



# WeAreTheArtists



Ai Weiwei's head. Photo by Christian Vetter

## Update: Beijing

By kontakt@christianvetter.ch

First maybe some few words about Beijing, Since january I live here at the very outskirts of town besides a small village called Caochangdi. I have the chance to join a very new residency-program, together with Pierre-Philippe Freymond, an artist from geneva. The building my studio is in was built by Ai Weiwei, who I met today. But I will tell you about this later. The village is really interesting, there are the common people living here, it's "real" China, people with few money and even less space for living. It's hard to imagine how some people here are housing. For example just a small bicycle workshop of maybe six square meters and a bed have to do for two people. I often go to eat here in some small „restaurants“, a room with some tiny tables and a tv. You can eat here very well for just one dollar. Restaurants in the center are of course much more expensive. Caochangdi is one of the art aereas as well. Urs Meile from Lucerne has his gallery in the same building like my studio, and Platform China and CAAW is close. Much better known than Caochangdi is of course Dashanzi, or 798. This is a former industrial site nearby with around fourty galleries, bookshops and boutiques. Every month a new gallery opens up and another one is closing. To be honest there are maybe just three or four really interesting galleries in this area. Most of them are just commercial or stuffed with awful artworks.

First I was a bit frustrated because of this, but then I tried to understand how artscene is working here. It was not so easy to get in contact with the local artists. But in the meantime I met some artists of my generation. Obviously what we see in the west is an enormous boom of Chinese art. This has the impact here in China that art has been discovered as a mean to make a lot of money in very few time. What you basically see all over in the galleries here is the same realistic pseudo critical or not ex socialist style of painting which really sucks... But luckily I discovered among all the commercial bullshit some new artists of the second generation; some of them studied abroad, practically all of them are orientated on the measures of western art and most of them realize than it takes more than just a couple of realistic paintings to be successful. There's hope!

Of course there are great artists among the older generation too. I had the chance of a short encounter with Zhang Enli in his studio. He is actually one those who are trying to find an individual expression, some kind of fragile poetry in the work. This means actually much more than in the west where we are used to individualistic expression. Here it means that you develop a sense of self-reflection, an ability which was not very popular during the communist time. It is obvious that art here is somehow at the beginning (well, of course there are some thousand years of history of art, but like everywhere the tradition has completely been cut off) and in the first place it is a commercial phenomenom. There are practically no non-commercial artspaces. There are just a few real curators, since there are not many spaces for curated shows and there's a huge lack of art criticism. Recently I had a talk with Sun Hong Bin and Meng Jin, two young

artists, about our work and at the end Meng Jin was kind of surprised we talked about art and not about money or career... Well I have to say that it is maybe not so much different in western art circles. But anyway there is a lot of potential about the developement of more than just selling artworks. C., a brightminded curator of a big gallery in Shanghai, called the economical supremacy in art the „out of starvation-syndrome“. Another important fact is that real freedom of thoughts in art is lying within the commercial artspaces. Museums for example are still under guidance of the army, as they used to be means of propaganda.

Maybe it is ironic that until now there are almost no Chinese collectors. There are, but again they see it as a kind of business. Some of them buy Chinese art and sell it the next day at an auction. It's funny, but the boom is actually quite a Swiss thing. There's Uli Sigg who was one of the first collectors who bought Chinese art in the dozen, Harald Szeemann who introduced some of the now very successful artists at the biennale in Venice, Laurence Helbling from Shanghart and Urs Meile who are among the ten most important gallerists in China. But you see here also the very big problem of Chinese artscene. The boom of Chinese art in the world reached its top and as long as there are no serious Chinese collectors, the whole thing is going to collapse soon. Therefore one can understand the efforts of some ahead-looking people to establish an art fair in Shanghai.

Although the world in general is a permanent cultural misunderstanding, I am sometimes surprised how easy it is for me to live here... even though most of the people don't speak English and my Chinese is still very poor. So most of the time there is no misunderstanding but simply no understanding at all. Ting bu dong, sorry I don't understand... Ok, I was in Shanghai for a few days and I joined the opening of the Shanghai branch of Beijing Art Now gallery. The show, if you can call it so, was real eighties, something with paintings hidden behind paper with bills printed on, an embarrassing dance performance and some kind of avant-garde music, terrible. But I learnt later that the show was just the foreplay of a much more important event: the vip-dinner! Thanks to C. I was invited; I translocated with the whole society in a bus to a five star hotel in town. There I sat at the table with the French cultural ambassador and other local prominents. We ate lobster which was still alive and drunk expensive Chinese red wine. C. gave me an introduction into the who is who: there the table with the artists who became millionaires overnight, most of them „totally fucked up“. Then the others, upcomers and wannabes. Again it was all about money, drinking and fucking... Good old rock'n'roll it seems.

Well, my life is not so spectacular so far, despite the fact that being here is spectacular enough. Sometimes I feel like being in a monastery. I work a lot and my work changed again. It becomes more and more my really personal way of expression. It's maybe the result of seeing so many photorealistic paintings that I renounce mostly on photographs as source material. But at the moment I can hardly imagine coming back to Switzerland. You know, I think we really are kind of sick in this country. Here in China, this may be a cliché but a true one, everything is alive!

The question everybody is asking here is: what is the real China. Nobody knows and everybody says something else. The fact is that everything

in China just changes incredibly fast (another thing that Swiss people fear like hell) and a lot of the things you call "Chinese" are fake. China doesn't exist but in the minds of the people. Well fake is another thing I could write pages about... Besides, one of the nicest things here is that people love to play. I have never seen so many adults playing in the streets even in the cold winter. Letting paper dragons fly is very popular with older men. But what I wanted to say before, despite the fact that nobody knows what China is, China is all about... For example on the website of Ai Weiwei there's not much to see but a mindmap of how he sees the important things in the world. And in the center of it is: yes you got it, China! Identity instead is an external term. The word for China in Chinese is „zhong guo“ which means land of the center. Could you imagine a mindmap of a famous Swiss artist with Switzerland in the middle? No way! All this could be read as a sign that communism has silently been replaced by nationalism.

The emperor of all the Chinese artists is still Ai Weiwei. He will be present at the Documenta with a project where he wants to invite a thousand Chinese people chosen by random, who are just visiting the Documenta. I perfectly understand the sense of it. He is a glamorous person, the father figure for the new generation of artists. His studio is a small factory with around twenty people working for him. When I saw him I first thought that he's in the middle of a television interview because there was a camera team filming. But he explained me that he just films everything he does, just in case... He behaves and looks really like one of those emperors you know from the movies with a long beard and a bold head. Being in his studio is like being received in audience. Actually just yesterday he shaped a big „f“ with the hair in the back of his head. „f“ is for fairytale, future, fake. Or fuck, he said.

## Update: Dublin

By info@pallasstudios.org

Recently, two big shows in two of the largest institutions in town have opened within days of each other. After a long period of different programs they suddenly are head to head, and it's exciting. Almost like a championship boxing match they have big guns in their corner. In the red shorts the Irish Museum of Modern Art .all hawaii eNtrées / luNar reggae, curated by Rachael Thomas, Head of Exhibitions and French artist Philippe Parreno. Artists include Anri Sala, Carsten Höller, Jorge Pardo, Eva Rothschild, Jim Lambie, Dominique Gonzalez Forester, Rirkrit Tiravanija, Doug Aitken, Douglas Gordon, Peter Fischli / David Weiss, Liam Gillick, Sarah Lucas and more.

And in the blue corner we have the Dublin City Gallery, the Hugh Lane, with THE STUDIO, curated by Christina Kennedy, Senior Curator in the gallery and Jens Hoffmann, the new director of the CCA Wattis Institute for Contemporary Arts. Another roll call of heavy weights; John Baldessari, Daniel Buren, Thomas Demand, Gerard Byrne, Urs Fischer, Peter Fischli / David Weiss, Isa Genzken, Andrew Grassie, Martin Kippenberger, Paul McCarthy, Bruce Nauman, Perry Ogden, Martha Rosler, Dieter Roth, Frances Stark, Wolfgang Tillmans, Ian Wallace, Andy Warhol make up their team.

So who will win this bloodthirsty bare knuckle fight?

I have some connection to the luNar reGGae exhibition in that Pallas, (an artists run org. that myself and artist Mark Cullen created in '96 in Dublin), was invited to respond to the exhibition by Rachael Thomas, without having seen the works. To do this we used a hacked version of a computer footballing game, to create "home" and "away" teams. We superimposed the faces, taken from the web, of both the international art stars represented in the exhibition, and a number of Dublin based artists, onto those of the footballers in the game. This was used to create a challenge match between the visiting artists and the home team. A physical test of global exchange and virtual cross cultural dialogue, allegedly. The game was projected on a large screen, off site from the museum, with up to 8 players competing in the game, at a time

While many of the art stars were into the idea, and agreed to play at their opening party the previous night, the next day we saw their true colours. Relational aesthetics how are ye? 'Unfortunately' none of the IMMA artists made the battle. Illness we expect was the reason for lack in match fitness. However the show must go on, especially with a rowdy public looking for a match. We installed some of the home artists to do the business as subs for the visitors. Surprisingly, the home team won. I will say though that Douglas Gordon and Carson Holler both got red carded for dirty tackles and dangerous play. Sarah Lucas also caused some fights on the field.

THE STUDIO exhibition also made some connections to the locals, by having studio visits to Dublin based artists as part of the exhibition. I'm not sure how these are going down, and in a way I think there are some problems with setting up a hierarchy; the studio as a holy place of magic. But, I think these questions are part of the exhibition, and actually it was quite a low key way to meet with people and talk about art, away from the institution. Which is no bad thing and can work, depending of course on the ego of the artist.

IMMA also had some problems with their maintenance recently, with a sudden closure of all for their first floor galleries because of a problem with the lighting. So in a way they are in the ring and suddenly they can only fight on with a bandage around the head. They still can fight mind, but it just creates a interruption to the aesthetics of a greased up body, primed with rippling muscles and don't forget the shiny silky tight shorts.

Ding dong

So who wins the fight? IMMA started well, and is first into the ring, a heady crowd roars and everything seems to be going well, with plenty of crowd pleasers like the Zobop floor by Jim Lambie, The way things



MAIM XI vs All Hawai Entrees Lunar Reggae XI. 2006, Digital exports. Courtesy Pallas Studios

go by Fischli & Weiss, and Mixed Behaviour, by Anri Sala. Those silky sexy shorts are in action for sure. The Hugh Lane opened the following night and was slower in the ring. Although Warhol is ever popular, as is Bruce Nauman and Daniel Buren, but some of the crowd seem puzzled by some of the works shown. Someone sniffily says it's a show for artists. Hmmm...

The second round is always more fun. The crowd has thinned and we can see the cuts and bruises; the weak knees and the shoelaces undone. What's been missing from the training regime and what needs to be patched up by the doctors. all hawaii eNtrées / luNar reGGae looks good though, a confident show. But it is let down by a mishmash of good works and a feeling of unconnectedness. Most of the work is strong, but together they are all punching with too much forward motion. No footwork in the ring, no space, which results in tight close combat. The first rule of boxing is to keep the knees bent, hands up, and keep moving. Create space. THE STUDIO show on the other side of the river is still padding around the ring. It's a slower pace but it's worth the reading and looking. It shifts from right to left and has good lateral movement, the shoulders are angled, and although it doesn't always strike the target, and it does throw a few gammy left jabs, it has a sense of purpose. The Paul McCarthy piece Painter throws the final punch. It undercuts the very show it's in and is tasteless and unsettling and inviting all at the same time. By round three, THE STUDIO has it. We have a winner in the blue shorts, and long may the blood spill forth from our heavyweights and their Vegas showdowns. It makes a nice change to see such competition.

Away from these big fun and games Dublin is changing. Each year it seems more artists are beginning to get up and take part in changing the landscape, realising that if they don't, decisions are made for them. And the centre can be where you make it. Perhaps having seen the success of artists' run ventures in Scotland, London, Amsterdam and around Europe, Dublin has now a number of new spaces set up by artists in the last few years. FOUR run by artist Lee Welch is now beginning its third year and shows a good mix of local and international contemporary artists. But there are more like Monstertruck, Talbot gallery and studios, Broadstone and This is not a shop, as well as several temporary guerrilla programs. These exhibitions may vary in quality, but it's vital they are there, even if they are no threat to the few commercial galleries. Artists need these spaces and so do the public whether they know it or not. Or even if they like it or not. (Vote for me).

Although the Celtic building boom is still going strong in its second phase, and Dublin is covered in cranes, building apartments, (some say propping up the rest of the economy). It's refreshing to see artists fighting for corners of the city overlooked by developers. Space and the fight for it, is a continuous battle. At Pallas Studios, we have been evicted three times over the past few years and are going to court to fight a fourth eviction. But, in the middle of this we are opening up another space at the end of January '07 called PCP, Pallas Contemporary Projects. Drop in if you're in town!

## Update: Istanbul

By [didem@pist.org.tr](mailto:didem@pist.org.tr)

### United Artists

PiST/// is an interdisciplinary project space in Pangalti, Istanbul, run by Didem Özbek and Osman Bozkurt. It comprises 3 ground floor shops. Two of those shops were joined a few months ago to form a larger space. The main focus of PiST is to support the local art scene, play a role in the continuity of art production and question the relation between artist – space – audience – production. To date, we have held many exhibitions and discussions. We aim to make regular publications to keep the record of what has been done, said, exhibited and experimented at PiST. While Istanbul is getting ahead in the international contemporary art scene, the city still needs a constant flux of independent art spaces that will lead and feed the city's local art production. Even the Istanbul Biennial by its own is not enough any more to support such an energetic city that spreads around two continents. During the many months without the biennial taking place, the city needs to sustain with alternative initiatives. Therefore the existence of independent spaces like PiST is much more important. From 11th of November 2006 till 11th of February 2007, PiST hosted e-flux video rental. Every Wednesday, we held free screenings and once a month on Saturdays at midnight, there were "Juke Box" screenings. For free video rental, PiST/// 1 was opened for 5 days a week. It was our first experience to open a shop on regular basis. Yavuz Parlar, Yasemin Tükelay and Miray Caner were PiST's evr shop assistants for 3 months. They took care of more than 650 video-art works in the collection unless they had an exam or class to attend. On the afternoon of one of those days, Friday, January 19th, 2007, I was by myself at PiST/// 1 and watching films from the collection. The telephone rang, it was my mother. She asked me if I heard the news. I asked what should I hear? She tried to calm me down after saying that Hrant Dink, the Armenian journalist has been assassinated in front of AGOS (his newspaper) two blocks away from PiST. I was so upset, so ashamed and blaming myself that I should have run and saved him rather than watch a film. I needed to talk to someone who could understand my sorrow. I walked like a ghost to the hardware store opposite. I knew the owner was Armenian and his TV is always on NTV (news channel). Parkis Bey, the owner of the shop, a little nervous, but behaving as if nothing has happened saluted me while he was cleaning the white paint poured out on his floor. His TV was on, it was Hrant's dead body lying on the cold pavement stones. A dead journalist's picture covered by newspapers as a respect in real life. Isn't it an ironic frame? I had tears in my eyes. I asked Parkis Bey "Do you see how easy this can happen? You kill and run away." He answered me colder than I wanted to hear „Such an end for him was expected sooner or later, he talked more than necessary.“ I went out, the rumour was spreading fast, some shop owners preferred to walk up the street to see the scenery live. That day the evr shop in PiST/// 1 closed earlier than normal with a note saying that „Our sorrow is deep, we close early today“.

The email trafficking started soon. The first one came from a young artist, Hira Büyüktaşçıyan. She was screaming with sorrow. „We lost one more intellectual! Thank you Turkey!“ she has written. There were many mails inviting people to join the night march from Taksim to AGOS at 8 pm. I did not expect to see such a crowd to get organised so quick. There is no need to explain here that we have gotten very much used to such killings in this country for decades. Assassinations of Abdi İpekçi in 1979 and Ugur Mumcu in 1993 stands as left over sculptures in near by corners of Sisli. Unfortunately a third piece of such an artwork will commemorate Hrant soon to form the Bermuda Triangle of the assassinated journalists of Turkey. Many other journalists and intellectuals were killed one after the other because of their thoughts in this country. We marched one after the other, their names are given to parks or streets. The real power supporting these murders are never arrested and such a routine of killings turned to a passive response by time. Comparing the reactions in Madrid, even the Istanbul bombings of al-Qaeda in 2003 has passivated people more than uniting them.

The next day, PiST was to hold its last Juke Box – Saturday night evr screening. Rather than canceling it, we emailed people to announce that our screening will continue on in Hrant's memory. Pangalti, the neighbourhood that PiST locates is an 160 years old (once a non-muslim) residential area. A majority of Armenian citizens of the city still prefer to live as a commune around Pangalti and Kurtulus. Their ghost communal life retained a different atmosphere up until the day after Hrant's funeral. A few shops (possibly belonging to Armenians) started to show their grievances and pride of Hrant by hanging his photographs on their window displays. For a week, many individuals around the neighbourhood had the same respect by pinning his photos on their jackets. His image turned to a fearless sign of identity more than a sign of mourning to many of us. A photograph of Hrant's saluted those attending our Juke Box screening and stood there for a week as well. On that night, Yasemin Özcan Kaya brought tiny little peace flags to give to our audience. We screened William Basinski's Disintegration, Yael Bartana's Profile and When Adar Enters, Dmitry Gutov & Radek Group's Demonstration, Driton Hajredini's Sin, Avi Mograbi's Detail, J. Tobias Anderson's 879 Color and more. Also, Apartment Project, another artist initiative of Istanbul, reconditioned its current exhibition that week and dedicated it to Hrant's memory.

By January 22nd, the traffic around Hira's email lead PiST to host a meeting demanded by artists. It was the day before the funeral. Hrant's death has made the contemporary art scene of Istanbul to join forces to give a common reaction. More than 40 artists and curators showed up in the first meeting. It was a success to gather a diversity from different poles. Some of them has never been to PiST before. That day, we decided to form an online network. On the funeral, around 150,000 people performed a march of 8 km with Hrant. Many of us were there. It was a historic day. On

January 28th, a second meeting was held in PiST again. The third meeting was organised by Banu Cennetoglu of BAS, at DOT (theater) on February, 18th. Group projects on issues such as membership to AGOS; civil disobedience; recording the censored contemporary artworks; searching the problematic texts in school books; anonymous activism are works in progress. Regular meetings continue on project basis in BAS, MASA, PiST, or at a house or a restaurant.

We also added the Besiktas Adliyesi (Besiktas Courthouse) to our major meeting points as well. Murat Morova organised arts related people to apply as groups at the courthouse for accusing themselves. On February 23th Murat Morova, Antonio Cosentino, Hale Tenger, Banu Cennetoglu, Yasemin Özcan Kaya, Neriman Polat, Erden Kosova, Eriç Seymen, Canan Senol and Tayfun Serttas handled a petition to the prosecutor saying that they own the same words of Hrant Dink that has condemned him of law code 301 (protecting Turkishness against denigration) and they asked to get judged like him too. Even Hrant is dead by now, his court case against an article he has written still continues. On March 9th Vasif Kortun, Didem Özbek, Seçil Yersel, Burak Delier, Özge Açikkol, Günes Savas, Helin Anahit, Erdag Aksel, Asli Çavusoglu, Elmas Deniz, Vahit Tuna and Azra Tüzünoglu also handled the same petition as a group of 12. We are expecting to continue this passive resistance by organising new groups on a volunteer basis. Our aim is the withdrawal of law code 301 at the Turkish Parliament forever.

While we try to go back to our daily routines, Hrant's death granted a potential to the contemporary art scene of Istanbul the need of unity. It seems like other than the 10th Istanbul Biennial on September 2007, group shows of local artists are going to take place soon in the various courthouses of Istanbul. So, we look forward to seeing you there for supporting us.

[www.pist-org.blogspot.com](http://www.pist-org.blogspot.com); [www.pist.org.tr](http://www.pist.org.tr)



In front of the court house. Photo by anonymous



Flowers for Hrant Dink. Photo by Osman Bozkurt



At PiST. Photo by Osman Bozkurt



„We are all Hrants“. Photo by Osman Bozkurt





# DETOURIST, 2007

Leo Fitzmaurice featuring Tim Machin  
Curated by Marie-Anne McQuay

**DETOURIST is hosted by MOT International, K3, Rogaland Kunstsenter, The Royal Standard, General Public, Island6, ChinaVisual.com, Urbis and WeAreTheArtists.**

DETOURIST started as a conversation that became a series of urban interventions that became a poster and which now arrives in WeAreTheArtists as The British Are Coming. To rewind.

DETOURIST is a new project by Leo Fitzmaurice. During 2006 the artist undertook a series of public realm interventions whilst visiting London, Liverpool, Shanghai, Stavanger, Berlin and Zurich. Applying the same techniques of appropriation and reduction which occur in his gallery based works, Fitzmaurice subtly altered urban environments, adapting detritus already present or heightening existing forms through the placing of handcrafted structures that started life as commercial packaging.

Created only when inspiration and opportunity permitted, the works respond to generic street culture, countering the visual chatter of daily life by obscuring logos, brands and other textual and pictorial signs. These subtle aesthetic interventions claim attention via the peripheral vision, rather than head on and were thus never signposted. Ephemeral in their nature and delinquent in spirit, they lasted only hours or minutes before being absorbed back into the street. They are intended as the antithesis of made-to-order, site specific, biennial-style art that has become so prevalent over the last ten years.

These interventions have since been documented in a limited edition poster publication, available at host venues in the cities where works were created. The poster also features a commissioned text by artist Tim Machin on page 6. Machin's text is not a description of the processes of DETOURIST but a parallel work, a fictional journey that borrows from literary sources and imagined fleeting glances of the temporary art works.

For WeAreTheArtists Fitzmaurice has created a work within a work, The British Are Coming. This intervention within another form of print material carries on the spirit of DETOURIST reworking the Travel pages of a British newspaper reprinted in this newspaper format. The project will continue throughout 2007.

Marie Anne McQuay







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To do it right

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Page 24 - Page secondary medical assistance  
 Page 25 - Page medical advice  
 Page 26 - Page medical advice for the medical record  
 Page 27 - Page

**First skyscraper in Asia the first 24-story**

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Source: *Journal of the American Statistical Association*, 1997, Vol. 92, No. 439, pp. 1023-1032.

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Small business owners: Looking forward to the 2013 tax year, be sure to take advantage of the small business health insurance deduction. It's the best time to take action to make sure you're taking full advantage of the deduction.





# The Piri Re‘is Map<sup>1</sup>

The late smell of Autumn in the air, weak sunlight falls on the bare floorboards, a faint smell of burning leaves hangs outside. A tall, old house in an unnamed city, my attic room far above the barking dogs and forty year old trams. Not waking the elderly concierge, I descend the wooden steps, past the column of mismatched doorbells, over the worn marble steps into this once grand area of town now some years away from regeneration. Crossing cobbled streets, in my purpose-filled aimlessness, I taste the city waking up. I am curiously alert to the smallest details, the way a plastic bag lies as if placed beside a bin, the familiar colours of a brand I recognise obscured by the foreign script. Fast food wrappers, jarringly out of place in this scene from decades ago, lie in the gutter, not yet rinsed by the early morning street cleaners.

Like a silent clock chime, I’m suddenly aware of the time – despite the holiday, this city doesn’t rest for long. People hurry to avoid the catalogue distributors, pressing their glossy books into your hands, tin rattling as kiosks open, the brightness of newsstands, tobacconists, matchsellers, emporia of the daily rush, rainbows set against the bright, washed out, November stone of the city.

There’s a car, a Citroën TA, leaflets piling up like a fan beneath its wipers.

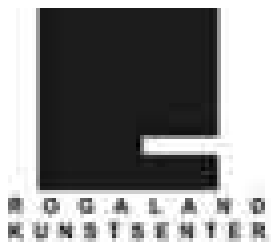
A man winds a canvas awning, faded from years of sunlight, he hardly notices traffic as he makes a triangle, pavement, shop front and winding pole, the last left on this steep street once filled with them. I think back to years before, how alive it was, the multi-coloured canopies billowing up the steep curve of the hill. Some of them are still there of course, the ironwork that supports them thick with paint against ornate shop fronts somehow surviving from the last century.

I remember, hazily, the flight over, or maybe another plane journey, the way the mountains fell away from the window, rivers and roads like cracks on the pavements, then later, waking in the dark, the lights of the city bright against the void of the lake.

I’m late, my appointment is soon, at the Cafe on D-----. There are no street signs in this quarter, but I think I recognise the texture of the kerb stones, the asphalt lifting. By a plane tree a pile of papers and magazines seems familiar, although it can’t have been here since last week. Despite being close to the National Museum, the area is shabby, old fly-posters peel from every wall, yet new ones still catch the eye, glossy with paste. Holding the vista is a tall street corner building, its mean-looking turret (an architectural feature typical of this city) advertising my destination. Yet the café is welcoming, bright as the light fades. A bell rings as I push open the door, I look around uncertainly, then, fumbling to remove my coat, sit down and wait.

Tim Machin

<sup>1</sup> c1465-c1554 Ottoman admiral and cartographer. The map in question, drawn from myriad Arab, Portuguese and Classical sources is renowned for the accuracy of its depiction of the world, including what is claimed to be the first depiction of Antarctica some three centuries before the continent’s official discovery. Since the map’s discovery in the Tokapi Palace in Istanbul in 1929 it has been the source of endless speculation and theories, with some claiming it draws on 10,000 years worth of cartographic knowledge.





## Update: Paris

By [globusready@gmail.com](mailto:globusready@gmail.com)

TO THE ARTISTS OF MY AGE, FRENCH, AND NOT ONLY.

In cities like Paris that I am right now residing and yet for a couple of months, one can easily watch the demography smiling darkly to us europeans. However France is, according to the statistics published, the first position when it comes to the processes of procreation, there is this sort of human infantility (or should I better say infantilismus) so widely distributed. Isn't it, by the way, that very phenomenon the artist-in-residence type is known for? Funny aspect is that regarding the common age-specification a ‚human-artist‘ up to 35 is still considered a ‚young‘. And even older (36, 37...) in some councils... it reminds me then of another system of counting ages when yesterday children are finally recognized adults: 18, 21 and more versions. There is somehow one good version to remain a child during the whole period of the life time!

So when being often time grey-haired yet, we still remain the youth, you know huh?! Residence type of a human-artist is something special I guess, because there is definitely this idea of irresponsibility behind the whole culture of nomadism, which is synonymically called „meeting people“, „interchanging ideas“, and altering locations countlessly... People have fought for decades for emancipation, sexual minotities rights, free love whatsoever stands behind the present state of things, I know that. I also know well – as I personally am from Russia – what the word demography means there: concretely tragiced notion, because the population goes to end with so much rapid strides. Does not make sense speak long of as this is a type of situation that no more could be changed to a better condition. Somewhat unavoidable. But an amazing thing is that I can come here to France and see the processes quite similar, population lowering, which are, however, disguised the brighter colors that much. Stepping to Paris, one discovers the city so nice, especially because is the city of people who forgot the idea of working for future, since future is an implicate concept of children production. But they do not care so much. People here behave relaxed, sexually open, busy with this and that just as much as they can and not more. I mean white people, of course. Which human-artists mostly are. Muslims and black are concentrated on procreation, not in a speculative way, but just physically. You know, many things that (ok, white) people do here they just do to be seen nice, just for pleasuring the moment, and that's perfectly it. Procreation has been thus understood totally unnecessary.

No doubt, nothing will change up until there won't come an exact idea, a clear concept, which many people of reproductive ages would have opportunity to perceive seductive. Fatherhood, for instance, and the like. Still there was not a thing produced that might have made people think otherwise. And still we don't have one. I can hardly imagine it will soon appear. You?

Not that big discussion, as obviously being nor a sociologist, I am neither appealing the categories of morality.

And not to picture an issue of so much the dramatic colors, I have probably to come back to the proposition that what we now have is precisely that something people had fought for, definitely it is, you know, all these boons of democracy, or sorry if I am titling this in a wrong way. Just a small report from the very streets of Paris, corridors of artist-in-residencies, childless.

Do you think you gonna have little children ever soon

## Update: Artist in Residence

By [andreas.vogel@ffzh.ch](mailto:andreas.vogel@ffzh.ch)

Do we expect to receive a postcard? Does a residence have to pay off (directly)? Does the world lie at our feet? How does the effect of a residence measure with the artistic work? Is a residence a paid vacation? What makes a person cosmopolitan? Why should we accommodate artists from abroad? Who should send artists in residences? Do artists influence our view of the world? Does the world come via the Net? Does the world notice our artists? Is travel a form of education? How many Swiss artists are living as artists-in-residence at present? Are we global? Where is Bangalore? Is it true that what I do not know cannot hurt me? Is accommodating an artist from abroad a profitable investment, and if yes, for whom? Does art know any boundaries? Is accommodating an artist from abroad foreign aid in the common sense of the word? How is foresight developed? Different countries, different customs? What can we do for artists who are staying in residence in Switzerland? Is an artist-in-residence a representative of his or her country, or just a minion? Do we expect gratitude? Who should welcome artists-in-residence? Why should we send artists abroad? Should the cobbler always stick to his last? How do boundaries dissolve? How many residences are there in Switzerland? How does one say artist-in-residence in German? Is Switzerland swamped by foreigners? Is an artist-in-residence a tourist, a visitor or a stranger? Where is home? What does assimilated mean? Et in arcadia ego? What can artists learn abroad that they cannot learn in Switzerland? Who has got the paint? What does an artist-in-residence accomplish for his or her own country? Is out of sight out of mind? Is there such a thing as residence tourism? What does an artist owe to those who have granted him or her a residence? How many artists-in-residence are living in Switzerland at present? What colour is your passport? Who is going to pay for all this? Why roam so far afield, when the real good is so close at hand? Why Boswil? Are artists not responsible for themselves? Why not simply buy good art instead of investing in a single, uncertain future in art? Is there residence art? Who will clean up in the end?

## Update: Venice

By [david\\_maljkoVIC@yahoo.com](mailto:david_maljkoVIC@yahoo.com)

Unfortunately I'm not going to present Croatia at 52. International Art Exhibition of Biennale di Venezia. This decision was made by the selector (commissioner) of artist Zeljko Kipke together with organiser (curator) Branko Franceschi, Director of the Museum of Modern and Contemporary Art in Rijeka and I suppose with the Ministry of Culture.

As you might be able to imagine, how disappointed and sorry I am. Please allow me to explain what happened: On 22th of February 2007, I presented my project together with my architect and selector Zeljko Kipke to the Minister of Culture, Bozo Biskupic. The meeting went well and the minister gave support to the project and let me know he is very pleased with it. The project was sent to Palazzo Querini Stampalia which is hosting the Croatian Pavilion in Venice.

On the 2th of March I received an e-mail from Nina Obuljen, the assistant of the Minister of Culture, informing me that Querini Stampalia reviewed my project and decided that is not suitable for the CEArea Scarpa, for which it was designed. Fondazione Querini Stampalia was afraid, that the construction of my installation could cause damage in the newly renovated Area Scarpa. Querini Stampalia offered the Ministry of Culture different spaces in the building. So a date was set to see the new space on Wednesday 7th of March and I had a flight ticket booked to Venice.

I should add, that already on our first visit to Querini Stampalia in December 2006 me and my architect had asked for the conditions as well as what we could do in the delicate Scarpa space. Accordingly we designed a self supporting installation avoiding all invasive actions such as screwing, drilling, welding etc. Of course I asked for a written explanation from Querini Stampalia, the Ministry of Culture and the organiser but I never received any document.


On 5th of March Zeljko Kipke sent an e-mail informing all collaborators that my project has been rejected and that I have to hand in a new proposal latest point on the 20th of March. Moreover, he informed me, that neither in the Scarpa space nor in any other space in Palazzo Querini Stampalia I am allowed to use plaster boards and wooden construction. I responded that certain materials and elements like plaster boards or wooden constructions are essential in my artistic practice and that this should be appreciated by the organisers of the Croatian Pavilion. Furthermore, I reminded about my obligations towards the Museum of Contemporary Art CAPC in Bordeaux and the Whitechapel Gallery in London. Both, commissioner and curator of the pavilion knew that I have to be in Bordeaux from 11th – 17th of March to install a solo exhibition and subsequently in London on 28th of March for the opening of a solo at Whitechapel Gallery. I informed them that I only can provide a realistic timeline for a new project after having seen the new space at Querini Stampalia.

I must say I was stunned about the deadline of March 20th, because everybody knew that the Museum CAPC gave me the opportunity to install my solo exhibition in March although the opening will take place on 24th of May in order to enable me to focus on the Venice Biennial project in the following months.

On the 6th of March I received an e-mail from Commissioner Zeljko Kipke telling me, that due to his responsibility towards the Ministry of Culture he has to cancel my appointment as the artist to represent Croatia at the Venice Biennial. He pointed out that he is sorry but because of my other obligations I would not capable to finish the work for the pavilion.

Dear friends and colleagues I couldn't believe this, because of my obligations and responsibility towards the Croatian Pavilion I asked for a special arrangement to install my exhibition in Bordeaux two months before the opening (I am using this opportunity to say how much I appreciate the Museum in Bordeaux CAPC for making it possible) and now I have been excluded, or should I say removed, from the Biennial.

What kind of commissioner, artist (!) and person and what kind of curator, organiser and person act this way? I keep asking myself how they can pretend to support the interest of the Ministry but don't do anything to protect the artist and make an art possible.



David Maljkovic, These Days, 2005, Videostill. Courtesy David Maljkovic

They have not just outwitted me, they outwitted all the people I am working with, my architect Miroslav Rajic, designer Damir Gamulin as well as all the people ready and open to help the Croatian Pavilion, Sabrina van der Ley and Markus Richter of European Art Project, the institutions I am working with who showed the will to help with ads and promotion (P.S.1, Whitechapel and CAPC Bordeaux) and my gallery Annet Gelink. I would like to apologise to them for this terrible situation and say how thankful I am for all the support they offered.

Once more I have to say how sorry I am that I won't be able to present my video installation „Lost Memories from These Days“, the project I am working on since 2005. set inside the former Italian Pavilion on Zagreb fair. I can not describe how disappointed and sad I am.

## Update: Winterthur

By [kielmayer@gmx.net](mailto:kielmayer@gmx.net)

**Act global, stay local**

I wasn't nervous or anything, I just wanted to take this very seriously. 2 weeks ago I received a phone call, asking me for an appointment in order to make a 2 minute documentation about the Kunsthalle Winterthur. I understood that they had been researching for cool places in town and now would like to broadcast a short documentary in a 'where to go out' section. Of course I said yes, especially as we can do with some extra free publicity. On the one hand I was a bit disappointed that it was not the national TV asking for a meeting but only a local channel that I never had heard of; I normally don't take local TV stations very seriously, I never watch them and I actually think nobody should... On the other hand the board of the Kunsthalle is always craving for local attention, so this broadcast would be an exquisite bonus when it should come to delicate budget discussions next time. Moreover, national TV had actually asked once to do something; its (rather controversial) art magazine wanted to make a 20 second feature in the section called something like 'hot'. I had to send them pictures and all, but their reaction was: 'We are terribly sorry, but is this all you've got in the show? Isn't there more??' I had 3 installations there and they would edit it down to 20 bloody seconds – a curator's statement included – so I really couldn't believe it. However, they never asked again ever since and I was quite excited that at least Winterthur TV (or whatever its name is) would come to Kunsthalle!

In the morning I had serious thoughts about dressing. I used not to, but 2 years ago I had been interviewed for another local TV channel (the Zurich one) and was totally shocked when I saw it broadcasted. I looked really shit, my arse seemed to be huge and completely out of shape, my face looked fat and my hair greasy. Who cares that the things I am saying are intelligent when I look like a monster?! Having had this experience I spent some time thinking of an appropriate outfit for a curator of contemporary art. I decided for 'understatement' (simple but chosen, unassuming but very expensive), and decided to wear a light blue shirt by Boss (they say it's easy ironing: what a load of bullshit!), orange-brownish cord trousers by Bogner and dark brown winter shoes by Kandahar. Especially careful I was with my hair, as it was actually a bit too long already and needed cutting. So I washed it carefully and put it into place in a 15 minute hairdrying session. Clean shaven and with just a hint of Kenzo I left home, totally sure that this time I would look gorgeous on TV.

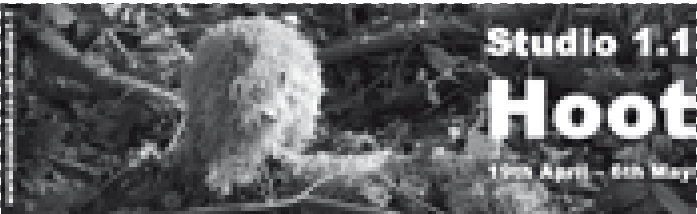
After having lunch with Sandra from the Kunstmuseum I was at Kunsthalle early enough to switch on Nathalie Djurbergs show. I thought this would be quite a media effective background for the TV report; this time there would certainly be enough stuff to film for the crew. When I heard steps on the stairs I checked my hair for a last time and then tried to look busy in my office. A young guy with a name I cannot remember introduced himself and I was fully ready for his questions. Ever so slightly irritating was that he was on his own; normally they come at least with an additional camera man, but well, I thought, it's Winterthur and not the MTV awards! Admiring the do it yourself attitude I suggested he would just take all the shots himself. I was glad that he liked our lounge and I offered him to have a look at the show. Soon it became clear that he had no idea about museums let alone contemporary art but I didn't care. I guided him through the exhibition and made some comments on the single works, feeling a bit strange as I would certainly have to repeat it all 10 minutes later in front of the camera. Back to the lounge I asked him, what I would have to do now and if I should pose on the sofa for the interview. I got an irritated glance from him, followed by the remark that he would now inform me about the look the documentary should get. I was totally amazed as normally they just stick the micro into your face and start asking you a lot of questions before they inform you at the end that almost none of what you said will be in the edited 20something seconds. So this one would be made carefully, I thought, so carefully they even inform you about the final result in advance!

The first time I got a kind of a weird feeling was when he asked to go online on the computer in order to have a look at their website. Oh no, I thought, maybe Winterthur TV is only a web based format and not even broadcasted properly! My fresh doubts proved to be partly wrong, as the reality was much worse. When he showed me samples of documentaries about Japanese restaurants and emphasized that all their documentaries can be seen on mytube and others, and that they get first hits in all search engines it dawned on me: This man was not here to make a documentary about the Kunsthalle including an interview with me but to sell the making of a documentary for a web-based city guide!

Had I missed something in our first phone call maybe? Was this another example of me getting excited by trigger words like 'film', 'documentary' and 'interview'? Had I listened to this person so badly that I had overheard the important things? Or was I just the victim of a clever marketing strategy trying to get an appointment and 1 hour of my precious time? I really don't know, but I realised that soon he would introduce the advantageous price scheme; and he did. On the one hand I was flattered that he obviously thought I could spontaneously say yes to spend CHF 2600something per year for having a video of the Kunsthalle (indeed including an interview with me) on the internet. On the other hand I thought of all my pointless excitement about Kunsthalle being finally on TV and the hours I had invested into looking good. The meeting ended quite shortly after my revealing shock; I took his card and complimented him out with words of sincere but not top of my agenda interest. I was close to think 'what a waste' but after having second thoughts I was sure that this was probably trying to tell me something. The question is what.

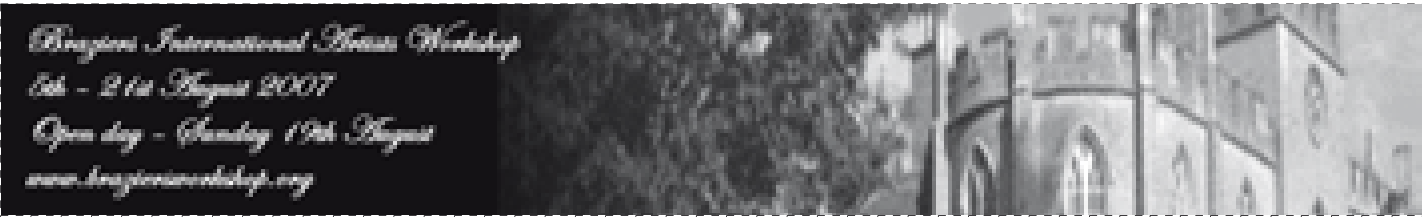


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