



GIGER BAR

GIGERWERKS

1990-1995

A biomorphic splendour,

GigerBar officially opened to the public February 1992, in Giger's hometown of Chur, Switzerland. Inside the cast aluminum doors of GigerBar is a dark world of machine—and handmade—processes. One's feet meet with heavy, high-traction aluminum tiles cast in deep hieroglyphs. Steel beams cross overhead like an industrial hunting lodge, their cavities shining with pinlights. "Harkonnen" thrones are cast in ultra-hard poly-resin with rubber seat-cushions. Smaller, "pelvis"-shaped chairs are cast in steel and poly-resin. The mirrors are entwined in cast-aluminum burnished to a tarnished glow. Fine silkscreens on acetate of Giger's famous New York City series are pressed between layers of glass, which form the clear table-tops that enable one's feet



to become transposed into living GigerWerks. Translucent prints of Giger's dark visions are also mounted on the windows of GigerBar, casting eerie shadows over the bar's interior during the brightest days. White life-masks of designer Giger, bar owner Thomas Domenig and five other people closely connected with the project, peer out from vulvic protrusions at all corners of the star-shaped bar in this elegantly horrific bar-restaurant of the future.



"The influential city architect of Chur, Herr Thomas Domenig, is the catalyst to the whole project. I had just started with the design of GigerBar when Herr Domenig offered me the opportunity to build one in my home town of Chur, which allowed better creative control and personal supervision. I was merely given the directive to create a bar large enough for sixty people, complete creative freedom with the design and enough time to do it properly.

GigerBar was financed by Herr Domenig and Markus Capol was the chief architect. Three different ateliers have worked on GigerBar: Schonholzer AG, Sanitar Pluss AG and Grischa Baunorm, all of them conveniently from Chur.

My longtime sculptor Cornelius De Fries devised the models for the small Giger chairs, 'Harkonnen' thrones, the small niche table, the table legs, and the original closet design that the entrance doors are based upon. Andy Schedler manufactured the bar counter, the mirror glasses and frames, the entrance hall table, wall lamps, entrance doors and the door handles. Mr. Ammann was responsible for the floor plates, the metal elements of the small bar chairs and the leg construction of the niche table. Mr. Gruber was mostly in charge of various kinds of polyester manufacturing. Ignaz Rollin did the larger and smaller versions of the female biomechanoid torso. Mr. Vaterlaus and Cornelius De Fries painstakingly modeled everything. It's taken over two years to get everything right."

Giger has interest in designing a similar bar-restaurant in New York City, if he would be able to realize it to his specifications. For now, we wait for this grand master of grim humour and the macabre to find a patron to fund the realization of this darkly elegant cyber-dimensional watering hole in the United States.

H.R. GIGER'S WATCH ABART

I will wear a Swatch, the real thing, from the cradle to the grave. The Swatch of the future will be implanted into the wrist and tell time with the blink of an eye. It will be biomechanical just like a pacemaker.

I was on the resort island of Kos when I noticed that my first Swatch, a present of Mia, was trying to get under my skin. Its battery, eroded by the salt water, was starting to corrode and feed on my wrist. Since I always wore the Swatch, even when swimming or showering, I only noticed the growing hole underneath it when I freed my aching wrist from the watch.

While drawing "Watch Abart" in 1991, I developed the Crosswatch, which I called, "the watch for lovers."

The Crosswatch is furnished with four straplets. This gives rise to a number of applications, a fact I realized later. To avoid constantly painting cute sleeping babies, I turned to a watch instead, a watch rapidly losing its original purpose and becoming a collector's item. For me, on the other hand, it is turning into the biomechanical cockroach of the future, one which will go on ticking long after humanity has suffocated.

I've written down the thoughts about Giger's Watch Abart for people who ask themselves: "What does an egg wrapped up in a Crosswatch mean?" An egg-shaped object equipped with a clock often ends with a bang. In this case, the Giger's Watch is a timer and the egg a hand grenade.

Or: The egg is the embodiment of life, protection for the embryo. The Giger's Watch mounted upon it represents the lifespan. It can also be construed as a stillbirth, since the nail can destroy the fetus. Death and rebirth lie close together.

Or: The tip of the nail directed at the embryo can signify threat or masochism. The tip of the nail directed outward signifies defense, aggression or sadism.

The Crosswatch—my little invention—is the art watch. Art has no other function but to present itself. That's why the Crosswatch has no inner mechanism. By itself, it is normally unwearable as a wristwatch. Only in combination as a Chainwatch can it be strapped around the arm and leg. It is exempt of its function. The watch can turn into a biomechanical cockroach which will reappear undigested in dinosaur shit. As a snake, it can turn into the Giger's Watch logo or, in great numbers, it can be practically anything. Its variety is what fascinates me. It is a metaphor for life in cyberspace.

-H.R.G

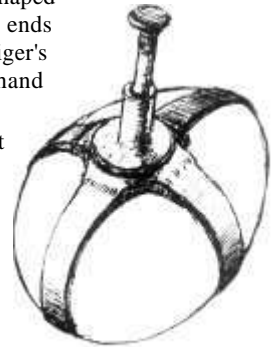


Foto: © 1994 Rotem

*Female Torso With Head, 1993,
Poly-resin and Rubber,
104cm x 44cm x 35cm*

*A catalogue of Giger's Watch Abart exhibition
at the Alexander Gallery in New York City is available in a package
along with a 3/4 view full colour poster of Female Torso with Head
for \$30 plus \$6 postage and handling from:*

*Leslie Barany Communications
121 West 27th Street, Suite 202
New York, NY 10001
Tel: 212.627.8488*



Lamp, 1993, Cast Aluminum, 80cm x 40cm x 20cm



Watchguardian, Head V, 1993, Cast Aluminum, 221cm x 50cm x 50cm

Our innermost desire of having time stop at the moment of greatest happiness is not granted us; thus, the passing of time, which seems quicker as we get older, becomes more and more frightening.

Time races mercilessly towards death.

To have time means to enjoy life.

The watch as Giger's Watch Abart
is the perfect objet d'art
and has a certain
relationship to the
TrashPassages

is accustomed to the
orbiting atoms and planets.
The clock hand's motion is
more familiar to us than
abstract numbers will ever be.
The fact that Swatch collecting
has become so important is certainly
not only due to the variety of
Swatches and the limited
numbers produced, but also
to an unconscious effort to
collect time. Time is
increasingly becoming
the greatest luxury.
Time is money.

I created between
1970-73. Both art
objects deal with life,
which leads to death. The
Trash Passages symbolize the
door-way to eternity, the
last stop of everything dead,
beyond use, superfluous. The
ticking of the Giger's. Watch
reminds us of the heartbeat
and its impermanence.

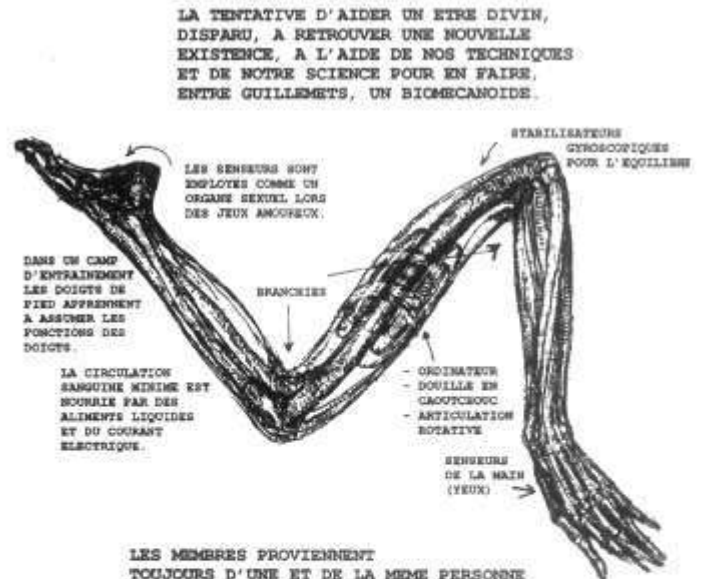
In earlier times, if a
watch remained at a
standstill, if it was
not wound up

anymore,
it meant its
wearer was dead.

His clock had run
out. Nowadays, it con-
tinues to tick merrily on,
possibly into the coffin; and
so, the wrist will take the longest
to decay because the ticking will get
on the worms' nerves. The digital clock
didn't have much of a chance as a wrist-
watch because man, as a part of the cosmos,

The Mystery of San Gottardo

© by HR Giger



LES MEMBRES PROVIENNENT TOUJOURS D'UNE ET DE LA MEME PERSONNE X OU Y ET PRODUISSENT NORMALEMENT UNE PAIRE DE JUMEAUX BIOMECHANOIDES L'AVANT BRAS DROIT EST TOUJOURS FIXE A LA CUISSE GAUCHE ET INVERSEMENT LE CENTRE DE CONTROLE ET L'ORDINATEUR SE TROUVENT EGALEMENT A CETTE INTERSECTION (COMP. TETE ET COEUR). IL EXISTE DONC DES PAIRES DE JUMEAUX MASCULINS ET FEMININS

ADRESSE: AU VIEUX RESERVOIR, ZURICH OERLIKON
DESSIN DE FRATER ABDUL ARH+ D'APRES LES
INFORMATIONS DE ARBEINDA 1992

"The Mystery of San Gottardo is about a race of creatures, my Biomechanoids, part organic, part machine. A new life form, they are reduced human beings. The human form is cut up into three separate entities, meaning the torso with attached heads and no limbs, a left arm joined to a right leg and a right arm joined to a left leg. These constructions, the combined arms and legs, are my Biomechanoids. They have the personality and memories of the original human beings. They remember being slaves and they never want to go back and be reattached to the slave holder. One the other hand, the torso would like to have its limbs back, and that's a problem. Also, if the body had problems, like addictions to drugs or alcohol, the Biomechanoids would inherit these problems and would need to find other ways to satisfy these cravings. Without a mouth, it's very difficult to drink. I felt that it was a good thing to show how human beings are. It's very satirical.

These creatures—I always want to say creatures, but they are not—these human beings, these Biomechanoids, they are much more elegant than human beings are. A simple aesthetic form, just an arm and a leg. They have a basic biological structure. They have no intestines or hearts. No organs whatsoever. They have no digestive disorders, heart problems or respiratory illness. They never get sick or old. Their needs are simple, just some sugar water for circulation of blood. There isn't any stomach, it goes directly into the system intravenously. They just need a small electric current to get the machines inside of them working. They receive oxygen through a kind of gills. They give each other sexual pleasure by using vibrators to stimulate the palms of their hands and the soles of their feet and sometimes make love to each other forming a chain."

- H.R. Giger ARh+ 1994

