

FINANCIAL TIMES

FT Magazine Arts [+ Add to myFT](#)

Oscar Murillo: 'I want them to come into the show and skip a heartbeat'

The Colombian painter on sudden fame, surviving the backlash, and finding inspiration at 36,000 feet



Artist Oscar Murillo in his studio in Tottenham, London: "The genesis of it all is in myself. My own anxieties, my own anger" © Cian Oba-Smith

Peter Aspden MARCH 29, 2019



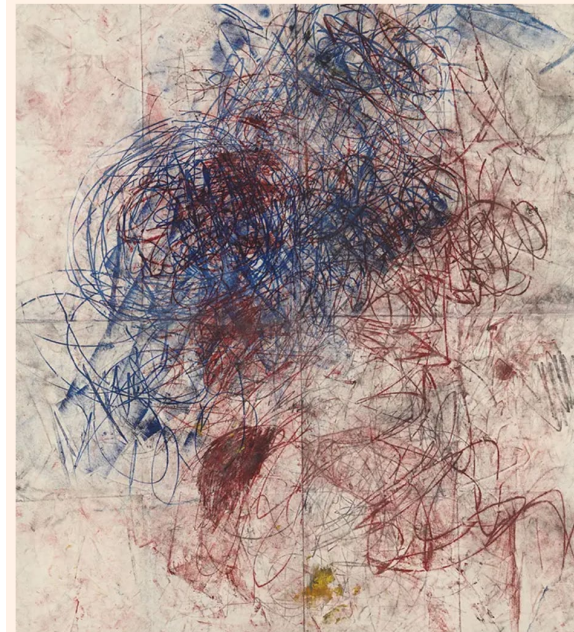
In the early years of this decade, Oscar Murillo, a 33-year-old Colombian artist who lives and works in London, became an art-world phenomenon. One minute he was doing a masters degree at the Royal College of Art, supplementing his income by working as a cleaner at London's Gherkin building. Then word began to get around about his work: vibrant, clever paintings that spoke of cultural dislocation, using a bold range of techniques — montage, wordplay, abstract expressionism.

In the spring of 2012, Murillo's work was noticed by Donald and Mera Rubell, the famed Miami-based collectors of contemporary art, who visited his studio and promptly bought all the works on display. Word spread more quickly and persuasively than ever. Murillo's paintings, which had been selling for £2,000, £3,000, £5,000 on a good day, began to gain value. Five-figure sums were soon the norm. Then six-figure sums.

In September 2013, a Murillo painting, "Untitled (Drawings off the wall)", went up for sale at Phillips in New York. With a low estimate of \$30,000, it sold for nearly 14 times that amount: \$401,000.

The invocation of Murillo's name became shorthand for the volatility and impressionability of the booming [global art market](#). The "Murillo effect" was solemnly cited to describe a range of phenomena associated with the boom: the opportunity to make substantial sums of quick money by "flipping" the work, or buying low and selling high; the power of, and suspicions surrounding, art-world hype; the possible burn-out of talented-but-callow artists who were achieving too much, too young.

The actual quality of Murillo's art — most acclaimed it — became almost the least-discussed aspect of his emergence on the scene. Instead the young artist had briefly become the protagonist of an art-world morality fable. Was this kind of head-spinning ascent, more commonly associated with vulgar art forms such as popular music, appropriate? Was it *decent*?



"Untitled (Drawings off the wall)", 2011

I meet Murillo in his Tottenham studio, where he is preparing for a solo exhibition of his work at the Kettle's Yard gallery in Cambridge. There is, in the art world at least, a sense of palpable curiosity around the event, Murillo's first public show in Britain since 2013. He tells me that it has only been in the past few months that he has felt sufficiently distanced from those heady days to be able to process their effect.



'Violent amnesia', 2014-2018

Although the prices of his work at auction have remained steady, he has had to endure no little "negativity" in the backlash that followed his rise. "With hindsight, I ask myself, was it justified?" he says. "And I am not going to victimise myself. But I don't think it was fair."

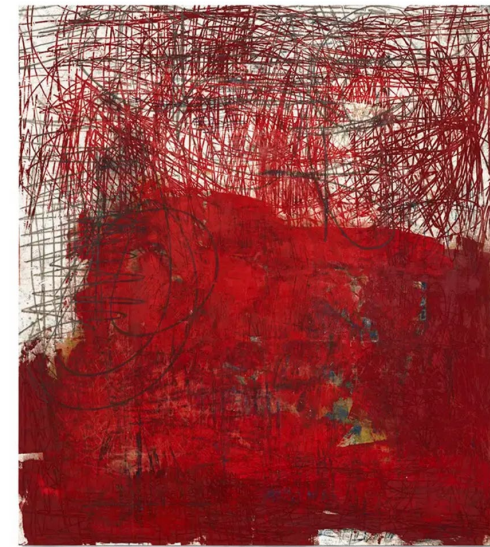
The walls and floors of his studio are covered with large, abstract canvases, covered in urgent scrawls that cut into bruised blocks of blood red and deep blue. There is an air of busyness in the building's high and handsomely proportioned spaces. The forthcoming exhibition's title — *Violent Amnesia* — sets "the pace, the agenda and the mood of the show", says Murillo. "It comes from a work I did last year. And it comes from thinking about the current moment, geographically and politically."

Murillo's work has always been informed by a sense of social injustice. He arrived in Britain with his parents when he was 10, coming from one of

Colombia's biggest sugar-cane-producing areas, escaping what he describes as the "economic turmoil" afflicting the country. He adapted to his new surroundings relatively comfortably. "I have constant awareness of my own privilege, growing up in London, being educated," he says. "It makes you think about those people who are lacking those things."

The new works tap into that dissonance. "The genesis of it all is in myself. My own anxieties, my own anger." He waves at the walls. "A lot of this mark-making is a release of anxiety and physical energy." He compares himself to a favourite footballer, picking up an earlier conversation we had about the sport.

"I was a defensive midfielder. And Roy Keane [the former Manchester United player known for his combative ways] was one of my heroes. He was super-aggressive. I don't know him personally, but I identify with that internal anger. I think for him it went beyond sport."



'catalyst #28', 2018

His work is fired, he says, by a "general feeling of injustice" that demands a physical response. "I want to liberate this energy, and allow it to exist openly, without too much reference to politics. I want to think about my practice as an honest offering to a large audience, something that goes beyond performative, symbolic gestures."

He gives me a demonstration of how he works, on one of his new "catalyst" paintings. He stands on a wooden platform, pulls an unstretched, painted canvas from the floor, then places it, painted side down, on to another one. He picks up a stick and starts to scrawl on the back of the top canvas, so that the

impression of the marks is left on both. After a minute he stops, a little breathless. "I call it a catalyst because it is about action, and reaction," he says.

I say that there seems to be an unresolved tension in his work between wanting to make statements about the wrongs of the world and experimenting with the formal boundaries of his art. "It is the tension that keeps it alive," he replies. "There is always a push and pull about it. For me, offloading this huge amount of energy, it is almost like going to a kind of therapy. Or going for a run. I am dealing with my own sickness."

“**Offloading this huge amount of energy, it is almost like going to a kind of therapy. Or going for a run. I am dealing with my own sickness**

The "Amnesia" part of the show's title is a "broader statement about the world". He says the past couple of years show that the political lessons of history are being forgotten. On the continent of his homeland, for instance: "What is happening in Venezuela, I fear that Iraq is repeating itself in a Latin American

context. It is a complicated landscape, with its own internal agenda. It is not as simple as changing the government."

But ultimately, he says, he doesn't want to subject his audience to didactic tracts. "I want them to come into the show and skip a heartbeat. To think about beauty and power, and what art can do." These were the traditional ambitions of artists, I say. "It has taken me a while to get here," he replies. "It came from within, so I couldn't really see it."

Murillo's reaction to his taste of art-world fame was to expand and diversify his art-making, rather than doubling down on his instant success. There have been installations, video works and performances revolving around his artistic concerns: migration, statelessness, borders and space. The perils of globalisation. It didn't escape his notice that as he was making these works, those issues have only become more acute all over the world.

In 2014, working with his new gallerist David Zwirner, he made an installation, "A Mercantile Novel", in which he recreated the production line of chocolate-covered marshmallows from a sweet factory in his hometown of La Paila in western Colombia. Workers from the factory travelled to New York to "work"



'signalling devices in now bastard territory', 2015

inside the gallery for the duration of the exhibition.

Murillo was experimenting, in the words of the curator, the late Okwui Enwezor, with a way of "establishing a porous border between the studio and the real world". For an artist whose work was being commodified with breakneck abandon, it was a trenchant statement. Some critics decried the work as nothing more than a stunt.

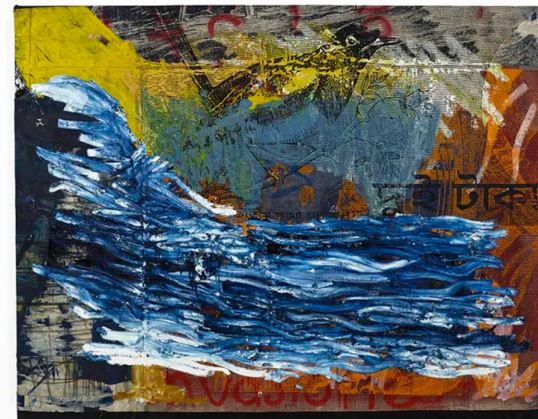
Murillo discovered a flair for theatre, or at least set design: at the 2015 Venice Biennale, with "signalling devices in now bastard territory", he suspended 20 oversized black flags from the Giardini's Central Pavilion, the paint burned into the fabric with an iron to give them the texture of roughed-up skin.

In "land with lost olive trees" (2016) at the Isabella Bortolozzi gallery in Berlin, inspired by his travels in Azerbaijan, he used a traditional, medieval stained-glass technique to create windows that replaced fragile glass with scraps of discarded metal from former factories.

Murillo did, and still does, a lot of travelling, and this became an important force in his work. He took to drawing compulsively on board planes, observing all that went on around him. During a midnight flight from Tel Aviv to Baku, he noticed a commotion on board that caused the plane to delay its take-off. He discovered that the plane was carrying a dead body in the hold. In the air, he chronicled the sharp right turn the plane took to avoid war-torn Syria.

(Murillo describes himself as an obsessive follower of air routes and altitudes, recommending several apps to me that follow the movements of aircraft around the world.)

The confluence of these events — the dead body on board, the black, abstract space around him, the manoeuvring to avoid the conflict zones several thousand feet below the plane — acted as a kind of epiphany, he says. It gave a renewed sense of meaning to the black canvas series of paintings he had been creating.



'surge', 2017-2018

"I had in mind this idea of collective mourning. So this idea of being here on this airplane, flying in abstraction, it is night and I can't see anything, and we are taking this drastic right turn . . . It acted as a kind of liberation. It gave me an excuse for my work. It gave purpose to work I had already done. The important thing was that I was able to understand [the paintings] for myself. That was enough. It gave me the conviction to continue. It was almost like understanding a puzzle."

Another flight, another epiphany: Murillo was travelling to Sydney in March 2016 for the city's biennale, entitled "The future is already here — it's just not evenly distributed". As he approached his destination, he decided to tear up his British passport. He says he was looking at the map on his in-flight screen, which showed no land in sight other than Australian territory. "And it made me think about isolation. Being in this very remote part of the world."

He says he was already feeling unhappy with his contribution to the biennale, another black canvas work, as it felt like "too much of a symbolic gesture". And he thought of the stories of refugees, who would tear up their passports — and by implication their identities — so that they could make up new personas when they arrived at their destinations.

"So I thought I would eradicate a kind of privilege. It is remarkable to see what kind of a privilege it is to hold a British passport. Of course, I had my Colombian passport with me. But it was about an idea of self-mutilation. Flushing my British passport down the toilet created this moment of entropy."

He really flushed it down one of the aircraft's toilets? "Yes. As you know, they are very ferocious." He laughs. He won't tell me if he has had the passport replaced.

As part of the *Kettle's Yard* show, Murillo is presenting a new sound work, "My Name is Belisario", narrated by his father, who recounts in Spanish his experience of migrating to the UK in the mid-1990s; his words are translated into French, English, German, Hebrew and Arabic by anonymous speakers. Murillo's parents spoke no English when they came to London but had been seduced by an unlikely source: [Roger Moore](#).

“**I thought I would eradicate a kind of privilege. Flushing my British passport down the toilet created this moment of entropy**

"My father, in his early teens, would watch *The Saint* [the British TV series that made a star of Moore]. *The Saint* projected this idea of Britishness — talk about cultural propaganda! — so that when he was thinking about a new life for his family, he thought about England through the eyes of

The Saint. He had no other reference points. He had this idea of purity: that England was this pure place, in terms of its culture and its history." He lets the irony of those remarks, bearing in mind current events, speak for itself.

I say that during Murillo's moment in the spotlight, there were calls for him to be "protected" from its unflinching glare. Did he think that way? "It makes sense. You can really have the heat turned up, until it gets white hot, and then you can dissolve into thin air very quickly. But I had to think — how do I manage all this? I am now 33. *David Hockney* is in his eighties, and still going strong. That gives me another 50 years. It is mind-boggling."

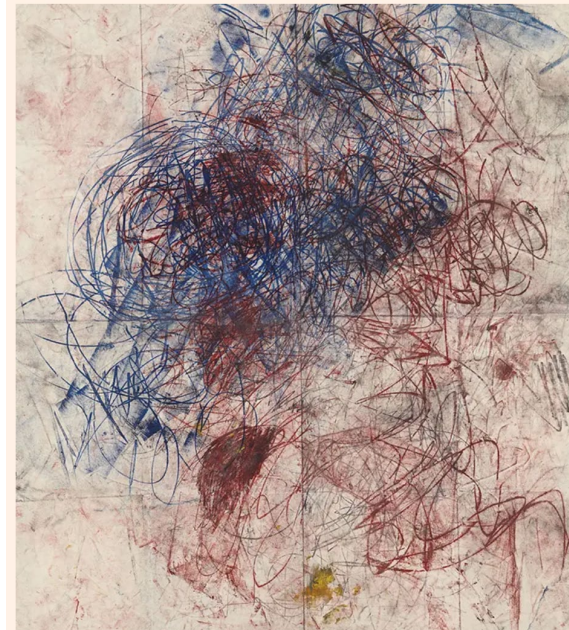
'Oscar Murillo: Violent Amnesia', Kettle's Yard, Cambridge, April 9-June 23; kettlesyard.co.uk

In the spring of 2012, Murillo's work was noticed by Donald and Mera Rubell, the famed Miami-based collectors of contemporary art, who visited his studio and promptly bought all the works on display. Word spread more quickly and persuasively than ever. Murillo's paintings, which had been selling for £2,000, £3,000, £5,000 on a good day, began to gain value. Five-figure sums were soon the norm. Then six-figure sums.

In September 2013, a Murillo painting, "Untitled (Drawings off the wall)", went up for sale at Phillips in New York. With a low estimate of \$30,000, it sold for nearly 14 times that amount: \$401,000.

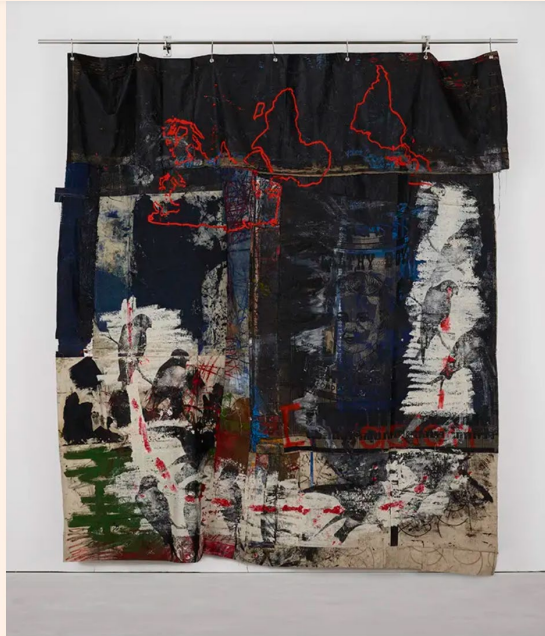
The invocation of Murillo's name became shorthand for the volatility and impressionability of the booming [global art market](#). The "Murillo effect" was solemnly cited to describe a range of phenomena associated with the boom: the opportunity to make substantial sums of quick money by "flipping" the work, or buying low and selling high; the power of, and suspicions surrounding, art-world hype; the possible burn-out of talented-but-callow artists who were achieving too much, too young.

The actual quality of Murillo's art — most acclaimed it — became almost the least-discussed aspect of his emergence on the scene. Instead the young artist had briefly become the protagonist of an art-world morality fable. Was this kind of head-spinning ascent, more commonly associated with vulgar art forms such as popular music, appropriate? Was it *decent*?



'Untitled (Drawings off the wall)', 2011

I meet Murillo in his Tottenham studio, where he is preparing for a solo exhibition of his work at the Kettle's Yard gallery in Cambridge. There is, in the art world at least, a sense of palpable curiosity around the event, Murillo's first public show in Britain since 2013. He tells me that it has only been in the past few months that he has felt sufficiently distanced from those heady days to be able to process their effect.



'violent amnesia', 2014-2018

Although the prices of his work at auction have remained steady, he has had to endure no little "negativity" in the backlash that followed his rise. "With hindsight, I ask myself, was it justified?" he says. "And I am not going to victimise myself. But I don't think it was fair."

The walls and floors of his studio are covered with large, abstract canvases, covered in urgent scrawls that cut into bruised blocks of blood red and deep blue. There is an air of busyness in the building's high and handsomely proportioned spaces. The forthcoming exhibition's title — *Violent Amnesia* — sets "the pace, the agenda and the mood of the show", says Murillo. "It comes from a work I did last year. And it comes from thinking about the current moment, geographically and politically."

Murillo's work has always been informed by a sense of social injustice. He arrived in Britain with his parents when he was 10, coming from one of

Colombia's biggest sugar-cane-producing areas, escaping what he describes as the "economic turmoil" afflicting the country. He adapted to his new surroundings relatively comfortably. "I have constant awareness of my own privilege, growing up in London, being educated," he says. "It makes you think about those people who are lacking those things."

The new works tap into that dissonance. "The genesis of it all is in myself. My own anxieties, my own anger." He waves at the walls. "A lot of this mark-making is a release of anxiety and physical energy." He compares himself to a favourite footballer, picking up an earlier conversation we had about the sport.

"I was a defensive midfielder. And [Roy Keane](#) [the former Manchester United player known for his combative ways] was one of my heroes. He was super-aggressive. I don't know him personally, but I identify with that internal anger. I think for him it went beyond sport."



'catalyst #28', 2018

His work is fired, he says, by a "general feeling of injustice" that demands a physical response. "I want to liberate this energy, and allow it to exist openly, without too much reference to politics. I want to think about my practice as an honest offering to a large audience, something that goes beyond performative, symbolic gestures."

He gives me a demonstration of how he works, on one of his new "catalyst" paintings. He stands on a wooden platform, pulls an unstretched, painted canvas from the floor, then places it, painted side down, on to another one. He picks up a stick and starts to scrawl on the back of the top canvas, so that the

impression of the marks is left on both. After a minute he stops, a little breathless. "I call it a catalyst because it is about action, and reaction," he says.

I say that there seems to be an unresolved tension in his work between wanting to make statements about the wrongs of the world and experimenting with the formal boundaries of his art. "It is the tension that keeps it alive," he replies. "There is always a push and pull about it. For me, offloading this huge amount of energy, it is almost like going to a kind of therapy. Or going for a run. I am dealing with my own sickness."

“**Offloading this huge amount of energy, it is almost like going to a kind of therapy. Or going for a run. I am dealing with my own sickness**

The "Amnesia" part of the show's title is a "broader statement about the world". He says the past couple of years show that the political lessons of history are being forgotten. On the continent of his homeland, for instance: "What is happening in Venezuela, I fear that Iraq is repeating itself in a Latin American

context. It is a complicated landscape, with its own internal agenda. It is not as simple as changing the government."

But ultimately, he says, he doesn't want to subject his audience to didactic tracts. "I want them to come into the show and skip a heartbeat. To think about beauty and power, and what art can do." These were the traditional ambitions of artists, I say. "It has taken me a while to get here," he replies. "It came from within, so I couldn't really see it."

Murillo's reaction to his taste of art-world fame was to expand and diversify his art-making, rather than doubling down on his instant success. There have been installations, video works and performances revolving around his artistic concerns: migration, statelessness, borders and space. The perils of globalisation. It didn't escape his notice that as he was making these works, those issues have only become more acute all over the world.

In 2014, working with his new gallerist David Zwirner, he made an installation, "A Mercantile Novel", in which he recreated the production line of chocolate-covered marshmallows from a sweet factory in his hometown of La Paila in western Colombia. Workers from the factory travelled to New York to "work"



'signalling devices in now bastard territory', 2015

inside the gallery for the duration of the exhibition.

Murillo was experimenting, in the words of the curator, the late Okwui Enwezor, with a way of "establishing a porous border between the studio and the real world". For an artist whose work was being commodified with breakneck abandon, it was a trenchant statement. Some critics decried the work as nothing more than a stunt.

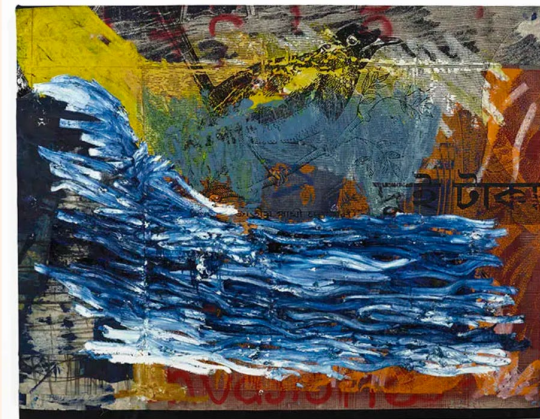
Murillo discovered a flair for theatre, or at least set design: at the 2015 Venice Biennale, with "signalling devices in now bastard territory", he suspended 20 oversized black flags from the Giardini's Central Pavilion, the paint burned into the fabric with an iron to give them the texture of roughed-up skin.

In "land with lost olive trees" (2016) at the Isabella Bortolozzi gallery in Berlin, inspired by his travels in Azerbaijan, he used a traditional, medieval stained-glass technique to create windows that replaced fragile glass with scraps of discarded metal from former factories.

Murillo did, and still does, a lot of travelling, and this became an important force in his work. He took to drawing compulsively on board planes, observing all that went on around him. During a midnight flight from Tel Aviv to Baku, he noticed a commotion on board that caused the plane to delay its take-off. He discovered that the plane was carrying a dead body in the hold. In the air, he chronicled the sharp right-turn the plane took to avoid war-torn Syria.

(Murillo describes himself as an obsessive follower of air routes and altitudes, recommending several apps to me that follow the movements of aircraft around the world.)

The confluence of these events — the dead body on board, the black, abstract space around him, the manoeuvring to avoid the conflict zones several thousand feet below the plane — acted as a kind of epiphany, he says. It gave a renewed sense of meaning to the black canvas series of paintings he had been creating.



'surge', 2017-2018

"I had in mind this idea of collective mourning. So this idea of being here on this airplane, flying in abstraction, it is night and I can't see anything, and we are taking this drastic right turn . . . It acted as a kind of liberation. It gave me an excuse for my work. It gave purpose to work I had already done. The important thing was that I was able to understand [the paintings] for myself. That was enough. It gave me the conviction to continue. It was almost like understanding a puzzle."

Another flight, another epiphany: Murillo was travelling to Sydney in March 2016 for the city's biennale, entitled "The future is already here — it's just not evenly distributed". As he approached his destination, he decided to tear up his British passport. He says he was looking at the map on his in-flight screen, which showed no land in sight other than Australian territory. "And it made me think about isolation. Being in this very remote part of the world."

He says he was already feeling unhappy with his contribution to the biennale, another black canvas work, as it felt like "too much of a symbolic gesture". And he thought of the stories of refugees, who would tear up their passports — and by implication their identities — so that they could make up new personas when they arrived at their destinations.

"So I thought I would eradicate a kind of privilege. It is remarkable to see what kind of a privilege it is to hold a British passport. Of course, I had my Colombian passport with me. But it was about an idea of self-mutilation. Flushing my British passport down the toilet created this moment of entropy."

He really flushed it down one of the aircraft's toilets? "Yes. As you know, they are very ferocious." He laughs. He won't tell me if he has had the passport replaced.

As part of the Kettle's Yard show, Murillo is presenting a new sound work, "My Name is Belisario", narrated by his father, who recounts in Spanish his experience of migrating to the UK in the mid-1990s; his words are translated into French, English, German, Hebrew and Arabic by anonymous speakers. Murillo's parents spoke no English when they came to London but had been seduced by an unlikely source: [Roger Moore](#).

“
I thought I would eradicate a kind of privilege. Flushing my British passport down the toilet created this moment of entropy

“My father, in his early teens, would watch *The Saint* [the British TV series that made a star of Moore]. *The Saint* projected this idea of Britishness — talk about cultural propaganda! — so that when he was thinking about a new life for his family, he thought about England through the eyes of

The Saint. He had no other reference points. He had this idea of purity: that England was this pure place, in terms of its culture and its history.” He lets the irony of those remarks, bearing in mind current events, speak for itself.

I say that during Murillo's moment in the spotlight, there were calls for him to be "protected" from its unflinching glare. Did he think that way? "It makes sense. You can really have the heat turned up, until it gets white hot, and then you can dissolve into thin air very quickly. But I had to think — how do I manage all this? I am now 33. [David Hockney](#) is in his eighties, and still going strong. That gives me another 50 years. It is mind-boggling."

'Oscar Murillo: Violent Amnesia', Kettle's Yard, Cambridge, April 9-June 23; kettlesyard.co.uk