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*FIRST CAME **FAKE ART**,
THEN **FAKE NEWS**,
NOW, THERE'S
REAL FAKE ART NEWS*

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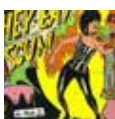
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STATEMENT OF PURPOSE

The New Art Examiner is a publication 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.

EDITORIAL POLICY

As the New Art Examiner has consistently raised the issues of conflict of interest and censorship. We think it appropriate that we make clear to our readers the editorial policy we have evolved since our inception:

1. No writer may review an exhibition originated or curated by a fellow faculty member or another employee, or any past or present student, from the institution in which they are currently employed. The New Art Examiner welcomes enthusiastic and sincere representation, so the editor can assign such an exhibition to other writers without the burden of conflict of interest.

2. There shall be no editorial favor in response to the purchase of advertisements.

3. The New Art Examiner welcomes all letters to the Editor and guarantees publishing. Very occasionally letters may be slightly edited for spelling or grammar or if the content is considered to be libellous.

4. The New Art Examiner does not have an affiliation with any particular style or ideology, or social commitment that may be expressed or represented in any art form. All political, ethical and social commentary are welcome. The New Art Examiner has actively sought diversity. All opinions are solely of the writer. This applies equally to editorial staff when they pen articles under their own name.

5. The general mandate of the New Art Examiner is well defined in the statement of purpose above.

FAKE ART, FAKE NEWS AND “REAL FAKE” ART NEWS



by Phillip Barcio

Chicago has long been a global center of both Art and News. But, for a brief time, in 2017, the city earned an additional honor: the dubious distinction as the global center of Fake Art News. Did you even know such a thing as fake art news existed?

Regular “fake news” gets a lot of attention these days. People deride it for eroding our trust in information. But we have forgotten that there is nothing inherent about news which requires it *not* to be fake. News deals with perception; it is curated by editors who decide what to share and what to ignore. It invites criticism and its meaning is up for interpretation. In other words, news itself is an art.

The word “news” comes from the Latin *novus*, meaning *just created*. Romans called a person who just came into money *homō novus*. They called stores that just opened up *novae tabernae*. To be news, something must be newly minted. But it does not have to be true.

While the origin of the word fake is contested, it may come from the Latin *facere*, which means *to make*. If something is fake, it is manufactured. *Ars* is the Latin word for art. When mixed with *facere*, it becomes *artificium*, or *artifice*. Artifice means phoniness, but it literally means *to make art*. So, Art, by definition, is fake. And news, by definition, only has to be new.

The story that put Chicago on the fake art news map last year concerned a sculpture by artist Scott Reeder. Reeder is represented by Kavi Gupta, a Chicago-based, blue chip, contemporary art gallery. In early 2017, the gallery offered up several large-scale works from its warehouse for the “Year of Public Art,” an initiative of the Chicago Department of Cultural Affairs and Special Events. One of the works the gallery offered was Reeder’s sculpture, titled *Real Fake*.

Real Fake is exactly what it sounds like—a sculpture of the word REAL sitting atop the word FAKE. The words are six-feet high, eight-feet long, made out of fiberglass, and painted gold.

Along with several other sculptures, the city installed *Real Fake* on the Chicago Riverwalk, a pedestrian pathway that hugs the Chicago River as it winds through downtown. Specifically, *Real Fake* was installed in a small plaza at the intersection of North Wabash Avenue and East Upper Wacker Drive.

The plaza is in the shadow of dozens of iconic buildings. One of those buildings, about 600 feet away and



Rene Magritte Belgian 500 Franc Note. Photo by Phillip Barcio.

across the river from the plaza, is the Trump International Hotel & Tower. If you strike just the right pose in this plaza, you can take a selfie with the Trump Tower in the background.

The proximate juxtaposition of these two objects is where this story gets interesting. The morning after *Real Fake* was installed, the *Chicago Tribune* ran an article with the headline: “Chicago trolls Trump Tower with ‘Real Fake’ sculpture.” That story was then picked up by multiple other media outlets. FOX News amplified its narrative by reporting live from in front of the sculpture. Matt Finn of FOX News began his article on the controversy by stating, “The Windy City is under fire for apparently turning public art into a political message.”

This qualified as some classic fake news. Had any of these media outlets bothered to do some actual basic journalism, they would have discovered that *Real Fake* was not anti-Trump. Reeder made the piece back in 2013, in the early years of Obama’s second term. It was made for the public art element of Art Basel in Miami Beach. It was intended as a statement about the glitz and pomp that accompanies Miami Art Week.

Reeder had nothing to do with its placement in Chicago. The city offered the gallery two spots for the piece which were chosen because they had existing infrastructure to accommodate a public sculpture. The

The Many Faces of Fakery

When the topic turns to fake art, fake news, or fake art news, be ready with this handy guide to stories from the art world highlighting six of the many faces of fakery.

Appropriation

When an artist uses the work of another artist as an element of a newly created work, that's appropriation. The artist J.S.G. Boggs, born Stephen Litzner, made meticulous copies of money, and was even put on trial for his counterfeiture. But Boggs substantially altered the images of money he copied, and he considered his work to be appropriation, not a criminal act. The most important appropriator of the modern era was Elaine Sturtevant, known professionally simply as Sturtevant. Beginning in the 1950s, Sturtevant became famous for making subtly modified, but otherwise perfectly believable works in the style of Claes Oldenburg, Andy Warhol, Roy Lichtenstein, Marcel Duchamp, and many other artists. Sometimes she exhibited her appropriations in the same neighborhood just days or weeks after the originals were debuted. A major survey of Sturtevant's appropriations is on view at Galerie Thaddaeus Ropac – Ely House in London from February 23rd through March 31st 2018.

Link:

Sturtevant Exhibition at Galerie Thaddaeus Ropac
<http://www.ropac.net/exhibition/vice-versa>

J.S.G. Boggs obituary

<https://www.nytimes.com/2017/01/27/arts/design/jsg-boggs-dead.html>

Plagiarism

Plagiarism—basically, appropriation without attribution—is when you pass off the work of another artist as your own. The most notable example of contemporary art plagiarism has got to be the fashion chain Zara, which has been accused of plagiarizing the works of scores of independent artists. Widely covered in the media, this ongoing story is being told in real time by one of the victims, Adam J. Kurtz. We have opted against plagiarizing his account and will instead direct you to the website where he describes his experience, shoparttheft.com.

Link:

Website for Adam J. Kurtz:
<http://shoparttheft.com/>

Story in The Guardian:

<https://www.theguardian.com/fashion/2016/jul/21/zara-accused-copying-artist-designs-fashion>

plaza was chosen because the other spot was under a bridge.

No party at any time made any provable attempt to, as the *Tribune* said, “troll” the President. Nonetheless, thanks to the *Tribune* story, which was echoed across multitudes of other media outlets, Trump supporters began deluging the city and the gallery with angry phone calls. Eventually, an unknown assailant lit *Real Fake* on fire.

At this point, it became impossible to report on the fire without also reporting the controversy started by the *Tribune*. And that is when the news became art—because it created the conditions it described.

The phrase “to create the conditions you describe” was coined by a San Francisco artist, Peter Berg, in the 1960s. Besides being an artist, Berg was a writer and activist who moved to San Francisco around the end of the Beat era. One of his first gigs in the city was writing a play for the San Francisco Mime Troupe.

As Berg understood it, the Mime Troupe intended to perform the play in the park for free. But on opening day, as soon as the performance got underway, the police arrived and shut the play down because the Mime Troupe had not applied for a permit. The director was arrested. The audience protested. The media reported on the event. Images showed uniformed officers cracking down on seemingly innocent actors and theater lovers.

What Berg and most of the actors at first did not realize was that all along the play was not just a play—it was a pretext for an arrest. The director had intentionally not applied for a permit in order to force the police to act and had also invited known political activists to be in the audience.

Public perception at the time was that the police were pro-law. But by violating basic laws with art in a way that attracted media coverage, the Mime Troupe made it impossible to report the news without also transmitting their message: that the police were anti-art, anti-free expression, and anti-young people.

Berg called this “creat[ing] the condition you describe.” He was so inspired by its ability to affect social change that he and a handful of other Mime Troupe members split off and formed a radical, avant-garde guerilla theater troupe dedicated to staging scripted public actions in which only a handful of participants realized the action was a performance. They called their group The Diggers.

The Diggers operated in San Francisco between the years 1966 and 1968. Even if you have never heard of

them, you know their influence. Tie-dye shirts, modern soup kitchens, art parades, free stores, and even stamping peoples' hand at events have all been traced back to their actions.

Berg was interviewed a while back for an episode of "American Experience" on PBS. In that interview, he told the entire story of the Diggers (Do watch it—it will change the way you think about media culture today). Berg explains that at the height of their influence, the Diggers became convinced that they could create a utopian culture simply by staging quasi-improvised public performances that gave the impression that such a culture was already in existence.

For example, they started staging "free food giveaways" in the Haight-Ashbury neighborhood. In a sense, the food was not exactly free. The Diggers either paid for it, stole it, or otherwise scrounged it. But the hungry people in the park to whom they gave it away did not know that. Nor did they care. Those people really did get free food. And only a handful of those involved in the giveaway knew the event was scripted.

Berg's and the Diggers' goal was not just to feed the hungry. Feeding the hungry was a pretext for their larger aim: to get the attention of the people driving by on their way to work in the Financial District. The Diggers wanted stock brokers to see an alternative society, where everything was free, emerging before their eyes. They wanted drivers to re-think the what and why of their actions.

The media reported on the free food giveaways—real news about scripted events that had real consequences. Media coverage spawned public interest, and people really did start donating free food. Then folks who were either hungry or idealistic from all over America started converging on Haight-Ashbury by the thousands.

I could go on about the multitude of other actions for which The Diggers were responsible, including a "free store" that repeated this idea. But that is not the point. The point is that their actions illuminate how confusing it can be for members of the public to figure out what News is, what Art is, and what it means for something to be fake.

The Diggers had a signal they used that let savvy people know that what they were doing was Art. Whenever they staged a public action, they displayed a frame somewhere in the vicinity. This idea came from composer John Cage, who supposedly once said, "Put a frame around anything and it's art." By offering society a new "frame of reference," they demonstrated that reality is a matter of perspective. They proposed alternative facts. And they succeeded—too well, perhaps.

Counterfeiting

Similar to plagiarism, counterfeiting also involves copying the work of another artist. But rather than claiming the copied work as their own, counterfeiters want you to believe it was made by the original artist. One particularly ironic story of art counterfeiture concerns René Magritte. In the dark days following World War II, the surrealist artist supported himself by making counterfeit money. Then in 1998, 31 years after Magritte died, Belgium honored the authentic aspects of his legacy by putting his likeness on actual 500 franc notes.

Links:

Essay on Magritte's counterfeiture activities:

<http://www.mattesonart.com/ren%C3%A9-magritte-and-forgery.aspx>

Rene Magritte 500 Belgian franc (see page 5):

https://www.numiscorner.com/products/belgium-500-francs-1998-km-149-undated-1998-ef40-45?gclid=EAlaIqObChMIs4zp-wrmS2QIVUQOGCh3QoggWEAkYASABegJyKPD_BwE

False Authentication

Art authentication is risky business—just ask businessman Martin Lang, who let a British reality show authenticate a £100,000 painting from his collection, which he thought was by Marc Chagall. The authenticators discovered the painting was a fake, and the Chagall Committee demanded it be destroyed—without compensation. Fears of just this sort of possibility are likely behind the current spat between the Art Institute of Chicago and President Donald Trump, both of whom claim they own the authentic Pierre-Auguste Renoir painting, "Two Sisters (On the Terrace)." Neither party has stepped up to the task of independently authenticating both works. Perhaps neither one is the real deal.

Links:

BBC story about the Chagall painting that was destroyed:

<http://www.bbc.com/news/entertainment-arts-26848886>

Chicago Tribune story about "Two Sisters (On the Terrace)" (see page 8)

<http://www.chicagotribune.com/news/chicago-inc/ct-met-trump-renoir-1019-chicago-inc-20171018-story.html>

Forgery

Forgery is similar to counterfeiture, except rather than copying a specific existing artwork, forgers make fake artworks in the style of another artist then pass them off as authentic. The most commonly forged artist in history is Amedeo Modigliani. Last year, a major Modigliani exhibition at Ducal Palace in Genoa, Italy, was shut down after more than 100,000 visitors had already toured the show, when it was discovered that 20 of the 21 paintings on view were known forgeries.

Link:

Story in The Independent about the Modigliani exhibition that was shut down:

<http://www.independent.co.uk/arts-entertainment/art/news/italy-modigliani-fake-show-police-investigation-art-genoa-a8154701.html>

Fraud

The word fraud applies whenever one party knowingly deceives another party with intent to achieve financial gain. If you willingly buy something you know is a forgery, you are not the victim of fraud. One of the most famous examples of art fraud occurred when Center Art Galleries in Hawaii was convicted of mail fraud after attempting to move 12,000 forged Salvador Dali prints through the U.S. Postal Service. After the prints were seized, the government decided to sell them to recoup the expenses of prosecuting the case. The prints were auctioned off by Koll-Dove Global Disposition Services, in a sale at which the prints were openly advertised as fakes.

Link:

UPI Story about fake Dali prints going to auction:

<https://www.upi.com/Archives/1995/10/20/Fake-Dali-prints-go-to-auction/5178814161600/>

The Diggers proved that, even at its most journalistic, the news can only report what happened. It cannot guarantee what happened was not just a scripted pretext for something else. News reporters are easily fooled. They know this, which is why they often do not mind interpreting reality broadly by pretending to know the meaning, intent or purpose of a work of public art.

I do not consider myself part of the news world. I am part of the art world. And although artists did not invent fake news, they did perfect it. In a strange way, I am proud that Chicago, for a while, became the epicenter of the conversation about art, culture, politics, and the universe of artificiality that we have substituted for what we used to call “reality.”

The story of *Real Fake* reveals how the media exists on a thin veneer between what is abstract and what is concrete. Real news can be reported about things that are fake, and fake news can be written that exposes something real.

Yet, we are not victims. We can change our own frame of reference. If we want. All we have to do is realize that, on some level, nothing is fake and everything is fake; nothing is news and everything is news. Fake news is just another form of real art.

Can you dig it? ■

Phillip Barcio is a fiction author and art writer, recently transplanted to Chicago, whose work has also appeared in *Hyperallergic*, *Tikkun*, *IdeelArt Magazine* and other trustworthy publications.



Pierre-Auguste Renoir,
Two Sisters (On the Terrace), 1881.
Oil on canvas. Art Institute of Chicago.

“Dark Side of the Boom” by Georgina Adam

by Tom Mullaney

The global art market has registered exponential growth since the turn of the century, both in activity as well as in prices paid at auction. This ever-upward trend is driven not only by the prices but also by contemporary art's association with fashion, glamour and celebrity culture. Between 2005 and 2015, global art sales doubled to more than \$63 billion, dipping slightly to \$56.6 billion in 2016.

As May approaches, Sotheby's and Christie's are preparing their contemporary auction sales that usually feature several masterworks primed to set record-winning bids. This year, Christie's is hoping to smash the \$484 million record for a single collection (set by the Yves Saint Laurent and Pierre Bergé trove in 2009) when the David Rockefeller collection of 2,000 items goes on the block.

The excitement will roll out in both auction houses' sales rooms and over the internet. Then, the results will be trumpeted by the mainstream media and the art press worldwide.

Until the halfway mark of the last century, Art was seen as a special part of human creation that existed on a higher plane. The Abstract Expressionists, like de Kooning and Rothko, viewed art as a life-or-death struggle to capture the transcendent. That view has been abandoned in the intervening years.

Art seemingly left that higher plane as works by pop art luminaries such as Robert Rauschenberg and Andy Warhol helped lead to art's monetization and its current identity as a mere commodity. Art is now less about meaning and more about last month's auction price.

That auction world is the public side of today's booming art market. But like any market involving very large sums of money, it has a less attractive, darker side.

The experienced art writer Georgina Adam, who has written for *The Art Newspaper* and *The Financial Times*, leads us on a fascinating tour of its lesser-known byways in her new book, “Dark Side of the Boom.” It was published in London last year and is set for a March 15th, 2018 publication in the U.S.

Her book is a breezy yet thorough account of explosive changes in the 21st century art world and the myriad ways less scrupulous characters seek to game

the market to their advantage. Those many excesses are the stuff of endless lawsuits that keep lawyers busy billing countless courtroom hours.

(On another connection between lawyers and art, the 2015 Panama Papers exposé revealed the secret workings of Mossack Fonseca, one of the world's foremost facilitators of offshore tax havens. The papers also contained revelations about a number of shady art deals, formerly shrouded in secrecy).

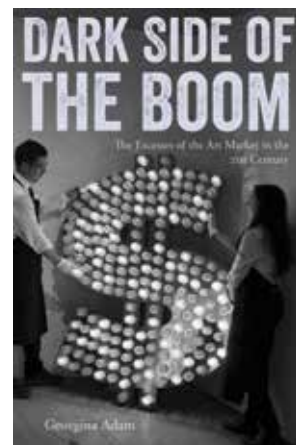
Such suits take years to wind their way through the courts and end with no real resolution. A frustrating note in reading about all this less-than-legal behavior is the many lawsuits that remained unsettled at the time of publication. Many will reach secret settlements before going to trial, thus keeping the public forever in the dark, which is exactly how jilted and embarrassed gallerists and collectors want it.

“Dark Side” first examines how the foundational forces of supply and demand impact the art market and then dives deeply into a full range of excesses in the wake of explosive growth: price manipulation, forgery, false authentication, investment schemes, speculation and money laundering.

The book opens with a lesser-known corollary of the art boom: the equally explosive growth of art warehouses, also known as “Freeports.” They exist all over the world as specially-designated areas within a country's borders that serve as tax-free and duty-free zones where art from around the world can be stored, shipped and traded – not to mention kept from the tax authorities' eyes.

The one Adam selects is located in the tiny duchy of Luxembourg famous, in the wrong sense, for the actions of its main investor, Yves Bouvier, known throughout the world as the “Freeport King.”

Inside these “Über-warehouses for the ultra-rich,” as *The Economist* called them, are rows upon rows of armored strongboxes stuffed with art and other



valuables, legally purchased or possibly looted, whose owners want the holdings safe and secret. Unlike traditional storage facilities, these have seven-ton steel doors, state-of-the-art security and, in the event of a fire, a prevention system that replaces the flammable oxygen with inert gas, thus avoiding the use of damaging water.

Adam points to the need for an ever-greater supply of art to satisfy the growing global demand for it. She visited the massive studio of Chinese artist Zhang Huan in the suburbs of Shanghai. Huan employs 80 assistants but, for work on large-scale projects, the number rises to 200.

Back in the United States, Los Angeles artist Sterling Ruby also works on a grand scale. His studio is in a former truck factory. Ruby is quite prolific with a packed exhibition schedule (18 in 2016 alone) and representation by five galleries worldwide who each want a constant supply of new work.

Much of the demand for newer art is coming from newer collectors, especially in China. These purchasers want to counter the West's dominance of the market and attest to their rising cultural status.

Museums also are demanding large-scale projects since, Adam writes, public institutions "need to attract the public with a 'wow' factor." That translates into striking works that will attract crowds and are also big enough to fit into their ever-larger buildings.

However, all this growth poses a risk, according to one art dealer, Stéphane Custot. "Over-production is a serious problem... And it has got to change, because it could eventually destroy confidence in the contemporary art market."

Adam reports that the estate of Andy Warhol transferred over 100,000 works to the Andy Warhol Foundation upon his death. A big 21st century problem exposed by Warhol's stash is how social media has blurred the notion of authorship. The proliferation of art editions and digitization, allowing for the use and re-use of several artists' art, has led to cries of appropriation. Richard Prince, Jeff Koons, Luc Tuymans, and other noted artists have been accused of abusing the "fair use" standard.

For example, in 2009, photographer Patrick Cariou brought suit against Prince. He charged that Prince had illegally appropriated Cariou's photos, published in 2000, to make a series of 30 paintings, *Canal Zone*, in 2008. Prince's dealer, Larry Gagosian, sold 8 for \$10.5 million, while another 7 were exchanged for other artwork valued between \$6 and \$8 million. Cariou and

Prince settled on confidential terms, leaving unsettled the legal definitions of "fair use" and "transformative."

The issue of false attribution is another red-flag matter that leads to many suits, usually by buyers incensed at an expert's negative judgment on their precious painting. Adam quotes a dealer who said, "People really do think that by suing you they are going to make their picture genuine!"

What Adam calls "a tsunami of forgery" has reached flood-stage proportions arising out of the huge sums associated with art activity. That being said, fake art is not just a modern problem. Even Michelangelo is known to have faked a sleeping Cupid, artificially aging it and selling it to Cardinal Raffaele Riario.

A more recent, equally shocking case brought down M Knoedler & Co, a prominent New York gallery that had been in business for 165 years. Knoedler was discovered to be selling counterfeit works by Robert Motherwell, Jackson Pollock and Mark Rothko. What was bizarre was the identity of the forger: an aged Chinese painter living in Queens, New York. The intermediary who sold the forgeries, Glafira Rosales, admitted to selling 60 works to Knoedler for just over \$33 million; the gallery resold the works for more than \$80 million.

Mark Jones, the former director of the Victoria and Albert Museum offers this kernel of wisdom on forgery: "Each society, each generation, fakes the thing it covets most."

Adam has written a book filled with finely-researched detail and broad access to leading art figures. She's not afraid to name names or follow the evidence wherever it leads. Unfortunately, that means going right up to the courtroom doors, whereupon she loses the scent as private negotiations thwart her prying eyes and pen.

I closed the book feeling I had taken a fine post-graduate course on the market and its vices. You will too. Yet, after reading all the episodes of skullduggery, loopholes and lax regulation, you may never be able to look at a painting in the same way again. ■

"Dark Side of the Boom" is published by Lund Humphries, London, 2017

TOM MULLANEY is the New Art Examiner's managing editor. His art journey began more than fifty years ago in a college Art History class and as an arts journalist since for publications in Chicago and New York.

40 Years On: An Activist Legacy Turns Institutional

by Evan Carter

If a museum could write a memoir, you might get something like *New Museum: 40 Years New*. This hefty coffee table slab, printed by Phaidon, chronicles the origins of the New Museum, currently located on the Bowery in New York City.

The museum has developed a reputation for exhibiting both international and under-represented artists. In the past seven years, it has exhibited artists from Argentina, Brazil, China, South Africa, Europe and the United Kingdom. It has mounted ambitious surveys of important figures such as Ana Mendieta, William Kentridge, Paul McCarthy and Andrea Zittel before they received wider public recognition. The newest edition of its signature exhibition series, the “New Museum Triennial” just opened last month.

The book contains an expansive collection of images and nine essays contributed by directors and curators from within the museum. It stakes a claim for its place in history, initially as an alternative to the established museum structure, but eventually as a pillar of the global contemporary art world.

But is this shift a mark of success? The book begins by presenting the strong history of activism and clear sense of purpose imbued by its founder, the committed and controversial Marcia Tucker. But in reading the essays, the insider perspective offered by



Lisa Phillips, Director of the New Museum.

New Museum
40 Years New
Phaidon Press, 2017

the contributors details a path of assimilation into the established institutional order over its lifespan that the museum attempted to resist.

This is not to say that the New Museum is not engaged in resisting market forces or to dismiss its activist roots. But it is clear that the New Museum has come to rely on those formal and aesthetic structures of contemporary art spaces at large that are often associated with exclusion and elitism. This is in stark contrast with the New Museum’s auspicious beginnings.

Director Lisa Phillips’ opening essay charts the museum’s chronological narrative from its ambitious beginnings as a counter-institution conceived of and founded by Ms. Tucker in 1977. While employed as a curator at the Whitney Museum, Tucker was ousted by a male director with whom she clashed over her radical ideas about art.

Early exhibitions were often controversial or confrontational, even if only by art world standards. It was after a showing of Richard Tuttle’s modest works that Tucker got in trouble at the Whitney. She left the museum and applied her expertise and vision to further contemporary art as well as provide a platform for women and other marginalized groups to participate in that process.

Phillips points out that many of the early exhibitions were held in alternative spaces founded by women who



Installation view: “Let the Record Show...,” New Museum, New York, 1987. Courtesy New Museum and the artist. Photo: Fred Scruton



Chris Burden, *Ghost Ship* (2005) and *Twin Quasi-Legal Skyscrapers* (2013). Installation view: "Chris Burden: Extreme Measures," New Museum, New York, 2013. Courtesy New Museum and the artist. Photo: Dean Kaufman

faced adversity in the art world (Phillips states that over fifty percent of the artists shown since the establishment of the New Museum have been women).

Before the New Museum moved into its current home, Tucker's early efforts housed works by Richard Prince and Jeff Koons in storefront-style spaces that confronted the public. Other early exhibitions dealing with feminism, race, gender, sexuality, and the AIDS crisis featured works by Les Petites Bonbons, Barbara Kruger, and David Wojnarowicz.

In exhibiting works by artists unknown or at least outside of the mainstream, it gave early exposure to now well-known artists like Ana Mendieta, John Baldessari, Nancy Spero, and Félix González-Torres to name a few. Tucker believed art should not be limited to an institutionalized art historical narrative but that it was up to museums to create art history themselves.

Tucker's founding vision is an essential link in the chain that connects our contemporary art moment to its history of activism and social engagement. But this is where we see a marked contrast between the New

Museum as the brainchild of Marcia Tucker and the institution today.

Reading through the rest of the essays reminded me that most people buy these books for the pictures. One essay by Johanna Burton seemed to just list exhibition titles while another by Massimiliano Gioni seems to repeat information that had already been mentioned. Each essay has a title and subtopic but bear little consistency in how focused each essay is on its topic. Some relevant issues, such as "Exhibition as Environment" or "Museums and Institutional Critique," are touched upon.

The essays toward the end show a blind spot in their failure to recognize the museum's own role in the decline of the counterculture. Radical disruptive gestures that gave a platform to liberal ideals became a kind of norm that then gave rise to the current global culture of tech-driven entrepreneurship.

Two of the New Museum's most ambitious, large-scale projects tackle the relevant and contentious issues of entrepreneurship in the 21st century and access versus exclusion in cultural spaces. The final two essays are where the authors provide readers with a concise summary of achievements but little critical insight into whatever politics of access and exclusion their own projects engage in.

The "IdeasCity" project, directed by Joseph Grima, has noble intentions but, based on the description in the book, echoes the contentions of unaffiliated projects like "documenta 14" or Thomas Hirschhorn's *Gramsci Monument*.

"IdeasCity" began as a weekend event in 2011 where people took to the streets to participate in workshops, discussions, and performances, with the goal of driving home the point that art is essential to the vitality of cities. Yet the project soon devolved into a residency that has held events in Arles, Athens, and Detroit, akin to the exclusive biennial cycle.

I don't disagree that art can contribute to cities' vitality, but placing an elite institution in a working-class community for annual events can also perpetuate classist divisions. Although these events allow for productive debate and discourse between the well-informed and educated, there seems to be little progress by way of engaging the public.

I think it valuable to bring artists and cultural figures together with politicians and organizers for conversations, but anyone who pays attention

Continued on page 31.

Works that Caught Our Eye



Susan Aurinko,
Les mains, (part
of a diptych) 2016.
Archival digital print.
Courtesy of Hilton
Asmus Contemporary.
Seen at The Arts
Club of Chicago: 88th
Exhibition of Visual
Artist Members



Yumiko Irei-
Gokce. *Desperate
Crossing*, 2017
Mixed media
(monotype with
collage) Seen at
The Arts Club
of Chicago: 88th
Exhibition of Visual
Artist Members



Mika Horibuchi
Watercolor of Peony,
2017, oil on linen,
11x8.5" / 27.9x21.6cm.
Seen at PATRON
Gallery, Chicago.



Adrian Leverkuhn, *Untitled*, 2018, Digital, backlit imaging.
Seen at Thomas Masters Gallery, Chicago.

Rafael Rocha, *The Other Side (El Otro Lado)*, 2017. Mixed media, 252 x 66 inches. Seen at the Zhou B Art Center.



Adam Silverman at Cherry and Martin Gallery

by Neil Goodman

The New Art Examiner is pleased to welcome Neil Goodman as our Los Angeles correspondent. He will be keeping us abreast of the art scene in Los Angeles and Southern California.

I love a beginning. The first note, the first line, the first verse, the first time we meet a friend. We often remember where we started and, in that first moment, we act on our instincts. Exhibitions are like that. We tend to like them or we don't. First impressions make a lasting impression and, if a measured understanding of the work gives breadth and depth to our feelings, we still return to the beginning. I immediately liked Adam Silverman's ceramic show at Cherry and Martin Gallery in Culver City, California.

The installation was striking, easy to negotiate and memorable in both its simplicity and clarity. The ceramic vessels were uniformly placed along a long wooden plinth that traversed a somewhat irregular hole cut through a gallery partition wall. The partition hole both framed the exhibition and created a perceptual illusion of an endless vista of pots. This hall of mirrors effectively drew the viewer into the space and gave us the hook, so to speak, with which to engage with the individual works.

The right theatrical mix shows us that the artist has absorbed the lessons of history with perhaps a nod to Gordon Matta-Clark or Yayoi Kusama. In an age where artists are increasingly pressured to become more bombastic in order to be noticed, Adam's exhibition neither overwhelms nor underwhelms the work and creates a measured balance between object and installation.

Adam is a ceramicist who aligns himself with a long and well-traveled tradition of studio potters. I felt the impact of Japanese and Korean folk pottery as well as of a host of other ceramicists, including Shōji Hamada, Peter Voulkos, and George Ohr.

If the presentation of the work is the skeleton, the bones of the show are the pots. Adam deftly explores texture and color. The matte glazes accentuate rather than overpower the forms and help the objects achieve the right mix between volume and surface. The color tends to be largely monochromatic, and there is a



Adam Silverman, *Untitled*, 2017, Stoneware and glaze, Installation view.

certain black and white viewing of the show when taken as a whole. Like ice and snow over rock, in "Untitled 1," the glaze seems frozen over the pot, a viscous memory of a moment.

In *Untitled 2*, the clay encapsulates volume, capturing the invisible with the permanent as the interior void animates the exterior shape. In all cases, surfaces and shapes bear the imprint of both his hand and the glazes. The comfortable domestic scale of the objects heightens the intimacy between viewer and object, and like the installation, the vessels have a certain confidence and ease, yet also a lingering complexity.

Like its predecessors, the vessel is a given, a three-dimensional canvas of the hand. The softness of clay naturally records touch, imbedding each mark with the personality and characteristics of the maker. Clay bears witness, and constructed pots are in many ways like handwriting, specific to each person. They

connect us to a world where function shaped form and reaffirms the value in looking and living with objects that bear the imprint of the maker. This collective ceramic history is imbedded within Adam's work, yet his voice remains uniquely and powerfully his own.

I see exhibitions as thoughts, platforms to summarize your work, mark your progress, and make the tough decisions that allow you to move your work forward. Reviewers ask questions, subjectively interpret the work, and act as another voice. As a reviewer who very much enjoyed Adam's exhibition, my question would concern singularity and multiplicity, whether more is better, or whether the quality and clarity of the pots, independent of the installation, would create and sustain the same visual impact. My feelings meander between the two, and perhaps seeing the work in multiple settings would answer some of these questions.

In the end, we return to the beginning. The framing of the work circumvents the questions of art versus craft. Adam aligns himself with a contemporary approach to installation and presentation. "Originality" is linked with quality, a judicious consideration of form and surface, and a sustaining belief in the value of the hand. This is somehow the essence of the potter: to touch our world, leave our mark behind and preserve our connection to a world that many of us no longer know. ■

Neil Goodman, (Professor Emeritus of Fine Arts) is a sculptor with a long exhibition and teaching history. He is currently preparing for a large-scale sculpture retrospective at the Museum of Outdoor Arts in Denver, opening next fall. He divides his time between studios on the central coast of California and in Chicago. He holds an MFA from the Tyler School of Art in Philadelphia.



Adam Silverman
Untitled, 2017
 Stoneware and glaze
 ASM17-14-327
 16.5 x 12.5 x 12.5 inches, 41.91 x 31.75 x 31.75 centimeters



Adam Silverman
Untitled, 2017
 Stoneware and glaze
 ASM17-32-346
 (detail)

Club 57: Film, Performance, and Art in the East Village, 1978-1983

by G.G.G. Malasherbes

The New Art Examiner is pleased to welcome G.G.G. Malasherbes as one of our New York correspondents. He will be keeping us abreast of the alternative and film art scene in New York City.

I. A Time of Eccentric Tolerance

During the 20th century, there were times when new cultural movements were formed as artists joined together in real-world geographical centers. Oftentimes, they became very aware of how different they were from everyone else, and that fueled their creativity.

Nonetheless, while some visual artists of the 20th century began to stridently de-emphasize the technical aspects of their work in favor of in-your-face marketing efforts or half-baked conceptualism, some

artists continued to devote themselves to the mastery of workmanship, notwithstanding the lack of financial support or cultural recognition. Some of them have continued to create beautiful artwork to this day.

"Club 57: Film, Performance and Art in the East Village, 1978-1983," now on display at the Museum of Modern Art (MoMA) in New York, illustrates this phenomenon. The show, which opened on Halloween and runs until April Fool's Day, showcases the post-pop artistic community that flourished around Club 57. Some of the most respected artists of our generation, such as Keith Haring, are represented. There is even what passes for a shred of Basquiat. But above all, the impression the show gave me (as a rough contemporary) is: what fun these artists must have had!

Club 57 was a venue in the rented basement of a Catholic church in New York's East Village. In keeping

Nick Zedd, *They Eat Scum*, 1978. Poster. Permission by Nick Zedd.



with its 1978-1983 timeframe, the show features cultural elements of that era: punk, an emerging gay voice, and comedy (Somehow the comedy of the era made me think of Saturday Night Live). Amongst the artifacts are also frequent reminders that there was a brief “Disco Sucks” movement. Even amongst the era’s much-invoked cultural dearth and political apathy, the seeds of modern enlightenment were germinating.

MoMA’s exhibit is about a community which existed at a certain moment in time. As such, it is encyclopedic in nature (the entire first floor of the exhibit is devoted to flyers, posters and photos of that demimonde’s denizens) yet still with much entertaining and moving artwork to look at. Haring was the program director at Club 57, so his work is of course represented. Yet the viewer will also be introduced to the work of a great many lesser-known artists.

II. A Lavish Film Series Continues

What I was most impressed by in the exhibit were the four separate film series at the show: one extensive series of films and videos that is part of the exhibit itself and three separate series in adjacent movie theaters. The separate series’ titles are, “You Are Now One Of Us: Film at Club 57,” “New York Film and Video: No Wave-Transgressive,” and the forthcoming “This Is Now: Film and Video After Punk.”

Among the films are works by Russ Meyer and James Nares from the UK, who was in the vicinity at the time. The “You Are Now One of Us” series includes works by George Kuchar, whose movie “Hold Me While I’m Naked” was ranked the 52nd best film of the 20th century by the *Village Voice* in 2000.

The series includes two separate sessions of films by Richard Kern. Kern’s work sometimes featured the pioneering “No Wave” artist Lydia Lunch as well as Nick Zedd, a filmmaker himself who coined the phrase “cinema of transgression.” Today, Kern takes “glamour” photographs of topless women for GQ and does similar work for other major magazines. In contrast, Lunch and Zedd are both still active countercultural artists.

One of Kern’s films, “The Manhattan Love Suicides,” is an odd but relatively inoffensive tale of surprise endings. The scene opens on a limping, grimacing fellow who seems to be stalking a couple on a mundane date. He is then greeted with recognition by the gentleman and invited back to his visual art studio when the lady goes home. The strange stalker tries to initiate sex with the painter, who declines the offer. When the strange stalker’s arm falls off and he begins writhing on the



Manhattan Love Suicides: I Hate You Now. 1985. USA. Directed by Richard Kern. Pictured: David Wojnarowicz. Still courtesy of Richard Kern

floor in agony, the painter laughs hysterically in surprise and places the stinking arm in the kitchen sink.

Still, I could see taking a first date to this movie. Others, like “You Killed Me First,” or even “Thrust in Me,” however, I would be very reluctant to take a first date to. The latter film features Nick Zedd himself in two roles. No spoiler warning is necessary: it’s not called “Cinema of Transgression” for nothing.

III. A Devotion to Craft Missing Today

Speaking of Zedd, he was reportedly a one-time paramour of Lunch. The work of Zedd (who at one time went by the perhaps-more-colorful name of Nick Zodiac) shows a devotion to artistic craft that is seldom seen among today’s visual artists. Call them offensive, unhealthy or whatever else you want to say about the people of this punk rock movement at the time, but you cannot call Zedd lazy as an artist.

At a time when minimalism was the default style, Zedd’s creative output included full-length feature films such as the relatively sweet “Geek Maggot Bingo,” as well as “They Eat Scum” (where his creative energy and technical diligence are mind-blowing). His absolute devotion to being weird could be compared to Mel Brooks’ absolute devotion to making jokes: at 24 frames per second. The cumulative effect can be irresistible.

But Zedd also seems to have an innate sense of scope and scale, notwithstanding the overriding relevance of satire to his oeuvre. In a very short film like “Police State,” he can bring a solemn hush over an audience and win your heartfelt friendship. “Geek Maggot Bingo,” on the other hand, is a sweet, eloquently-made film with surprisingly good acting (the elements of the plot mimic “Frankenstein Meets the Bride of Dracula”).



Nick Zedd, *Geek Maggot Bingo*, 1983. Film still.
Permission by MOMA.

“The special effects in that movie were abysmal,” said Zedd in an email interview. “The lightning was done by drawing a lightning bolt on a piece of paper, then cutting it out and shooting it one frame at a time on top of black paper. Another lightning bolt, hitting the Formaldehyde Man, was scratched with a pin directly onto the 16mm, removing the emulsion frame by frame.”

“The gun shots were done with a Q-tip soaked in bleach, erasing the emulsion from the film,” he explained. “The background music and sound effects were heard from a record player while we filmed live. The makeup effects and background drawings were done by Tyler Smith. In one shot, when Dean Quagmire falls off a cliff, I made ten color drawings of the actor, then cut each one out with scissors and stuck them on the background drawing, shooting frame by frame.”

By contrast, the *Electra Elf* series, a more recent Zedd project not shown at MoMA, features more professional production values. Still, it’s not that the effects in his older work are the stuff of Industrial Light & Magic. It’s more that the artist dwells on them in a fun, prolonged state of devotion to his art. In contrast to the sweetness of “*Geek Maggot Bingo*,” “*They Eat Scum*” would not be considered a casual movie. However, the mood of the film is hysterically satirical enough for the open-minded, and the plot is exciting.

IV. A Seminal Genre Seem from the Subsequent Century

This seems like an appropriate moment to comment on the tolerance of Zedd’s original late 1970s audience. Zedd felt (and probably still feels) the artistic freedom to make virtually any expression he wanted, and some audiences today still find the effect thrilling.

For example, an oversized swastika flag in an East Village apartment is on the screen for what seems like a good half-hour in “*They Eat Scum*.” The villain, Donna Death, is a sex-negative, bloodthirsty contrarian who leads a band of Nazi cannibals and plays at a local venue, CBGB, at the birth of the punk era. The heroes are the bugs who inherit the planet after the final conflagration. By contrast, a swastika would not be permitted on stage today at any punk show in the Western Hemisphere for longer than five seconds. If it is, you’re at the wrong kind of punk show.

“Punk really evolved into something else, then split into factions. By the late ‘80s, the most radical thing happening in music was rap. At first, it was played on AM radio. Then it was suppressed by cretins and got no airplay until Mister Magic’s Rap Attack on WBLS Friday nights for a few years. After that, it got co-opted and ruined by big money while punk turned into a reactionary fundamentalist religion,” Zedd opined in a recent interview.

Zedd has been arrested for his films in both Canada and Sweden, and he has been banned from Canada for 30 years (“I must be subversive,” he said). According to some, society has changed today; gay freedom, gun rights, legalized cannabis or the satanic creche in City Hall and, especially, the *habeas corpus* case for an orangutan in Argentina reflect once-banned topics. As far as new countercultural movements are concerned, Zedd says, “I don’t see them growing anywhere on prison planet Earth.”

MoMA has done all of us a great favor by showing these zesty comedies (and a few dramas). Furthermore, Zedd’s compilation DVD, “*Beyond Transgression*,” will be released later this year.

I find Zedd’s work important for the same reason I find the other *Club 57* artists’ work important: because it’s obvious he had a great time creating it! As someone who has devoted himself to prose (a more solitary medium), I can only wish that I had made enjoyable, sociable artwork like film. By making barrier-shattering comedies with enthusiasm, Zedd gave tremendous gifts to his immediate friends and, ultimately, to society and history. I like Kern’s work too, but I am disappointed that he eventually stopped pushing the limits through his art. I admire Zedd’s long-lasting devotion to workmanship and weirdness. ■

G. G. G. Malasherbes is the pen name of a novella writer and traveling cultural critic.

“Harlem, USA—Harlem Redux”

Kalamazoo Institute of Arts

By Don Desmett

When Belinda Tate arrived at the Kalamazoo Institute of Arts (KIA), she promptly transformed the exhibitions program into a steady and innovative voice for minority artists. Photographer Dawoud Bey’s exhibition, “Harlem, USA—Harlem Redux,” is a continuation of KIA’s support for extremely gifted minority voices in contemporary visual arts. Bey unquestionably qualifies as such a voice; named Distinguished College Artist at Columbia College Chicago (where he has taught since 1998), in 2017, he received the prestigious MacArthur Fellowship.

Bey’s Harlem series, dating back to 1979, has been written about extensively since its first venue at the Studio Museum of Harlem. That series of 25 black & white portraits owe not only their subject matter but also a visual influence from the photographs of James Van Der Zee. In this version of the *Harlem, USA* installation, the KIA has added six Van Der Zee photos from their permanent collection as background to the Bey series.



Figure 1. James Van Der Zee (American, 1886-1983), *Portrait of Two Brothers and Their Sister, Harlem*, 1931, gelatin silver print. Collection of the Kalamazoo Institute of Arts

It is great to see an image like Van Der Zee’s *Portrait of Two Brothers and Their Sister, Harlem* (1931) [figure 1] juxtaposed with Bey’s *Three Women at a Parade* (1978) [figure 2]. What these two great photographers capture is the strength of the individuals as a closely connected

community group, regardless of whether the representation be that of family or friends. The figures’ stylish attire, though decades apart in time, forms a monogram of sorts to community predilection and pride. In both artists’ compositions, the seemingly ordinary becomes extraordinary.



Figure 2. Dawoud Bey, *Three Women at a Parade*, 1978, silver gelatin print. © Dawoud Bey. Courtesy of Stephen Daiter Gallery, Chicago

Other favorites from this remarkable portfolio that give formidable voice to the ordinary subject include *A Boy in Front of the Loews 125th Street Movie Theater* (1976) [figure 3] and *Mr. Moore’s Bar-B-Que, 125th Street* (1976) [figure 4]. In the Loews photo, the youngster is dressed in 70’s attire, but the architecture and pose could be from the same Harlem captured by Van Der Zee’s eye.

In *Mr. Moore’s Bar-B-Que*, the setting is a classic space that symbolizes as much a community-meeting place as a place for scrumptious “street food.” These photographs become masterpieces of urban portraiture, where architectural settings influence how we reflect on the person captured in the photo.

In *Harlem Redux* (2014-2017), which constitutes the second half of the exhibition, Bey has flipped the foreground focus from the people of Harlem to its rapidly changing architecture that is literally driving its long-time residents out of the neighborhood picture.

The photographs, different in scale, color (from black & white) and, at first glance, even subject,

document Harlem's transformation, and with it, the evidence of the destruction of historic places and the memories they once held. These photographs are sorrowful in their vision, possibly reducing the rich history that even Van Der Zee captured to stonewashed reminiscences.



Figure 3. Dawoud Bey, *A Boy in Front of the Loews 125th Street Movie Theater*, 1976. Courtesy of Stephen Daiter Gallery, Chicago

Although Bey photographed in color, surprisingly, color does not stand out in the majority of these photographs. Drab construction sites and blank building walls that compositionally take up a large percentage of the picture plane drain the energy of the image of a gentrified Harlem.

In *Two Men Walking* (2014) [figure 5], only the title gives a useful clue to the two men seen far in the distance and overwhelmed by the building in the foreground. This photograph attempts to capture Harlem's street life with the massive building and "progress" that is taking place throughout Harlem while, at the same time, vanquishing that energy from sight.

By contrast, in *Aloft Hotel* (2016) [figure 6], a more positive work that connects to Bey's rich understanding of the portrait, we delight in the bond of the subject to her architectural setting. In this piece, Bey allows himself to reinforce, through the use of color, the viewer's eye movement throughout the photograph: the green color of the potted plant in its own architectural space unites with the woman's green hat and the green bottle she is holding. Rich in cultural history that we can cling to in our thoughts and perceptive consciousness, *Aloft Hotel* gives hope for the preservation of a neighborhood's irreplaceable character.

Harlem and *Harlem Redux* are important works of art and meaningful historical documents of a time, a place, and a community rich in its unique history and significance. As with Van Der Zee, Bey's art is an extension of that history. ■

Don Desmett is an independent curator and critic now living in Michigan.



Figure 4. Dawoud Bey, *Mr. Moore's Bar-B-Que, 125th Street*, 1976, silver gelatin print. © Dawoud Bey. Courtesy of Stephen Daiter Gallery, Chicago

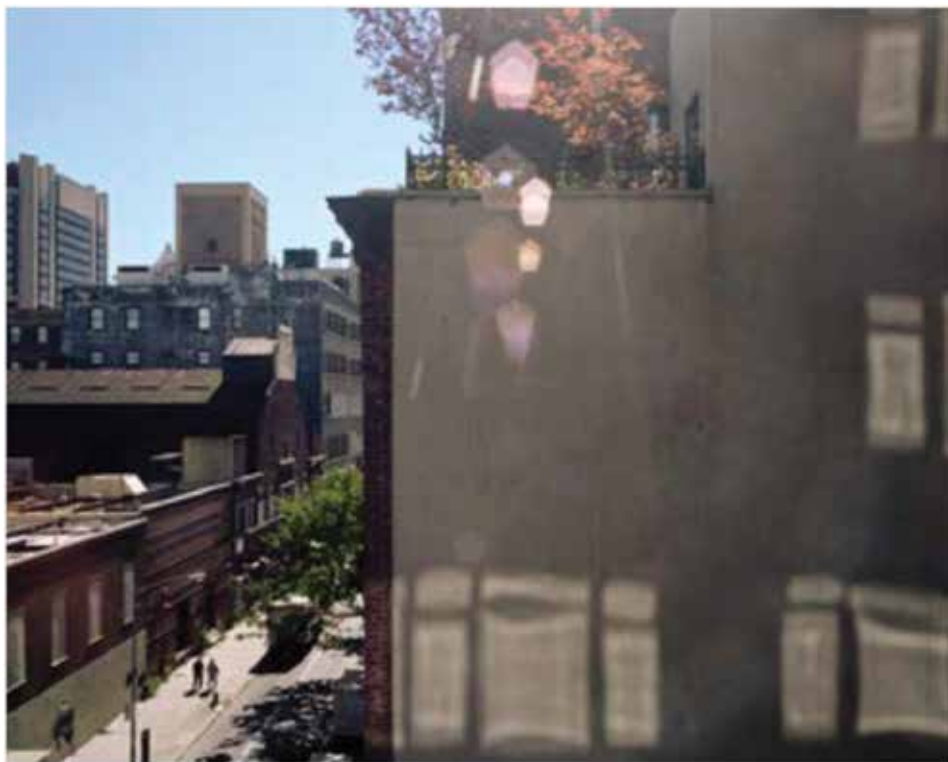


Figure 5. Dawoud Bey, *Two Men Walking* (from “Harlem Redux”), 2014, Archival pigment photograph. Signed, titled and editioned ‘1/6’ by artist on print verso. Courtesy of Stephen Daiter Gallery, Chicago



Figure 6. Dawoud Bey, *Aloft Hotel* (from “Harlem Redux”), 2016, Archival pigment photograph. Signed, titled and editioned ‘1/6’ by artist on print verso. Courtesy of Stephen Daiter Gallery, Chicago

“In the Land of Pasaquan”

Intuit Gallery, Chicago, IL

by Nathan Worchester

It's 2018, which means that the right-thinking among us see most art as the extension of some underlying trauma. This fad is reflected in the current packaging of Eddie Owens Martin, an outsider artist whose work is celebrated in the Intuit Art Center's exhibition, “In the Land of Pasaquan: The Story of Eddie Owens Martin.” Then again, the facts of Martin's life do support a central role for trauma. His 1986 suicide note read: “No one is to blame but me and my past.”



St. Eom in a frenzy

Born in 1908 to a physically abusive Georgia sharecropper, Martin fled to New York City at age 14, where he survived as a male prostitute. After a series of hallucinatory experiences during the 1930s, Martin came to see himself as the sole ambassador of the Pasaquan civilization, as well as of a body of beliefs that he called “Pasaquoyanism.”

During one of Martin's experiences, a voice told him to start going by the name “St. EOM.” Now a full-on holy fool, Martin grew out his hair and beard, clothed himself in long, flowing robes, and started to create the folk art and artifacts that would, he rightly prophesied, outlive him. By the late 1940s, Martin was paying his bills by working as a fortune teller on 42nd Street in Manhattan. When his mother died, Martin inherited her farmhouse and a few acres of land. In

1957, he moved back to Georgia, where he recruited a new clientele for his fortune telling business. He used the proceeds of his prognostications to transform his inheritance into a real-life version of Pasaquan.



Entrance to Pasaquan

In addition to redesigning the property's 1885 farmhouse, Martin and his assistants constructed an array of totems, walkways, and other religiously-tinged buildings and murals. These were anointed by can after can of brightly-colored house paint. Intuit's exhibition, which focuses on Martin's paintings, includes some quasi-heraldic shields made of scored and molded concrete. They look like they may have been lopped off the side of a Pasaquan pagoda.

As the “Land of Pasaquan” grew more lavish, it began to attract visitors, including former President Jimmy Carter, who had returned to nearby Plains after losing the 1980 election to Ronald Reagan. Martin did not hesitate to offer Carter his own theories about how that had happened: “I told [Carter] that Reagan's got just what this country wants: a good head o' hair and a mean line o' talk.”

Though certainly removed from the mainstream, Martin's work also differs from *Art Brut* as defined by that term's creator, French painter Jean Dubuffet. In the gallery text for the first exhibition of *Art Brut*, Dubuffet argued that such work is vital precisely because it is free of the pretentiousness, trend-hopping, and



Shields and an unnamed person of Pasaquan.

unoriginality that, in his opinion, characterized high art: “[M]imicry, contrary to what happens among intellectuals, has little or no part, so that their authors draw all (subjects, choice of the used materials, means of transposition, rhythms, ways of writing, etc.) of their own heart and not clichés of classical art or fashionable art.”

Martin, however, sometimes appears to be more self-conscious and self-consciously imitative than should be the case for “raw” artists, outsider artists, intuitive artists, or whatever else you want to call those among the unwashed masses who are not deemed insiders by the art world.

One painting of a Pasaquoyan woman seems like a reference to Gauguin’s Tahitians, albeit one constrained by the artist’s technical shortcomings (judging by their faces, the people of Pasaquan are a race of leering marionettes). Two watercolors, *A Profile of a Pasaquoyan* and *A Pair of Pasaquoyans*, look like Martin’s slightly cracked rendition of 18th or 19th century anthropological sketches from a natural history museum. This makes perfect sense since Martin’s marijuana- and sex-fueled vision of Pasaquan was guided by Olmec, Mayan, Polynesian, and other non-Western artifacts that he encountered in the museums of New York City, as well as by then-popular fictional treatments of Atlantis and Mu (promoted by occultist James Churchward, Mu was the Pacific Ocean equivalent of Atlantis).

In an article in *BOMB Magazine*, Martin biographer Tom Patterson calls Martin “an autodidact country cousin” of Buckminster “Bucky” Fuller. This comparison is even more apt than it may initially seem. A grandnephew of Transcendentalist Margaret Fuller and two-time Harvard expellee, Bucky Fuller personifies the “insider” of who might well have ended up an “outsider” had he not been born to the right family.

Though Martin is not the inverse of Fuller, he does resist Dubuffet’s definition and remind us of the limitations of “insider” and “outsider” as aesthetic categories.

Martin’s output, though original, resonates in part because it is so clearly syncretic and thus reflective of certain readily discernible influences. Interestingly, Martin was pacing the streets of Manhattan at the same time as another culture-mixing outsider from the provinces, the blind Viking street musician Moondog. In a Facebook message, Patterson confirmed that Martin saw Moondog on the streets of New York City but indicated that the two were not well-acquainted.

No one but Moondog, born Thomas Louis Hardin in rural Kansas, could have come up with “snake time,” his oo-yat-su instrument, or any of his other innovations. Yet his sound was steeped in Native American music, swing, and the environmental noises that made their way into his expressive vocabulary and recordings.

Pasaquan too was forged in the crucible of Martin’s strange, deranged, and quite often pained experience of life on this planet. Yet for all that Martin’s work lacks, it is full of joy, which is somewhat redemptive. Moreover, for all that Martin suffered, he certainly found the time and energy to be productive; the beaded necklaces, concrete discs, hammered brass face, and other artifacts on display at the Intuit Art Center are just a tiny fraction of what can be found at the Pasaquan site in Marion County, Georgia.



Necklaces, a hammered brass face, and other artifacts from the Land of Pasaquan.

These works show the depth and authenticity of Martin’s quite literal religious commitment to his (quite literal) vision of Pasaquan. If unquestionable authenticity is what really distinguishes outsider artists from today’s insider artists, that doesn’t necessarily speak well for the insiders. ■

Nathan Worcester is a writer, editor, and decidedly independent scholar. He’d like to think of himself as an outsider, which probably means he’s really an insider.

Material and Texture

Andrew Bae Gallery

by Amanda Lancour

Printmaking is an ancient art form. The earliest print, a woodcut image, dates back to 868 C.E. Woodcuts can be highly detailed or aesthetically quite primitive. Complex, sophisticated images can be made with many layered cuts, and colorful or simple monochromatic, primitive prints can be made from singular cuts.

Nearly a millennium later, the science of photography developed. The first long-lasting, viable image created solely with light-sensitive material was the daguerreotype, invented in 1839 and popular until the 1850s. It was the earliest technique that captured clear, finely-detailed images while only requiring minutes of exposure. New innovations made photography more practical, efficient, and versatile. Later, much like with woodcuts, we invented a means by which multiple prints could be made from a single negative.

At the advent of practical photography was the simple question: if it is not produced by the skilled hand with a brush or pencil, is it art? Or is it a simple matter of mechanical pragmatics, mere science?

Photography is widely used in portraiture, landscapes, science, medicine, and advertising. If a work is commercially commissioned by a client to sell concepts or products to consumers or created for a personal biographical familial record, does it qualify as art? At what point should it be recognized as Fine Art? Eventually photographers stopped trying to make

photographs mimic paintings and started trying to find a way for photography to be its own personal way of seeing.

All this background information is relevant to two prominent Korean-born artists recently on exhibit at the Andrew Bae Gallery, photographer Jungjin Lee and printmaker and mixed-media artist Kwang Jean Park.

There is no question that contemporary photographer Jungjin Lee's large-scale photographic prints transcend the scientific mechanical pragmatic side of photography. Lee's perfectionism perfectly merges her subconscious mind and emotional state with her vision of the physical world.

It is not often that photography is mistaken for charcoal drawings where form, gesture and positive versus negative space become the image. Lee's photographic paintings are derived from an arduous printmaking process: 8x10 large format negatives are projected in the darkroom onto handmade Korean rice paper and then hand-brushed by the artist herself with photosensitive emulsion. The now-light-sensitive photographic rice paper has to be stretched and dried onto thicker paper. The resulting large-scale prints are in varying sizes.

Since her "Unnamed Road" series in 2015, Lee has combined her traditional darkroom practices with archival pigment printing. Using the same laborious process to create her darkroom prints, she scans the



Jungjin Lee,
Unnamed Road 011,
2011, archival pigment
print, (small: 20.5x40",
edition of 7), (large:
40x78.5", edition of 3)

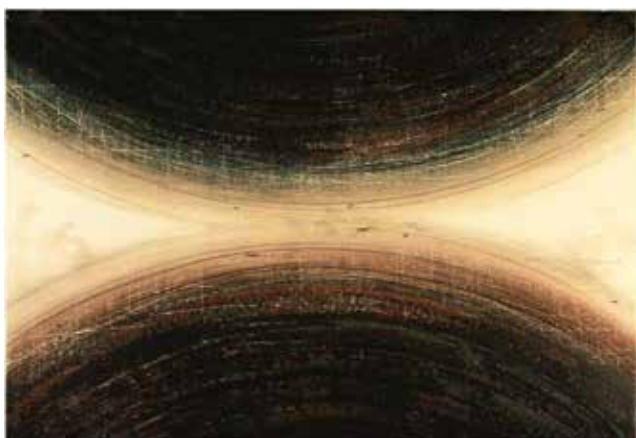
original and then enhances and retouches in the digital darkroom where she can create even more textures and tonal ranges, finally printing an archival digital print onto Japanese mulberry paper.

Jungjin Lee's landscapes are much more an expression out of a surreal dream than images replicating reality. I can see strong elements of line, form, and positive and negative space derived from formative training in ceramics as well as calligraphy.

The artist taught herself photography while completing her undergraduate degree in ceramics and before gaining her MFA at New York University in 1991. She was a friend and assistant of Robert Frank. While there, she learned much less about printing and the technique of photography and much more about the idea of cultivating self-expression.

Lee's career has included numerous notable exhibitions and commissioned works. She was one of 12 photographers to be selected for a six-month residency project highlighting the highly-contested territories of Israel and the West Bank. Lee was the only non-Jewish artist chosen. Lee's retrospective "Echo" has toured Europe and the United States. Because of her notable recognition in the US and Europe, she was recently invited to show in South Korea in 2018.

Kwang Jean Park, a contemporary printmaker and, more recently, a mixed-media artist, also uses multi-step techniques to create her large prints on paper. She uses a traditional two-step process to create large woodblock prints.



Kwang Jean Park, 2010.08, woodblock and drawing, 30x44", edition 8, 2010

First, she designs the composition from which the woodblock will be cut into multiple panels. Complex, colorful images, created with many layered cuts, transfer oil-based inks via multiple printings onto paper.



Kwang Jean Park, 2013.9, woodblock print with drawing, 30x44", edition of 9, 2014

She finishes the cycle of her process by returning to the paper with brush and charcoal, adding elements of color or lines.

Park works in small editions of usually 5 to 10 prints. Each finished piece is essentially unique. Oil-based ink prints are then reworked in charcoal or graphite. The juxtaposition of light and dark and positive and negative space expresses the Taoist concept of yin and yang, the intertwining of opposites.



Kwang Jean Park, *Everglades*, o8, 2014, archival pigment print, (small: 14x29", edition of 7), (large: 22x77", edition of 3)

In her most recent series, Park has done away with the woodblock cut process completely. In *Unnamed Road*, for example, she uses paint on paper and then reworks the piece with graphite pencil, creating a metallic-like finish to the works. ■

Jungjin Lee and Kwang Jean Park were on display through the end of February and are also featured in printmaker Noda Tetsuya's show, "Works on Paper," through April 28th at the Andrew Bae Gallery, Chicago IL.

Amanda Lancour is a photographer and art writer with a background in art history and gallery curation during her formative years. She has recently relocated back to Chicago from New York City.

“Shady Grove Nursing Home”

Catherine Edelman Gallery

by Rebecca Memoli

Artist Elizabeth Ernst filled the Catherine Edelman Gallery in January with the installation of her real-life nursing home environment and her own imaginary world. The exhibit, “Shady Grove Nursing Home,” affords viewers an opportunity to meet some individuals who have reached a retired state of life and exist in a place of pure reflection.

The Shady Grove Nursing Home actually exists in Clarence, New York. There, gallery viewers are revisited by some members of Ernst’s mixed-media *G.E. Circus* project and are also introduced to several new characters.

Jake is the first Shady Grove resident who exhibit viewers meet. He lives in a modest room with low lights and a television. Here he can sit alone smoking cigarettes and playing cards. Shady Grove is an ideal and idealized nursing facility. It’s the nursing home Ernst wishes everyone could live in, if and when the time comes.

The exhibit world displays several mixed-media photographs and small vitrines full of objects. The wall pieces start out as photographs of built sets and sculpted figures. The photographs are printed then coated with acrylic paint. Ernst’s previous exhibitions of the *G.E. Circus* project included some of the figures that she had photographed.

This time around, Ernst takes a different approach by going deeper into the story of the circus. People and objects from the artist’s life have inspired some of the characters. Objects belonging to each of the characters accompany the work, allowing Ernst to play with the concepts of history and reality. The objects have been collected over the years either by purchase or inheritance from the artist’s family. The leg brace in Jake’s vitrine belonged originally to her brother, who was also nicknamed Jake.

As Ernst draws viewers into the world of Shady Grove, these objects become historical. Ticket stubs, medical instruments and small trinkets are kept as artifacts like a museum display. She is creating a new history for these objects and giving the objects to her characters.

The objects give the characters narrative dimension. For example, a pair of silver shoes in one vitrine is labeled “Lois.” The print on the inside soles is partially worn off from use; the viewer can see the imprint of Lois’s feet and have a sense of her stature. These shoes belonged to Lois, the woman in the portrait, and no one else.



Installation shot of Lois’s things.



Elizabeth Ernst, *Lois*, 2017

Ernst paints directly onto the photographs, making each of these pieces a unique object. Combining photography and painting gives them an eerie sort of dimensionality. The style is almost cartoonish but more reminiscent of Otto Dix and the New Objectivity

movement, which produced artwork that reflects not the glorified persona of the subject, but the truth of them, warts and all.

Flaws are what make people unique. Texture is what first comes out through the use of photographic elements in Ernst's work. *Lois*, for example, looks almost completely painted. But, upon closer inspection, the detail of texture on her cheek stands out. Her hair is made of small, chaotic brushstrokes that vanish into the black canvas. These telling details help the viewer see and feel what this character has lost. Once, *Lois* was a showgirl dancing in silver shoes, but now she only stares off into the distance.

The use of depth-of-field adds physical dimension to the pieces. This is most noticeable in the still-lives and in the settings of the portrait images. The realistic quality of the sets gives the sense that, at any moment, the figures could start moving.

The blurred-out pile of dishes in the background of *Pearl the Lunch Lady* brings her forward in the frame. At the same time, the foreground pulls the viewer in. She holds her serving spoon up authoritatively, the gesture feeling more motherly than threatening. In her artist talk, which is available to view on the Edelman Gallery website, Ernst says that this character resembles her own mother. Once again, the narrative deepens.

Shady Grove seems to exist in between fantasy and reality. With the addition of the objects, each character places a foot in reality. But what is the viewer to make of the pieces themselves? Are these artistic renditions of actual humans and animals, or are they more like photographs?

While Shady Grove is a resting place, Ernst does not seem like she will be joining her *G.E. Circus* friends there any time soon. She is constantly expanding and refining her work process. It is interesting to see the fruition of such labor-intensive exploration. After building such a rich atmosphere, this artist has the creative prowess to build new worlds. ■



Elizabeth Ernst, *Jake in his bedroom at Shady Grove Nursing Home*, 2017

Rebecca Memoli is a Chicago-based photographer and curator. She received her BFA from Pratt Institute and her MFA in Photography from Columbia College. Her work has been featured in several national and international group shows. Her latest curatorial project is *The Feeling is Mutual*.



Elizabeth Ernst, *Pearl the Lunch Lady*, 2017

“Syzygy: To Yoke or Pair Together”

Firecat Projects

By Evangeline Reid

If you’ve never visited Firecat Projects in Bucktown, you’re in for a surprise. A small, excited dog named Ella will greet you at the window and pace around as you admire the art. Ella belongs to Stan Klein, who owns and runs the gallery. The single room is bathed in natural light from the front windows, inviting an almost meditative approach to viewing. A former artist studio, the cozy space now offers less traditional artists a commission-free way to share their work.

When I visited, intricate quilts filled the white walls with color. Betty-Jane Lau’s exhibition, “Syzygy: To Yoke or Pair Together,” showcased her most recent collection of double-sided quilts, created from thin strips of discarded fabric. You may have seen her work before. Last year, Lau showed a collection of quilts at Fourth Presbyterian Church on Michigan Avenue.

Lau works with a diverse range of textiles in her practice, including rich African and Hawaiian prints. A single piece might include silk, cotton, wool, and flannel, woven together in unexpected, playful ways.

In *Hansel & Gretel in American Woods*, the dense tangle of brown and blue hues embodies an expanse

of forest beneath a blue sky, and, upon further inspection, reveals deer peering out from the squares. The interlaced colors and textures create a sense of almost pointillist-like depth. Each of her quilts is hypnotizing, rhythmic, and evocative.

Lau often gives each side of a quilt its own title, creating contrasts. *Fire/Ice* is one such work. One side shimmers with reds, yellows, and browns; the other is less busy, composed with dark blues, blacks, and white. Yet even on the quiet side, Lau includes some red fabric from the reverse and lets the frayed edges of fabric from the other side poke through between each strip of black fabric. Somehow the two concepts are married, complete only with bits of the other. Her pieces revel in the details.

The results of Lau’s deep craftsmanship are undeniably art. Yet she insists those who purchase the quilts use them. Her quilts only hang until they find a home. In this way, she straddles two traditions of textile work: high art and folk art.

Continued on page 33

Betty Jane Lau, *Eclipse—Cahokia*, 2017 65 x 70, 2017.10 (both sides of piece). Photos courtesy of Firecat Projects.



Memory and Meaning: The Graphic Works of Misha Goro

Union League Club

by Tom Mullaney

Sometimes art strikes you when you least expect it. That happened in early February when I attended an opening reception at the Union League Club for artist Misha Goro. He is chair of the Graphic Design Department at Chicago's American Academy of Art. I was there simply as a guest, not expecting to be impressed.

Yet my eye was immediately arrested by his ten oil paintings and etchings of Chicago's haunting street-scape. Goro's assured ability in capturing Chicago's gritty streets, usually in rainy weather, couldn't be lightly dismissed. Goro's Chicago is not that of North Michigan Avenue or Lincoln Park but of Ohio Street, Ashland Avenue, Wicker Park and the downtown Loop.

All capture glimpses of the city's soul, which is particularly impressive for a non-native artist, born in St. Petersburg, Russia. My favorite of the group is *October Rhapsody*, a chiaroscuro scene of the sidewalk under the elevated tracks. The play of light, deep shadow and water reflections is captivating and evidence of a well-trained eye that sees beauty in even lowly urban settings.



Misha Goro, *October Rhapsody*, etching. Image courtesy of the Union League Club

The well-traveled Goro is also fascinated by the more romantic vistas of Venice, Italy. The artist painted his first Venice etching in 1998, but it remains a touchstone in his work. Three of the works on display



Misha Goro, *Canaletto in Chicago 2*, oil on canvas. Image courtesy of the Union League Club.

incorporate a fascinating juxtaposition of both cities.

The three share a common title, *Canaletto in Chicago*. The one I like best is the slyly hilarious *Canaletto in Chicago 2* in which a billboard depicting elegant St. Mark's Square sits atop an old, rusting warehouse in some down-at-the-heels neighborhood.

Goro has seen much and been to many places. His work is informed by the past and is rich with memory and symbolic meaning. You should catch the show which runs through March 23. The Union League is a private club and not open to the public. To schedule an appointment to view the works, contact Dr. Sally Metzler at smetzler@ulcc.org. ■

Tom Mullaney is the Managing Editor of the New Art Examiner.

Letters to the Editor

The Flawed Academic Training of Artists by Richard Siegesmund

To the Editor,

This is a deeply engaging problem in the humanities in general. The author faults the skill-set approach to training artists for what he calls the neoliberal market as being successful for 5% of students. His suggestions for change do not sound any better for increasing that percentage. It makes one wonder if that 5% is also the reality for those studying philosophy, English literature, and history, which as academic subjects are generally not structured in the same skill-set approach.

Let's remember that many who take art and art history classes are not looking for a paying profession. They are looking for something for themselves and a skill set to get to new places. Mr. Siegesmund's goals would help them, though they are not in the crisis he paints. Decades ago, there were museum curators who worked for what we termed a dollar a year. Some were wealthy collections fully knowledgeable in their fields. I knew one during my tenure at the Art Institute of Chicago who I learned only recently had never cashed a paycheck. There were also several graduates of art schools who became founding members of the Committee on Photography and kept it funded in its infant years.

David Travis

To the Editor,

I wonder if the 5% can even be changed much. Just based on underlying structural dynamic. Many other non arts industries have a similar "limitation on success %". Sales. Sports. Politics etc. Maybe some lower. Maybe some higher. But not everyone can be successful in every field in life. Skill training or not. Especially the arts. There are always winners and losers. Those that succeed. Those that don't. I imagine skills-set training is more valuable and edifying, and gives you a better shot to "compete" and probably more worth the money spent, but it might not actually change much, overall. There are 2.5 million people in the U.S alone that would be classified as "artists". But probably only enough market/demand to support only a small fraction of them. So from an ethical standpoint it's probably best

to be honest, upfront, with people paying for arts education as well as give them higher quality, lower cost and alternative educational options.

Michael Ramstedt

How Neoliberal Economics Impacted Art Education by Diane Thodos

To the Editor,

While I agree that "Neoliberal economic ideology" has had a deleterious effect on art education in the U.S. and elsewhere, that impact is mediated by traditions, practices, biographies and institutions that require careful unpacking. To draw a direct connection, as Diane Thodos does, between the rise of "anti-art" (what Lucy Lippard called the "dematerialization of the art object") and the reigning ideology of monopoly capitalism is fatuous. To begin with, the chronology is all wrong. The art phenomenon she describes began in the 1960s (Neo-Dada) not the '90s. And it was largely a manifestation of the of American left, not the neoliberal right. For all his faults as a person, Carl Andre, whose art is especially disparaged by Thodos, was one of the founders in 1969 of the pro-labor, pro-feminist, pro-civil rights, anti-war Art Worker's Coalition.

While I also agree that the cultural administration known as Post-Structuralism has led many artists and critics up a blind alley, it has hardly been a boon to valorized culture either, that is, to art as an "asset form" to cite the formation of Luc Boltanski and Arnaud Esquerre. The latter development is a manifestation of capitalist financialization and the desire of an international elite of billionaires and oligarchs to bury or launder cash by purchasing artworks from a few, international super-galleries.

And finally, to condemn the conceptualism that underlies some recent art education as "dictated by [the prospect of] commercial and market success" is ludicrous. Does Thodos really think that the activism associated with the "art of social practice" at the SAIC, UIC, Queens College (NYC) and elsewhere is driven by the prospect of financial reward? Critical thinking, as your old teacher Donald Kuspit (and his teacher Adorno) well understood, is often disparaged and hardly ever rewarded.

Stephen F. Eisenman

Diane:

I enjoyed your analysis of the loss of craft and the hollowing out of art and art education. I've often complained that the endlessly repeated neo-DuChampian gestures are weak art and weak philosophy. Like you, I need and respect unalienated (Marx) labor to keep me whole. Richard Sennett, you may have read it, has a book, *The Craftsman*, exploring some of the same themes you write about. I also used to write about neo-liberalism with respect to precarious labor, another manifestation of prioritizing market forces over people, teaching, ideas etc. in academe. Your connection to student's debt burden and Engles is timely, and imagine, they haven't even learned to draw! It's not a mistake. Free people are hard to control. Congratulations on your essay.

Janina Ciezadlo

Janina,

I was thinking I would like to keep writing on the subject of the economic inequality, 1% oligarchs, economic injustice and the different ways it affects art—how its community and values have been altered, how a sense of agency and autonomy among artists has been lost and needs to be found again, how we have more entertainment kinds of work rather than work that expresses existential realities here and in the world, how we got here—what change may we need in our consideration of this. **D.T.**

40 Years On Continued from page 12.

to politics knows that politicians constantly go to events primarily to network. And anyone who knows the art community knows it is, for the most part, insular. So, when the museum organizes events like "IdeasCity," it is not surprising that it drifts under the radar in spite of its scale and spectacle.

Similarly, NEW INC is an entrepreneurial think tank housed within and created by the museum and led by Julia Kaganskiy. This project was developed to explore the dynamics of the transforming workforce. Though a significant issue, the resulting program is an incubator for creative tech startups that fall between the art world and the business world. With an array of product designers and businesses emerging out of NEW INC, it sounds as though capitalism quickly prevailed over generating real solutions to the transforming labor economy.

I wouldn't take issue with this if Kaganskiy didn't also heap praise on her own project as the force that returned the New Museum to its "unconventional roots." NEW INC is providing a select few with great opportunities, but if the roots she is alluding to are the legacy of activism and institutional critique, creating an incubator for startups feels like a shallow defiance of convention.

The initiatives taken by the New Museum to organize these events and generate new possibilities for

institutional structures and thought are laudable. It is particularly impressive if Lisa Phillips' claim that the New Museum's budget is far smaller than it appears to be holds true, given that their young home is designed by the high-end, Tokyo-based architectural firm SANAA.

Regardless of these efforts, this book presents a museum that is proud of its 40-year-old legacy while continuing to pursue relevant change in our contemporary moment. Though the New Museum once bore a model that ran counter to the established norms of its time, this book is convincing in its placement of the New Museum as a groundbreaking institution upon its founding in 1977 and shortly thereafter.

This publication was an opportunity to highlight critical achievements and create a roadmap forward. They might have invited outside contributing writers, critics, theorists, and artists. There could have been interviews or a more detailed documentation of the museum's recent projects. Instead, we get something far more typical of the gift shop, coffee table art book: pretty pictures and text most people won't read. ■

40 Years New, Phaidon, 374 pages, 2017, \$49.95

Evan Carter is a contributing editor of the New Art Examiner. He earned his MFA degree in 2017 from the University of Chicago and wrote about Documenta 14 in a prior issue of the Examiner.

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Syzygy Continued from page 28.

Firecat Projects feels and acts authentically in its love for art. Firecat has been around for seven years now, showing artwork without asking for a commission on sales. Instead, it runs on the support of sponsors, space rentals, and the sale of donated artist pieces.

You can browse the gallery's collection of donated works in the back room. The eclectic assortment is representative of the richness Firecat promotes and supports. There are pieces from a 12-year-old, a woman from Canada, tattoo artists, and cartoonists. Some pieces are side projects from professional artists. Others come from years of untrained dedication. Still others are experiments from better-known artists. Each piece is undeniably well-executed. Each piece is undeniably unique.

Firecat Projects is required viewing for any true art lover in Chicago. The gallery turns over each month, welcoming a new set of work, and with it, a new artist's vision. Up next is Rupert Glimm's "Non-narrative Paintings," with abstract shapes and bright colors reminiscent of work from the early 20th century. The opening reception is February 23rd. But don't despair if you miss Lau's quilts. I'm sure there will be one in the back room. ■

Evangeline Reid graduated from the University of Chicago, where she studied English literature and art history. A former editor and writer for The Chicago Maroon and Grey City Magazine, she has covered art and culture in Chicago since 2013.

Can You Believe What You've Missed in 20 Months?



Volume 30, Issue 6: July/August 2016

Darren Jones calls upon New York's art critics to resign

Michel Ségard on Tony Fitzpatrick

Edward Lucie Smith's reprint from the Jackdaw, The Degeneration of the Avant-Garde into Fashion.



Volume 31, Issue 1: September/October 2016

Tom Mullaney examines museum ethics

Daniel Nanavati on how death stalks Damien Hirst's imagination

Jane Addams Allen in 1986 on where collectors' money is taking the art world



Volume 31, Issue 2: November/December 2016

Charles Thomson examines art's role on society

Tom Mullaney interviews the Arts Club and the Renaissance Society leaders

We introduce Scouting the Blogs



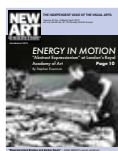
Volume 31, Issue 3: January/February 2017

Jorge Miguel Benitez — The Avant-Garde and the Delusion of American Exceptionalism

Part 1: The Illusion of Progress

Tom Mullaney wonders why top museum directors avoid taking a public stance on Art

Feier Lai — For whom and for what does the artist perform?



Volume 31, Issue 4: March/April 2017

Stephen Eisenman looks at "Abstract Expressionism" at London's Royal Academy of Art

Jorge Miguel Benitez — The Avant-Garde and the Delusion of American Exceptionalism

Part 2: Blood-drenched Brushes and Golden Easels

David Lee examines Nicholas Serota's new leadership of the Arts Council



Volume 31, Issue 5: May/June 2017

We address gender politics in art with Larry Kamphausen's "Gender Identity and the Male Gaze" and two reviews of ARTAIDSAMERICA Chicago

Jorge Benitez presents the third essay "The Will to Ignorance: The Role of Academia in the Post-modern Debacle" in his trilogy "The Avant-Gard and the Delusion of American Exceptionalism."



Volume 31, Issue 6 : July/August 2017

Three Top Summer Art Reads.

What's This Social Practice Art Thing? An Interview with Artist Paul Druecke.

The Changing World of Alternative Art Spaces in Chicago.

Reviews of Jim Dine, Robert Frank and Arlene Shechet.



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Chicago Architecture Biennial 2017

Nathan Worcester: Graphic Novel Channels Daniel Burnham's Plan

Amanda Williams: Architecture's Sharp Social Critic

Report from Kassel on this year's **documenta 14**



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Tom Mullaney interviews Jaume Plensa, creator of the Crown Fountain

Expo Chicago: Three Examiner critics trade opposing views

Evan Carter on Artistic Disruption and the New Institutionalism



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Is Art School a Scam? Richard Siegesmund delivers a critique of current art education

Jen Delos Reyes offers ideas about a radical school of art and art history for the 21st century

Diane Thodos describes the 1980s takeover of art schools by neoliberal economic values

Michel Ségard reviews a rare exhibition of French photographer Hervé Guibert

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