

NEW ART examiner

Est. 1973

The independent voice of the Visual Arts

Volume 33 No.1 Sept/Oct 2018 £4 / \$6.00 / €6.50

NEW YORK CHICAGO DETROIT WASHINGTON TORONTO
LONDON MADRID MILAN IRELAND CORNWALL

THE BERNARD LEACH TRADITION CONTINUES

Clement Greenberg by
Jane Allen

Martyrs and artists

Gillian Tett on sense-
enhanced exhibitions

The editors Discuss David
Wojnarowicz

Partnered with

neotericART

THE ST. IVES
TIMES & ECHO

LETTERS

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.

All editions include the digital issue sent via e-mail.

Subscription rates for 6 issues print and digital:

UK	£39.50	postage incl.	Subscribe at http://newartexaminer.net
Europe	€45	postage incl.	Our offices addresses:
USA	\$42	postage incl.	UK Office: The Managing Editor, Penzance. UK
World	\$78	postage incl.	Chicago Office: 7221 Division #5, River Fores, IL 60305 USA.

Subscriptions to the New Art Examiner in 2017-18 are £39.50 (\$45) for six issues

Digital subscription \$3.50 annually (£2) - more a donation than a subscription

Individual copies are £4.00 (\$6) plus postage £2.50 (\$1) or \$2 each as a download from www.newartexaminer.net

YOU MAY SUBSCRIBE BY PAYPAL OR CREDIT CARD ON THE WEBSITE WWW.NEWARTEXAMINER.NET

Donna Festa



www.donnafesta.com

**YOUR ADD THIS SIZE FOR £10/\$14
ADVERT@NEWARTEXAMINER.NET**

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.

The Joy Of Painting

John,
After reading your brilliant article (the title was my starting point, as one who appreciates joy), I became curious to know more about Darby Bannard and discovered that a new exhibition of his work will be held at Berry Campbell in New York from November 15 – December 21, 2018. Without your article I wouldn't have known anything about him, so thank you for this.

Florence Fowler 08/07 2018

Florence
Thanks Florence. A lot of art criticism is, well, critical. I certainly have written my share of rants about art and art systems that I didn't like. But what we don't like is NOT why we keep coming back to art. And I question whether dwelling on what we don't like is worth all the attention it gets as a result. So I am glad I turned you on to Darby Bannard and that you are finding something to enjoy in

his work.

John Link 08/07/2018

John
Hi John, it was lovely of you to answer me, and you are very talented with words. Try as I may, I cannot grasp the meaning of your sentence, " But what we don't like is NOT why we keep coming back to art." What do you mean here?

Florence Fowler 10/07/2018

John
Thank you John for your article on Darby Bannard and reminding me that this is what we all strive for: "He had nothing left to lose and that opened him to a freedom he had not expressed before, the freedom to love paint, to love color, to love form, to love painting, and to forget everything else. The joy of painting."

Will Davenport, 13/07/2018

You are welcome Will. Pleasure and joy is what keeps art alive and in motion. Darby provided us with a fine example of how the hedonism of art manages this.

John Link 04/07/2018

The Side of Life I don't Want to See

Editor,
Thanks to Tim Shaw's newsletter, I just discovered he has 2 exhibitions, one in London at the Royal Academy of Arts that opened in June and another at the San Diego Museum of Art in October 2018.

Carole Brune' 04/07/2018

Editor
Doing a little search, I found Tim Shaw's The Drummer sculpture in the main square of Truro in Cornwall. It's totally different from his installations in Penzance:

Dott. Giovanni de Santis, 19/06.2018

Reply:
Cornwall is home to many artists, such as Tim Shaw RA. The absence of visitors to The Exchange may be a problem, which is either a problem of the organiser or one of Contemporary Art. I agree Tim Shaw deserves a greater

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.

audience. The New Art Examiner has written on Tim Shaw a number of times, including an interview.

Derek Guthrie, Co-founder and Publisher of the New Art Examiner
19/06/2018

Hi Pendery,
When I saw Tim Shaw's installations, I couldn't understand what they were doing "hiding" all the way down in southwest Cornwall in Penzance, giving very few people the possibility to see his exhibit. Was it desired that nobody see his work? When I went on a Saturday morning, I was the only one visiting The Exchange and I was surprised. How can something with such a powerful message be so ignored? I seriously doubt if the sale of tickets out-balanced the cost of the 2 installations, and even if there was some sort of grant to cover the costs, why was Penzance selected for the venue? Hopefully, it was just a testing ground for future exhibitions in the major cities of the world, as his work merits much more attention.

Paul Bethwell, 17/06/2018

Hi Paul,
I think an installation about a bombing event might be seen as a security risk by the authorities due to the current situation. It probably necessarily had to be shown in a small city where terrorism risks are at a minimum, but even then a certain amount of risk was involved. More power to Penzance for taking this risk! I doubt that we will see these

works in London, Paris, Manchester, New York or Las Vegas, though it would be important to display them there and give people the opportunity to see Shaw's fine work and vision.

Truman Georges, 20/06/2018

Arts Council grants dictate culture

Dear Daniel,
Recently, as most people know, the Tate St. Ives won the award, Art Fund Museum of the Year 2018. Yes, the quality of exhibition space has improved, the whole gallery has benefited by the new style of architectural expansion. But likewise, will the quality of the exhibitions improve, and, most importantly, will the Tate St Ives organizational management team now take notice of St. Ives and Cornwall artists as part of this development. However, I doubt if this will happen; management and imagination should go hand in hand; no sight that this will take place. Bad management (or prejudiced management) impacts itself as an imbalance between local versus national/international artists, thus the art scene as a whole is screwed. As an example, I have one personal encounter with wrongly placed and unethical management. When working on an installation at the Exchange Gallery in Penzance in 2011, James Green, the Director, called

me into his office, "What can you do about the Newlyn Society of Artists", I think, alluding to the fact that he wanted to get rid of the local artist society from showing at the Newlyn Gallery as they had done for many years.

The history and purpose of the Newlyn Gallery is important. Built by benefactor John Passmore Edwards on land donated by C.N. Le Grice in 1896, the gallery was given to the local artists who established the Newlyn Society of Artists to become an intrinsic part of the arts in South West Cornwall. Artistic developments are reflected in the names of artists who have exhibited with or been members of the Newlyn Society of Artists, including Stanhope Forbes, Norman Garstin, Walter Langley, Lamorna Birch, Dod Proctor, Laura Knight, Alfred Munnings, Peter Lanyon, Bernard Leach, Patrick Heron, John Wells, Wilhelmina Barns-Graham, Sandra Blow and Terry Frost.

After my talk with James Green, eventually, artists of the NSA were successfully ousted from the Newlyn Gallery. Local artists then had nowhere to show their work to the public. What can I say, "Well done to authority and bad management and bullying attitudes to myself and the NSA artists?" I hope the new management of Tate St Ives with its new space will be different to what happened in Newlyn(?) As for what happened at the point where the NSA was excluded from the gallery, the door was firmly

cont.page 9 ➤

Derek Guthrie, Publisher and Co-founder

Annie Markovich, Assistant Publisher
managing@newartexaminer.net

Pendery Weekes, Managing Editor, UK
managingeditor@newartexaminer.net

Al Jirikowic, Editor, Washington, DC
washingtondc@newartexaminer.net

Daniel H Nanavati, European Editor
ukeditor@newartexaminer.net

Liviana Martin, Italian editor
italy@newartexaminer.net

Writers:

Spencer Hutchinson chicago@newartexaminer.net

Miklos Legrady toronto@newartexaminer.net

Scott Turri pittsburgh@newartexaminer.net

Stephen Lee london@newartexaminer.net

Melanie Manos detroit@newartexaminer.net

Frances Oliver, Book Editor

Dhyano Angius, Media Editor

Rachel Shteir, Chicago Flaneur
Maxine, Cornwall Flaneur

Contributing Editors
John Link, Michigan; Chris Cultrone, Chicago;
Donald Kuspit, New York; Darren Jones, New York; Don
Mines, Washington DC; George Care, Cornwall;
Frank Corrigan, Oxfordshire.

Contributors:
Jimi Dams, Bert Biscoe,

WEBSITE:
www.newartexaminer.net
www.newartexaminer.co.uk

Our thanks to all the proof readers

Cartoons
Pablo Helguera

UK Distributor: Central Books, London

Cover Image:
Composite Image

Contact the New Art Examiner?
contributor@newartexaminer.net

The New Art Examiner is indexed in:
Art Bibliographies Modern, Art Full Text &
Art Index Retrospective and Zetoc. It is in the British
Library, Bodleian Libraries of the University of Oxford,
Cambridge University Library, The National Library of
Scotland, The Library of Trinity College, Dublin, The
National Library of Wales, The Smithsonian,
Washington DC.

UK Office: Rosehill, Altarnun, Cornwall. PL15 7RL. UK.

US Office: 7221 division#5, River Forest, IL 60305

Inquiries:
advert@newartexaminer.net
contributor@newartexaminer.net
subscribe@newartexaminer.net

All Letters to the editor are printed without editing.
letters@newartexaminer.net

At this time donations to New Art Examiner CiC are
not tax exempt charitable donations.

EDITORIAL

There is an interesting idea that, broadly speaking, may be categorized as the 'psychology of history'. It suggests that because we are a psychological animal still prone to instinct, we can read human history purely from the psychological viewpoint to arrive at a better understanding of why the things that happen, happen. To give you the usual example: our leaders take us where we as peoples want to go but the political system makes us think the leaders have been making the decisions.

There is nowhere better to analyse this idea than the art system. For here we find the beating conscience of the human race, the creativity, the intellect, the value systems and the works that we think define us as civilised beings. It is the vital description of our ultimate freedom, for artists are both inside and yet observers of, their societies. It is the unique place society gives artists that affords them their status.

But the psychology of a human being is not only easy to damage, it has simple needs one of which is, the whole idea of status at once given to persons for their skill and desired by others for the privileges it gifts.

The psychology embedded in the art system today derives from the skill of past artists, feeds off their status in our society and yet has been wholly divorced from describing the depths of human experience by the infestation of the social sciences making it a handmaiden to fashion and giving it the task of only supporting the politically liberal and the acceptably relevant within, of course, the politically correct vocabulary.

Artists should have no other agenda but their art. This dedication is their stature because, it is so difficult to maintain, the vast majority of the population, including some with talent, are not brave enough to pursue such a life. Yet today you could pursue such a vocation and be entirely irrelevant, out of fashion, never critically analysed and wholly unknown. In an age where governments give billions to support art this is an utter betrayal of the very reason artists exist and have perceived status.

But young artists come out of art colleges with a portfolio and immense amounts of fear, and resolve to use their talents from within the late-capitalist system as glorified designers while a few do as instructed, feed off the broken system, to be lauded in their lifetime and vanish a few days after the they die. The young talented artists who would be inheritors of art history are being as effectively annihilated by the system as if they had been sent over the trenches at Verdun.

Daniel Nanavati

CONTENTS

- 5 SPEAKEASY** *Menlaie Manos*
- 6 A MANTLE OF SCRAPS; WHY ARTISTS FAIL** *Darren Jones*
- 10 AUTONOMIES OF ART** *Clement Greenberg*
- 13 DOES DIGITAL TECHNOLOGY HELP US APPRECIATE ART?** *Gillan Tett, London*
- 15. FROM LEACH TO BEDDING** John Bedding in conversation with Derek Guthrie
- 20 AN ECLIPSED ART CRITIC SHINES ANEW** Jane Addams Allen.
- 23 TO THE 750,000 READERS OF MOMUS MAGAZINE** Miklos Legrady, Toronto
- 24 REMEMBERING THE FUTURISTS** *Liviana Martin, Italy*
- 25 THE EDITORS DISCUSS DAVID WOJNAROWICZ**
- 27 EVA BIENNIAL** *Lisa Newman, Ireland*
- 27 AN OUTSIDER'S PRECISION** *Pendery Weekes, Cornwall*
- 28 REVIEWS FROM:**
- NEW YORK,** (*Jody B Cutler*) **DETROIT** (*Melanie Manos*) **GREECE,** (*Fiona Athanassaki*)
- SEYCHELLES,** (*Victoria Howard*) **CORNWALL,** (*Mary Fletcher, Derek Guthrie, Pendery Weekes*)
- COLOGNE** (*Megan Lowe*)
- 35 'SHADOWS IN PARADISE' reprint of book review by Frances Oliver**
- 36 THE SQUARE (MOVIE REVIEW)** *Frances Oliver*
- 37 NEWS BRIEFS**

QUOTE of the Month:

A painting requires a little mystery, some vagueness, some fantasy. When you always make your meaning perfectly plain you end up boring people."

Hilaire Germain Edgar Degas

speakeasy

Melanie Manos



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

When I tell people I'm from Detroit, they get excited and want to hear about the "new" Detroit, the "Great Comeback City" as it is now touted on signs at the Detroit Metropolitan Airport. There's also much interest in the growing art scene here. For me, Detroit is about the people, who are the character, spirit and soul of the city, and some Detroiters respond to the notion of a "Comeback City" in this way: "comeback for who?"

A little background: In 2001, I ditched my car and my job in Los Angeles and moved back to Detroit, the city where I was born. Detroit had the gritty vibe of 1990's downtown L.A. (my previous residence) and an open and friendly small art community. The city was in serious disrepair with boarded houses along most blocks. Tall grasses filled open lots and wild pheasants darted about - a rural/urban mix with an undoubtedly desolate feeling.

A few years later the first of many New York Times articles reported on the opportunities (vacant buildings, cheap housing) for artists. International photographers parachuted in to snap shots of crumbling buildings and distribute them on social media or as slick coffee table books. The term "ruin porn" took hold. It wasn't untrue: there are still miles of crumbling and boarded up structures. But that Detroit became the symbol of a failed city was painful. Then the city declared bankruptcy and an appointed (not elected) Emergency Manager was put in place, adding insult to injury.

Fast forward and we are out of bankruptcy and investors are buying up properties. The city has improved services such as streetlight repair and burnt housing demolition. But the influx of developers and investment focus on downtown and the adjacent Midtown area, creating venues, often with significant tax breaks, that cater to a higher-income clientele. Meanwhile long-time residents feel city administration is ignoring the vast expanse of Detroit's neighborhoods.

Many fear, reasonably so, a loss of local character, flavor, visual uniqueness and affordable housing/retail

spaces. Goodwells Natural Food Store, one of the few black-owned natural food businesses in Detroit closed in 2016 due to competition from new neighbors like Whole Foods Market. Skyrocketing rents have driven out even the legendary Henry the Hatter, the iconic men's haberdashery, from its longtime downtown location (the store has now re-opened in Detroit's Eastern Market).

On the other side of the debate, pro-gentrifiers argue it brings increased tax revenue, more vitality, more tourism dollars for local retail and restaurants. They frequently substitute 'gentrification' with revitalization. Undeniably there are now far more people visiting and enjoying the downtown and Midtown areas. The message is that white people (and white-led businesses) are moving back to the inner city, thus the question, "Great Comeback" for who?

Around 2011, I saw a full-page ad for Shinola in the New York Times Sunday paper that gave me pause. The formerly non-Detroit company had opened a store in Midtown and was using the manufacturing history of the city as a marketing device, prominently stamping "Detroit" under its name and claiming its luxury goods as American Made. The ad's blatant cultural appropriation seemed like a significant tide turner: a business other than automotive actually identifying as Detroit-proud to sell its product to the world.

The first article I present as Detroit Editor of the NAE is by artist Rebekah Modrak. Her essay on Shinola, with original photographs, is both opinion piece and art project. I think you will find it fascinating and provocative.

Melanie Manos' interdisciplinary practice uses the body, humor, and absurdity to address economic instability and gender discrimination. She teaches at the University of Michigan Stamps School of Art and Design.

A Mantle of Scraps: Why Artists Fail

Darren Jones, New York

It isn't easy. Deciding to pursue one's vocation as an artist within the contemporary art world involves tacit surrender to probable economic adversity and elusive professional returns, in an often amoral, capricious and competitive arena. If embarked upon early enough, enthusiasm and naiveté regarding future stability will banish uncertainty about the artist's milieu. But the compulsion to make sense of life via artistic mandate is an idealism under increasing harassment from practicalities, particularly as age intercedes. Living deprivative clichés while consumed with the need to express, build community, and speak to societal issues is a romantic trope of ages, and the cultural one percent at the apex of the art world thanks artists for perpetuating it.

For those before (or at) the middling career stratum it is pointless to cast blame for any power imbalance onto the soullessness of art fairs, billionaire dealers, and witless PR teams, because they don't care. It may be more constructive to ask what complicity artists have in the conservation of a status quo that is so detrimental to them, the creative workers manufacturing the products that fuel the cultural economy.

What is meant by failure depends on what is meant by success; this usually means reaching audiences through galleries and museums via critical, commercial or academic recognition, and preferably leaving lasting effect even beyond art audiences. The conduits by which these outcomes are reached are clear (reviews, exhibitions and institutional support) but the processes by which they are accumulated—timing, fashion, nepotism, and occasionally consensus on relevant art—are mercurial. There is no guaranteed formula, and scant logic regarding who will be noted.

In addition, the quantity of people who want to be artists is vast and unsustainable. Among this flotsam and jetsam only the merest fraction are intrinsically responsive to societal tectonics and in possession of the aesthetic and intellectual faculties to create work that can shift the human dial. Art that is incapable of this—almost all of it—isn't constitutionally important beyond decorative purposes and can be dismissed in terms of historical mien.



"And don't forget to feed the artist in residence."

It may also be instructive to remain aware of the geological weakness upon which the business of art is founded. It is based almost wholly on the opinions of gallery owners, curators or collectors who are in positions to maneuver their individual preferences into canonical "truth." But unlike the exactitudes of physics or carpentry, the blood of art is subjective response. It is simply what one likes. Nobody's taste is less or more legitimate than anyone else's. It has always been the job of influencers to corrupt this fact and convince otherwise. From its upper echelons the art world structure functions as an authorizing body for the opinions of a very few as "correct." Art history has been forced into place by the pyroclastic flow of insistence from the greatest (richest) institutions and galleries, demanding that certain artists are important. It has overwhelmed the judgements, and more ominously, the courage of the public to dissent. There is a paranoid intransigence against permitting the questioning of that dogma because to do so would be to undermine the jurisdiction of those in power. Today, extending this dubious hierarchy by establishing emerging names is more fraudulent and unhinged than ever.

Into this maelstrom enters each generation of MFA-educated artists, indoctrinated into a handicapping mindset of self-diminishment prescribed to them by the tournament of their school experience, often partisan professors, and their own credulous acceptance of art world strictures. From the start they are taught to be downtrodden, and must begin to compete for attention. This includes docile participation in the annual crucible

of applications to residencies and other sanctioned policies which might give a gravity assist, but that only a tiny number will realize enough to gain critical mass. Furthermore, most graduate applicants haven't the capacity to make efficacious art. After all that investment their contributions will be to the worthless conglomeration of wretched, indulgent objects, formed of ideas so exhausted that a triple espresso couldn't get them out of bed. Instead, students are admitted in their thousands by rapacious schools in need of the money. If teaching hospitals graduated the flood of incompetence that art schools excrete, we'd all be dead of consumption. This glut obscures genuine talent.

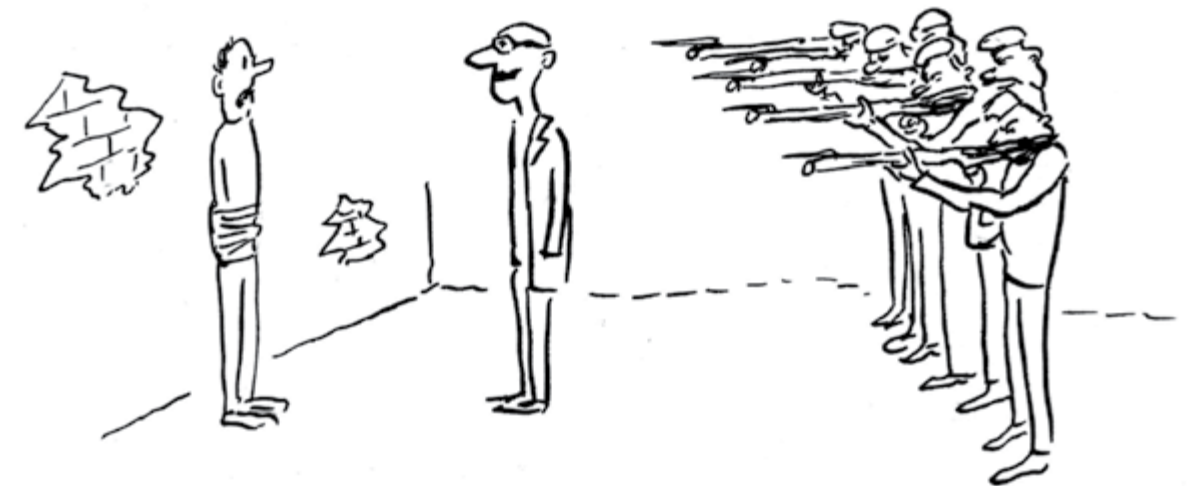
Most wounding to those few young artists who might have something worth saying is the insidious lie that there is nobility in the higher purpose of pursuing one's artistic fulfillment which requires relinquishing expectation of fair payment. This is the most evil-minded and successful curtailment that the leadership has perpetrated against artists. No plumber or electrician would tolerate non-payment for services rendered the way that art workers are expected to, in return for padding a resume or vaporous future opportunities. The market cannot support every artist, but to be conditioned into thinking one's work is inherently valueless to begin with, robs artists of basic transactional confidence that is difficult to shed. The dictate is that an artist may pursue sales but must forfeit criticality in lieu of crass commercialism that should be beneath a "proper" artist. The threat is to conform or be punished. It is an immense irony considering what is shown at art fairs on the opposite end of the spectrum; not the best art that a gallery can muster, but the most lucrative, and often

most destitute. This standard is so effectively rooted in the psyche of artists that they don't even expect to make a living from art.

Further hemorrhaging dignity, invention or intrigue is the prostration to Instagram, and the lexicon that has correspondingly emerged. It can be a communicative asset, but the "need" to remain visible, and at least attempt to congeal oneself into something resembling a brand—the antithesis of creative investigation—causes artists to share half-baked ideas while quasi-researching during "#studiodays" in return for pointless "likes."

Work-in-progress is not ready to be viewed, but there is pressure to tread water in the digital torrent, even though with each post the artist infects the sanctity of his practice, fritters audience compulsion to see the work in person, and lessens the chances of curators asking for a meaningful studio visit.

Art criticism's greatest dereliction has been realized under the auspices of degenerate online platforms that encourage illiterate contributors to spatter the egotist's ejaculate, the subject and object pronouns "I" and "me" across their efforts. Every word of this voluminous sediment is then fished out and regurgitated by artists as evidence that their exhibitions mattered. Often the quality of what is written, and the platitudes of turgid authors would be best left untouched. This is followed by the requisite "thank you" post for the "thoughtful" review, which is a gesture of self-loathing and subjugation that caps an artist's humiliation. If a review happened to be a withering autopsy on hackneyed ideas expiring in flimsy vessels, and exhorting the artist—as so many should—to find other interests, would there still be thanks? Very few people today purporting to write about



"We just feel more comfortable when we work with dead artists."



"My work is an ongoing conceptual exploration of notions of cuteness."

art deserve witness, and artists do themselves a disservice in acknowledging such drivel.

Gushing compliments from artists to their peers are another online conceit. Everything, and everyone, in a group show or event is described as "wonderful," "talented," and the poster is often "honored." It's mostly nonsense, lies, or hyperbole. Before sending out "congratulations to all" of the artists, consider the meager plausibility that they have earned such sentiment. Peddling unfeasible largesse reduces an artist's integrity because it is not believable. No discerning mind could find all of those fellow artists, or their works "amazing." That is not how taste proceeds. When an artist oozes gratitude to "everyone who came out for my opening" does she wonder how many more didn't show up because they'd already seen enough on their screens?

These quirks are a symptom of the current neutered condition of art discourse generally, partly inspired by politics, and it constitutes a recession of thought. As if the current government means we must huddle together and suspend criticality despite how fantastically awful many artists are. What use is a community when its language has been lobotomized? Darwin never said that the fittest survive, but that the most adaptable do. If this guileless commentary gave way to more seasoned discourse through intellectual truthfulness, even within the limited format of social media, and at the risk of offending, it might initiate more fruitful, editorial conversation. Artists ought to close their mouths and get off their knees.

Most artists are no more vulnerable to exposure for their paper-thin ideas than when cajoled into that verbal

iron maiden, the artist's talk. Public speaking is terribly difficult to master, and artists—solitary, internal thinkers—are ill-equipped for it. Little is more excruciating than watching artists contorting themselves into paroxysms while "in conversation" shuffling between somnolent rambling and bloviated posturing. Medieval dental surgery would have been easier to sit still for than most artists sputtering out their world views. Only the "artist statement" is more degrading, for shouldn't that be the work itself?

Are these standard policies and more, directly or indirectly initiated by the system, what artists deserve from the arena they enter with genuine intent? One they commit honestly to, struggle financially—unless lubricated on the grease of their parents' money—to make progress in? A problem is that while artists may think they are hard done by, they are yet too comfortable, in the West at least, to demand changes, too selfish to upend for posterity a system that they do not realize they control.

Rather than beating down the doors of museums and pitching directors from roofs, or self-immolating for their professional trespasses, perhaps the answer is smaller, quieter. Artists might make adjustments in thinking. Determine if they have something to contribute to discourse, and if so cultivate a keenness for the worth of their output, financial or otherwise. Make modest, consistent but audacious requests. Expect rather than ask. Seek veritable allies in those gallerists, writers and curators who share outlooks, and are rising alongside, with as much zeal as time spent in the studio. It cannot be an impossibility to request a drawing down of the

staggering wealth made from artists' efforts, and ask for reinvestment, return. In changing their own minds, artists might forge the beginnings necessary for larger, consequential improvements. The machinery does separate the wheat from the chaff, but so often it retains the latter. It needs guidance from the ground, not the ivory tower.

It is possible for artists to collectively petition for progress, even at generational cost to their individual enterprises instead of remaining groveling serfs to a structure which ignores or loathes most of them and plunders a few for its own ends. Until then artists will be little more than breeding sows in the art world's piggery.

Darren Jones, New York Editor



"I'm always so amazed how you invest the greatest effort to achieve the least results."

www.
themarigoldscleaning.co.uk



ECSTACY



new series of self portraits

www.AlexandraRutschBrock.com

from letters page 2:

closed on the NSA, an action was required.

Having seen archival documents found in the county archive, the committee at the time were somewhat inept in not tracking this stuff down to mount a strong case against the gallery.

Presenting the Newlyn Art Gallery management with the evidence of signed up agreements at the right time might have been enough to secure a reasonable renegotiation/rewriting of the original agreement. But once the door was closed, the NAG clearly felt that they had the upper hand and could fob the NSA off. Essentially what the NSA is left with at that time, is "do we have the stomach/finances for a legal fight?"

Tim LeGrice, (solicitor), has seen the documents and felt that there is still a case for the Newlyn Art Gallery to answer.

*Ken Turner, NSA member,
painter and performance artist
16/07/2018*

Autonomies of Art

Never before published in print, a lecture given by Clement Greenberg in Mountain Lake, Virginia in October 1980.

Art and life. Art and life as lived can be seen as one and inseparable only when art is experienced sheerly as a phenomenon among other phenomena. Art experienced as art, art experienced aesthetically, "properly," art experienced at what's called aesthetic distance, is not a phenomenon. What else is it then? I can't say because art can't be defined, or has never been satisfactorily defined. Aesthetic distance means separation, a kind of transcendence, if you please. And that word transcendence has gotten so fashionable I use it almost apologetically. Art as art takes place away from life as lived, is experienced as other than the life-world, to use Donald Kuspit's phrase. And this otherness is part of art's gift.

The determining ultimate intention and end of art, of the aesthetic in general, is qualitative. The only and the final question for art is whether it is good or bad and how good or bad. This is decided according to a scale of value decided by taste. Taste has to do only inexclusively with the aesthetic, with aesthetic value. And aesthetic value is ultimately created by taste.

The only legitimate demand that can be put to art is that it be good, aesthetically satisfying, and this demand can be made only by taste. The aesthetic happens to be among the final satisfactions of life as lived, an ultimate satisfaction of value in itself, and not a means or an instrument to an end beyond itself. But being an ultimate end doesn't mean being a supreme one. Happiness in life as lived, life in the life-world, happens to stand higher. By the same token, morality becomes a means, a means to happiness.

Morality is not an end in itself in spite of Kant's categorical imperative. Happiness is an end in itself, and I would agree with Kant that in order to be happy you have to be a moral being and live morally. But still, morality is not an end in itself; it remains a means. Very unlike the aesthetic which serves only itself and a kind of distanced satisfaction. The happiness it provides - aesthetic satisfaction or aesthetic felicity - is too distant. This distanced happiness is not the same as the supreme happiness that can be found only in life as lived.

Now, art converts everything specifiable, identifiable, into means and that includes morality. Just as morality is



M C Escher Waterfall

a means in lived life, so it's a means in art. But unlike almost everything else, morality is not a flexible means for art or in art. Literature shows that morality inside art won't lend itself with aesthetic profit to anything that makes it violate itself. A fiction celebrating cruelty will fail as art because it collapses aesthetic distance by offending too much in terms of life as lived. Art breaks out of its sphere when it uses something that too flagrantly violates morality without being subsequently corrected. Art simply can't afford to do that. There may be exceptions, but I don't know of them.

Now, the fact that morality is a means and that art or the aesthetic is an end, an ultimate value, again does not mean that morality, the instrumental value, stands lower in the hierarchy of values than the aesthetic. Not at all. Life as lived has the say and the final say. And it says that art is a value in itself, while it possess lesser value than morality as a means to value. Morality serves lived-life

and there's no higher court of appeal than lived-life. Sure, art is a part of life, it embellishes life and is one of the satisfactions of life, but it is still subordinate to other ends. Even though it is not a means or an instrument, it is subordinate.

Having put art in its place, I want to give that place its due. Once again, of art in its own place, all that can be asked is that it work. That it succeed. That it satisfy as art. It serves life as lived by serving itself, and when it serves itself satisfactorily, it stops all further demands or questions.

Then art has to observe certain limits like the one I pointed out with regard to morality, and maybe only that limit doesn't change this. Anyhow, it seems that it's literature alone that's had to observe this limit. Music and visual art and dance have been utterly unconstrained with respect to morality, or almost so. Try going into the moral sense or implications of a piece of music or a painting or a sculpture. There are pictures that dwell, in effect, on the sadism involved in the depiction of a martyrdom. There's Grönwald's Crucifixion, which seems to savor its gruesomeness. Yet when the art is good enough, the sadism is obliterated or, to use that damned word again, "transcended," and only the art is left. The

fact that conceptual meaning is absent may be the advantage of the "purity" of visual art, and of music, too, as against literature with its "impurity"; but I think that this kind of distinction can go too far. The fact is, that art of any kind, literature included, doesn't operate as a moral or any other kind of agent. It operates only for itself and only for what we can get from that self in abstraction, as it were, from whatever else. But again I have to be very careful in what I say. Culture is a civilizing force and art is part of culture, yes; but art does its civilizing, refines sensibility and expands sensibility, most effectively when it's itself and serves itself. When it does that, art is morally, politically, and socially indifferent.

Of course, this doesn't mean that art takes place in a vacuum. Art is influenced by everything, or almost everything, of course. Life is lived, crowds in, and fills art. Art has to feed off life that is lived. We are at a point where we have to do some abstracting again. The recognition of how indissoluble art is from life can be overdone. We have become able to appreciate art from all times and all places. That is, we've become able to overcome historical circumstances in experiencing art. Maybe artists can't do that in making art, but the



Hasselberg_Karl_Peter_Nude

beholder seems to be able to do that. That he's becoming increasingly able to do that in later years, is a subtopic all by itself. The catholicity of taste in the West is a unicorn. It's unique in history, far as I know, but let's leave that aside for the moment.

The further fact is that hypothetically, in principle, the artist can largely transcend or abstract himself from every historical circumstance except that of art itself. That is, he cannot separate himself from the tradition or course of the particular art he practices. This point is a little moot and I won't go into it further here.

At any rate, artists can, and have, and do, work in disregard more or less of all the larger events and circumstances and conditions of their time. The larger ones, mind you. In many cases they can, and have, and do, proceed in disregard of personal circumstances. This generalization is a very approximate one, and I'd like to return to it again more cautiously.

The artists and the beholder, too, put their lived lives into their dealings with art, and yet at the same time transcend their lived lives. As he transcends himself, the artist's art, good or bad, will be affected by something in the general circumstances of his time, but not necessarily or not evidently enough to make it useful to point that out. Although my point is not necessarily confined to the sophisticated artist, I'm saying that the ambitious, high artist will not be able to escape revealing where artistic tradition has gotten to in his own time. He won't even be able to do so when he tries to counterfeit art of the past. He usually gets found out. Forgeries, fakes, get discovered. Again, that's a generalization that fades with the ages. There are exceptions.

What I'm getting at, in a way I hope isn't so roundabout, is the fact that art and the history of art can be approached and discussed illuminatingly all by themselves, as though taking place in an area of experience that's autonomous, a place that doesn't have to be connected with any other area of experience in order to have sense made of it. What I've just said is the most radical expression I can think of what's called vulgarly "formalism." I want to go on to say that better sense can be made of art, justice can be done to the experience of art qua art, if it is dealt with as autonomous, as being abstracted from all political, social, economic, or religious or moral issues or factors. That is, if art, so to speak, is dealt with in a vacuum. I know, that is horrendous - we're not supposed to do that. All the while we realize, of course, that art doesn't take place in a vacuum. What I mean - here I'm using some more fashionable jargon - is that art qua art can best be dealt

with by being "bracketed off," as phenomenologists would say, in order to find out more about the experiencing and making of it. Actually we do bracket off the history and practice of science and medicine and engineering, and many other disciplines, in order to scrutinize them better. As we try to scrutinize them in



Opera by Ricard Urgell, 1922, Museu Nacional d'Art de Catalunya. (Wikimedia Commons)

themselves, we do a kind of phenomenological reduction.

Well, I do that kind of bracketing myself when as a critic I deal with art, and not only with recent art. When I started writing criticism I used to bring in at least the temper of the times, and I used to do a lot more interpreting than I do now. Years ago, I left off doing that. Practice and experience instructed me here. I found out that for myself it was too easy, and too deceptive, to interpret art in terms of factors other than art. It didn't cast enough light on either art or these other factors, except maybe incidentally. I found out I was usually saying things that any intelligent reader already knew. As, in saying that Matisse's Nice period reflected post-1918 hedonism of France and of Western Europe. Now and then I had to ask myself why pre-1914 art didn't reflect even greater hedonism of the Belle Époque of the 1900's. Then I said, "Well..."; then I'd get into something that had to do with art only very indirectly. I found out that this business of investigating how art reflected the temper of its times didn't help so much - even when other people did it.

I think I've made certain points in too extreme a way in order to emphasize them, and I want to qualify some of what I've just said. Assessing the temper of the times,

our times or any times of the past, is an interesting topic all by itself; and it can be a fruitful one all by itself. Sometimes art is part of the evidence or the temper of the times. But art can also be tricky evidence of the temper of the times ...it often comes down to saying post hoc propter hoc. If something happened after this, then it was caused by this; or if something happened at the same time as this, it had necessarily to do with this. That was part of the facility with which art historical interpretation could be practiced. One example for me is the case of Abstract Expressionism. Is Abstract Expressionism evidence of the temper of post-war America? I'd say not, not as I experienced this country after the war. No, I'd say that Abstract Expressionism reflected the temper of the times in the 30's when all the artists concerned were younger. Then I began to surmise, well, maybe that is how life as lived in general affects art and religion and so forth. It's what happened to you in your youth. That's been said before, but without

furnishing enough evidence.

I come back to morality. Moral statements are sometimes there and sometimes not there in the best art of the past. All the same, I repeat: asking art to serve a moral, or any other end except aesthetic quality, is to make an illegitimate demand on art. The experience of art, the reported experience of art, the experience of art that's been acted on, the experience of art with its satisfactions and dissatisfactions, shows that.

Clement Greenberg,

Transcript of a talk given October, 1980 at the Moral Philosophy and Art Symposium, Sponsored by Virginia Tech and the National Endowment for the Humanities, Mountain Lake, Virginia

See page 20 for Jane Allen Addams critique on the thoughts of Greenberg

Does digital technology help us appreciate art?

GILLIAN TETT

Growing up in 1980s Britain, going to an art museum was a predictable affair: there would be pictures on the wall, a dull booklet and a hushed silence broken only, if you were lucky, by a tour guide.

Last weekend, I went to see a new exhibition on the court of Versailles at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. It had the expected dazzling objects and art, including Josef Hauzinger's famous portrait of Marie Antoinette.

But there were also headsets available, offering a "binaural" experience that plunges you into the sounds that somebody in 18th-century Versailles might have experienced - footsteps crunching on gravel streets, era-appropriate music or background chatter - while you look at the art.

This is presented in a seemingly "real-life", three-dimensional way, interlaced with actual comments from 18th-century visitors to Versailles, taken from historical accounts. The voices cheerfully gossip about everything from the king's mistress, Madame du Barry, to Marie Antoinette's parties, in a bid to make the artefacts feel more "real". The acoustics were recorded in a stately

home and the result feels powerful, "real" - and spookily convincing. "It's the first of its kind at the Met," says Nina Diamond, a producer in its digital department.

"We wanted to create an audio experience that brings live the accounts of 17th- and 18th-century visitors to Versailles. Dramatising them in immersive 3D soundscapes gives listeners the visceral feeling that they're eavesdropping in the palace." (A similar binaural audio experience is offered by Historic Royal Palaces in the UK.) Is this a helpful direction for art to take? It is a debate that will become increasingly heated in the coming years, as museums scramble to attract more customers and digital disruption reshapes how we define education and entertainment in the wider world.

Museums have long offered performance innovations to give their exhibits more power; think, for example, of son et lumière displays at historic buildings. Most museums already use computer displays to provide information about exhibits, sometimes in an interactive form. Some are also putting their displays online, so that they can be viewed remotely around the world. A few are even experimenting with virtual reality. Google has

partnered with several museums to offer remote viewers 3D images of galleries, including the Dulwich Picture Gallery in London.

But these technologies present challenges. You cannot use a VR headset while also looking at art. So some museums are contemplating offering an augmented-reality experience (in the form of glasses that present overlaid information about what you look at). The binaural experience presents another way to “look” at art in an augmented way – through your ears. It sounds exciting to some people. But it also raises some philosophical issues.

Given that we spend so much of our time in cyberspace, with “fake” images, do we risk undermining the power of “real” art if we look at it with digital devices? Will we lose sight of the original art and its value? After all, the works were generally created to be viewed by the naked eye, not via a smartphone. Does the introduction of digital technology enhance our appreciation of art, or is it just an expensive distraction?

Views vary. The organisers of the Met exhibition have noticed that most children do not react to the “immersive” audio headphones at all, since they are entirely used to augmenting reality with digital devices; for them, the boundaries of cyberspace and real space are blurred every day.

Older visitors apparently display more unease. I can understand why: when I first put on my headset I was so amazed by how “real” the sound effects seemed that I found it hard to concentrate on the paintings. But the brain is an astonishing thing: by the time I was halfway through the exhibition – and looking at a section describing how the French court was left deliberately open to the viewing public, like an early reality TV show – I had become used to those sounds. Moreover, my mind was soaking up the historical lessons with more



*Binaural-audio experience.
Versailles at the Metropolitan Museum of Art*

attention than usual. And when I finally took off the headphones at the end of the visit, I discovered – to my surprise – that it suddenly seemed boring to look at the works of art without the simulation of background noise. In “real” life, the museum now felt oddly quiet by comparison.

Maybe this is just a sign of how quickly we become addicted to digital devices. Or maybe we are all just constantly searching for new thrills. On the other hand, perhaps it is time to rethink the assumption that art should only be consumed in reverential silence. After all, those 18th-century objects from Versailles at the Met have already been taken out of their original context. In that sense, an exhibition is just as “artificial” as anything that might be seen on a screen. Perhaps the real power of cyber technology in the art world is that it challenges our cultural frameworks afresh.

gillian.tett@ft.com; @gilliantett

First published in the FT Weekend Magazine 9th June 2018. Copyright Financial Times Ltd. Reprinted with kind permission.

Derek Guthrie will have an exhibition in Cornwall in May



Gary Taylor Frame Shop 'Archival Everything'
Full Service Framing
20% Artist Discount
1785 Columbia Road NW,
Washington DC 20009
gtframe@aol.com
Phone: 202 483 5853
Fax: 202 83 9512

John Bedding Interview 22nd June 2018 St Ives, with Derek Guthrie.

Throughout this interview we were happily regaled by seagulls calling across the garden.

DG: Well, as you know John, I lived in St Ives in the old days. Over the years I've visited and I kept a low profile but the one thing that stuck in my consciousness as I often visited, is your shop by the Sloop; for one simple reason, it maintained excellent taste. I felt there was a very creative spirit there. As we all know St Ives has absolutely declined from the glory days. I'm very curious, how have you managed to maintain the quality that you did in your shop? With most people it would have gone by the board by now.

JB: I think it's because I'm a maker and a potter and I understand good pots.

DG: ...Yes you do.

JB: and I'm not really a gallery owner. It was almost accidental how it came about. My reason for buying and selling isn't about making a profit, it's about displaying.

DG: So you're a craftsman/artist/collector?

JB: Yes. Well in fact, instead of having to collect pots and finding a place for them in my house, and you never can they always end up in the attic, I found I could go out and buy pots that I liked, meet the craftsmen, and then sell them on and not have to hold onto them and store them. So, I was collecting and getting all the enjoyment of collecting without all the down side of it.

DG: In today's art world, which is international, very high-powered, and only millionaires seem to play if you watch the news about the auctions...

JB: ... the auctions have gone crazy.

DG: Yes, but the point is it is 'casino capitalism' which is a trendy phrase. I get the feeling the object doesn't mean anything anymore or it is just a calculation on



the basis of fashion and this produces the dilemma we are in today, which is pretty tough.

JB: Are you saying that we are forgetting about the artistry and just looking at the bottom line and what will come into fashion?

DG: That is what I am saying.

JB: I know that I get asked, quite often, who shall I buy? Who will make me money in the future?

DG: Well, I won't ask you that but I will ask you who's interesting? (They both laugh) Obviously Leach was a very important part of your life, so let's talk about that because I knew Leach a bit in the old days. I was too young to really understand him but I realised later that he was a profound thinker. And I have always loved his pots. His pots work for me. So, that embedded my taste. When did you first go to the Leach pottery?

JB: 1968.

DG: And how long did you stay there?

JB: Well, there was a two-year apprenticeship, 'student apprentice' they called it. So, I stayed there two years and then I went to France to study under John Tessier for a year. I came back one Christmas and I went back to see Janet, and she asked me if I wanted to join the Leach staff. Which I just jumped at. I'd loved my two years there and I knew I still had a lot to learn. So I joined the Leach staff, and I was there for another six years until 1978.

DG: So you were at the Leach pottery for six years.

JB: Leach staff, yes.

DG: When did Bernard die?

JB: He died while I was in Japan in 1979.

DG: How long were you in Japan?

JB: I was in Japan for a year. I worked in an old pottery area called Tamba which is called Tachikui Ware. The eldest son came to the Leach pottery in 1970 and stayed for about 3½ years.

DG: Who was that?

JB: Shigeyoshi Ichino. We got to be friends and I asked him when he left if I could come and work in his pottery. He was going back to take over the pottery because his father was getting too old, but he said it will be too complicated. So a few years later he came back to England and I asked him again. With Janet and Bernard's approval I went.

DG: Why did you need their approval?

JB: I didn't really need their approval but I was supposed to come back and work again at the Leach pottery. Also they helped me try to get some funding – which never happened.

DG: So obviously Leach is a giant in a way, because he did so much and there are very few people that have the influence that Leach has had.

JB: Definitely in pottery yes. He was the father of studio pottery, really.



Tall rectangular vase with kimono decoration.

DG: I have often said that Leach to the craft world is like Picasso to the painting world.

JB: In influence yes. He has a lot of critics because I think really, he was dogmatic about how he saw things and wanted things, but by being like that he was able to create what he did create.

DG: How do you think we could sum up his contribution?

JB: Well one of his main contributions was that he trained potters. He trained, probably, over a hundred potters to a high standard in workshop practices. Those hundred potters went out, because they were international; they came from America, Australia, South Africa – and they went back to their countries and spread the word. So, it was like a domino effect of what was a good standard in ceramics.

DG: How would you characterize the essence of Leach in terms of what he taught and what he emphasized? How can we think about Leach's values?

JB: He got his values from the East and the East had been making ceramics for thousands of years without a break. And high-temperature ceramics. The tradition in English ceramics was medieval which was all earthenware. So, he brought to England the ethics of the East but he was also an artist, as you know a graphic artist and a printmaker and a really skillful craftsman. He turned his talents into a really dynamic decorator of pots. He was the only person I know who could really look at a pot and know how to decorate it. You get Hamada, who had that skill of knowing how to decorate a pot, but he focused on just a few techniques. Whereas Bernard was always looking at how to translate the life around him, birds, the countryside, the cliffs – into decoration for pots. Now, some potters do that but they just paint on pots, whereas Bernard translated that imagery into design; really intricate fantastic designs and showed the skill with his hands of putting them onto a pot.

DG: What's the difference between design and drawing on a pot?

JB: I suppose it's the difference between abstract work and reality work, looking at something and just copying it. Whereas to design, you have to characterize something.

DG: I've always had a problem with the word design because I think of it as subsequent to machinery in the 20th century. If somebody talks about an Old Master for example Michelangelo, if they said he was a good designer that slightly worries me. That's my problem with the word design but I do appreciate that Leach, in terms of an artist, brought something from the art world to the ceramic world that was not there before.

JB: Exactly

DG: He did talk about medieval English potters and he had a great respect for them and he absorbed the fact that in a way they were also very graphic, in a way that he was graphic.

JB: Some of the Japanese respect his earthenware which he took from medieval pottery. They consider that, some of his best work, which is quite interesting really.

DG: Probably they saw it as being pure. So, this leads on to another very interesting topic, which is the craft / art

debate. We all know that it's been around for years and we all know it's not resolved. But it's an accident of history, an accident of Western history that somewhere down the line the word craft got into the vocabulary as opposed to art. Given your knowledge of Japan, would I be right in assuming that inside Japanese sensibility, they don't quite distinguish between craft and art in the same way as the Westerners do?

JB: No they don't. It's all one.

DG: It's all one. Fine. So, if I think of a Tea bowl I'm not going to categories that from my little knowledge of Japanese culture, because it obviously fits both prerogatives.

JB: Tea bowls are difficult to understand.

DG: Yes, they are very difficult to understand that they are neither craft nor art, they are both. So that consciousness in a way must have permeated into Bernard Leach.

JB: I never had the debate with Bernard about craft/art.



Flask with flying bird 2017



Leach Pottery 1969 Bill Marshall, Shigeoshi Ichino, John Bedding

DG: You never did? But he talked about it all the time.

JB: He did. He had an inner struggle with it really.

DG: What was the inner struggle?

JB: Well, he knew to survive he had to exhibit in art galleries and had to have high prices on his pots. Whereas, his philosophy from Japan was about pots for the people, and the anonymous craftsman. Pots just sort of growing rather than being studied.

DG: Therefore if you can be logical, you should have high prices on pots?

JB: Of course yes, but you wouldn't survive.

DG: That is the problem of survival. A potter today if he embraces that philosophy, probably isn't going to be able to survive.

JB: He won't know. That's why they disappeared in the first place.

DG: So it was a hopeless ideal given the nature of our capitalist society. But it's not a hopeless ideal in the nature of Japanese society?

JB: No, because they look at objects and they pick out the exquisite. And they are quite willing to pay huge prices.

DG: Because they can make up their minds about what is exquisite, I don't think we can in the West.

JB: No we have to have our minds made up for us.

DG: Right. Well let's just conclude this. Can you just talk about the nature of the opposition to Leach? Why is there a whole school of anti-Leach?

JB: I think it's a natural thing in the art world and many worlds, seeing someone that has a lot of influence especially if you want influence; to knock the person who has the influence. Leach had a huge influence while he was alive. Then you get the places like the

Royal School of Art, the Royal College who promote pots as art. They are specifically made as art objects. They are not trying to make objects to be used they are specifically made for the art world. They saw Leach, his colours were a bit subdued, his pots were too restrictive because they were pots.

DG: I think they were called round and brown?

JB: Yes, exactly. And it went against their whole sort of philosophy, so they just wanted to get rid of his influence and impose their influence.

DG: If you have an avant-garde culture, which assumes there is a particular form for a particular time, which is dialectical materialism in a way. That culture is unique in its time and therefore there has to be a form that matches that. This is why we have the "isms" of modern art. And it's got progressively worse since the avant-garde was Americanized. Inside the Leach tradition in theory, you can have something traditional that is sensitive to the time and can be both traditional and alert to the contemporary world?

JB: Yes, but it's a clever trick to do. It is not an easy ask.

DG: May we perhaps talk about St Ives a little bit. I remember the story about two Japanese guys who came to St Ives assumed there would be a Leach pot on exhibit but couldn't find one. The local media got hold of this. By this time there was the St Ives Tate but I think you have something to say about this because the Tate originally said there was always going to be Leach pots on display?

JB: Yes they did. The Tate came to the town to represent the artists of the 50s, the Modernists. And they included Bernard Leach in their group. The first director Mike Tooby said if you're going to exhibit the Modernists you have to exhibit Bernard Leach. They had a specific cabinet built for Leach pots not just Leach but also his contemporaries which is the circular showcase. When Mike Tooby left Susan Daniel McElroy who had no understanding of pottery and didn't like it took over and decided it was no longer going to be in the place.

DG: So that tradition became defunct?

JB: Became defunct? Well they seem to warm to the idea of having a few pots in there nowadays

DG: So it's reversing a bit?

JB: Yes it is slowly reversing

DG: It strikes me that Tooby in the early days of the Tate was more alert in a number of ways. This is only one way in which he was more alert and that kind of disappeared as successive directors appeared, would you agree?

JB: I think Tooby adhered to the original brief for the Tate more than the others

DG: And of course the original brief was in part organised by Alan Burness.

JB: Yes, I suppose.

DG: Well he was the director of the Tate and the son-in-law of Hepworth and Nicholson.

JB: Yes.

DG: I think we can leave it there.



Bernard Leach

An Eclipsed Art Critic Shines Anew



SUMMARY: *The quintessential art critic of the 1940s was Clement Greenberg, but in later years his dogmatism came under fire. Two volumes of his finest essays, "Perceptions and Judgments, 1939-1944" and "Arrogant Purpose, 1945-1949," edited by John O'Brian (University of Chicago Press, \$27.50 each), should help to restore his reputation.*

Invigorating is the best way to describe the early writings of the immensely powerful New York intellectual and art critic Clement Greenberg. An early champion of the abstract expressionists (in 1947 he was ridiculed by Time magazine for calling Jackson Pollock "the most powerful painter in America"), Greenberg was uncannily prescient in his judgments.

Moreover, he brought to American art criticism a seriousness and depth of analysis that had been notably lacking. As art critic for The Nation from 1942 to 1947 and as contributing editor to Partisan Review during the '40s, he wrote some of the most cogent and influential essays on art ever written in the United States.

Since 1970, however, Greenberg has been under attack by artists and critics who found his later prescriptions for American modernism too narrow and constrictive.

John O'Brian's twin volumes — "Perceptions and Judgments, 1939-1944" and "Arrogant Purpose, 1945-1949" — should do much to restore the critic's reputation. The muscularity of his prose, the headlong acceleration of his thought, the acuteness of his perceptions are exhilarating indeed.

In part, Greenberg's criticism is so good because he

conceived of the critic's role in its largest sense. At one point he quotes Matthew Arnold: "To ascertain the master current in the literature of the epoch and to distinguish this from all minor currents, is one of the critic's highest functions."

Greenberg went further. A Trotskyite Marxist in the 1930s, he maintained a Marxist view of history as an unfolding dialectic, even after he was thoroughly disillusioned with Soviet communism. He constantly tested the art he saw against the full sweep of history and chastised it if, in his view, it was unworthy of that challenge.

For him art values were not innate. He did not believe in the existence of a universally recognizable "significant form" suggested by the English critic Roger Fry. Rather, he felt that each epoch had to develop its own appropriate forms.

However, Greenberg saw 20th century Western art as being afflicted by its socioeconomic environment — interpreted by the critic as the agonizing last throes of capitalism. He outlined this theory in his first long critical essay, "Avant-Garde and Kitsch" Written for Partisan Review in 1939, when he was 30, this is the critic's key work — a brilliant and astonishingly mature manifesto that provided a sturdy theoretical framework for his writings over the next decade.

The avant-garde, he explains, exists to keep "culture moving in the midst of ideological confusion and violence." The reason why the avant-garde turned to the abstract in the early 20th century was to find a fixed

point of reference, an "absolute" that could stand up against the political, social and economic storms afflicting West European society.

This "absolute" Greenberg found in the artists' study of their own media. "Picasso, Braque, Mondrian, Miro, Kandinsky, Brancusi, even Klee, Matisse and Cezanne derive their chief inspiration from the medium they work in," he wrote. "The excitement of their art seems to lie most of all in its pure preoccupation with the invention and arrangement of spaces, surfaces, shapes, color, etc., to the exclusion of whatever is not necessarily implicated in these factors."

While the idea that artists had to withdraw from 19th century bourgeois society in order to preserve their creativity had been stated before, Greenberg brought to the equation two new ideas — first, that culture has its own momentum, dialectically unfolding in a separate if parallel motion to that of society; second, that art's exploration of its own means exerts a kind of ethical-aesthetic check on art's natural tendency to become impure.

This picture of an alienated and mobile but strongly cohesive and regulated culture was reinforced by Greenberg's own background. His parents came from the Lithuanian Jewish cultural enclave in northeastern Poland, and he spoke Yiddish as soon as he did English. In more than a few of these essays, he speaks directly about the Jewish experience.

One of the most revealing is an outraged review of Peggy Guggenheim's 1946 art world memoir, "Out of This Century." Writing for Commentary under the pseudonym "Hardesh" (Yiddish for Greenberg), he asks: "Is this how naked and helpless we Jews become once we abandon our 'system' completely and surrender ourselves to a world so utterly Gentile in its lack of prescriptions and prohibitions as Bohemia really is?"

At the same time he was immensely proud of his heritage. In an attack on Arthur Koestler he writes, "It is possible that by 'world-historical' standards the European Jew represents a higher type of human being than any yet achieved in history. I do not say that it is so, but I say

While the drama of Greenberg's criticism lies in its unstoppable momentum, he also is extremely acute in his description of what goes on between the work of art and the artist and between the work of art and the spectator.



Waterfall by Gorky 1943., whom the critic praised, chided like a parent (Tate Images)

it is possible, that there is much to argue for its possibility."

To a large extent Greenberg projected his powerful feelings about Jewish alienation and culture onto the culture of the avant-garde he found in New York.

However, as a dialectical materialist he was also careful always to test feeling and theory against facts. More than once in these essays, he insists that the high quality of the abstract paintings and sculpture he saw around him persuaded him of the justness of his theory, not the other way around.

"Art, which succeeds in being good only when it incorporates the truth about feeling, can now tell the truth about feeling only by turning to the abstract," he wrote. "I do not say this out of dogmatism — art cannot be prescribed to — but only because the incidence of good art has become so much greater in the area of the abstract than elsewhere."

Indeed, in these early essays there is little of the dogmatism that marred Greenberg's later writing. Rather, the reader is infected with his sense of a great adventure.

Before his very eyes, American artists were seizing the leadership of the avant-garde from Paris, were producing better and more challenging art in spite of dire poverty and neglect. In review after review, he exults (always

judiciously) in the growing powers of Pollock, painter Arshile Gorky and sculptor David Smith, sometimes chiding them but always cheering them on like a fond but strict parent.

While the drama of Greenberg's criticism lies in its unstoppable momentum, he also is extremely acute in his description of what goes on between the work of art and the artist and between the work of art and the spectator.

Particularly felicitous, for example, is his discussion of the shortcomings of the paintings of Georges Rouault. His "histrionic impatience, the anxiety to express, makes him try to rape the medium and anticipate the spectator's emotions by presenting a fait accompli before the fact — there the spectator's emotion is in the picture before he has had time to feel it. He gets a portrait of the way he ought to feel. And so many of us feel guilty about emotional impotence that we hurry to assent."



*Pollock no 3 1949 'Tiger',
Greenberg was his early champion*

Unhappily, Greenberg must bear a large share of the blame for his own eclipse. As he became more powerful, he rejected this kind of sensitive analysis in favor of simple assertions. In fact, during the 1950s and '60s, he was moved by his own rhetoric past the point of dogmatism to self-indulgence.

Many of the essays (including the one on Rouault) were heavily rewritten for his well-known 1961 book, "Art and Culture: Critical Essays" — and not for the better. In the later version, the passage quoted on Rouault reads: "I myself must confess a real distaste for the artistic personality I discern in his pictures and I must also confess that I tend to suspect the unconscious motives of those who praise him."

The value of criticism rests as much in the critic's process of thought as in his final judgments. The rewritten essays are pompous because the reader is denied the benefit of the conscientious self-questioning that was so intrinsic a part of Greenberg's original critical method.

There is another, deeper reason for the decline of Greenberg as an effective critic. He became so caught up with his own theories that he overstepped the limits of the critic and tried to prescribe to art. One sees him veering down this dangerous road in the final essay of this collection, "Our Period Style" (1949). After an attempt to define the "period style" of his contemporaries, he suggests that "rationalization" is the appropriate style for an industrial culture — "a vision of that complete and positive rationality which seems to me the only remedy for our present confusions." In these words are the seeds of "minimalism," that monkish aesthetic so decisively overthrown by the present generation.

Greenberg got caught in a political trap of his own making. He tried to dream up a working-class art that conformed to his ideals: rational, efficient, with an almost transcendent work ethic. Pop Art, which was truly working-class in its origins, caught him completely off base. Of course, he hated it, but that story lies outside this review.

There is much more of value in these essays than appears above. No critic today enjoys even half the respect and influence that Greenberg had in his prime. This is not because there is now too much art or even because there is too much bad art, but because no writer today has half Greenberg's ability to make great contemporary art seem so urgently necessary to contemporary life.

Jane Addams Allen

By kind permission of the Washington Times

To the 750,000 Readers of MOMUS

I offered Momus editor Sky Goodden first crack at running this critique of her own journal. My argument was that she'd raise MOMUS above the fray by enabling an uncomfortable discussion of the vulnerability of art magazines.

My concern was that Momus magazine promotes itself as a return to art criticism, prompting two questions; what kind and how good? Momus replies their scribes are risk-takers, art historians, popular voices, and truth-seekers.

Perhaps Momus got these outlandish notions from envy at reading my own articles; looks to me like their wordsmiths regurgitate irrelevant jargon in exchange for a writer's feedback. Robert Storr seems more realistic when he writes of "a class of critics and artists, a class that lost all sight of the reader and created a cult of difficulty based on jargon - the words used like pieces in an erector set to reference their own theories to other theories rather than to works of art."

How can you have criticism when you must placate galleries whose ads help pay your bills and establish your credibility; how can you point out insider-trading or flawed curatorial choices when that curator's approval is so necessary to your own status? Momus overcomes these hurdles by attending global conferences where magazine editors award each other certificates of significant achievement, thus justifying their existence to the folks back home and the juries that award them government support.

The concentration of power at the top of large-scale societies gives the elite a vested interest in the status quo; they continue to prosper in darkening times long after the environment and general populace begin to suffer.**

Momus is no worse than the best. I started reading Artforum when I was 15 and regularly flipped its pages in disbelief at how irrelevant. Art magazines may busy themselves with superficial topics written in a complex academic language while ignoring the underlying conflict of their own participation. That includes tailoring their outlook to please their client, which means they become shells for the editor's expectation of who their readers are. Canadian Art Magazine, for example, is playing coy at being politically correct. One article spoke of an art gallery and after-hours speakeasy, a place that was important to the community because POC youth felt welcome. I myself was surprised why the police would close an art gallery and unlicensed after-hours club that sold liquor to underage youth. Surely it



must be a class war against the poor? Canadian Art Magazine tries for the moral high ground but if one fibs to get there it tarnishes one's halo.

Derrida's method of deconstruction was to look past the irony and ambiguity to the layer that genuinely threatens to collapse that system. He would have loved the notion that to be successful today an artist must be an insider. It follows that where there's a territory there must be an orthodoxy that subverts the avant-garde; you can't lead the pack when you follow. Most fine arts producers graduate from similar schools and share the same values, which are reflected in their association, production, and systems created thereby

Just like the medieval Catholic church, contemporary art tolerates no dissent, not because it is sure of itself but from uncertainty. When top curators say no one knows what art is anymore they become vulnerable for letting things get that bad. They must then defend a practice they do not understand while suppressing dissent.

As newspapers were the organ of the Russian Worker's Soviet, some art magazines seem like the voice of an academic curatorial system. As if they try distract the reader with superficial articles in a dense language certified as professional and scholarly, the better to intimidate us into acquiescence.

Miklos Legrady, Toronto Editor

**1-Ronald Wright, A Short History of Progress, p109, CBC Massey Lectures.*

Remembering the Futurists

The title of this massive exhibition at the Fondazione Prada in Milan refers to Tommaso Marinetti's visual poem, founder of the Futurist movement in the 20s. However, it would not be correct to define it only as an exhibition on futurism because it is much more complex; it took over two years for the curator, Germano Celant, to prepare the exhibition. It is a historical reconstruction of the complex relationships between the reigning political and economic power and the artists of that time.



Boccioni

Starting from the assumption that art does not exist in the abstract but is formed in a given historical context, the works (more than 600, including paintings, sculptures, drawings, photographs, posters, furnishings, projects and architectural models, made by over 100 authors) are presented in the environment in which they were exhibited: artists' studios, private collections, major Biennial, Triennial, Quadrennial Fascist regime exhibitions, or art galleries, these historical photos found in archives, museums, libraries, and the partial reconstruction of the original exhibition spaces, bear witness to this past.

The aim, says the curator, is to contrast the simple viewing of the works exhibited in the white and anonymous spaces of the galleries and museums and to present them in their historical communication context. The years between 1918 and 1943 are marked in Italy by the crisis of the liberal state, by the advent of Fascism and its fall, by a world war. The artists, in large part,

adhere to the Fascist regime, some passively, others with total conviction; few oppose the dictatorship and suffer imprisonment and confinement. The end of Nazi-fascism reveals the true face of the war and its atrocities.

In the darkest years of Italian history, despite the rigidity and conformism of the regime, movements that animate the artistic scene are born, such as Futurism, Novecento, the so-called Scuola romana, the Abstractionists and Corrente, among the most important, in which the avant-garde and return to order, experimentation and realism, intimism and propaganda coexist.

On display visitors can admire masterpieces by Boccioni, Balla, Depero, Casorati, Sironi, Morandi, De Chirico, sculptures by Martini and Wildt, models of the rationalist architecture of Portaluppi, Terragni and the visionary projects of Sant'Elia. From the futuristic exaltation of the values of speed, of the revolution and of the armed conflict, decades later we are able to condemn the war and the massacres it generated.

Two exemplary works are "Dynamism of a Soccer Player" by Umberto Boccioni (1913), and "Crucifixion" by Renato Guttuso (1941). Not even thirty years have passed but the world has changed.

The first painting is the work of one of the masters of Futurism, one of the most remarkable examples of his style, plastic dynamism. The artist does not only model the body of the athlete, but also the environment around him (the air, the light, the ground ...), which the player crosses in his movement in an explosion of energy. Strength, challenge and youth are among the leitmotifs of the Futurist movement.

In the work of Guttuso there are other dominant values: human suffering is expressed not only by the crucified Christ, but also by the sorrowful humanity that surrounds it. The work caused a scandal due to the nudes of Mary Magdalene and the Roman soldiers, depicted on horseback as a reference to Picasso's "Guernica". The painter pointed out that nudity represented the timelessness of his work, which referred to all the "crucifixions" caused by wars. The vitality and adherence of Futurism to the war have disappeared in front of a reality of mourning and suffering.

From the proclamations of Post Zang Tumb Tuuum to the silence of pain.

Liviana Martin, Italian Editor

POST ZANG TUMB TUUUM . Art life politics: Italy 1918- 1943 18 February – 25 June 2018

The Editors Discuss David Wojnarowicz

Daniel/Derek,
I'd like to write about the Whitney's current David Wojnarowicz exhibition.

Here's the idea. EVERYONE is writing about it with non-objective, cloying praise.

No critic has a bad word to say about it.
When I went, I was hugely disappointed. Not in the work (which I love and wrote about) but in the show itself.

This would be a chance to say why the Whitney's show is bereft and uninspiring. The politics and so on.

Maybe it was all the frenzied hype, or perhaps one (surprisingly compact) exhibition isn't enough to convey all the vehemence and spirit that fueled him. It may even be the slippage of seeing so much of his work so cleanly packaged in the kind of institution he railed against for its prejudices

This would be a great way for NEA to go against the grain of what is entirely bullshit praise surrounding this show.

BUT it would have to go up on the website before print publication to be relevant. I could have it completed in a couple of weeks.

If you agree, I'll get started. I am really thrilled to think about this. Hope you agree. *Darren*

.....
Darren, I am never adverse to helping my writers but as we withheld it because Derek thought it would go well as a lead article, I will have to ask him what he wants me to do. If we publish it online then we won't subsequently have a good enough reason to publish it in the printed version which does not yet have as wide a following as the website. *Daniel*

.....
Daniel.... let me look at his stuff and I will tell you a little later....*Al*

.....
There should be a lot of interest in the proposed essay, because "everybody" is writing about the show. Wojnarowicz, unfortunately, isn't that good an artist. But then, that is a significant part of why "everybody" is interested. *John*

.....
Daniel, I think this writer has an ax to grind and wants to use the exposure of NAE for his reputation. *Annie*

.....
I think Wojnarowicz is not that good an artist.

We could certainly find something more in line with NAE's purpose. This proposal sounds like it's steering off NAE course of standards. The proposal sounds patronising and pushy. *Annie*

.....
"I think Wojnarowicz is not that good an artist," that really is the problem, in a nutshell. *John*

.....
Daniel.... he will have to tell you why he is being hailed and why he is very weak.... can he do it?....*Al*

.....
Hello Darren, I am seeing Derek tomorrow. Is this artist really any good? Isn't this all about a dead martyr they can make money from? (my questions only) *Daniel*

.....
An interesting and blunt question Daniel!!!! Haha... almost nobody would dare say such a thing....and yet...it is a great question...almost exactly what I want to talk about in the article.

I would say that because of his openness about his life, about HIV/AIDS, his RAAAAGE at the "killing machine called America" as he put it, because his fury and desperation fueled his art and because he was a fearless warrior against politicians and health officials who denigrated people with AIDS and gays....that he is perhaps NOT a GREAT artist, but arguably, one of the most IMPORTANT artist of the last 100 years....

His contributions were NOT because he advanced the evolution of painting, or used every day images as high art, or challenged what can be considered art. all safe discourse within the art world's gilded shell....but because he allowed his own BRUTAL life experience to be conveyed through his art, because he used it to speak to the world outside of art, to attack and challenge in the real world....and the exhibition at the Whitney - besides its curatorial problems, cramped, underwhelming and tripping over itself to be inclusive - shows up what rare artist that is, in comparison to today's miserable, social media savvy, NON-risk taking sheep! Who do NOTHING or risk NOTHING that might hamper their network or opportunities.....

And there is so much need for an artist of Wojnarowicz's courage SIGHHHHHHHH lol....I love art!. *Darren*

.....
1, I think it will get a lot of readers and agreement, especially with the statement I highlighted below. I am not "against" commenting on this show but point out

Ireland

Eva Biennial - Artists' Referendum on Resistance

Summary: Guerrero created an important invitation to a long, ongoing conversation through orchestrating key voices from many different perspectives. This was not about art market viability, but rather a testimony to the power of collective voices.



*Isabel Nolan Series
(Photo Deirdre Power)*

Juxtapositions of decadence and abjection, survival and compassion, are created with clever consideration in each venue of the Eva International Biennial 2018. Held across Limerick, along with a satellite exhibition at the IMMA in Dublin,

it features both historical and contemporary artists, to create a challenging narrative addressing issues of power with uncanny, yet relevant, allusions to current issues. This year, Eva coincides with a historical decision for Ireland regarding whether or not to repeal the 8th Amendment of their constitution which criminalized abortion. This referendum (and the final vote choosing to repeal on May 25) highlighted the predominant desire within Ireland to be self-governing for its people, and collectively as a progressive democratic state.

Invited curator, Columbian-born Inti Guerrero, places Irish artist Sean Keating's painting *Night's Candles Are Burnt Out* (1927) and its depiction of a hydroelectric dam built on the Shannon river marking the rise of modernism and new industry in Western Ireland, as the initial talking point of the exhibition. The constellation of works radiating out from a humble handful of Keating's additional paintings in the Limerick City Gallery of Art, explore the meeting points of people and industry, whether in collaboration or resistance.

Various representations of chandeliers by Lee Bul (South Korea), Gonzalo Fuenmayor (Columbia), Steven Cohen (South Africa/France) and Isabel Nolan (Ireland) were positioned together to illustrate the unhealthy

marriage of wealth and destruction, or the pollution of something beautiful. Bul's sculptural chandelier emphasized its excessive elements of crystalline glitter and light contrasted with the stripping of Nolan's interpretation of the uselessness of excess within the metal skeletal chandelier-shaped structure, ironically titled *Radiance* (2017).

Cohen's video of a drag performer in chandelier tutu and six-inch heels, dancing against the backdrop of the destruction of a shanty-town in Johannesburg was reminiscent of Cuban artist, Felix Gonzalez-Torres' installations, Finding strength in degradation during the AIDS crisis of the '90s as seen in his *Untitled (Curtains)* 1995; glittering opulence in the face of nothingness.

Fuenmayor's photograph of a crystal chandelier bolstered by a large bunch of bananas was a parallel nod to colonialism built on the exploitation of a land and its people.

Similar groupings brought together works related to the Holocaust victims of Poland in WWII (Jenna Tas - Netherlands), with satirical political paintings depicting the Troubles of Northern Ireland in the last century (Rita Duffy, N. Ireland), leading into a particularly haunting video and sound piece, *11'09"01 September 11, (2002)* by Alejandro González Iñárritu (Mexico/USA), consisting of cut-up recordings from short films made in response to the 9/11 attacks in New York, with brief flashes of amateur video of bodies falling from the World Trade towers.

Much like the discussions of the 8th amendment in rallies and in community halls happening throughout Ireland, the works selected for the exhibition highlighted the role and power of the individual against the ambiguous complexities of the State. I visited the Biennial the day after the repeal of the amendment. Perhaps this is why I responded to the optimism within these works, dealing with the cycles of oppression and resistance which do, occasionally, produce the betterment of human rights and social justice in spite of the systems designed to suppress and repress.

Lisa Newman

what Annie said, Darren wants to use the NAE. He does write ordinary reviews for the likes of Artforum and I would guess he knows Artforum would not publish such a negative take on something everyone loves, especially the gallery and museum systems. I think the NAE needs to be careful not to be defined primarily as a source of negativity because once that happens, well deserved negativity will be dismissed as "there they go again".

But it does not change the fact Wojnarowicz is the profitable dead martyr you say. Myself I don't see how one can be "one of the most important artists (sic) of the last 100 years" and not a great artist. Heck, Wojnarowicz does not remotely approach the cultural effects of Duchamp whose art was plenty OK at the beginning, but not good enough so he migrated into wit and other stuff presented as art, to finally have his say. And his say was broad, unfettered by politics, ethics, and social analysis so it escaped preachy-ness. Miklos Legrady did the gold standard analysis of that phenomenon as far as I am concerned, and in doing so, did the NAE proud. And offered admirers of Duchamp a rational path to explain why they like whatever it was he did, by liberating D from the "great artist" nonsense.

But Wojnarowicz is as preachy as they come, a diminishment of the Dada tradition, not an advancement. I have a natural affinity for Dada, maybe because I am a congenital skeptic, and I don't like it when Dada is put in servitude to ethics, even if I agree with the ethics. In short, Wojnarowicz did propaganda "art" and yes it is passionate, like most propaganda art. The art scene does not see it a propaganda because it is the propaganda they love.

2. "underwhelming" needs first to be considered as a characteristic of the work, not the presentation. Darren obviously has eyes and I admire his honesty about what he experienced. But he appears to be allowing his preconception of "importance" overrule what he actually experienced.

3. As far as the online version goes, I believe it reaches far more people than the printed version, and the illustrations come off with greater clarity than in the printed version: *John*

.....
I am inclined to say yes to an online version only. Darren is passionate - *Daniel*

.....
Daniel, I fear I could be insensitive to one of your major problems as editor. You are trying to bootstrap an international publication that can't afford to pay its writers. And so keeping them interested under such

circumstances is a unique and quite difficult challenge. I can't offer a silver bullet solution for that, but want you to know the problem is also in my thoughts. Compromise is part of the process. *John*

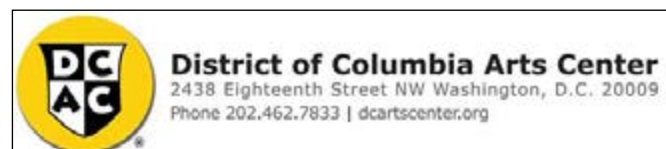
.....
Let me throw my two cents in here.

I think John brings up the salient points of pressure on Daniel. My thoughts of this artist have to do with my view that he is not a significant teller of victimization in late American life culture...just because his skin and feelings are on the line do not automatically fill that role... I ask where is the art? And he exploits the celebrity mythos of the art world or its market acting up...? and so he wishes to hitch a ride with NAE.. I think the challenge is to parse it out... art from myth and storytelling, not unlike the daddists, and art market and as I say, get down to it. But insofar as I identify him in faddism, and our currant milieu ala Jerry Saltz, we have the problem with the enthusiasm creeping around him, largely what I would say is a receptive vacuum. If I were writing such a piece , I would elaborate on the seductiveness of this "market" to such a character--which I think is far more interesting, well at least to me. A "why" of this artist poses a much greater challenge to seeing as a "what is".... Any way.... My two cents....*Al*

.....
"Receptive vacuum" - what a concept. The anesthetized response to art that has grown so dominate, still seeks its legitimate object, the real deal, the only object that can really fill what it misses. But it is too anemic to know that object when it sees it, and goes for the freakish and preachy instead, in the comfort of "everyone" telling it this is all that is possible. *John*

.....
So Dr. Markovich is right on Tell it Annie!.....*Al*

The article 'The Whitney Museum's Summer of Wojnarowicz' is a Winter of Discontent, is now on the website at www.newartexaminer.net



Detroit

Art Sunbathing

On a warm early July evening, Pops Packing and Emporium presented two artists riffing on summertime escapism through neon-bright palettes and fake palm artifice.

Pops Packing Summer Artist Resident Allison Baker hosted an open studio exhibition of mostly free-form sculpture exploding with color and drooping as if from midwestern humidity. The work is so evocative that one could go on creating metaphors for days: cotton candy piñata trees, ice cream cake pool floats, sparkling roasted marshmallow goo. A few figurative pieces sit in unexpected ways in the non-cube space, such as a pair of fabricated “underwear” casually placed on a couch. Jeff Koons’s slick surfaces and obvious references seem unimaginative appropriation in comparison. It will be interesting to see if Baker will produce all-seasonal work going forward.

At Pops Emporium, Jova Lynne’s five-week exhibition “Paradise Travel Company” takes on the business of South Atlantic/Carribbean Sea tourism. Visitors enter a

travel agency featuring Lynne in a bright orange suit jacket working with “clients” to create personalized travel experiences. There are staged photos with prominent island signifiers on sandy beaches, and a large color portrait behind the desk of a smiling Lynne making you want to just go go go! She is thoroughly engaging in her travel agent persona, and the office decor declares that paradise can be anywhere, even in Pops’s unfinished Emporium. Lynne’s written statement implicates tourism as “contemporary colonialism” - visual hints of this would serve her message without sacrificing the peach daiquiri promise.

*Allison Baker, Open Studio Exhibition
July 7, 2018, Pops Packing, 12138 Saint Aubin, Hamtramck,
MI 48212*

*Java Lynne, Paradise Travel Company, July 7 - August 11,
2018, Pops Emporium, 2025 Carpenter St, Detroit, Michigan
48212*

Greece

Encounter in Volos

The exhibition was entitled ‘The Spring If You Cannot Find It, Make It’ ...taken from the verse written by the Greek Nobel Prize winning poet Odysseus Elytis was the inspirations behind the 35 participating artists. Their response to his words was personified in a diverse and engaging range of styles and artistic approaches.

I was drawn to the work of one of the artists taking part in this group show. Magda Asteri paintings have a clarity and freshness that conveys the season of Spring in the use of floating minimal shapes with an array of bright colours emerging from a neutral background. The way she paints alters the reality of the flowers, leaves and trees, removing elements while adding others. The result is totally engaging. Her abstraction of what we perceive brings a vitality to her paintings. They are a sudden wonderful surprise; akin to the renewal of Spring.

Volos, for those of you who do not know, is a coastal city in Greece and the capital of the province of Magnesia. The city is famous for being the town of the Argonauts from Greek Mythology. It is believed to have been built on the ancient settlement of Iolkos, the home land of Jason leader of the Argonauts.

*Fiona Athanassak
i*

The Spring If You Cannot Find It, Make It
18/5-30/6 2018
Giorgio de Chirico Arts Centre, Volos, Greece.

Magda Asteri is currently showing works in the Technohoros Art Gallery, Athens.

Too Important to Ignore

This show redresses the still lacking female voices of post-Ab Ex abstraction.

Mary Corse (b. 1945) has had serious recognition for her Minimalist work, which sometimes incorporates neon and fluorescent light. However, she has generally been overshadowed by her many West Coast male peers similarly occupied from the mid-1960s, who soaked up most of the attention in this burgeoning sphere.

Corse was very much in the thick of post-Ab Ex abstraction’s optical and spatial concerns. She has her own take on white as a reflective hue explored in geometric arrangements. She has bolstered different types of white paint, painting grounds, and real illumination with a “glass microsphere” material, crystalized to sandy grain, which adds a shifting sheen to the monochrome surface. If you focus on the light per se, the picture plane becomes quietly varied and even dizzying.

Corse has developed with apparently strict delimits playing out myriad finely balanced possibilities. A major revelation came in the mid-1970s with the addition of

less finely ground black microspheres, which have the effect of shimmering sequins and add, unwittingly or not, a metaphoric universe to her studio-laboratory aesthetic. Unfortunately, only one of those is included here. New Yorkers were treated to a roomful of related, more recent and expansive works at Lehman Maupin Gallery last fall (2017) - more thrilling, overall, than this show, which is, however, deserved and important.

Two diptych-type sculptures from 1965, each consisting of elongated wood and Plexiglas triangular white columns that appear to change shape when viewed from different angles, are as confident in their Minimalist mien as Robert Morris’s famous “3 L’s” of the same year that came to define it (now in the Whitney’s permanent collection).

Jody B. Cutler

Mary Corse: A Survey in Light, June 8 – November 25,
2018 Travelling to the Los Angeles County Museum of
Art (the organizing institution), July 28 – November 20,
2019

Cologne

Swimming in Colour

Step into confusion; are you are in a fantasy world or in the uncomfortable reality of another individual? Each of the three rooms lead to the next through an arch and each has its own colour, first pink, then orange then green.

First a kitsch hair salon with clippings of bright yellow hair on the floor, an empty receptionist’s desk and a large cut out of the Wizard of Oz’s wicked witch of the west. Everything is yellow, green and pink.

Stairs lead down into the all pink room, A large white Adidas trainer as big as a bed takes centre stage.

The rooms are overwhelming in their colour. A Monster Energy drink vending machine, a plastic bong sculptures made of everyday supermarket brands. The

whole show screams pop culture, adolescent kitsch. There is film, sculpture, neon wall work and a smoke machine. Small televisions play videos in which Da Corte is presented as Eminem’s alter ego Slim Shady, whom he has been embodying in this work for the past six years.

There is a feeling that you could be intruding on a private space, which is almost uncomfortable but at the same time you are completely immersed in the aesthetic. The colours and mix of haberdashery and neon are satisfying. This alternate reality is intriguing.

Megan Lowe

Josh Lilley Gallery, BAD LAND, Alex Da Corte 7th
November 2017 - 3rd February 2018

Cornwall

An Outsider's Precision

Jon Knott, a connoisseur of stones, creates his own mystique, as he's homeless and lives in a tent in an undisclosed area in the Cornish countryside. This calm, gentle-spoken man has a unique view of the world from his living quarters, which is reflected in his artwork. Rain or shine, though it is very often rain in Cornwall, he meticulously draws stones, taking hours to draw even one, being gifted with infinite patience and time. By living in a tent, he has contact with the land and an affinity with nature that is his major purpose. He lives the life of an outsider, which echoes in some respects the aesthetics of Barbara Hepworth and Henry Moore.

I found his work at the Redwing Gallery in Penzance and became curious about these drawings of stones in black and white. At first look they appear insignificant and drab, mostly grey, almost monotonous. Looking at them again, and then again, there is an attraction for their intricate simplicity – intricate because the drawings are quite complex, while appearing ridiculously simple because they only represent stones. However, these stones speak; looking at them, one can become mesmerized, but also attracted by these series of stones, like a rhythm of stones. This repetition of the same image – just doing a dot with a circle, while allowing for where the light's sitting, is completed with a bit of shadow at the end, giving the stones a 3-D look.

Jon sees magic and beauty in stones, stones we trample on or throw into the sea. Has he perhaps been trampled on or thrown somewhere? I wonder. He gives life to stones and an innermost meaning to them; it seems to be what William Wordsworth describes in his poem:

To every natural form, rock, fruits, or flower,
Even the loose stones that cover the highway,
I gave a moral life: I saw them feel,
Or linked them to some feeling: the great mass
Lay bedded in a quickening soul, and all
That I beheld respired with inward meaning.

Jon is fascinated by the sphere, the circle, with the universe's ultimate perfect shape; for him everything seems to be perceived as spherical or sphere-like. He sees this from the atoms to the plants to the stars. Having endless time on his hands, he finds that a lot of work in the art world is very haste driven, having to be finished



in one sitting. Instead, he likes to take a little more time (I would say a lot more) to create his works. Drawing all depends on the quantity of light he has available. His studio can be inside his tent lit by a head torch, in the local library, at the Breadline soup kitchen, at the Redwing Gallery, but most of all is outdoors in the parks on park benches when the weather is agreeable. When working outside the weather is as much a problem for him as the insects landing on his drawings. Though he has been drawing all his life, now in his fifties, it is thanks to his joining Roaming, the Breadline art group, that he has started exhibiting again.

What is his message? Knott has given up on the art world, as many artists have, saying it's too commercial and finds the culture of the world disappointing, though he is by no means a negative person. With so many people creating works, he sees the artworld like a closed shop that is a difficult arena to make any headway or a living in. He sees galleries like politicians trying to get artists and buyers together. He believes we've corrupted the illusion of our own culture and the genetic pool has been trashed, that it's not possible to subjugate generations of citizens without damaging the gene pool. He finds it's not surprising that generations of English workers are disaffected due to persistent austerity, one government after another justifying austerity. He also believes the mental health issues that dominate our culture are due to the treatment of the general population. Most of the people who go to the local soup kitchen are of the Thatcherite era, all struggling due to prolonged government policy.

Jon Knott, serene and focused on his work, asks for nothing more than to continue drawing, with an inner energy that inspires him to go on. I have rarely seen an artist so passionate and dedicated to his work. Does this man hold some sort of secret about life that most of us don't know?

Un-childlike

Rose Wylie at 83 is having success as an artist. She is just as I would have imagined, a terribly middle class bohemian, messy, speaking in that perilously well educated quiet way.

I find the work unpleasant, derivative of films without saying anything, clumsily faux naive and it's been taken up with ridiculous enthusiasm. It has a certain vitality but it's tedious and slapdash.

Wylie has two shows at The Exchange in Penzance and at Newlyn.

The work is big, the unstretched canvas is glued on to stretched canvasses.

The comment book has many enthusiastic comments about her vision being like a child's, but,I want to ask why Wylie likes this faux naivety. I don't like the lack of observation, the use of Nazi uniformed figures, the crudity.

Broken: Donna Festa at Redwing

When I first saw Donna Festa's advertisement in the New Art Examiner it attracted me. Little did I think I would see the actual work. I did so in Redwing, a community gallery in Penzance, Cornwall.

20 very small, almost miniatures, lined up on one wall driving the point home of displayed title of one word 'Broken'.

Each tiny painting in its darkness usually reveals a single figure or head, remarkably each emanates its own story, a concluding narrative on a life. This exhibition is a tour de force on the plight of the old.

Donna Festa, through her pain, makes a claim for significance. Casually one could describe the work as Lucien Freud in miniature, with Francis Bacon hovering in the background. This work needs very careful attention as the slightest difference in tonality and hue is orchestrated to tell the unique narrative of a unique human being,

Prices range £100 to £300

Pendery Weekes

Stones from a Tent, Jon Knott, Redwing Gallery, Penzance, Cornwall 15 – 24 June 2018

One picture with its recall of wartime aeroplanes and dogs below gave me a feeling of Rose using authentic memories but many of the works were not so interesting.

If they were done smaller by an artist without her connections who would give them gallery space?

If she is to be congratulated on success in the art world purely because she is old isn't that condescending?

She's having a ball, enjoying creating images and being courted as if she's the new Basquiat, who she admires, but I suppose it's like marmite, if the taste grates and the novelty isn't impressing you you have to leave it to those that contemplate Wylie's work with relish.

Mary Fletcher

'History Painting' Rose Wylie 9th Jun - 15th Sep 2018, The Exchange, Penzance

Yet the lesson of the tragedy of these people is that this could be our fate. Our deterioration with age, Alzheimers, and the vacation of consciousness is portrayed as what awaits us.

Donna Festa deals in art with our destiny. A supreme achievement. Technically she ranks with modernist artist Vuillard; in individual discernment of colour and tone with a passing reference to Vermeer who lives in history but survives in the present. It took Vermeer 300 years to achieve the status of Old Master, given our broken and celebrity driven art world this writer cannot speculate on the future status of Donna Festa.

I leave this exhibition chastened and hopeful as this artist has shone through the shabbiness of our present culture.

Derek Guthrie

'Broken' Redwing Gallery Penzance 16th -26th July 2018

‘The silence of Ani’

This video is in black and white.

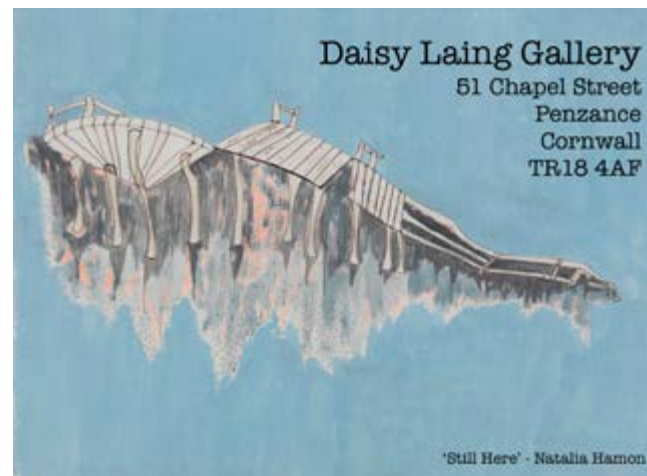
The setting looks deserted and wild, spacious, grasses wave in the wind. There are fragments of masonry, something like a chapel, columns, carved words, an ancient site with no visitors, or only a few young people with bird whistles, making sweet trilling noises of various kinds, approaching and coinciding, falling into a rhythm and then silence as they are seen lying down.

Were they remembering some destruction? Were they reenacting deaths?

After a pause we see a drawing of the once large city of Ani. We read that this was a performance to imagine the place with birdsong revived, before a long past destruction. The bird whistle blowers were asked to perform until tired, when they lay down.

I was reminded of visits I have made to ancient sites, aware of lost long dead people. I was enjoying the way the filming was done, the swaying of grass, some blurred shots, the mingling of various trilling sounds, the movement before stillness.

My companion would have liked the explanatory titles at the beginning but I liked being aware of my reactions before the information came up. I had been expecting more current conflicts to be referenced but instead the message seemed to be a universal one of time passing, civilisations falling, cities ruined but treasured, an idea of people everywhere as fragile, as possessing a common humanity.



Mary Fletcher

Francis Alÿs ‘The silence of Ani’ 13 minute HD video installation at Cast , Helston, July 2018

Seychelles

The Indian Ocean Comes of Age

The Seychelles has a surprisingly aware artistic community. Art here has two diverse antecedents: the realistic social commentary of the liberated slave, Billy King, and the primitivist depiction of tropical flora by British Marianne North.

Eden Art Space shows both in its exhibition of work by 15 artists inspired by “Vannswet”, the SE monsoon - a time of cooling dry winds.

There are scenes of the colourful tourist art which pays the bills, but more social commentary as well as striking seascapes and semi-abstracts.

George Camille impresses with stylised figures drowning in ‘tsunamis’ of personal and social problems; green leaves signify hope.

Egbert Marday’s paintings depict a Basquiat-type

crowned skeleton, the king of heroin, reigning over helpless family members and government ministers. “Sa Divan Lapoud”, are inspired by Harold Macmillan’s 1960 “Winds of Change” speech, the Creole title translates as “These Winds of Powder”.

Kipao’s semi-abstract “Window on the South East” suggests use of the Golden Section in its construction.

The social commentary demonstrate that some artists here are addressing painful issues in original ways. Seychelles is holding its own.

Price range: £300 - £8,000

Victoria Roach

Vannswet (South East Monsoon/Trade Winds), Eden Art Space, Eden Island, Seychelles. 22 June to 27 July 2018

Book Review: ‘Shadows in Paradise’ by Erich Maria Remarque

Frances Oliver

This review is reprinted, with apologies, from the last issue when, readers will be aware, it was unintentionally foreshortened.

Erich Maria Remarque is remembered for his huge early success, now a classic, the best novel to come out of the First World War. The German title ‘Im Westen Nichts Neues’ (Nothing New on the Western Front), is more poetic but not the same meaning. Was it ever all quiet on the Western front? Outside of Europe, Remarque did not receive the critical acclaim of, for instance, Thomas Mann, and too few of his books are still circulating in the English-speaking world. A pity, because Remarque also wrote two of the best books – if not perhaps the best – ever written about European refugees, ‘Liebe Deinen Nächsten’ (Love Thy Neighbour) and ‘Schatten im Paradis’ (Shadows in Paradise). Perhaps he was too successful, too popular, too glamorous (married to Hollywood star Paulette Goddard) for the literary pundits to take seriously enough. At all events, it is the art market described in ‘Schatten im Paradis’ I would like to write about here.

Robert Ross, the hero of ‘Shadows in Paradise’, a death camp survivor, lands in New York near the end of the war, with a false passport, a false name, a three-month Visa and about \$50 in his pocket. New York is full of other refugees from the Nazis, some impoverished, some – early arrivals – established and thriving. Robert is soon introduced to the immigrant network and lands a job, illegal of course, first with an antiquarian who sells mainly Chinese bronzes and then with Mr Silvers, who sells mostly Impressionists. Robert soon learns the tricks of the trade and is both amused and revolted by Silvers’ facile cynicism.

Silvers declares that one cannot write about paintings. Or about art. All that is written about art is there to explain it to Philistines. Art can only be felt. “I wanted to become a painter,” he says. “I was a lousy painter. Have I betrayed art because I no longer paint bad pictures, or have I betrayed art because I sell them?” He is sceptical about the expertise of museum directors. The dealer risks more than the museum director as he buys with his own money and so is less able to afford mistakes.

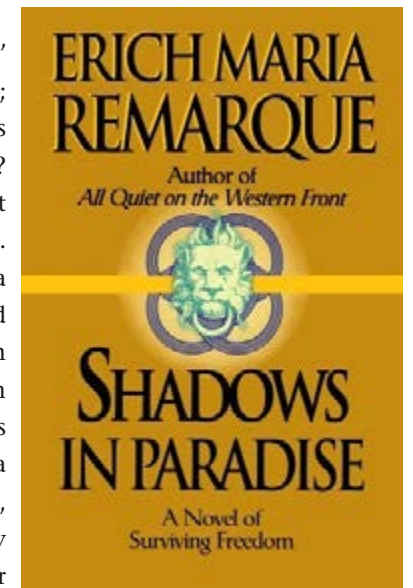
Silvers tests Robert’s knowledge and taste by showing

him a pair of Degas’ and a pair of Monets; which of each pair is the better painting? Robert chooses right and Silvers is pleased. Robert was a journalist persecuted by the Nazis. His own expertise comes from a couple of years spent in hiding in a Belgian museum, where he could only come out of his cellar after dark. He would

wander around and look at the pictures, as much as he could see of them. Robert eventually escaped, but the kind and courageous museum director who hid and fed him is caught after a neighbour sees him making many night visits to the museum and tells her suspicions to the Gestapo. The director is taken away to die, one of the “shadows” that will haunt Robert to the end of his life.

So that is Robert’s expertise, but he also knows French, so Silvers introduces him as ‘my assistant, who used to work at the Louvre.’ He regales Robert with more of his wisdom. Art dealers, he says are mistaken in saving money on frames; the less finished a picture, the more a good frame will enhance it. Pictures seen too much lose their lustre, in contrast to the ‘virgins’ that have been in private collections and almost no one has seen. These bring a higher price not because they are better but because of the lust of connoisseurs and collectors for discovery. There are now 10 times as many collectors as connoisseurs, Silvers maintains. Every social upheaval brings a change of fortunes and new collectors with money to buy, but they are not connoisseurs. To become a connoisseur takes time, patience and love. The epoch of collectors who were also connoisseurs ended in 1918.

Silvers has no gallery, no sign on his apartment door. He brings out paintings to show in his living room, one or two, usually, at a time. When a wealthy industrialist is about to appear, Silvers asks Ross to rapidly hang a Degas in his (Silvers’) wife’s bedroom. Silvers shows a first Degas to his buyer, then asks the ‘ex-Louvre’ employee,




where is the other Degas he wanted to show? He tells the buyer about the growing value of Degas, how he himself has just bought back a Degas offered at twice what he sold it for. And the one in the bedroom – ah yes, says Silvers, we can go look at it, my wife is out. He is much too clever to say that his wife will be reluctant to part with it; he only lets the buyer see it. Then back downstairs there is more talk about how money inflates but objects keep their value. In the end the buyer takes both Degas' and Mrs Silvers, who's been hiding in the kitchen, can go back upstairs.

Another favourite Silvers trick is to tell a buyer that he has another good painting which cannot be shown yet because Mr Rockefeller has an option on it. This really wows the unsuspecting client and the painting soon returns and is sold ...

Robert Ross soon leaves New York for Hollywood where he gets a job advising movie producers on the correct authentic SS attire for the characters in anti-Nazi films, characters mostly played by Jewish refugees ... but that is another part of the story.

EXTRAVAGANZA 2



ART ON TRIAL
The high Court of Justice
will commence at 7pm

at

THE ACORN THEATRE
January 31st 2019
penzance

the comic and hilarious nature of art on trial is set to
expose art to serious satirical questioning

contemporary and historical artists will be placed in the
witness box to be questioned on their appropriateness to culture and
contemporary life

the audience acting as jury will pass judgement as a final conclusion to the
necessity of art or not

ticket price from Acorn £10 - door £12
organised by NewArt Examiner

Film Review: The Square

Frances Oliver



I went to see Robert Östlund's film *THE SQUARE* expecting a satirical gibe at post-modernist art, and wondering what new it could offer. From half-cows in formaldehyde to unmade beds to the tools and carpenter's horses blocking the stairs in a staid old Swiss museum (Why have the workmen left their things here, I wanted to know, and was told dismissively, that's an installation) doesn't all this satirize itself? I was both right and wrong. The art satire is there, and very funny, but it's also a vehicle for something more. Like an acclaimed earlier Östlund film, *FORCE MAJEURE*, this is about tests of character, about morality, about fundamental questions of courage and trust.

The story begins with Christian (Claes Bang), the handsome and celebrated director of a very avant-garde museum, being interviewed by a journalist (Elizabeth Moss). She is curious about what makes an object art. He asks: Is your handbag art? She thinks not. He takes the handbag and puts it on the museum floor. Now it is or can be. Context is all. (I could not help wondering if Elizabeth Moss's kitchen-scissors-chop hairdo is also a statement; if an expensive hairdresser has made this mess, is it the new chic?)

When Christian leaves the museum and joins a hurrying crowd, a young woman runs past him crying for help. No-one pauses. No-one even pays attention; but when a pursuing man threatens to catch her, Christian and one other man do stop him. The pursuer curses and flees. The two heroes, alone in their bravery and compassion, hug each other, though no names are exchanged. When Christian gets home, he finds his phone and wallet are gone.

But now I must describe the square of the title; it is simply a square we see punched out of the pavement and outlined in stones. We are given the artist's explanation of her work. The square is to be a place of kindness and compassion, of help for anyone who enters it. The hungry one will be fed, the thirsty one given water, the lonely find company. Whatever you lack, if you step into the square, someone will bestow it.

We go back to Christian, who really wants his phone and wallet returned. His assistant has an idea. They have located the tenement where the phone must be, so why not deliver a threatening letter to every flat there, demanding the stolen goods' recovery. However, when they reach the tenement, the two men lose their nerve

and argue over who should post the letters. Finally and very nervously Christian does. The phone and wallet shortly reappear but so does an irate little boy demanding an apology for the insult to his family in accusing them of theft.

Tests of trust or courage continue through the film. There is the obligatory bonking scene, with Christian and the journalist – but this one has a twist. (Forgive me if there's an obscene pun here). Done with their sex, the two quarrel over who should dispose of the filled condom, each insisting on doing it and finally, like children, pulling, one at each end. What on earth is this about, I thought, and then something dawned; is Christian afraid, as he is such an attractive and successful alpha male, the woman wants to use his sperm to impregnate herself? Bizarre as this sounds I can think of no other explanation.

Or again: Christian, spending rare free time with his daughters, goes to a gymnastic exhibition at their school. The kids are very skilled; their handstands and pyramids display courage and unfailing confidence – in each other. Is Lund saying here that children, at least these children, have the bravery and trust the adults lack?

Also, in one of the funniest scenes, a cleaning machine moves warily between the heaps of earth or sand that are some famous artist's installation. For all the care, some heaps are disturbed, as Christian's staff come anxiously to tell him. Just put some dirt back, is the answer and solution. One wonders, is the artist's trust of the museum to protect his carefully positioned regular heaps being betrayed here? Does Christian care? Does Christian know how absurd some of his exhibitions are?

In his own apartment house, Christian has a final confrontation with the persistent little boy from the tenement who keeps turning up. Christian pushes him down a flight of stairs and we hear his repeated cries for help. I expected to see an injured child at the bottom of the steps; but it seems these must be calls from Christian's conscience, calls in his head, for the boy has disappeared. The scene ends with Christian, in a conscience crisis, scrabbling frantically through heaps of rubbish to find the boy's address which he had thrown away. When he gets to the flat whose number the boy gave, he is told there is no child living there. Another scam? This particular episode did leave me mystified; but then, nothing in this film is quite what it first seems.

I won't describe the film's most dramatic and disturbing scene, the evening of performance art, so as not to spoil the truly harrowing suspense; but the issues of courage and trust apply here as well. To sum up, everything we see outside the square is the opposite of

what should happen inside the square, is the picture of a corrupt, false, cowardly and indifferent world.

We never see anyone step into the square. What we do see is the advertising for this installation and for the museum. Two young publicists, asked by Christian to do something more in tune with current youth, produce a video. A small toddler holding her doll is shown entering the square, an image of trusting innocence; she promptly explodes into smithereens. So here is a crowning irony. The square, meant as a magic place of kindness and trust, is advertised by a scene of ultimate betrayal and horrific death. The video goes viral and is too much even for Christian's followers. After the fury over this video and over the fiasco of the performance art evening, Christian is compelled to resign.

The square in THE SQUARE clearly doesn't work, either as a magic sanctuary or a piece of art. THE SQUARE however works brilliantly on all its levels; and that is praise indeed.

In our next Issue: Vol 33 no 2: September/October 2018

Zombie Artists

John Berger and Naomi Woolf reconsidered as a perfect pairing

Interview with Jill Gibbons on art as witness in Armaments Fairs

Jane Allen on the Impressionists

ADVERTISING RATES 2018

GREY-SCALE:

FULL PAGE Inside front cover	£375 - \$500
Inside back cover	£295 - \$400
FULL PAGE	£225 - \$300
HALF PAGE portrait/landscape	£120 - \$150
QUARTER PAGE landscape (editorial page)	£45 - \$100
QUARTER PAGE portrait/landscape	£35 - \$75
EIGHTH PAGE landscape (editorial page)	£25 - \$40
(other pages)	£20 - \$30
EIGHTH PAGE BOX	£25 - \$33
TWELFTH PAGE 'Tweet' (suggested for artists and others)	£12 - \$15

CLASSIFIEDS & PERSONALS £10 (\$13) a box

Colour prices the same. Please specify your preference. All charges are free of VAT (an EU only tax) All charges are fixed to January 2019.

Facebook £100 - \$125 month

Unique visitors to website increasing monthly:

May 2018	12,000
November '17	- 7,500
October	- 4,000
September	- 3,400
August	- 4,400

Front Page Banner	728x90px	£60 month
Footer	468x60px	£30 month
Sidebar large	300x250px	£45 month
Sidebar small	125x125px	£25 month
Sidebar portrait long	160x600px	£60 month

advert@newartexaminer.net

NEWS IN BRIEF**NEW ART EXAMINER TO BE AT ART BASEL, MIAMI**

The New Art Examiner will be featured in the December 2018 magazine sector and if you are a VIP you will have copies to read. Enjoy.

NEW HIGHS

The website is showing 500 unique international visitors a day with over 1,000 of you a month spending up to an hour reading.

WE WON!

Dear Daniel,
We are pleased to report that our Response to Office Action in connection with the mark NEW ART EXAMINER (App. No. 87630594) was accepted and the application was approved for publication and is expected to publish in the U.S. Trademark Official Gazette on July 31, 2018.

SIMON SHAW NAMED VICE CHAIRMAN OF SOTHEBY'S GLOBAL FINE ART DIVISION

Sotheby's has promoted Simon Shaw to vice chairman of its global fine art division. For the past four years, Shaw has been worldwide co-head of Impressionist and modern art at Sotheby's. This year, he notably sold Amedeo Modigliani's 1917 painting *Nu couché (sur le côté gauche)*, which went for a record-setting \$157.2 million. (Artnews 2/8/2018)

Newlyn Society don't have much of a home

An email to NSA members leaked to us by astonished artists.

Hi All,

As I'm sure many of you will be aware, we were recently informed by Tremenheere Gallery that our October date for the planned Ex Libris show was no longer available. We were given two options by Tom Heale, September - or November when the Gardens are closed and the footfall is non-existent.

Feeling caught between two distinctly unfavourable options, the Committee initially decided to go ahead with the September dates for an open submissions show, with Ex Libris pushed back to the spring 2019. We have since heard from some members that some of you are away in September and will not be submitting. We are concerned that we will not get quality submissions due to the short notice and we are very conscious of trying to raise our profile and reputation, to only produce quality exhibitions. We are therefore concerned that this date is fast approaching and may not suit us very well.

We have the following options available to us this year, bearing in mind that our loose verbal agreement with Tremenheere was for two slots a year at a fixed rental rate.

1 Go ahead with the September dates - gardens open so footfall will be excellent but no time to do press release etc.

2 Push the open mixed show back to December (gardens closed but footfall could be good as visitors to Cornwall will be here and coming to the Cafe) and time to produce

publicity and work for the show

3 Cancel the autumn show and focus on Ex Libris in the Spring.

The cost of renting the space is approximately £2000 with a commission on sales, so if we were to cancel this year we would save this money and a lot of energy which we could put into the next show.

However, I am well aware that some of you may have focused your efforts and work towards showing the with the Society in the Autumn this year. The Committee would like feedback from you, our Members, as to how you would like to go forward.

The Committee have not made a decision on this. It is up to all of us to put forward our views and we will go with the majority vote.

We do need to take into account our relationship with Neil at Tremenheere which is still in its infancy and we would not want to spoil this burgeoning relationship at this stage.

I have asked Neil about the December dates and am waiting for his reply. Once I have information from Neil and feedback from yourselves, we can hopefully find a way forward.

Could you please let the Committee have your response as a matter of urgency.

with Kind regards

Una and DanUna and Dan

Art | Basel Miami Beach

The Wolfsonian-FIU, Miami Beach

December 6–9, 2018

