

You'll Never Guess Who I Had In The Back Of The Gallery Last Week...



She lives in Cambridge, this Kirsten Lavers. Cambridge, England. A town of brainy influxes, 'backs', festivals, colleges, great art. Cambridge United Football Club.

And what does she have in her front garden? A Gallery. An Art Gallery. The nouveau riche may plump for Minstrel's Galleries in their faux mediaeval palaces, but not Kirsten. Oh no. She has gone for her very own Art Gallery, there, in the front garden of Stanesfield Road a tree-lined residential street. And it's a cab. Yep, you heard - the Art Gallery is a cab, taxi, sherbet. Not, you understand a family hatchback with a two-way radio, text from the Koran hanging from the rear-view mirror and more miles under its belt than Michael Palin. No - this is a black, London, FX4-R (don't forget the 'R') all singing, all-dancing, bells and whistles cab.

Kirsten has taken the pukka and transformed it into the unlikely. We go to Art Galleries. We see wide wooden floors in light tones. Cavernous spaces, carefully lit. Stainless steel, toughened glass, black chairs - incongruous but comfy. Massive solid buildings, squat entrances drawing a bead on us from beneath soaring porticoes. Pictures, pictures - everywhere pictures. Statues. Installations. Classics. Lights. Tellies. Oils. Bronzes. Thick Perspex collection boxes on sturdy plinths, loaded with two pees and big bucks and banknotes with pictures of stern foreigners. Visitors with

Walkmans, or what look like TV remotes clasped to their ears, listening to the lectures and explanations and interpretations in French or Japanese or English. Or Dutch.

The Taxi Gallery may be bound with baling twine (but never gagged); covered in polythene; drawn on; written on; declared open; performed in; filmed; boisterously decorated with lights or whatever comes to mind; gawped at; closed for the evening. With sculpture made above, around and in it, the Taxi Gallery gives a cheeky new meaning to 'Supporting the Arts'. It stands, Zen-like on it's square of gravel, inescapably cabbish - undeniably a Gallery. There are no hushed passages leading from one room to the next. No security people slumped on sensible chairs staring into the middle distance, long since overdosed on culture - oblivious the surrounding treasures and mumbling of the exotic, spellbound visitors. You will not find shiny ladies with geometric hair-dos, fixing you with calculating stares from behind their heavy, contemporary desks, intermittently pretending to work computers. You will however find the man whose family come from Chatteris and likes to tell you that. The girl who wonders what a gallery is. The neighbours, coming and going. And you will find art. Art that comes from all over the place - actively sought and welcomed. Curated, organised, displayed, recorded. And if you are very lucky, or have telephoned first, you will find Kirsten Lavers. Committed, industrious, living with her Gallery "...embedded within my everyday life".

Taxi Gallery is curated by artist, Kirsten Lavers and supported by
Arts Council England



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