



kurimanzutto is pleased to announce Gabriel Kuri's 2012, a Mexican artist who returns after five years to exhibit in the gallery, from April 24th to June 16th, 2012

This exhibition consists of a heterogeneous crafting group of sculptures. A printing upon a big nylon fabric, visible only through a wall, which imposes upon the spectator when he comes in; a line of tables, of personal taxonomy? For public service? For the practice of suffrage? With a spread of ordered objects, forged as well as found; a copying machine and some filling cabinets, denied of their function; a series of light boxes showing the side of their contents and a stone which wants to be an image of itself. Although it might seem as if there was an insistence upon the expression of improbability or denial through these objects, actually, they try to be the concrete and therefore affirmative expression of their own paradox.

Gabriel Kuri's work shows an interest in the consideration of sculptural practice as a medium to administer the material and the coins of symbolic exchange. Sculptured gestures, such as order, piling, inserting, folding, heaping, covering and of course signaling, have an undeniable administrative effect, even on its physical impulse, primordial or pre-rational, maybe that is why a certain bureaucratic atmosphere surrounds the present exhibit.

In spite of his present practice being mainly focused on sculpture, the information, the image and the epistemology remain recurrent issues, which he paradoxically takes on through the possibilities of space. Frequently, the space on which he insists, more than a stable field, comfortable or physically graspable, is a lapse, a space between two objects, states or circumstances.

With his sculptural practice, Kuri looks to redeem that interstitial space. Also, certain pieces on the exhibition (such as the printed fabric hanged face to the wall, the copying machine or the blinded filling cabinets) pretend, from sculpture, to research the cognitive and inaccessible space, product of the information's hiding.

Without moving away from the crafting and the more current modes of production in his practice, as the arrangement and classification of found objects, the employment of consumption, waste or building materials, the use of mediums for the display of information, etc., the present group of work looks to direct their questions more particularly to the social order.

## GABRIEL KURI

Mexico City, 1970

Lives and Works in Brussels, Belgium

### SOLO SHOWS

- 2012 **Gabriel Kuri.** Sadies & Coles HQ Gallery, New York USA.
- 2011 **Nobody Needs to Know the Price of Your Saab.** The ICA Boston, Boston, United States.
- 2010 **Nobody Needs to Know the Price of Your Saab.** The Art Museum of the University of Houston, Houston, United States.  
**Soft Information in your Hard Facts.** Museion-Museo de Arte Moderna, Bolzano, Italy.  
**Join the Dots and Make a Point.** Kunstverein Freiburg; Kunstverein Bielefeld, Germany.
- 2007 **Space Made to Measure Object, Made to Measure Space.** Esther Schipper, Berlin, Germany.  
**Reforma Fiscal 2007.** kurimanzutto, Mexico City.
- 2006 **And Thanks In Advance.** Govett-Brewster, New Plymouth, New Zealand.
- 2003 **Start To Stop Stopping.** MUHKA Museum van Hedendaagse Kunst Antwerpen, Antwerp, Belgium.  
**Statements.** Miami ArtBasel, Miami, United States.  
**Let's Go To Going To.** Freespace, Limbourg, The Netherlands.  
**Por favor gracias de nada. Gabriel Kuri and Liam Gillick.** kurimanzutto, Mexico City.
- 2002 **Recent Works.** Sara Meltzer Gallery, New York, United States.
- 2000 **Momento de importancia.** Museo Rufino Tamayo, Mexico City; Aula Magna, Instituto Anglo - Mexicano, Mexico City; Project Room, ARCO, Madrid, Spain.

### GROUP SHOWS

- 2011 **ILLUMInations. 54 Bienal de Venecia.** Giardini y Arsenale, Venice, Italy.
- 2010 **The Concrete Show.** Galleria Franco Noero, Turin, Italy.  
**It is it.** Espacio 1414, San Juan, Puerto Rico.
- 2009 **Where do we go from here?** Fundación/Colección Jumex, Bass Museum of Art, Miami, United States.  
**2<sup>da</sup> Trienal Poli/Gráfica de San Juan: Amércia Latina y El Caribe.** Instituto de Cultura Puertorriqueña, San Juan, Puerto Rico.  
**Revolution of the Ordinary. The Order of Things.** Museum Morsbroich, Leverkusen, Germany.  
**POP UP! On realisms and realities.** Ludwif Forum, Aachen, Germany.  
**All That Is Solid melts Into Air.** MUHKA Museum van Hedendaagse Kunst Antwerpen, Antwerp, Belgium.

**The Space of the Work and the Place of the Object.** Sculpturecenter, New York, United States.

2008

**Inauguración del nuevo espacio.** kurimanzutto, Mexico City.

**An Unruly History of the Readymade.** Fundación/Colección Jumex, Ecatepec, Mexico.

**Open Plan Living.** Helena Rubinstein Pavilion, Tel-Aviv, Israel.

**Master Humphrey's Clock. M.H.C.** De Appel Arts Centre, Amsterdam, The Netherlands

**La invención de lo cotidiano.** Museo Nacional de Arte, Mexico City.

**Recursos incontrollables y otros desplazamientos naturales.** MUAC Museo Universitario de Arte Contemporáneo, Mexico City.

**Library.** UOVO Open Office. Berlin, Germany.

**The Store.** Tulip & Roses, Vilnius, Lithuania.

**5 Berlin Biennale.** Berlin, Germany.

**Brave New Worlds.** Fundación/Colección Jumex, Ecatepec, Mexico.

2007

**Unmonumental.** New Museum, New York, United States.

**Escultura social: A New Generation of Art from Mexico City.** Museum of Contemporary Art Chicago, Chicago, United States.

**Brave New Worlds.** Walker Art Center, Minneapolis, United States.

**Greed!.** Sun Valley Center for the Arts, Sun Valley, United States.

**Expats & Clandestins.** Wiels - Centre d'art contemporain, Brussels, Belgium.

2006

**The Exotic Journey Ends.** kurimanzutto & Foksal Gallery Foundation, Warsaw, Poland.

**Los Ángeles/México. Complejidades y Heterogeneidad.** Museo José Luis Cuevas, Mexico City.

**An Image Bank For Everyday Revolutionary Life.** Gallery at REDCAT (The Roy and Edna Disney CalArts Theater) and The Museum of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles, United States.

2005

**Open-Ended: Pierre Bismuth, Michel François, and Gabriel Kuri.** Thomas Dane Gallery, London, United Kingdom.

**En Route: Via Another Route.** Trans-Siberian train.

**In This Colony.** Kunstfort Bij Vijfhuizen, The Netherlands.

**Omaggio Al Quadrato.** Galleria Franco Noero, Turin, Italy.

**Post Notes.** Midway Contemporary Art, Minneapolis, United States; ICA Institute of Contemporary Arts, London, United Kingdom.

**Monuments for the USA.** CCA Wattis Institute for Contemporary Arts, San Francisco, United States.

**Emergency Biennale In Chechnya: A Suitcase from Paris To Grosny.** Grosny, Chechnya, Palais de Tokyo, Paris, Brussels, Bolzano, Milan, Florence, Calcutta, New York, Cali, Santiago de Chile, Sydney, Melbourne, Palestine.

**Material Time / Work Time/ Life Time.** Reykjavik Art Museum, Hafnarhus, Island.

**Feeling Strangely Fine.** Galería Estrany-de la Mota, Barcelona, Spain.

**From A To B And Back Again.** Galerie chez Valentin, Paris, France.

**Material Matters.** Cornell University, Herbert F. Johnson Museum of Art, Ithaca, New York.

2004

**I'll Be Your Mirror.** Organizado por Fondazione Nicola Trussardi durante Frieze Art Fair 2004, City Inn Westminster Hotel guest rooms, London, United Kingdom.

**Specific Objects: The Minimalist Influence.** MCA, San Diego and La Jolla, California,

United States.

**Around the Corner.** Contemporary Art, Lisbon, Portugal.

**The Happy Worker.** Bard College, Annandale-on-Hudson, New York, United States.

**La Colmena.** Fundación/Colección Jumex, Ecatepec, Mexico.

- 2003
- Elephant Juice (Sexo entre amigos).** kurimanzutto, Restaurante Los Manantiales, Xochimilco, Mexico City.
- 50th Venice Biennale: Il Quotidiano Alterato.** Arsenale di Venezia, Venice, Italy.
- Interludes.** 50th Venice Biennale.
- Utopia Station.** 50th Venice Biennale.
- Living with Duchamp.** Tang Teaching Museum, Saratoga Springs, New York, United States.
- Supernova: Art Of The 1990s From The Logan Collection.** San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, San Francisco, United States.
- Bienal Americas De Ponta Cabeza.** Fortaleza, Brazil.
- Killing Time And Listening Between Lines.** La Fundación/Colección Jumex, Ecatepec, Mexico.
- 2002
- Siete dilemas: Diálogos en el arte mexicano.** Museo de Arte Moderno, Mexico City.
- Exhile On Main Street.** NICC, Antwerp, Belgium.
- México D.F: An Exhibition About The Exchange Rates Of Bodies And Values.** PS1 Kunstwerke, Berlin.
- 2001
- Sonsbeek 9.** Locus Focus, Arnhem, The Netherlands.
- Dedalic Convention.** MAK, Vienna, Austria.
- Escultura Mexicana Siglo XX.** Museo del Palacio de Bellas Artes, Mexico City.
- 2000
- kurimanzutto @ Galerie Chantal Crousel.** Galerie Chantal Crousel, Paris, France.
- Permanencia Voluntaria.** kurimanzutto, Cinemanía Plaza Loreto, Mexico City.
- New Sitings. Contemporary Projects 4.** Los Angeles County Museum of Art, Los Angeles, United States.
- Age Of Influence: Reflections In The Mirror Of American Culture.** Museum of Contemporary Art, Chicago, United States.
- c/o La Ciudad.** SAW Gallery, Ottawa, Canada.

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- KURI, GABRIEL, *South London Gallery, London*
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- 2010 KURI, Gabriel: *Soft Information in Your Hard Facts*. Texts by Leticia Ragaglia, Vicenio de Bellis and Catherine Word. Milan: Mouse Publishing, 2010.  
KURI, Gabriel: *Nobody Needs to Know the Price of Your Saab*. Texts by Claudia Schmuckli, Abraham Cruzvillegas and Elena Filipovic, 2010.
- 2009 KURI, Gabriel: *3.66% of 3.66%*. Milan: Galleria Franco Noero, 2009.
- 2007 KURI, Gabriel: *And Thanks in Advance*. Texts by Mercedes Vicente and Marcella Beccaria. New Plymouth: Govett-Brewster Art Gallery, 2006-2007.  
KURI, Gabriel: *Reforma Fiscal*. Text by Jessica Morgan. Rotterdam: Roma Publications, 2007.
- 2006 KURI, Gabriel: *En Cuenta*. Brussels: Imschoot, 2006.
- 2005 KURI, Gabriel: *Compost Index*. Texts by Dieter Roelstraete and Maxine Kopsa. Rotterdam: Roma Publications, 2005.
- 1999 KURI, GABRIEL: *PLAN DE SAN LUNES*. GUADALAJARA: MUSEO DE LAS ARTES, 1999.

Tomorrow is Thursday.  
 If the world meets its obligations,  
 the following day will be Friday.  
 If it doesn't, it could even be Sunday,  
 and no one will ever guess  
 where our life got mislaid.  
 —Piotr Sommer, *Continued Poems*

It's hot, there's nothing outside but cactuses, patchy scrub, free-rolling tumbleweeds—some say they're living beings, and doomed to die in this infinite desert. But they will also seed themselves and multiply before that happens. The beautiful sky, no less immense, glows leaden blue and scarlet at this hour of the evening. I haven't seen a single animal or person. Locals, I mean. And yet they exist, half-naked and in a trance, making themselves look like reptiles, deer, or some other wild creature.

The German who just got off the train has made me think, his questions were disturbing, they made me listen to myself while I was thinking. My life, my business, my family, my possessions, my values, distinct from all the rest. And me, identical to myself, not contrary to others, but different. Where is my homeland in the end? How much of me belongs here, to this land? A dead man's country is his casket, unless he gets exhumed. The land's value is its value, even that of the graveyard, calculated in terms of its uselessness and barrenness. Human remains are buried there, and it may be that their radical transformation into living matter adds an additional value—one that's invisible, physically and symbolically—to the value of this land. It is faith. Faith promises salvation of the soul, not of the flesh, to guide the actions of the living. As for the corpses, their hair, teeth, and shoes will rest beneath this earth for as long as their families' credit allows.

If my neighbor comes and begs me for a casket on credit, I need to make sure that he is a man of faith, I have to know whether he belongs to some congregation, I can't trust him otherwise. As I said to the German: if a person doesn't believe in something, how can I believe in him? Just the fact that he belongs to a society of men, founded on faith, makes him creditable in my eyes. Men who believe in men. And it's not that I'm obsessed with money, people already regard me as a vulture. It's my job to provide the deceased with a decent vehicle to take him to the beyond, to whatever afterworld his faith decrees—the destination for which his conduct and ethics were molded and for which he paid his ticket on installment, in the coinage of small, middling, and transcendental acts.

A man's credibility level is measured by the degree of his affiliation with his brethren, rather than his church. This is essential for ascertaining whether the subject in question (may he rest in peace) is worthy of credit from me. But does the economic system determine the religion, or is it the reverse? People who cremate their dead have their own beliefs: a different credit system, different values, a different beyond. Reincarnation, heaven, hell, the underworlds, all quote different rates in each person's head. I wonder if the German ever thinks about dying, or if he believes in anything. Doubt doesn't pay, but neither does certainty. Who pays for the pauper's burial? Are maggots part of any credit system?

In the course of the formalities between life and death, there arises a volume of particular proportions. The flow of existence can be marked and measured out in wedges of pie: all of history, all of human happenings, the trifling and the tragic, everything is quantifiable. Gallons of tears, cubic meters of laughter, miles of shagging, kilos of help. Love you tons. Things lose their value for the dying, but maybe during those fleeting instants the consistency of that volume takes on a specific form: spheres and cylinders, flimsy or solid bodies, the thinnest and most translucent configurations. A heavy stone lying on a wad of invoices and receipts, stacked in order of size. A tombstone that gives you the exact time, or the weather forecast. A column of rectangular slabs of damp moss and damp newspapers.

Now I hear the locomotive whistle. Corrals and cowsheds are appearing here and there. I can see the fields, the church tower in the distance. And now children come running, some spinning their hoops, others throwing stones at the train, aiming at me and missing. Over there is the funeral parlor, the bereaved wearing black, everyone waiting for me one way or another, they're all awaiting their turn. I've arrived: this is as far as my ticket takes me.

It is as though our languages were in a state of confusion:  
when we want an idea they bring us a word,  
when we require a word they bring us a dash,  
and where we expected a dash there stands an obscenity.

—Georg Christoph Lichtenberg, *Aphorisms*

They ate each other's lips, they devoured each other in passionate lovemaking, they collided in a frenzy to the rhythm of the loud slapping beat of their bellies. Thrash thrash flap chook poum and the occasional crack. Their tongues, entwined in an indecipherable knot, drooled liters of saliva while their armpits and groins exuded a sweet pungent aroma that ignited them like a self-replenishing, inexhaustible fuel. One on top of the other and vice versa, sideways, frontwise, cooled only by the drafts of air displaced by their bodies, climbing up the path of pleasure as though driven by a divine, human, animal, bestial, idiotic, inefficient compulsion: they were not out to procreate. Around them everything creaked as if on the verge of collapse, all but their monolithic, solid, lovely bodies. They wanted to be a part of this, to be at it forevermore, conjoined by no liturgy other than the fusion of their matter, whatthefuckelse. . . And beneath the voluptuous din their communication grew more intense, flowing like water in all its states, a private language, and anyone who wished to understand it would have no choice but to invent his own metamorphosis, his own laws of modern physics. Ecstatic energy electrifying each elbow, each eyelid, crushing and cramming cavities, carefully coaxing constant closeness, wallowing, weary, wordlessly gathering garments: they'd climaxed. All they needed at this marmoreal moment—and badly—was a Coca-Cola Zero.

The joint of an ox-bone consists of gaps,  
and the blade of the (butcher's) knife is not thick.  
One skilled enough to plunge the slender blade into the crannies  
maneuvers his knife with ease, for he works it through emptiness.  
—Chuang Tzu

It's me again. My routine, my neurosis that pictures with a surge of euphoria the things that might fit into the trashcan: all those sheets of paper I write on and then scrunch into a ball, the cereal box and the skin of the banana I put on my cereal, yesterday's paper with its headlines and photographs—the first man on the moon, a truce in the Middle East, five heads rolling through a discotheque in Uruapan; column dividers, the editorial by Miguel Ángel Granados Chapa, a supermarket ad full of discount offers: half-price on Hass avocados, exercise bikes and ceiling fans, folding tables, 100 feet, 15 m 3" 8/8 16, a handful of black beans, a ray of light, Newton's spectrum. Then I no longer see the trashcan so much as everything that surrounds it, the nothingness. I can also see through that, my watchful gaze penetrates without destroying it. I like to compare its volume—that of nothingness—with that of music, the space it occupies when I'm hearing the deepest bass notes not with my ears but with my ribs and shoulder blades, through my body, through my own volume. The volume of this trashcan is unencompassable, abstract, mathematical, musical. Quantum. The empty space it encloses is a magnitude that when multiplied grows into a column, one that holds up not a ceiling but the many gazes that amplify it with their eccentric, voyeuristic plurality, so much so that it seems that nothing more will fit in. When I open my mouth to state its potential dimensions, its abstract potential becomes spatially multiplied and I name it: *everything*.

Libère-moi de la trop longue parole.  
—Maurice Blanchot, *Le pas au-delà*

In the schoolyard, some little girls are playing with an elastic rope. They stretch it between splayed calves, tensing it for others to jump in and out in fancy ways, or on one leg, while chanting a rhyme faster and faster which each jumper must keep up with. Other little girls are clapping: one, two, two, one, one, one, two, two, and singing a repetitive refrain. Musically, they multiply their tongue-twisting feats in jousts whose prize is simply the right to play all over again.

Early that morning, one of them washed her hands and face with the last little usable piece of the soap bar that had been shrinking on the edge of the sink,

dissolving down the drain to lubricate the matted hair and viscous muck that lurks there. Suddenly she had a *déjà vu* and decided to slip the little bit of soap into her uniform pocket, where it assumed the texture of the fabric cavity that enclosed it for the few hours until recess.

Elena, that's the girl's name, kept fingering the tiny, thin, almost transparent sliver of soap inside her pocket while the teacher chattered on incessantly, with a faraway look, about some antediluvian epic poem. For her, what came out of the teacher's mouth were sounds, much like her own babblings from before she could say in words "I'm hungry," "I pooped," or "How stupid is that." From when she lacked the ability to attach names to things.

During recess, as she joined the other girls in their singsongs, Elena suddenly decided to show her friends her treasure, her great discovery. Solemnly she interrupted the fun and said: "Look at this!" The little piece of soap lay in the center of her palm. An awed and silent circle formed around her, turning her for a brief second into an epicenter, a gravitational hub that, in an instant, would irrevocably alter the universe.

Nobody said anything, until—after a long exchange of uncertain glances—another girl, who had previously been picking her nose, said, "Look at this," as she extracted from the front pocket of her darned sweater an odd-looking folded scrap of yellow paper. Slowly she unfolded it, and from nine folds emerged a deli ticket shaped like an arrow that said "COLD CUTS" in tiny letters, with a big fat number below: 68.

Once again silence fell among the children. But other curious kids had arrived, and this outer circle was noisier, excited by the mystery of what was going on. Then a short little boy with stringy black hair piped up from the edge of the group, "Look at this!" and pulled a silvery lump from his satchel that looked like tin foil for keeping food in the fridge, wrapping sandwiches, or rolling around strands of hair when you're having your highlights done. But no: it was a rich metallic surface, fragile and dazzling, that made the children squint their eyes against the sunlight flashing off it.

Without questions or arguments, one by one the girls and boys brought out unprecedented, unique things—unique because they were ordinary. Things that were things in themselves, that spoke for themselves, that had a particular density and weight, a specific sound, texture, taste, or smell. Or maybe not. What the children probably discovered was the willfulness, the urgency, of objects. A blob of sticky tape, a popsicle stick, some fluff, an insole, a square of bubble wrap, a doorstop, a takeout-chicken tray, a bent key, the cap of an energy drink bottle, a parking lot ticket, a chunk of wall plaster, a spent match, a shirt label, a popcorn blossom that had kept its abstract shape. Just as a girl was taking out a grocery bag that had a smiley face over the words THANK YOU, the bell rang. Everyone went back to their classrooms and the things returned to their places.

I do not seek the rightness of my thoughts,  
so much as their accuracy, the thrill,  
the solidification of their natural "liquidity."  
—Georges Perros, *Papiers collés*

What might stand at the top of the scale of postindustrial production—a condom? a shrink-wrapped wedge of Swiss cheese? a tombstone? a barbecue rack? the label from a papaya? a Tetra-Pak container? a latex-and-resin replica of yellowtail sashimi? Swedish flat-pack furniture? virtual bibles? a C-shaped disposable seat cover to protect our buttocks from the public toilet? the resinous membrane of roof underlayment rolls? the mini shampoo bottle that greets us in hotel bathrooms? the never-ending conveyor belt at supermarket cash registers? its taxable value? the fallibility of the system, perhaps?

The soup of the day factors in its own demise; its currency pales with its rate of consumption. The sole of my shoe is worn away at an angle, testifying to my unevenness in relation to the flat plane I tread every day, wearing it down further. The missing piece is the protagonist of this story; its experience, its tale need not be told, it should be conveyed through its form, and this is vital for the understanding of a possible political artistic project that goes beyond propaganda. One whose processes of production and consumption are ongoing, manifested in space, in reality appealing to our awareness, to our numbed capacity for discriminating this from that. What is ideology?

Efficiency. Production. Consumption. Delirium. You chew on a piece of gum until it loses its flavor, until it gets hard, until your jaws seize up, until it won't bubble, until it's through. But then it turns out it's not through. Gum endures to become a stain on the



sidewalk, a nuisance under my worn-out sole, a clump of matter stuck under the table or onto a tree trunk among innumerable companions. Maybe eventually it turns into dust and we breathe it in, together with the lead and other particles—gases and dirt—that float through our environment. And it doesn't end there: our bodies process it into blood, sweat, tears, hair, or simply shit. And this goes on forever ad infinitum, as we discovered as far back as the time of the Hylozoists, who believed that everything is alive.

Everything is alive.

Translated by Lorna Scott Fox