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INSPIRATIONS PAOLA PIVI A fan of fiction

WHEN ASKED TO share a handful of things that inform her work, Italian artist **Paola Pivi** responded with a list of novels and nonfiction by **Dave Eggers**, a somewhat counterintuitive choice, despite the fact that both are animal lovers. (Pivi has a knack for incorporating wild beasts—real or imaginary—in her photographs and sculptures; Eggers, as of late, has been exhibiting twee

drawings of anteaters, cats, bunnies, and wombats.) Pivi, "stranded in a very difficult phase of my life," initiated her Eggers obsession with **The Circle**, a tech-industry cautionary tale that was recommended

to her by photographer

Various polar bear sculptures from Pivi's 2013 show at Galerie Perrotin in New York.

clockwise from top right: Jens ziehe: Christian uchtmann and studio olafur ellasson; ihree images, guillaume ziccarelli, paola pivi, and galerie perpotin, new York Hugo Glendinning. She followed up with Zeitoun, What Is the What, and A Hologram for the King. The artist next picked up Your Fathers, Where 2 And the Prophets. Do The

Are They? And the Prophets, Do They Live Forever? ("This book was the most addictive; while I was reading, I felt abused by the writer, as Eggers's protagonists were abused by the novel's main character"). She finished with the author's breakout contemporary classic,

A Heartbreaking Work of Staggering Genius. "For me, a writer is good only when I can perceive his soul in the writing," Pivi reflects, "and by that I mean his intimate, personal, internal process of perceiving and thinking" -scott INDRISEK

Paola Pivi's work is on view at Dallas Contemporary through August 21.

LABOR DON'T SHOW UP The exhibition as absence



"THE INITIAL REACTION was hearty laughter," says German artist Maria Eichhorn of the response to her proposition to close London's Chisenhale Gallery for the duration of her first solo show in the U.K. It "opened" on April 23 with a lecture program on contemporary labor conditions, after which the gallery staff would stop showing up for work and use the following five weeks as they wished. "I am giving the staff time, and they are taking the time," Eichhorn explains. "The exhibition itself isn't 'closed' but, rather, placed in public space, in society." And to avoid a late-May barrage of piled-up emails, those attempting to contact Chisenhale staff

over the project's duration will be notified that their messages are being automatically deleted until the conclusion of the immaterial show. Will Eichhorn's poetic closure—inspired in part by Jacques Derrida's writings on the nature of giving actually make "a life without paid work imaginable"? We can all dream. **__JULIET HELMKE**



TABLE TALK Cooking ideas with Olafur

THOUGH THE ARTIST'S new monographcookbook Studio Olafur Eliasson: The Kitchen may pair, say, a recipe for miso with a curator-penned poem about soybean fermentation, "it's not about food as art," emphasizes the Danish-born, Berlin-based Eliasson. Rather, the book, recently published by Phaidon, "is itself a recipe for reality production," he says, somewhat gnomically. Each day, the 90-odd people working in Eliasson's Berlin studio gather for a meal, a process here documented through texts contributed by studio members and lush, suitably bohemian photographs of their meals and events. The recipes compiled are all vegetarian and written to serve either 6 or 60—think Yotam Ottolenghi=style dips and root vegetable stews; Alice Waters wrote the introduction, and her plant-heavy culinary influence looms large. A strictly finger food meal that was served during a Curatorial Approach Marathon is documented: "The absence of utensils brought focus to the ways meals can be curated," we are reminded. "You are the diskes you use." Ultimately, Eliasson and his cohorts here celebrate the everyday act of eating as something social, and therefore loaded with relational potential. "Meals are the glue that connects the studio," he says. "It's an opportunity for people to meet and build sympathetic, empathetic relationships with one another." —THEA BALLARD