

**NEW
ART**
examiner

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CHICAGO WASHINGTON TORONTO LONDON MADRID MILAN CORNWALL

The Last Words of Neo-Liberalism:

**"We've never been
right, so how wrong
could we be?"**

Sold! To Jerry Saltz

Why I Left Chicago- Derek
Guthrie talks to Paul
Germanos

Cornwall Then and Now: Tim
Shaw talks to Derek Guthrie

Black Art Matters: Puryear
in London

Partnered with



THE
JACKDAW

*neoteric***ART**

THE ST. IVES
TIMES & ECHO

The New Art Examiner is the product of the thinking and life-long contribution of Jane Addams Allen. We thank you in her name for reading her independent journal of art criticism.

If you have an interest in our venture, please consult Google, also Art Cornwall, for an interview with the publisher, Derek Guthrie, a painter who keeps his art practice private.

The New Art Examiner has a long history of producing quality and independent art criticism. Chicago and Cornwall, as any art scene, needs writers to keep a professional eye on art activity. Otherwise, insider trading will determine success in this troubled art world.

You can participate directly by sending letters to the editor which are published unedited.

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STATEMENT OF PURPOSE

The New Art Examiner is a not-for-profit organization whose purpose is to examine the definition and transmission of culture in our society; the decision-making processes within museums and schools and the agencies of patronage which determine the manner in which culture shall be transmitted; the value systems which presently influence the making of art as well as its study in exhibitions and books; and, in particular, the interaction of these factors with the visual art milieu.

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EDITORIAL

Humour can often get a message over more readily than any amount of serious work. Though sensibilities change. Things that were jokes in the 1970s are viewed with disbelief for their sheer political incorrectness today. Conversely, some people look at the horrors of an Hieronymus Bosch with a wry smile so we should not be put off from using humour.

Political correctness, while a valuable tool for homogenising civic society, is utterly deadening to deep and meaningful discourse. If one is constantly censoring how one says what one says, meaning can stray, and no matter how politically correct the statements are today, tomorrow they may also be pushed in the basket of the unacceptable. Honesty itself, is always politically incorrect.

Words hurt. Not just abusive words, but also words put together to reveal a truth as the writer sees it. To have meaningful discussion one has to have the words that are used, see the psychology, the thinking, the power of those words *for them*, and then take them on directly or modify their arguments or even agree. That is discussion. But to attack anyone by saying 'you cannot say that' is to shut down the discussion before it begins by telling the parties they are offensive.

This gives these words the purest form of power for those who want to offend. Because by using them they realise, the debate ends in the predictable, emotional response. Then the politically incorrect call for freedom of speech and the two sides publicly argue only about that - not about the bastardisation of ideas.

When a word is used without intent, but in context, why is it still unacceptable?

These words are always used in private, where they continue to do harm from adult to child without cease. If they are no longer traded in open discussion where critical counter-argument can do some good, nothing really changes. PR has not eradicated European or American Fascism.

So to appease those who are offended by any criticism - and there are many who are - we have resorted to some humour to get our message across by staging a satirical piece of theatre here in Cornwall. We have been very lucky to find Maxine, Pep, Dhyano, Ken, Justin and others who have helped us organise an evening which will be filmed and available on YouTube. The humour is pointed at the heart of academia, at stifling and meaningless PR, at corrupted sensibilities that shut down debate and at the art world in its entirety for how it has brought society to a pastiche of thinking, drunk on moving images and self-regard. You'll laugh though.

Daniel Nanavati

LETTERS

Please send letters to:
letters@newartexaminer.net

Prologue

A post-modern agenda challenging the ontological status of aesthetic value countered the qualitative visual arts by purporting a nonsensical aesthetic, sensory and cultural consumption. It focused on nonsensical concepts and processes regarding media adaptation, compositional values, inter-arts collaboration, societal implications and 21st century digital/analog application.

The attached poem, *Uniforms Dancing*, addresses this dualistic dilemma opening with imaginative loci of unknowns and later lamenting the revered status of mundane forms taught as generational truths. Its closing anticipates artistic leadership's quest (*Siren Skye Songs*) for qualitative forms which elevate the human condition. *Uniforms Dancing* dares to infer that qualitative visual art's outcomes affect cultural longevity. It implies in-depth creative and critical thinking in the creation of unique works of art is missing in "dead" post-modern form. It contemplates the authentic qualities of discovered "unknowns" and seeks enlightened sensitivities in artistic transformations. It professes retention of form authenticity to reach beyond the trite to create visually compelling works of art. The qualitative visual arts seek a vibrant culture of artistic realities through artworks of hope, relief and vision in an ever-conflicted world. Artist's Residence Glenn Shores, Lake Michigan © L.Rizzolo
UNIFORMS DANCING

Moments of shapeless form,
Untouched scrapings, worn.
Sought in life's cavernous hollows,
Sensed in shear-clipped winds.
Conformed to metrics known,
Stored in static din.
Gleaned dank basalts,
Cleansed in acidic brines.
Revered in epoch journeys,
Reflective chards, refined.
Claimed unknowns,
Transformed...
..."Known beasts".
Swelled electronic byte,
Taught from aged horse stalls,
passed.
Fashioned again ... and again,
In common mass.
Silent unknowns...
Untouched by Siren Skye Songs,
Await, uncreated...
... Unformed.

©Lou Rizzolo

Modern Art & Contemporary Crafts

Stop a minute and consider.
Modern means NOW.
Contemporary means NOW. That's all. It means it's happening now.
The Art world, the Craft world are making 'stuff' now. Phew! That's a relief.
Free at last from the deliberate obfuscation of a label – and there are many labels out there used to confuse us, to make us feel stupid because we 'Don't get it'.
I refuse to be taken in. I refuse to bow before the condescension that

trickles down from the disseminators of the myth.
Does it come from the makers, the artists? No, I doubt it, although, goodness only knows that artists should never be allowed to talk about their work. Those with talent should never discuss – actors, painters, potters, just get on and do it, leave the mystery intact.
Because this, surely, is what it is really all about.
Those of us who can't, feel a need to explain, dissect, discuss, understand. And the more the audience has tried over the centuries, the more complicated we have made it, the more we have built up layers and layers of explanation around a piece of 'Art' so that, eventually, the Art is living behind a brick wall, barely visible, protected, hidden, safely put away.
So, in the NOW, let us do what we were always meant to do – just look, experience, use. Look at the painting. Experience the play. Use the jug.
Sometimes we are changed instantly – a play will move us, re-order the neural pathways in our brains, we are not the same person when we leave the theatre.
Sometimes the use of a beautiful jug as we pour milk in the morning re-assembles the holiday we took in Cornwall, the little shop where we bought the jug, the sunshine, the sea. Sometimes, it's just a very good jug and no less beautiful for that – thank you William Morris!
Sometimes a painting leaves us questioning, imagining, catching it out of the corner of our eye as we

walk away, wondering if it will tell us more, reveal something. Art? Give it Time. That's all. Don't buy into the hype, the labels, the ridiculous chattering of the pretentious monkeys. Just give it Time.

Max 22/10/2017

Our Day in Court

Dear Editor,

I have a friend who practices intellectual property law in Houston. I emailed him the basic facts associated with the NAE and its identity system since 1973, including the disuse of the name and logo that stretched between 2002 (the bankruptcy) and 2015 when Derek resurrected publishing. He said the case looks like something that might be used in a law school exam.

In summary, his opinion is that common law provides sufficient protection for Derek's current use so that the rebels would lose if their use is contested. While he thinks a letter from an attorney should be sufficient to cause them to cease, my sense of the rebels is they would not pay any attention. But, if taken to the next level you should win, rather easily. My guess is, based on what he said, is that they would not be allowed to use "newartexaminer.ORG" as a domain name for a competing publication, even if they change the name. Merely paying the domain registration fee does not

convey total rights. Heck, it does not even convey ownership in the capitalist sense; it is a lease that is valid only as long as you pay, and do not violate the many regulations surrounding domain names. There were cases of where speculators bought names of celebrities (example could be "TaylorSwift.com") and then offered to transfer them to the celebrity for a large sum of money. They wound up being required to simply give them up. According to the attorney, the two most important objections to your claim would be the fact your marks were not in use for 13 years, between 2002 and 2015. And that they were never registered with the trademark office in the first place. Registering them in 2015 would have made defending them a snap, but common law offers sufficient protection based on the fact Derek began using them again in 2015, was first to do so, and used them consistently since then. That is basically the same thing my copyright lawyer told me in the 90s, when I considered trademarking my software distribution entity. If someone had been using the same mark for the same basic purpose, even without registering it, common law would protect their right to continue use and deny my use. And so applying for registration would not be warranted. (It was going to cost too much, so I never began the process.)

As far as copyright violations go, it is no longer a great advantage to

register copyrights. International law is quite clear: Everything is copyrighted unless its publication explicitly states the material is placed into the public domain. There is no need for the "circle c". Thus, the Chicago group's offering previous issues of the NAE for download is an egregious violation of law. Likewise with their use of your STATEMENT OF PURPOSE and, ironically, your EDITORIAL POLICY that initially irritated them to the point of revolt (as I understand it - maybe they were just ready to take over the store and used it as an excuse.)

John Link

Plodding Penwith

Dear New Art Examiner, What is the future of the Penwith Society of artists in St.Ives? What place has it in contemporary art? The society has a large attractive gallery, run by a charity that it gives money to, in a complex arrangement that members and associate members find hard to follow.

After Kathy Watkins, who somehow came to run the whole caboodle, died, quite a lot of the associates, many in number but with limited chance to exhibit or influence things, turned up to an AGM, had their own meeting and formed a liaison committee to communicate between them and the 50 members. This, which I was a member of,

QUOTE of the Month:

The art world is not a place of diversity but of inertial systems

Donald Kuspit, *The Future of Figurative Art and Painting*, Booth Gallery NYC June 22nd, 2016

lasted a while but has now given up because it was so difficult to make any headway and the mass of associates couldn't be bothered to get involved when emailed.

So now I have been to the AGM. At least now there are AGMs and accounts that were presented and discussed although oddly not proposed and accepted by the meeting and not audited, to save the expense. It seems everything is plodding along as usual.

Improvements have been made to the maintenance and lighting, sales are reported as doing well.

Associates can send in ideas to the secretary when they get the agm minutes with her email. These may be considered by the committee of members but we won't know, we associates, what they are because there is no communication system. Most members and associates are fairly content perhaps. Members get their work shown and some associates do. The bias of choice is for abstract work, either of a

constructionist, pure form variety or of what I call 'Penwithy abstraction' based loosely on looking at the landscape. Both are rather stuck in reverential homage to the past great and famous who had international reach, largely due to Patrick Heron's work writing on art in art magazines and of course due to their being the latest thing at the time. Or you could say the torch of abstraction is being kept alight through difficult times.

Some representational work gets shown. Some members work is very repetitive but seems to be assured of hanging.

People who succeed in hiring the spaces for their own shows have more leeway to show photography, to give a performance or installation, to tack something up

out of a frame, even to show work in a crowded way or too high up or not centred carefully as the members and associates work is always hung.

The London Group are going to come and members will show in their London space in exchange. I looked them up and see that they allow digital and video art in their shows, both probably anathema to many Penwith members.

The way the Penwith Society is set up means that the few, the members, choose the next members and perpetuate their own sort of art. (This applies to art societies in general such as the Newlyn, which has no associates.) The many, the associates, help finance the operations, probably tailor what they send in to try to suit the members who choose it or reject it, and thus a rather old hat although often quite enjoyable show results, often rather muted grey good taste with nothing to rock the boat.

In St.Ives there is a tradition of artists breaking away, forming new groups, as the Penwith once broke from the St.Ives Society. Now the St.Ives Society show a lot of the

same artists but have a broader range of works and use guest selectors to attempt to make it fairer. They also sell The New Art Examiner.

Now for anything a bit more wild and cutting edge organised by a group, you have to go to Helston, CAST, or CMR project space Redruth, where I am a member, or to other groups. At Falmouth University when I was doing my MA in 2006 tutors used to say Redruth is the new St.Ives.

No doubt these new developments provide new opportunities to either keep going forward or get a bit stuck and protect their own status quo until others start something else. Please, is my analysis right? What do others think and can we have a dialogue in these pages about art in Cornwall now?

PS I am an associate member of the Penwith and sometimes get chosen. As my studio is round the corner at White's in Porthmeor Rd., I usually see all the Penwith shows.

*Yours faithfully,
Mary Fletcher*

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOR

A BRIEF HISTORY AND PROPOSITION FOR THE FUTURE OF THE NEW ART EXAMINER

Led by DEREK GUTHRIE, co-founder and Publisher, with others

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Each issue the *New Art Examiner* will invite a well-known, or not-so-well-known, art world personality to write a speakeasy essay on a topic of interest

speakeasy

Dhyano Angius

If I was asked the question, “**What do you think about the Art Market?**” I would answer with exactly the same words Ghandi used, when he was asked about the Western Civilization: ‘**I think that would be a good idea.**’

As I look out there, I can’t see such a thing as an Art Market.

What we generally call the Art Market is nothing but the commodification of a creative activity.

The only way to sell a work of art is to deprive it of all artistic values and invest it with another value, namely a value that can be quantified into a monetary form, not the intrinsic artistic value of the work of art.

In fact the Art Market as we know it is just a peripheral activity of the wider market of goods. For this reason it assumes the same rules and as consequence has the same effect: a mere 1% of the artists in that market attract 99% of the capital available to the Arts, and that includes art organisations, or better ‘clerical organisations’, that filter the monies available to the Arts.

So, what can we do about it?

In 2009 I came up with the New Futurist Manifesto published by the St.Ives Times in Echo exactly 100 years after the publication of the original Futurist Manifesto written by Tommaso Marinetti.

The New Futurist Manifesto was widely ignored, the fate of all revolutionary ideas not supported by a movement.

However, the manifesto is still valid, as we are still awaiting to the New avant-garde of the 21st century to happen.

If Futurism was focusing on dynamism **within** the work of art, The New Futurist focuses on the dynamism **of** the work of art. The idea is to abandon the existing, narrow minded so-called arts market to itself and to whoever wants to play the monopoly game with it. Simply abandon it, as we do with space-junk. Instead, lets divert our attention to a brand new market, bypassing manipulative arts organisations and national and private

galleries. Lets communicate directly to the users, avoiding the politicised money spinners at the Art Council and the super sponsored galleries.

In other words what the proposal of the New Futurism is, as artists, instead of aspiring to climb the pyramid of the star system lets cut the head (or poke the eye) of the pyramid and move horizontally by creating from scratch new systems.

This is the new avant-garde: the activity of creating new systems of distribution and exchanges, of works of art.

Accelerating the circulation of the work of art is now imperative, because the actual system is slowing down or even blocking the circulation at its source.

How many works of art are stuck in artist’s studios and warehouses deprived of light and the sense of potential audiences? Why are we denying a vast number of potential users access to this massive creative resource? The reason is very simple and I'm explaining it with a simple example. If gold was widely accessible, like pebbles lets say, it wouldn't have any monetary value, and we all agree on this. So if we decide to devalue the 1% of work of art in the hands of rich public or private collectors they would all lose a lot of money, and they don't like that. That's why they strongly grab onto those collections and insist on their value, as if it was granted.

I've got bad news for them: they are going to lose a lot of money. Because what they call the Art Market is actually the existence of a real arts’ market, much much wider, and their status quo is not going to last. It's time to invent new ways to exchange and experience works of art allowing the 99% of excluded artists access to the 99% of excluded audiences.

That will be the new avant-garde of the 21st century.

Dhyano Angius is an independent Media Artist and Performer www.dhyano.com

The Millennial Left is Dead

Chris Cutrone

They had friends, they had enemies, they fought, and exactly through this they demonstrated their right to exist. ("Art and Politics in Our Epoch," letter of January 29, 1938)

The more daring the pioneers show in their ideas and actions, the more bitterly they oppose themselves to established authority which rests on a conservative "mass base," and the more conventional souls, skeptics, and snobs are inclined to see in the pioneers, impotent eccentrics or "anemic splinters." But in the last analysis it is the conventional souls, skeptics and snobs who are wrong—and life passes them by. ("Splinters and Pioneers," in "Art and Politics in our Epoch," letter of June 18, 1938)[2]

— Leon Trotsky

Discard

THE MILLENNIAL LEFT has been subject to the triple knock-out of Obama, Sanders, and Trump. Whatever expectations it once fostered were dashed over the course of a decade of stunning reversals. In the aftermath of George W. Bush and the War on Terror; of the financial crisis and economic downturn; of Obama's election; of the Citizens United decision and the Republican sweep of Congress; of Occupy Wall Street and Obama's reelection; and of Black Lives Matter emerging from disappointment with a black President, the 2016 election was set to deliver the coup de grâce to the Millennials' "Leftism". It certainly did. Between Sanders and Trump, the Millennials found themselves in 2015–16 in mature adulthood, faced with the unexpected—unprepared. They were not prepared to have the concerns of their "Leftism" become accused by BLM—indeed, Sanders and his supporters were accused by Hillary herself—of being an expression not merely of "white privilege" but of "white supremacy." The Millennials' "Leftism" cannot survive all these blows. Rather, a resolution to Democratic Party common sense is reconciling the Millennials to the status quo—especially via anti-Trump-ism. Their expectations have been progressively lowered over the past decade. Now, in their last, final round, they fall exhausted, buffeted by "anti-fascism" on the ropes of



Theaster Gates epitomizes the control of the liberal elite art world as black America filtered through white America. (swiss-image.ch/Photo Urs Jaudas)

2017.

A similar phenomenon manifested in the U.K. Labour Party, whose Momentum group the Millennial Left joined en masse to support the veteran 1960s "socialist" Jeremy Corbyn. But Brexit and Theresa May's election did not split, but consolidated, the Millennials' adherence to Labour—as first Sanders and then Trump has done with the American Millennial Left and the Democrats.

All of us must play the hand that history has dealt us. The problem is that the Millennial Left chose not to play its own hand, shying away in fear from the gamble. Instead, they fell back onto the past, trying to re-play the cards dealt to previous generations. They are inevitably suffering the same results of those past failed wagers. ➤

Decline

The Left has been in steady decline since the 1930s, not reversed by the 1960s–70s New Left. More recently, the 1980s was a decade of the institutionalization of the Left’s liquidation into academicism and social-movement activism. A new socialist political party to which the New Left could have given rise was not built. Quite the opposite. The New Left became the institutionalization of the unpolitical.

Michael Harrington’s (1928–89) Democratic Socialists of America (DSA), established in 1982, was his deliberate attempt in the early 1980s Reagan era to preserve what he called a “remnant of a remnant” of both the New Left and of the old Socialist Party of America that had split three ways in 1973. It was the default product of Harrington and others’ failed strategy of “realigning” the Democratic Party after the crisis of its New Deal Coalition in the 1960s. No longer seeking to transform the Democratic Party, the DSA was content to serve as a ginger-group on its “Left” wing.

Despite claims made today, in the past the DSA was much stronger, with many elected officials such as New York City Mayor David Dinkins and Manhattan Borough President Ruth Messinger. The recent apparent renaissance of the DSA does not match its historic past height. At the same time, Bernie Sanders was never a member of the DSA, considering it to be too Right-wing for his purposes.

In 2017, the DSA’s recent bubble of growth—perhaps



Roy Lichtenstein Drowning Girl. Is Pop art the missing link that took our culture down a dead-end?8

already bursting now in internal acrimony—is a function of both reaction to Hillary’s defeat at the hands of Trump and the frustrated hopes of the Sanders campaign after eight years of disappointment under Obama. As such, the catch-all character of DSA and its refurbished marketing campaign by DSA member Bhaskar Sunkara’s Jacobin magazine—Sunkara has spoken of the “missing link” he’s trying to make up between the 1960s generation and Millennials—is the inevitable result of the failure of the Millennial Left. By uniting the International Socialist Organization (ISO), Solidarity, Socialist Alternative (SAIt), and others in and around the way-station of the DSA before simply liquidating into the Democrats, the Millennial Left has abandoned whatever pretenses it had to depart from the sad history of the Left since the 1960s: The ISO, Solidarity, and SAIt are nothing but 1980s legacies.

The attempted reconnection with the 1960s New Left by the Millennials that tried to thus transcend the dark years of reaction in the 1980s–90s “post-political” Generation-X era was always very tenuous and fraught. But the 1960s were not going to be re-fought. Now in the DSA, the Millennials are falling exactly back into the 1980s Gen-X mold. Trump has scared them into vintage Reagan-era activity—including stand-offs with the KKK and neo-Nazis. Set back in the 1980s, It and Stranger Things are happening again. The Millennials are falling victim to Gen-X nostalgia—for a time before they were even born. But this was not always so.

The founding of the new Students for a Democratic Society (new SDS) in Chicago in 2006, in response to George W. Bush’s disastrous Iraq War, was an extremely short-lived phenomenon of the failure to unseat Bush by John Kerry in 2004 and the miserable results of the Democrats in the 2006 mid-term Congressional elections. Despite the warning by the old veteran 1960s SDS members organized in the mentoring group, the Movement for a Democratic Society (MDS), to not repeat their own mistakes in the New Left, the new SDS fell into similar single-issue activist blind-alleys, especially around the Iraq War, and did not outlive the George W. Bush Presidency. By the time Obama was elected in 2008, the new SDS was already liquidating, its remaining rump swallowed by the Freedom Road Socialist Organization (FRSO)—in a repetition of the takeover of the old SDS by the Maoists of the Progressive Labor Party after 1968. But something of the new SDS’s spirit survived, however attenuated.

The idea was that a new historical moment might mean that “all bets are off”, that standing by the past

wagers of the Left—whether those made in the 1930s–40s, 1960s–70s, or 1980s–90s—was not only unnecessary but might indeed be harmful. This optimism about engaging new, transformed historical tasks in a spirit of making necessary changes proved difficult to maintain.

Frustrated by Obama's first term and especially by the Tea Party that fed into the Republican Congressional majority in the 2010 mid-term elections, 2011's Occupy Wall Street protest was a quickly fading complaint registered before Obama's reelection in 2012. Now, in 2017, the Millennials would be happy for Obama's return.

Internationally, the effect of the economic crisis was demonstrated in anti-austerity protests and in the election and formation of new political parties such as SYRIZA in Greece and Podemos in Spain. It was also demonstrated in the Arab Spring protests and insurrections that toppled the regimes in Tunisia and Egypt and initiated civil wars in Libya, Yemen, and Syria (and that were put down or fizzled in Bahrain and Lebanon). (In Iran the crisis manifested early on, around the reform Green Movement upsurge in the 2009 election, which also failed.) The disappointments of these events contributed to the diminished expectations of the Millennial Left.

In the U.S., the remnants of the Iraq anti-war movement and Occupy Wall Street protests lined up behind Bernie Sanders' campaign for the Democratic Party Presidential nomination in 2015. Although Sanders did better than he himself expected, his campaign was never anything but a slight damper on Hillary's inevitable candidacy. Nevertheless, Sanders served to mobilize Millennials for Hillary in the 2016 election—even if many of Sanders's primary voters ended up pushing Trump over the top in November.

Trump's election has been all the more dismaying: How could it have happened, after more than a decade of agitation on the "Left," in the face of massive political failures such as the War on Terror and the 2008 financial collapse and subsequent economic downturn? The Millennials thought that the only way to move on from the disappointing Obama era was up. Moreover, they regarded Obama as "progressive", however inadequately so. This assumption of Obama's "progressivism" is now being cemented by contrast with Trump. But that concession to Obama's conservatism in 2008 and yet again in 2012 was already the fateful poison-pill of the Democrats that the Millennials nonetheless swallowed. Now they imagine they can transform the Democrats, aided by Trump's defeat of Hillary, an apparent setback

for the Democrats' Right wing. But change them into what?

This dynamic since 2008—when everyone was marking the 75th anniversary of the New Deal—is important: What might have looked like the bolstering or rejuvenation of "social democracy" is actually its collapse. Neoliberalism achieves ultimate victory in being rendered redundant.

Like Nixon's election in 1968, Trump's victory in 2016 was precisely the result of the failures of the Democrats. The 1960s New Left was stunned that after many years protesting and organizing, seeking to pressure the Democrats from the Left, they were not the beneficiaries of the collapse of LBJ. Like Reagan's election in 1980, Trump's election is being met with shock and incredulity, which serves to eliminate all differences back into the Democratic Party, to "fight the Right." Antifa exacerbates this.

Internationally, the effect of the economic crisis was demonstrated in anti-austerity protests and in the election and formation of new political parties such as SYRIZA in Greece and Podemos in Spain; it was also demonstrated in the Arab Spring protests and insurrections that toppled the regimes in Tunisia and Egypt and initiated civil wars in Libya, Yemen, and Syria (and that were put down or fizzled in Bahrain and Lebanon). (In Iran the crisis manifested early on, around the reform Green Movement upsurge in the 2009 election, which also failed.) The disappointments of these events contributed to the diminished expectations of the Millennial Left.

From being anti-neoliberals the Millennial Left is becoming neoliberalism's last defenders against Trump—just as the New Left went from attacking the repressive administrative state under LBJ in the 1960s to defending it from neoliberal transformation by Reagan in the 1980s. History moves on, leaving the "Left" in its wake, now as before. Problems are resolved in the most conservative way possible, such as with gay marriage under Obama: Does equality in conventional bourgeois marriage meet the diverse multiplicity of needs for intimacy and kinship? What about the Millennials' evident preferences for sex without relationships, for

polyamory, or for asexuality? The Millennials act as if Politically Correct multiculturalism and queer transgenderism were invented yesterday—as if the world was tailor-made to their “sensitivity training”—but their education is already obsolete. This is the frightening reality that is dawning on them now.

Signature issues that seem to “change everything” (Naomi Klein), such as economic “shock therapy”, crusading neoconservatism, and climate change, are sideswiped—ushered off the stage and out of the limelight. New problems loom on the horizon, while the Millennials’ heads spin from the whiplash.

Ferdinand Lassalle wrote to Marx (December 12, 1851) that, “Hegel used to say in his old age that directly before the emergence of something qualitatively new, the old state of affairs gathers itself up into its original, purely general, essence, into its simple totality, transcending and absorbing back into itself all those marked differences and peculiarities which it evinced when it was still viable”. We see this now with the last gasps of the old identity politics flowing out of the 1960s New Left that facilitated neoliberalism, which are raised to the most absurd heights of fever pitch before finally breaking and dissipating. Trump following Obama as the last phenomenon of identity politics is not some restoration of “straight white patriarchy” but the final liquidation of its criterion. The lunatic fringe racists make their last showing before achieving their utter irrelevance, however belatedly. Many issues of long standing flare up as dying embers, awaiting their spectacular flashes before vanishing.

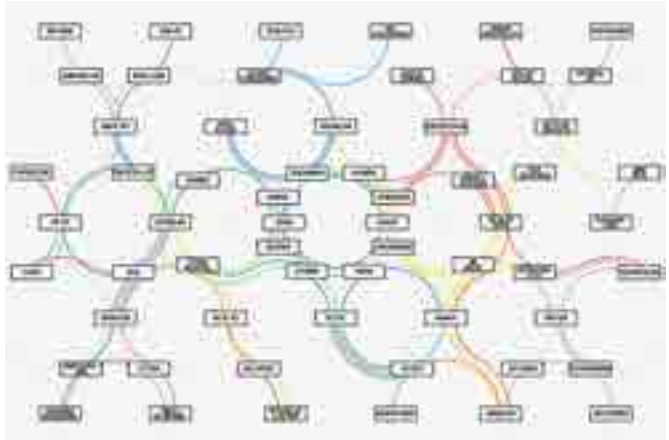
Trump has made all the political divisions of the past generation redundant—inconsequential. This is what everyone, Left, Right and Center, protests against: being left in the dust. Good riddance.

Whatever disorder the Trump Administration in its first term might evince—like Reagan and Thatcher’s first terms, there’s much heat but little light—it compares well to the disarray among the Democrats, and, perhaps more significantly, to that in the mainstream, established Republican Party. This political disorder, already the case since 2008, was the Millennials’ opportunity. But first with Sanders, and now under Trump, they are taking the opportunity to restore the Democrats; they may even prefer established Republicans to Trump. The Millennials are thus playing a conservative role.

Trump

Trump’s election—especially after Sanders’ surprise good showing in the Democratic primaries—indicates a

crisis of mainstream politics that fosters the imagination of alternatives. But it also generates illusions. If the 2006 collapse of neoconservative fantasies of democratizing the Middle East through U.S. military intervention and the 2008 financial crisis and Great Recession did not serve to open new political possibilities, then the current disorder will also not be so propitious. At least not for the



The short lives of many movements in the 20th century has transferred itself to politics with the brief life-spans of the T-Part, Occupy Wall Street, Black Lives matter, alt-Right etc.

“Left”.

The opportunity is being taken by Trump to adjust mainstream politics into a post-neoliberal order. But mostly Trump is—avowedly—a figure of muddling-through, not sweeping change. The shock experienced by the complacency of the political status quo should not be confused with a genuine crisis. Just because there’s smoke doesn’t mean there’s a fire. There are many resources for recuperating Republican Party- and Democratic Party-organized politics. As disorganized as the Parties may be now, the Millennial “Left” is completely unorganized politically. It is entirely dependent upon the existing Democrat-aligned organizations such as minority community NGOs and labor unions. Now the Millennials are left adjudicating which of these Democrats they want to follow.

Most significant in this moment are the diminished expectations that carry over from the Obama years into the Trump Presidency. Indeed, there has been a steady decline since the early 2000s. Whatever pains at adjustment to the grim “new normal” have been registered in protest, from the Tea Party revolt on the Right to Occupy Wall Street on the Left, the political aspirations now are far lower.

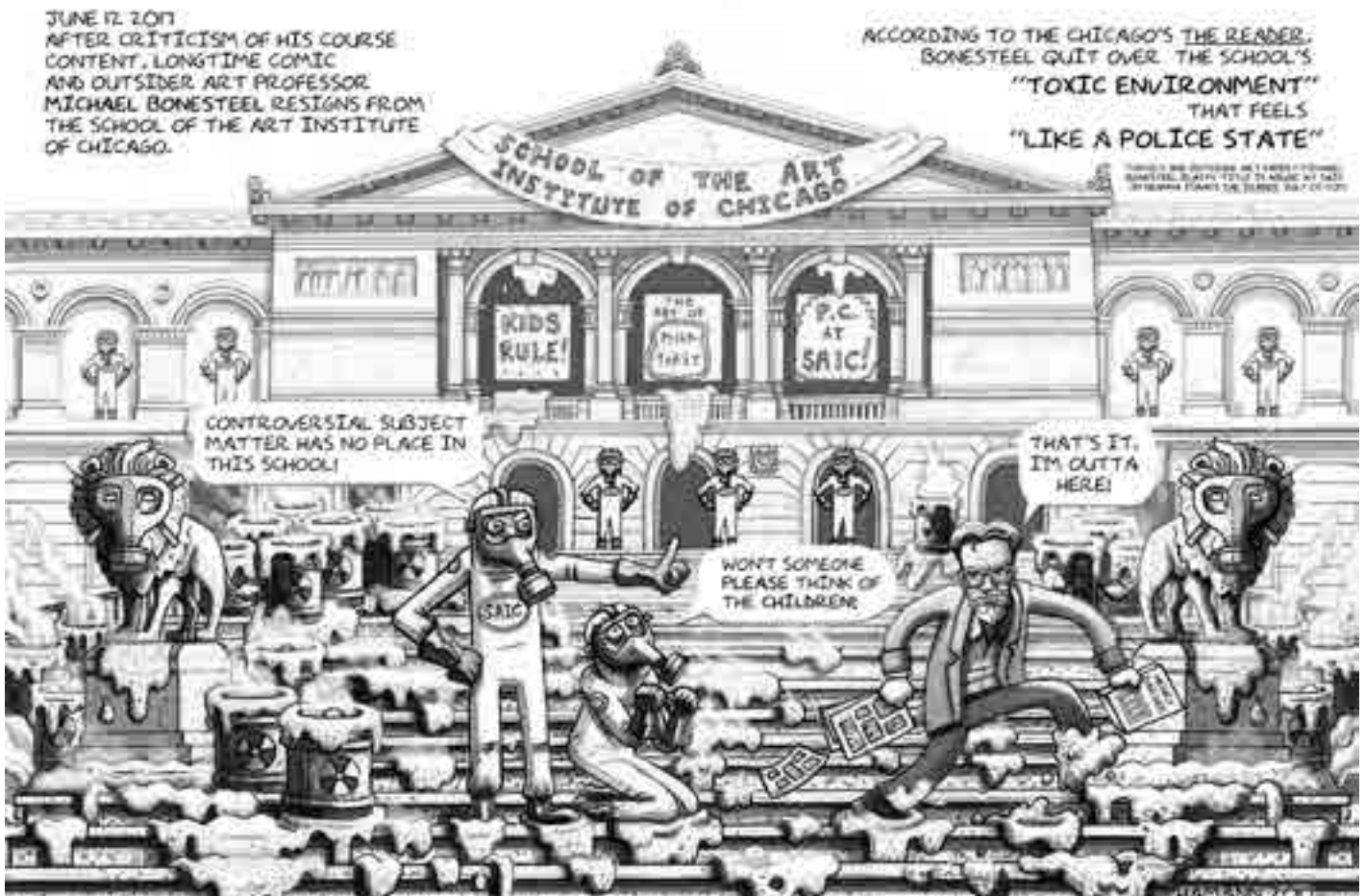
What is clear is that ever since the 1960s New Left there has been a consistent lowering of horizons for

social and political change. The “Left” has played catch-up with changes beyond its control. Indeed, this has been the case ever since the 1930s, when the Left fell in behind FDR’s New Deal reforms, which were expanded internationally after WWII under global U.S. leadership, including via the social-democratic and labor parties of Western Europe. What needs to be borne in mind is how inexorable the political logic ever since then has been. How could it be possible to reverse this?

Harry S. Truman called his Republican challenger in 1948, New York Governor Thomas Dewey, a “fascist” for opposing the New Deal. The Communist Party agreed with this assessment. They offered Henry Wallace as the better “anti-fascist”. Subsequently, the old Communists were not (as they liked to tell themselves) defeated by McCarthyite repression, but rather by the Democrats’ reforms, which made them redundant. The New Left was not defeated by either Nixon or Reagan; rather, Nixon and Reagan showed the New Left’s irrelevance. McGovern swept up its pieces. Right-wing McGovernites—the Clintons—took over.

The Millennial Left was not defeated by Bush, Obama, Hillary, or Trump. No. They have consistently defeated themselves. They failed ever to even become themselves as something distinctly new and different, but instead continued the same old 1980s modus operandi inherited from the failure of the 1960s New Left. Trump has rendered them finally irrelevant. That they are now winding up in the 1980s-vintage DSA as the “big tent”—that is, the swamp—of activists and academics on the “Left” fringe of the Democratic Party moving Right is the logical result. They will scramble to elect Democrats in 2018 and to unseat Trump in 2020. Likely they will fail at both, as the Democrats as well as the Republicans must adapt to changing circumstances, however in opposition to Trump—but with Trump the Republicans at least have a head start on making the necessary adjustments. Nonetheless the Millennial Leftists are ending up as Democrats. They’ve given up the ghost of the Left—whose memory haunted them from the beginning.

The Millennial Left is dead.



Why I Left Chicago:

Derek Guthrie is Conversation with Paul Germanos

I am taking the chance here by telling a truth that is very difficult. I know some people will see this as me whining. I am not whining, as my life has been very interesting, creative and I am glad I have a continuity at my late age. I am not past my sell-by-date yet. We all believe in free speech.

PG: How old are you? Where are you from? When did you come here? Is Chicago one of many stops on your journey?

I had lived in London, Cornwall, Paris, and India exploring the art world in my youth. I was looking to experience the quality and dynamic of American life. I watched from abroad the ascendancy of New York as the epicentre of contemporary art. I, naturally, was curious to explore what Chicago offered. I was teaching at Chicago State College and there I met the art historian and writer, Jane Addams Allen. We teamed up and attended the College Art Association, and joined the New Art Association, founded by Edward Fry. The NAA was the godfather of the Black Caucus, the Woman's Caucus and other spin-offs. As the Chicago chapter we published a news letter. By accident and fortune we became art critic for the Chicago Tribune. We were probably fired as a museum organized a letter writing campaign. We advocated that Chicago recognize important art, in this case abstract, other than the Hairy Who.

After having an article lifted off the galleys of the Tribune three days before publishing, because a boycott on advertising was threatened, it was clear we had no future in Chicago. Indeed we had, and still do have, avowed enemies. Jane realized this and suggested to me that if we want to be art writers we would have to be our own publishers. I thought that was a crazy idea but the New Art Examiner, 'without fear or favor', was born as an 8 page tabloid in October 1973. This was the beginning of a power struggle between the MCA and the New Art Examiner. It has been constant as it is still alive today and it should not be so. There is a book published and another one is being written which is ample evidence of



our status and it is high time the MCA acknowledged us.

PG: For what did you hope when you came to Chicago? A degree? A job? What did you think that you'd find here? What was your first impression of the city?

I arrived in Chicago January 1969. I and Jane Addams Allen departed in 1989, simply to keep the New Art Examiner alive. After 15 years of publishing the NAE had maximized subscriptions in the Mid West – our yardstick was Art in America

You know the city is architecturally magnificent as a manifestation of Early 20th Century heroic materialism architecture. The politics of City Hall and the art scene are deplorable, which will ensure that Chicago will never be a significant creative art centre. Everything is controlled by a gangster culture. I love the expression "nobody wants a nobody that nobody sent for". By 1989 we were persona non grata. Never invited to insider parties – the party after the opening at the CA for example. We personally stopped reviewing Chicago artists because they told us our interest would adversely affect how the system viewed them. Many a time we were requested not to harm their career by reviewing them. That frustration continues today. There is not enough space to tell the whole story. I am very pleased that Mark Staff Brandl in his interview noted that his career was blocked by the Kushner clan. Judith has had a remarkable career occupying all the top positions in UIC and SAIC. Judith wrote very well for Artforum and hyped her colleagues and chosen artists and students. There was, and is, a power struggle in place. The art is not important but the power struggle is. Artists in Chicago are cannon fodder. Though people know Chicago is a blighted culture few know the depths of control in the art world. After Jane Addams Allen and I retired from the NAE in 2000 due to ill health, the NAE passed to a new regime. Again, space does not permit a full explanation. On the new masthead we were termed 'Publishers Emeritus', which meant we no longer could contribute.

Chicago provincialism reared its ugly head. "The independent voice of the visual arts" was replaced by "The voice of Midwest Art". I was told this was a secret suggestion or request from Lou Manilow, who donated \$350,000 to the new regime. That sub-head was the death knell because – who cares outside of the Mid-West for the Mid-West? Chicago does not care about LA nor vice-versa. The hustle for success is not only Chicago in style and nature but also American with a harnessed provincial twist. Nelsen Algren says it all in "City on the Make" in 1951. The NAE has nothing to trade. It does not give favours or look for them. In this it is hopelessly out of date and high minded.

A great recent success was the printing of the anthology "The Essential New Art Examiner". At last a recognition of our contribution including many worthy writers. The NAE was, and is, a critical art journal with status achieved without patronage. Crucially it carries forward the values of Jane Addams but even Hull House, dominated by the art department, has kept its distance. If you want an example of Chicago corruption that takes the prize. I also find it difficult that Mary Jane Jacobs teaches activism and other liberal values and concerns, and uses Jane Addams as an important Chicago source while ignoring the contribution of the NAE. The NAE co-founder Jane Addams Allen (later a Smithsonian Fellow) crafted and designed the editorial nature of the NAE and

... NAE is ignored by the very people who should hold it closest. Why? Simple. We did what we did well *on the street*. We did not broker power behind closed doors. We did not shut others out of our decision making process. Naturally the tone at times was independent and feisty. The punishment of non recognition and isolation finally took its toll so we departed Chicago.

practiced what she learned from family history. Jane Addams was her grand aunt.

Yet the NAE is ignored by the very people who should hold it closest. Why? Simple. We did what we did well *on the street*. We did not broker power behind closed doors. We did not shut others out of our decision making process. Naturally the tone at times was independent and feisty. The punishment of non recognition and isolation finally took its toll so we departed Chicago. We had been shut out.

PG: How long were you in practice here? Did you enjoy

success on your own terms? Can you recall some peak experience? If you felt frustrated, what frustrated you? Poor sales? Lack of publicity? High rent? Crime? Inefficient transportation? Public apathy? Bad weather? What was the total amount of time that you spent as a resident?

The NAE evolved into a national art journal born in Chicago. We initially publishes from Oct 1973 to 2002. Revived in June 2005 onwards. Peak experience was the Production in 2011 of the Essential New Art Examiner which was blighted as Chicago chauvinism because it cut out mention of New York and any other places. This was the ultimate frustration. We matched Art in America for sale in the Mid West, which was excellent, and we managed all the other problems. I was in practice here for 17 years.

PG: How does Chicago know you? Does Chicago know you? Have you been misunderstood?

I would like to explain to Chicago, for which I have never had the opportunity, the nature of the misunderstanding and the propaganda that was let loose against us.

Chicago knows me as the Publisher of The New Art Examiner, the only successful art journal to emerge from Chicago. The New Art Examiner grew to compete with





the other American art magazines Art in America, Artforum, and Art News. We effectively gained as many subscriptions in Illinois and the Mid West. Unofficially blacklisted by the art elite in Chicago, frozen out from introductions to visiting artist and above all from any teaching positions, even adjunct or part time, we left. Chicago isolates those they cannot control.

The NAE is totally misunderstood because given the deep problems in current society around identity, criticism has virtually died. The culture of hustle and insider trading has taken over. The Chicago elite, the Art Institute, MCA, Arts Club (Rue Shaw excepted), U of C and UIC Art Departments did not have the imagination or courage to recognize the great contribution that the NAE made. Franz Schultz was an exception he wrote that, "The NAE is the best thing to have happened in the Chicago art scene for 50 years".

PG: Was there an event which precipitated your departure? For which other city did you leave? What was waiting for you in that other city?

I cannot remember any occasion when I or Jane had a substantial invitation to be visiting artists/critics to any art department. If misunderstood means prejudice, certainly there was and is institutional prejudice in place. Our life in Chicago was McCarthy-ised in private. Never in public. A deadly and toxic ploy was the vicious smear that we were antisemitic. This came to my attention as a Jewish woman from DC transferred from the DC office to Chicago. When I visited, she requested to have dinner with me as she was quite distressed. She had received a number of phone calls questioning her with some insistence as to my and Jane's behaviour and social attitudes. I should not have to deal with this poison but will say the present UK Editor is Jewish and all of Jane's in-laws are Jewish. An early warning was circa 1974/5. Don Rose that veteran journalist had a radio show. We were invited to participate along with the MCA. They refused to attend the show if we were included. Don cancelled the show. Washington DC welcomed us as an addition to their cultural scene.

PG: Does Chicago look different to you since your arrival to it and/or departure from it? Do you have advice for someone about to begin what you've finished?

I can share an experience which the previous questions have elicited. Downtown has lost vital space as the Trump tower and other high rises have filled in. If the new arrival is an artist, understand this, New York controls and always has the last word. Chicago cannot compete. It managed to with the Hairy Who, whose work now commands good prices though not in the top bracket. The art world is complex and corrupt, Chicago is complex and corrupt, but unfortunately also very provincial. At its core the culture is anti-intellectual and the power people run a system in which we are all caught. The new arrival should read City on the Make by Nelson Algren. He had it taped then and things have not changed. The New Art Examiner offers a door to the wider world, free from the Chicago gatekeepers.

PG: Do you expect to maintain a connection to Chicago



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and its art world? What's your incentive to stay connected? Have you left friends or family here?

The New Art Examiner will maintain a connection if Chicago wants to maintain a connection. The most recent problem of the defection of previous colleagues, who resented the fact the NAE had an interest in art outside of Chicago and so tried to steal the name and status from me, is just another in a long line of coup attempts. History has demonstrated with previous similar actions that Chicago does not have the imagination, ability, or commitment to maintain and support independent discourse. Chicago will support pandering PR. The NAE does not do that. I have friends in Chicago but no family. I am always looking for new colleagues to participate, they are always few.

PG: By what means do you stay abreast of developments in the arts in Chicago? Print? Social media? Visits?

Social media and a visit if invited. I have requested MCA and Columbia College to offer an invitation to lecture. The MCA refuses to respond. I therefore assume it has no interest. Waiting for Columbia College. Art politics in Chicago are not imaginative or positive.

PG: In the end, is place important? Is physical location a matter of consequence in 2018?

A place is important. I lived in Chicago for 15 years and worked with Chicago for decades. My late wife was founder of the NAE. The physical reality of Chicago is impressive and a vital experience, the lake has its own beauty. The culture is mini-minded and repressive. I experienced much. The best was the tradition of Jane Addams now, sadly, virtually dead

I have tried to indicate in previous questions the importance of certain issues. I do not wish to repeat. The best answer is to read Nelson Algren's great work "City on the Make". Basically Chicago has no time for an individual unless a deal can be struck. The NAE does not make deals as simply thinking about Art cannot be sold or comprised or traded.

Paul Germanos has a series of interviews under the general heading

'Why I Left Chicago' at

<http://chicagoartworld.blogspot.co.uk/>



Rediscovering The Right to be Wrong

Jerry Saltz's doubt and loss of focus

Miklos Legrady
Toronto Editor

I was bribed to undertake this hatchet job on Jerry Saltz who, as a young writer, wrote for the New Art Examiner. I have no beef with him myself but my editor offered marriage to his eldest daughter with the olive groves as a dowry. Or was it a laurel wreath? I have nothing against his wit, vocabulary or turn of phrase, though I do cringe when I see him on YouTube. He looks like Hemingway's description of a man 'with the eyes of a failed rapist'. Something broke in his youth, perhaps caused by antisemitism, and everything from that moment was a cover up of the shame down below... which colors his every move. My lacking any principles in order to line my own pockets should warn the reader to draw their own conclusions and not take my word for granted, but this disclosure allows me an unusual freedom of expression, without sounding unfair.

Jerry Saltz wrote of himself "It pains me to say it, but I am a failed artist... I miss art terribly. I've never really talked about my work to anyone. In my writing, I've occasionally mentioned bygone times of once being an artist, usually laughingly. Whenever I think of that time, I feel stabs of regret... But once I quit, I quit; I never made art again and never even looked at the work I had made. Until last month, when my editors suggested that I write about my life as a young artist... But then I looked back, into the abyss of self-doubt. I erupted with fear, self-loathing, dark thoughts about how bad my work was, how pointless, unoriginal, ridiculous. 'You don't know how to draw ... You never went to school. Your work has nothing to do with anything. You're not a real artist. Your art is irrelevant. You don't know art history. You can't paint ... You don't have enough time to make your work. No one cares about you. You're a fake. You only draw and work small because you're too afraid to paint and work big. 'Every artist does battle, every day, with doubts like these. I lost the battle. It doomed me. But also

made me the critic I am today.' (*My Life As a Failed Artist 2017*)

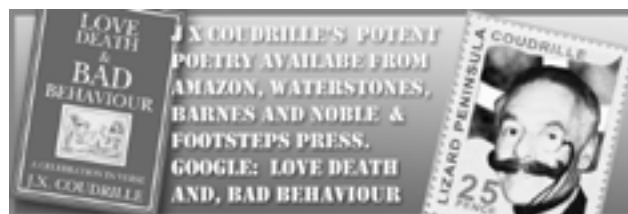
It was a similar affair with John Powers, a 21-year-old art student who answered a help-wanted ad at the SoHo studio of [Jeff Koons](#) (*I was Jeff Koons' studio serf 2012*). Paid \$14/hr., for six months he was the lead painter of "Cracked Egg" which in 2003 sold at Christie's London for \$501,933, at the time Koons' most expensive painting. Powers tells, 'The following year, I left school without a degree. In my final critique, my professors piled into my tiny studio and ripped me to pieces. I'll admit I had it coming. My work exhibited every bad habits they'd tried and failed to break. It was too tight, too constrained, too controlled. And it was too late to start over.'

Saltz plays at trendy liberalism ... His critics also maintain his following is nurtured on smart public relations that those hostile describe as "oozing self-conscientious sincerity; quick to sense the popular zeitgeist he draws a large following of people out for an easy fix

In Zoroastrianism, the devil Ahruman is born from Ahura-Mazda's doubting thought. Jerry Saltz's failure, just like John Powers', was listening to their doubts, believing their insecurities. They didn't have to do that. Both Saltz and Powers had a choice of rejecting self-denial and validating themselves as individuals but they didn't know that, so they allowed doubt to sap their self-confidence. The ancient Farsi said it best – doubt is the devil in disguise.

His detractors say Saltz is a Johnny Carson of art who could not succeed without New York, but then his "protractors" mention how many try and how few actually make it; that takes talent. The hardest thing is to write a small town review that attracts big town eyes.

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Not so in New York with its publications, money, its market exporting ideas and fashion, bestowing success and publicity. Hello, Art Hollywood. A cathedral with main altar and side altars, with Jerry as the cheeky chappie buzzing center stage, although no one would look up were he to buzz the county line. Saltz' wife Roberta Smith is art critic for The New York Times and a lecturer on contemporary art, a protege of Ross Kraus. She writes straight structuralism and post modern art criticism. Solid conservative, reliable but very cautious.

It pains me to say it, but I am a failed artist... I miss art terribly. I've never really talked about my work to anyone. In my writing, I've occasionally mentioned bygone times of once being an artist, usually laughingly. Whenever I think of that time, I feel stabs of regret... But once I quit, I quit; I never made art again and never even looked at the work I had made. Until last month, when my editors suggested that I write about my life as a young artist... But then I looked back, into the abyss of self-doubt. I erupted with fear, self-loathing, dark thoughts about how bad my work was, how pointless, unoriginal, ridiculous.

His nemeses shadow him, saying Saltz plays at trendy liberalism, his writing accessible à la Readers' Digest. His critics also maintain his following is nurtured on smart public relations described as "oozing self-conscientious sincerity; quick to sense the popular zeitgeist he draws a large following of people out for an easy fix". Last year, as a gag, he published his bank account to prove he did not make much money, a tacky stunt like dropping your pants on stage. But then he surprises me with some really intelligent writing. Of recent art he writes:

"I think of Marianne Moore's poem on her beloved subject, 'Poetry,' which begins, "I, too, dislike it."

Still at times Jerry Saltz seems light-weight for rubbernecking unsound ideas. He wrote, "All great contemporary artists, schooled or not, are essentially self-taught and are de-skilling like crazy. I don't look for skill in art...Skill has nothing to do with technical proficiency" (*Seeing Out Loud* 2005).

I'm unsure how Saltz reconciles that with synonyms for skill: ability, mastery, capability, artistry, virtuosity, talent, expertise, skillfulness, adeptness, deftness, dexterity. It is possible for a poet or painter's skill to be

insufficient to their inspiration. Skill has everything to do with technical proficiency. As if lack of skill could over leap logic to work miracles. It makes the process sound like a Republican health care plan.

In *Critique as Unlearning* (e-flux.conversations, 2017) Sreshta Rit Premnath, artist and Assistant Professor of Fine Arts at Parsons New School, personifies a language hosting superficial trends over the realities of complex history. "...I would like to consider what it might mean if we took Gayatri Spivak's call to unlearn one's learning and unlearn one's privilege as the aim of studio critique." As Premnath suggests, while considering what it means to unlearn our education, we notice a critique of education and privilege by a very privileged tenured New York academic earning multiple times the typical wage, who is not about to unlearn the fundamentals of his own power. Unlearning our way to an innocent politically correct utopia is a childish fantasy.

Benjamin Buchloh also asserts that *Art Is Not About Skill* (published on e.flux.conversations). He advocates for artists to "de-skill" in order to bring about a golden age of the simple-minded. Unfortunately no downsizing or crippling of one's ability can rival a skilled practice; the words are synonymous, art means a level of skill that creates spiritual values. A person lacking spiritual values is simply another monkey with a diploma, patiently tolerated by the lectern in a seminar room.

Jerry Saltz is better than that; insecurity can raise one to the dignity of an art critic. He writes well, makes sense, and conveys myriad details that bring a scene to life. That means not only plenty of research but a type of magical luck that drops wild card information in your lap, which only happens to those blessed by the gods of creativity. Jerry's writing has the right words and spicy outlook, but he can't hold my attention long. I am not drawn to keep reading as my eyes drop off the page. Jerry's not bad but he could be better and for that he need a special kind of shrink.

Jerry, pick up your paintbrush again. That investment in your self-esteem would improve your writing and provide real world experience. Instead of falling for nonsense, you would understand the meaning of art as you did the days when you wrote for the New Art Examiner.

And last, but not least, you're in New York. Wanna hustle some bucks? By now, any gallery will give you a show since New York's about notoriety not talent. And who knows, you might even have talent, which awakens when you take that risk and believe in yourself.

Tim Shaw talks to Derek Guthrie

On a cold day in Cornwall, Tim Shaw talked in the lounge of his home with our Publisher.

DG: So, when did you come down to Cornwall?

TS: I ... I moved here September 1985 ...

DG: Yes

TS: I was a first-year undergraduate at Falmouth School of Art

DG: So you came down here to be an art student at Falmouth.

TS: That's right, yes

DG: ... and you hadn't been at any other place?

TS: I spent one year in Manchester in 84-85 and before that I left school to do my A-levels in Belfast at a college of further education

DG: So, you were much younger than then you are now so ...

TS: Much (laughing)

DG: So, what was Cornwall like as an art scene in those days?

TS: Well Cornwall was very different – in fact Cornwall was very different – and I would say that if you were to draw a line where the difference begun probably around the year 2000, and I think that lottery money in the new millennium and things like that started to make big differences to the county. As a result, in projects, the art school turned into a university's although it had a long to go - the University College, Falmouth - and the Maritime Museum's coming along. When I first arrived in Cornwall the A30 was a single trunk road, most of it, so the journey – I remember my journey from Manchester by National Express to get here it was like I felt as if I was like travelling down into Europe it was like coming into a different country- it seemed - it was winter so it seemed warmer; these palm trees grew everywhere

DG: Yes

TS: The light was different to Manchester and as my tutor had said once said this is a paradise art college, it will be difficult to get into it because of its reputation. I arrived there, everything about it seemed like a paradise was the college is very beautiful and it did have a great reputation, the students. It appeared to me obviously not a student – it was a bit more like a large family and it seemed to me that for the art students, it became more a way of life for people ... and they worked day and night and the art school was open the weekends; I think it still



Man on Fire - 92 x 92 x 61 cm . inc. plinth. Bronze Edition of 5 (2009). Tim Shaw



Ketamine 2012. 2 life size figures, steel frame, pillows and dress fabric (unique). Tim Shaw

is and it just seemed very intense.

DG: How did paradise wear off?

TS: I'll come to that in a minute, you mentioned Cornwall

DG: Yes.

TS: Cornwall also seemed much more remote than what it seems today although it still is of course, I can just use as an example that I've lived on this farm since 1987 on and off I've been in other places. However it feels as if the town has moved closer by the glow in the sky not necessarily here but when you go over there, the sounds are different and you don't have to go as far before you hit large amounts of traffic. Traffic is one of the big differences. The nature of the people is even different, whether that's to do with the youngster coming to a place that's new - in some ways it seemed to have a lot more marginal and eccentric people around the people from the margins of society (laughing)

DG: More so than the now?

TS: Then than now? For example I think we've mentioned people like Doc Shields and co

DG: Oh, yes

TS: Big characters. I guess that was one of the big things. Falmouth seems a lot more wealthy now. I think you've got to remember probably when I moved into this cottage it may have been worth 30 or £40,000 now it's probably 300/3 ½ thousand pounds.

DG: I want to know in terms of the art scene and in terms of artist practice, how did it gradually decline, and what you remember, a particular points that telegraph to you that 'this is a change in the scene'?

TS: I don't think there is a decline to be honest in the art scene

DG: Alright

TS: In fact, depends what you want to define as decline or improvement. Then, apart from the Falmouth School of Art, the local galleries, the commercial galleries let's say, many of which were really in St Ives (they were Salthouse I can't remember what the other was now and then there was Penzance – Martin val Baker - Rainyday) - all of which were pretty much on the bread line. I would have thought that's how much ...

DG: What do you mean by on the bread line?

TS: I would think that sales would be quite poor and you know, I think you had *The Wolf at the Door* as well. I think it was pretty hard the markup was difficult. Today from about 2000 onwards you've had Lemon Street Gallery The Millennium, you had Jo at Goldfish as it was then. It seemed to be a bit more buoyant back then, there were things happening, more people going to Galleries,



Pregnant Fairy 2012. Sterling silver. Tim Shaw



Ketamine (2012) Maquette Tim Shaw

more people down here buying. I think that today - what I would say is that then it was very much about painting sculpture, printmaking, but the range today is greater installation - digital, it kind of reflects what's going on in the world. I also think then everything seemed to be quite St Ives based and that they hadn't really got over the legacy of what happened in the 50s and 60s - that Cornwall identity still lingers on a bit, when people think of Cornwall they think of Patrick Heron and Terry Frost.

DG: But criticism is always tricky

TS: Criticism is always tricky but

DG: (interrupting) that's par for the course

TS: Yes

DG: And if it's always tricky why is there such a bloody problem with it at the moment?

DG: I agree that's gone that belongs to its time but do you think the scene is still as buoyant and has as much promise as before though can't be the same as before?

TS: It can't be the same as before. I do think that it's got promise. I think well there's many more practitioners around now, than there was then. You've got groups like Cast and Krowji we didn't have that in those days, it is very disparate.

DG: But they are government run that is patronage, that comes from the government, and the big difference is that St Ives in the old days had no government patronage, there was no art school here there was no museum here and there was no government patronage. So your larger-than-life personality in the old St Ives managed to survive as artists. I think St Ives was the last Bohemia in the world and I think that's gone. Argue with me, please

TS: Well, you say Bohemia, but the people that came here you know the main figures, probably did quite well. Hepworth belonged to Marlborough, a multi-million pound major gallery, probably what the White Cube is today or Hauser & Wirth. Terry Frost was at Waddingtons.

DG: I know what you're talking about because those people were middle-class, they were well-connected into the writing fraternity or the critical fraternity. Now there is no criticism of any substance going on in Cornwall today and, in fact, we have discovered there's hostility to it. Because they brought criticism from London when they came down here. The other fact is that of the St Ives School I think Terry Frost is the only working class guy in the whole school. So there was a level of sophistication that is no longer here now.

TS: Well (sighing) of course you had Alfred Wallis, there were others as well and he was working class

DG: Yes, but he was the autodidact of all autodidact's.

TS: I think what you're getting at there is how the system of proper art criticism works in quite a small environment. It's a tricky thing. Criticism is always going to run people's backs up. I think it is a healthy thing if it's done properly. It is a constructive thing if somebody says to me as they have, 'that piece could be better', you go to bed that night and wake up in the morning maybe feeling shit that your art didn't have the punch to it in the place where it should have but I would say that's healthy. Now, sometimes somebody does, as they did last weekend when I did actually read a bit of art criticism that slammed something for the wrong reasons. Then that isn't healthy

DG: Who are you talking about?

TS: Well we're talking about (laughing) - it's an article by Ben K. (lots of laughter). It's fine, he's done it publicly and he's a young man he plus a few others didn't read the label i.e. didn't read the press release and made assumptions as to what that particular piece was. He was quite vocal and strong in his criticism about it. I think that what he wrote was really well articulated but maybe for something else and not the piece he was critiquing. So you know if you're sensitive, if you took it personally, that could be quite a tricky situation.

DG: But criticism is always tricky ...

TS: Criticism is always tricky but ...

DG: (interrupting) that's par for the course.

TS: Yes.

DG: And if it's always tricky why is there such a bloody problem with it at the moment?

TS: The thing is I have to say, I don't know that there is such a problem with it. I haven't seen much of it. What happened last weekend was the first bit of criticism that I have encountered about my own work, but there hasn't been ... down here in Cornwall, you know, when shows get covered - it's great that the West Briton, you know, say that they are writing about an exhibition. It's basically a summary of what the press release says. You know the man who writes for the Cornishman.

DG: Frank Rurhman

TS: Frank Rurhman he does a bit. What he talks about he manages to put in own view into that but there's nothing of the level as far as I can see in this part of the world that is proper art criticism. I'm saying that but I'm not aware of any

DG: Fine, we don't need to say any more

Notes on the Dallas Art Scene

Darren Jones
New York

In 1987 Jane Addams summarised The Whitney Museum of American Art's 1987 Biennial as, 'filled with distant and cynical art, is not a very likable show.

New York, which has seen its preeminent position in the art world eroded by challenges from Europe, needs a successful art movement, but this exhibition may represent little more than protectionist provincialism'.

One of the artists was David Bates, working out of Dallas. We look at Dallas with Millennial eyes.

Dallas is a mythically alluring city. It is America in ways that New York, Chicago or Los Angeles cannot be, and it is further from convention than those cities. Dallas embodies many of its country's most thrusting hallmarks - economic growth and power, technological advancement and frenetic civic and architectural development, while remaining refreshingly unshackled from European cultural aesthetics and tradition that other parts of the United States might hew to. If America is the engine of the new world, Dallas is the diamond tip to the machinery. There is a willingness and boldness of thought here that avoids what has been done, in favour of what can be done next. There is a vastness to the scope of possibility that seems a reflection of the Texan landscape. Like its State, these characteristics both set Dallas within, and out of, kilter with the rest of the United States. Dallas has a shimmering sense of frontier-ship and unabashed grandeur, of alternative logic and audacity that is its own.

In artistic terms such ideals are reflected in the merging of art and sport at the AT&T stadium, where enormous crowds are introduced to contemporary art commissions. It is heartening to consider those that might be inspired, for whom exposure to art may not otherwise occur.

Similarly, Northpark Center mall displays modern and contemporary art from the collection of its founder, Raymond D. Nasher, so that a stroll through its avenues

of shops brings the work of Andy Warhol, James Rosenquist, Jim Dine, and others within the retail experience of over 26 million annual visitors.

Within the art scene itself, The Power Station, built in 1920, bordering Deep Ellum and Fair Park, runs projects and exhibitions, often in response to its impressive industrial architecture. Within a few blocks is 500X, a large warehouse gallery run by a rolling committee of artists; and until recently the CentralTrak Artist Residence Program of the University of Texas at Dallas, managed by the irreplaceable Heyd Fontenot, through which many national and foreign artists have passed. Also Beefhaus, an artist run space; and that exquisite, secret garden of text based innovation, The Reading Room. There are many others.

Major institutions including the Nasher Sculpture Center, The Mac - with its blooming expansion helmed by Rachel Rogerson - and the Dallas Museum of Art, along with commercial blue-chips such as Barry Whistler, Talley Dunn and Conduit, fuel the city's creative wattage.

The Dallas Art Fair's most enjoyable aspect is its contrariness to the adage that "everything is bigger in Texas" in maintaining a boutique sensibility and a limited roster. It is to be hoped that this year's misstep in accepting Gagosian's damaging, abominable and insulting presentation won't be repeated. These endeavors all contribute to the city's creative ambitions



Matthew Ritchie Line of Play (2009)

*Powder coated aluminum, vinyl and acrylic East Wall, West
Located in Main Concourse Club, Entry K*

and the expanding community of artists who live here.

Yet, there are ventures that list toward the city's brasher characteristics, a tendency that creates unnecessary drag on artistic efficacy and perhaps accounts for the oft-heard complaint that Dallas isn't taken as seriously as it might be, or that political or stereotypical attitudes about Texas limit perceptions of its relevance on the west and east coasts.



The First Installation, 2012-2013
Gallery 2: by Louise Bourgeois

The Warehouse is home to works from the collections of Howard Rachofsky and Vernon Faulconer, and is a testament to the ability of private wealth and personal vision in assembling art for informative perpetuity. While the collection and its compound are immense, unfortunately the educational thrust of this remarkable space is in marked contrast to the egalitarian directives described above.

A recent tour of the Warehouse—which must be arranged in advance under strict guidelines—was a demoralizing exercise in dictatorial stringency and institutional paranoia. Our guide dispensed an interminable lecture on what was not permitted while on the premises before our group was corralled, scolded, and worried through the building, as hapless dolts seeing art for the first time. We were told precisely when and how we ought to look at, consider or interact with the art. The implication was that the works were much more valuable than our experience of them, when in fact the opposite is true, and that it must have been our immense privilege to be there, when in fact it was the Warehouse's privilege that we had come. The experience was counter-productive as a way of inspiring or informing through art. This is not to say that the Warehouse is not a great asset to Dallas, but that one's engagement with it ought not to be subjugated beneath the brilliance of its material horde.

Dallas Contemporary claims to offer “new and challenging ideas”. Alas, while it occasionally finds an artist capable of wrestling its gargantuan halls into begrudging collaboration, or puts out a timely message—Black Sheep Feminism (2016) was topical and potent—many recent shows are essentially worthless. These range from work by fashion designer Helmut Lang, Burry (2016), who does not make art, but sinister extensions of

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his howling ego, to the idiotic musings of Paola Pivi, in Ma'am (2016), whose facile, ridiculous clutter isn't fit for the shelves of Toys “R” Us. While Pedro Reyes' philosophically overblown and undercooked sculptural nonsenses in For Future Reference (2016) apparently were “not dissimilar in function to an oracle or Magic 8 Ball—predicting futures and answering both life's most elusive and banal questions”. If that is so they should be running for office instead of idling in an art museum.

The wall texts that accompanied the pictures of fashion photographer Bruce Weber in Far From Home (2016/17) contained stories of famous friends and fabulous parties with a sugar content high enough to initiate a diabetic seizure. Images were lush and erotic, with models, wealthy aristocrats, and exotic shores. We might fantasize of such lives, but they are not art, nor are they “new or challenging”. They are vapid, lifestyle pornography. What could be Dallas's equivalent to New York's PS1 should be steering clear of such empty calories. Suckling the teats of celebrities and importing the fashion world's Norma Desmonds doesn't seed local talent or assist in promoting Big D as a serious art contender.

Despite exhilarating projects such as Giuseppe Penone: Being the River, Repeating the Forest (2016), even the stellar Nasher is partial to recycling the irrelevant husks of redundant names, and promoting bland imports. Of the former—along with one of his sanctimonious carcasses littering the grounds—this year there was the chronically pointless Richard Serra: Prints and the concurrent, Serra-inspired Foundations' installation, which declared in its literature, “Critical

thinking is crucial to his process". As if this isn't the case for any serious artist. Isn't it enough that Fort Worth has to contend with the sexual harassment of his bone-dry, mechanical penis menacing the skies above its museum? The Nasher might look across the street and take note of The Dallas Museum of Art which, perhaps unwittingly, has the most enlightened response to a Serra product anywhere. Its removal. Only a few marks on the ground remain to toast such perfect absence.

The downstairs exhibition space recently hosted—as part of the Nasher's Sightings series—an exhibition by British artist, Michael Dean, of spiritless, concrete totems. Described as "beings" the objects did not, as the Nasher ludicrously claimed, "project extraordinary humanity". The twisted, vaguely alphabetized chunks were redolent of a torn up parking lot and read merely as saddened, literary dunces. There were also the store-front drop-outs of Mai-Thu Perret's imagined art-feminist commune, The Crystal Frontier. Besides their static poses and lifeless presences, how would these pseudo-militaristic mannequins of "empowered" women make any social impact "living" in a place as sparsely populated as the New Mexican desert? Their very imaginariness strips them of any actual potency.

Dallas requires a networked dialog of critical vigor that would hold to account curatorial sloth and exorcise superfluity in artists' and institutional practices, making for more agile, socially incisive art conversant with what is happening internationally. A comfortability with middling painterliness and sleepy conceptuality hounds the scene and while visually appealing, it doesn't fulfill art's purpose as a progressive societal barometer.

It is important for critics to discuss work that vexes them, or is grossly deficient, because writing which merely describes, or meekly praises perpetuates the blight and helps nobody. Commentary about an artwork's failings may be tough to swallow, but lopping off excess is vital in moving the conversation forward. There are dextrous, razor-sharp writers in Dallas, Caleb Mathern among them. Incisiveness and humor such as his should be utilized as both cultivator and scythe.

Such contentions are manifest as artists synonymous with the city, or shown here, gain prominence and become unofficial representatives of what is going on here, for good or ill. Jeff Gibbons' exquisite eye for the nuances of human damage is lightened by his wit, imbuing everyday items with sepulchral depth. In it's heartbreaking forlornness his work at its best, brings a breath of despair to the brightest countenance. His recent Conduit Gallery exhibition, "Clown Ambulance"

,wonderfully combined high-romanticism, mirth and a funerary sensibility. Sarah Williams' paintings of rural homes set against dark foliage, sumptuously gloomy skies, and warmed by the nostalgic glow of decorative Christmas lights are, in their sentiment, as accomplished as Edward Hopper. Their potency lies in blending longing for simpler pasts with unease at human absence and its implications of the foreboding or isolationist—a trepidation sharpened under current political discourse—is spellbinding. While Cassandra Emswiler Burd's show at Erin Cluley Gallery in 2015, "Flowers of War" was an innovative, tiled intrigue using the domestic simplicity of a table to corroborate parallels between the seemingly oppositional pursuits of garden design and war planning. Fantastically interesting artists are at work here, but the balance of attention seems tilted towards the mediocre, with non-art magazines heaping undeserved praise hither and thither.

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New York is as parochial an art scene as it gets, with artist-denizens inwardly obsessed about making it there, but have Dallas artists the opposite problem, in wanting to make it elsewhere? Dallas could look to Glasgow's recent history. Even lacking a collector base, or many commercial galleries, that city was transformed from an industrial-era hulk of the British Empire into one of Europe's leading dynamos of contemporary artistic production. This was achieved through innovative programming at Glasgow School of Art, which gained international attention, committed art professionals; and a loyal community of artists who resisted the lure of London or Berlin in favor of building a local community of colleagues, exhibition spaces, and studios forging links across Europe and beyond. Until art workers of all kinds in Dallas commit to these issues, invest more strategically in local creativity, and find ways to celebrate and incorporate the unique traits of the region's rightly proud characteristics within self-criticality, the city will not become the global hub of artistic excellence that it could be. Dallas has all that it needs to achieve this, but it doesn't need all that it has.

Chicago Cabal's Final Days

The letters here are printed unedited.

November 28 2017

Hi Daniel,

An update and a question.

First: we need to send an official engagement letter to Derek from our firm. Will you please let us know a good mailing address -- and email, if applicable -- for Derek?

Next, the other side did not respond to our cancellation petition by yesterday's deadline. What this means is that the Trademark Trial and Appeal Board will send a notice

of default to the other side, and give them another 30 days to explain if the default was a mistake and why they should be given additional time to respond. If they do not respond to the notice of default, default judgment will be entered and the other side's trademark registration will be cancelled. This process will likely take 3-4 months.

Best,
Libby, Lawyer, Chicago

.....

April 17, 2017

Dear Derek,

Below is a proposal outlining how our two organizations could share content and publish only one New Art Examiner. The Board of Art Message International has approved this proposal and authorized me to forward it to you. Please present it to your organization leadership for consideration.

Michel Ségard

PROPOSAL TO SHARE CONTENT

1. The actual publisher of the magazine is Art Message International.
2. Art Message International (AMI) owns the trademark of both the logo and the name of the New Art Examiner (NAE) and, therefore, the publication. AMI shall copyright all content going forward.
3. Art Message International and the association that runs the UK operation shall each operate in its own fashion with its own organizational structure and its own leadership.
4. Magazine-wide editorial policies must be made with the mutual consent of the organizations contributing to the content of the NAE. Regional editorial issues will be decided according to the operating structure and rules of the respective regional organizations.
5. Content will be merged into one magazine to be designed and produced by AMI in Chicago with final read-only PDFs sent to the UK organization for printing and/or posting on their website.
6. The website by AMI shall become the official website of the magazine. It shall be managed and administered by AMI. When it is finished, the existing UK website shall be shut down.
7. There shall be only one Facebook page, and AMI shall be its administrator and the gatekeeper of all posts regarding the magazine or its organizations. All other Facebook pages purporting to be the New Art Examiner Facebook page shall be shut down.
8. New regional organizations may be formed to contribute to the content of the magazine according to the conditions set forth above.

THE EXPANDED PRINT at WMU

By John Link, Contributing Editor

I did not go there looking for Titian and I didn't find him. Instead I saw an intelligently curated show that presented some of the best printmaking of our time, interesting support pieces, and a model that sheds light on the American art scene since we declared ourselves non-inferior to Europe (c. 1962). If the '60s are compared to the sparkling headwaters of the Mississippi, then today's art scene is like its delta: wide, shallow, teeming with life, much of it less than elegant, but madly diversified and not without its pleasures.(1) "The Expanded Print" covers both ends.

Warhol, Rauschenberg, LeWitt, Rosenquist, Serra, Stella, these are many of the seminal figures, the artists who sowed their creative oats without making any apologies to the European tradition and all it had accomplished. They jumped from one seemingly transgressive affront against it to another, peripatetic always, successful in delivering the pleasures unique to art, sometimes – both despite and because of their impudence and disregard.

LeWitt's "Wall Drawing #1097", composed of 50 nails randomly placed on a wall then connected with string, fails to deliver much more than a high class do-dad for the luxury trade, full of confounding theory and the "profundity" that many associate with that stuff. But pleasure? Well, it's not ugly, and it embodies a gesture against convention that is mildly interesting.

"Wall Drawing 98", on the other hand, is both more confounding and more satisfying. It denies most of the traditions of picture making, save the bounding rectangle, and even then confuses the issue by providing a pair of them, a duality that divides. Yellow lines galore, 10,000 in each rectangle, cause the white wall to glow when seen from a typical distance for looking at pictures. But they drew me in, sucked me in, actually, until I was a scant foot from one of the squares. Instead of a unified picture I saw a relaxed, infinitely expanding field of vague yellow things triggering pleasure centers I had not experienced before, even though they did generate the familiar feeling of Wittgenstein's clicking of the clicker.

European codecs for making a successful picture demand that it resolve itself into a unity, sometimes said to constitute a whole that is greater than the sum of its parts. In this drawing the parts are just parts, and it does not matter exactly where you decide to view them from 12 inches out, as long as you don't get too close to the



Western Michigan University: The Expanded Print

edge. Nor does it matter whether I choose the straight lines on the right or the non-straight on the left.

Compared to the string that doesn't deliver, the yellow lines work just about anywhere and everywhere. They are impudence that gets somewhere, impudence that delimits in favor of a certain direction because it works better than its alternatives. In one way it is the work of every successful artist of every time, but in another, it is specific to America sticking it to Europe. LeWitt was not a nihilist, as many regard Duchamp. He was just a new kid on the block who had something to say. He sacrificed the whole to maximize the effect of its parts. When that succeeds, watch out.

These artists were not Titians, but they were relentless in starting provocative fires to signal the new American confidence, confidence even more sure footed than that found in the original New York School. What became of all their joy and juice?

Then there is Rauschenberg. Aristotle observed that successful theatre always has a beginning, middle and end, as does all storytelling. Like the LeWitt, the Rauschenberg performance satisfies best when dipped into and exited. It was not required to pick a specific time for entry, just that I didn't indulge too long and extend into boredom. "Open Score" is refined, stately even, viewed within that circumstance. It is not anything like the stupid things the Dadaists did. But it is everywhere in the middle of something, even the

technical start and end. Re-entry at different points worked every time I tried it. Rauschenberg was doing “time-based” art before we had a term for it, and he showed that he could use a rebellious methodology and be aesthetically successful.

The show also includes “Booster”, Rauschenberg’s most famous print. It leaves no doubt the man could hold his own with the whole-must-be-greater-than-the-sum-of-its-parts crowd. It also leaves no doubt that the new American effort was much more than hanging a negative sign on everything Europe had accomplished.

When I noticed the litho version of Rosenquist’s “F-111”, up I went to see if the illustrative wizardry of the painting was there. Of course it was. In all 30 feet of it. But the thing made me back up, further and further, so that most of the illustration was gone, save the hair dryer. The coldly neutral rendering gave way to a rush of warm, compelling color, the stuff that made Renoir’s pictures of women and flowers so sumptuous, but without the personalized surface, almost without any surface at all. Oh wow. Really.

Serra is represented by “183rd & Webster Avenue”, a mass of vague and diffuse black entities bound to a flattened circle and strongly attached to the corners of the page, then printed via traditional lithography. It was based on his first outdoor installation in a seedy area of the Bronx, a steel circle embedded into the street, a not so traditional method of making sculpture. Tusche wash drawings, such as this one, are challenging to make because the pigment that guides the artist’s eyes tends to disperse much more evenly than the grease that determines how the image will print. But the requisite mastery is there, in excelsis, in the case of Serra. And by that I mean ability to draw, not simply to print. To draw well, the artist must both understand what is going on with the tusche and maintain the discipline necessary to deal with it, then impose his artistry itself. “183rd & Webster Avenue” was good to look at. It could have been done by an earlier European, it just wasn’t.

These artists were not Titians, but they were relentless in starting provocative fires to signal the new American confidence, confidence even more sure footed than that found in the original New York School. What became of all their joy and juice?

Deborah Kass’s “Diamond Deb” is what the up-to-date crowd calls “appropriated”, a word they use in place of “derivative”. Such nomenclature is the result of what Miklos Legrady describes as the migration of the art world from the Cedar Street Tavern to the seminar room. There was only one Cedar Street Tavern, frequented by

just a few intensely focused, elitist, narrow minded, independent, combative, and highly judgmental artists. Those who immediately followed were similar. Richard Serra famously summarized this approach: “Art is not democratic. It is not for the people.” (2) Today there are thousands of seminar rooms, most of them filled with people all saying the same things about contemporary art, relaxed in the assurance that comes when you know so many others agree. Our current scene is the delta stage for what the artists of the ‘50s, ‘60s, and ‘70s initiated. It is inclusive and expansive rather than exclusive, permissive rather than choosy, decompressed rather than focused, easy to get rather than difficult. It carries the self-assurance that originated in the headwaters to full realization, but with a much different outcome. There is lots of stuff going on everywhere, something for everyone. It commands the interest of the widest possible audience, via quasi-confounding sensationalism and well-explained “novelty”. It is very good at what it does. Never before have there been as many contemporary artists as we have today. Never before has the work of living artists commanded the prices it does now.

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“Diamond Deb” decorates the bones of Andy Warhol with glitter that Warhol himself would approve, if not copy. It turns on the viewer’s assumed knowledge of Warhol’s method, which is quite a safe assumption today. As an experience, “Diamond Deb” is shallow, flashy, derivative, and not all that bad to look at. It stands up to a couple of re-looks, for sure. Perhaps more if you are

attending a seminar on Warhol. It is put together nicely and is a perfect illustration for both the term “appropriated” and “derivative”.

Deltas are inflection points. They are both where a mighty river goes to die and where something else begins. Kass’s print instantiates elements from both. It is best looked at in a much more traditional mode than much of the work from the ‘60s and ‘70s upstarts. In that manner it is a signal for something that might lurk where the delta is dissipating. Appropriation just isn’t as confounding and new as it once was. But the glittery diamond dust image goes down rather smoothly as itself, presented in a framework that has characterized portraiture for centuries. That is good. Warhol once said he collected the artists Clement Greenberg liked. Kass’s

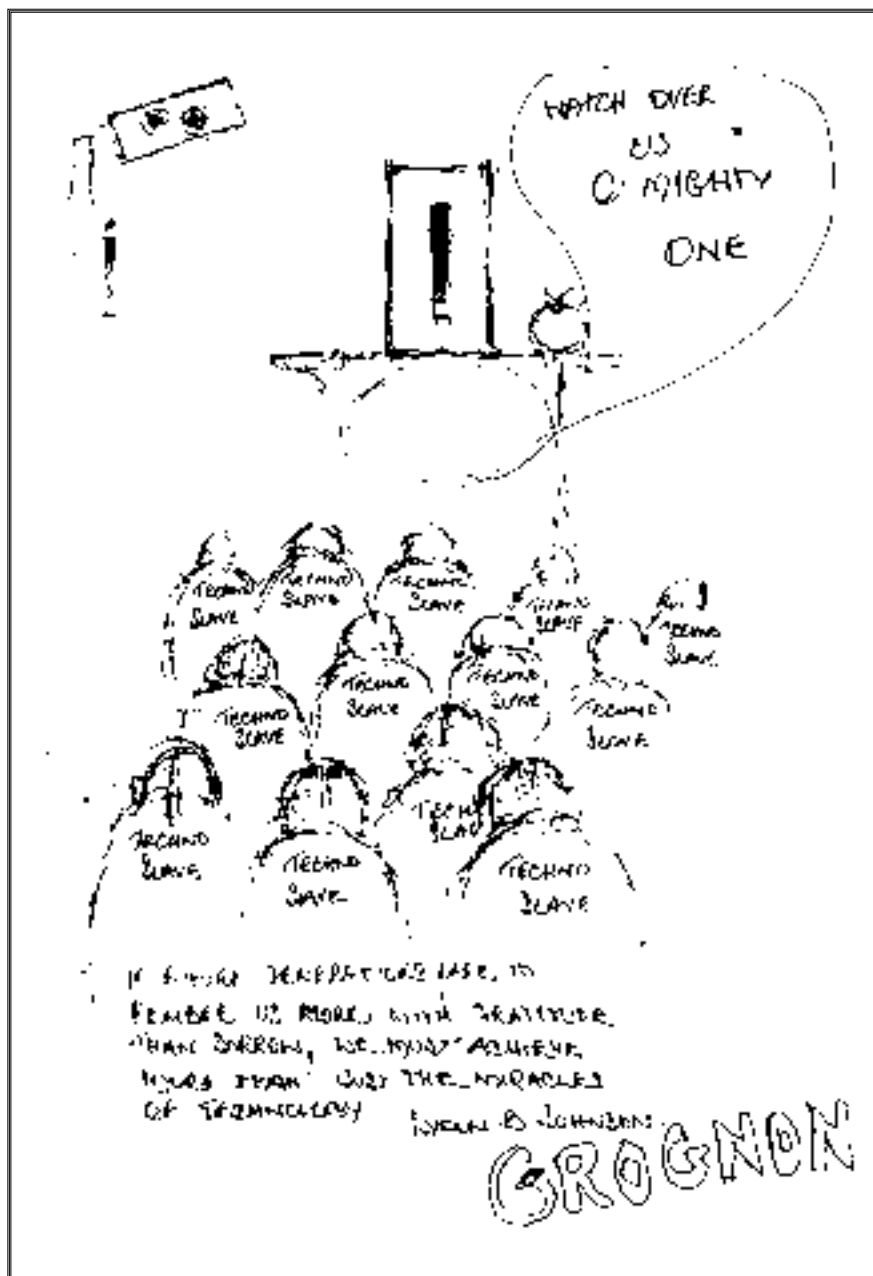
print can be looked at in that light without negating its claim to be an appropriation.

ENDNOTES

1. For an extended discussion of the headwaters versus delta metaphor go to Franklin Einspruch’s Artblog (<http://www.artblog.net/post/2006/12/basel/>). The discussion begins at comment 70.

2. Quoted in Sean O’Hagen’s “Man of Steel” (<https://www.theguardian.com/artanddesign/2008/oct/05/serra.art>)

THE EXPANDED PRINT: WMU’s Collection in Context September 14 – October 22, 2017 Curator: Dr. Indra Lacin, Richmond Center for Visual Arts Western Michigan University, Kalamazoo, Michigan



Fashionably Recycled

This is a photograph of a bike sharing graveyard in China taken from a drone, which has assumed its own beauty. This leads to the consideration in an indirect way of the fashion attire represented in racing cyclists. Maria Teresa Castelli of Studio Taste in Italy has become a leading designer for racing cyclists, which is attracting attention.

Ever since the Italian engineer Giovanni Fontana invented the basis for the first bicycle in 1418 with his four-wheeler vehicle, the world of cycling has evolved. Cycling itself is a performance, and fashion for road race cycling becomes spectacle. With Castelli the cyclists' bodies are her canvases for which she designs clothing; features of architecture, science, technology and fashion are included. She discreetly covers her human paintings, drawing lines and colors which consider the flow of air, water resistance and comfort.



Recognizing that cyclists are crazy extroverts, who wish for visibility for sartorial garb as well as achievement in the race, they participate in one of the most grueling sports in the world. They



are good clients, as their narcissistic projections make them unique, avant garde cyclists with no holds barred.

Italy may be the premier nation in road racing with super stars (Coppi, Bartali, Merics, Pantani) who have become instant heroes. The achievement is the pedaling spectacle of road racing and fashion. Hopefully, the bike sharing movement will latch on with even more momentum. They will look to these pedaling exhibitions of fashion in movement as the mentor of cycling and want to join in the performance, the spectacle of the body in motion.

*Pendery Weekes
Fashion Editor*

Milan



The Adoration of the Shepherds

An Altar from Vannucci

The city has many cultural and artistic events aimed at pleasing a variety of tastes from the most refined to the coarsest. In Milan, especially after the Expo, there has been a greater flow of foreign visitors. Numerous exhibitions have been organized at various levels of quality, with many responding to a market economy. The criticism of some art historians is that exhibitions are no longer

handled by museums, but promoted by agencies. Tomaso Montanari and Vincenzo Trione in their recent book "Contro le Mostre" (Against Exhibitions) published by Einaudi Editore 2017, criticize exhibition methodology and the commercial purposes with which most exhibitions are often set up. However, the offer is high because the demand is considerable. What attracts visitors in Italy? It depends; for some artists the name is enough (for example, the Caravaggio exhibition is sold out), or a well-orchestrated advertisement; other exhibitions are more niche-like, as in the one of the Adoration of the Shepherds at the Diocesan Museum (from October 2017 to January 2018).

The Diocesan Museum, which has a magnificent collection of medieval gold leaf panel paintings from the 14th and 15th centuries, can also be visited during this exhibition. Every year, around the Christmas festivities, the Museum offers the opportunity to see a religious

artwork from public or private collections. These yearly exhibitions are entitled "A Masterpiece for Milan"; the last two exhibits were a panel of Albrecht Dürer's, "Adoration of the Magi", followed by an installation of Adrian Paci's "The Guardians", which proposed a dialogue between contemporary art and the great artistic tradition of the Museum.

In "The Adoration of the Shepherds" the attention of the viewer is focused on a single painting on display, which concerns the theme of the nativity. Pietro Vannucci is the artist, also called Il Perugino (ca. 1450 – 1523). The Adoration was part of the grandiose altarpiece of Sant'Agostino, commissioned to Vannucci by the Augustinian friars in the early 1500s. It constituted the part addressed to the clergy, while the faithful could admire the Baptism of Christ in the recto. His work is an oil on a panel that was part of a much larger polyptych (436cm by 618cm), then dismembered in the mid-1600s and displayed in various parts of the church to make way for a new altar. Towards the end of the 1700s, during the suppression of monasteries and religious foundations by Napoleon, almost all the panels were taken to Toulouse, Lyon and Paris, though the Adoration is part of the National Gallery collection in Perugia.

The theme of *The Adoration of the Shepherds* is affirmed around 1300; before the nativity was depicted in a much more simplified and symbolic way. In the Renaissance the narrative prevails: an angel announces the coming of Jesus to the shepherds, who go to worship him. Perugino

has painted several versions of the same theme, frequently using paperboard, so the figures in the various works often have the same postures. His masterpiece is the Adoration of the Polittico of St. Augustine. In the foreground of the Adoration, the chubby child in a mischievous pose, lying on a soft pillow, is adored by Mary and Joseph, while the pastors in the middle ground reproduce the same poses of the Angels above them. In the background there are flocks of sheep and a donkey. The atmosphere of peace and concentration accords with the pale hues of the sky and the green landscape that gradually fades into infinity.

Perugino is recognized as one of the greatest Italian artists of his time, before the emergence of Michelangelo and Leonardo, which will change the course of art once again. In this oil painting we can admire his characteristic elements: rhythm, symmetry, an exceptional technical skill in drawing, combined with a search for balance between figures, architecture and landscape, all enhanced by a refinement of colors. What attracts is the message of peace and serenity that the painting manages to transmit, through the classically harmonious art of the Renaissance. The panels should not be dispersed but united as they originally were; history and art should not be cancelled because it is politically incorrect, otherwise we assist the destruction also of our past.

Note: The book, "Contro le Mostre" can be found at: <http://www.einaudi.it/> ([here](#))

Liviana Martin

London

The Framing of Black Identity

Martin Puryear Parasol Unit, London. 18th September – 6th

December 2017

Stephen Lee

Intricate discussions about methods of woodworking and formal decisions about sculpture characterised Martin Puryear's lectures in the early 1980's in Chicago. He didn't at that time overtly 'play the race card' but you could see plain as day he was a Black man talking about art in a divided city. As Thelma Golden says, contexts change. The current formidable show at Parasol Unit bills Puryear's work as identity politics and is staged to overlap Tate Modern's 'Soul of a Nation: Art in the Age of Black Power'.

It is precisely the un-alienated labour of woodworking as sculpture which is consistently the crux of meaning of

his sculpture. However the abstract nature of the work provokes a myriad of visual associations for the viewer which sometimes remains fluid and sometimes condenses towards a cultural definition. An early work, Untitled, 1978, African Blackwood and Vine, is small scale and consists of what appears to be two intensely black, burnished kidneys conjoined by a textured, veined umbilical. As abstraction it is evocative of the interior of a body in a universal sense, yet its blackness forces an exterior reading. Exposed viscera on the outside of a Black male body has connotations which are possibly erotic but certainly existentially very striking and

jarring. This work encapsulates the dual nature of Puryear's current stance as an 'open' yet politically defined artist.

Puryear has cited W.E.B. DuBois' notion of a 'double-consciousness', where people of African descent read and understand themselves through ideological models of historically dominant cultures. For example Puryear as an African American, would have studied Modernist Primitivism in the form of say, Picasso's African masks as Cubism. This then is an ironic experience of received consciousness where the source of Puryear's culture is obtained second hand: a hand- me -down. To then learn carpentry in Africa opens the possibility of another consciousness one which enables cultural ownership. Martin Puryear is a generous artist who has pointed the way to the resolve of a difficult cultural riddle through the politics of woodwork.

Big Phrygian, 2010-2014, is a large scale, painted red sculpture made of cedar. The shape is fascinatingly worked to make the limbs of a cedar tree appear as a giant fabric hat. Considerable problem-solving must have been applied to the creation of this shape which implies a mathematical, geometric form which actually humorously flops over into folds akin to fabric. Rather than a design/build conceit I think the making process is likely more meditative than technical. The title forces the interpretation in this instance. The Phrygian cap is associated historically with liberty; it was worn by the republicans in the French Revolution, by slaves in the Haitian slave revolt. It is also the cap worn by the prankster folk hero of Brazil, the one-legged Saci- Perere. Its' scale reminds me in the context of London, of Gulliver's hat, though a different shape, from Swift's satire about the convolutions of liberty.

As contrast to the invoked titling of the Big Phrygian, the evocative sculpture, Untitled, 1995 leaves the viewer with an interpretive task. Wire mesh, covered in tar with a tar-smeared wooden base, this larger than human scale elongated blob has the appearance of an abstracted and caricatured head or figure, a similar shape to one of the ears of Disney's 'Oswald, The Lucky Rabbit'. The imagery of cartoons can lead to murky undertones of stereotype

as humour. This sculpture, almost as a reprieve, remains undefined. Tar has many associations, it is a by-product of a fossil-fuelled economy, bitumen was used to make the first photograph, tar and feathering was a medieval shaming practice associated with slavery. In this context, though tar signifies blackness. It could evoke perhaps the 'Tar Baby' in Brer Rabbit stories, an enigma contrived as a prankster trap: once touched it is impossible to get away from, it sticks to the viewer. The difficulty with this interpretation is that it could be considered a racial slur. My dialogue with the sculpture then tends towards an intimidating knot of political correctness. The accessible abstraction of Puryear's work inevitably hangs uneasily with its politically persistent sub-text. My critical response is to ask, what is the relationship between Du Bois' double-consciousness experienced by Black people and a wider Marxist sense of reification and false consciousness?

Puryear, as an African American, would have studied Modernist Primitivism in the form of say, Picasso's African masks as Cubism. This then is an ironic experience of received consciousness where the source of Puryear's culture is obtained second hand: a hand- me -down. To then learn carpentry in Africa opens the possibility of another consciousness one which enables cultural ownership.

Whoever the viewer, the content remains anxious; it endlessly reflects the complexity of identity. As abstraction the sculptures appear essentially open one minute, sugar-coated the next. My responses flip-flop from defensive to absorption. The importance of the sculpture is that its connotations are necessarily jittery and problematic, while formally experienced as calm and resolved. They are both homely and unhomely, a contradiction resolved by Martin Puryear figuring out in a straightforward way and in a way that is Byzantine with evocation, how to join pieces of wood together.

Advert



Germany

Society Diluted by Art

Mr. X, who up until now has been an unknown artist from Salzgitter in Germany, staged a major environment for his neighbors by leaving all the taps of the kitchen sink, bath tub and toilet of his apartment running non-stop for an entire year. The event became a live performance in October 2017 when he blocked the drains and let the water run freely and flood his building, possibly also entering the external environment of the street. The prospect of water flowing down the stairs and seeping through the ceiling of the apartment below, all created by Mr. X, must have been quite visually exciting, while also being an amazing show of ingenuity. The main actors of this art form were the residents of Mr X's building and the policemen who intervened; the material he used was water.

The vision of the water must have been irresistible to Mr. X, overflowing from the kitchen sink with a lovely waterfall of cold water and even more strikingly from over the bathtub. The water, slowly traveling across the floor and soaking into his carpets, would have quickly given rise to various small objects and papers floating around his living space, or rather, display area. The water leaking under the door from his apartment to the stairway and elevator shaft must have been his "momento clou" (moment of glory) and surely also would have been when his neighbors finally became involved in the performance. They would not only have experienced the happening visually, but must have also had to have

Ydessa Hendeles, *The Milliner's Daughter, at the Power Plant, Toronto*

Ydessa Hendeles is that rare curator-artist gifted with talent. *The Milliner's Daughter at the Power Plant* was an original curio with haunting depth, I doubt anyone in town has such imagination. It's just like Emily Carr described: "Oh, God, what have I seen? Where have I been? Something has spoken to the very soul of me, wonderful, mighty, not of this world. Chords way down in my being have been touched. Dumb notes have struck chords of wonderful tone". I use the word cultured, looking up at tall statues seemingly from ancient sandy Assyria, followed by a life sized Victorian lady in a bell jar, then Alice and the Cheshire cat. In other rooms wooden idols sit like ancient gods, polished over decades by the hand of thousands of child-like believers; actually

contact physically with the water invading these closed and unique art spaces. The aesthetic aspect of this installation is most certainly hard to resist, cascades of water falling in every direction, following its gravitational flow.

However damaging this event unfortunately was, it must have been quite spectacular, something many children often dream of doing, though only few dare to try. Have we before us an artist who is unaware of even being one? Perhaps we need to also blur the boundaries of what is recognized as an art form.

Though Mr. X had to be subdued by four police officers and covered with pepper spray to be removed to a psychiatric ward for evaluation, he has indeed created a live event. Considering the worldwide reviews he has received with his original installation, the £10,000 spent on water consumption, apart from the obvious waste of water, plus other unspecified damages to be paid for building repairs, is a small amount for so much publicity gained. No promotional efforts could have made a more powerful impact than what the media did for him for free in the news. It may, however, be his last and only performance.

NAE does not encourage this kind of installation art, nor support it in any form. At this writing, Mr. X's real name has been withheld from the press.

Pendery Weekes

Toronto

they're small to large wooden mannequins. There's a child's bicycle bell 30 times larger and huge reading glasses on a giant Lewis Carroll book. Feelings hover between twilight velvet and evening prayers, silver floors and silver nights.

Neuroscientist Antonio Damasio's studies of non-verbal language like Ydessa Hendeles' work say that "every perceptual experience is accompanied by emotional coloration - an evaluation of subtle... art is not mere "cheesecake" for the mind. It is instead a cultural adaptation of great significance". On that note, Ydessa Hendeles plays this installation like a virtuoso on a violin, any single room held the tone but together it's a small symphony. This exegesis may sound bubbly but there's no feedback; everyone in that gallery was awed as the artwork yielded glimpses of its inner narrative.

From her wooden sleep... sitting in pews, hand sized

to life sized wooden artists' manikins two hundred to three hundred years old, polished dark brown figures like Emperor Qin's terra cotta army. Hendeles sliced a moment in time to draw a slice of art, she almost defies some laws of nature to define the nature of art, it's haunting. As haunting as the title THE BIRD THAT

MADE THE BREEZE TO BLOW that gives me shivers. Ydessa was still tweaking the show at the last minute before opening, which is so cute; it's a real love of art.

Miklos Legrady

Chicago

Anne Lindberg at Carrie Secrets Gallery

Anne Lindberg's work is just fabulous. I've done lots and lots of work in colored pencil over the years and know the material very well, They way she uses materials is just amazing. Her technique is stunning.

The very large scale drawings around 80x60 inches are made by her walking down the length of the mat board while drawing many layers and colors onto the surface. The line work is perfect, but perfect in a really human way. I've seen many people who do super obsessive works that just become completely mechanical, Anne Lindberg keeps an element of the human touch, these little touches of the humanity are like anchors when looking

at her work. When you stand at the right distance the pieces become meditative visuals that can encompass you, and up close your eye can trace the lines of color you can almost feel the tension in the lines. What at a distance is a calming presence of color and mood up close can become a tense test of line work. It's thrilling. Anne Lindberg speaks about the works as self portraits, that use abstraction to show a space deep with in her brain. It's a wonderfully tense place in her brain and we are all better off for being able to get a small sight into it.

Price range: \$18,000 – \$20,000

Doug McGoldrick

Neil Goodman Twists and Turns Carl Hammer Gallery

Neil Goodman's new work reinforces his status as one of Chicago's premier sculptors. Each comprises a single bronze shape repeated a number of times under strict rules of symmetry. His shapes for the most part suggest elongated tools, linear with blades at one end similar to an axe or a spade. Each recalls the elegance of late Bronze Age weaponry such as that of Cycladic cultures, and, at the same time, its ritual figurines.

The vertical turning of the bronze units, as one connects to the next, elicit the figural and rituals reading. Under this transformation the shapes' spatulate ends shift from primitive suggestions of heads to that of feet. The formality of their symmetry imparts a sense of ritual.

The artist's refined shapes pair well with their spatial

deployment, evoking a sense of space as imbued with a pervading order of which his sculptures partake. The sculptures embrace their portion of that space and engage it in a stately dance. In two sculptures, Twist and Bird on a Wire, Goodman has torqued the blades to enhance that dance. This twist softens the blades, rendering them more organic like petals or leaves.

Happily these "petals" do not come off as decoration and, for the most part, Goodman's sculptures evade reduction into ornament. Target and Beak are arguable exceptions. The more graphic caps on these sculptures stoppered, for this reviewer, the extension of mind into space and time afforded by the show at large.

Steve Lueking

Pittsburgh

40th Anniversary at the Mattress Factory

Hard to believe but the Mattress Factory, known as one of the premier venues for installation art, has been in existence for 40 years. During this time, it has attracted and encouraged well known global players, a wide array

of artists at various stages of career development and emerging, Pittsburgh based, artists.

Six artists have been chosen to create new work to celebrate this landmark, in addition a selection of work

from the Greer Lankton archive.

If you were looking for a perfect example of how someone can latch on to a set of ideas and mine them for a lifetime, look no further than Allan Wexler. In his case, it begins and ends with the concepts of level and gravity, a preoccupation that stems from his background in architecture. In a type of mini-retrospective, the viewer is taken through over 50 years of Wexler's work. He has spent a good portion of his working life trying to making things level on not level surfaces or making things that were once level off level. Whether it be creating sophisticated stilts *Eye Level on a Hill, 2017* so that individuals on opposite sides of a valley could adjust their heights to make sure their eye levels were level, or by using shims under the legs on a table so that it was no longer level and then using more shims on the various plates, utensils and goblets to make them level on the table. Diagrams, models, drawings, photographs of plaster-of-Paris models digitally printed in a tiled format, are all part of his obsessive oeuvre.

Taking the grow room from the greenhouse to the white cube. Two columns and four rows of equally spaced elevated long rectangular black tables filled with a variety of plants including edibles, flowering plants and herbs all under equally spaced grow lights are all part of Meg Webster's aptly titled installation, *Solar Grow Room*. The room also features shiny silver metallic reflective material hung from floor to ceiling and rubber floor mats covering the floor. The artist mentions the plight of the bees in her statement perhaps making her own plight to the audience for a greater awareness about our dependency on the essential role of pollination by bees on the plant food cycle and our survival. Saving the bees -- a noble aspiration but with an untenable expectation for the magnitude of this installation.

Upon entering the room with the black painted walls in the satellite gallery on 1414 Monterey street, one encounters white plaster-of-Paris heads attached to metal pipes, with assorted plastic animals and other ephemera fastened to the tops of their heads, mounted to the walls like trophies. One quickly realizes these heads belong to the headless figures behind the red curtain. The large second room is painted with wide black and white stripes covering the floor and walls. It features a parade of constructed headless black figures, of all shapes, sizes, genders, and ages walking on a glittering golden path littered with fake flowers and empty liquor bottles and with a shimmering golden curtain as the backdrop. I stumbled into a forbidden private world, a kind of disturbing but oddly familiar place – perhaps a place



*Vanessa German,
sometimes we cannot be with our bodies
2017 Mattress Factory*

where I did not belong, as if I were trespassing, but one from which I could not tear myself away. It was an eerie cross pollination of part Wizard of Oz, part Mardi Gras, and part Alice in Wonderland, all brought into focus through the lens of a heartbroken but somehow still hopeful African American female artist. If sometimes we cannot be with our bodies, Vanessa German courageously confronts the heavy weight and burden of the consequences of her heritage: one filled with oppression, bigotry, and stereotypes, and then channels how these collective experiences have shaped how she deals with the racial divide and subsequent legacy that she continues to feel today. As if listening to an encouraging inner voice, or the voice of a mother one hears – “somebody cares about you, someone loves you, and you can go out



*David Pohl
furniture music
2017 Mattress Factory*

there and do great things”, signaling a belief and confidence that a brighter future is within reach.

As one walks upstairs to the second floor and enters furniture music, the mood created by artist David Pohl is decidedly different, a place where time stands still. As if trapped inside a Rene Magritte painting in your grandmother’s parlor with deteriorating 3-d wallpaper, looking out the window watching a bouquet of dried flowers spin on top of an old record player, which is on top of the chair that is inside the room that you are currently inhabiting, all the while listening to the recorded loops of the sounds created by the spinning of these various objects on the turntable, interspersed with mixed piano pieces of ‘furniture music’ composed by Eric Satie. It feels a bit like you have entered the twilight zone and time travelled through the Dada/Surrealist, Neo Dada, Fluxus movements. Unsettling, yet strangely comforting at the same time.

Travelling up to the third floor, one finds a two room installation by David Ellis. Although known for time lapse recordings of an improvising painting process mixed with musical influences, this work is essentially

still images (paintings) created during a four month residency on the east coast of Florida in response to the impacts of Hurricanes Mathew and Irma. Two of the five brightly colored, intricately painted large scale paintings feature bird imagery. The remaining three resemble abstracted versions of hurricanes in progress. The paintings stylistically resemble the work of Lari Pittman. Perplexing as to why Ellis chose to only engage the once privileged sense in this setting.

In the end, it is a difficult task to select only six artists to celebrate 40 years of existence. However, this is an interesting mix of artists for this anniversary exhibition and I was glad to see two Pittsburgh based artists (German and Pohl) were selected as well as artists who were establishing themselves in the 1960’s and 70’s (Wexler and Webster) when installation art was in its infancy. Starting out as pioneers, co-directors Barbara Luderowski and Michael Olijnyk are now part of the art establishment championing an art form that has developed its own language and set of conventions. It is a medium that continues to demand a lot of its audience.

Cornwall

Sven Berlin Polymath

Begrave Gallery 7-30 October 2017

This show is mainly of his later works with one or two earlier pieces. They run through sculpture, paintings, drawings which, apart from the last, all show the same weakness. Sven Berlin was eventually run out of St Ives in his gypsy caravan, seeking a life in the New Forest. He did not fit into the ideology that defined the avant guard. One of his sins was to publish a book on Alfred Wallis also his publishing of Monarch, which poked fun at the arty celebrities that made up the community in St Ives.

He retained a commitment and practice to traditional pictorial art which included a reference to Augustus John. In a way, he was anti-intellectual. A situation well maintained in St Ives today.

Maybe his attempt at bravura was his weakness. In every style and form it hampered him. This does not stop Sven Berlin from becoming a folk hero. His work is

diverse.

The colours in Untitled, flowers in a glass bowl, seem to want to be French. Jump for Joy (an acrylic on paper) could be a well-mannered ghost story. He handles his works, though they often fail to arrive at a conclusion, though they have verve. The drawings in this show are his best work. The lines are uninterrupted by painting and his instincts for how paper works with charcoal are surer handed than in his other works.

Sven is as notable for his independent life as for his art, and the stories still abound. But for me he fails to make the grade, not because he lacked the ability, but because he thought he had finished before he actually had, and thereafter stopped trying.

Daniel Nanavati

Rebecca Warren 'All That Heaven Allows', until 7th January 2018

Rebecca Warren is the first artist to show in the new gallery at the Tate St Ives.

Her work reminded me of bronzes made in the Bronze Age by the Nuragic people in Sardinia. Not of their beautifully made, detailed yet simple forms of warriors and boats that are displayed so well in Cagliari Archaeological Museum, but of the crass, badly made feeble approximations offered in the museum shop.

Some look as if she took a Giacometti and dipped it repeatedly into glue. Others are precarious looking, bolted into the floor, a solid bronze construction covered in thick lumpy paint.

I asked a young woman attendant how the artist can afford to use large quantities of bronze and was told it wasn't that expensive, which is not my experience. To be sure this artist hasn't got any complex undercut forms, so the molds would be easy to construct, but the sheer quantity of metal would cost quite a lot.

The attendant also told me that the 'snowman with twig and pompom' presented on a wheeled platform and made of unfired clay was included by Laura Smith, the curator, to show how Rebecca Warren felt oppressed by tutors at college. Unfortunately, the label indicates nothing of this, so word of this being an object of

outrageous incompetence lacking all merit had already reached me via one of St.Ives' gallery owners.

The gallery's complicated construction with many small lights had already impressed me as interesting and really more enticing than the sculptures. The size of the room is marvellous, although sadly acoustically. It's as reverberating and difficult to speak and be heard here as in the other rooms. There is a small carpeted shoes-off space by the cafe offering hope to musicians, speakers or film makers. The largely blank walls make a great background for photos of people, bringing out the subtle variety of their shapes in contrast to the sculpture. In the Guardian guide it says of these works, 'A slobbering, molten carnality pervades everything this gutsy artist makes'.

I certainly agree with the first two adjectives.

I can't see Hepworth thinking it's a fitting exhibition to follow her heritage. It is the opposite of her work in its blobby, bulbous messiness but then, who to suggest would have been better?

As so often I am left wondering how the artist has received such recognition and why and believing surely that there is more lively, relevant and surprising sculpture waiting for an opportunity. Please.

Mary Warren

New, New Tate St Ives, so good they built it twice.

I have seen the New Tate St Ives in all its glory. And I do really mean glory. From the moment I went through the main door I felt a completely different atmosphere in the gallery. It seemed much more open and warm, colourful and inclusive and, happily, it appears not to have dumbed down - which has often been the fate of so many re-vamped institutions. The Tate St Ives had to tunnel through one of the hardest stones on the planet, Blue Alvin, to create this new gallery space and the sense of welcome and friendliness I received certainly proves that they have got rid of the hard core!

It is a long climb up to the new galleries but one should suffer for one's art and this climb is so very well worth it. The Modern Art and St Ives section is an utter joy. We have been waiting years for this sort of tribute and celebration of many local artists' work and now we have something that is damn near perfect.

There is so much wonderful work here by so many

fabulous painters and sculptors that it would be insidious to pick out favourites, so here goes. Kenneth Armitage's sculpture - People in the wind; Graham Sutherland - Miner probing a drill hole; John A Park - Snow Falls on Exmoor and my own personal 'I want to take this one home' is Henry Moore's tiny sculpture Helmet head and shoulders.

On the other hand, the VAST New, New Gallery space is going to be an interesting challenge. It is, at the moment, simply an available and virtually empty space and we wait with slowly misting exhalations to see what develops within and how it can be adapted to suit many different types of exhibitions in the future.

The present exhibition shivering inside this vast whiteness is All that Heaven Allows, by Rebecca Warren. I really thought we had got past the 'is that an art work or an unfinished plinth', and as far as emaciated figures go, Giacometti really did do it better, best and superlative.

Maxine Symons

Something is not Quite Right. Anima Mundi St Ives 13th September to 9th December 2017.

Tim Shaw, leading artist of controversy, is exhibiting at Anima Mundi in St. Ives and the exhibition lives up to his reputation. The exhibition is about cruelty. Though he is capable of monumental sculpture and the images are monumental in nature, but they are not monumental in kind, as he has put together soft sculpture. The striking and moving piece is a replica of a tarred and feathered

woman tethered to a stick, exhibited in a dim light in the top room of the gallery.

Tim Shaw was attacked by a local feminist who thought that he was suggesting this should be the destiny for Anne Carlisle, the currently embattled Vice Chancellor of Falmouth University. Tim was drawing on personal memory, of what he saw in the Troubles in Northern Ireland, a theme he has exploited for many years and in past exhibitions.

BOOK REVIEW: St Ives Artists - A Biography of Place and Time. Michael Bird

St Ives Artists is written like a story – a novel about artists. From the loving words about the Frosts' journey down to St Ives by train, to the tale of the influence of France on Ben Nicholson. There are vital pieces of information that are given but not resolved – the fact that the 'artist' colony' had its ups and downs and was by no means a force in the art world from the beginning, despite the history of artists in Cornwall stretching back 80 years or more. The vitality brought to the whole country by the influx of refugees from Europe before WW2. Which brought about the weakening and near extinction of Paris as the centre of the avant garde. The writer deals with Heron's writing and Garbo's manifesto, but does not draw the conclusion that there is no art where there is no writing. It is not a fashionable thing to say, but because the artists wrote and writers wrote about the artists, everything that was debated in the pubs of St Ives was read by the art readers of New York. Today, nothing that goes on in St Ives is read by anyone outside of Cornwall which is why it is dead as an art scene.

As this book is about St Ives and not about the artists one would have thought that a vital element of the story.

Also missed, because no one thinks about it, is the free card the world gave the UK after the war. Alistair Cook tells the story of Churchill playing cards with American Secret Service men as he flew to meet the President after VE Day and the men grumbling their boss had told them to lose under the dictum, 'Lose. The man just saved the free world'. In the late 40s and throughout the 50s everything British was the best. It's a frisson the Brexit camp want to return to but, like so much, they lose the history of the time in thinking only about its benefits. St Ives was a winner because the UK had won a war, not because the artists were the best in the world. They had struggled in the 30s, developed their styles (Lanyon was still improving in the late 40s). The writers suggests

David Bomberg did the most 'compelling' land-

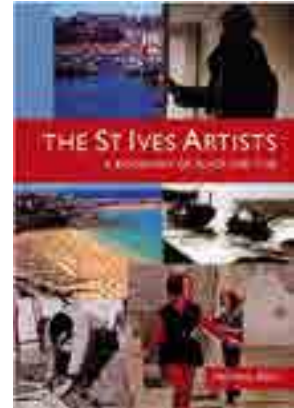
scapes of Cornwall in the 40s but he didn't get on socially with Nicholson and Hepworth so never became a part of St Ives. On the other hand, Sven Berlin stayed for a while and made, according to Bird, 'plodding' work.

What these artists were, without doubt, was dynamic, efficient networkers. One of the first grants from the Arts Council was given to buy what was to become Porthmeor Studios. Then there was the Penwith.

The writer does not seem aware that the original rules of the Penwith were to force a turn-round of the Trustees at least every four years to stop the place going stale, something that was not adhered to since the 80s. Thus does the dynamic become lethargic. Frost was later to damn the art business in the UK as a 'haven for nonentities' (p108). But money was moving to the Unites States and art movements in the 20th century came and went with rapid alacrity. The St Ives School was no exception. The avant garde moved to New York and all St Ives could do was to wait out the lives of its resident artists.

This book is beautiful about St Ives. It doesn't draw the hard conclusions about the personalities it needs to, to really understand how a Cornish town living mostly from fishing came to have an art movement named after it, though it puts all the points in place.

When dealing with art history you have to understand the world, as well as a particular place, to get to the core of what makes an avant garde movement



St Ives Artists a Biography of Place and Time. by Michael Bird. Paperback: 192 page. Lund Humphries Publishers Ltd, March 2008 ISBN-10: 0853319561.

NEWS IN BRIEF

A Fair Debt to Pay

Annette Kulenkampff, the CEO of documenta's parent company, has agreed to step down a year before her contract expires in the wake of controversy over the financial health of the quinquennial exhibition, which racked up a deficit of €5.4 million (\$6.3 million) under her tenure.

3D Book

Ivorypress presents the artist's book *Tummelplatz*, by William Kentridge. The book, printed in an edition of nine (plus four HC and three AP), comprises two volumes, each of which contains ten stereoscopic photogravures by the artist. *Tummelplatz* arose from a wish to make, in the most analogue way, a virtual reality pop-up book: to play with three dimensions and the essentially flat format of paper and a book. The idea was to use stereoscopic photography to give an illusion of depth in images, of layers coming forward towards the viewer from the book.

Rutgers Zimmerli Art Museum Gifted \$34 Million Collection of Soviet Nonconformist Art

Nancy Ruyle Dodge, the widow of Norton Dodge—an economics professor who during the Cold War amassed one of the world's largest collections of Soviet dissident art—donated more than 17,000 works to the museum: international cubism,

Artists and Scholars Call on NYC to Take Down Racist Monuments

On Tuesday, November 28, the Mayoral Advisory Commission on City Art, Monuments, and Markers held its final public hearing for New Yorkers to voice their opposition to and support for the removal or reframing of public monuments around the city. Based on comments at the five public hearings and other feedback, the Commission is expected to make its recommendations to Mayor Bill de Blasio about how best to deal with contentious monuments by the end of the year.

Today, more than 120 prominent scholars and artists have signed and sent a letter to the Commission — and shared it exclusively with *Hypertallergic* — calling for the removal of three monuments and two historic markers. The signatories include such well-known art historians as Ariella Azoulay, Claire Bishop, Lucy Lippard, Fred Moten, Deborah Willis, and Hal Foster, and artists, including Alicia Cirullon, Jackson Polys, and Martha Rosler.



Art & Language, Picasso's Guernica in the Style of Jackson Pollock, 1980. Photo Dirk Pauwels, S.M.A.K., Gent

CIA's influence on global art scene in Cold War resurfaces in Berlin

A new exhibition, *Parapolitics: Cultural Freedom and the Cold War*, which is on show at the historic building in Berlin's Tiergarten park until 8 January 2018, charts how CIA front organisations such as West Berlin's Congress for Cultural Freedom enlisted the art world in a propaganda war between two ideologies, which came to be known as "the battle for Picasso's mind".

By promoting modern art movements such as abstract expressionism — and artists including Jackson Pollock, Willem de Kooning and Mark Rothko — as showcases of America's creativity and freedom of expression, foreign intelligence services ended up shaping the modern world's aesthetic sensibilities.

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Arnolfini Books; Capital Books, London; Camden Arts Centre Bookshop; Charlotte Street News; Daily News; HOME; ICA Bookshop, London; Walther Koening Books, Serpentine White Cube Bookshop; Tate Modern.

Cornwall: Belgrave Gallery, St Ives; Cowans Craft, St Ives; Falmouth Art Gallery, Falmouth; Redwing Gallery, Penzance; Terre Verte Gallery, Altarnun; STERTS Arts Centre, Cornwall Art Shop, Penzance.

Barried from: The Exchange Gallery, Penzance, Newlyn Green (Linda), Penzance, The Old Gallery, St Ives, Anima Mundi, St Ives, Tremmehene Sculpture Park, Penzance, Grand House, Penzance

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