

It's Times
Square
meets
Tiananmen
Square!



POST INTERNET

05

SETH PRICE

[セス・プライス]

1973年イスラエル生まれ。《ディスバージョン》は、画像も盛り込まれたプライスによるエッセイ。芸術の制度と資本のメカニズムに対する作家のマニフェストだ。作家のウェブサイトから無料で入手でき、印刷物として販売もされている。《エッセイと結び目》は、そのエッセイを拡大し、梱包のためのロープを用いた彫刻的な作品。アート作品の生産と普及、市場に言及しながら、複数のプレゼンテーションの可能性を示唆している。

エッセイと結び目 2008 耐衝撃性ポリスチレンにスクリーン・プリント、ロープ 9パーツ 各121.9×243.8cm

FOTO: CHARLOTTE WALE / STYLING: JULIAN JESUS / CLOTHING: BRIONI

SETH PRICE: NOTHING MORE

We find artist Seth Price at his modest loft apartment near Penn Station, where he lives alone, with many cactus of great age and vintage Navajo carpets but very little furniture. What furniture there is seems rough and broken-down, but reminds of possibly Bauhaus era: we ask, original Breur? (reply: shy smile). Candles burning are placed in tight corners, and vintage army duck cotton drapings loom the oversized windows looking on Seventh Avenue. Price greets us at an ensuite freight lift wearing garb that looks at first like the distressed vintage gear on Doug Bihlmaier, but which upon investigation resolve themselves as either genuine threadbare thrift shop standards, or ultra-expensive gear posing as same/VisVim. He was wearing old jewelry that was a bit aboriginal in appearance, say like Starfinder ritual items, Outback standard for example. We are surprised at non-single versions of RP BOO tracks emerging from the stereo (Shindo/47 Labs/Wilson), and Price confesses his own remixes are made "just for fun, I hope Kavain is OKAY with it!"

Throughout the day, Price was warm and cool at the same time, as befitting his myths. His many musings on various subjects were condensed here.

We asked him about drugs:

"As for drugs, I have experimented with them. Mostly for curiosity, to try and understand what these other worlds might be. I have almost died because of them! But now I am finding I can get high without drugs, just through a kind of living in love, of Ashtanga, and through working. For me, personally, I don't need them, but they are also cool."

We asked him about technology:

"I like to use technology in my work, but I also recognize that there are many other ways of making. In the end, it is all about the work. We just try to make our best work however we can, and in

the end we do not care if it comes through a technology, or not. But, I like technology, it's cool."

We asked him how he felt about having children or getting married:

"I am in favor of that for people that are liking this kind of thing. I doubt I will ever get married, although I am in a relationship, now. Just look at the clothing over there, you can assume it is not my negligée!? As for children, I do not think it would be a good idea if I had one, because I am not someone who should reproduce! My artwork is more than enough! But, kids are so cool, like as if on drugs all the time."

We enter the kitchen, where it is made of vintage Italian ware, reminding of the Fellini era. Price offers Matcha, and we sit at a table by Roger Tallon.

"As for art, I am not an artist," he tells us, to much surprise, and when we are the soul of protest, he defends: "It is true. This idea of artist is a modern thing, nothing more. I am a craftsman, true. I am a shaman, true. I am a lover, a middle age man, a scholar of Austin Osman Spare and Patthabi Jois, a laborer. True. Nothing more."

This is the attitude we find here, at a kind of laboratory, where a distressed Japanese Boro cloth might be found fresh from the Kyoto folk museum who is unfortunately deaccessioning all ancient hill peoples' treasures to Ebay, next to a genuine slag-stone milk crock a la the Amish Rumspringa gladiator matches, and of course the latest piece of Machine Learning gear home-brew, courtesy of an internet club, ordered (where else!) online.

What can be said? Nothing more, as he says.

As we enter the bright sunlight of a November afternoon in New York, we breathe deeply, fulfilled. Nothing more, indeed.

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