

the CRAP SHOOTER



De Appel, Nieuwe Spiegelstraat 10, Amsterdam

Curatorial Training Programme 95-96

First edition, April 1996

Free



Jes Brinch & Henrik Plenge Jakobsen, 1994, Copenhagen

Petting a Dead Horse

Terrorism in art? Who cares

By Kay C. Pallister

It is often assumed or maybe 'suggested' by the target group, that terrorist acts are carried out by a deranged group of people, who are essentially evil. This cannot be true. Is it not the case that a good cause may use terrorism just as a bad one may? For example, the ending of white dominance in South Africa was obviously a good cause and yet along with the mass demonstrations held by the ANC, there were murders of a white church congregation and the planting of bombs in affluent white civilian areas. These were certainly acts of terrorism, yet we now call the ANC 'freedom fighters'. The idea of terrorism is, it seems, in essence to spread terror and show power. Bearing this in mind, it would appear, that it only takes a handful of people to sustain the threat of terrorism. It seems that maybe the label of terrorism can only be applied to the participants while they are the underdogs. For if their cause is finally recognised and policies change to appease them, then they are seen in a different light. So, it will be interesting to see how the IRA will be thought of by the Northern Irish, if things change after peace talks. Probably there will always be a few people who are not entirely happy with an arrangement, even when it is more sympathetic to their cause. What about the Chechnyans? Their role is a

bit foggy right now. Depending on who reports on their actions, their titles range from "Terrorists" to "Freedom Fighters", from "Rebels" to "Dissidents". What leads to terrorism? It seems that dissatisfaction, along with frustration with ultimate powers and a true belief in the 'cause' make for a rare group of people who are, after all, risking their liberty, if not their life, by being involved in it. They are the people who stand outside the acceptance of things the way they are, their motives can not be judged right or wrong. But the majority, which they oppose, has laws which they are subject to.

A recent issue of "The Economist" (March 8, 1996) included an article called "What is terrorism?". It outlined some of the points mentioned above. After reading it, I was prompted to think about this terrorism thing because it has been suggested that some of the artists in CRAP SHOOT have something to do with it. The way I see it, any way you look at it, the artist's 'cause' is always considered viable. Often contemplated and then legitimized by a nice theoretical framework. What started as *actions* in the seventies, has become a *language* of the nineties. And perhaps the opportunity to take this language for granted, is courtesy of seventies artists, such as Chris Burden and Bruce Nauman. Their amazing acts, along with others, were a revelation at that time, a refreshing change of pace from the acceptable modes of art practice. Now, it can be seen that the

dominance of traditional sculpture and painting has withered. Burden and Nauman are in part responsible for this. They opened a can of worms which has proved to be an enormous influence to a younger generation. This generation does not have to forge the frontier again and again, it has already been discovered. It is naive to imagine that a premeditated act against the artworld could not be digested and recycled by it. A frustrating luxury not enjoyed by terrorists. To talk about terrorism, or its various other pseudonyms in the art world, like 'radical gesture', 'institutional critique' or 'transgression', one has to have an inherent notion of imminent sin. Does art follow such metaphysical notions any longer? Doesn't art have the happy circumstance of being rid of such boundaries? Surely then the thought that artists can stand outside the art world and terrorise it, is a non-starter. The art world does not have laws which one can clearly break, there is no 'legal/illegal'. In CRAP SHOOT, the artists use this consenting attitude of the art world for their own ends, but it is always with acceptance that they are firmly in it. They grab their liberty and run with it. Aiming wholly at the art world with their antics is not their 'cause', they have too much indifference towards it for that. Also, *only* to scratch at their irritations with the art world, would be a little dull for their whacko imaginations - maybe they slap it around the face a little, or make it the butt of their jokes, but hey, they are only artists, you know.

SCANDAL:

News From Sweden

By Erik van der Heeg
(Copyright MATERIAL)

The opening of the "Interpol" project at Färgfabriken, Stockholm, ended in chaos and mayhem. "Interpol", organised by Swedish independent curator maverick Jan Åman and Viktor Misiano (responsible for the Russian pavilion at last year's Venice Biennial) was supposed to be a meeting between artists from Russia and the West. Instead it became a war.

The performance of the Russian artist Oleg Kulik, who played the role of a dog, derailed when the naked artist began to attack and bite the visitors - among these, several board members of a major Swedish company which, at least until now, has been one of the biggest corporate sponsors of contemporary art.

Another Russian artist, Alexander Brener, completely demolished the installation of the Chinese/American artist Wenda Gu - a 20 metre-long tunnel of human hair, which the artist had been working on for two years. Both Russians were arrested by crack-teams from the Swedish police. In a press conference the following day, the Russians defended themselves by stating that artists from the West were

too hard-working and goal orientated, and that they are too interested in commercial success, which deprives them of "a deeper spirituality", and their art of any "reason to exist".

The Westerners initially interpreted the event in a very Western and pragmatic way, stating that the destruction had "produced new meanings". But later on, after relentless critique from the Russians, the Western artists teamed up to produce an "Open Letter To The Art World", declaring that Misiano and his artists were in fact giving legitimacy to "a new form of totalitarian ideology", threatening freedom of speech, and saying that their "attitude excludes female artists".

What was forgotten in this series of dramatic events was the exhibition itself. A quite mediocre show, indeed, in spite of two years preparation and the considerable sum of money poured into the project. "Interpol" is an exhibition that perhaps functions in terms of packaging: posters, invitation cards, administration, seminars, parties, marketing. But it is also an exhibition that lacks focus.

A Few Scattered Ideas

By Eric Troncy

The question whether something is or is not a work of art has lost a great deal of importance. Not because artists' concerns and their formal realisations have lessened in quality, but rather because the quality level of artists and of their production - even when it has risen higher - has become banal, through professionalisation. And it just so happens that what our time in general, and art in particular, is least ready to put up with is banality. Producing works 'of art' has become easy: many artists can do it almost effortlessly. Indeed, the notion of effort is judged obsolete. Even the surprise effect which used to liven up the exhibitions of so-called 'young artists' has faded away, because exhibitions too have become a routine event. Where they used to spring up in audaciously alternative spaces, they have now become a necessary feature of any cultural programme, always guided by a uniform concern for visibility which contributes to the institutions' somewhat strange feeling of guilt toward young talent. Yet it is never mentioned that in all these more-or-less official spaces, the 'exhibitions of young artists' are completely instrumentalized, conceived and contrived as a brief period of disorder in a tranquil continuity.

Statistically and even simply objectively, it is strictly impossible that all these 'high-quality' works be judged as 'works of art'. If they are, then the very notion of 'work of art', indicating by definition an exceptional character, and above all, a certain 'disconcerting' irresolution, must now stand for a meaning or a set of postulates which can only be boring for those

seriously interested in artistic activity. "In general, one of the criteria of quality for what I do, is consternation. When I'm disconcerted, then I'm on the the right track". (Bertrand Lavier)

As a professionalised field of activity, the goal of which is the production of uniformly high-quality works, art has no further interest whatsoever. Let's add that all the strategies for accompanying the work-as-production are now drained of their surprise, and like any strategy, once identified they are no longer effective. Whether the artist chooses a specific area of activity or uses only a given material, whether he builds a myth by producing just a single work annually (Charles Ray) or pursues year after year a pre-established programme (Robert Gober), it all comes down to a logic of pure advertising - which, incidentally, is in no way to deny the talent of some of these artists.

But honestly, how can anyone spend his life painting gray monochromes?

I'm aware of everything that might be considered reactionary in these comments, but they are motivated by the will to demonstrate that the making of an artwork has become a pointless enterprise. Producing an art object, the major concern of the eighties, is equally pointless, because too many people know how to do it, and few of them are Jeff Koons.

So those who are now replacing artists, and who occupy what we might call the zone of inventiveness and consternation formerly held by those who called themselves artists, have concerns which are radically distant from the production of 'works of art'.

This newspaper accompanies the exhibition
CRAP SHOOT

location:

De Appel

Nieuwe Spiegelstraat 10
1017 DE Amsterdam
Tel +31 (0)20 625 5651
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date:

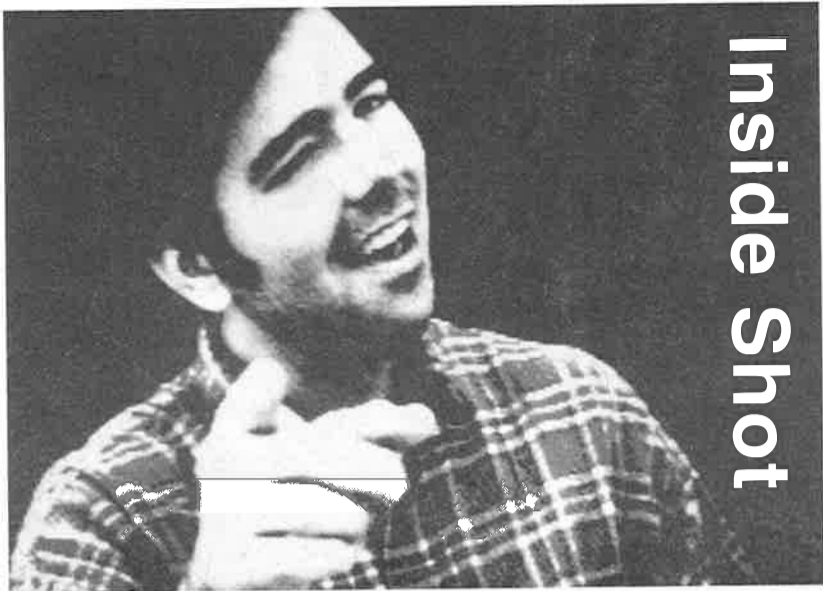
April 12 - 19 May

time:

Tuesday - Sunday
12 - 5 pm

WATCH OUT FOR THE SECOND EDITION OF THE CRAP SHOOTER!

You can expect to see the second edition of the CRAP SHOOTER at the beginning of May. It will include photographs of the show in De Appel, reviews, opinion pieces, more gossip and contributions by Willem Velthoven, Otto Berchem, Kim Levin, Anand Zenz, Maurice O'Connell, Dick Tuinder, Sjoukje van der Meulen and many more.



Inside Shot

By Otto Berchem

Fab 5 choose the magnificent 7?

Ever wondered who that group of five young(ish) folk who showed up at all of the openings, at least the ones worth attending in Amsterdam, for the last seven months, were? You know, the ones who weren't dressed well enough to be Euro-Curo's, or hip enough to be artists, who were always being lead around by De Appel's Gerrie van Noord. If it seemed like a class trip, it was. Yes, those fresh faced young boys and girls are the Fab 5 of the De Appel's curator course. They've been out stalking the European art world, in search of talent for a show of their own. If you didn't jump to buy them a drink then, you blew it.

Yes, that's because, after seven months of cross-examining power brokers, artists, and anyone else they could get their hands on - Clive Kellner, Kay C. Pallister, Annie Fletcher, Nina Folkersma and Adam Szymczyk have finally made up their minds and come up with their own Magnificent 7. Just who are these Irrascables of the 90s? Well, it seems like lager lout is the common denominator. A very non PC, all male review is on order. The cast: **Jes Brinch & Henrik P Jakobsen, Maurizio Cattelan, Jeroen Eisinga, Halter/Gratwohl and Kendell Geers.** The name: CRAP SHOOT.

Spellbound by 5 meters of wild crap

... Speaking of crap, what is it with titles for exhibitions these days? After a series of titles/statements like "Take me (I'm yours)" (Serpentine) to "This is the show and the show is many things" (Gent), we're onto one syllable/word titles like: "Trust" (Tramway) - who?, "Shift" (De Appel) - where?, "Watt" (Witte de With/Kunsthal) - what? I don't know.

What I do know is that I've noticed a slight shift - no pun intended - into the two syllable/word craze right now. There's "Spellbound" (Hayward), "Do it!" (CCA, Glasgow), "Wild Walls" (Stedelijk), "Traffic" (CAPC, Bordeaux), and now CRAP SHOOT. I don't know about the last one. It's right up there with "Sublime forms seen from 5 meters" (Stedelijk) on my list of the world's worst titles for an exhibition. Those kids over at De Appel are making things potentially far too easy to describe the show. I didn't think it could get any better after "Hopeless" (CCA, Glasgow).

Has anyone told Rudi?

Who would have ever believed it? A Dutch artist showing in De Appel and the Stedelijk at the same time! Believe me (it's true). **Jeroen Eisinga's** work is currently on view in the Peiling show at the Stedelijk, as well as CRAP SHOOT. What makes the situation even more unlikely is that Jeroen hasn't attended the: (a) Rietveld, (b) Rijksakademie, (c) Ateliers, or (d) Jan van Eyck. According to conventional wisdom about the Dutch art world this is a miracle. Who would have ever thought it was possible? Way to roam Jeroen!

Hey Rudi, there's another call for you

Been by the Stedelijk lately? If you have then maybe you saw A.P. 'Pim' Komen's video "Couples" in the 'Sublime forms...' show. In the work, made before Pim hooked up with collaborator **Karen Murphy**, a series of tapped cellular telephone calls is presented, with seemingly unconnected video footage. Now, if you were one of the crowds that stood around and listened in, you may have wondered: 'do these people know that someone recorded them?'. At least one of them does now. Apparently someone recognized a voice from one of the four vignettes. In an ironic twist of fate it turned out to be the voice of a Dutch TV/Radio personality. Quicker than you can say 'Jesse Helms', lawyers were on the phone to the Stedelijk to demand that the work be removed. Showing remarkable backbone, the Stedelijk asked Pim to remove or change the work, stating that they "were not in a position to back him up". But that was just the start of it.

Sensing their own version of **CamillaGate**, various TV and radio shows barraged Pim with phone calls to discover just who was this Mystery Man. What would they call this tempest in a teacup? **RudiGate**? As it turns out, their efforts were in vain. Pim made a few modifications to the work to mask the voice of **Anonymous**, and the issue was dropped. Now it sounds a bit more like Mickey Mouse than ... Prince Charles?

De Appel Curator League Tables

In an attempt to make things a bit clearer for the general public, **Inside Shot** has come up with an alternative solution to the Artist's CV. Call it a streamlining of the facts. All we did was to tabulate the number of shows each artist has done, and then give them points based on where they were. Simple.

A few facts: ... Maurizio Cattelan is the oldest artist in CRAP SHOOT ... Brinch & Jakobsen's score is a little inflated due to the fact that it's really a composite of two CV's ... Kendell Geers placed third, and this for a man coming from a country with hardly any Museums ... keep an eye out in future for the Dark Horse of CRAP SHOOT Jeroen Eisinga ... Halter/Gratwohl need someone to show them how to put a CV together.

CRAP SHOOT

Artist	Age	Shows	Solo	Group	Other	Points
Cattelan	36	23	5	17	1	51
Brinch/Jakobsen	30/29	25	3	18	4	38
Geers	28	17	3	14		36
Eisinga	29	7	1	2	5	9

Halter/Gratwohl 29/28 No score due to indecipherable CV (based on '94 - '95 CV's)

SHIFT

Artist	Age	Shows	Solo	Group	Other	Points
Tiravanija	34	18	5	13		51
Hirakawa	35	15	7	8		43
Gordon	29	14	4	10		38
Zimmermann	39	14	4	10		34
Sinclair	29	10	4	6		27
Signer	57	8	3	5		21
Green	36	9	3	6		21
Lindberg	37	11	4	6	1	18
Huyghe	33	7	2	5		17
Donachie	26	6	1	5		12
Wikström	30	7	2	5		12

Hybert, Koelewijn, Schröder: No score due to lack of CV (based on '93 - '94 CV's)

Scoring system: International solo show (museum)=5 points, Int solo (gallery)=4, National solo (mus.)=4, Nat solo (gal.)=3, Int. Group show (mus.)=3, Int. Group (gal.)=2, Nat group (mus.)=2, Nat group (gal.)=1, Performances, Video Festivals, etc. (a.k.a other)=1

Miscellaneous Slap Shots

During the February opening circuit in Holland you may have spotted **Annette Gelink** and **Diana Stigter**, directors of **Bloom Gallery**, with an American guy with Euro-Curo glasses. That was none other than American born, Vancouver living, office in Hong Kong owning, art edition commissioning **Patrick Painter**. He was in Amsterdam to set up a show of his editions at Bloom. Reliable sources say that some of the same work is on view at **Tanya Bonadakar** and **Andrea Rosen**, in New York. I guess Patrick prefers brunettes ... If things don't work out in the art world for buddies **Rirkrit Tiravanija** and **Gavin Brown**, they could always open a restaurant. For obvious reasons Rirkrit can do the cooking, but what you might not know is that Gavin used to be a waiter at NY art world bistro the **Odeon**. What would the name of the restaurant be? Untitled (Rirkrit & Gavin's Culinary Enterprise) of course! ... To all of those cynics out there who think that "those who can - do, those who can't - curate": think again. Brussels gallerist **Oscar Van den Boogard** of **Mot & Van den Boogard** has been nominated for the **Gouden Uil** literary award for his third novel "De Heerlijkheid van Julia". Oscar hasn't been the only one out there to receive some accolades, artist and part-time soap star **Barbara Visser**, as well as **Bas Jan Ader** look alike **Job Koelewijn** amongst others, have just received the **Charlotte Köhler Prize** based on the strength of their oeuvre. Congratulations! Now all they are missing is an **Otto Akademie Award** for their mantle.

Until next time, be kool & the gang, and don't let the crap get you down.

Maurizio Cattelan
Born 1960 in Padova, Italy

Solo exhibitions

1996
Galleria Massimo De Carlo, Milan
Laure Genillard Gallery, London

1995
MaGalerie (Emmanuel Perrotin), Paris

1994
Galerie Analix, Genève
Galene Daniel Buchholz, Cologne
Daniel Newburg Gallery, New York
Laure Genillard Gallery, London

1993
Galleria Massimo De Carlo, Milan
Galleria Raucci Santamaria, Naples

1992
Edizioni dell'Obbligo, Juliet, Trieste

1990
"Strategie": Galleria Neon, Bologna.*
Studio Oggetto, Milan
Galleria Leonardi V-idea, Genova

1989
"Biologia delle Passioni": Galleria Fuxia*
Galleria Neon, Bologna
Loggetta della pinacoteca, Ravenna

1988
"Natura Codarda", Galleria Neon, Bologna*

1987
"Peep Show", Palazzo Albertini, Forli

Actions

1995
"Choose your destination, how to get a Museum-paid Vacation", USF Contemporary Art Museum, Tampa

1992
"Doppiogioco", Serre di Rapolano*
"Fondazione Oblomov", Accademia di Brera, Milano

1991
"Stand abusivo", Arte Fiera, Bologna
"Rassegna piccoli editori", Castello di Belgioioso*

Projects

1995
"Permanent Food" with Dominique Gonzales-Foerster

1993
Sonsbeek, Arnhem * proposal refused.

Group shows

1996
"CRAP SHOOT", De Appel, Amsterdam
"Traffic", CAPC, Bordeaux

1995
"Photomontage", Le Consortium, Dijon
"Des fourmis dans les jambes", Association Galerie Artem, Quimper
"Das Spiel in der Kunst", Neue Galerie am Landesmuseum Joanneum, Graz
"Ar/ge Kunst", Bolzano*
Kwangju int. Biennale, Seoul-Korea*
"Caravanserraglio", Ex Aurum, Pescara*
"7 Febbraio 1995", Viafarini, Milan
"Le Labyrinthe Moraf", Le Consortium, Dijon*
"La Collezione", Castello di Rivoli, Turin*

1994
"Incertaine Identité", Galerie Analix, Genève*
"Rien à signaler", Galerie Analix, Genève*
"SogettoSogetto", Castello di Rivoli, Turin*
"Prima Linea", Flash Art Museum, Trevi*
"L'hiver de l'amour", ARC, Paris*; PS1, New York*
"Sound", MaGalerie, Paris
"L'Attesa", Galleria Neon, Bologna

1993
Galleria Massimo De Carlo, Milan
MaGalerie, Paris
"Maurizi", Depot, Bologna
"L'Arca di Noe", Flash Art Museum, Trevi*
"Hotel Carlton Palace, Chambre 763", Paris*
"Documentario", Spazio Opos, Milano*
"Nachtschattengewächse", Museum Fridericianum, Kassel*
"Aperto 93", Biennale di Venezia*

1992
"Twenty Fragile Pieces", Galerie Analix, Genève*
"Ottovolante", Museo d'Arte Contemporanea, Bergamo*
"Una Domenica a Rivara", Castello di Rivara

1991
"Briefing", Galleria Inga Pin, Milan
"Anni 90", Galleria d'Arte Moderna, Bologna*
"Operazione S.Giustino", Milan*
"Siamo qui e stiamo facendo", Castellafiume*
"Medialismo", Galleria Vitolo, Rome*

1990
"Existenz Maximum", Istituto degli innocenti, Florence*
"Improvvisazione Libera", Museo Pecci, Prato
"Take Over", Galleria Inga Pin, Milan, Landau Gallery Los Angeles and New York*
"Ipotesi di Arte Giovane", Fabbrica del Vapore, Milan

1989
"Individual-Media", Dimos, Milan
"La mostra non mostra", Primo Piano Gallery, Milan*
"Oratorio S.Sebastiano", Forli*
"Metessi", Galleria Carrieri, Rome*

1988
"Aumento di Temperatura", Galleria Neon, Bologna
"Ufa Fabrik", Berlin*

1987
"Biennale Giovani", Palazzo delle Esposizioni, Faenza*
"Emergenze", Galleria Neon, Bologna
"Ambientarte", Rocca Caterina Sforza, Forli*
"Indagine '87", Palazzo Re Enzo, Bologna*

*Catalogue

CRAP SHOOT FROM 12 APRIL TILL 19 MAY 1996

LIKE A THIEF IN THE NIGHT

By Nina Folkersma

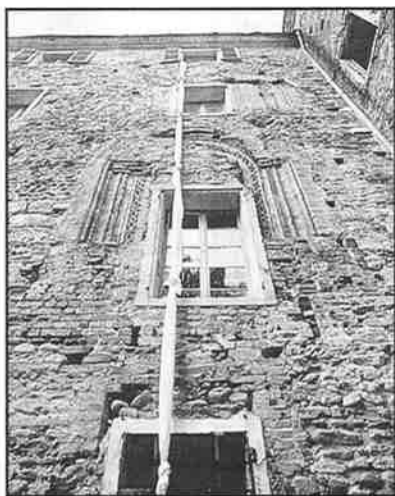
On meeting Maurizio Cattelan in person you immediately understand how his work comes about. Maurizio Cattelan is a complete nutcase. He can't sit still for a moment, darts about constantly back and forth, in response to sudden caprices. He makes funny faces, tries continuously to make you laugh and his hands are always roving - bits of paper, stickers, sweets, money, girls. While talking to you he peers around like a naughty boy, with a cheeky look as though he is brooding on some secret prank to create chaos.

With Maurizio Cattelan things often turn out differently from what you might expect. He has the uncanny ability to create absurd situations which catch the viewer off guard. For instance, he closed the doors of a gallery, forcing the visitors to look through the window like peeping toms or prospective burglars. What they finally saw was quite a sad sight: a mechanical bear wobbling and wheeling along a tight-rope from one end of the room to the other - a curious combination of subversion, confusion and intimacy. The fact that Cattelan has an eye for intimate, emotional details can also be seen in the work he made for his exhibition in the Laure Genillard Gallery in London. On entering the gallery, all you could see was an unadorned white space: it was only when you looked round the corner of the room at the back that you saw a tiny little kitchen with a water heater on the wall and a miniature kitchen table with a squirrel sitting at it. His head was slumped over the table top, while on the ground next to it was the itchy-bitsy little pistol he had just used to kill himself. The whole scene was so full of pathos that as a visitor you didn't know whether to feel sorry for the poor creature or to giggle surreptitiously. Cattelan makes cunning play with the emotions and expectations of the visitor. Over the last couple of years Cattelan has been expanding his menagerie. He tried to get birds to say "woof woof"; he put a live braying donkey in an exhibition space and he got his gallery owners to walk around in animal costumes specially designed for

them. For instance, he persuaded his Parisian gallerist Emmanuel Perrotin, or *Errotin, le vrai lapin*, to hop around during gallery opening hours in a giant pink costume that was a cross between a rabbit (with floppy ears and fluffy tail) and an enormous cock (complete with wrinkled testicles).

These ridiculous actions are reminiscent of events of the sixties and seventies, when artists such as Bruce Nauman and Vito Acconci indulged in monkey business to expose the absurdity of the art world. With new art forms such as performances, happenings and installations (forms that have become a norm for Cattelan) these artists tried to generate another sort of art that aimed to get rid of the barrier between art and everyday life. In the end however, dealers of this generation had the last laugh - they collected some scanty documentation and incidental scribbles, put expensive frames round them and then sold these 'works' for a pile of money. With *Errotin, le vrai lapin*, Maurizio Cattelan deliberately refers to the relation between art and money, between the 'artistic' and the 'commercial'. This time however the roles are reversed - Cattelan now makes a rabbit (or rather a monkey) out of the gallery owner.¹

The way in which Cattelan takes the mickey out of the art world differs in a number of respects from that used by artists in the 60s and 70s. The criticism of the institutionalizing of art at that time had the aim of broadening the boundaries of art; currently



Maurizio Cattelan, "Una domenica a Rivara", 1992

that is no longer necessary - everything can be labelled art now. Another motive then was the desire to see a new society; currently this is also no longer convincing - we no longer believe so readily that anything can be 'new' or 'better'. Utopian longings, if they still exist, are in any case no longer projected on society as a whole. Moreover, it is no longer so easy to shock anyone. While in the sixties it was possible to disrupt the established order, in the postmodern world of today we all know that every subversive action is immediately defused. This ability to accept each new proposal (whether or not it is subversive) may seem very democratic, but there is another side to the coin - when everything is automatically accepted, nothing makes any difference any more. The art market too rapidly absorbs every form of dissident behaviour, rendering it functional for its own commercial purposes. What next? How can one escape a system in which transgression has also become the dynamic of the market? Perhaps it's no longer the right moment to urge people on to make radical changes. Maybe it's better to replace the frontal assault with practices of infiltration, by operating in the loopholes in the system. Such practices are in any case much more difficult to identify.

Maurizio Cattelan has opted for the latter approach. He makes deliberate use of methods and techniques that are typical of the system and then goes on to undermine it 'from within'. In each of his actions he succeeds in identifying the vulnerable spot in the system, the point where its mechanisms become absurd. Cattelan knows how the art world functions, and therefore he knows

precisely how to take full advantage of its anything-goes system. One of his best-known 'pirate actions', as he calls them, was the project for the Aperto 93 exhibition in the Venice Biennale. He rented out his space to a publicity firm, that used it to hang a poster for a brand of perfume. Not only did he earn money throughout the period of the exhibition; he even made a double profit from this 'deal' when the work was sold. Cattelan is convinced that "every system, even the most perfect one, conserves a margin for error or penetrability wherein it's possible to insert the anonymous virus".² His constant aim then is to penetrate a variety of systems. In 1989 for instance, he founded the *Cooperativa Romagnola Scienziati*, whose first activity was to publish electoral advertisements. Printed in the style that is normally used

grants from Senegal and was 'sponsored' by the fictitious transport company RAUSS (the German word for OUT!). The following year he put up an illegal portable stand in the form of a table football board at the Bologna Art Fair, where he tried to sell promotional material for his team. In this way he created a witty confrontation between the economic and political interests that football teams represent in Italy and the rising racism in his country. At the same time this stand, that could be folded up and taken away, is an indication of how Cattelan always tries to operate on the edge of legality: "I thought the best way to exhibit was to be like an immigrant, in other words, illegal. Thus the idea of this 'illegal' booth is already part of the product being promoted. Therefore it can enter into all



Maurizio Cattelan, "Bidibidibidiboo" 1995, courtesy Laura Genillard Gallery, London

by political parties, the announcement appeared in various Italian dailies: *Your vote is precious, keep it!* In 1990 Cattelan decided to found his own football team, calling it A.C. Forniture Sud. The team consisted entirely of immi-

the works I am working on: to break through the links that every system leaves free, not in a provocative or visible way, but by creating a camouflage using the same methods".³ False pretences, theft and forgery - these then are Cattelan's most important secret weapons. By preference he breaks as many rules and disrupts as many protocols as possible, while making at the same time a maximum use of the alibi of the 'artistic'.

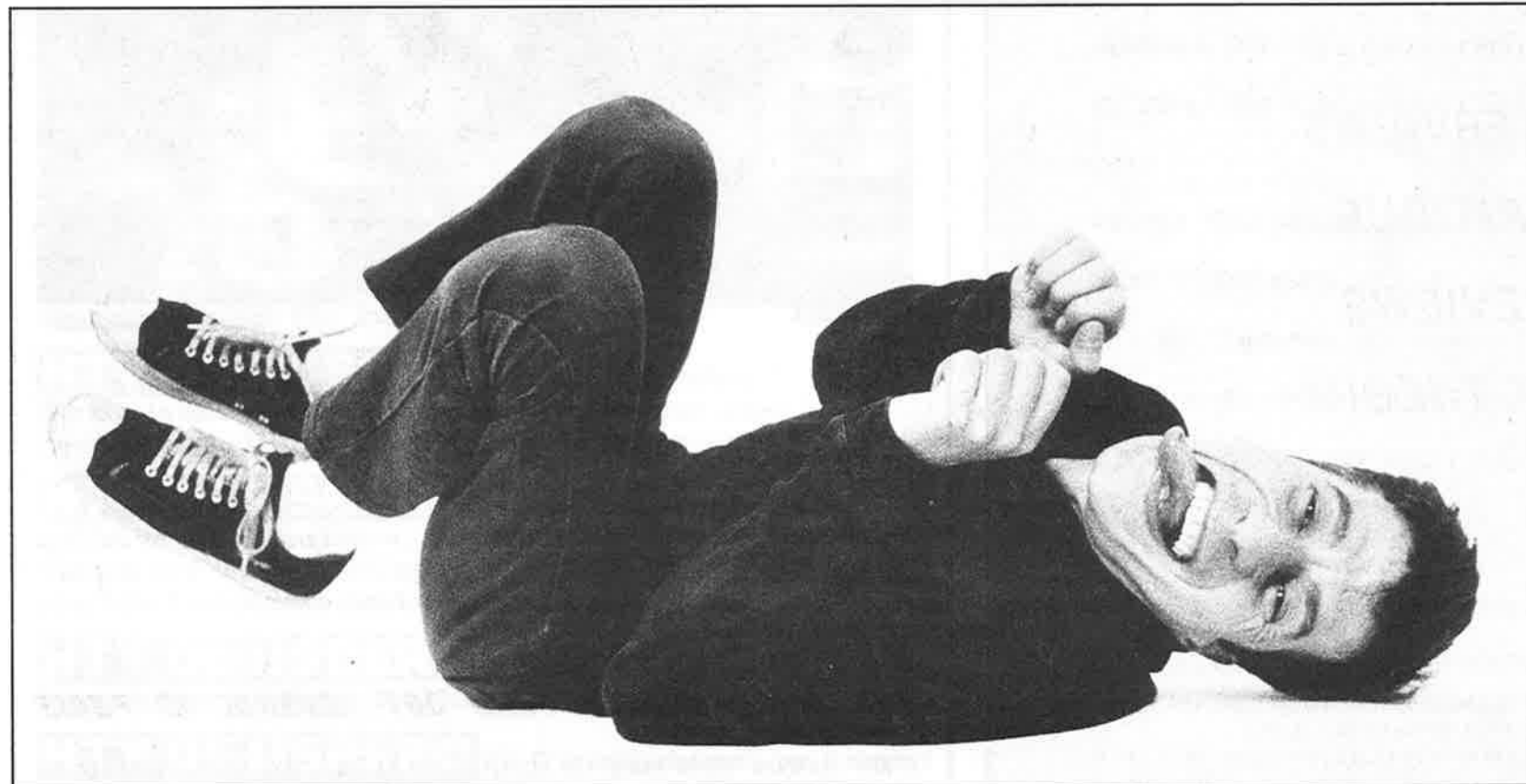
Cattelan's effort to keep all his activities clandestine makes him totally elusive. Like Zorro, whose trademark Z he once cut into the canvas of a painting à la Lucio Fontana. You will never manage to pin him down; he'll always escape you. Like the time when he hung a rope of sheets out of a window, so as to escape by stealth from the group exhibition in which he'd been invited to participate. Maurizio acts rapidly, unexpectedly and with precision. And he will never strike in the same way twice.

(Translated from Dutch by Donald Gardner)

1. Jeff Rian, "Maurizio Cattelan", *Frieze* no.23, 1995

2. Gianni Romano, "Maurizio Cattelan", *Lapiz* no.86, 1992

3. Roberto Pinto, "Maurizio Cattelan, *Everyday outlaw*", *Flash Art* no.164, 1991



Maurizio Cattelan

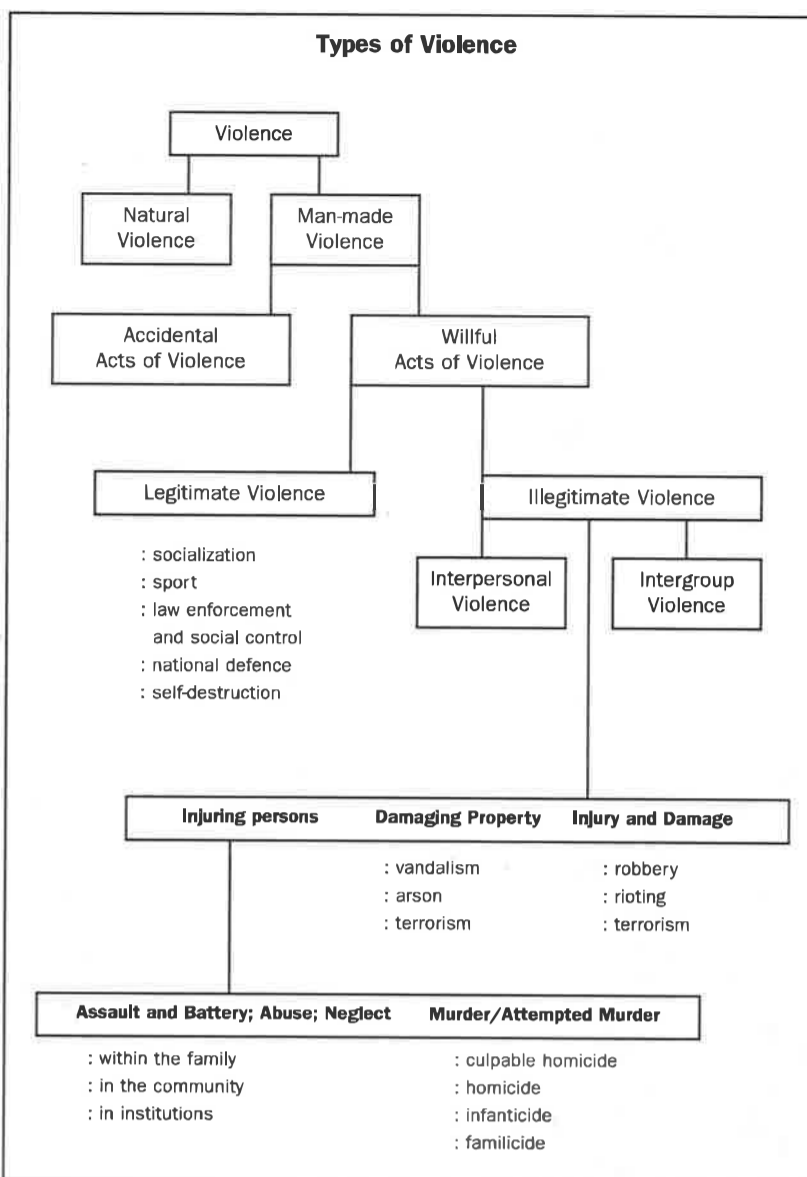
GAUTENG UNRIVALLED AS S.A. HIJACKING CAPITAL

Minister says several measures have been introduced, with some success

(Cape Town)

Gauteng remains the vehicle hijacking capital of South Africa, according to figures on hijacking released in Parliament yesterday. Minister for Safety and Security, Sydney Mufamadi - replying to a question from National Party Safety and Security spokesman, Hennie Smit - said there had been 8524 hijackings in the former Witwatersrand police area last year. Second-placed Natal, with 940 hijackings last year, did not come even close to the Gauteng figure. In 1994 there were 7610 hijackings in the former Witwatersrand area, compared to 5781 in 1993. Hijacking figures for the other regions, for 1995, are: Western Cape 248, Northern Cape 8, Free State 106, Eastern Cape 248, Eastern Transvaal 370, Far Northern trans-

vaal 41, Northern Transvaal 224 and Western Transvaal 130. Mufamadi said the South African Police Service was working in a close relationship with the truck and freight industry, and had instituted several other measures to beat hijacking. These included the establishment of anti-hijacking units, research into the problem and a national awareness programme called Carwise. Since December last year "a number of significant successes had been achieved, which included private sector sponsored vehicles patrolling highways and other routes frequented by hijackers in Gauteng". This signifies the increasingly prominent role that the private industry and the communities have assumed in the combating of hijacking, Mufamadi said.



Kendell Geers

- 1652 April 16, Jan van Riebeeck declares the Cape of Good Hope a Dutch Colony
- 1820 British settlers arrive in Algoa Bay
- 1899 Anglo-Boer War
- 1958 Hendrik Verwoerd becomes Prime Minister
- 1960 69 die in Sharpeville Massacre African National Congress (ANC) Banned
- 1961 Armed Struggle begins with the formation of Umkhonto We Sizwe
- South Africa leaves the Commonwealth
- Grandfather commits suicide
- 1962 Sabotage Act
- 1963 The Rivonia Trial - Nelson Mandela sentenced to life imprisonment
- 1965 Malcom X assassinated
- 1967 Che Guevara dies in combat
- Terrorism act
- 1968 Born in May
- Marcel Duchamp dies
- Martin Luther King is assassinated
- Protests at the Venice Biennial - last South African participation until 1993
- Riots in Paris
- 1969 Sharon Tate murdered by followers of Charles Manson
- 1972 Andreas Baader arrested and later commits suicide
- Parents divorce - father gets custody
- Begin school at Rondebout Primary School
- 1973 United Nations declares Apartheid a Crime Against Humanity
- 1975 Clement Greenburg visits South Africa
- 1976 Soweto Riots
- Fail Northern Sotho at school
- 1977 Stephen Biko dies in detention
- 1979 Sid Vicious commits suicide
- 1982 Hospitalised for meningitis
- 1983 Car bomb, Pretoria
- Ran away from home
- 1984 Car bomb, Durban
- Hospitalised after car crash
- 1985 State of Emergency declared in 36 Magisterial districts
- Loss of virginity
- 1986 Arrested for "Attending an Illegal Gathering"
- 1987 Two attempted suicides
- Car bomb, Johannesburg
- 1988 Graduate B.A.(FA.) Wits University
- Public refuse to serve in the South African Defense Force (SADF)
- Car Bomb, Johannesburg
- 1989 Forced into exile (New York) by SADF
- 1990 Application to Whitney Independent Studies Program rejected
- Application to Jan van Eyck Academy rejected
- Return to South Africa after Mandela's release from jail
- 1991 Fired from Newtown Galleries, Johannesburg
- Gulf War
- 1992 Second application to Whitney Independent Studies Program rejected
- Retrenched and banned from Goodman Gallery, Johannesburg
- Car bomb, Uffizi Museum, Florence
- Application for a Fulbright Scholarship rejected
- 1993 IRA Bomb, London
- Car Bomb, World Trade Centre, New York
- "The New Patron" rejected from Vita Art Now
- 72 members of Branch Davidian die in Waco Texas
- 1994 Kurt Cobain commits suicide
- Car bomb, Johannesburg
- Receive 3 Death Threats
- Guy Debord commits suicide
- 1995 Sorin Gas attack on Tokyo underground
- Car bomb, Oklahoma City
- Metro bomb, Paris
- "One Minutes Silence" rejected from Volkskas Atelier Competition
- Evicted from Bag Factory Studios, Johannesburg
- Three Works censored by Vita Art Now, Johannesburg
- Art Gallery
- "Title Withheld (Hijack)" rejected from Kwang Ju Biennial
- Christmas Card Design rejected by Villa Arson
- 1996 "Title Withheld (Stolen Idea)" and "Title Withheld (Cry Wolf)" rejected from CRAP SHOOT, De Appel, Amsterdam
- "Title Withheld (Stolen Idea)" reaccepted to CRAP SHOOT, De Appel, Amsterdam

HI AND LOIS

by Mort Walker and Dik Browne



"the CRAP SHOOTER"
 newspaper accompanies the exhibition
CRAP SHOOT,
 April 12 - May 19, 1996, held at
De Appel, Amsterdam.
 The exhibition is curated by the
Curatorial Training Programme 95/96:

Curators:
 Annie Fletcher (Dublin)
 Nina Folkersma (Amsterdam)
 Clive Kellner (Johannesburg)
 Kay C. Pallister (London/New York)
 Adam Szymczyk (Warsaw)

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and to everyone we might have forgotten.

Design: de Overkant,
 (Tom Bouman, Inge Schaap)
 Druk: Drukkerij Dijkman B.V.

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David Shrigley



De Appel, Nieuwe Spiegelstraat 10, Amsterdam

Curatorial Training Programme 95-96

First Edition, April 1996

SHOOTING SHIT

By Adriana Vergeer

I tremble and I quake. There's a mouse that shits all over my kitchen. The pans, the plates, the stove and the fridge, nothing is safe. Unimpeded, he craps on all that is holy to me. Everywhere I look he has left his black code behind, and I read but one thing: danger. Still, we'd had a reasonable agreement, mouse and I, for a long time. He was cautious in his forays, and my reaction was wait-and-see. A turd here and there. I was able to live with that for quite a while. But now he makes my flesh crawl. Ringing loudly, stamping, clapping and calling, I come into my own kitchen, I announce my arrival like a leper from the dark ages, so he can get out of there on time. But he keeps getting bolder, ruder, waiting patiently until I grab hold of the coffeepot with renewed confidence, and he suddenly shoots out from behind the stove. It cannot go on like this any longer. This is war: poison will be strewn.

"The essence of their artistic attitude lies not in grand revolutionary ideas, but in relentless efforts to invert received notions of reality and its perception by the individual, both in art and life", is what I read in the announcement from De Appel. I'm told that "No heavy issues are being directly addressed in this show". They also claim "The curators found this the only way to evade the schizophrenic gap between the intention of subverting the existing order of things and its unavoidable institutional, social and cultural framing". The enclosed materials from the artists in fact speak quite another language. Burnt-out kindergartens, exploding bombs, smashed-up parking lots, who's talking about "no heavy issues"? This is art that means to grip, invade, interfere in life. These artists do not allow themselves to be institutionalized,

they want to drastically change my life, grab me by the hair and drag me to a society spun off its orbit, where I perhaps do not want to be at all.

Actually, I'd thought we were all through with this, this inclination to hit, hammer, beat and slice, to set fire and demolish. I thought that art had long since nestled herself down onto the cushy bed of the institution, leaving life to itself. But no, it's all back. People are hanging themselves back up on fish-hooks or ritualizing their own bodies to some self-destruction or other; once more things have to be blown up, encroached on or abducted, and all this, again, to raze that barrier between art and life. The mouse of art, as it were, wants to make a point of spreading its turds across the kitchen of the world.

I don't know if I really go along with that. Life outside art is already hard enough, it's always dragging me around by the hair, back and forth. Art can't compete with that. People claim that this art that dismantles and rejects everything, this direct assault on my life, is good for my rite of passage. But my whole life is already one long initiation ritual. Ever since I was born, every new phase feels like another painful submission to an incomprehensible series of rules and laws. Every new friend I've had formed a torturous step further towards the deepest depths of the unknowable beast called man, but I don't think I've progressed much as a result. Does all that have to be repeated in art? While I'm already having to put up with unsavoury ass-pinchers in the tram, must I also be goosed from behind by a work of art? Shit in a picture frame is no problem, but I'd rather not have to break my neck over the dunghap.

To be perfectly honest, I do not completely understand the pressing urge to act so aggressively, to destroy and carve things up. You don't come across such forms of directness in other fields of art.



A.C. Furniture Sud 1991 Foto Fabbri courtesy Maurizio Castelan

GERMAN TRUCKING COMPANY RAUSS SPONSORS SENEGALESE IMMIGRANT SOCCER TEAM

And it's a good thing, because imagine that on a quiet Sunday evening, Anna Karenina would leap out of the book you're reading, and right before your eyes, jump in front of that train, or that Madame Bovary would be lying racked by poison in your own bloody bed, dying that distasteful gruesome death. And it's not at all necessary, as it's all before my eyes as I read. But these artists have no faith in my imagination. Within the borders of art, the institution's cage, everything is possible: things can be seen that would be invisible outside. Trivia becomes an essential issue and the capital offence reduced to detail. Only LIFE itself isn't there, but it is abundantly present everywhere else.

The mouse appears cleverer than I'd thought. While I lay awake and sweating that first night, at once fearful and guilty, listening for a deathly ill mouse to wretch his way around the living room, he'd had plans of his own. Without eating any of the poison, he'd simply disappeared. No trace, no body, no turd, nothing at all suggested he had ever been there. Not until a couple of days later when I perceived a distant crunching sound. He was still there, but no longer letting himself be seen. But it was also possible that he'd tasted the poison and was now trying to heal his deadly stomach pangs with a meal of fresh fibres. Now I'm not trembling and quaking any more, but the threat he represents is greater than ever.

If the fundamentals of social order really have to be gnawed at, then this mouse strategy could be an example. It is a technique for art to bear witness to her existence with a vague rumbling from afar, without wanting to be emphatically present. A virtual presence that is more of a threat than a real one. But perhaps the ultimate mouse tactic is still the best direction for art. She disappears after the consumption of a healthy portion of institutional poison, dead from general recognition. But the stench of her rotting corpse will keep us from sleeping well for centuries to come.

(Translated from Dutch by Mari Shields)

FORMULAE

IMAGINE THIS IS A BLACKBOARD
IMAGINE THESE WORDS WRITTEN IN CHALK

IMAGINE THIS IS A PERFECT CIRCLE

$$x + x + \frac{x}{y} = a^10$$

$$\frac{x}{y} + 17 + y = ?$$

IMAGINE THE SOLUTION TO THIS LENGTHY EQUATION (THEN WRITE IT DOWN SO I CAN SEE IT).

IMAGINE WHAT THIS SYMBOL YOU MEANS J. IMAGINE YOU WERE CLEVER WITH A HUGE BRAIN AND NOT THE KIND OF MORON THAT FORGETS TO PAY THE PHONE BILL SO IT GETS CUT OFF AND WE HAVE TO PAY EXTRA TO GET IT RECONNECTED

SPECIAL EVENTS

During the exhibition there will be a **Reading Room** on the top floor of De Appel. The curators selected books which reflect upon the historical context and related topics of the show. After seeing CRAP SHOOT the reading room will offer the visitors an opportunity to hang out, read and deposit their remarks in a comments box. Poignant remarks will be published on the "Letters to the Editor" page in the second edition of "the CRAP SHOOTER" newspaper.

Special guest artist **ANAND ZENZ** will make an installation of text works in the Reading Room.

- | | |
|----------------------------|---|
| @De Appel | Opening |
| April 12, 6 - 8 pm | Sponsored by Dommelsch Bier |
| @De Appel | Panel Discussion |
| April 13, at 4 pm | Chaired by Stuart Morgan. The panel will have artists, curators and Saskia Bos, Director of De Appel. |
| | Lecture |
| | by Jeroen Eisinga with piano introduction |
| @P.A.R.K. 4DTV | Broadcasting |
| April 12, 14, 16, 1 - 2 am | of Halter/Gratwohl's, "Table Talk" |
| @Westergasfabriek | Performance |
| April 26, at 5 pm | by Jeroen Eisinga |

WILL YOU JOIN ME



IN MAKING THIS SCULPTURE OF YODA (THE WEE MAN FROM STAR WARS)?

WILL YOU JOIN ME

IN CASTING THESE BEAUTIFUL GEMS AMONG THE SWINE?



WILL YOU JOIN ME

IN LUNCHEON AT MY FLAT NEXT WEEK? I AM FINDING IT INCREASINGLY DIFFICULT TO MAKE FRIENDS BECAUSE OF MY DREAFFUL ACNE.

