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OF THE VISUAL ARTS

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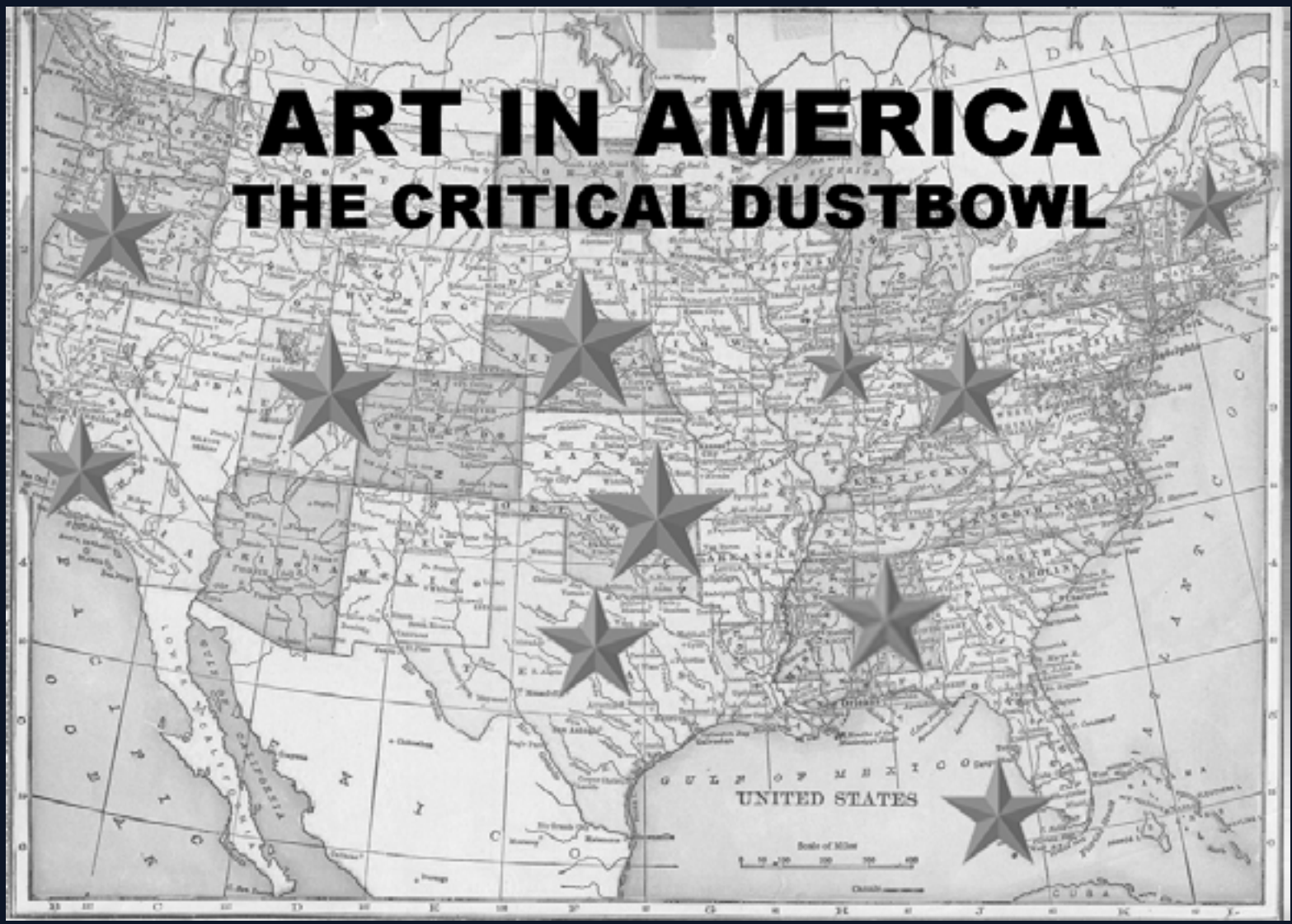
NEW ART examiner

Darren Jones outside New York

Al Jirikowic from Washington
Jane Addams Allen
Olga Korper in Toronto
Steve Harp from Chicago
Lynda Green at the movies
Maxine in Cornwall

11 out of 50



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

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

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

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

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STATEMENT OF PURPOSE

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

LETTERS

UK's Art Market

Editor,

Considering the global art market data in The Art Market released by Art Basel and UBS, "Sales in the three largest markets of the US, the UK, and China accounted for 84% of the global market's total value in 2018: The US was the largest market worldwide, accounting for 44% of sales by value. The UK regained its position as the second largest art market (21%) and China was the third largest with 19%." If there are 326,625,792 inhabitants in the US, 64,769,452 in the UK and 1,379,302,784 in China, then the UK with 21% of all sales by value astoundingly has the highest per capita number of art buyers in the world. What is this due to? Climate?

James Derriford
17/04/2019

Hi James,

According to The Guardian, "Half of England is owned by less than 1% of the population".

https://www.theguardian.com/money/

Are these the buyers who make the UK the second largest art market in the world, at 21% of all sales?

Dorothy Boscaswell
2019/04/11

New Art Examiner

Hi Stephen,

Your article really merits reading, as it is not only biographical, but its historical and social context connects so well to what we are witnessing in the art world today, or what we have lost from our near non-existent culture. Our plastic laden brains have lost their creativity with not an ounce of originality coming from them. However, your writing was very inspiring and gives me hope that somewhere there is a writer, a thinker, an artist, a teacher, who can help bring back "aesthetic enthusiasm".

I wonder, don't you miss England?

Antony Swift
18/04/2019

Art in Ruins

Hi Lynda

Your article is very exciting, I liked it very much. The feeling of empty, absence and lack prevails over everything. What sadness to see the abandoned Ferris wheels!

Liviana Martin
15/04/2019

Hi Lynda,

You are a very gifted writer! You wrote as though Chernobyl were one very detailed, large canvas.

Your article made me recall what it brought to where I was living in Italy at the time. We were told to keep our children indoors, to not eat fresh fruit or vegetables and to use only bottled water. This lasted for around 6 weeks, and then people forgot all about it, but your article has made me remember that period, so tragic for the residents of Chernobyl. It must have been devastating for people there to so suddenly leave their homes forever.

Pendery Weekes
13/04/2019

RT News in their project section retells the Chernobyl disaster, well worth watching:

https://chernobyl30.rt.com/#/en

Andy McBride
10/04/2019

Hi Lynda,

Looking at Chernobyl from a visual arts perspective gave another dimension to this tragedy; you turned it into one very beautiful and unique museum. I appreciated your descriptions and really enjoyed your writing style. Over the years I have seen many photographs of Chernobyl and have had to read numerous scientific papers for my work, but up until now had never read anything as aesthetically moving as what you wrote on such a difficult topic. Your article merits some sort of writing prize.

Roselyne Ashley
09/04/2019

Penwith improves to one out of six

Hi Maxine,

I was unfamiliar with the work of Seamus Moran and was fascinated by his metallic net toilet roll that I found on his website:

"A mind that never stops asking questions or looking for new answers" shows geniality and is what a five year old does, something most of us lose as we grow older; apparently he hasn't lost this ability. But what you wrote at the start of your review was even more revealing, also about your geniality, "I am intrigued to discover how very much I want to be challenged by Art and not just to see something done well that has already been done and is now being done again." Isn't this the problem with the art world today? With the world? As our lives are more and more organized and controlled by Mama Google and Daddy Amazon, we are losing our capacity for independent thinking and for creative problem solving, aren't we?

Kei Saito
12/04/2019

Good morning from Cornwall.

Yes, I am quite surprised to discover how much I want to be challenged by Art and, yes, I agree that our lives are controlled. I usually shock people by telling them that I do not have TV or radio or read newspapers. I'm afraid the lack of other people's opinions might be leading me to think – oh, dear! And I think that part of the problem is that what

are in fact 'tools' i.e, phones, laptops, googles, amazon, have become Gods, tiny insinuating Gods, a species of Comfort Blanket God without which people are unable to function. People are, I think more afraid than ever of being different, of standing out from the crowd, of not having and displaying what everyone else has. It's all about status and googles and amazons have latched onto this idea and will now persuade people how very much they NEED an object. We don't need all this STUFF! But it, it might seem, does need us. We DO need to ask questions and not just accept what we are told and, worse still, regurgitate it as SOLID FACT without letting it pass through as many areas of our brains as possible while we sift these SOLD FACTS and question them. Challenge them. Throw them out if they are found wanting. OUFF! That's a bit hefty for a Friday morning with only one coffee under my belt so far. Good morning from Cornwall.

Maxine Symons
12/04/2019

Maxine

… with your abandonment of all waves news and media, have you ever felt "left out"? I am saying navigating through the onslaught is an essential 21st century necessity in and of itself and an experience that is necessary for the intake of contemporary culture and its failure…. or are you with "it" none the less..? Off hand, your deprivation of 21st century reality is rather precious for you know not what your transcendence really means. Or have you other thoughts that are not within the framework of acceptability?….

joe
12/04/2019

Joe

No, I don't feel left out. I've just been to the Writer's Meeting in Penzance and we were talking about this. It brought up a number of points. 1 I stopped listening to the radio when the non-answering of questions became the norm, when rude interruptions became acceptable, when spin became so lit up in lights as to make it desirable and a new language in and of itself. I reject all of this in the only way I know how. I threw the radio in the river – spoiler alert – I fished it out again! 2 I think that the differences we can all make in this world are small ones, which I hope then radiate outwards. I can make a tiny difference in the community in which I live, I can fight outrageous planning applications, I can re-cycle, I can care about what has been made here and needs to be preserved. I can choose not to own a car and either take the bus or walk, YES, walk wherever I want/need to go. I can care in small ways for the people around me. This is not religion, nor Christianity, this is easy decency, this is basic, no one needs to teach me this. 3 I can – wait for it, hold your horses, hang on in there – think. It's free. It's always been free and it is about the best thing that exists and the most wondrous part of being human. 4 Nope, you're absolutely right, I know not what transcendence really means…and, having looked it up just to check, I realise just how very far the world has moved on since it did mean what it meant. 4 As for my thoughts that are not within the framework of acceptability, well, I will keep them to myself – for now!

Maxine
2019/05/04

Maxine,

Well the point being is all your points above are in the frame work of acceptability or accountability and the in the nature of free speech. Your ideas are all social in practice– if you put them into words, for all of us, to read. The point is –this is useful –communication, which, as you so deftly point out,… our so-called electronica communications are not communications AT ALL these days– but irritating blather. You see , this blather is scattered around us, intended, wired, broadcast – all around us all the time – as effect – and as an effect it has affected us all, whether intentional or not, conditioned us all to the point our social communication is skewed. Some say we have lost language ..others become shut-ins… weary and fearful of others or the non confidence of communication. Although this blather can be interpreted for what it may be or not be… be it fair or foul or just useless banter ..now at these points this is exactly the call to the artist and critic alike to counter and over come this post modern situation of omnipresent walling off–the obstructive jangle that frays our sensibilities and feelings. These feelings of helplessness and loneliness are the fodders of creativity– in these times. This is not an unknown time in human history. Can we not say Rembrandt or Gauguin or any artist we may admire felt this distress, this mire of the human condition, albeit in their own times? It will depend on our courage to point out our feelings, our ideas as to whether we will navigate ourselves through these times, these times of dystopia, darkness and Trumps. Our sense of looming. Comment?

If anything, The New Art Examiner is extremely mindful of our age as our mission states and the challenge to artists and art thinkers alike. Our work is a for us So thank you Maxine for stepping forward and putting your toe in the water for us to enjoy the ripples. And may we all get very wet in courage.

Al Jirikowic
2019/05/04

Al

Just for the fun of it, Al, my cottage is called Ripple Cottage – because of the river! I honestly think that as we grow older, we have less fear of what we say. Or, at the very least, we can name our fears and diminish them. Al, banter is never useless, it is the stuff of life!! You've raised so many interesting points that I am spoilt for choice. So here is just a question. Have you noticed how re communication, we now use stock little phrases, so as to show that we belong? Even one word with an upward inflection –

'Really?' can show that we are 'of a certain group' or 'of a certain generation' and those who do not use these little stock expressions are not trustworthy, do not belong – TV has a lot to answer for. It encourages sheep-like behaviour, it denies original thought – repetition is all – and this is true for Art as well. How many artists are stultified by the gallery system – the public sheep want the same thing as their neighbours have, the gallery asks the artist to 'do another one' the artist needs to buy a loaf of bread, and so it continues until the artist has lost any chance of development. And so we lose original ideas, thought, there must be denial in order to progress… blimey! I need more coffee!

Maxine
2019/05/05

Comedian at the Hirshorn

Great points, Daniel, and lots that I think we could use as discussion topics at the Writers Group in Penzance. A new painting springs into my head, well, it does, 'The Celebrity Chained' some ghastly, vile creature with maimed limbs is held bucking and kicking in chains against a stark cave wall while the public, those who used to stand in awe of him, file by with puzzled looks on their faces – he is gagged, of course. His figure throws ghastly shadows up against the wall of the cave and it is these that we might find truly fascinating – new title 'The reflection of erstwhile glory. Another new title 'Look outside, Plato!' OK, I really need more coffee.

Maxine Symons
09/04/2019

Daniel

I once saw a video of Jerry Saltz Talking Saltz lecturing students at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago. He said of course "I love Chicago" and polled the class if they were a dog person or a cat person.

All I can say is WOW.

Derek Guthrie
11/04/2019

Hallo Derek,

How are you? At least with the aid of the Internet, I can ask you that very quickly!!! It is how the news is presented that bothers me, who decides not so much WHAT we need to know but HOW we need to be told. Nope! Not for me!

Maxine
2019/05/04

Maxine,

Talking about this absurdity won't make it go away. We seem to think these people, like our politicians, manufacture themselves but they don't. Just as no one can make any money without the rest of us buying stuff, so idiots like Saltz are the jesters we require, we demand. We know, as a community, the obvious truths - envy is concomitant with creativity, society demands conformity (not just lawful conduct) and most important of all, art takes courage. We know all these things, yet we indulge the faithless like Saltz and I had to watch students go weak at the knees being in his presence. America has lost it.

Daniel Nanavati
20/04/2019

Patrick Heron

Hi Alexander,

I really enjoyed reading your article on Patrick Heron. Your conclusion left much to think about:

"Author and art historian Serge Guilbaut has suggested that New York became the centre of Modern art during the 20th century. However, Heron's body of work throws a wrench into the mechanisms of that claim. No artist in the States painted like Heron did. I was educated and trained as an art historian in the States and Heron's name was never mentioned. Undoubtedly, this is a result of Heron not being included within the Greenberg domain. I am inspired by this exhibition to lift that veil and pursue and research art beyond that sphere."

I look forward to reading more of your articles in the New Art Examiner in the future.

Karen Danwell
08/04/2019

The relevance of Critical Theory

Editor,

Critical theory is nihilistic horseshit blather from non-artists, collecting checks while accomplishing nothing. Dependent on Marx's failed murderous ideology these parasites need to be expelled from Art institutions. Art transends the feeble graspings of the frauds. Long live Art, death to the talentless theorist.

Cameron
03/04/2019

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We publish all letters sent to the editor, unedited.

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EDITORIAL

This issue of the New Art Examiner acknowledges we made a mistake by attempting to change our name to the New Art Gazette.

We were frightened by a lawyer's advice pointing out the possibility of being sued. On second thought, we decided this was unlikely and the publisher would be happy to go to court to defend his long held and obvious intellectual property rights as the co-founder and long-time publisher of the New Art Examiner.

This situation emerged when previous colleagues in Chicago secretly hijacked The New Art Examiner, as they wished to control it and derive a seedy eminence from being seen as the inheritors of its fine and important tradition.

The magazine had folded in 1990 when it passed into new hands, after the founding editors, the late Jane Addams Allen and Derek Guthrie, retired to Cornwall with ill health. At that time the NAE was the largest circulated serious art journal printed outside New York.

In 2014 Derek Guthrie approached Daniel Nanavati in Cornwall UK, to resurrect the NAE. Without money or support the NAE returned to life, later with the support of previous Chicago colleagues. They attempted to censor copy from the UK which defiled the agreement that each team was independent and limited freedom of speech.

Times have changed and social media has virtually destroyed small publications, even well-established newspapers are suffering. The New Art Examiner managed to survive as Daniel Nanavati managed the website, www.newartexaminer.net which is showing remarkable response for a specialized art journal with over 300,000 unique visitors since January 2017.

To reclaim our identify we reversed our previous decision, defied the turncoats of Chicago, Michel Segard, Michael Ramstedt, Tom Feldhacker and Tom Mullaney, who made an unethical power grab and in so doing reinforced Chicago's reputation as excessively provincial. The New Art Examiner is proud of its editorial reach which is only possible with volunteer writers who respect the mythic status the NAE has attained. I feel sure that the NAE will continue its progress internationally.

The NAE will continue its policy of print issues with an online copy, all letters to the editor with gratitude. Critical writing in these days of excessive PR, needs a voice that is in short supply and a tolerant outlet. Art and artists have to rise above the demands of money and manufactured status.

Derek Guthrie

NEW ART examiner CiC

MAY 2019
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QUOTE of the Month:

"The greater the artist, the greater the doubt. Perfect confidence is granted to the less talented as a consolation prize."

Robert Hughes

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. Olga Korper has dedicated her life and career to the service of conceptual contemporary art. Olga has consistently been a source of wisdom and guidance for artists, fellow dealers, and aspiring collectors, from the Olga Korper Gallery, 17 Morrow Ave, Toronto.

A polite eye for art

I opened the gallery in 1973; I've been an art dealer for 46 years, a number that feels both incredibly long and impossibly short. It's a strange and magical thing, to live in the gallery among the artwork. My office is my home, my home is my office. Visitors wander into my kitchen and compliment me on my foresight to stage a couch and coffee table in the gallery to give the illusion of how the art would look at home…well, thanks very much but you're standing in my living room. Being in business this long I've been asked every art-related question you can imagine, some I refuse to answer (like which painting will best match a client's sofa), but perhaps the most frequent question is, after 46 years in the business, how do I choose my artists? This is one of those serendipitous methods for which I happen to have a favourite story:

Many years back, an artist, friend, and client of mine Jim Lahey walked in to my gallery with a fat envelope clutched in his paw, declaring that while he understood I couldn't possibly replace the late Roland Brener (a favourite conceptual sculptor of mine who had recently passed), he thought I might like this other artist he knew, here, see what you think, give her a call. Which, of course, I didn't. You see, I love Jim. But I am not in the habit of doing what people tell me to do. I am definitely not in the habit of taking on new artists. And under no circumstances would I ever care to pick an artist out of an envelope.

The package inevitably disappeared under a pile on my desk, unopened and forgotten. Which is why I was so surprised when, however many months later, Jim inquired as to what I thought of Lois.

…Lois? Lois who?

Lois Andison 2012

Now, I am particular, but that doesn't mean I have no manners. There are certain obligations you fulfill for a friend, and ignoring his suggestion (despite my lack of interest) was uncool on my part. With apologies, I promised to call this neglected Lois immediately, and visit her studio. My director Shelli and I packed ourselves into the car and I arrived to a very anxious artist's studio where we were served coffee from shaking hands as we viewed the work. And this is what happened: I fell in love. Not with everything I saw, but with enough of the pieces that I felt a true deep connection right in my stomach. For me, selecting an artist is about that specific feeling: of falling in love with their art, because their art is what you must believe in for the sake of their growth, or your reputation… for the sake of survival. Art it hurts to part with it when it's sold.

I suggested that we do a show, and Lois Andison and I have been working together happily for nine years now. Her work is included in the National Gallery of Canada, and her Tree of Life installation is on view in the Project Room of the Bank of Montreal in Toronto.

When Shelli and I were leaving her studio that day, Lois told me she had once been in the audience of a talk I had given to art students at York University. I had ended with, "Don't any of you even dream of approaching me for a minimum of fifteen years." You see, it takes that long for an artist to develop. They need to live, to struggle, to strive, that's how they become great artists, the same way it's unlikely an autobiography of a 25-year-old would be more interesting than a 40-year-old. Life, love, pain, experience… it all takes time.

Lois looked at me shyly and said, "Fifteen years were up two weeks ago."

I love being right.

ART IN AMERICA: THE CRITICAL DUSTBOWL

CONSEQUENCES OF CRITICAL NEGLECT

A bedeviling aspect of art criticism is the hegemony of New York based publications, and a concomitant jealous inward focus, to the detriment of sustained, democratized, national discourse. The prospects for an exhibition being reviewed decline the further it is from New York, and perhaps Los Angeles. This builds a skewed mass of writing—which becomes contemporary art history—conveying the inaccurate impression that what is happening in those two locations, represents what is happening throughout America. With so much art excised, or never known, one can imagine how lacking the canon must be. If chronicled art in this country is to be an honest survey, the twisted irony that the American heartland is considered artistically marginal, while the coastal peripheries are identified as the center, must be reconsidered.

While some magazines do write about art beyond the largest cities, it would require greater resources—and inclination—to adequately analyze continental output. Even when ostensibly national outlets have regional contributors, they often lack the authority, literary quality, or prestige to lift their subjects to critical visibility. Conversely, more esteemed titles that do possess such influence, don't provide consistent enough commentary to ignite critical mass. They are more likely to yield occasional drive-by reviews. Between these dichotomous points, many art scenes remain obscure.

Considering the obscene quantity of attention lavished upon a typical top-tier artist's solo exhibition at the Guggenheim Museum, the Metropolitan Museum of Art or the Whitney Museum of American Art—usually by every major outlet—criticism risks trading it's rightful place as a progenitor of thought, for that of meek scribe to the ranking elite. After that follows redundancy. Courtney Stubbert, is the founder and director of Eugene Contemporary Art, in Oregon. He notes the wider context:

"I think that the art world largely misses what is actually happening in the art making of regular people who don't live in large metropolitan art centers. There is no money here. And we wouldn't want the kind of money that major art cities have. From where we sit, it looks like a corrupt and broken system that largely has forgotten what art-making means in regards to being human."

This dearth of concern perpetuates existing myopic attitudes, and lessens interest in looking beyond the obvious and predictable. Katie Orth is the founder of Orth Contemporary, in Tulsa, Oklahoma:

"Local for-profit gallery write-ups are scarce. What often gains coverage are exhibitions from area non-profits and

A summary of an exhibit is not a critique, and this is primarily what we find ...

All at Once. New paintings by Kate Petrley, Orth Gallery, Tulsa

the source of these publications has little if any interest in stating critical feedback. As a contemporary art dealer located in the Midwest, I realize that little if any attention is given to the galleries and artists creating work in the region. Without noted art critics paying attention, artists in the middle do not have the opportunity to be noticed and be heard by those who can elevate their careers. A summary of an exhibit is not a critique, and this is primarily what we find in the middle."

Metropolitan snobbery toward country environments is an additional characteristic that dismisses and undermines perceptions of artistic worth, and is injurious to the efforts of non-metropolitan institutions to gain wider notice, and even income. Amy Jorgensen is the co-founder and executive director of Granary Arts, a non-profit in Ephraim, Utah:

"One of the goals of Granary Arts is to support the work and long-range vision of artists. Reviews certainly impact our ability to do this. They provide feedback for artists, and contextualization of their work in the larger art discussion. However, they also directly impact my ability to secure funding for further programming and operations. Recognition on a national level brings legitimacy and speaks to the relevance of our programming. This attention, and the ability to leverage it to secure funding, is critical."

Jorgensen continues:

“A significant challenge in working as an executive director rurally is staying connected to a broader conversation – not making art in a closet, speaking to more than your immediate peer network. How do we participate in the art world while recognizing that the art world is not always interested in rural places? The internet obviously bridges some gaps in terms of visibility, but does not address biases in favor of urban centers, and notions of the rural as hick, irrelevant, etc.”

Compounding the situation, locally-based newspapers and magazines—typically oriented toward general arts and cultural, rather than contemporary art specifically—tend towards platitudes, cheer-leading, mere opinion or outright hostility, instead of surgical criticism. Courtney Stubbert:

“Art world news is definitely discussed as well as the criticism that makes it through the glut of content we all consume. We do not have criticism proper in Eugene. In our free local weekly, there are some arts writers, but they typically favor theater. One long-time writer loathes conceptual art. When there is coverage of visual art it usually takes the painfully descriptive approach, and doesn't interrogate the work. I would say criticism outside of Eugene plays the role of establishing our city as an "other", isolated and apart from larger art centers.”

Although it must be noted that New York boasts many dreadful writers, it is a more pressing issue in smaller towns, where critical scarcity is glaring. A lack of rigorous editorial standards further delegitimizes articles, burdening them with amateurishness and undermining their value as a tool to educate audiences, and provide artists with material to advance their reputations. Grant Wahlquist, is the owner and director of Grant Wahlquist Gallery in Portland, Maine:

"I’ve been surprised that with all of the press the gallery has received, a writer has fact-checked only once. One lengthy review in our local paper was, in many senses great—the artist had never received a substantive review before and the critic was very enthusiastic about the show—but the review got some basic and fairly significant points of process wrong. As a result, the artist has not been able to leverage the review in the way she would have liked.”
Complicating matters is the sometime intransigence of smaller municipalities, and their publications, toward more conceptually oriented galleries that are programmatically different from local scenes. Wahlquist adds:
"Ideally, critics would view our exhibitions on their own terms and refuse to reduce them to regional concerns. My gallery is the first commercial space here that does not have

Compounding the situation, locally-based newspapers and magazines—typically oriented toward general arts and cultural, rather than contemporary art specifically—tend towards platitudes, cheerleading, mere opinion or outright hostility, instead of surgical criticism.

a regional focus. Younger artists, critics, and curators appreciate what I’m trying to do and find it exciting, but a number of long-term Maine art folks, including critics, are mystified by it. I am still regularly asked “But what is this artist’s connection to Maine?” and “Why do you want to show this work in Maine?” This mindset often results in a lack of reviews for shows that don’t fit regional concerns, or in reviews that I think fail to honestly appraise the work.
The combination of absent major press, sub-standard local writing, and disinterest, sets the course for a thin, intolerably selective repository of cultural record. Dana-Marie Lemmer is director and curator at the Wiregrass Museum of Art, in Dothan, Alabama:

“National press could do a lot of good for artists in Alabama and our arts organizations. When presented, national media often depicts this part of the country as uneducated, less forward thinking, and generally less than other areas of the United States. The arts are what give our communities their identity. What would it say about Alabama if we talked about our artists more? Perhaps that kind of attention would also allow local audiences to better connect with the arts, not just art for art's sake, but the benefits of artists to their own communities, and how support for the arts catalyzes social and economic development. Lemmer continues:

Without a platform for art criticism in the State of Alabama, we are also missing the complete story of the South. There has been much coverage of Southern artists in the national media lately, and beautiful exhibitions at some of our country's finest museums. But the story is of folk art, of outsider artists. And while that is a very important story that deserves telling, it is not representative of all of the art being made in the South.

Art spaces throughout America are not idling in expectation

PAGE TURNER Total Plentitude A Congregation of Seeker Sisters. Granary Art Utah

of being reviewed however, which is sensible. It’s a sign of the ragged cartography of criticism’s legacy that they don’t. Nick Wilkinson, is the curator of Left Field Gallery in San Luis Obispo, California, and himself an artist:

“The central goal of Left Field is to bring contemporary art to our community - which doesn’t generally get a large dose of that unless we travel to larger cities. Since day one, we’ve felt as though we were out on an island of critical abandon. And, although we have shown many artists who have had reviews in the big publications during shows at galleries in larger markets, somehow we’ve been left out of any real critical dialogue. While it is something we can hope for, it doesn’t really influence our show decisions or artist selections.”

While larger cities do feature in the most coveted publications, regional platforms that focus on art suffer from limited reach, which forms a ceiling on their ability to elevate an artist, and causes a closed circuitry of discourse. Despite covering their cities admirably, platforms including New City in Chicago, and BmoreArt in Baltimore, as well as statewide platforms such as Glasstire in Texas, aren’t as well known further afield as they would be if they were acknowledged as experts on their scenes by the greater critical network. This doesn’t mean there aren’t excellent writers toiling within the geographic critical depression, but it does mean their readership, and therefore influence is constrained. Jefferson Godard is the founder and director of Aspect Ratio, a commercial gallery in Chicago:

"I do feel more attention should be levied upon Chicago as we create so many great artists. Institutions such as Columbia College, DePaul University, Northwestern University, The School of the Art Institute, and The University of Chicago produce hundreds of BFA and MFA graduates each year. This, coupled with our wealth of museums, galleries, and a storied love for public art adds to our rich cultural environment. What is unique about Chicago is that we have a strong tradition of fostering alternative art spaces, for example, apartment galleries, often in the homes of young, innovative artists. All of this makes Chicago a cultural center. So while we may not have the same ground-floor status as New York or Los Angeles, I do feel that we provide substantial footing to the art edifice.”

But should it even be an aspiration to encourage one

homogeneous aesthetic conversation? Merely extending the reach of dominant, urban tastes through established channels, wouldn't necessarily speak to the motivations and concerns of galleries, artists and their constituencies across the board. That would presume that they share a value-currency with New York's art world, and that if they don't that their interests are less important, which New York needs to understand they are not. Kyle Hobratschk is the founder and director of 100 West Corsicana Artist and Writer Residency, in Corsicana, Texas:

"... there's definitely a void of substantial criticism in, or about, Corsicana and other rural Texas towns, but the response to that is sticky. Perhaps these spaces are sacred for being undercover a bit; removed from the noise."

If the specialness, the discoverability of a space is part of its character or appeal, how can external criticism engage without trampling on the uniqueness of the location? Ian Breidenbach is the founder and curator of The Neon Heater In Findlay, Ohio. Emily Jay is also curator:

"The Art world has a very codified language, which often comes across as elitist and exclusionary. For a space like The Neon Heater, in Findlay, a very small city in Ohio that doesn't have an art scene, and comes with a general public which has very limited access and prior engagement with contemporary art, it could have two possible effects. If we were to be treated like New York, it could ostracize our audience and create a barrier that they don't feel like they can, or want to cross. Or, if a critic engages sensitively, it could provide legitimacy to what we're doing, and aid in the education of contemporary art, in an under–served and largely ignored rural area."

The lean, arch, tone in New York has been sharpened on an anvil of world class institutions, hundreds of galleries and legions of artists, but surging to the vanguard isn't everyone's obsession. This isn't to diminish what New York offers. It would benefit any artist—or critic—to spend time living within the machine—if only to reject or edit that frenetic education later. Nor is it to suggest that all artists and galleries in New York receive coverage. Indeed frustration is felt more keenly so close to the hum of the engine, when one is ignored by it. But there has always been an expectation that the best of artists from elsewhere will gravitate there, and whoever doesn't, isn't serious.

That assumption has entitled critics to pay scant heed to circumstances beyond the citadel, which is a dereliction of duty. It contributes to the ironical fact that New York is the most parochial, disconnected art scene in the country; because its denizens care little for what is happening elsewhere. Since it replaced Paris as the global art world center, it is hasn't had to. That is no longer a reasonable status quo, if it ever was, especially as New York moves toward its own inevitable Parisian moment. Briedenbach and Jay add:

"As wealth disparity continues to grow, the unsustainability of New York is going to take its toll on artists, financially. Additionally, the role of the artist is changing. With the rise of social media, people can still feel connected to New York, while living comfortably elsewhere and renting studios for $200 per month. Artists who are concerned about their own communities can start an art space in rural Ohio, Arkansas or Wyoming. You can give back to areas that have been creatively divested for decades by an art world that said, you have to be in New York"

How might coverage of this counter-direction be addressed? The Rib offers a refreshing, alternative philosophy. Its purpose is to disseminate national critical writing, initiate discourse and foster connectivity for and between artists and commonwealths away from the accepted nexus. The Rib was founded by Corey Oberlander, Leah Triplett Harrington, and Lindsey Stapleton:

"The primary function of The Rib is to focus on the fact that the quality of the art, the artists, the organizers, the galleries, the museums, and the related communities found in smaller cities don't actually differ much from those found in NYC or LA. Thus, they warrant an equivalent quality of engagement."

In positing the simple, yet wonderfully impious ethos that New York's appetites are not superior, nor more valuable, nor even particularly distinct, The Rib stakes a bold and necessary claim not only to its subjects' creative and social validity, but to the logic and relevance of its own presence. The Rib then is doing the most important work in American art criticism —changing it. There is, after all, as much great art made outside New York as there is terrible art made within it. The founders add:

"Provincialism is predicated on comparison; the artists, spaces, and scenes we're interested in are not concerned with "measuring up" to any specific standard or ideation of what art is. The scenes we cover are in dialogue with global ideas in contemporary practices, but critically, are not interested in centering those dialogues. The Rib is not interested in spaces or venues that exoticize their locations, as exoticization is essential to provincialism. We're not interested in the spectacle of difference."

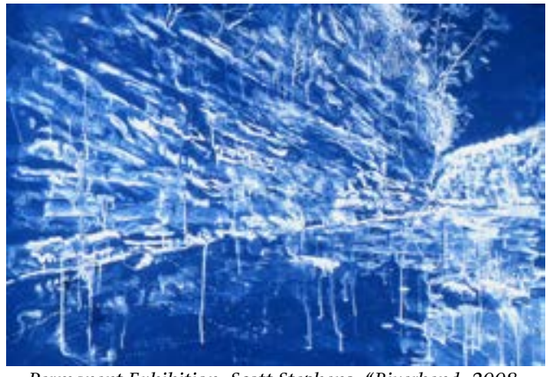
How else might brittle precedents be dismantled? What marvelous intent would be conveyed, if major publications opened offices in centrally located cities—or relocated entirely? Outlandish perhaps; or not. The most ambitious art critics strive for New York. But what then? Become one of a thousand, underpaid, faceless contributors recycling and picking over the city's largely moribund artist corps? Critics could prospect for more interesting subjects, at no great cost, on returns to one's hometown, or state; or by stepping outside the white circus tent when at an art fair in a new city. It is reasonable to divest New York of some attention in favor of incorporating other places, and for art workers based there to disrobe themselves of their prejudices.

Institutions might consider extending critical residencies, as they do for artists. That isn't to ignore the fraught economics—critics are as poorly recompensed as artists—so an invitation would need to provide funding, and not every organization has the means. But many more have agency than are currently offering to share it. Small cracks can cause great shifts.

There is no limit to what can be achieved when artists who remain within their home districts, forge their own paths and stories. Their impact is more likely be felt than in an environment saturated with too much art. They may be speaking to mixed, even initially hostile audiences, perhaps lacking an art education altogether. But if there is suspicion, it might be a preferable type than that of a smug, dismissiveness, gilded art world. If community is fostered, ideas developed, and civics engaged so that energy and intrigue are generated, art criticism—and perhaps funding, in this richest of countries—would follow like a hungry dog.

Key West, Florida, offers mainly traditional art, from gaudy, touristic mementos to accomplished landscape painting, but there are now efforts to inject conceptualism into the mix—it is a scintillating dynamic. Jed Dodds is the executive director of The Studios of Key West, which offers an artist residency program, gallery exhibitions and educational workshops:

"Serious criticism is a way to grow our local audience in several ways. It can attract more sophisticated art consumers; educate the folks who are here already and have a sense that the arts can serve our community, but don't know much about it; and it can manage that process



Permanent Exhibition. Scott Stephens, "Riverbend, 2008, cyanotype. Wiregrass Museum of art alabama

consciously. I think that art discourse needs us as much, or more, as we need it. Art and criticism have become increasingly unmoored from any sense of place, which not only yields monotonous and solipsistic work, but a lack of perspective. There are serious issues in the world that are best understood from the places where they play out. To take the obvious example, climate change looks very different on an island where the average person lives about eight feet above sea level. Every place has its stories to tell, and art – hand in hand with serious criticism – can help us actually understand one another"

Meow Wolf in Santa Fe—a city suffocating under the yoke of one mediocre artist and the pungent legacy of her tawdry flowers—is an exhilarating example of evolving attitudes, that is now expanding nationally; and the Tulsa Artists Fellowship in Oklahoma, provides unparalleled support for artists, for up to several years, vitalizing the arts district there. Artists, cultural thinkers and organizations everywhere are moving ahead, without waiting for assent from a rigid, authoritarian system that is structured so miserably to help so few. If old standards were to nourish fresh approaches, a compatible version of new criticism, serving rather than suppressing and ignoring, the vast majority of its citizenry could be established. Only then will the truth of American art history be recorded.

Darren Jones

The Hidden Struggle for America's Soul

GARY WEISS, 'AYN RAND NATION'

Gary Weiss was inspired to write his book when he realised, after the crash, after the orgy of deregulation and greed that led to the crash, there was a 'missing piece to the puzzle.'

'The philosophy of greed had a philosopher' and that philosopher was Ayn Rand.

Like many others, Weiss had dismissed Ayn Rand as an obsolete crackpot of the far right. But Rand is still here, as are her disciples, and her popularity has never waned completely. Her book *THE VIRTUE OF SELFISHNESS* (an inversion of the meaning of virtue and a good one-line summary of Rand's ideas) remains one of the most popular books on philosophy and skewed ethics in the English language. A 1999 reader survey by Random House puts it at the top of the list for the best non-fiction book published since 1900.

The year 2008 saw a Rand revival, promoted by Fox News, and in 2009 sales of her turgid novel *ATLAS SHRUGGED* tripled. Gary Weiss decided to investigate the Rand phenomenon in good journalistic manner by interviewing her disciples, in as open-minded a way as he could.

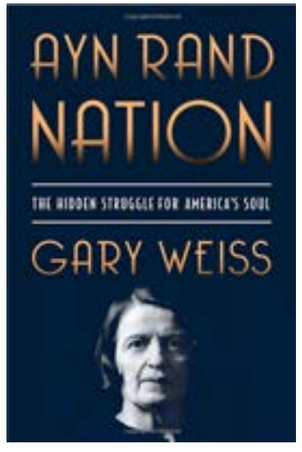
Weiss expected to hate Rand's followers. He often found them intelligent and likeable as well as dedicated. And there is money behind them. They have shipped 350,000 of Rand's books to public schools, hoping to inspire a new generation of acolytes. He ploughed through *ATLAS SHRUGGED*, successor to *THE FOUNTAINHEAD* if not quite to its popular success and began to admire Rand's skill 'at pacing such an immense work of fiction.'

'ATLAS and *THE FOUNTAINHEAD* made it easy to love individualism and no-government capitalism because it was a world of healthy young heroes and repulsive villains.

Gary Weiss lecturing on Ayn Rand

'... Her books appeal to the best instincts of Americans as well as some of the worst.'

'... They make it seem so natural, so easy, so moral, to be utterly self-centred and greedy...' However, 'By any reasonable ethical standard ... taken as a whole, these are staggeringly immoral books.'



Rand, says Gary Weiss, thought libertarians were plagiarists but remains a founding parent. The reason Rand and Tea Party followers have not joined forces is Rand's militant atheism and belief in abortion and adultery; but the gulf is narrowing. A leading Tea Party organiser admitted to Weiss how deeply influenced he was by Rand's Objectivist ideology.

Rand's family were refugees from the Russian Revolution, and it may well be that her fanatical hatred of government in any form was inspired by their hatred of the Communist regime that exiled them. Such a hatred certainly inspired the Objectivist world view.

Gary Weiss spells out what a country governed according to the tenets of Rand's Objectivist philosophy would be like:

'No government except the police,
No courts of law
No armed services
No regulation of anything by any government
No Medicare or Medicaid
No Social Security
No public schools
No public hospitals
No public anything.'

To put some of this agenda forward, a powerful voice was needed in Government, and Rand got one. Alan Greenspan, a devoted Rand follower from his youth, was appointed Chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers by President Richard Nixon. He had not wanted a Government job, but Rand talked him into it. He went on to be advisor to Ronald Regan and later Chairman of the U.S. Federal Reserve. Under Greenspan's watch, the top marginal tax rate was slashed, forever changing the progressive character of income tax; social security payroll tax increased, combined with a cut in benefits, and the law that separated investment from commercial banks was repealed, permitting commercial banks to under-write complex mortgage-backed securities. Greenspan opposed any examination of subprime lending, credit rating, or derivatives from mortgages. After the crash, Greenspan had to appear before the House, and apologised, admitting there had been a 'flaw' in his financial thinking – but other statements and his own books, says Gary Weiss, show Greenspan is as much a Rand disciple as ever.

I wonder what Rand would have made of climate change and the depletion of our planet's resources, the greatest crisis humanity has ever faced. Like Trump, she would have said it was all just a plot against big business, and when sea levels rise twenty-five feet and are lapping at the foundations of Manhattan, which according to latest scientific findings may be much sooner than even the scientists feared, she would expect a Howard Roark style genius hero to do a technical fix and like the Christ she condemned, perform a miracle to push back the waves. Provided there were no altruists or regulations to stand in his ruthless way.

Now when we are in a climate emergency and desperately need a collectivist approach, now when we are in the age of her admirer Trump, Rand's ideas have never been more dangerous, and nowhere to my knowledge, better denuded than in Gary Weiss's fascinating book.

Frances Oliver

Ayn Rand Nation: The Hidden Struggle for America's Soul Hardcover by Gary Weiss. St. Martin's Press; 2012. ISBN: 978-0312590734

Phoenix? What Phoenix?

In our recent whirlwind of name change adventure, the New Art Examiner un-earthed its history, reclaimed its soul and sprang forward. This was the tough medicine that was called for - almost as if it was ruefully preordained. We brushed up on our mission statement, indeed brushed it off, for all to see. The New Art Examiner then sprang from the flames, leaving our formally named, recently titled, however briefly, The New Art Gazette — to ashes and dust. May it rest in peace.

What is in a name? We found out, as our mind's body of writers and publishers would not let us forget, despite a post-modern urge to do so. And therein lies a major lesson I will share with you, dear reader. There is a lot of power in a name, be it of identity, purpose or meaning. And history plays an unforgettable role in our determination to maintain its naming in the future.

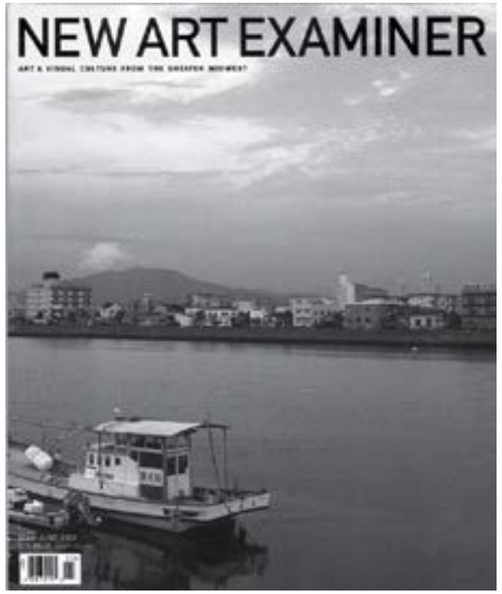
In terms of my own history with the Examiner, it is worth noting I have known the publisher Derek Guthrie and his now deceased wife, Jane Addams Allen, with whom he co-founded the New Art Examiner, since the early 80's of the previous century. They were both dynamic and intellectual, brave and creative in ways I am just beginning to appreciate. I was always concerned with and about art, having been to art schools and practiced art since my early childhood. I grew up with the old masters of the National Gallery of Art and other collections here in Washington DC. I have met

many artists on many levels. I am a student of art history and art criticism, but it was not till my current state of aesthetic maturation that I have truly gained my whole respect and dedication to the New Art Examiner. This has been a significant insight into my life, this current awareness and practice. This may be indicative of personal evolution; it probably is. Fine. One does not age for nothing. At least that is my take on it…. for the time being. But the travails of the NAE have not been for nothing either. It has prevailed. And as I have asked deeper and more pervasive, sensitive questions of art, my intertwining with the Examiner has been more pronounced and important to me, I need art and criticism in my life, like never before. I believe, we all do. And I really do not care who you are or may be, wherever you may be in time or history – you need the curiosity, creativity, adventure and intellectual investigations embodied in art.

The New Art Examiner has had a circuitous history. Born in Chicago, originally an eight-page tabloid, it grew to a magazine that covered the whole of the US and now is an international publication in scope, both in print and on-line. It went through various episodes of fits and starts; different helms were at hand on the rocky road of time... but now it has been restored to Derek and his team both in the United States and in Europe. And for this we take pause. For it's time to take stock of this beast and see what it is and has to offer.

It so happens the NAE is not always popular with its readers or artists or other art institutions or art types. The NAE has the courage to take a stand, criticize, offer a voice and report what it decides to do without "fear or favor", without commercial permission, without political correctness or what may indeed be the fashion or consensus of the day. Concerning this task, in what we have increasingly found to be a corrupt art scene or market, school, museum, gallery or studio or publication… we gauge our courage. We are not always right. We are not always totally informed or knowledgeable, but we will take a stab at trying to tell the truth, as cynical as our society may be or our readers may find themselves. We make it a true value to come to grips with our society and it's art in the conscious act of confronting the context of art and hopefully, art itself. We endeavor to check our cowardice at the door, as what we say often involves a soul searching, so we often find ourselves frozen or in a gut check in the writing/thinking process ... but we try to push through. So it just so happens we are often in serious disagreement with prevailing attitudes of the time. So what? We advance free speech and democratic thought … our task. As Orwell said, "in a climate of universal deceit, telling the truth is a

First issue logo



revolutionary act".. as deluded we may be, we will aim high for ourselves and our readers. It is much more interesting that way. We do not want to bore you. Or ourselves.

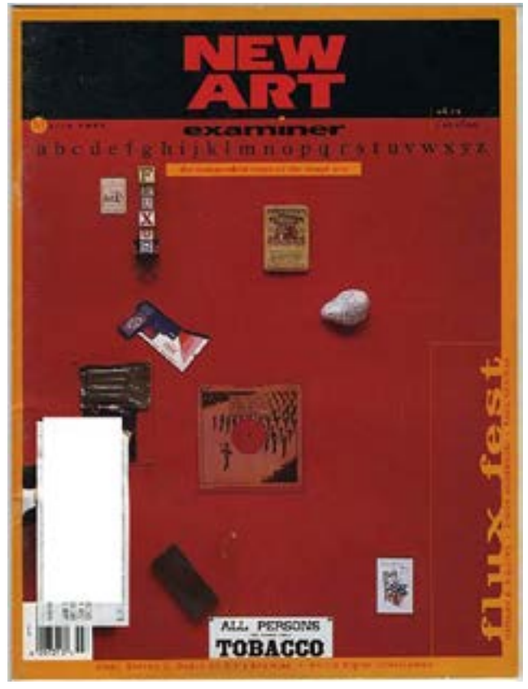
We also hold that art may be a language/culture/sensibility, or so it may seem. Our history of a culture rather rides on that idiom of art messages, whether it tries to hold up or not. Art often diminishes in time, sometimes not, we often will never know what survives or what predictions will unfold. It is a mercurial, our living history. We take a look at things or art and look into them and tell you about our look. The act of looking and thinking can be a very creative process in and of itself, so we share our enjoyment, our pleasure of what we see. And how we see it. How we see it is often more important than what we see or what we have seen. This is a very living struggle; we try to bring to bear.

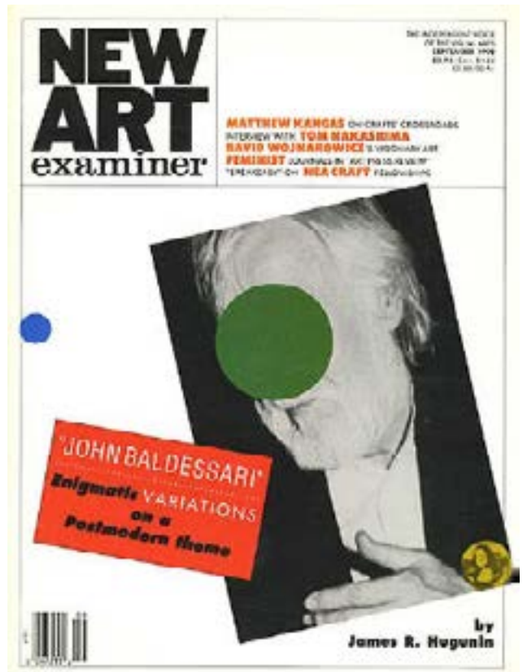
Our viewing need not utilize complementary jargon to wade into our subjects, or a specialized language to appreciate or criticize what we think or discover… or write. We will try to be clear, aware of words and the problems with words. We try to work it out, to delve into, to assess. It is perhaps to see the NAE as a breathing organism that is unpredictable, not to be cowed or coerced, or rethought or pre-thought or bought, bought off. Or shook off or denied.

We do have a certain respect and faith in artists — for what is art without artists? It should come as no surprise they are often given rather shoddy treatment — at any time in history, hence their lowbrow/hero status in society. This is a pressure that we recognize as vital or condemning. The mere stating you are indeed an artist is a courageous act -- for it invites the "come what may", most often defeat. We are sensitive to this condition and at the same time we do not shy away from our critical task of being/living critical -- and that is often nerve wracking. For we acknowledge the value of the artist to his or her community as a reifying force. And that force is tragically often not recognized, noticed or just given an easy pass, a pass it did not earn or create… the vast problem of our culture today. Criticism not brought to bear. Art often languishes in a celebrated limbo or diminishes in false popularity, one way or another. We have something to say about that.

So we find ourselves having survived the temptation, of a post–modernist tug, to rename ourselves, to fit into some faction to gain a new traction and survive in a post mod terrain. We were about to deny our authenticity and history that would have been a tragic and vital mistake. For we, not unlike Luperitz said, "we sit at the table of all great artists". Is it not amazing that we actually take that seriously? As our readers and colleagues, we invite feedback and support and adventure to all. And who can say what will happen. The next step.

Al Jirikowic





Northern Italy's Age of Luminosity

SUMMARY: An impressive exhibition presents the work of Italian artists who congregated in the Emilian town of Parma. "The Age of Correggio and the Carracci: Emilian Painting of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries1' reveals technical virtuosity, exciting imagery and emotional intensity on busy canvases — a combination that can appeal to those fatigued by the austerity of modern art.

Michelangelo, Leonardo, Raphael. Their names evoke a network of associations, images, even personalities. These Italian Renaissance artists fill niches in our 20th century cultural pantheon with a more solid presence and a more meaningful contribution than many of our contemporary cultural heroes.

Now we have a major old master exhibition with a completely unfamiliar cast of characters — the giant exhibition, at Washington's National Gallery of Art, of works by Northern Italian Mannerist and Baroque old masters. The two names in the show's title, "The Age of Correggio and the Carracci: Emilian Painting of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries," will be ciphers to the average American. Included are 200 colorful, turbulent paintings by artists who pioneered revolutionary ideas about what constituted excellence in art but who went out of fashion some 185 years ago.

Perhaps the loveliest works in the show are also among the rarest — two extraordinarily lovely religious paintings by the founder of Emilian high Renaissance style, Antonio Allegri, called Correggio. (He was born in the town of Correggio but did most of his great ceiling frescoes and easel paintings in Parma,) Painted as a pair in the early 1520s for the church of San Giovanni Evangelista in Parma, 'The Lamentation" and "The Martyrdom of Four Saints" have the luminous clear color, the fluid, graceful contours, and the strange erotic tension between violent subject matter and tenderly sensual treatment typical of Correggio. These works are like fixed points of reference throughout the show; in the succeeding two centuries Italian artists returned again and again to Parma to reabsorb the lessons of Correggio's unique style. But the exhibition's primary action revolves around the three Carraccis — Agostino, his brother Annibale and their cousin Ludovico. In 1582 they founded an academy in their home city of Bologna, capital of Emilia (a province of Northern Italy). This momentous event ushered in a revolution in Italian art.

Transfiguration, Ludovico Carracci
13

Annibale's startlingly modern painting of a butcher shop (circa 1583) reveals the back-to-nature ideas behind the Carracci reform. The slice-of-life viewpoint, the vigorous painting of hanging hunks of meat, the informal poses of the two knife–bearing butchers might have been done in 19th century France.

Not only did the Carraccis revive drawing from the model in their private academy, they also taught the fundamentals of music theory, architecture and aesthetics, bringing in learned men from the University of Bologna for lectures and discussions. By the end of the second decade of the 17th century, Bologna had superseded Rome as the center of Italian art.

In fact, the Carraccis and their proteges, Guido Reni, Francesco Albani, Domenichino and Guercino (all represented in depth in the show), were once thought to be in the same league as Raphael and Leonardo. The art-loving Philippe II, due d'Orleans, regent of France from 1715 to 1723, prized their lush, action-filled canvases. Engravings based on their pictures spread the Italians' fame throughout Europe.

But their stock plummeted with the rise of romanticism in the 19th century. Gesturing saints with billowy drapery and bouncy, busty nymphs chased by Ieching satyrs went out. The eccentric, the intimate and the mystical came in. Henry Fuseli, the Blakean English painter, launched a typically romantic diatribe against the Baroque excesses of the Carraccis when he wrote in 1801: "How shall we classify someone [Annibale Carracci J who, with the Sistine Chapel and the Vatican before his eyes, crams the seal of religious austerity and episcopal dignity with a chaotic congeries of banal fables and orgiastic rowdiness."

By mid-19th century, painting in the Italian grand style was so completely out of favor that even Raphael did not escape censure. Artists like the pre-Raphaelites had eyes only for the simplicity and pious naturalism of earlier Renaissance painters. In the 20th century, the success of Impressionism, Cubism and other modernist movements only increased contemporary distaste for the "orgiastic rowdiness" of grand-style Italian painting.

But the pendulum is swinging the other way. Over the past few years, a series of exhibitions in the United States has focused attention on various aspects of Italian Baroque. The fascinating Caravaggio was the first of the Italian Baroque masters to be revived. "Painting in Naples from Caravaggio to Giordano," mounted by the National Gallery in 1983, and "The Age of Caravaggio," at New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art in 1985, attracted large crowds. British movie maker Derek Jarman romanticized Caravaggio's violent life and death.

Now it is the turn of the Emilians. The present show opened last fall to great acclaim in Bologna, where sentiment for these artists naturally runs high. As the first exhibition to focus exclusively on the art of Emilia during its period of greatest influence and renown, it has worldwide importance for art history. In fact, the project is an international effort, with catalog entries written by scholars from all over Europe and the United States.

Ad Imaginem Dei Saint Catherine of Siena

Unfortunately, the weighty catalog is of very uneven quality, with far too much emphasis on art history for the average reader. One can get more specific information on the Carraccis' lives, for example, from their biographies in the catalog for "The Age of Caravaggio."

In part, the present revival of Italian Baroque painting is due to naked market forces. Other great periods of art — Renaissance, Northern Renaissance, Dutch and Spanish Baroque, Impressionism — are unavailable or priced out of sight in the multiple millions of dollars. Major paintings by Emilian artists arc still available at the relatively affordable prices of a few hundred thousand dollars or so. Museums and collectors are snatching these paintings up before their prices soar.

But also the market for Italian Baroque benefits from the cyclic swings of taste. Fatigue with modernist austerity has opened many eyes to the pleasures of a style that combines virtuosic technical skill, rich painterly surfaces, action-packed imagery and emotional intensity. Emilian "orgiastic rowdiness'' appeals to a postmodern sensibility, and the devout fervor of its religious paintings has attracted born-again Christians. (Bob Jones University holds a major collection of Italian Baroque paintings.)

Thus the show offers a prospect that is alternately exhilarating and intimidating. It is exciting to be shown firsthand so much unfamiliar art carrying such a modest amount of contemporary cultural baggage. At least in the United States, canons of good taste have yet to be established for these artists. If one is irritated by the exaggerated forms of Parmigianino but intrigued by the droll fantasies of Dosso Dossi, so much the better. Spend more time with Dossi. One has to develop favorites to make any sense of an exhibition this size.

On the other hand, there is a limit to enjoyment of endless second-rate variations on mythic and religious themes. Particularly in the 16th century Mannerist section of the show, one sometimes has the impression that visitors are being tricked into going through the same gallery over and over. Increased exposure will not make Bertoia's languid nudes or Denys Calvært's candy-box angels more palatable. Interestingly, National Gallery chief curator Sydney Freedberg had planned to mount a show of only 16th century Emilian art. But when he learned that Sir John Pope-Hennessey, consultative chairman of the department of European paintings at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, was in the early stages of organizing a 17th century exhibition of Emilian art, Freedberg expanded his concept. The final blockbuster version has three organizers:

'The Butcher's Shop', oil on canvas painting by Annibale Carracci

Freedberg, Hennessey and Andrea Emiliani, director of the Pinacoteca Nazionale in Bologna.

After "The Age of Correggio and the Carracci" closes at the National Gallery Feb. 16, it will travel to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in Washington it splits comfortably into distinct halves, separated by the West Building's Garden Court, where several of the larger altarpieces are beautifully installed.

It is in the first half of the exhibition, devoted to the 16th century, that one can see the most dramatic revolution in style. Two paintings of the same subject, "The Conversion of St. Paul," give some idea of the profound changes Italian painting went through during this period. The earlier was painted in 1527 by Girolamo Francesco Mazzola, an important Mannerist who was called Parmigianino for the town of Parma, his birthplace.

The Renaissance ideal of clarity is still manifest in Parmigianino's dramatic picture of rearing white horse, fallen rider and luminous distant landscape. But the proportions of the horse have been exaggerated and refined to heighten the impression of its power and grace. The animal turns its elegant head toward the viewer with a brilliant gaze, as if it fully understood the significance of St. Paul's conversion to Christianity.

It is a marvelous picture, but the underlying rationale has little to do with the scientific curiosity, human-centered philosophy and classical balance that powered the Renaissance. Parmigianino takes perspective and anatomy for granted. He wants to see how he can manipulate them to achieve a more emotional, more spiritual expression.

One suspects that the sack of Rome in 1527, with its disillusioning aftermath, had a devastating effect on the artist. He had gone to the papal city as a young man of 21 a decade or so after Michelangelo completed the Sistine Chapel and Raphael painted the Vatican Stanze. Parmigianino was lucky enough to secure the patronage of Pope Clement VII. Three years later his world and his future collapsed. He was forced to flee first to Bologna, where he unleashed his new anti-Renaissance style, and then back to Parma, where experiments with alchemy proved his undoing.

Even more important than the sack of Rome in changing the basic premises of Italian art during the 16th century was the Catholic response to the Protestant Reformation. The Council of Trent, convened 1545-1563, attacked not only the laxity and corruption of the clergy but also the way artists had been presenting the scriptures to the public. Nudity and pagan figures were proscribed for religious altarpieces. The new emphasis was on the directness and accessibility of the religious message.

Ludovico Carracci's "Conversion of St. Paul," painted in 1587-88, some 60 years after Parmigianino's picture, incorporates the new ideas. The scene is painted just as it might have occurred during a stormy sunset on the road to Damascus. Saul of Tarsus (who became St. Paul) has just fallen from his horse, and his confused and alarmed followers recoil and attempt to calm their horses. A man's leg moving off the field of vision at the right gives the picture an almost snapshot effect.

Parmigianino Antea

One can see a faint echo of Parmigianino's painting in the way the horse turns his head, but the emotional focus is on the different psychological reactions of the men to the brilliant heavenly vision above. The use of strong lights and darks to lend drama and meaning to the narrative was to become a hallmark of the Baroque.

Although Annibale Carracci, with his more classicizing style, has been the best- known of the Carracci trio, this exhibition makes a strong case for Ludovico as the more expressive and original artist. A painting like "Saint Sebastian Thrown into the Cloaca Maxima" is absolutely haunting in the way Ludovico has used light to separate the humanity of the dead saint from the bureaucratic anonymity of the Roman soldiers who toss him into the Roman sewer like a sack of flour.

The second half of the show focuses on the 17th century followers and assistants of the Carraccis — the harmony-loving Domenichino (unfortunately, his great painting of St. Jerome will be seen in New York only); Guido Reni, who changes in midcareer from a supremely graceful paganism to pale, ethereal devotional art; and the passionate and powerful Guercino, who consciously followed the lead of Ludovico in his use of chiaroscuro.

Their works will certainly not be equally appealing to everyone. Clearly late Guido Reni is an acquired taste. But judging on the evidence of this show, the Emilians' revival is long overdue. Many of the paintings on view have been newly cleaned with the financial and scientific aid of the Montedison Group of Italy. With the removal of layers of dirty varnish, even paintings by lesser-known Emilians such as Bartolomeo Schedoni emerge as brilliantly colored, with a wonderfully crisp handling of paint.

Most impressive are the consistently high standards the Emilians set for themselves. Their art reflects their deep respect for learning and technical skill and their desire to communicate religious truths in a direct and human way. It was this tradition of excellence that sustained the Emilians for almost a century. In light of their works, perhaps it is time to rethink the always pejorative use of the word "academic."

Jane Addams Allen 1987

Chicago

MCA is all body and little soul

In August 1992, when the dog days were drawing to an end, I set off to walk the county of Suffolk, in the hope of distilling the emptiness that takes hold of me whenever I have completed a long stint of work. And in fact my hope was realized, up to a point; for I have seldom felt so carefree as I did then, walking for hours in the day through the thinly populated countryside, which stretches inland from the coast.

W.G. Sebald, The Rings of Saturn

I was reminded of this passage from Sebald's 1995 narrative by Hamish Fulton's photograph France on the Horizon (1976).

Fulton's view depicts a grassy slope leading to an expanse of water and a faint shoreline on the horizon. France, we are told. Any sighting of "France," though, is known as much by the suggestion of the title as by any visual evidence offered by the image. In the wall text, Fulton is quoted, "A walk can exist like an invisible object in a complex world." Notions of invisibility, things not there, things unseen or things we mis-see meander throughout this small, compelling mainly photographically-based exhibition.

It opens with the two non-photographic pieces, Turtle Road (Michelle Stuart, 1974) and untitled (Richard Long, 1987). Like photographs, these pieces are created through traces (here physical) – Stuart's piece of earth and graphite "ground and rubbed" into the surface of the paper, Long's footprints in "River Avon mud" on rag board – which index that which is not present.

Absence and traces are arguably photography's central characteristics. "That-has-been!" as Roland Barthes writes in Camera Lucida. While the photograph seems to offer plenitude, it withholds and presences are filled in by the viewer. Thus, Fulton's France on the Horizon as well as Ana Mendieta's Untitled from the Silueta Series(1973-77), Richard Misrach's Lake Mead #1 (1986) and Carrie Mae Weems Ebo Landing from the Sea Islands series (1992). Mendieta's triptych offers what seem to be stains of vaguely human form across a series of surfaces, one of which appears etched into the earth, covered by a garish red that blankets the lower half of the form, a sense of blood, wound, absence overpowering. In Misrach's photograph, the barrenness of the landforms - a "martian Nevada landscape" - conjures the inaccessibility of Mars, despite

Ana Mendieta, American, b. Cuba, 1948–1985
Untitled from the Silueta series, 1973–77
Silver dye-bleach print
Framed: 24 ¼ × 18 ¼ in. (61.6 × 46.4 cm)
Collection Museum of Contemporary Art Chicago, Gift from The Howard and Donna Stone Collection, 2002.46.3. Photo: Nathan Keay, © MCA Chicago.

the scrub foliage which becomes apparent on close examination, and a sliver of what appears to be water in the middle ground. Weems's piece re-presents in two black and white landscape photographs (taken on St Simons Island, Georgia) plus a short text the story of an 1803 incident in which Ebo men, brought during the slave trade to the United States, returned to the water, choosing to drown rather that to be sold into slavery. The photographs depict an unpopulated swampland, lushly covered by undergrowth with - cutting through the middle of both images - a path or waterway leading from the foreground back to an impenetrable stand of distant trees. The photographic spaces are empty, holding traces of the trauma that took place more than 200 years previously. A trauma – like all traumas – that cannot be simply forgotten, that if not worked through will never truly be absent.

While all photographs are implicitly built on what is not there, the works by Maria Gaspar (Disappearance Suit, 2017), Jeanne Dunning (Study After Untitled Landscape 1987, 1987; 1994/95) and Nancy Holt and Robert Smithson (Swamp, 1971) revolve around what seems to be there but is withheld. In these works, surface is fundamentally imperfectly seen.

Dunning's two small photographs suggest snapshots, hurried glimpses of landscape in passing. The image on the left conjures a blur of roadside underbrush, made indistinct

Regina José Galindo, Tierra, 2013. Live performance, Les Moulins Residency, Paris. Courtesy of the artists and Proyectos Ultravioleta, Guatemala City.

through movement and shallow depth of field; the one on the right a vague, softly undulating series of earth forms receding into the distance. On closer consideration, however, we become aware that the landscape Dunning's photographs depict is the body. These surfaces, it turns out, are really those to which we are closest and most intimately connected but remain at the same time most mysterious and unknowable.

Gaspar's photograph of an empty field with a hill in the background and a matted down indentation in the grass in the foreground seems as if it could be anywhere. Totally nondescript. On closer look, however, the indentation is the "disappearance suit," a human figure "dressed as" grasses to escape notice, to blend in with, to become the earth.

Holt and Smithson's film purports to be Smithson instructing Holt on how to move through an overgrown landscape without taking the camera from her eye. It opens with Smithson's direction, "Just walk in a straight line, straight into that clump . . . just go right in – turn to your right. Just keep advancing in . . . " What follows is Holt's six minute point-of-view shot through this labyrinthine space while she is essentially "blinded" by her dependence on the camera in front of her. The paradox of not seeing because of an over reliance on the instrument of vision is reinforced by Smithson's off-camera utterances ". . . don't worry about the focus . . . just keep advancing in as far as you can . . . how is the film holding up?" What the viewer sees is a confusion of plant growth, vision blocked by blurs of light and dark, an indistinct non-place. Where am I? What am I seeing? The film suggests something of a "re-visioning" of the myth of the labyrinth, in which the thread Ariadne (Smithson) offers to Theseus (Holt) is not a physical object but a vocal trace, one as tangibly absent as the figures of Holt and Smithson moving through the landscape. Smithson "sees" the space and translates it into instructions. Holt records but doesn't see (or mis-sees) the landscape. The film ends with Smithson simply uttering, "nothing." Unlike the other two videos in the exhibition, in which the audio is accessible through head phone as viewers watch on monitors, Smithson's voice permeates the exhibition space, in a sense instructing viewers as they move through the exhibits, translating the landscapes before us that we see, or don't see or miss-see.

There is a process of translation happening in the works of Vito Acconci (Stretch, 1969), Dennis Oppenheim (Negative Brand (Detail), 1968) and Michelle Stuart (Turtle Pond Site Drawing # 36, 1974), as well. These three works, displayed sequentially across the same wall, deal with mapping – that representational form occupying a liminal space between image and language. In Acconci's piece, images are pointed to by arrows next to written instructions for camera positioning. Yet the position of the viewer and what the viewer looks at is unclear. So too, in Oppenheim's and Stuart's pieces, we are placed cartographically ... somewhere. The photographic images in all three pieces orient the viewer to no place outside the immediate frame.

In an exhibition of understated, compelling work, less engaging for me were the video pieces by Regina Jose Galindo (Tierra, 2013) and Elizabeth Webb (Five Quarts, 2011 and Untitled (Fountain), 2011). Both feature naked female forms in landscapes suggesting menace. Both speak of the vulnerability of the human body in nature, specifically in settings or situations manipulated by human intervention. These pieces, to me at least, overstate the obvious rather than resonate with the subtle poetry found in the other works.

Steve Harp

A Body Measured Against the Earth, on view at Chicago's Museum of Contemporary Art from August 2018 – April 2019.

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45x50 cm, oil on canvas
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Manlio Bacosi, Campo di Fiori (1974)
50x70 cm, oil on canvas
Post ID n. 0003

Aldo Canzi, Casa di Campagna (1987)
40x50 cm, oil on canvas
Post ID n. 0004

Aldo Canzi, Papaveri (2005)
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Europe Defines the African Art Market

Does the African art world have a centre?

Europe's art capitals emerged as the most able to achieve visibility and the institutional validation of contemporary art from Africa. It appears this compelled, and was somewhat mitigated by, the 'decolonising' curatorial thrust driving the exhibitions studied in a new report by Corrigall & Co, a South African based art research consultancy. The New Art Examiner doesn't print such reports outright but we are always interested in the political import of cultural trends. Redefining who we have become, in reference to the slavers and empire builders our forefathers were, is gathering pace.

Contemporary African Art Ecology: A Decade of Curating attempts to unravel the complex matrix of conditions that have contributed towards the exponential expansion of contemporary African art. It is a mouthful, but it is essentially asking where and through which groups of people, places or types of institutions the prominence of art from Africa has taken place.

Unexpectedly, it is through identifying and tracking the work of Africa's top curators, which include the late Okwui Enwezor and Bisi Silva, over a ten-year period (2007 to 2017) that insights into this embryonic market are gleaned. Curators are rarely the prism for information on art markets. However, for the African art market, the limitations – an absence of platforms for art in Africa and sustained institutional resistance to it in most western art centres – drove this niche group to generate platforms or adapt them.

The report found that from 2007 to 2017, Africa's 'top 20' curators staged more exhibitions in Europe - 47% - than in Africa - only 37%.

These high-profile curators include the likes of Gabi Ncgobo, the South African who curated the 10th Berlin Biennale in 2018 and is on the selection committee for the artistic direction of documenta 15. Most were born in Africa and remain tethered to the continent through platforms, projects, or appointments; however, the wealth of opportunities in Europe's historical art centres and the high visibility they offered them proved impossible to resist.

This coupled with their desire to insert the realities of postcolonial life in the Western art and visual canons and the paucity of contemporary museums in Africa are some of the factors that contributed towards this Eurocentric slant to the development and structure of the contemporary African art ecology.

As the Senegalese-born Koyo Kouoh, the newly appointed director of the Zeitz Museum of Contemporary African Art in Cape Town observed: "I was concerned with the lack of visibility of artistic and intellectual ideas coming from Africa and its diaspora in a country such as Switzerland, where I was living. It is out of this perceived necessity – to make African related practices more visible – that I started organising discursive programmes," (*Kouoh featured In Ocula, 2014*).

The report found that from 2007 to 2017, Africa's 'top 20' curators staged more exhibitions in Europe - 47% - than in Africa - only 37%

Italy and France emerged as the countries in Europe that Africa's top curators staged the most exhibitions. The importance of the Venice Biennale to the visibility of contemporary expression from Africa contributed to Italy, Venice, as a recurring 'centre', while museums in France, particularly Paris, informed the centrality of this country in the advancement of this 'category' of art. Simon Njami, the curator with Cameroonian roots, was found to be the most active in France, where he is based.

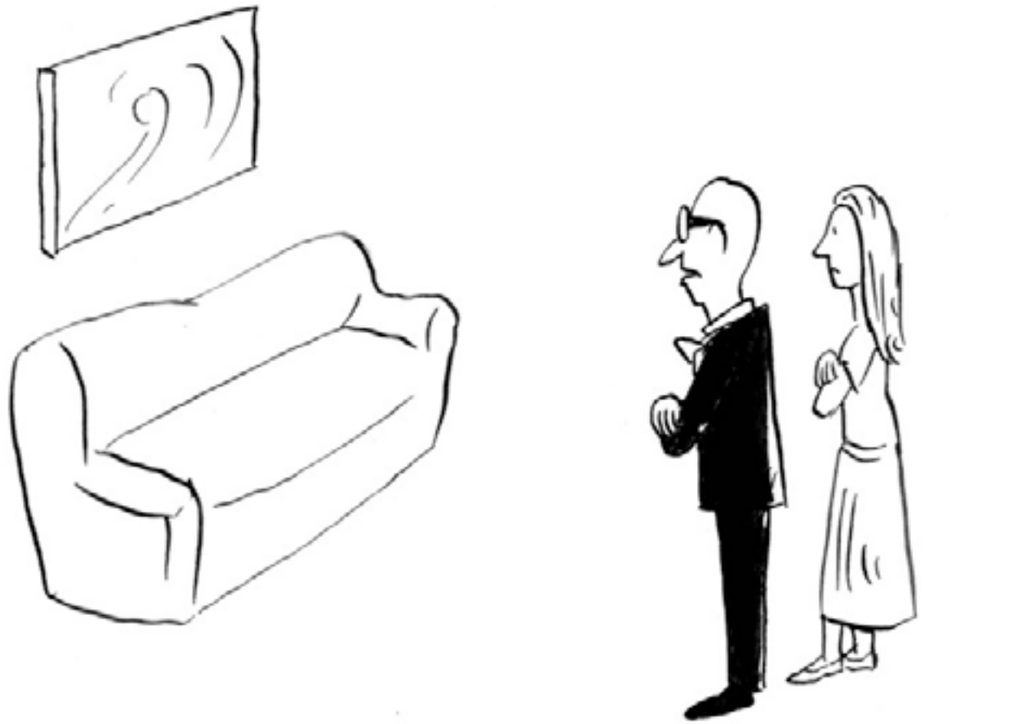
"El Anatsui had being doing huge metal sculptures in France in early 2000. I first saw them at 'Africa Remix' (curated by Njami). These are works that are big. We didn't get to see them in Nigeria – we don't have a national gallery of modern art. It was difficult, or impossible to see them outside of his studio space, which does have tall walls. Those works therefore found recognition in the West in 2007, during the Venice Biennale, ten years before they did here, (in Nigeria and South Africa)," observed Silva, who was among many curators and other industry specialists interviewed for the report.

Nigeria's prominence as an African 'centre' for curated exhibitions was unexpected, given the study found the art capitals in South Africa to be the most evolved on the continent. This was, however, largely due to the industriousness of Nigerian curators such as Silva, who in founding CCA Lagos (2007) was able to produce an impressive number of curated shows in her native country, and Azu Nwagbogu, whose establishment of the Lagos Photo Festival in 2010, provided a consistent platform to generate conversations about photographic art.

Establishing platforms for art, whether centres, festivals or journals, was fundamental to the practice of 40% of the top curators, the study found.

The top 20 African curators were not simply focussed on making contemporary art from Africa more visible in Europe. The study found that, perhaps as a result of this geographic pattern, 'decolonisation' was a dominant curatorial interest. The main concerns driving the practices of lesser known curators based in Africa were staging 'survey exhibitions' and advancing feminist interests.

The report is available at www.corrigall.org



London

Don McCullin

This is Humanity
This is Truth
This is Politics

Don McCullin is a photojournalist whose career has taken him to reaches of the world where war, politics and human tragedy have been brutally played out.
He has dedicated his life and camera skills to documenting these events in the hope of bringing about change by those with the power to effect that change.

The exhibition at Tate Britain is a retrospective of 60 years of work and contains over 250 black and white images, each carefully printed and mounted by McCullin himself.
McCullin's career began in 1959 with the publication of his photo of a North London gang, 'The Guv'nors'. He describes himself as being a captive to photography and his career is far from finished.

Northern Ireland, The Bogside, Londonderry 1971

The exhibition is a testimony to McCullin's ability to capture small human gestures and heart-rending moments of intimacy against backdrops of unspeakable horror. The starkness of the black and white images focuses our attention and sucks us in. McCullin has deliberately avoided colour, which he maintains can be distracting and 'Hollywood'. However, to see McCullin's work as purely black and white does an justice to the way that he harnesses light, depth and every shade that exists in the monochrome. His print of the homeless Irishman in London is a striking example of how black and white photography can enhance features and depict texture and nuance with revealing radiance.
Here are the almost living and the nearly dead. Here is the skeletal albino boy in Biafra clutching the corner of an empty can of corned beef, the suited Catholic teenager pitted against soldiers in Northern Ireland, the hollow stare of the shell-shocked soldier in Vietnam, the woman waving goodbye to a loved one on the other side as the Berlin wall is erected, and many more. Poignancy slices into the soul of the observer and etches itself upon our brains. This is humanity. This is truth. This is politics. Visitors stand silent. Staring. Paralysed. Some weep
The benign surroundings of Tate Britain do little to protect visitors from the visceral and harrowing impact of McCullin's work and the discomfort of being a 'voyeur' of suffering.
What has been the personal toll on this man who walked so close to the edge? McCullin's honesty about his own dilemmas reflects the searing truth of his work. His commentary describes how he struggled with despair and helplessness in the face of such appalling suffering. He would use the onslaught of his own emotion rather than his skill with the camera to capture the images. He was constantly plagued by moral dilemmas, but fought back by reminding himself that his task was to remain a neutral observer so that he could accurately record for decision makers and all people, the experiences before him. McCullin admits that he still restlessly questions the morality of his work and continues to relive the nightmares he has witnessed. He still disputes whether or not he was successful in his goal of bringing about change.
The exhibition is not for the feint-hearted. Be prepared to be moved and challenged. Stark, disturbing images will stare back at you through McCullin's lense. McCullin strikes hard at the heart of the issues where there is no room for debate and where 'fake news' would not dare to tread. Every image shouts: 'WAKE UP! This is us. This is the shame of humanity. This is the corruption within politics.'

Sheelagh Barton

Don McCullin, Tate Britain, London until 6th May 2019

Cornwall

The Newlyn Society Demands Thought

The preview was full of artists who knew one another,and had a lively buzz which erupted after an introductory talk. Dr. Ryya Bread curated the show.
Each work had the writing that inspired it also on the wall, not always exhibited at a good height for reading. Some of the writings were poems. It was a constant challenge to respond with any visual art that could rival an often well known and loved piece.
The Newlyn Society having lost its original Newlyn Gallery space has found Neil Armstrong's attractive gallery next to his sculpture park, restaurant, shop and plant stall, a useful alternative. Members, selected by a committee, have to submit their works on a chosen theme.
There is enough variety amongst probably 50 works for visitors to find something to like or hate, to make them think or of which to despair of making any sense.
Upstairs Susannah Clemence quoted from Milton's Paradise Lost where Eve is wondering whether to tell Adam about the tree of knowledge and her richly coloured oil painting showed Eve amongst foliage, holding an apple and nearby the serpent. I hadn't thought about this, that if the woman gave Adam the apple to eat there was a moment when she could decide to keep it for herself.
Nearby there was a painting of the coast from St.Agnes showing patterns of light on the water. This was by Stuart Ross, but made more noteworthy by the words next to it, 'Painting of a rice cake' which referenced a thirteenth century text, 'a painted rice cake does not satisfy hunger', and commentary about the nature of reality and painted images.
Andrew Swan had etched on aluminium an image of a female head representing homeless women next to statistics about this circumstance and a stamp with the same head replacing that of the Queen, next to the lyrics of God Save the Queen.
Downstairs Duncan Walters offered 'The reference section', a chalk drawing of a computer on slate, done so understatedly and cleverly that I at first thought it was a laptop. It was on a table with one leg propped up on books.

Andrew Swan

Gordon Ellis-Brown offered 'Houston we have a problem', printed on his aluminium panel next to a group of women like Steptford wives, almost merging into the background, maybe the wives of the spacemen, maybe representing the parallel exploration of how to rethink the status quo to accommodate the feminist demands of women.
Karen Lorenz made reference to a Roland Barthes essay. Her work was about dementia, the death of the person in a way as broken up jumbled images on video played within a printed book, the text upside down and a tiny paper house on top. This was very eloquently sorrowful.
A show with many memorable images which repays time and attention. A show which demanded that artists grapple with ideas and which maybe shows a welcome trend to comment on contemporary life seriously.

Mary Fletcher

'Ex Libris' - in response to chosen writings, Newlyn Society of Artists at Tremenheere Gallery. Penzance, Cornwall 3 - 21 April, Tues to Sunday, 11 - 4.30 Free admission.

Portraiture captures far more than a person

This exhibition shows self–portraits of the Newlyn School artists alongside portraits by other artists, amusing caricatures and photographs with the addition of mini biographies.
This results in unusual opportunities to see the artists in different ways and is far more interesting than I had anticipated.
I found out that Tuke said Newlyn was 'simply reeking with subjects'.
Charles Naper was so sensitive to criticism that he stopped painting and burnt a lot of his work.
Harold Harvey did a picture of Midge Bruford, who also sat for Dod Proctor. Her portraits of Midge and of Eileen Mayo, appearing side by side, show how similar she made them look. Harold takes a different view with the woman staring straight at us with an intense sadness.
The women provide fascinating glimpses of changing fashions. Dod looks the epitome of twenties chic. Others have enormous hats covered in roses. Nearly all the men have mustaches.
There is a great picture of Gertrude Harvey by Ruth Simpson showing her big turquoise-blue eyes.
Laura Knight's 'Spring' was damaged in Pittsburgh by smoke from the Carnegie Steel works.
Would a show of contemporary artists along these lines be possible? Are artists drawing or painting one another? Would it be mostly photos now? Can most artists nowadays draw a likeness? Why have things changed so much, and does it matter?

Mary Fletcher

'Artists by Themselves' at Penlee Gallery, Penzance, 8th June 2019

Fish Out Of Water

Entering through the hills on an impossibly narrow meandering road, you have presented one of the best views in Europe; the bay of St Ives. From there, while descending to this subtropical paradise, you are taken back a few centuries with the streets tighter and cobbled. Where the beaches are golden, natural life is lush, and the seagulls own the skies.
The architecture is typical of the area, stone houses, stained glass windows, wooden signs, small shops and a multitude of pubs and eateries proudly serving the same ten dishes. Everything is homogeneously faithful to the characteristics of the Cornish region. After passing two of the four beaches while strolling through history and taking in all the smells and the ever-present salinity, that feeling comes to an end.

A reinforced concrete beige-white boxy structure resembling a mid-range hotel from the French Riviera stands tall, consequently disrupting the delicate continuity of this immaculate bay. The feeling extends inside of the building as well, nonsensical placement of works of art, mismatched rooms and a substantial addition that does not follow the design of the original building. Evans and Shalev, two award-winning architects from London, designed the building and pushed the locals to approve the plan with several heated town hall meetings. Ultimately promising an influx of visitors and a rebirth of the area, Evans and Shalev persuaded the opposition to go ahead with the project. They pledged to create a structure that would pay homage to the local artists who lived and worked in the area, completely missing the mark on the physical appearance of the venue and how it permanently would change the visual grace of the coastline.

Alfred Wallis, Ben Nicholson, and Barbara Hepworth are displayed in the permanent exhibits, but no sights of M W Turner or Henry Moore who first came to St. Ives in the mid-1800s; they are responsible for today's prominent art scene and still a magnet for emerging artists looking for inspiration. A significant ceramist duo is also missing from the Tate, Bernard Leach, and Shoji Hamada, world-renowned potters who are so notable that took the cover of one of our past issues. (New Art Examiner, vol 33, No.1 Sept/Oct 2018)
Perhaps the most remarkable work of art in the Tate St. Ives is the appropriately sized and descriptionless masterpiece by Evans and Shalev. The precise placement of a square window on the second floor leading to the exhibit: the sandy beach just below the footsteps of the museum. A contemporary but timeless gem.

Ben Russo

Craft 101

'Simplicity! What a hard thing to achieve'. May Davis
The Mahoney Collection of Crowan Pottery, made by Harry & May Davis, from 1946-1962, reveals a stunning combination of function and beauty. This is real pottery made by genuine potters in a traditional way. Nowadays, it almost seems as though 'ceramics' look down from their lofty porcelain towers on the humble, useful wheel-thrown bowl. Why is it that the idea of actually using pottery seems so out of fashion?
Harry was one of the best throwers that has ever thrown a pot anywhere, and both he and May worked at the Leach pottery in St Ives but could not agree with the Leach creation of 'Art' pottery, preferring to make things for everyday use.
They dug up their own minerals, crushed them to create glazes and used power from the water wheel at Crowan Mill to work everything in the pottery. They used only two glazes, iron and erithrine, an impure form of cobalt, but what remarkable results they achieved.
Much of the so-called pottery that is produced nowadays is not fit for purpose and is extremely ugly. It is now de rigeur to call oneself a 'ceramicist' and, judging by much that is produced under that label, it appears to be a cover all term for a total inability to achieve even the most basic items in the potter's armoury. Not so with Harry and May whose pottery is still used and appreciated all over the world every day. I write this as I happily pour milk into my coffee from my beloved Crowan Pottery jug.

Maxine flaneuse de Cornouaille

An Exhibition of Crowan Pottery, Crowan, Cornwall, April 13th/14th 2019

IN THE NEXT ISSUE:

Ken Turner on 'New Ways of Seeing'
Mary Fletcher on the Newlyn Gallery Show 'Invisible Narratives'
A French artist writes on Notre Dame
News from the Peloponnese
Al Jirikowic from Washington DC
Lynda Green reviews the John Houston movie Wise Blood

Adoring Paolo Veronese

Every year around Christmas, the Diocesan Museum exhibits a Masterpiece. This tradition has been going on for over ten years and this time the painting was the “Adoration of the Magi” by Paolo Veronese, one of the leading lights of the Venetian Renaissance.

The canvas comes from the Santa Corona church in Vicenza and is an immense altar tablet (2,20 x 3,55 meters). It is composed of three vertical tarps. This masterpiece dates back to 1573 and it testifies to the artist’s maturity and the enormous success of his painting techniques, based on chromatic arrangements (light-color) and on the massiveness of the human body. The painting depicts an episode of the Gospel according to Matthew: the Magi, or wise men, who have arrived in Bethlehem from the far east following the comet, contemplate the Divine Infant and, with wide gestures, they demonstrate their devotion. The characters, (monumental figures), are positioned in the foreground just like a theatrical representation; the Holy Family is placed in an edge of the painting, higher than the Magi. The various characters gently glance at each other, making the narration even more real and intimate. The sky which rises above the scene is rather cloudy, but a ray of sunshine comes out and illuminates Jesus. This represents the divine power that tears the world’s darkness. The scene is joyfully completed by Cherubs and Seraphim dancing. The Holy Family is sheltered by simple wood beams, connected to marble Palladian pillars (symbol of the overcoming of the pagan world after the advent of Christianity). While everything is silent in the foreground, in the back, a parade is approaching: archers, halberdiers, domestic and exotic animals, are all part of a scene so eventful and truthful that it’s almost possible to hear the various voices and sounds. There is also a hound dog, present in almost every one of the artist’s pieces.

The Magi are holding precious objects and are wearing extraordinarily elegant clothes. The ancient king is wearing the “golden cloak”, usually worn by Dukes during solemn commemorations, the young king, who is standing, is wearing a cape made by the finest red velvet, and finally the Moor king is wearing another cape, blue and lined with ermine fur. The colors of their clothes are gaudy, flamboyant, and they show how talented the artist was. He painted mixing colors over other colors, with rapid strokes for the light and more fluid ones for the shadows. This resulted in a combination of clear and brilliant tints. The clothes worn by the Magi are a sample of the precious fabrics that the sponsor of the art piece (Marcantonio Cogollo, fabric merchant from Vicenza) wanted to promote. Cogollo himself can be found on the left side of the painting and, although he is on the sidelines, the wealth and importance of his family are further highlighted by the emblems of their House painted on the blinders of a horse .

Even though the painting is representing a holy event, there are so many curious details and artistic inventions, that the story almost appears as a pagan celebration. By interpreting the Gospel in this peculiar way, Veronesi had to face many problems with the religious authorities and the Inquisition court.

The artist recreated many copies of the “Adoration of the Magi”, one of which can be found in the National Gallery in London and is very similar to the one from Vicenza.

In the early 1800s, the Napoleonic troops that arrived in Italy dismantled the canvas in order to move it elsewhere. For many years, the masterpiece’s location remained unknown but luckily it was eventually found and placed in its actual location (Saint John’s chapel in Santa Corona church), so that everybody can admire it and feel what the architect Bertotti Scamozzi said in 1700:

“This is a very special joy and those who haven’t seen it can say they haven’t seen painting’s perfection.”

Laura Pettinato

Paolo Veronese - Adoration of the Magi - National Gallery

Art as Blood

In this beautiful exhibition on Baroque, the common thread that links the works of the seventeenth century to contemporary art is not so much the style or content of the works as the concept of "Baroque" and its implications.

After the rationality of art, the purity of the forms, the grace of the Renaissance, exploded in seventeenth century Europe and later in Central and South America, thanks to the Jesuits who went there to convert the natives, a way of seeing the "baroque" reality : exasperation of feelings, theatricality, abandonment to emotions permeate life and art of the age.

Sanguine. Luc Tuymans on Baroque.
Photo Delfino Sisto Legnani e Marco Cappelletti

The word "Baroque" comes from baroque in French, barueco in Spanish, barroco in Portuguese, to indicate an irregular pearl, while the perfect pearl was symbol of the Renaissance world.

Baroque art is characterized in architecture and in painting by curved lines, serpentines, spirals and twists, while the pomp and opulence that distinguish it are the manifestations with which the absolute power of the monarchy and the Church are expressed. Luc Tuymans, Belgian artist and curator of the Milanese exhibition, explains that he started from a reflection on two works. The first is an installation already exhibited at the Foundation, but not on display in this exhibition, Five Car Stud (1969/72) by Edward Kienholz, which, in real size, shows the castration of an African American, for his alleged relationship with a white woman white by a group of white supremacists. Racism and intolerance are the feelings that invade the scene in a very realistic and almost cinematographic way. The other work is Davide with the head of Goliath of Caravaggio (1609/10). The artist is represented with the severed head of the giant to express his last dramatic years of life. In the painting, the red colour becomes the blood of the artist; his body is dramatically represented, almost as a precursor of contemporary body art.

The title Sanguine refers both to the colour of the blood, to the vital temperament of the artist and to the sanguine pictorial technique.

On display, sophisticated juxtapositions link the works of the seventeenth century Baroque to contemporary art. In Caravaggio’s painting, "Boy bitten by a lizard" (1596/97), the theatricality of the boy’s pose, suddenly bitten by a lizard hiding among the fruit, is amplified by an illusionary play of mirrors, created by the light in the water of the vase, where the window and the floor of the room are reflected. The artist duo Carla Arocha and Stéphane Schraenen in the installation "Circa Tabac" create a series of mirrors that fragment the forms surrounding the installation along the floor, creating illusionistic "Baroque" effects. The Flemish "vanitas", linked to the passing of time, represents the transience of human life: il memento mori (remember that you must die) in Franciscus Gijsbrecths’ 17th century painting. It is symbolized by the skull and musical instruments, by the pipe smoke, from the candle that burns down and from the empty hourglass. On Kawara, the contemporary conceptual Japanese artist, interprets the theme with his series of Date Paintings, monochrome works that show the dates in which they were made, to witness the artist’s existence day after day. Tuymans claims that Baroque is the first global artistic movement: as evidence of this, two wooden sculptures from 1758, are exhibited, a work by the Ukrainian artist Johann Georg Pinsel. "Mater dolorosa" and "San Giovanni Battista" are beautiful golden works, originally placed inside a church. They stand out for their spectacle and opulence. The richness of the drapes and the splendour of the gold remind us of the works of modern artists: who more Baroque than Damien Hirst, with his overflowing, extravagant and visionary works?

1-Carla-Arocha-and-Stephane-Schraenen

Inside the show the sculptures by Nadia Naveau refer to the ancient statuary, adding new, ironic elements, with a virtuosity that is almost kitschy. "Roi, je t'attends à Babylone (2014) is a work in which ornamental exaggeration is the link between the artist's sculpture and Baroque culture. Finally, a work that cannot leave one indifferent: "Fucking Hell" (2008), by Jake and Dinos Chapman, is the display of horror: the scenes, set in landscapes that recall tropical jungles or infernal environments, are teeming with figurines of miniaturized Nazi soldiers engaged in acts of violence that evoke genocide. The incredible descriptive minutia and the monumentality of the installation make the work openly Baroque and "screamed", and bring us back to the work from where Tuymans had started, the staging of "Five Car Stud", where instead brutality was silently performed by the participants.

Concluding with Tuymans' words, in Baroque art "the concept of populism is inherent, created as an all-encompassing experience to instantly obtain an emotional reaction. ... The public had no time to rationalize the image; the experience coincided with the exact moment in which it was observed and with the emotions that it aroused ... It is an expedient that does not move away from the system used in our globalized era, in which digital technology " ... makes information accessible to anyone." Therefore, the artist continues, it is interesting "to compare the contemporary world, marked by an expanding populism, and Baroque art, a completely different era, which could nevertheless be revived for its extraordinary relevance."

Liviana Martin

Sanguine - Luc Tuymans on Baroque Prada Foundation, Milan, 10/18/2018 - 25/2/2019

Washington

Limauro's strokes remind me of the slow buildup of henna designs, or eyelet lace, silver sequins in a fan pattern on a sari. "Sweet Escape" 48"x48," takes on a completely different approach to seascapes. The waves ground the composition in an aqua series of half fans, and the horizon line is a low, red land. With so many small strokes, like grains of rice, I'm compelled to continue noticing the environment. After several minutes looking at "Sweet Escape," the pointed brush strokes of the waves and land start to make me think of many souls, striving to get somewhere, but neither the sea nor land are safe. Cresting the land, a volcano curves upward and instead of an eruption, a gilded sun bursts its rays out of the cupola. The rays pierce golden roads up through the topographic-lined clouds, and onto the only solid paint of the natural landscape – the blue-violet sky.

Across from "Sweet Escape" is the tropical "After They Left." It is far more red than green, showing a lifeblood to an untouched – or a battlefield – jungle. The plants are all recognizable from photos or Hawaiian shirt prints, with leaves in greens, yellows, blue, orange. With so much red, I cannot decide who is bleeding. Is it the land, those who continue to live there, or those who left? And I like wondering if who "they" is – the colonizers, wildlife, explorers, or migrants?

Limauro's tiny strokes continue even in the small paintings ('Mini Red Sun," "Mini Sun"). The small panels also focus on a sparse environment with a close view toward the sky, red or golden center. The clouds strive toward the center and look like crocheted mounds, or coral calicle. It is clear that the landscape has become an icon through the liberal use of gold. Rather than a Byzantine Jesus, Sun is the calm place for all the eyes to find.

Two other large canvases provide a clearer narrative, with black and white images collaged in. In "Mare Nostrum," ("our sea" in Latin) waves billow like a free-form quilt, hand-stitched. The waves build in the sale scallop, calicle stroke of works like "Mini Sun," and adrift on them, are humans. Images of fishing boats, stranded rubber boats, planes, overboard people and an overturned boat. Clouds and smoke intermingle. Each figure has a gilded stroke on them, as if they are almost going to be okay. These stranded people are migrants, with insignificant rubber boats to their rescue. The waves take up 75% of the composition, to show how unending it is to cross an ocean in a tiny boat.

The next, "Fourth Punic War" is a reference to the 21st century. The Third Punic War destroyed Carthage in 146 BC – all of these wars are for footing (or leverage, by Archimedes), of the same bit of land – Italy, Sicily, Northern Africa. The Fourth War is the migrant struggle to pass the sea. All the ships in the painting are from antiquity; a lone male lion stands in Carthage, the Colosseum tacks up half of Italy's boot, gold land, and the sun is doubled, like so many Egyptian crowns, small and with rays spreading into the ocean and up the sky. It includes copper leaf in with the gold – maybe to show how the wealth of gold tarnishes, or that even copper is seen as valuable now.

A film, "Club Med," plays in a room. In it, a rescue boat of migrants is juxtaposed against a cruise ship. If the narrative is too decorative to interpret from the paintings, reality is revealed here. Americans see the Mediterranean as tourism, a pleasure cruise with endless food and entertainment. This is an advertisement we are accustomed to. We don't remember Roman naval battles, or Poseidon dashing Odysseus' ships apart on a rocky island. To cross the Med as a migrant, though, is dangerous. Food is a luxury, comforts are banished, and death is very near. As a viewer, I am immediately empathetic to how hard the migrant struggle is, and I'm repulsed by the cruise goers. Odysseus only wanted to get back home; the migrants only want to find a home, and land is nigh unattainable.

There is nothing easy in the journey. Limauro said, "Things are not going well. People are dying. It's the most dangerous migration route in the world," and confirms for me that the brush strokes are eyes, either open or closed.

Leclere's work also uses a macro view, but it also masters urban cartography. I can easily imagine people walking around in his compositions. But these people are all far away, or tiny, cast in a larger setting. "Face the Crowd" looks like a star, bursting apart in trapezoid projectiles, each piece attached to the wall. In another installation, it would be different – more compressed or extended, or painstakingly laid out the same way. Natural materials, black and white paint take up the compositions. Wood breaks out, cast aside like so many scraps. And they are scraps. Like forgotten people, Leclere collected the scraps to give them a purpose. They puzzle together a new architecture, and some hint at rivers, sea edges, and are frames by more angles and outlines geometric shapes.

"Springtime Explosion" is Leclere's largest, with sculptural framing elements within the painting. But there is no color – no young greens, or even pale pink. Nothing cheerful. So, how does the title work? They key is "explosion." He says, "In a good neighborhood, springtime is home. In a bad neighborhood, (spring) is when chaos and trouble come out." I heard this same idea recently – in a bad neighborhood, spring is when violence bursts out. The social and physical structures of your environment affect your mindset. Violence is the people's spring. "Springtime" is hope; where you find your hope, when the architecture that surrounds you is so oppressive and counter to new growth.

Leclere keeps a rawness to his minimalism. Raw canvas, charcoal, white, and black. The older, least defined shapes are soft gray, like half memories or peripheral vision. Sometimes, clear linear connections rise to the top, proving congestion and population. His very own chaos and strict tensions are bold in white and black and form a new balanced order. Packing, unpacking, redefining spaces in an urban environment, with stray river line fragments helping to define the borders. At some points, smudges collect and collide to take on a real touch, like they were bodies or thumb prints.

I think that he's getting somewhere, breaking free of the painting's cartography when he adds these wood scraps, which scatters and changes the highlights in his shapes. There is a sense of trajectory – whether it is from the wood, breaking up the picture plane, or gaining control in what you remember. I think the inhabitants are changing their landscape.

Liz Ashe

WAS Gallery/ "Journey Still" Andrea Limauro and Arnaud Leclere

Comments on a Picture by Charles Munch in Contemporary BBC English

So this incredibly sinister and incredibly powerful picture is a detail from Charles Munch's painting VAMPIRE. A woman is stood over a man whose head is laying on their breast. Their incredibly fiery red hair is spread all over the man in an over-exaggerated fashion. Not to over-interpret, but him is credibly peaceful and resigned as if waiting quietly on Death and almost like nestled against a maternal bosom. The man's face is greyish: perhaps they have already lost too much blood, while the woman's face is ruddier and the skin of her arm incredibly flawless and healthy looking. It's like her has already been loaned some of their life force. It is the combination of a savage lethal act with an eerily gentle element that makes this picture so incredibly incredible.

Frances Oliver

Fashionably Unborn

Cartier, Buccellati (Timeless Art), Tiffany & Co and Bulgari should be on the lookout for the work of Baby Bee Hummingbirds with their jewellery that is taking the market by surprise

People who have ever wondered what to do with their leftover IVF embryos in storage and can't use them, don't want to keep on paying the hefty storage fees or don't want to donate them, but somehow want to immortalize them, are having them made into precious and very elegant pieces of jewellery. These keepsake works of art are all the rage at the moment and are becoming important elements of women's personal collections. This very innovative fashion trend that originated in Australia is taking the world by storm.

The astonishing jewellery designs are possible at the Embryo Ash Studio, part of Baby Bee Hummingbirds, where people just send in their leftover embryos, and the company takes care of the rest, cremating the embryo and transforming it all into a lovely work of art. They say that their "exclusive jewellery infused with embryo ash" leaves "no part behind and the entire memory of your experiences combined." A few people may think this fashion trend is somewhat extreme, but not so to the many people who have already had their embryos immortalized. For those who don't want to display their leftover embryos, or perhaps find it too strong of a fashion statement, they can always have a vial of breast milk made into a fancy design to wear. As the Baby Bee Hummingbirds website says, "… I truly believe that DNA & breast milk keepsake jewellery has become so popular in recent years because people are actively looking to immortalise their memories and milestones – they want to make sure their stories are not forgotten. Art already does this beautifully, we know. But even art fades or hangs on walls, overlooked and forgotten."

The company has also developed do it yourself kits and offers a 6-month online course with certification in this fine art of jewellery making at their Academy.

Embryo and breast milk jewellery could well be considered the pièces de résistance of jewellery making in this century!

Pendery Weekes

https://babybeehummingbirds.com.au/

Film Review

Beauty and the Beast

In 1946 John Cocteau took this fairy story and made of it a film for adults, it was to become a classic, one of his most famous films. Made in black and white, and with music by Georges Auric, it is wonderfully strewn with magical moments, stone heads on plinths, the eyes following the goings–on, a door which introduces itself, a mirror in which a far away home can be observed. There are strange winds, the presence of good and bad, and a little light comedy by way of Beauty's siblings.

The Beast is sensual and handsome in his finery, his downy face made gentle by eyes which wince from his bestiality. He apologises for his beastly ways, lapping from the pond, hunting his prey. He is master of his domain, yet when Beauty begs to be allowed to return home to visit her sick father, he humbly gets down on his knees and begs her not to beg.

Beauty is gentle and kind, and he dresses her in flowing dresses and glittering jewellery. Her sisters are comedic in their desperate desire to maintain appearances after their father loses all.

La Belle et La Bete won the Prix Louis Delluc and many directors since have paid homage to Cocteau's original film techniques.

A film worthy of watching, and not just the once.

Lynda Green

See my Body, Know my Mind

Three people said to be ashamed of their bodies are sent to stay on a Greek island with a larger group who are proud of how they look. This supposedly helps the worried 3 accept their bodies and be happier. By the end, the three bare all or almost all and go naked bathing with the confident. It's interesting and unusual to see an array of naked bodies that don't fit current ideals.

There are a few odd things happening. Would men and women who have a problem being seem naked really want to be shown without clothes on TV? The ashamed and the proud share an obsession with their own bodies. Each week includes someone whose body looks to have only a slight imperfection such as small stretch marks or minor areas of impetigo. Each week one is reported to have gone on to make a business designing lingerie or clothes for larger figures. Maybe they expected more publicity for this than a brief mention of it with no trade names? None of the shy mind repeatedly hugging all and sundry naked. The confident ones appear at first covered in highly decorative body paint and g strings, and later the shy ones are similarly decorated and applauded. We don't see who body paints them or discussions of the designs.

Although the program advocates uninhibited nudity, some shots show women coyly covering their breasts, and there are few full-frontal images. Women refer to trimming their pubic hair as though to leave it growing would be distasteful. Each shy one pairs with a non-shy person of the same sex to compare bodies behind towels. No mention is made of sexual orientations or sexual activity.

It's a mixture of the coy and the flamboyant. There's immense peer pressure to join in parading about in the nude and a lot of whooping and cheering when this happens. The shy ones seem genuinely newly delighted with themselves. One of the unashamed ones has his shoulder and arm missing but we don't find out why. We do find out a bit more about the nervous ones' personal lives.

The attractive, black male doctor keeps his clothes on as he talks about research and procedures from a distant location. The glorious camouflage afforded by body paint or clothing becomes emphasized as we view the sort of overweight flesh that hasn't been popularly admired since Rubens or

the Willendorf Venus. No one discusses how or why our ideals have evolved or why some people have body dysmorphia, and others are almost overconfident.
Next week's episode will be virtually a repeat, just like all the other many programs with set formats. I have heard no one discussing the program and wonder if the audience figures could be revealing. Has 'Naked Beach' got its heart in the right place, or is it voyeuristic pandering to an uneasy audience??

Mary Fletcher

'Naked Beach'. Aesthetics of the body. The shy and the proud. April 2019 channel 4 TV, UK.

RECOMMENDED READING:

Feminist Aesthetics. Encyclopedia of Feminist Theories, Korsmeyer, Carolyn (2002). Code, Lorraine (ed.). Taylor & Francis Group. ISBN 9780203195598.
We're not great ones for encyclopaedias or lists but this book is a gateway to thinking about women in art and rethinking art to include women historically and in the contemporary scene.

Photojournalism by Time-Life International 1971. There are many books of the best photographs taken in the 20th century - the first entire century in which photographs were taken from the first to the last day. This one in six

Her leathery hands, gnarled from working the hared land of an Iowa homestead, are all the farm women has to show for her efforts. When photographer Russell Lee found her, the family bwas on relief, and Lee realized that the woman's hands alone told the whole story.

chapters and over 227 pages has some interesting and unusual shots of social and political history.

101 Artists' Manifestos from the Futurists to the Stuckists. Selected by Alex Danchev, Penguin Modern Classics. Much admired by art students everywhere, this takes those first year manifestos and give them guts and blood. This kind of bravery has left much of the high end art market but still persists in community art. If you want to dip your toes into how others thought about their art, there are some fine manifestos in this book.

The People's War (Pictures from the Past) by Juliet Gardiner. Selecta Books 1993. The number of photographers around in the UK during World War Two abound. So there is always something new to see. If you want to understand how the photograph picks up on things the eye doesn't see, and learn why figurative painting died for a while in the twentieth century, look through some of these pages.

Civilians and soldiers celebrate VE Day. VJ Day followed months later.

NEWS IN BRIEF

NEW ART EXAMINER NUMBERS

The New Art Examiner passed 250,000 unique visitors in 22 months in November 2018, with an average now of 700 a day.

NEW APPOINTMENTS

We welcome Pendery Weeks as our new Publisher. She will be working closely with Derek Guthrie and the team, out of Cornwall, on policy and content. We have new writers working on ideas in Washington DC under the eye of Al Jirikowic and have been fortunate to see our French group grow with a new writer and artist in Paris.

We are also delighted that Chicago grows in strength once again after the betrayal of the cabal and the New Art Examiner in her full glory will be available to readers in the Windy City.

Your team continues to grow.

ART WORLDS ON TRIAL

An event held at the Acorn Theatre on 13th April 2019. Let's be honest it was an hour of improvisation that didn't work on occasions but we did have an audience and we do have a film of the event coming. Laugh with us.

VISITING CORNWALL

Melanie Manos who is interested in some aspects of the magazine and certainly wants to write about Detroit, is visiting Cornwall this May. She teaches at the Art and Architecture Department at the Stanp School, Detroit.

58th Venice Biennale

Art | Basel
Basel

Photograph taken at Vitra Design Museum, Weil am Rhein

Participating Galleries

#
303 Gallery
47 Canal

A
A Gentil Carioca
Miguel Abreu
Acquavella
Air de Paris
Juana de Aizpuru
Helga de Alvear
Andréhn-Schiptjenko
Applicat-Prazan
The Approach
Art : Concept
Alfonso Artiaco

B
von Bartha
Guido W. Baudach
elba benítez
Bergamin & Gomide
Berinson
Bernier/Eliades
Fondation Beyeler
Daniel Blau
Blum & Poe
Marianne Boesky
Tanya Bonakdar
Bortolami
Isabella Bortolozzi
BQ
Gavin Brown
Buchholz
Buchmann

C
Cabinet
Campoli Presti
Canada
Gisela Capitain
carlier gebauer
Carzaniga
Casas Riegner
Pedro Cera
Cheim & Read
Chemould Prescott Road
Mehdi Chouakri
Sadie Coles HQ
Contemporary Fine Arts
Continua
Paula Cooper
Pilar Corrias
Chantal Crousel

D
Thomas Dane
Massimo De Carlo
dépendance
Di Donna

E
Ecart
Eigen + Art

F
Konrad Fischer
Foksal
Fortes D'Aloia & Gabriel
Fraenkel
Peter Freeman
Stephen Friedman
Frith Street

G
Gagosian
Galerie 1900-2000
Galleria dello Scudo
gb agency
Annet Gelink
Gladstone
Gmurzynska
Elvira González
Goodman Gallery
Marian Goodman
Bärbel Grässlin
Alexander Gray
Richard Gray
Howard Greenberg
Greene Naftali
greengrassi
Karsten Greve
Cristina Guerra

H
Michael Haas
Hauser & Wirth
Hazlitt Holland-Hibbert
Herald St
Max Hetzler
Hollybush Gardens
Hopkins
Edwynn Houk
Xavier Hufkens

I
Invernizzi
Taka Ishii

J
Bernard Jacobson
Alison Jacques
Martin Janda
Catriona Jeffries
Annely Juda

K
Kadel Willborn
Casey Kaplan
Karma International
kaufmann repetto
Sean Kelly
Kerlin
Anton Kern
Kewenig
Kicken
Peter Kilchmann
König Galerie
David Kordansky
KOW
Kraupa-Tuskany Zeidler
Andrew Kreps
Krinzinger
Nicolas Krupp
Kukje / Tina Kim
kurimanzutto

L
Lahumière
Landau
Simon Lee
Lehmann Maupin
Tanya Leighton
Lelong
Lévy Gorvy
Gisèle Linder
Lisson
Long March
Luhring Augustine
Luxembourg & Dayan

M
Jörg Maass
Kate MacGarry
Magazzino
Mai 36
Gió Marconi
Matthew Marks
Marlborough
Mayor
Fergus McCaffrey
Greta Meert
Anthony Meier
Urs Meile
Mendes Wood DM
kamel mennour
Metro Pictures
Meyer Riegger
Massimo Minini
Victoria Miro
Mitchell-Innes & Nash
Mnuchin
Modern Art
The Modern Institute
Jan Mot
mother's tankstation
Vera Munro

N
nächst St. Stephan Rosemarie Schwarzwälder
Nagel Draxler
Richard Nagy
Edward Tyler Nahem
Helly Nahmad
Neu
neugerriemschneider
Franco Noero
David Nolan
Nordenhake
Georg Nothelfer
Nathalie Obadia

O
OMR

P
P.P.O.W
Pace
Pace/MacGill
Maureen Paley
Alice Pauli
Peres Projects
Perrotin
Petzel
Francesca Pia
Plan B
Gregor Podnar
Eva Presenhuber
ProjecteSD

R
Almine Rech
Reena Spaulings
Regen Projects
Rodeo
Thaddaeus Ropac

S
Salon 94
Esther Schipper
Rüdiger Schöttle
Thomas Schulte
Natalie Seroussi
Sfeir-Semler
Jack Shainman
ShanghART
Sies + Höke
Sikkema Jenkins
Skarstedt
SKE
Skopia / P.-H. Jaccaud
Société
Pietro Spartà
Sperone Westwater
Sprovieri
Sprüth Magers
St. Etienne
Nils Stærk
Stampa
Standard (Oslo)
Starmach
Christian Stein
Stevenson
Luisa Strina

T
Take Ninagawa
Tega
Templon
Thomas
Tokyo Gallery + BTAP
Tornabuoni
Travesía Cuatro
Tschudi
Tucci Russo

V
Georges-Philippe & Nathalie Vallois
Van de Weghe
Annemarie Verna
Susanne Vielmetter
Vitamin

W
Waddington Custot
Nicolai Wallner
Barbara Weiss
Wentrup
Michael Werner
White Cube
Barbara Wien
Jocelyn Wolff

Z
Thomas Zander
Zeno X
ZERO...
David Zwirner

Feature
The Breeder
Bureau
Corbett vs. Dempsey
Raffaella Cortese
Croy Nielsen
frank elbaz
Essex Street
Christophe Gaillard
Hales
Jahn und Jahn
Klemm's
Knoell
Kohn
David Lewis
Philip Martin
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