria Klosterfelde, Hamburg, Germany
Dom-Ino Effect, zus. mit Lincoln Tobier Los Angeles County Museum of Art, Los Angeles, CA
Untitled, 1999 (mobile home), Fundacio, "la Caixa", Barcelona, Spain
Untitled 1999 (tommorrow can shut up and go away), Gavin Brown's enterprise, New York, NY
1999 dAPERTutto, 48. Esposizione Internazionale d'Arte, La Biennale di Venezia, Venice, Italy (cat.)

Untitled 1999 (reading from right to left), Wexner Center for the Arts, Columbus, OH
Dom-Ino (une demonstration d'automne), Galerie Chantal Crousel, Paris, France
Galerie Micheline Szwajcer, Antwerp, Belgium
1998 Untitled 1998 (Das Soziale Kapital), <migros museum> Museum fur Gegenwartskunst, Zurich, Switzerland
Untitled 1998 (On the Road with Jiew, Jeaw, Jieb, Sri and Moo) Philadelphia Museum of Art, Philadelphia, PA
1997 Untitled 1997 (Playtime), Projects 58, MoMA, New York, NY; Williams College Museum of Art, Williamstown, MA
Untitled 1997 (A Demonstration by Faust as a Sausage and Franz Biberkopf as a Potato), neugerriemschneider, Berlin, Germany
Kunstverein Ludwigsburg, Villa Franck, Ludwigsburg (cat.)
Untitled 1997 (Schupfnudeln), Jan Winkelmann, Munich, Germany
Helga Maria Klosterfelde, Hamburg, Germany
1996 Untitled 1996 (Loup, es-tu-la?), Galleria Emi Fontana, Milano, Italy
Untitled 1996 (traffic), Navin Gallery Bangkok, Thailand
Untitled 1996 (rehearsal Studio No. 6), Kunsthalle St. Gallen, Switzerland Untitled 1996 (Tomorow's Another Day), Kolnischer Kunstverien, Koln, Germany
(cat.)
Untitled 1996 (one revolution per minute), Le Consortium, Centre d'Art Contemporain, Dijon, France
Douglas Gordon/Rirkrit Tiravanija, FRAC Languedoc-Rousillion, Montpellier, France
the pool room, Kunstverein in Hamburg, Hamburg, Germany
In / Out, (a collaborative project with U of I and The Resource Center, Gallery 400 U of I, Circle Campus, Chicago, IL
Untitled 1996 (rehearsal studio no. 6, Silent version), Spiral Garden, Tokyo, Japan
Stitching DeAppel, zus. mit Renee Green, Amsterdam, Netherlands (cat.)
Stormer, Hamburg; Helga Maria Klosterfelde Editionen, Hamburg, Germany
1995 Untitled 1995 (Still), 303 Gallery, New York, NY
Untitled 1995 (Tent), Architektenbüro Alsop & Störmer, Hamburg; Helga Maria Klosterfelde Editionen, Hamburg, Germany
1994 Untitled, 1994 (From Baragas...to Reina Sofia), Reina Sofia, Madrid, Spain
Andy Warhol Rirkrit Tiravanija, Gavin Brown's enterprise, New York, NY
Untitled 1994 (meet tim & burkhard), neugerriemschneider, Berlin, Germany
Untitled 1994 (angst essen seele a uf), Friesenwall 116, Cologne, Germany
Untitled 1994 (Beauty), Jack Hanley Gallery, San Francisco, CA
1993 Untitled 1993 (Live and Eat, Eat and Die), Randolph Street Gallery, Chicago, IL.
Untitled 1993 (Rucksack), 2.9.1994 Architektenbüro Alsop & Störmer, Hamburg, Germany
Helga Maria Klosterfelde Editionen, Hamburg, Germany
1992 Untitled 1992 (Free), 303 Gallery, New York, NY
1990 Untitled 1990 (Blind), Randy Alexander Gallery, New York, NY
Untitled 1990 (Pad Thai), Project Room, Paula Allen Gallery, New York, NY

Group Exhibitions
2004 Small: The Object in Film, Video and Slide Installation. Whitney Museum of American Art, New York, NY

The Big Nothing, Institute of Contemporary Art, Philadelphia, PA
Social Capital, Whitney Museum Of American Art Independent Study Program
Exhibition, New York (cat.)
2003 Elephant Juice (sexo entro amigos), Kurimanzutto, Mexico City, Mexico
Inaugural Group Exhibition, Gavin Brown's enterprise, New York, NY
Perfect Timeless Repetition, Alte Gerhardsen, Berlin
2002 En Route, Serpentine Gallery, London
40 Jahre Fluxus nd die Folgen, Nassauischer Kunstverein und Projektburo des
Stadtmuseums Wiesbaden
No Ghost Just a Shell, Kunsthalle Zurich, Zurich
To Eat or Not to Eat, Centro de Arte de Salamanca, Spain (cat.)
Public Affairs, Kunsthaus Zurich, Zurich, Switzerland (cat.)
Liverpool Biennial, Liverpool, UK
The Object Sculpture, Henry Moore Institute, Leeds, UK (cat)
void, Rice Gallery G2, Tokyo, JAP.
Comfort Zone, Fabric Work Shop, Philadelphia, PA
2001 4Free, Buro Friedrich, Berlin, D.
Points of Departure, SF MoMA, San Francisco, CA
Fig-1, 50 projects in 50 weeks, conceived and developed by Mark Francis and Jay
Jopling, London (cat.)
Watou Poeziezomer, Watou, B
Yokohama Triennale, Yokohama, Jap.
orientale 1 ; ACC Galerie Weimar, D.
Kleine Paradiese, Gutspark Bockel, Ostwestfalen, Lippe, D. (kat.)
GAM, Turin, I.
Heimaten, Galerie fur Zeitgenossische Kunst, Leipzig, D.
cushy job, Swiss Institute--- Contemporary Art, New York, USA
Public Offerings, MOCA, Los Angeles, CA, curated by Paul Schimmel (cat.)
Beautiful Productions Parkett, Whitechapel Art Gallery, London
Il Dono, offerta ospitalita insidia, Palazzo Delle Papesse, Centro Arte Contempoanea,
Sienna, Italy
plug in--- Einheit and Mobilitat, Westfalisches Landesmuseum, Munster, D.
Germania, Palazzo delle Papesse, Centro Arte Contemporanea, Sienna, Italy
The Beauty of Intimacy, Gemeentemuseum, Den Haag, Netherlands/Staatliche
Kunsthalle, Baden-Baden, D.
The Beauty of Intimacy, Kunstraum Innsbruck, A
Freestyle, Werke aus der Sammlung Boros, Museum Morsbroich, Leverkusen,
Germany
Egofugal, 7th International Istanbul Biennial, Istanbul, Turkey (cat.)
2000 Finale di Partita, Chiostro di Ognissanti, Firenze, Italy
More Works about Buildings and Food, Fundiçao de Oeiras, Hangar K7, Oeiras,
Portugal
"Editions and Multiples 1990-2000", Helga Maria Klosterfelde, Hamburg, Germany
AutoWerke, Deichhtorhallen Hamburg, Hamburg, Germany
Vicinato 2, Friedrich Petzel, New York
Taxa, Navin Gallery Bankok, and Onepercent Copenhagen, Copenhagen, Danemark
2000 Re_public, Grazer Kunstverein, Graz, Austria

Loneliness in the City, Migros Museum, Zurich, Switzerland (with Franz Ackermann)
1301 PE, Los Angeles, CA
M Art in (n), M Art in (n) c/o Martin Schibli, Helsingborg, Sweden
LKW, Lebenskunstwerke, Kunst in der Stadt 4, Kunsthaus Bregenz, Austria (cat.)
Ein/raümen-Arbeiten im Museum, Hamburger Kunsthalle, Hamburg, Germany
Berühmte Künstler Helfen Koch und Kesslau, Koch und Kesslau, Berlin, Germany
M(odel)4∞, BüroFriedrich, Berlin, Germany
Das Unheimliche Heim, Kunstverein, Wolfsburg, Germany
Continental Shift, Ludwig Forum Aachen, Germany; Bonnefantenmuseum, Maastricht; Stadsgalerij Heerlen, Netherlands; Musee d'Art Moderne, Liege, Belgium (cat.)
Artworkers, curated by Melissa Feldman, Oriel Mostyn Gallery, Llandudno, Wales
1999 Project Row Houses: Street Life (Round 11), curated by Jerôme Sans, Houston, TX
Embedded Metaphor, curated by Nina Felshin, organized by ICI, New York, traveling exhibition (1996-99)
Une histoire parmi d' autres, FRAC Nord-Pas de Calais, Dunkerque, France (cat.)
Peace, <migros museum>, Museum fur Gegenwartskunst, Zurich, Switzerland (cat.)
Moving Images-Film Reflexion in der kunst, Galerie fur Zeitgenossische Kunst Leipzig, Germany (cat.)
Locally Interested, ICA, Nationl Gallery for Foreign Art, Sofia, Bulgaria
dAPERTutto, 48. Esposizione Internazionale d'Arte, La Biennale di Venezia, Venedig, I (Kat.)
go away: artists and travel, Royal College of Art, London, UK (cat.)
A Piece of Furniture..., Galerie Anselm Dreher, Berlin, Germany
1st Fukuoka Triennale, Fukuoka Asian Art Musem, Fukuoka, Japan
Talk.Show. Die Kunst der Kommunikation in den 90er Jahen, Von der Heydt-Museum Wuppertal, Wuppertal, Germany (cat.)
Photography Salon, Elizabeth Cherry Contemporary Art, Tucson, AZ
FROM/TO, Internatinal Film festival Rotterdam/Witte de With, Rotterdam,NL
Cities on the move, Artspace 1%. Louisiana Museum of Madern Art, Copenhagen, Denmark
Konstruktionszeichnungen, Kunst- Werke, Berlin, Germany
Places to stay #5 M(usic), Buro Friedrich, Berlin, Germany
Kunst-Welten im Dialog, Museum Ludwig Koln, D (Kat.)
Blown Away, 6th International Caribbean Biennal, St. Kitts, Caribbean Islands
1998 Berlin Biennale
Sydney Biennale
Leisure and Travel, Paula Cooper Gallery, New York, NY
Crossings, National Gallery of Canada, Ottawa, Ontario
Not Today, Gavin Brown's enterprise, New York, NY
Wounds: between democracy and redemption in contemporary art, Moderna Museet, Stockholm, Sweden
Dad's Art, neugerriemschnungen, kunst-Werke, Berlin, Germany
"__, 1994untitled, 1994 (meettim&burkhard)brancsi, 1997", Grazer Kunstverein, Austria
Le proces de pol pot, Magasin Centre National d'Art Contemporain de Grenoble, Grenoble, France

Sindey Biennale, Sidney, Australia (cat.)
1998 Cities on the Move, Wiener Secession, Wien, A. (Kat.)
BerlinBiennale, Berlin, Germany (cat.)
Mostrato. Fuori Uso '98, Mercati Ortofrutticoli, Pescari, I (cat.)
National Gallery of Canada, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada
Inside..Outside, Stadtisches Museum Leverkusen. SchloB Morsbroich, Germany
ONTOMtm, Galerie fur Zeitgenossische Kunst, Leipzig, Germany (cat,)
KunstlerInnen, 40 positionen zeitgenossischer internationaler Kunst in Videoportaits, museurm in progress in Zusammenarbeit mit dern Kundthaus Bregenz/ Kunstlerhaus Bethanien, Berlin, Germany
Kunst und papier auf dem Laufsteg, Deutsche Guggenheirm Berlin, Germany
Deserted & Embraced, Goethe-Institue Bankok, Thailand (cat.)
1997 Cities on the Move, CAPC Bordeaux, France (cat.)
enterprise, ICA, The Institute of Comtemporary Art, Boston, MA
Kunst...Arbeit, Sudwest LB, Stuttgart, Germany (cat.)
Deserted & Embraced, Chiang Mai, Thailland (cat.)
Helga Maria Klosterfelde, Hamburg, Germany
Truce: Echoes of Art in an Age of Endless Conclusions, Site Santa Fe, NM
Medium of Exchange, Congress Centrum Hamburg, Confinea 1997, Hamburg, Germany
Letter and Event, Apex Art C.P. New York, NY
Performance Anxiety, MCA Chicago, IL, MCA San Diego, CA, USA
skulptur.projekte, Munster 97, Munster, Germany
A Summer Group Show, Neugerriemschneider, Berlin, Germany
Wandstucke IV, Gallerie Bob Van Orsouw, Zurich, CH
Thinking Print, Museum of Modern Art, New York
Campo 6, the Spiral Village, Bonnefantenmuseum, Maastricht, NL
Fiat, Stuttgart/Umbauraum, Germany
Supastore De Luxe, Up & Co, New York, NY
1996 a/drift, curated by Joshua Decter, Center for Curatorial Studies, Bard College, Annandale-on-Hudson, NY, USA
Campo 6, Fondazione Sandretto Rebaudengo per L'Arte, Galleria Civica d'Arte Moderna di Torino, Turin, Italy
almost invisible/fast nichts, Umspannwerk Singen, Singen/Hohnentwiel, curated by Jan Winkelmann, Alle Neue, ACC Galerie, Weimar, Germany
Manifesta 1, Rotterdam, Holland
Oporto Festival, Oporto, Portugal
Gary Hume, Udomsak Krisanamis, Rirkrit Tiravanija, Gavin Brown's enterprise, New York, NY
Vicinato, Air de Paris, Paris, France
Vicinato, Schipper & Krome, Koln, Germany
In/Out, (a collaborative project with U of I and the Resource Center), Gallery 400, U of I, Circle Campus, Chicago, IL
Kunst in der neuen Messe Leipzig, Leipzig, Germany
TRAFFIC, CAPC Musee d'Art Contemporain, Bordeaux, France
Thinking Print, Henry Art Gallery, Seattle,WA
Campo 6, The spiral Village, Bonnefantenmuseum, Maastricht, Holland

Fiat, Stuttgart/Umbauraum, Stuttgart, Germany
Supastore De Luxe, Up & Co, New York, NY
Annandale-on-Hudson, NY
1996 Thinking Print, MoMA, New York, NY
Kofferkunst, Lagerraum, Frankfurt am Main, Germany
Modema di Torino, Turin, Italy (cat.)
almost invisable / fast nichts, Umspannwerk Singen, Curated by Jan Winkelmann, Singen/Hohentwiel, Germany
Alle Neune, ACC Galerie, Weimar, Germany
1995 Kwangju Biennale
Biennale D'Art Contemporain De Lyon, Lyon, France (cat.)
The Carnegie International, The Carnegie Museum of Art, Pittsburgh, PA (cat.)
Carsten Holler, Philippe Parreno, Rirkrit Tiravanija, Studio Guenzani, Milano, Italy
Kwangju Biennale, Kwangju, Republic of Korea (cat.)
Das Ende der Avantgarde - Kunst als Dienstleistung, Sammlung Schürmann, Kunsthalle der Hypo - Kulturstiftung, Munich, Germany
The Moral Maze, Le Consorsium, Dijon, France (cat.)
Configura II: Dialog der Kulturen, Erfurt, Germany (cat.)
Nutopi, Rooseum, Malmö, Denmark (cat.)
Shift, De Appel, Amsterdam, Holland (cat.)
House in Time, Moderna Galerija Ljublijana, Slovenia, (cat.)
The Whitney Biennial, Whitney Museum, NY (cat.)
Economies, Walker Art Center, Minneapolis, MN (with Hans Accola)
Africus, Johannesburg Biennale, Johannesburg, South Africa
Carsten Holler, Phillppe Parreno, Rirkrit Tiravanija, Studio Guenzani, Milan, Italy
Rewind, City Racing, London, UK (Curated by Eric Troncy)
Moral Maze, Le Consortium, Centre d'Art Contemporain, Dijon, F.
Kunsthalle der Hypo-Kulturstiftung, Munchen, Germany (cat.)
1994 Untitled 1994 (Fear Eats the Soul), Galerie Esther Schipper, Koln
Cocido y Crudo, (curated by D. Cameron) Reina Sofia, Madrid, Spain (cat.)
Der Stand der Dinge, Kölnischer Kunstverein, Köln, Germany (cat.)
Lost Paradise, kuratiert von Barbara Steiner, Kunstraum, Wien, Austria (cat.)
Esprit d 'Amusement, Kunstverein Graz, Austria
new reality mix, Högbergsgatan 18, Stockholm, Sweden
Multiple, Deichtorhallen Hamburg, Germany (cat.)
Out Side the Frame, Contemporary Art Center, Cleveland, OH (cat.)
SPNY, Galerie Camargo Vilaca, Sao Paulo BRA.(cat.)
Drawing on Sculpture, Cohen Gallery, New York, NY
Residence Secondaire, Paris, France
Untitled Group Show, organized by Friedrich Petzel, Metro Pictures, New York, NY
Surface de Reparations, organized by Eric Troncy, Le Consortium, Centre d'Art Contemporain, Dijon, France (cat.)
Camping, Galerie Jennifer Flay, Paris, France
Don't Look Now, organized by Joshua Decter, Threadwaxing Space, New York, NY (cat.)
art after collecting, kuratiert von Rainer Ganahl, Philomene Magers, Koln, D.
L'Hiver de l'Amour, Musée d'Art Moderne de la Ville de Paris, Paris, France; and P.S.1,

Long Island City, New York (cat.)
1993 Viennese Stories, curated by Jerome Sans, Wiener Secession, Wien, Austria (cat.)
Real, Real, Wiener Secession, Wien, Austria (cat.)
Holly Solomon Gallery, New York, NY
1993 Backstage, Hamburger Kunstverein, Hamburg; and Kunstmuseum, Luzern, Switzerland, (1994) (cat.)
Migrateurs, Musée d'Art Moderne de la Ville de Paris, Paris, France (cat.), curated by Hans-Ulrich Obrist
Real Time, curated by Gavin Brown, Institute of Contemporary Art, London, UK, (cat)
Jorge Pardo, Sarah Seager, Rirkrit Tiravanija, Lincoln Tobier, 1301, Santa Monica, CA
Künstlerhaus Bethanien, organized by Tim Neuger, Berlin, Germany
Spielhölle, organized by Kaspar König and Robert Fleck, Grazer Kunstverein, Graz, Austria; and Galerie Sylvana Lorenz, Paris, France (cat.)
Aperto, Biennale Venedig, Venice, Italy, (curator: M. Slotover) (cat.)
Sleepless Nights, curated by Zdenka Gabalova, PS1 Museum, Queens, NY
Galerie Max Hetzler, organized by Tim Neuger, Köln, Germany
Simply Made in America, Aldrich Museum of Contemporary Art, CT (cat.)
Fever, Exit Art, New York, NY
Kunstmuseum, Luzern, Switzerland
Sleepless Nights, curated by Zdenka Gabalova, PS1 Museum, Queens, New York
1992 Transgressions in the White Cube: Territorial Mapping, organized by Joshua Decter, Usdan Gallery, Bennington College, Bennington, VT (cat.)
Writings on the Wall, 303 Gallery, New York, NY
Home Improvements, 209 W 97th St, Apt. 7B, New York, NY, curated by Gavin Brown
Consumed, Goethe Haus, New York, NY
Insignificant, 10 E 39th St., Suite 525, New York, NY, curated by Gavin Brown
1991 One Leading to Another, 303 Gallery, New York, NY
The Big Nothing or Le Presque Rien, The New Museum of Contemporary Art, New York, NY (cat.)
Brooklyn, Jack Tilton Gallery, New York, NY
Wealth of Nations, Center for Contemporary Arts, Ujazdowski Castle, Warsaw, Poland
Dis Mantling Invisibility: Asian & Pacific Islander Artists Response to the AIDS Crisis, Art in General, New York, NY
Shooters Hill, AC Project Room, New York, NY
Arriving, Leonor Datil Perez Gallery, New York, NY
Home?, Home for Contemporary Theater & Art, New York, NY
True to Life, curated by Gavin Brown, 303 Gallery, New York, NY
Fluxattitude, Hallwalls, Buffalo, NY; and The New Museum for Contemporary Art, New York, NY, (1992) (cat.)
Marginal Majority, (Artists Against Racial Prejudice), Arron Davis Hall, New York, NY (cat.)
The New Museum for Contemporary Art, New York, USA
1990 Post-Consumerism, The Storefront for Art & Architecture, New York, NY
Work on Paper, Paula Allen Gallery, New York, NY
4th Annual Invitational, Cold City Gallery, Toronto, Canada
1989 Caught in a Revolving Door, The Alumni Association of the School of the Art

Institute of Chicago, Chicago, IL (cat.)
Outside the Clock: Beyond Good & Elvis, Scott Hanson Gallery, New York, NY
Lotto as Metaphor, Hallwalls, Buffalo, New York, NY (cat.)

Film work
1997 Vicinato 2, with Philippe Parreno, Douglas Gordon, Liam Gillick, Carsten Holler, Pierre Huyghe, Friedrich Petzel Gallery, New York; neugerriemschneider, Berlin, Germany
1991 Video Event, Tom Cugliani Gallery, New York, NY
1985 New Film Maker, The Collective for Living Cinema, New York, NY
Super super 8, The Museum of Moving Image, LIC , New York, NY
Super 8 NY, San Francisco Cinemateque, San Francisco, CA

Projects
1990 The Arrival, Message to the Public, Spectracolor Board at Times Square, New York, NY

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Teaching

Columbia University, Associate Professor of Professional Practice, Faculty of the Arts, 2001/present.
IUAV University of Venice, Associate Professor, Graduate Course in Visual Arts, Faculty of Arts and Design, 2003-2004
Columbia University, Adjunct Assistant Professor, Faculty of the Arts, 1999-2000
Royal Danish Art Academy, Guest Professor, Dept. Walls and Space, 2001-2002
Stadelschule Staalich Hochschule of Bildende Kunst, Frankfurt, Guest Professor, 2001
National Academy of Fine Arts, Oslo, Norway, Guest Professor/Visiting Artist, 2001

Society Memberships and Appointments

President, The Land Foundation
Advisory Board Member, New Media Institute, University of Chiang Mai, Thailand, 2003
Advisory Board Member, CCA, Kytakyshu, Japan, 2003
Advisory Board Member, Tokyo Wondersite Cultural Arts Center Tokyo, 2003
Advisory Board Member, Carnegie International, 2002-2004

Grants and Awards

Hugo Boss Prize
Benesse, Naoshima Contemporary Art Museum, Japan
Smithsonian American Art Museum's Lucelia Artist Award
Gordon Matta Clark Grant
Louis Comfort Tiffany Award
NEA
Central Kunst Prize

Public Collections

Astrup Fearnley Museum of Modern Art, Oslo, Norway
Bangkok Museum of Contemporary Art, Bangkok, Thailand
Carnegie Museum of Arts, Pittsburgh, USA
Fond National d'Art Contemporain, France
Fond Regional d'Art COntemporain Languedoc-Roussillon, Montpellier, France
Fondazione Sandretto Re Rebaudengo, Turin, Italy
Fundacîon Tantica, Buenos Aires, Argentina
Guggenheim Museum, New York

Le Consortium, Dijon, France
Louisiana Museum for Moderne Kunst, Humlebæk, Denmark
Migros Museum, Zurich, Switzerland
Museo de Arte Contemporaneo de Castilla y Leon, Leon, Spain
Museum of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles, USA
Museum of Modern Art, New York, USA
Saint Louis Art Museum, Saint Louis, USA
Sammlung der BRD, Berlin, Germany
The Walker Art Center, Minneapolis, USA
West LB, Stuttgart, Germany

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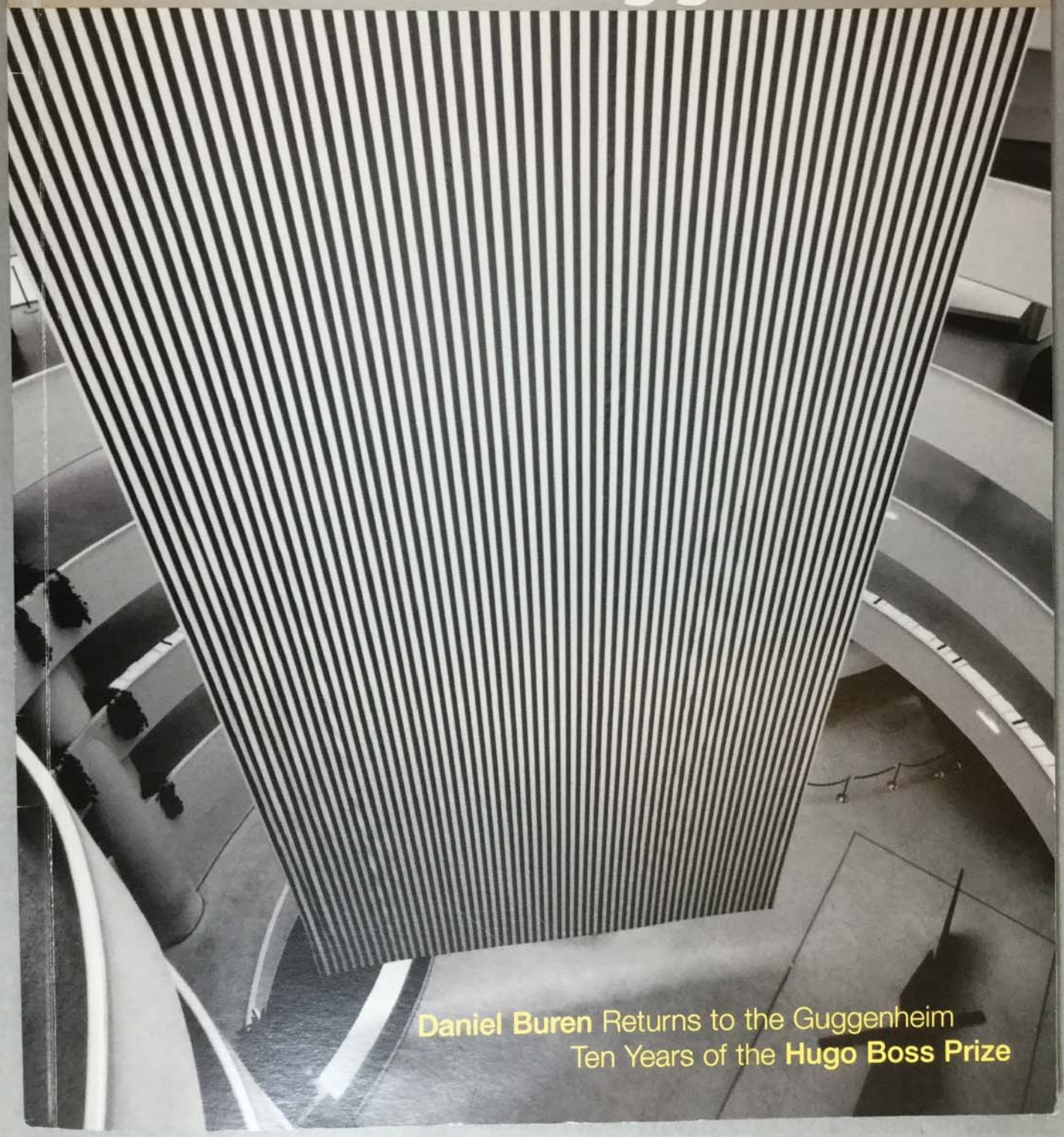


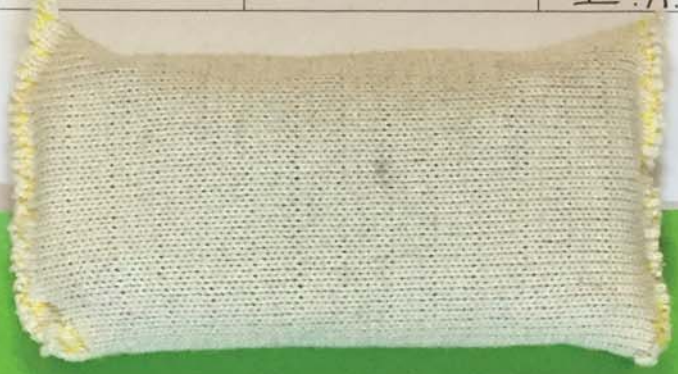
Daniel Buren Returns to the Guggenheim

Ten Years of the **Hugo Boss Prize**

RIRKRIT TIRAVANIJA'S PLACES

by Liam Gillick

Rirkrit Tiravanija, winner of the 2004 Hugo Boss Prize, makes work that redefines and reinvigorates the equation between artist and audience. In his ever-expanding notion of what constitutes a work of art, his generous inclusion of the viewer in experiential situations and his aesthetics of use, he has proven that, in Robert Rauschenberg's words, it is possible to make work that operates in the gap between art and life. During the past ten years, Tiravanija's projects have involved cooking and serving food in art galleries, creating environments in which people may enjoy an array of leisure activities and pursuing collaborative endeavors with fellow artists and students. Tiravanija's work cannot be reduced to the individual object. Rather, it is characterized by process and communal interaction. In recent years, Tiravanija has broadened his artistic practice to include exhibition curating; he was part of the collaborative team responsible for Utopia Station, a cornerstone of the 2003 Venice Biennale. He is also a founder of The Land, an ongoing, collaborative, environmental reclamation project in Thailand. Although he lives in New York, Tiravanija is a peripatetic artist with teaching positions and projects throughout the world. On the occasion of his exhibition at the Guggenheim (March 8–May 11, 2005), we asked fellow artist and frequent collaborator Liam Gillick to write an appreciation of Tiravanija's work.



Standing outside a converted garage in Oslo in the rain. The Nobel Peace Prize headquarters on Drammensveien is just down the street. From this position you cannot get a sense of how close you are to the center of town. Even in the center of town it is hard to feel in the middle of things, which is one of Oslo's strengths and weaknesses. Inside the old garage there are some people lounging around. These people have worked hard on creating the space within which they linger, and they are constantly adjusting it. In this situation, Rirkrit is officially employed as a teacher. He is a visiting professor. It is hard to know when the "moment of art" starts or ends. While most of the people inside the converted garage are students, some are older artists and friends. They have been around a while, yet this is not an open-ended exercise. It is a deliberate sequencing of moments and interactions with constantly tested limits. It is a coming together to occupy space in an open house. While the ideology of the exercise is clear (a breakdown of hierarchies, a questioning of the auratic quality of art, a complication of the cartoonish relationship between the "antagonistic" artist and a notionally "mute" observer), there is no singular guiding voice to force people to behave one way or another. Nor is there vetting of the participants to verify that they have been invited.

There is no artificial reinforcement of relationships or structures here in order to make simplistic points about the way things are and how artists are powerless to change anything. There is some discomfort due to the complications of having to look each other in the eye but in general the artist, Rirkrit, has effectively passed aesthetic and ideological control on to others while remaining simultaneously involved and distracted. He has done this elegantly and in a manner that has been sensitive to the requirements of those he is working with. He could have made a didactic gesture. He could have overdetermined the moment of exchange. He could have spelled everything out and crystalized relationships. But instead he has stretched and compressed time to provide a new matrix of interactions—among people who are normally forced to remain focused on a simple relationship between "viewer" and "producer."

Dealing with a work by Rirkrit Tiravanija is not straightforward. The situation in Oslo is in many ways indistinguishable from something he might produce for a gallery or museum. Yet it is part of a teaching process. Much has been written about his production and use of supposedly open-ended discursive social spaces, yet this aspect of his work does not explain everything: It is merely a visible symptom or final stage of the complex processes and reflections on art that his work discloses. Such a reliance on hanging around would not explain Rirkrit's recent stainless-steel sculptures, his watching of endless episodes of *SpongeBob Squarepants*, or the ongoing *Utopia Station* project.

In 1993 a temporary bar was established at Friesenwall in Cologne. This street of small shops and bars has since been demolished, but for a short time it was home to a series of projects both louche and critical in the manner of the Cologne insider/outsider dynamic of the time. The bar was a social space. It was a work by Rirkrit. A place where he could stand outside, smiling and slightly drunk while watching people working out what to do next. Films were shown on a television in the bar, a simple plywood construction that barely concealed the Bavarian costumes of those working behind it. There was a sense of generous play and complex implosion. While visitors eagerly partook, Rirkrit, though he occasionally stepped in to restock the beer or rewind the tapes, remained essentially separate. Any performative aspect of the work was suppressed and left in an ambiguous state. That night as we stood under the streetlights, all

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FACING PAGE: Rirkrit Tiravanija, Photos of *The Land* (1998–), Sanpatong, Thailand. A large-scale collaborative, ongoing, and transdisciplinary project. Photo: Francesca Grassi and Pierre Huyghe.

BELOW LEFT: Rirkrit Tiravanija, *Untitled 2002 (he promised)*, 2002. Installation view, New York, 2004. See page 8 for more information.

BELOW RIGHT: Rirkrit Tiravanija, *Untitled (Bu Yao Gan Huo)*, 2004. Neon and sonic installation, dimensions variable. Partial installation view, the Shenzhen Biennale, 2004.

THE REMAINDER OF THIS PUBLICATION HAS NOT BEEN SCANNED.

VOGUE

Gavin Brown - age 41

Gratuent sale to Liverpool Foundation in 1999. Price was $90,000, discounted. Would be much higher today. Schindler house sold to Guggenheim for more than $300,000.

DODIE KAZANJIAN