

FRANKFURT



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REVIEWS

Tommy Støckel
KUNSTVEREIN

There's a story about Max Bill, the director of the Ulmer Hochschule für Gestaltung, which after 1945 aimed to follow in the tradition of the Weimar Bauhaus. It is said that he could be driven into a state of white-hot fury by a bouquet of flowers placed in one of the school's rooms. The plants' exuberant forms went against the strict clarity of modernism, based on the principle of the square and the view that this form has eternal and universal validity; flowers, by contrast, wilt and fade. In his sculptures and installations, the Danish artist Tommy Støckel questions precisely these two basic principles of modernism: its right-angled rigidity and its insistence on the universal, eternal validity of this module.

Støckel's deconstructive riposte to the principles of modernism was the final show in a series of four—ironically titled “*Ist das Leben nicht schön?*” (Isn't Life Beautiful?)—that was the first project by the Kunstverein's new curator, Chus Martínez. The first three exhibitions showcased

RENEE GREEN
GALERIE CHRISTIAN NAGEL

Renee Green's Free Agent Media (with an ongoing companion consisting of a wide range of time-based projects, from lectures to excursions) opens this year. To celebrate, Green created “United Space of Condensed Experience” in Berlin. “Number 1” took place at New York's Parnassian Inn, during roughly the same time period; Green describes the pairing as a test of the differences between the two exhibition sites. Two versions of “United Space” presented excerpts from recent live productions, mostly video and film, from Yutaka Pinyuhara (with a 2006, to be on Par 1 in Fall 07, 2007) and the 2006 Parnassian exhibition “State of Habitation.”

The works could be seen at several viewing stations: four large monitors on a long table, a DVD “hub” linked to a projection, eight portable DVD players with headphones strung on a steel table and chair sets, and a flat monitor on the window. Apart from the formidable collection of moving images, there was an MP3 player with an audio selection and a glass case filled with a rare monochrome three-board game. Not only to forget the ceiling, Green hung twenty-seven brightly colored banners—a former Space-Piece 2007, celebrating her former teacher for World in Cologne (1997) and other artists, and images (some recent). The work seemed less like a screen than like a suspended film screen with floating classifications

Tommy Støckel FRANKFURTER KUNSTVEREIN

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Turkish video artist Esra Ersen, Polish painter Wilhelm Sasnal, and Lithuanian photographer Arturas Raila. Unlike the Minimalists, who produced their objects with machines, Stöckel cuts, bends, and glues everything with his own hands. He uses paper and cardboard to create walls, passages, and shapes that divide and multiply, proliferate and sprawl, in all directions. The model for these works is the Mandelbrot set; Stöckel believes that if the Minimalists had been familiar with chaos theory, they too might have produced fractals rather than boxes and cubes.

In the smaller room of the exhibition space at the Kunstverein, Stöckel's fractals grew wild in every corner, on the walls, on the floor, and around a row of "columns"—that mainstay of architectural classicism, here rendered in cardboard. In the second, larger room, things looked more Romantic. Ruins were a recurrent motif: In *Clash of the Classics*, 2006, forms arranged using fractal calculations fall apart atop plinths. On cardboard walls, collages created from model-railway catalogues were arranged in decorative geometric patterns; other collages featured colorful human figures taken from magazines—though Stöckel had cut dangerous-looking gashes into some of them. The walls of the room appeared to be crumbling; everything was tipping over, collapsing, or exploding. The uncontrollable chaos created by this fantastic growth, which Bill had seen in a bouquet of flowers, seemed to be the only durable element in the exhibition. In fact, the title of one of the sculptures is *It's Never Forever*, 2004.

Stöckel's work might sound a bit didactic, but the luminous colors he employs in his fractal formations lend a lightness, even a cheerfulness, to the objects. And the maniacal precision of his handcrafted objects creates an ironic undertone that vibrated throughout the space. The clever arrangement constantly allowed for new and unexpected views, emphasizing playfulness. Surrounded by these shapes, the viewer had no choice but to abandon any attachment to modernism, now definitively in ruins. Yet despite this—or because of it?—one left elated rather than depressed.

—Noemi Smolik

Translated from German by Wendy Gosselin.

BASEL
Christian Philipp Müller
 MUSEUM FÜR GEGENWÄRTSKUNST

The first major retrospective of Swiss artist Christian Philipp Müller brought together several works of the last twenty years of the artist's mostly interdisciplinary practice, and also featured a new site-specific project, "Boxes," 2007, produced specially for the exhibition. The representative selection of Müller's work was presented in the manner of a museum and accompanied a program of Müller's most recent and previous. *Golden Erection* (Karen Blixen, 1993), his work for the Austrian pavilion at the Venice Biennale, for instance, is a cube, of its own. Designed as a mirror, Müller literally crossed the borders of Austria eight times by documenting his journey with photographic, historical engravings of the landscape he'd traversed, and a table made of sections of wood crates in Vienna.

Under the category "Modulismus" (Modulismus) were assembled works that exemplify Müller's construction of different modernist spaces, their processes and failures. His investigations end up in complex dialectics, such as in the work *Vegetation* (Julius J. Gargner, 1992)—a project originally undertaken for the Kunstverein in Munich. The work, only partially installed in Basel, was documents and images to examine three examples of late-modernist composition: Le Corbusier's visionary *Plan-Franche* for the World Exhibition in 1939, the Prairie School project that Edgar Kaufmann composed for the pavilion, and Norman Scholes's project *Die Euklidische Stadt* (Euklidische Stadt, 1937), with its urban concept of arches and axial spaces. Müller responded them with *Van Halbe's* homophonic series *Anders als du und ich* (Different from You and Me, 1977)—represented by a camera display case showing advertisements and film stills. He also produced a new trailer for the film, a video montage of scenes that had been featured in the "Die Welt" exhibition. Müller shows out the ambivalence of the system alongside of the time as they fluctuated between reality and regression.

The room filling work *Ein Reliquiar* (A Reliquary, Act), 1997, all into the category "Performance" (Performance). The installation includes a mirror from long balancing pole-sport and, part between and a cube, which begins with an empty attempt by Müller to walk across a tightrope, under the mirage of a professional. The video ends with his performance at *Exposition 00* in 1999, on the square

Image of Christian Philipp Müller, Museum für Gegenwartskunst, Basel, 2007. Installation, March 6, 2007.



Tommy Støckel



Featured in
Issue 107

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BY AMANDA COULSON IN REVIEWS | 01 MAY 07



For the fourth and final part of 'Isn't Life Beautiful?' – a series of solo shows at the Frankfurter Kunstverein, curated by the institute's new director Chus Martinez – Danish artist Tommy Støckel has created an extraordinary group of new sculptures. Though designed using complex, computer-generated calculations for mathematical growth and fractal patterning, the works are constructed from very simple materials, such as paper and cardboard, triggering a sense of awkward dislocation between their very high-tech design and evidently manual execution. The pieces are incredibly intricate, revealing an almost pathological obsession for minutely rendered forms executed in infinitesimal detail. The impression they give is of a kind of digital origami; the difference being that, whereas with the Japanese art the hard edges of the paper enforce an angular and geometric pattern onto generally organic forms (one thinks of the classic swan), in this case the geometric quality of the computer models is given a sense of warmth by the obvious intervention of the artist's hand.

The installation consists of two architectural environments, which were specifically conceived for the two main spaces on the Kunstverein's first floor. The rooms reference the architectural heritage on the institution's doorstep: the ancient Roman ruins and the Cathedral, which was horribly damaged in the blanket bombings of World War II that destroyed almost 80 percent of the city.

The visitor first passes through a threshold enclosed by a collapsing wall of white cardboard, covered in decahedrons of various reducing sizes, created by tiny triangular paper facets in fading shades of green.

The impression is that of an ancient ruin covered in ivy. Upon this wall, the words 'Isn't Life Beautiful' (2006) (the title of both the work from 2006 and the exhibition series) are spelled out in relief block letters; the whole suggests a pastoral sense of romantic reminiscence.

The first major room is monopolized by a vast, white cardboard portico (*Untitled*, 2006) that diminishes in an exaggerated perspective to the back of this almost-empty room; the effect is like walking onto the set of a De Chirico painting, while the work also clearly references the destroyed ancient porticoes and their Modernist replacements in the piazza outside. Placed on the floor at the dead end of this passage is *Exposed Superstructure* (2006), a fastidious arrangement in grid formation of hundreds of turquoise paper polyhedrons, ranging in height from one to 50 centimetres. These are in fact replicas of the mysteriously truncated form in Albrecht Dürer's *Melancholia* (1514), the oft-discussed engraving whose allegorical aspects make reference to geometry, architecture, mathematics and time, all of which play a key role in Stöckel's own production.

The second environment evokes a ruined city, with crumbling cardboard walls delineating smaller spaces that enclose individual sculptures. These address the passage of time in the form of decay or destruction: the broken sections of a collapsed column in *Clash of the Classics* (2005–6) look like ruins at an ancient temple site – aside from their incongruous bright red bodies and pink interiors – only the fallen pieces seem to have fit together not as a series of flat-bottomed drums, but through an elaborate system of minuscule interlocking crystalline forms. Collages hung on fallen wall sections incorporate images of destroyed Berlin culled from model-making magazines, whose replica ruins can be bought and assembled at home. *Cracked Space* (2006) is a broad, low piece in shades of grey and white that looks like an inlaid stone floor, though one that has suffered an earthquake and no longer lays flat, and whose uneven tiles project upwards exposing lemon yellow sides. *Time Told by the Shape of a Shadow* (2006) is a cream-coloured sundial on a faceted column, from whose base small square segments, like tesserae, have started to become dislodged and fall to the ground, exposing a light purple skin that is peeling away to reveal bright orange insides, as though flesh had been encased in stone, although the effect is like a computer-generated image whose pixels have somehow started to erode and disperse.

The ostensible displacement of tangible sculpture from a virtual world and the compression of antique past, technological present and historic future seems to point to a location outside of a specific time and place. From here, Stöckel's exquisite decay, juxtaposed with the historic destruction outside, gently coerces the viewer to consider the disparity between romantic ideas of destruction and the horror of its reality.



AMANDA COULSON

Amanda Coulson is a Bahamian-American writer and curator until recently based in Frankfurt. She was one of the founders of the VOLTA art fairs in Basel and New York and after seven years as Executive Director she is stepping take up the post of Director of the National Gallery of the Bahamas in Nassau.

Art World

Gwangju Biennale Goes for Substance Over Spectacle

This year's lineup features 252 works by 101 artists.

Sarah Cascone, September 1, 2016



Dora García's reconstruction of the Nokdu bookstore at the 2015 Gwangju Biennale. Courtesy of Sarah Cascone.

SHARE



The 11th Gwangju Biennale is a thinking man's biennial. For a start, the exhibition's title, "The Eighth Climate (What Does Art Do?)," is drawn from a theory of 12th-century Persian mystic and philosopher Sohrevardi, later expanded by 20th-century French philosopher Henry Corbin, that beyond the physical realm lies an "eighth climate" that one can reach through the power of imagination.



This idea allows such diverse work as [Monir Shahroudy Farmanfarmaian](#)'s mirrored mosaics, abstract cotton pieces by [Mika Tajima](#), [Trevor Paglen](#)'s government surveillance-inspired artworks, and Marie-Louise Ekman's cheeky illustrations, to comfortably coexist.



Recommended Reading

11th Gwangju Biennale Reveals Participating Artists

By **Carol Civre**, May 31, 2016

"The way that they [Sohravardi and Corbin] imagined this zone is really similar to the way contemporary art is operating," explained [artistic director Maria Lind](#), director of Stockholm's [Tensta Konsthall](#), in a press conference on September 1. "Each artwork has its reverberations depending on where, when and how it is presented."

In other words, art "functions a bit like a seismograph," Lind added, noting that it is capable of "detecting things before they become apparent to other parts of society."



Gwangju Biennale artistic director Maria Lind talking about Tommy Stockel's *The Gwangju Rocks*, hand crafted paper sculptures based on 3-D scans of local rocks. Courtesy of Sarah Cascone.

Along with curator Binna Choi; assistant curators Azar Mahmoudian, Margarida Mendes, and Michelle Wong; and curatorial collective Mite-Ugro, Lind has selected 252 works by 101 artists, displayed at the main exhibition hall and nine other sites scattered across the city. (When queried about her selection of an all-female curatorial team, Lee had a simple explanation, insisting she chose them "because they are the best and woman are the future.")

They've put together a show that is full of intriguing pieces, but is somewhat lacking in flashy, Instagram-baiting works. "I am not particularly interested in spectacle for the sake of spectacle," Lind admitted. "If I engage with it, it has to be smarter than normal spectacle."

This is an admirable goal, but is somewhat undercut by the curious curatorial decision to eschew all explanatory wall text. The labels list only the artist name and the title, and require the use of your smart phone, and the app for QR codes for any additional info—as if we need more reason to look at our phones.



Walid Raad, *Yet Another Letter to the Reader*. Courtesy of Sarah Cascone.

This forced reliance on technology does viewers a disservice. The Gwangju Biennial does a wonderful job of bringing together an eclectic group of artists, many of whom I was encountering for the first time. For instance, among participating Korean artists is Inseon Park, a Gwangju native, who creates haunting, dystopian-style paintings based on run-down buildings, construction, and development in her hometown. This array of unfamiliar work was exciting, but without traditional wall text I was left with an undeniable sense of frustration.

Walid Raad's collaboration with Suha Traboulsi, a row of packing crates with rough paintings on one side, has the advantage of built in explanatory text on one of the boxes. Raad is known for creating fictitious narratives, and Traboulsi, as one former museum employee has noted, "is one in a series of characters or decoys who have been created over the years by the Lebanese artist..." (Although she was still nominated Mario Merz Prize earlier this year.)

The work is purportedly Traboulsi's recreation of paintings made during a stint as the chief registrar of public collections in

Lebanon. When that country's planned Museum of Modern Art failed to open in 1975, the many works acquired for the collection were gradually appropriated by government officials. Traboulsi's work on the empty crates purportedly served as an important record of the missing art.

I was immediately drawn to Tommy Støckel's *Gwangju Rocks*, colorful geometric forms made of paper, but it was only during Lind's tour of the exhibition that I learned that the artist actually set up shop in the city to make the work. The handcrafted sculptures are based on 3-D scans of rocks that serve as markers and signs right here in Gwangju, one of many instances where Lind arranged for participating artists to work in and with the local community.

Visually captivating were a selection of colorful, large-scale photographic prints by Guillermo Faivovich & Nicolás Goldberg. I was even more intrigued once Lind told us that they were actually microscopic images of slices of meteorites.



The Subversive Body by Aimee Zito Lema, *White Clouds* by Li Jinghu—hanging from ceiling, and *Daein Sausage Shop* by Michael Beutler is the surrounding structure. Courtesy of Sarah Casone.

The exhibition's centerpiece lies near the entrance, beyond a colorful metal curtain of chains by Ruth Buchanan. A large bookstore loaded with donations from around the world, the installation is Spanish artist's Dora Garcia reconstruction of the Nokdu bookstore, which was an important gathering place during the Gwangju Uprising in May 1980, where nearly 250,000 people stood against the military regime.

Upstairs, another standout work is Michael Beutler's *Daein Sausage Shop*, almost a room unto itself. The bricks, or "sausages," that make up the walls are formed from recycling-bound paper and fruit

netting from Gwangju's Daein Market, made locally with a wooden machine designed by the artist.

Across the way, Lind has created a thoughtful gallery revolving around light-based art, all displayed in a darkened room. Her goal was to "try to create an environment where we can watch video without being isolated in black boxes like we're used to," she explained. The result sees a set of illuminated sculptures by [Amalia Ulman](#) happily cohabit with projected and video works.

During the press preview, a few artists were still placing the finishing touches on their installations. artnet News spoke briefly to [Nadia Belerique](#) as she carefully walked across her piece *Have You Seen This Man*, creating footprints with photosensitive emulsion on a long carpet. "It actually exposes over time to leave a print," she explained, noting that she had used several different pairs of shoes to suggest a variety of characters.

Our quick chat offered the kind of insight into the work that I craved throughout the exhibition. A work can have power and presence based solely on its visual qualities, but a viewer shouldn't have to jump through technological hoops to get more information about it.

The 11th Gwangju Biennale, "The Eighth Climate (What Does Art Do?)," is on view at the Gwangju Biennale Exhibition Hall and various sites throughout the city, September 2–November 6, 2016.

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Sarah Cascone

Senior Writer





The Atlantic Project: Excavating Plymouth's Failed Utopias

The pilot biennial plots the English naval city's place in an increasingly globalized age

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BY SOPHIE RUIGROK IN OPINION | 09 OCT 18



In the centre of Plymouth's austere civic piazza, skateboarders ride over a large, grey rock. A date, 1620, is raised on its side. The rock is a 3D-scanned, concrete copy of the Plymouth Rock located in Massachusetts, USA – a memorial posited as being the first object that the Pilgrims set foot on after journeying from Plymouth, UK, to the so-called 'New World'. Plymouth Rock is a somewhat underwhelming memorial. Its absence in literature earlier than the 1800s indicates that it may not be a rock of any significance at all, and souvenir-hunters and multiple attempts to relocate it have fractured it, rendering the monument just a fraction of its original size. Back in Plymouth, UK, Danish artist Tommy Støckel's replica, *New Plymouth Rock* (2018), is supplemented by an app that allows users to simulate the rock's continued, future erosion. By tapping and shaking the screen, virtual slithers scatter and the rock falls apart.



Ryoji Ikeda, *The Radar*, 2012, The Atlantic Project, Plymouth, 2018. Courtesy: Dom Moore

The multi-media piece is part of a pilot edition for a new biennial in the south-west of England, The Atlantic Project. Led by curator Tom Trevor, the biennial sprawls across 14 sites in Plymouth's city centre, welcoming 20 artists and collectives from 12 countries until 21 October. The roster includes some big international names, from Hito Steyerl to SUPERFLEX. But the project's internationalism runs beyond a desire to fit into the cosmopolitan art festival circuit – it recognizes a highly problematic past of global exchange and interrogates Plymouth's relevance in an increasingly globalized world. With the by-line 'After The Future', the project takes utopian imaginaries as a broad theme. As the date on Støckel's sculpture won't let us forget, Plymouth's maritime past is fraught – with its open access to the Atlantic, the town became associated with maritime exploration, colonialism and the slave trade. In more recent history, the city was extensively bombed during the Plymouth Blitz of the Second World War, and rebuilt with post-war, utopian visions in mind.

Next to the piazza, in the basement of Plymouth's Civic Centre, Kiluanji Kia Henda's film *Concrete Affection – Zopo Lady* (2014) is on view. Static, wide shots frame the cityscape of Kia Henda's hometown of Luanda, Angola. Besides an off-screen male narrator speaking in Portuguese, we are afforded no human subjects. We accompany the disembodied voice as he ventures past 'huge concrete sculptures', empty streets lined with Modernist buildings and architectural skeletons once destined to become skyscrapers. The work takes inspiration from the book *Another Day of Life – Angola 1975*, Polish journalist Ryszard Kapuscinski's 1976 account of the country's last months of colonial rule, the exodus of Portuguese colonists and subsequent influx of Angolans from rural areas. It marked a crucial moment of transition for the country.



Donald Rodney, *Psalms*, 1997, The Atlantic Project, Plymouth, 2018. Courtesy: Dom Moore

Look Up! The Art of the Balcony

Martin Herbert Reviews 11 August 2021 ArtReview

In a public square in the Berlin district of Prenzlauer Berg, Sam Durant was shouting at a dead man. More specifically, the American artist was aiming a megaphone at a giant bronze bust of German communist party leader Ernst Thälmann – one of very few GDR monuments in the city, preserved at the request of locals and freshly scrubbed of graffiti – and issuing complaints, first telling a disrespectful pigeon to clear off (it complied), then needling Thälmann for his male-pattern balding. Then his collaborator Ana Prvacki took over, and finally, at this lowkey launch event, loudhailers were offered to those who'd gathered: a quixotic opportunity to release whatever pent-up grievances came to mind. I was tempted to ask the fist-raising Ernst what he thought of an American telling Berliners how to use their public statuary, or how it feels to be a parkour site for ambitious local skaters; but I moved on from *Complaints to Ernst, Ongoing* (all works 2021), because there was much else to see, or at least to hunt for.





Tommy Støckel, *PA19*, 2021. Courtesy Die Balkone, Berlin

The project is also scrappy in the sense that the work isn't necessarily easy to find. The downloadable map notes that 'getting lost is part of the game' and, to protect artists' privacy somewhat, does not give addresses, just vague locations on streets. Which is laudable until you've failed to find four works in a row; or spent time mistakenly translating a political poster that a militant non-artist had hung out before noticing Jan Peter Hammer's *Micro-nation?* – a flag, black circle on red ground – positing his balcony as potentially sovereign space. Other works, though, required no guesswork: Tommy Støckel's comically ominous *PA19* comprised a pair of hot-pink geometric tentacular forms sprouting anticly from windows, reaching down towards a bit of graffiti – a large, frazzled-looking, Muppety red face – that has dotted local buildings this year. Similarly pronounced was Yael Bartana and Saskia Wendland's *In-carnations Circle*, a pavement-based mandala of takeaway carnations memorialising the 400 members of the wartime resistance group 'Red Orchestra', including Marta and Walter Husemann, who were both imprisoned by the Nazis and for whom this particular street is named.

Reactivating occluded histories, both major and minor, was on a number of artists' minds: in a city where nearly 90 percent of streets are named after men, Pinar Ögrenci, discovering that part of her street used to be named after a female anti-Nazi politician, brought Ella Kay back as a ghostly, half-smiling face on a flag. In a more sentimental vein, Durmusoglu and Jörn Schaffaff displayed objects made by Rirkrit Tiravanija at the address where he lived for six years (and brought artworld people together). Nearby, on a turn-of-the-century building that has seen many styles of decor pass through it, Andrea Pichl hung out gaudy 1970s-style GDR curtains recalling those she grew up with; next door, Christina Dimitriadis partnered them with a long winding sheet festooned with embroideries made while caring for a sick parent in Greece, their iconography – lots of animals, notably bears – referencing both Greek mythology and the artist's relationship to Berlin. In the entrance hall of what used to be Berlin's biggest urban shelter, built during the 1920s and now flanked by costly apartment blocks, Antonia Low's phantasmal *Arriving Winter Nights with All Belongings* comprised a semi-opaque printed fabric curtain depicting what appears to be a homeless person's trolley laden with bags, a sight connecting a century ago with the far-from-egalitarian present.

Perhaps the most resonant contribution, extended beyond the show's run after media attention and positive local response, was Nasan Tur's *–Locked up–*, in which he collaborated with his neighbours to place large photographic portraits of detained political figures in the windows of his apartment building, among them Aung San Suu Kyi, Julian Assange, Alexei Navalny and Osman Kavala. Tur's aim, it appears, was to restore perspective, to hierarchise containment: yes, lockdowns are annoying and contentious, but they also encourage dwelling on one's own inconveniencing while others who, whatever the finer details, have put themselves on the line at the cost of their own freedom. For a while after seeing that, nothing seemed to be where it was supposed to be, which led to an extended period of neck-craning attentiveness to local architecture and the myriad things residents have on their own balconies – a built-in side effect of the concept – and time to ponder the fruitfully open-form, lo-fi imperatives of *Die Balkone* itself. And if that wasn't compensation enough for the schlepping, you could always complain to Ernst.

***Die Balkone 2*, various venues, Berlin, 30 April – 2 May 2021**

Martin Herbert Reviews 11 August 2021 ArtReview

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