



1.1 Fear, 2025

Drawing on mylar, ink, gouache
3.6 x 1300 cm

1.2 35 Clay figurines from soil where African Tulip communicated with Siberian forest, 2025

Fired, unfired clay, polished
circa 3 - 13 cm

2. 4AM Nightmare in Harlem, 2022

Drawing on paper, charcoal
115 x 167 cm

3. Operator & Truck / Human in Fish Skin suit & poster glue, 2024

Drawing on mylar, malachite, iron oxide containing lead
60 x 77 cm (two layers)

4. Mountain rider & Brooklyn machines / Dream Archeology, 2024

Drawing on mylar, malachite, iron oxide containing lead
60 x 77 cm (two layers)

5. Dream where my non-physical dog attacked & swallowed by a python, 2024

Drawing on mylar, malachite, iron oxide containing lead
60 x 77 cm

6. Dream Archeology, 2024

Drawing on mylar, malachite, iron oxide containing lead
60 x 77 cm

***7. Serpent writing / Crocodile Tattoo, 2026**

Drawing on mylar, turquoise, malachite, magnetite, gobi sand
10 x 300 cm

***8. Serpent writing / Adaptation, Coffee, 4AM, 2026**

Drawing on mylar, jarosite, malachite, magnetite, gobi sand
10 x 300 cm

***9. Serpent writing / Rirkrit house, 2026**

Drawing on mylar, jarosite, malachite, magnetite, gobi sand
10 x 300 cm

***10. Tire writing / Wolf Loving Princess 1, 2026**

Drawing on mylar, ink, iron oxide containing lead
4.5 x 1400 cm

***11. Brooklyn Tire, 2025**

Drawing on mylar, ink, iron oxide containing lead
4.5 x 1400 cm

12. Blue Serpent writing / Ulaadai's research, 2026

Drawing on mylar, turquoise, magnetite, gobi sand
10 x 300 cm

13. Ulaadai's research (no.1-2), 2026

Scanned on laser printer
20 x 30 cm each

14. The Secret Mountain of Falcons, 2011

Drawing on paper, ink
60 x 80 cm each (12 in total)

15. The Secret Mountain of Falcons, 2014

Offset print, color
60 x 80 cm
Edition of 16/27

16. The Secret Mountain of Falcons, 2014

Offset print, color
60 x 80 cm
Edition of 17/27

17. Wolf Loving Princess, 2026

Single channel video, sound
20 min
3 Edition + 2AP

***No. 7-11**, Five pieces of tire structure sculpture in collaboration with Batmunkh Bataa (2026)

WOLF LOVING PRINCESS

A SOLO EXHIBITION BY
TUGULDUR YONDONJAMTS

CURATED BY
RIRKRIT TIRAVANIJA

My son Ulaadai loves printers. He scans his toys and he produces unlimited prints covering all our living spaces. When the printer is not at home, he puts prints any possible printer like spots, between refrigerator gaps, under the doors, taping them on the walls... I see his creativity as a message and I started to paying more attention to it. What if I try to write what I see and translate it to my multiple translation method? It will become a serpent that carries these interpretations.

I like to think that I can see interesting details. I gather these details as short footages, images and sketches. I like to think that I structure these details into fiction and that fiction reflects the time of being curious on this planet. I surely interested in all living beings on our planet and I choose carefully some stories to create open phantasy. I like to think that create some fictional elements studying my language. I surely investigate a space between tamed and untamed worlds.

Tuguldur Yondonjamts, 'Artist thoughts for Wolf Loving Princess',

I visited Tuguldur in Mongolia, and he took me to the North where there is a sacred mountain, he knew I was sick, and he wanted me to drink the sacred water from the cliffs off the mountain. On the cliffs there were different spots where water was dripping from the stone, not a lot of water really, droplets. And on the cliff we climbed to different spots, as each part of the cliff had water which cured different parts of the body.

In Tuguldur's work, mythology and dreams merge, reality is a mirage one sees as one travels the planes of Mongolia, vast emptiness filled with ghosts of history. Sounds turns into words and words into stories and stories in Tuguldur's life turns into poetry of pictures. As his text tells us, he is paying attention to movements, to events and to sprits at the periphery of his vision, he listens to the sounds and murmurs in the wind which drifts over the sandy desert, in the distance, whistling of Saker Falcons at thirty five thousand feet gazing down on the slithering of Halys Pit Viper.

The scales of the Vipers carry on them epic narratives of lost nomads and creatures of the grassland, the plumes of feathers become tales of thousands of displaced Peregrines, stories of traveling in a different atmosphere. When one travels in the twilight zones, one can communicate emphatically between species and objects, the voids are visible and black holes are paths to be traveled.

Tuguldur in his art is laying out a language for us to experience otherness, he speaks with everything, and his speaking is our experience, his speech opens us to the path of sprits and sentients we have long neglected. It isn't about reading, it's about listening, to the whispers of the lives and things past.

a drop of dew makes the river

Text by **Rirkrit Tiravanija**