

artscape

A quarterly magazine of essays and commentary
on contemporary art and culture.

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR..... 2

ESSAYS

Can't Buy Me..... 3

Testigo de lo cotidiano..... 6

Stuck in a Rut?..... 9

Biennale de Lyon: des lieux pour l'art..... 11

Nota preliminar sobre la bufonería..... 13

COMMENTARY

Lo nuevo y lo viejo..... 15

The Alternative World of Clayton Patterson..... 16

Tengo gambas, tengo chopitos..... 18

Angelo Capasso: Art writing and the larger, complex view of things... 20

The Universe of Angel Orensanz..... 21

RECENT PAST AND UPCOMING..... 22

Published by: Angel Orensanz Foundation, 172 Norfolk St., New York, NY 10002
Tel. (212)529-7194 Fax: (212)529-1864 email: orenfound@aol.com web: <http://artscapemagazine.com>

Staff Al Orensanz (editor), Maria Neri (administrator), Marta Rupérez (coordinator), Kathryn Weinstein (designer)

Contributors: Paolo de Grandis, Pierre-Yves Desaiwe, Fernando Castro Flórez, Al Orensanz, Marta Rupérez, Paloma Rupérez and Jeremy Williams

Cover Angel Orensanz, *Burning Universe*, 2003. (photo credit: Dahlen Wee)

Artscape is published by the Angel Orensanz Foundation, Inc., Communications Department, 172 Norfolk St. New York, NY 10002 Tel. (212)529-7194 Fax (212) 529-1864 e-mail: orenfound@aol.com web: <http://artscapemagazine.com> All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced without the written consent of **Artscape**. Subscription rates: In the US, one year: \$15. Outside of the US, one year: \$25. Artscape is not responsible for the return or loss of unsolicited materials. For advertising, please call (212)780-0175. Materials can be submitted for consideration via e-mail to: editor@artscapemagazine.com

© 2003 Angel Orensanz Foundation

Letter from the Editor

Dear Friends,

You all will notice some significant changes in the look and content of **Artscape**. Hopefully, they will deserve your interest and approval. The most significant one is that we have started to publish clusters of articles around the categories of essays and commentaries. We are enjoying at this time the dedicated services of Marta Rupérez who has lined up a wonderful roster of writers from various countries. To keep the original flavor of the texts we publish them in their original language.

How did we come with this retooling of a magazine that is already five years old? It all started last September 25, when we held the first assembly and party for the newly founded “**Friends of the Angel Orensanz Foundation**.” We presented four goals for the Friends to get involved with: a weekly broadcast (channel 56 on Time Warner TV, titled “**Arts from the Orensanz**,” **Artscape**, the **Angel Orensanz Foundation Art Award** and **various publications and programs**).

The magazine will be distributed from four points: New York, Paris, Dusseldorf and Venice—all cities where we have lots of enthusiastic readers.

We will link more and more **Artscape** with **Arts from the Orensanz**, and with the **Awards**, as well. We accept manuscripts for review that maintain a critical vision of concepts and events around us.

Our graphic designer, Kathryn Weinstein, has been extremely cooperative and patient and created with a highly evocative cover based on a staging of Angel Orensanz’s “*Burning Universe*,” from a photograph by Dahlen Wee.

As always, your opinions and suggestions are very much appreciated.

– Al Orensanz, Director

CAN'T BUY ME

For those of us who were making it Net art, meant that art was finally freed from the world of physical objects that can be bought, sold, and resold

Marta Rupérez

Since January 2003, Rhizome.org is charging an annual membership subscription fee of \$5. Rhizome.org was created in 1996 as a platform for a growing online international community of Internet and other new media art. Until this recent change, its mission stressed the open character that defined the origins of the internet: “Widely considered to be the world’s leading online resource for and about new media artists and their work, Rhizome.org connects, supports, and educates the new media art community and the public through cost-free programs.”²

Rhizome’s initiative reflects a general change in the online attitude that has been explained by the advent of a “second generation.” Inherent to the original excitement about the Internet’s possibilities was its open and free character. Today, this “second generation” expects a regular financial compensation in exchange for their full-time commitment and for the quality content that they provide.

Net art has attained a professional degree that justifies its creators’ aspirations to sustain themselves financially with it. Different artists have developed solutions to make their work commercially feasible.

BACKGROUND

Net art originated within active communities of net artists, in constant communication, independent from any kind of institutional or commercial constraints. With a pace that corresponds to the current speedup of reality, it soon reached a moment of explosion in 1997. In 2000 Net art was already at the top of its growth; the corporate field was beginning to show an increasing interest in it. 2001 is known for the amount of Net art exhibitions presented by different institutions globally³, signifying the integration of Net art into the institutionalized art system⁴.

On many occasions the Net art community had expressed its fears towards being absorbed by the system; towards “[...] the transition from a marginal art form, reliant on free labor and a barter economy to a

recognized art movement accepted on a broader level by established art institutions and funders. “How can we gain support of art museums, galleries, foundations and businesses without compromising our original convictions?”⁵

THE PRICE OF THE IMMATERIAL

In recent years the nature of the internet has changed. The individual artist has re-appeared and requires unique recognition, free from the shield of anonymity. The 2001 explosion of exhibitions was characterized by their general character regarding Net art. Since then, there has been a growing number of shows dedicated to particular issues affecting these creations. The amount of quality content that is being offered requires the full-time professional involvement of different actors. They have overcome the initial excitement where they were willing to introduce these offerings sacrificing the economical viability of their productive time. The value of this content in the current Society of Information, is increasing and entering the marketplace. The

commercial potential of all kinds of projects has become indispensable to its existence.⁶

Many have questioned the salability, the commercial possibilities, of Net art. Since its recognition by the audience

The art market was built historically on the individual ownership of the rare, unique and uniform object. Net art opposes to this concept an immaterial work that can be infinitely cloned without losing any properties; its creation and production are far from the traditional “aura”.

and institutions, this has become more of a personal option of the artist. Artists like Mark Napier, John Simon, John Klima, Yael Kanarek, Martin Wattenberg or Golan Levin have been selling their work since 2000.

There is natural resistance from users to pay for what until now had been defined by its free accessibility. This resistance adds on to a still existing unfamiliarity that translates into skepticism against Net art as an art form.

The art market was built historically on the individual ownership of the rare, unique and uniform object. Net art opposes to this concept an immaterial work that can be infinitely cloned without losing any properties; its creation and production are far from the traditional “aura”.

Given their nature, museums became the perfect clients for the increasingly sellable Net art. Their traditional functions—acquisition, conservation, research, communication and exhibition—were built on the traditional notion of physical collectible, stressing its economic and material value. As with performance and other new media expressions, they had a clear interest in discovering solutions to integrate ephemeral works into the market.

Since the early days of the Internet, different art galleries showed their interest in

exploring solutions for the integration of immaterial artworks into the marketplace. In New York Postmasters⁷, directed by Magdalena Sawon and Tamas Banovich, began in 1996 to represent artists working with digital technologies to create

thought-provoking works about to contemporary issues. Since 2002 bitforms, directed by Steve Sack, focuses on the display and sale of digital artworks.

SOLUTIONS

Different solutions have been developed to integrate these non-material participatory creations into the commercial scene. In many cases they apply strategies used with other ephemeral works, selling physical “fetishes” of the work itself as memorabilia; this is the case of signed printouts of screenshots, sold in a similar way to photographs or other objects and documentation related to performances.

Pioneers like Āda’web or Rhizome tried to sell by-products through their online stores. The problem in these two cases was trying to sustain online ventures with off-line products at that point in the history of Net art. In this same context, the Guggenheim’s Virtual Museum⁸ was an e-commerce and online exhibition space, a dot-com venture that failed.

The solution that is imposing itself follows the example of other services offered online. The Internet should not lose its open character. The user should be required to pay for any service that is customized to his needs and requests.

PRICE

Another issue currently under discussion affects the economic value of these pieces. Most museums had been paying relatively low prices for Net art, e.g., the Guggenheim Museum paid between

\$10,000 and \$15,000 for pieces like *net.Flag*, by Mark Napier and *Unfolding Object* by John F. Simon Jr. in 2002.⁹ In setting the price of the works, elements that are considered are the code and the right to exhibit it as well as the Museum’s commitment to sustaining the works.

In any case, this value and the market are growing, in great part due to the influence of museums and galleries. Their efforts to “objectify” Net art and make it more attractive to traditional collectors have already reached prices as high as \$150,000.¹⁰

DISPLAY

The creations of this commercially aware “second generation” of Net artists need to be showcased in an attractive manner that will underscore their salability. They are becoming precious objects, beyond the original intentions of integrating art and everyday life onto the “[...] private, personal space that is your computer.”¹¹

Nevertheless, an essential requirement is that the display does not provoke any “denaturalization” of the works: their innate dynamism and constant mutability will stand out; their networked nature will be respected; the interaction with the user will be enhanced.

But it will be a privileged, individual user. The museum should focus on maximizing the visitor’s experience so as to differenti-

ate it from the generalized public access to the Net. The uniqueness of the museum experience should be stressed. ●

¹ Mark Tribe “Hotlist” *Artforum*, March 2001

² Rhizome’s Mission until January 2003; formerly at <http://rhizome.org/info>

³ *010101: Art in Technological Times*, SFMoMA, curated by Benjamin Weil; *Data Dynamics*, Whitney Museum of American Art, curated by Christiane Paul; *Telematic Connections: The Virtual Embrace*, ICI, curated by Steve Dietz; *Art and Money On-Line*, Tate Britain, curated by Julian Stallabrass; *TimeStream*, MoMA New York, curated by Tony Oursler; *Media Z Lounge* at the New Museum of Contemporary Art, appeared as the first space permanently dedicated to digital art and new media.

⁴ For many, all these exhibitions represented the survival of the most sincere Net art after the dot-com crash; nevertheless, all these manifestations were the final result of a whole process that had probably begun during the dot-com rush.

⁵ Barbara Basting with quote from Mark Tribe in: “The Stargazer of Silicon Alley: New York Media and Net art Archive Rhizome Undertakes Pioneering Work” in *Frankfurter Allgemeine*, September 2000.

⁶ Already in 1998 America Online gave away the online exhibition space that it had been hosting since 1994, āda’web because it lacked commercial potential.

⁷ <http://www.postmastersart.com/>

⁸ http://guggenheim.org/exhibitions/virtual/virtual_museum.html

⁹ <http://www.guggenheim.org/internetart/welcome.html>

¹⁰ At this level, pieces are usually beyond pure Net art, closer to networked objects. It is the case of Eduardo Kac’s Genesis (1999) an installation connected to users through the internet, that presents bioluminescent bacteria, each of them containing a gene created by translating sentences from the bible into DNA code.

¹¹ Alex Galloway, “Rhizome.org Keeping Net art live” in *The Art Newspaper*, April 2001.

¹² Description from <http://www.cityarts.com/earth/>

Marta Rupérez is a Fulbright scholar at NYU, where she recently graduated from the Fine Arts Department. She regularly contributes to different publications and organizes cultural events around the world. She currently lives and works in New York. She participated in the last edition of La Habana Biennale.

EXAMPLES/IMAGES

Auriea Harvey [*Entropy8*] & Michaël Samyn [*Zuper!*];

Skin on Skin, 1999

Pay per view project:

\$10.00 for 72 hours access;

\$100.00 for lifetime access

<http://entropy8zuper.org>

/skinonskin/

Mark Napier:

The Waiting Room, 2002

Limited edition Internet site;

50 “shares” at \$1,000 each.

Software to install “private chat

room”; certificate of authenticity

signed by the artist—the fetish.

The “art” is the contribution of the

users to the ever-changing graphics,

the participatory experience.

5 buyers as of December 2002.

John Klima:

EARTH, 2002

Levels of viewer/collector

participation: Stand-alone.

Limited edition of eight multimedia

objects; Java browser module.

Simplified browser-enabled version

of stand-alone Geo-spatial

visualization system, calls real-

time data from the Internet and

accurately positions it onto a three-

dimensional model of the Earth.

Sells application—art object—and

ongoing support: continued integra-

tion of data and its sources into the

software; lifetime support.

John Simon:

Every Icon, 1997

Personalized editions at \$20.

“I stopped doing web projects when

offline digital work became more

economically successful [...] The

Souvenir Shop is a project to explore

alternative distribution and business

models for art production.”

Testigo de lo cotidiano

(Un nota delirante con una cita apropiada de Thoreau)

Fernando Castro Flórez

“El mundo como museo, el Estado como administración del museo, los ciudadanos como vigilantes del museo, para que no se olvide la omnipresente “protección de instalaciones”: precios de entrada en lugar de impuestos. Ya ahora se puede reconocer cómo se cumplen las funciones de la memoria y la amonestación: se pretende que determinadas instituciones, ruinas o construcciones no sean visitadas. De hecho, porque no hay prácticamente nada para lo que se pudiera fundar una sociedad protectora. Nos ejercitamos protegiendo. Y esto a su vez es tan merecedor de protección que debería ser protegido de cualquier tipo de epílogo (Natchrede) que se le intente poner; en especial del difamatorio”

No le faltaba razón a Baudelaire cuando advertía que el gladiador se ha convertido en un viajante de comercio. En medio de la *hiperfetichización*, estamos incapacitados para abrir la *boîte en valise* (duchampiana) y consumir el *display*. La mística del *flâneur* frente a los escaparates, aquella emergencia metamórfica del bazar, encuentra su prolongación patética en el nuevo arte topiaria de las así llamadas “grandes superficies”: en vez de arriates, estanterías infinitas, allí donde los ríos del Paraíso confluían en ornamental fuente, surge la caja registradora. Carros y bolsas por doquier, incluso en la obscena actitud del *homeless* transformado, consciente o inconscientemente, en agente deconstrutor de la lógica del consumo, revelando en la logocultura (esa bolsa de El Corte Inglés llena de trapos) una fisura fétida. El sujeto, narcotizado en la cultura de la *exposición neurótica*, buscando escapar del *reality show* encuentra la teletienda. No es necesario volver a exponer, detalladamente, el vínculo entre el *ready-made* y los habi-

tantes de Gran Hermano (sendos *criaderos de polvo*, en los que historia y fama, esto es, eternidad de lo visible y mediación vertiginosa, funcionan como sinónimos)². En última instancia, la estrategia de la obscenidad no solo ha convertido a lo *banal en monumento*, sino que la pulsión fetichista, el mal de archivo, han llevado, valga la paradoja, a la obesidad y la anorexia “estéticas.”

Sobra y falta de todo, precisamente cuando la aceleración de las exposiciones y la superconexión telemática permiten que *cualquier cosa sea*. Entre el (neo)panoptismo (es disciplina de la vigilanca abismal) y el *culto al patetismo* catódico, cimentado en la lobotomización de la crítica y la institucionalización de la subversión, el *gesto artístico deriva en vomitiva gesticulación*. He señalado, en distintas ocasiones, que la regresión infantil del imaginario contemporáneo ha producido una suerte de estilo de la *transgresión pactada*, resumido en la pronunciación del

“caca, culo, pedo, pis” que, en vez de ser aplastada o censurada por la autoridad paterna, consigue una “permisividad blanda,” lo que de suyo supone un desmantelamiento de lo *prohibido*³. En buena medida, la ya nombrada obscenidad es una consecuencia de la profunda penetración de las estrategias *pop* que supusieron la disolución de las vanguardias programáticas junto a una imposición de una tonalidad vital al mismo tiempo lúdica y marcada por la más rara melancolía. La sedimentación de los accidentes automovilísticos, los suicidios o la imagen cruda de la silla eléctrica en Warhol funciona como una parte del *díptico* con Elvis sobre tela vaquera, Mao de camuflaje o los zapatos de polvo de diamante. Fue Jameson el que en lúcido ensayo, *El postmodernismo o la lógica cultural del capitalismo avanzado* diagnosticó que la inmersión en la esquizofrenia era cómplice con la entronización del pastiche o la moda de la “nostalgia,”⁴ en un momento en el que el *todo vale* del kitsch puede travestirse, posteri-

ormente, en el *estilo cuáquero*, curarse con el antídoto universal del “menos es más.” La parquedad del nuevo *international style*⁵ acaso oculte que tampoco hay mucho que decir: la mediocridad lujosa como criterio definitivo. El protagonista de *Fight Club* pronuncia una frase memorable: “antes nos entreteníamos con revistas porno, hoy ojeamos el catálogo de Ikea.” Exacto. Minimalismo para las clases medias, *bricolage democrático*, una reddecoración pop de tu vida (como en esos extravagantes o cínicos anuncios en los que un individuo arregla la casa con zapatos de tacón o una pareja, vestida con las galas demodé del hippismo, piensa en tener un hijo con el éxtasis del sol que ilumina el diseño nórdico).

Pido perdón, de verdad, por el fárrago de mi *exposición* (que alguno puede considerar un claro ejemplo de la escuela del parvulario baudrillardiano), pero tengo la impresión de que lo que *hoy se muestra* es, lisa y llanamente, un *producto zapeado*. Pensemos que si en música triunfa, por un lado, la *remezcla*, el culto al *dj* (ese nuevo gurú del montaje y la fosilización gestual: paradigma de la mecanización que tomó el mando hace muchísimo), y, en un dominio mucho más amplio, se derraman cataratas de lágrimas ante los héroes del *karaoke* (recordemos la Academia que, con el tiempo, es casi una pesadilla con el heroísmo del adelgazamiento de Rosa, los contoneos de Bisbal, el desguace vocal de la tremenda Nina) que han conseguido recuperar una especie de *casticismo epiléptico*. La ideología de la superación permanente y la exhibición del combate agonístico, en un retorno mediático del Circo Romano y los gladiadores (desde las nominaciones a los concursos de “cultura” en los que el sujeto tiene que contestar al borde del infarto, tumbado en una butaca de tortura, mientras se controlan sus pulsaciones, etc.), es, inmediatamente, *reciclada y parodiada* por otros programas, hiperexhibicionistas,

como *Crónicas marcianas*, en los que todo lo acontecido es sometido a la corrosión del sarcasmo. La explicación perfecta es el alarido, la última frontera, esa llamada de atención extrema, es la querrela judicial, el proceso silogístico conduce a la *bajada de pantalones*. Da igual que todo sea inexplicable, cuando lo único que importa es *divertirse* o conseguir filmar con cámara oculta, en la gran referencia del periodismo de investigación, a unos tipejos en un burdel, a unas mises compradas o a un pederasta nauseabundo. Lo que los antropólogos llamaron *intrusismo de la percepción* (propio, por ejemplo, de las sociedades rurales) ha terminado por ser la clave de la *cháchara del cotilleo*, donde toda intimidad tiene que ser expuesta, en beneficio de un “interés público”. Foucault, antes del imperialismo de la sen-

El Museo, templo del arte contemporaneo y guinda del pastel politico, colabora en el nuevo proyecto de glaciacion; basta contemplar los termómetros en las salas y ese aparato que parece un sismograma para comprender que lo unico que falta es otro dispositivo que de cuenta del encefalograma (plano).

siblería pornográfica, analizó la *voluntad de saber sexual* como manifestación del *victorianismo*: hablar como parte de una catalogación represiva.⁶

El Museo, templo del arte contemporáneo y guinda del pastel político, colabora en *el nuevo proyecto de glaciación*; basta contemplar los termómetros en las salas y ese aparato que parece un sismograma para comprender que lo único que falta es otro dispositivo que de cuenta del *encefalograma (plano)*. Las obras de arte, como los jubilados, viajan sin pausa, en la pulsión salvaje del turismo. El *bienalismo* (esa conjunción de dominación curatorial y arte

temático) no ha descubierto que la tierra prometida es Benidorm. Tuve, lo siento por el tono confesional, una revelación en la primera y mortal caída de la montaña rusa de madera de Terra Mítica, al fondo pude ver, fugazmente, más que el mar un muro de hormigón armado (algo sobre la que ya había profetizado James G. Ballard), el *sky line* de la movilización permanente: esa no era una heterotopía, sino un modelo o, mejor, un espejo del mundo en el que (heideggerianamente) la cibernética es la metafísica de la era atómica. (¡Toma ya!). Mientras se multiplican las exposiciones temporales y los museos sufren la implosión del *efecto Beubourg*⁷, algunos artistas intentan generar *otra clase de espacios*, intensivos, procesuales, irreductibles, indisciplinados. Difícil arte de catacumba y cripta, en una reclamación de *emplazamiento*⁸, cuando la palabra contexto está completamente devaluada por el “conceptualismo institucional.” Por otro lado, el tono apocalíptico (justificado, acaso, cuando se escucha a Aznar hablar en alemán) o el nihilismo académico también son colaboracionistas con lo que, en término de Debord, llamamos lo *espectacular-integrado*. Los pregoneros del post, el des, y el trans, ignoran, según creo, el parecido que tienen sus *private jokes* con los de los sepultureros de *Hamlet*. Todavía la calavera del bufón Yorick reclama

un discurso capaz de rememorar la risa iniciática a la que va, inevitablemente, unida la sombra de la tristeza. Aunque todo esté *a la mano* (en un deseo unido al *remote control*, ese cetro-mando a distancia de la fuga sin fin en el *media landscape*), la transparencia es, como sabemos, un obstáculo: en el invernadero museal hay una imposición constante del silencio y una prohibición estricta del contacto, en el *peep show* la desnudez queda entregada, tan sólo, a la pulsión escópica y, por supuesto, nos deja la opción masturbatoria.

Acaso el nuevo escenario de la *interpasividad* sea *Nike Park*, esa zona fronteriza entre el anuncio televisivo y la contrautopía de la ciencia ficción. La otra noche, con mi hijo pequeño, acudí a las naves *en construcción* del antiguo Matadero Municipal que, según anuncian los grandes nefastos de la política madrileña, será prontamente “centro cultural”; el espectáculo era magnífico: pequeños campos de futbito por doquier y más de una decena de jaulas en las que, con balones plateados hay que jugar al un nuevo voleiball (la red está formada por cubos de obras y vigas industriales) o intentar dar en rostros metálicos situados en el terreno del enemigo. El partido final, con las porterías dotadas de redes hechas con cadenas, es la prefiguración de nuevos ritos sacrificiales, en los que el final puede ser el naufragio (como en el anuncio, el último gol que abre una grieta en la nave) o la fama (efímera), el gusto de que la mirada de la cámara nos hipnotice. La machacona música que administraban sacramentalmente los *dj’s* y las acrobacias de los bailarines de break hacían que el sudor de los reclusos en las jaulas completara la verdadera *hibridación*: el deporte, la sudada superlativa (valga el exhibicionismo del sobaco de Camacho referencialmente) como nueva *comunidad*. “He viajado mucho [...]; y siempre, donde quiera que me haya encontrado –escribe Thoreau-, en talleres, oficinas y campos me ha parecido que sus habitantes hacían penitencia de mil maneras extraordinarias. Lo que he oído de los brahmanes que, sentados, se exponían al calor de cuatro fuegos y miraban al sol o que se suspendían cabeza abajo sobre las llamas...; o de aquellos que se encadenaban de por vida al pie de un árbol o que, cual orugas, medían a rastras el ancho de vastos imperios, o aquellos otros que permanecían de pie a la pata coja en lo alto de los pilares, incluso todas estas formas de penitencia deliberada son, pues, apenas más increíbles y sorprendentes que las escenas de las que soy testigo cada día.”⁹ No solo el mutante que agoniza en *Blade Runner* ha visto *cosas extraordinarias*, incluso el que se vomita por lo cotidiano ha estado *expuesto* a lo raro, a lo banal, a lo glacial. Entre Tora Bora (el bombardeo de las montañas

nevadas donde el enemigo satanizado es, literalmente, un topo) y Documenta de Kassel (donde el “otro” es el post-colonial de Madison Avenue). Esto es, *entre el exorcismo imperial y la exposición sin riesgo*. ●

Fernando Castro Florez, "El mundo es un teatro", 2002

Fernando Castro Florez is a professor of Aesthetics and Theory of the Arts at the Autopnmous University of Madrid. Member of the editorial department of the Spanish art magazines *Sublime*, *Cimal*, *La Ruta del sentido*, *Creacion*, *El Urogallo* and *Sibila*. Art critic of the national daily *ABC*.

"El mundo es un teatro", 2002, by Fernando Castro Florez

"El mundo es un teatro", 2002, by Fernando Castro Florez

^[1] Hans Blumenberg: “Un futuro” en La posibilidad de comprenderse, Ed. Síntesis, Madrid, 2002, pp. 148-149.

^[2] Cfr. Jean Baudrillard: “La escritura automática del mundo” en La ilusión y la desilusión estéticas, Ed. Monte Ávila, Caracas, 1998, pp. 77-90.

^[3] Cfr. Rafael Sánchez Ferlosio: “Hacia una nueva estética” en La hija de la guerra y la madre de la patria, Ed. Destino, Barcelona, 2002, p. 73.

^[4] Nostalgia decorativa que lleva, inevitablemente al pastiche: “La aproximación al presente mediante el lenguaje artístico del simulacro, o del pastiche estereoscópico del pasado, confiere a la realidad actual y a la apertura del presente histórico la distancia y el hechizo de un espejo reluciente. Pero esta nueva e hipnótica moda estética nace como síntoma sofisticado de la liquidación de la historicidad, la pérdida de nuestra posibilidad vital de experimentar la historia de un modo activo” (Fredric Jameson: El posmodernismo o la lógica cultural del capitalismo avanzado, Ed. Paidós, Barcelona, 1991, p. 52).

^[5] Podemos pensar, sin exageración, en el minimalismo como “la lingua franca del mundo artístico mundial” (Lynn H. Zelevansky: “Lo local y lo mundial: transgrediendo el minimalismo” en No es sólo lo que ves: pervirtiendo el minimalismo, Museo Nacional Centro de Arte Reina Sofía, Madrid, 2000, p. 25)

^[6] Cfr. Michel Foucault: Historia de la sexualidad. La voluntad de saber, Ed. Siglo XXI, Madrid, 1984, p. 20.

^[7] Cfr. Jean Baudrillard: Cultura y simulacro, Ed. Kairós, Barcelona, 1984, pp. 81-105.

^[8] Cfr. Mario Perniola: L’arte e la sua ombra, Ed. Einaudi, Torino, 2000, p. 100.

^[9] Thoreau: Walden, citado en Stanley Cavell: En busca de lo ordinario. Líneas del escepticismo y romanticismo, Ed. Cátedra, Madrid, 2002, p. 267.

STUCK IN A RUT?

Stuckism, Populism and the Public Paralysis of British Modern Art

Jeremy Williams

By the time you are reading this, the British art establishment’s annual foray into the consciousness of what the late Walter Lippman once described as “the bewildered herd” will be well underway. The public display of the four artists short-listed for the Turner Prize, the British modern art world’s very own Nobel Prize for Culture War will be occurring, complete with its usual accompaniment of ritual denunciations, veiled threats and orchestrated cod-proletarian hubbub organised by the cultural right in newspaper columns and parroted back across radio phone-ins and letters pages the land over. Critical examination as to the merits of the works themselves will be submerged beneath crashing waves of media polarisation: you are either ‘for’ the Turner nominees, conceptual art and all it represents, or you are ‘against’ it. In terms of modern art, British society is engaged in its own version of the ‘War on terror’, with all the futile simplicity that accompanies this black and white, good and evil worldview.

"The Stuckists", 2002, by Jeremy Williams

The argument ‘against’ conceptual art has been complicated by the emergence of a coherent artistic philosophy opposed to it. Up until the turn of the millennium, opposition was driven by newspaper-led anti-intellectualism spiced with occasional burst of sub-Dadaism from within the art world; in 1993 the K Foundation famously awarded £40,000, double the Turner prize money, in notes nailed to a wooden plank to that year’s winner, Rachel Whiteread, in recognition of 1993’s “worst work of modern art.” However, the emergence in 1999 of a movement called Stuckism presented a unified, coherent challenge to the prevailing BritArt orthodoxy. Its advantage lay in speaking the populist language of the ‘man in the street’ with catchy slogans and

use of humour, while backing this up with a coherent philosophy written by established artists drawing on a detailed knowledge of art history and criticism.

"The Stuckists", 2002, by Jeremy Williams

Stuckism takes its name from a comment made to Billy Childish, the movement’s co-founder, by his then girlfriend Tracey Emin, the BritArt *femme terrible* most famous for exhibiting a tent embroidered with the names of all the men she’d slept with, in which she exclaimed “Your paintings are stuck, you are stuck! Stuck! Stuck! Stuck!” The quote is displayed proudly at the top of the Stuckist Manifesto, the movement’s founding document which lays out its raison d’être as being “against conceptualism, hedonism and the cult of the ego-artist.” Stuckists (mainly) believe that by its nature painting is the only acceptable form of artistic expression, and state their obstinate opposition to all things conceptual in the doctrine that “art that has to be in a gallery to be art, isn’t art.” Charles Thomson, the movement’s spiritual leader, has claimed that it is the need for a new culturally-defined definition of the artistic discipline which means that works by the likes of Damien Hirst and Tracey Emin are not even to be called bad art, but to be denied status of being regarded as art at all.

"The Stuckists", 2002, by Jeremy Williams

For the media, the prospect of a serious movement articulating a prejudice against conceptual art complete with a preposterous name, sexual politics and memorable slogans (“Brit Shi!”, “Art or Arse” and the like) was like manna from heaven. The group released a snarling ten-point document on the Turner Prize, providing such memorable assertions as “to call the Turner Prize the Turner Prize is like calling bubble gum caviar... the only artist who wouldn’t be in danger of winning the Turner prize is Turner... the Turner Prize should be renamed the Duchamp Award for the destruction of artistic integrity...” and so it goes on. The battle lines were drawn.

"The Stuckists", 2002, by Jeremy Williams

However, as opposed to an engagement with the serious points that the Stuckists make amongst the sloganeering and general shouting demeanour particularly the

“... to call the Turner Prize the Turner Prize is like calling bubble gum caviar... the only artist who wouldn't be in danger of winning the Turner prize is Turner... the Turner Prize should be renamed the Duchamp Award for the destruction of artistic integrity”

concern that BritArt is controlled by a small back-slapping cabal comprised of gallery owners Charles Saatchi, Nicholas Serota and their ilk, the art establishment has closed ranks, choosing to ignore the phenomenon and hope that it goes away. Thomson has pointed out that although there have been hundreds of articles in the news sections of the press, they have only been mentioned once by art critics, and that that was to slag Stuckism off. In the view of the Stuckists, the cabal includes art critics themselves, bound to defend conceptual art as an entity against those opposed to it on principle, a situation which effectively rules out the prospect of honest, non-ideological criticism of individual works.

By far the most talked-about work of art in the British Isles this year has been Antony Gormley's *Domain Field*, a giant installation of body casts of 200 local individuals from the northeast of England at Newcastle's new Baltic gallery. A previous Turner winner and most famous for his architecturally impressive realisation of a narcissistic messiah complex, (he modelled a huge wooden angel on himself and placed it next to Britain's biggest motorway), Gormley has received both a huge amount of news media coverage and subsequent critical plaudits for the work. Through the undertaking of such a major, public work involving “ordinary people” and being symbolic of the economic recovery of a deprived area of England, criticism of the art itself was effectively nullified by the nature of what went on around it. The art became secondary to the process of its creation, the media circus and images of happy working class people having their bodies covered in papier mache usurping any attempt to analyse what was eventually created critically. In this case, the establishment gained media and popular credence through detracting from an analysis of the art itself.

Thus, the techniques and operations of both sides of the “debate” continue to perpetuate the sad situation where discussion of contemporary art is driven through the prism of excessively polarised media debate. The blanket opposition of the

Stuckists to conceptual art goes unanswered by an incestuous art establishment timid to take on the challenge, hiding behind walls of silence and point-scoring event-art such as *Domain Field*, with its agenda to seemingly defuse accusations of elitism. It is unlikely that the current annual ritual of the Turner controversy will do much to move discussion of British art beyond its disastrous “with us or against us” ethic of the school playground. ●

Jeremy Williams is a London-based musician and critic. He is a co-founder of Kefranski (<http://www.kefranski.com>), a multi-disciplinary artistic collective, and is a contributing editor of *Widows and Orphans*, a periodical chronicling the British malaise.

jeremy@kefranski.com

Biennale de Lyon: des lieux pour l'art

Pierre-Yves Desaiwe

A ceux qui, suite au fiasco vénétien, finissent par ce demander ce qu'est exactement une biennale d'art contemporain, Lyon répond laconiquement qu'il s'agit avant tout d'une exposition. Un choix dont l'inévitable subjectivité doit être pleinement assumée par le ou les organisateurs, sans que ces derniers ne cherchent à imposer leurs discours aux œuvres.

Pari réussi pour les cinq commissaires invités, Xavier Douroux, Franck Gautherot et Eric Troncy (centre d'art « Le Consortium » de Dijon), Robert Nickas et Anne Pontégnie, en charge de la programmation de « C'est arrivé demain » - dont le titre aguicheur reflète mal la sobriété du propos.

Comme pour « Coolustre » (Avignon, mai à septembre 2003) dont il était commissaire, Eric Troncy revendique le statut « d'expo-

sition d'auteur », comparable au « cinéma d'auteur » : une exposition, c'est d'abord la présentation d'une collection ; les œuvres dialoguent entre elles, voire se contaminent, mais toutes ont fait l'objet d'un choix distinct. Enfin, s'il s'agit bien de restaurer le lien entre le spectateur et l'œuvre, celle-ci doit avoir le dernier mot. Ainsi à Lyon, les œuvres ont dicté la configuration des lieux investis, et non le contraire comme c'est souvent le cas. L'exemple le plus frappant est la Sucrière, des docks à sucre construits dans les années 1930 le long du port Rambaud, au confluent du Rhône et de la Saône: la division de l'espace et les passages ont été réalisés en fonction des œuvres, et certains éléments architecturaux ont même été transformés (modification des fenêtres, qui s'ouvrent telles des tableaux sur le fleuve dans l'installation de Didier Marcel, *Classique* (2001)). Parfois, les volumes imposants ont inspiré une réaction: Claude Levêque et Valstar *Barbie* (2003), qui donne une touche de féminité mélancolique à un environnement brut et austère. Autre exemple, *Orange room* (2002) d'Olivier Mosset, à la fois salle ouverte et couloir dont les murs supportent deux immenses monochromes, qui mènent le spectateur vers *le Neon circle* de Carsten Höller (2002), une cage de dompteur dont les barreaux de néons clignotants aveuglent le fauve/spectateur pris au piège. La pièce voisine avec *l'Inversosimile* (1989-2003) de Piero Gilardi, un petit

univers clos interactif dans lequel une végétation artificielle délirante s'anime au son d'une musique légère. Le contraste entre les deux œuvres est frappant ; d'une part la froideur, de l'autre un monde dionysiaque dans lequel le spectateur influe sur le comportement des éléments qui l'entourent. La contamination de l'une sur l'autre – le son qui émane de *l'Inversosimile* influe sur la manière de percevoir le *Neon circle* – est pleinement assumée par les organisateurs. La juxtaposition des peintures de Steven Parrino et de celles de Betty Tompkins procède de la même démarche: aux toiles abstraites du premier (*Death in America # 4, 5, 6*, 2003) répondent les images hyperréalistes de Betty Tompkins, réexposées pour la première fois en France depuis leur censure pour raisons de pornographie en 1973. Le but de cette juxtaposition n'est pas tant de créer des oppositions faciles que de mettre en valeur les œuvres par ce dialogue qu'elles entretiennent avec d'autres. Il ne s'agit d'ailleurs pas d'un système, car l'aspect monographique est très présent : le travail de Larry Clark occupe quatre salles – une zone interdite aux mineurs d'âge. Les plus jeunes côtoient les plus expérimentés : les magnifiques peintures murales de Bridget Riley voisinent avec la vidéo inspirée d'une gravure de Breughel de la jeune Sara Rossi, elle-même placée à côté de Paul Mc Carthy. Parmi les jeunes vidéastes il faut encore citer Hiraki Sawa,

dont le film, techniquement très abouti, superpose aux images de sa chambre celles d'avions de lignes miniatures qui se croisent et se recroisent en l'air ; l'effet est saisissant, entre l'évocation d'un transport de masse soumis aux dangers que l'on sait, et l'intimité protectrice de la chambre. La jeune Américaine Trisha Donnelly présente elle trois vidéos qui questionnent avec légèreté les notions de communication, soit par le corps (*Untitled – Jump*, 1999, où elle mime les sauts des rock stars sur scène), soit par le langage (*Río*, 1999, pour laquelle elle a appris la langue des signes). Avec sa *Picasso out-remér* (2003), une Citroën Picasso recouverte des pigments bleu IKB utilisés par Yves Klein, Bertrand Lavier interroge avec humour la récupération par la société marchande de la plus-value que confère à l'objet la signature de l'artiste; et contrairement à Venise, où le sponsoring agressif était de mise, les annonceurs se font ici bien plus discrets.

L'ouverture récente de DIA : Beacon près de New York a relancé le débat sur la capacité des institutions à exposer et conserver des œuvres de très grandes dimensions, pour lesquelles l'espace joue un rôle

fundamental. C'est aussi l'option des commissaires de la biennale de Lyon, qui ont confié l'occupation de l'immense espace du musée d'art contemporain à sept artistes seulement. Pierre Huygues présente avec sa Banquise le deuxième acte d'une exposition montée en 2002 au Kunsthaus de Bregenz – mais il ne s'agit que de la récupération d'une pièce déjà montrée au musée Guggenheim à l'occasion du Hugo Boss prize, où elle créait un contraste avec le film qui, lui, avait été montré au pavillon français de Venise: qu'un artiste de son âge pratique le remake de manière aussi assidue laisse songeur. Remake également, pour Mike Kelley et Paul Mc Carthy avec Sod & Sodie Sock, une installation montrée à Vienne en 1999, qui trouve ici un espace à sa mesure – un « univers grotesque où les valeurs sublimes de l'art moderne rencontrent les aspects les plus régressifs du divertissement populaire ». Plus étonnante est la redécouverte de l'hyperréalisme américain via une scénographie imaginée par Xavier Veilhan, dans laquelle les œuvres de Richard Estes, Ralph Goings et d'autres, sont plongées dans une quasi pénombre qui modifie la perception que le spectateur peut en avoir. Redécouverte également

avec Robert Grovesnor, dont les trois sculptures bénéficient chacune d'une immense salle – une option impossible à assumer en temps normal par une telle institution muséale. ●

Pierre-Yves Desaiwe – Licencié en histoire de l'art et en informatique appliquée aux sciences humaines, l'auteur travaille pour les Musées royaux des Beaux-Arts de Belgique (Bruxelles), où il est en charge du programme d'informatisation des collections et du catalogue en ligne. Il est également critique d'art, et collabore régulièrement à la rédaction de textes pour des catalogues d'exposition.

Nota preliminar sobre la bufonería

by **Fernando Castro Flórez**

“Después de la ironía socrática, la insolencia cínica; después de Sócrates, Diógenes, que es, por así decirlo, un Sócrates demente, una especie de caprípedo escapado de algún cortejo báquico. [...] el verdadero cinismo no es, sin embargo, el arte de “apañárselas” o el pragmatismo inescrupuloso; al contrario, rechaza las convenciones sociales, es ascético, busca la virtud, es hostil al goce y desdeña las grandezas del mundo .”

Tal vez sea el objeto más alto del arte hacer funcionar a la vez todas las repeticiones, más allá de la repetición fundadora atender a una que produce el desfondamiento, con su diferencia de naturaleza y de ritmo, desplazamiento y doblez: simulacro y disfraz. Como Deleuze indicara, el estereotipo puede conseguir que se arranque, desde lo banal, la pequeña diferencia². La ironía (un poner en entredicho las cosas)³ sólo es vagabunda en apariencia, reconstruye la subjetividad poniendo en relación el desfondamiento del pensamiento con lo trágico. El verdadero devenir-loco convierte al yo en una hendidura, en ese momento el humor se muestra como el acontecimiento puro: toda profundidad y altura abolidas. Aparece un saber de la piel gracias al que se ponen en acción singularidades nómadas, al

producirse un corte en el pacto lingüístico, intervienen en la obra como un elemento que no produce empatía, sino simpatía, esto es, diferenciación sin suelo en el que asentarse. Es evidente, que en el mecanismo de lo cómico nos reímos de los otros y lo hacemos, acaso, inconscientemente de nosotros mismos⁴, asimilamos lo extraño y lo reducimos a algo superficial: paréntesis, desencadenante de una convulsión sin peligro. El cuerpo se agita en la carcajada, supera el ámbito de los conceptos, es la forma de lo sublime invertido⁵. En la risa interviene tanto la trasgresión cuanto el ritual, la conciencia del límite y la momentánea fractura. Jankelevitch subraya cómo al final del ciclo de las irreverencias, cuando se han agotado los insultos y las blasfemias, queda una vibración que es testimo-

nio de la realidad fluida, cambiante, seductora. No se trata de una ignorancia de los valores, sino de una consumación del nihilismo o mejor la expresión más concisa de que el mundo se mueve sin intención ni propósito. “Mientras puedas reír, aunque tengas mil razones para desesperarte—decía Cioran—, debes continuar. Reír es la única excusa de la vida, ¡la gran excusa de la vida! (...) Reír es una manifestación nihilista,

igual que la alegría puede ser un estado fúnebre”⁶. El humorismo es un sentimiento antitético que puede ser, como se ha indicado de la risa, tanto alegría como tristeza. Tengamos presente que Ramón Gómez de la Serna hablaba de la comprensión elevada del humorismo que acepta que las cosas no pueden ser de otra manera, se trata de una “forma” que permite recoger lo inconcluso, abrir un espacio de libertad, desmontar las certezas: “toda obra tiene que estar ya descalabrada por el humor, calada por el humor, con sospechas de humorística; y si no, está herida de muerte, de inercia, de disolución cancerosa.”⁷ Los autores modernos saben que el humor exige una auténtica vibración con el presente, un duro profundizar la decadencia, llegar hasta un plegamiento de la forma que es el signo de lo barroco. Artistas como Paul McCarthy han sido capaz de unir la multiplicidad barroquizante con lo que llamaríamos “arte popular traspuesto”, en sintonía con aquel dialogismo que Bajtin situara en el centro de la reconstrucción de la cultura de la plaza pública, esa carnavalesización que el proceso civilizatorio ha tenido que arrojar a la sombra, que tiene que ver con los momentos de acusado sentido de lo grotesco. “La lógica

Los autores modernos saben que el humor exige una autentica vibracion con el presente, un duro profundizar la decadencia, llegar hasta un plegamiento de la forma que es el signo de lo barroco

artística de la imagen grotesca ignora la superficie del cuerpo y no se ocupa sino de las prominencias, excrecencias, bultos y orificios, es decir, únicamente de lo que hace rebasar los límites del cuerpo e introduce al fondo de ese cuerpo.”⁸ Hay un territorio fronterizo en el que confluyen las provocaciones dadaístas con los payasos de Nauman, las bromas ácidas de Oppenheim o la antimonumentalidad de Oldenburg, el joker cínico de Chema Cobo y la ceniza literaria del clown beckettiano. En el pasado sonríe la calavera de Yorick mientras el presente está en llamas. Acaso la alegoría más ajustada de fin de siglo sean las secuencias iniciales de Sed de mal: arrojamos ácido a las sombras y perseguimos a sujetos extraños,tropezamos y una mirada sardónica nos descubre. Acaso el último performer, capaz de parodiar la cultura del reality-show continuo, cuando triunfa, por goleada, la estética tombolera (heredera del infantil gesto trasgresor del “caca, culo, pedo, pis”)⁹ y falta el irónico “espíritu de finura”¹⁰, sea Boris Izaguirre, caminando insomne sobre un sofá postmoderno, gritando para que las imágenes avancen, paren o retrocedan en el video. Él no es otra cosa que un espejo que baila, se peina y goza de su extravagancia, lanzando sarcasmos a un famoseo que ha monumentalizado el delirio. Vivimos la epidemia de la tontería y no parece que haya vacuna y, puede que esa sea la razón de tanta fascinación por el desquiciamiento marciano de Boris. De Rociito a Chábeli, paladines del verbo nauseabundo, de la maldad ret-

ributiva de Mariñas a los infartos polémicos de Adriansens, de los amores mexicanos de Rosalinda al patetismo lamentable de Milikito, Cachuli comiéndose con la Pantoja un helado de turrón en las callejas de Marbella. Bufonería para todos los públicos. Si eramos pocos “parió” la televisión. Menos más que nos queda el inefable Boris con su bastón-mano, el contoneo de las cinturas y el pelito ensortijado. Cada noche espero sus apostillas a la fanfarria de la jet, no porque crea que es un árbitro de la elegancia, sino porque a falta de la Sibila bueno es un desquiciado capaz de vestir los pantalones del Duque de Lugo. Demasiado para el cuerpo. Aunque también es cierto que siempre hay gente que se toma incluso en serio el discurso irónico¹¹ y la sola enunciación de la vida en un tonel les produce un escalofrío de la muerte\ ●

Fernando Castro Flórez

^[1] Wladimir Jankelevitch: La ironía, Ed. Taurus, Madrid, 1982, p. 16.

^[2] Cfr. Gilles Deleuze: Diferencia y repetición, Ed. Jucar, Madrid, 1988, p. 461.

^[3] “La ironía aparece entonces como un juego de reflexión que, al poner las cosas a distancia, las pone en entredicho; fiel a su etimología, esta ironía pregunta. Inútil sería precisar que la pregunta que plantea nunca será oratoria” (Pierre Schoentjes: La poética de la ironía, Ed. Cátedra, Madrid, 2003, p. 265).

^[4] Cfr. Charles Baudelaire: “De la esencia de la risa y de lo cómico en general” en Obras completas, Ed. Aguilar, Madrid, 1961, p. 608.

^[5] Cfr. Gianni Carchia: “Lo “cómico absoluto” y lo “sublime invertido”” en Retórica de lo sublime, Ed. Tecnos, Madrid, 1994, pp. 145-180.

^[6] Conversación de E.M. Cioran con Lea Vergine en Conversaciones, Ed. Tusquets, Barcelona, 1996, p. 107.

^[7] Ramón Gómez de la Serna: Ismos, Ed. Guadarrama, Madrid, 1975, p. 204.

^[8] Mijail Bajtin: La cultura popular en la Edad Media y en el Renacimiento. El contexto de Francois Rabelais, Ed. Alianza, Madrid, 1987, p. 286.

^[9] Rafael Sánchez Ferlosio ha caracterizado, lúcida-mente, esa (neo)estética transgresora que es un tremendo espectáculo de gesticulación, con toda su simpleza balbuciente: “Por otra parte, no es difícil reconocer en los repliegues de toda transgresión un aliciente lúdico, que es muy probablemente su motivación originaria: el paradigma podría ser aquella diversión infantil de recitar las palabras prohibidas: “caca culo pedo pis”. Creo que el placer dimana de la constatación empírica de que uno dice lo prohibido y no pasa nada, en la prueba de contraste entre el prestigio autoritario de la prohibición y el resultado de la impunidad” (Rafael Sánchez Ferlosio: “Hacia una nueva estética” en La hija de la guerra y la madre de la patria, Ed. Destino, Barcelona, 2002, pp. 72-73).

^[10] “La ironía es un pudor que, para tamizar el secreto, recurre a una cortina de bromas” (Wladimir Jankelevitch: La ironía, Ed. Taurus, Madrid, 1982, p. 146).

^[11] “Ironía, juego metalingüístico, enunciación al cuadrado. De manera que sí, con la moderna, no comprender el juego es rehusar a él, con la posmoderna, se puede no comprender el juego y tomar las cosas en serio. Ésta es la cualidad (el riesgo) de la ironía. Siempre hay gente que se toma en serio el discurso irónico” (Umberto Eco: Apostillas al “Nombre de la rosa”, Ed. Lumen, Barcelona, 1988, p. 78).

Lo nuevo y lo viejo

Paloma Rupérez

He visto que en un pueblo del Altoaragon hay un museo etnológico de esos que simplemente ha recogido la forma de vida de hace 50 año y la muestra a unos ojos curiosos que ya sólo reconocen el plástico duro y los colores brillantes.

Desconocen que la vida antes era un poco más gris, mas apagada y al tacto más rugosa y con unos colores muy auténticos. El cobre, tan cálido, el mármol, tan frío, la madera que resistía al agua con aire de sufrimiento y mas tarde el aluminio que ofrecía un reflejo excesivamente metalizado para ser verdad, eran objetos que estaban en la cocina.

Lo que pasa es que yo he vivido en esas casas y en esas cocinas como pez que se mueve en el agua y ahora no puedo dejar de tener la sensación de que en realidad he vivido en un museo.

Y también la sensación de que en realidad mi recuerdo es un museo y la nueva época es la total decadencia. Esas variedades de comida de desnatados, descremados, materia grasa 0. Tocino sin grasa, chorizo sin chorizo, pan sin pan y que para entendernos tienen que inventarse las palabras. Eso es decadencia.

Es decadencia que los perros del todo el mundo coman el mismo pienso y hayan perdido el instinto ancestral de la comida a favor de que sus esclavizados dueños puedan hacer un nuevo gesto inédito de meter delicadamente los excrementos de su adorada mascota en una bolsa, negra, de plástico que es oportunamente

dispensada por los servicios municipales en una especie de artilugios entre papeleras y no se sabe que formas.

Lo reciclado es la hartura de la decadencia, porque también es decadencia la abundancia de ciertos países que se mueren de obesidad cuando hay pueblos que se siguen muriendo de delgadez. El reciclado es el miedo a que nuestra tierra se cubra de lo único que sabemos interminablemente fabricar, que es la basura. El reciclado es la mala conciencia de tener y tener y tirar cosas que en realidad sí que servirían a alguien imaginario, a nosotros mismos en otras épocas y otras circunstancias. ●

Paloma Ruperez is a graduate of the University of Madrid. She has been the director of communications and archives of the Spanish News Agency EFE. She is the author of *La cuestion universitaria y la noche de San Daniel*, Madrid, 1975; and *Spain in pictures: Sixty Yeras of EFE* Madrid, 1999). She is currently the director of Fundacion Efe, Madrid.

of Clayton Patterson

Al Orensanz

A Canadian-born artist (Calgary, Alberta, 1948) and long term resident of the Lower East Side of Manhattan, Clayton Patterson is publicly identified as the visual chronicler of that neighborhood and a permanent point of reference. By observing him both at close range and from a distance you notice that he operates with parameters all his own. The neighborhood is not and has never been split between rich and poor, powerful and powerless. It is made up mostly of middle working class and lower working class with an intense progressive self-consciousness. The real divide lies between the highly educated (including self educated) and the culturally deprived. Clayton traverses both sides of the rails with ease and regularity.

But even in the most diversified, inclusive, pluralistic and opinionated neighborhood in America, our character strikes a swath of his own. We could call that role, based exclusively on circumstantial evidence, a "Nostradamus type." That is a type extremely well informed and updated but processing and interpreting information on a time scale that is not linear (monotheistic, messianic, universalist) or cyclical (hedonistic, new age, neopagan) but eschatological (prophetic, corrosive, nietzschean). He has developed a lifework that runs counter his colleague culture-types: his output and method of intervention is not a calculated series of stepping stones towards the uptown audiences and eventual relocation. He does not use the bubbling, incandescent local scene to build some ulterior platform, but as an end in itself. And finally, his "values" seem to rotate around some Manichean center, remote and removed from the standard mythology of the "permanently new," the

"incrementally progressive" and the "obsessively fresh." His core could well circle around the arcane, the Sartrian and the eternally contrarian.

The most discernable components of his universe are his *photography & photo archive*; his *boy art and visual arts*, and his *Outlaw Gallery & Museum*. Clayton Patterson is first and foremost a photographer. He has built a collection of over half a million pictures comprised mostly of the Lower East Side. Again, based on circumstantial evidence, his photography is a genre of his own. His are images of instant situations, unplanned and unscripted. Split second takes on situations that are public and available to anybody, but that burst into our daily routine. The various characters of these urban scenes look all in the wrong place at the wrong time. Only the lens endows them and the surrounding buildings and street furniture with meaning and purpose. The image coming out of the lab makes them of a story. They all seem to be part of a scene of a crime scene in progress or of a potential crime or local epic. There is a look of dark truth in their faces; their gestures are compromising or, worse, ambivalent. Both the public officers and the public seem off guard and questionable. There are observed moments in the life of a rally, of a facade, of a specific group, of a police intervention, of a public dispute, of an accident. Jacob Riis, Lewis Hine and Weegee produced iconic moments in the life of the struggling proletarians of a "neo-realistic" texture, like Roberto Rossellini or Pietro Germi. Clayton's images are more "cinema verite" and film noir. His pictures are not journalistic but activist. They are forensic, not dramatic or emblematic. He documents

through multiplicity not through transcendence. Clayton knows that they all may end up as exhibits in court papers or as basic support of conflicting arguments in the public discourse.

This photo seriality, that carries the Warholian ethos, anticipated and now parallels his video work. He may have been the first street video documentarian to bring the raw images of the outside into the rarified and sanitized world of court proceedings and exhibits making plaintiffs, defendants, judges and attorneys into semiologists analyzing frames and sequences like DNA. The American court and legal systems would never be the same.

There is a well-diversified but to some degree an identifiable a range of dress codes and a certain Lower East Side look. That is another of Clayton's battlefronts, in pushing a disrapture of the conventional presentations of the self in society. For years he has been promoting concepts that now are more and more mainstream. He has been the active force behind some of the main publications on *body art culture*, such as **Pushing Ink** and **Modern Primitives**. And developed a legendary series of **baseball caps**, laced with skulls and serpents. Those seemingly accidental elements of the presentation of the self, like any other one, are never denotative but connotative of perception and self-perception.

Clayton's headquarters are located on Essex St. in the heart of the Lower East Side, between the East Village and the Lower East Side proper. His building houses his fabled collection of photographs and tapes on police actions, fires, politics, art and artists, poets and poetry,

synagogues, religious services, Santeria, Krishna, buildings, doorways, graffiti, drugs, tattoos, drag queens, social events, street actions, community board meetings, funerals and most other aspects of public life. In addition to his outstanding collection is his art gallery *Clayton Gallery & Outlaw Art Museum*, established in 1986. "Outlaw" does not refer to criminality but to art that has been involved in some kind of litigation or court/police action. Most artists represented in the gallery and museum are outside the mainstream. They include Charles Gatewood, a photographer and author of **Pushing Ink** with Spider Webb; Peter Missing, originator of the *Missing Foundation Punk* band; Baba Raul Canizares, author of a number of books on Santeria, among them *Walking with the Night: Cuban Santeria*, for which Clayton helped Baba develop a modern-magic system. ●

Al Orensanz

Clayton Patterson. A selected bibliography:

Janet L. Abu-Lughod, *From Urban Village to the East Village. The Battle for New York's Lower East Side*, New York, 2002. It contains a full analysis of Patterson's police riot tapes.

Richard Kostelanetz, *Dictionary of the Avant-Gardes. and Soho. The Rise and Fall of an Artists Community*.

Several authors. *Captured. A Film/Video History of the Lower East Side*. New York, 2003.

Howard W. French, Michael Wines, Todd S. Purdum, "Tompkins Square: Provocation and Violence," *New York Times*, New York, August 14, 1988.

Colin Moynihan, "Lens on the Lower East Side," *New York Times*, August 8, 1988.

Outlaw Gallery & Museum
101 Essex St.
New York, NY 10002

Tengo gambas, tengo chopitos...

Fernando Castro Flórez

Importa poco el tema en el tiempo de la tematización, nos sirve tanto un juego de palabras como una cita literaria, una cacofonía o la confesión glamourosa del amor al ridículo, ese remake ruborizante de cantando bajo la lluvia en versión neo-karaoke.

No veía forma de meter mano a un tema tan escabroso como el de la “internacionalidad” del arte español, sobre todo cuando mi mente empantanada en el *jet-lag* estaba deslizándose hacia las perogrulladas, la retórica (pseudo) diplomática o el juego de palabras con la idea del *arte-jet* (ese viajar, principalmente curatorial, entre centros de arte, estudios de artistas y el bienalismo vertiginoso). Es cierto que tenía algunos nombres rebotando obsesivamente en el cerebro y algunas exposiciones que habían, como suele decirse, intentado tender puentes para finalmente quedar rastros en el imaginario colectivo, más que nada, del naufragio. Exagero, tampoco tengo noticias de un drama tremendo por la escasa visibilidad de los artistas contemporáneos españoles, pero, por otro lado, si establezco, perezosamente, una actitud comparatista tampoco llegan crónicas atractivas de lo que pueda estar sucediendo en Finlandia, Grecia o, incluso, Alemania. Es difícil dejar de lado la larga tradición fatalista autóctona que, aunque parezca paradójico, puede derivar hacia una exaltación de lo propio (del “que inventen ellos” a la mentalidad propia del vetusto Calimero declamando aquello de “soy un incomprendido”). Perdida la posibilidad, afortunadamente, para el discurso territorial-fundamentalista cualquier estrategia de presentación del arte español en el extranjero tiene, necesariamente, que asumir la confluencia del marketing con la propaganda y, sobre todo, la dimensión táctica del proyecto. La discusión sobre las listas de artistas incluidos, sea en *Big Sur*

que fue, si no me equivoco, un fracaso estrepitoso en Alemania al mismo tiempo que era tratada sin contemplaciones en la prensa española, o en *The Real Royal Trip*, inaugurada en Nueva York multitudinariamente y en un ambiente de optimismo nada delirante, termina por ser maniquea cuando no pura expresión del gusto particularísimo de otro comisario. Perdón por la obviedad de lo que digo: cada quien selecciona a cada cual. La revelación, en sentido cuasi-teológico, del poder (omnipresente) curatorial supone, simultáneamente, la toma de conciencia de que, propiamente, no existen apenas criterios estéticos o ideológicos que establezcan la pertinencia de aquello que es una fascinante arbitrariedad. Importa poco el tema en el tiempo de la tematización, nos sirve tanto un juego de palabras como una cita literaria, una cacofonía o la confesión glamourosa del amor al ridículo, ese remake ruborizante de *cantando bajo la lluvia* en versión neo-karaoke.

Acaso tengamos que arrojar la mochila e incluso el cerebro a la chimenea para afrontar los nuevos proyectos turísticos y dejarnos de nostalgias críticas o de categorizaciones manifiestamente incómodas. Lo que mola, valga una expresión made in Camilo Sexto, es que el mazo esté cortado y barajado por un cupier experto o, a falta de tamaño profesional, tendremos que tirar de trampas chapuceras, guiños y cartas marcadas. Insisto, los compañeros de viaje pueden ser *cualquiera*, con tal de que estén dispuestos a asumir (sin necesaria-

mente verbalizar) que *todo da lo mismo*, es decir, no tanto nada cuanto unos segundos, warholianos, de “fama.” Bien es verdad que las exposiciones colectivas, habitualmente, degeneran en batiburrillo donde la estética del ruido y el cogito interruptus mandan frente a la visión crítico-meditativa que parece, en el seno de la fascinación por lo banal, absolutamente desfasada. Lo discreto, aquello que implica cierta lentitud o incluso silencio, lo que podría llamarse, si tal noción es aplicable cuando el imperativo social es el expansionismo-obsceno-melodramático, “arte tímido” está, no me cabe duda, condenado al ostracismo o, mejor, a construir un camino propio. En última instancia, más allá del banderín de enganche nacional-curatorial existe la realidad de la travesía del desierto. Me explico: tres de los artistas españoles más conocidos internacionalmente (Juan Muñoz, una figura crucial de la que tristemente Sierra con su arte cargado de

rabia) han desarrollado sus proyectos fundamentalmente con el apoyo instituciones, galerías y críticos extranjeros, manteniendo, en algunos momentos, una posición de conflictiva con la política cultural nacional. Sin ánimo de agriar la cosa tengo que subrayar que el arte español *brilla por su ausencia* en el momento de la *globalización postmoderna*. Aunque se mantenga la memoria de “clásicos” como Tàpies o Chillida y algunos activistas conceptuales como Muntadas tienen un reconocimiento evidente, una mirada alejada del entusiasmo tanto como del nihilismo encuentra que en los grandes museos internacionales, la mejores bienales o las revistas de arte más prestigiosas *nuestro arte* es, meramente, anecdótico. Perdón por la analogía brutal: ¿cuántos jugadores de fútbol españoles han triunfado en el extranjero y, si dejamos fuera a un fenómeno como Gasol, cuántos tocan bola en el mundo de los gigantes del aro? Y, en el mundo del cine, ¿pueden acaso

los críticos cinematográficos foráneos añadir al nombre de Almodóvar otros cinco de realizadores asentados en la “madre patria” dignos de ser tomados en cuenta? Insisto, torpemente, lo decisivo es ponerse en camino sin miedos ni excusas, buscando *la localización*, el emplazamiento que a cada obra y a cada artista le corresponde sin estar narcotizados por la utopía del “éxito internacional,” de ese ingreso en los canales que pueden, como sabemos, legitimar el esplendor de la idiotez. Como dije, no veía y sigo sin ver la forma de encauzar este asunto de Estado del arte poniendo picas en las nuevas Flandes, sobre todo cuando es necesario saber si el gran esfuerzo presupuestario del Ministerio de Asuntos Exteriores (digno del mayor de los reconocimientos) será, metafóricamente, semillas que germinan o pólvora del Rey. Fue para mí absolutamente crucial comer, en una de las sucesivas inauguraciones de la exposición de arte español contemporáneo en el P.S.1 neoyorquino, la tortilla de

patatas deconstruida y, luego, un pincho moruno de carne y piña, seguido de un gazpacho minimalista, un rollito de bacon relleno, según me parecía, de queso y algo dulce irreconocible. Gastronomía exquisita y, también, rarísima para tiempos de malas digestiones. Vi un coche que recordaba los viajes moros, convertido en atracción de feria, unos perros ahorcados y, tras un muro la estatua ecuestre de Franco semi-enterado. Una cantinela parásito mi cerebro empantanado: tengo gambas, tengo chopitos, tengo unas huevas very good aliñás ... (Hasta el infinito y más allá). ●

Fernando Castro Flórez

Angelo Capasso:

Art writing and the larger, complex view of things

Al Orensanz

It has been almost a year since **A l'Arte per l'Arte**, an invigorating book by Angelo Capasso hit the art circuit and the marketplace of ideas. Angelo Capasso is a young yet seasoned Roman culturalist, writer and animator of the Italian and European art scene. This is his third book and his most ambitious one at that. Capasso is very conscious of the grand tradition of writing about art and art criticism. Both are anchored and rooted in the grand literary tradition of masters such as Charles Baudelaire, Oscar Wilde, Gertrude Stein, Jean Paul Sartre, Jean Genet, Allen Ginsberg, Robert Creeley, John Ashbery, Italo Calvino and many others. In retrospect, that type of writing seems today somewhat aggrandizing, philosophizing and grandstanding. On the other hand, it infused art criticisms with ambition and a large cultural context. That tradition is retaken now in works like Angelo Capasso's with the tools and parameters that major writers handle themselves today, namely sociology, philosophy of knowledge, sociology, media analysis, and several brands of critical psychoanalysis and critical political theory. The art horizon in the wake of the first World War was quite different from the art horizon on the

wake of the terrorist/antiterrorist wars.

Angelo Capasso starts his book with a most lucid essay *L'assurgere del reale*, on the attacks on the WTC in New York, that sets the tone to his discourse, the tone of his consciousness and of his documented delivery. *"Nella sua modalita eclatant, la doppia deflagrazione dei due aerei di linea contra i grattacieli del centro economico piu influente del mondo, ha messo in mostra il segni di una nuova ipotesi che congiunge due realta apparentemente incongruenti tra loro e difficili da sintetizzarsi in una singola ipotesi di minaccia: quell'azione teroristica e figlia, allo stesso tempo, della passione e della lucida determinazione. Dell'alta tecnologia e della fallibilita umana, della scienza e della religione, del sacro e del senso piu laico del vivere, ma soprettuttomsostanzia la collisione inatessa tra due mondi lontani, l'occidente e l'Oriente: gli emisferi culturali che la mente ha scissor in due orizzonti della conoscenza perfettamente sim-etrici."* large. Capasso sets large vistas in this first part (besides *l'assurgere del reale*) and marks the boundaries of his discourse between 9/11 and the biotech. With this chapter Capasso establishes his per-

spective that happens to depart from Achilles Bonito Oliva's, whose work he curated in a recent memorable show.

Two other sections follow, **Incomer** (*encounters*) and **Aponte** (*notes*) that carry over his methodology and analytical perspective. The encounters are interviews in which the writer questions and selects the issues to which the artists are directed to respond/conform. Capasso has selected 25 major figures of the contemporary art scene. Most of the selections are interviews but a group of them are statements or personal manifestos, such as Maurizio Catalan, Fabio Maura, Michele Gaza, Urns Luther or Rebecca Horn. The interviews are with Gilbert and George, Achilles Bonito Oliva and Memo Paladin for example. The third chapter covers the work of 35 artists of a wide and diverse spread in terms of concept and output in the contemporary art scene, such as Andres Serrano, Maria Cristina Cresco, Shirring Newhart and Damien Hurst. These last texts are short essays, skillful and stylish, that introduce the artists to a wider audience and help flesh out Capasso's entreaties as delineated in the first chapter of the book.

There are acknowledged complexities between artists and art critics, as there are between artists and gallery owners, publicists, curators, collectors and commercial interests. Capasso is more interested in the strategies that artists and art critics dance and counter dance because of their subtlety and relevance. Artists and art critics share some targets and distance themselves in others. They are allies and form coali-

tions of their own but they pursue their own ultimate goals. It could well be the case that the difference between art writing and art criticism can be extended to the writing on art altogether, and practicing art. It is very indicative that Angelo Capasso puts it in the first paragraph of his introduction: *"Scivere d'art e fare critica d'arte sono due aspetti di una realta poliedrica che considera l'arte di per se e nella sua relazione con il mondo. Una differenza sostanziale tra le due e nel diverso modo con cui stringono una relazione di complicita con l'art."* They appear as two contending visions but with global aspirations both. The artist departs from roles and practices inherited from other times. The art critic is climbing to the forefront of contemporary art trenches much better armed with conceptual tools sharpened to command the order of the day. Not only from Theorie but from the Incontri and Apunti we see the art critic becoming the de facto artist in the post-9/11 era. ●

Angelo Capasso. A l'Arte per l'Arte
Marte Massaioli Editore
Roma, 2002. 244 pages

Angel Orensanz

The Universe of Angel Orensanz Burns in Venice

Paolo De Grandis

Ironic, irreverent and eclectic, Angel Orensanz surprises with *"Burning Universe,"* which is the title of the show that opened in June and was extended until November 30th in response to its success with both critics and the public. More than 47,000 visitors have been counted to date.

As it winds through the narrow spaces of the ground floor of Palazzo Malipiero, *"Burning Universe"* gives us glimpses of the strange world of this artist, animated as always by a kind of mania to express in original ways both the perplexing rapport between nature and culture, and the dialectical tensions between space and time.

Orensanz takes on the cosmic order and its prodigies from the standpoint of a single person, constructing in Venice "an alternative space" that synthesizes his restlessly evolving perceptions that have led him to our universe in flames. He is an artist on the frontier: his installations, his designs and his sculptures are the product of his extremely personal vision of the world.

The steel, the plastic spheres with fading polychromy, disseminated in space, are the genuine signature of his lyrical fantasy. That is, the natural parts of everything that is born: strong connection to life, powerful expansion into space, loving possession.

The symbols and the allegories are utilized like a secret leavening. The sculptures, for example the "Homage to Luis Buñuel" (a work selected for the 7th edition of the OPEN International Exhibition of Sculpture and Installations, on view until November 30th at the Blue Moon Lido in Venice) is never a merely exterior sign but rather a newly created presence.

What is Orensanz's contribution to the concept of art? In this unexpectedly re-invented space, we see how the currents are separated. Beneath the unification of intentions we find an intensely thematic content. We also find in this exhibition a participation in space that is rational, narrative, and altered. As well as profoundly meditated.

Orensanz's performance contains the rarest degree of the gift of emotion! ●

Paolo De Grandis is an art critic and international art exhibitions curator, coordinator and producer. He has extended the horizons of the Venice Art Biennale by bringing new art from a dozen new countries and exposed artists from the Far East and Eastern Europe to the West. Since 1994 he has served as president of ArteCommunications.

Past Recent & Upcoming



The first meeting of the Friends of the Angel Orensanz Foundation convened on September 25, 2003. Two hundred participants attended. Professor Lawrence Weschler, Director New York Institute for the Humanities at NYU, gave the keynote speech. Remarks by Professor Thomas McEvelley, art critic Carlo McCormick and councilman Alan Gerson; performance by Karen Finley; premiere of *"Invitation to the Ionosphere,"* a robot generated installation of soundscapes by the Aires Project (Bill Bowen and Bryan Dorries); *"Columns/1 Sabinanigo"* a premiere of music composition of Lev Zhurbin, interpreted by Yulljia Musaylyan (flute) and Lev Zhurbin (viola), *"Utopia Downtown,"* a 30-minute documentary about the Angel Orensanz Foundation by Caroline Conejero. **Certificate of Merit** granted to the Foundation by C. Virginia Fields, Manhattan borough president.



The New Museum of Contemporary Art is moving to the Bowery. In 2006, a 60,000 square foot empty lot between Stanton and Rivington will be the home of a reincarnated and expanded New Museum of Contemporary Art, already a major player in the American museum world. Lisa Phillips, its director, unveiled, November 20, an intriguing design by the Tokyo based architects Kazuyo Sejima and Ruye Nishizawa of Sanaa. The New Museum in the Bowery is receiving a very warm welcome by residents and experts alike, contrary to the tense confrontations that many upscale developments get in old, history drenched neighborhoods of New York.

The String Quartet "In a Circle," will return to the Foundation Monday, November 24th, for a another premiere of American contemporary classical music. Johnny Gandelsman, John Marcus, Yosef Tamir, Max Treitler and special guest Christina Courtin will perform music of Luis Pardo. Visual Art of Guillermo Resto.

Christopher Taylor is back at the Angel Orensanz Foundation, this December 4th to interpret again Olivier Messiaen's *"Ving Vissages de l'Enfant Jesus."* Mr. Taylor performed the same concert about this time in our venue last year to rapturous acclaim by both the public and critics. Lines literally formed around the block.



"Arts from the Orensanz" on Time Warner Television (Mondays at 8:30 p.m. on Channel 56) will carry a broadcast of the symposium organized by the New York Institute for the Humanities at NYU in celebration of Thomas Eisner *"For the Love of Insects,"* with Thomas Eisner, Oliver Sacks, Natalie Angier, Diane Ackerman and May Berenbaum. To be broadcast December 1st at 8:30 p.m. And in December ... another broadcast is *"Can violence be ethical?"* a telecast of the symposium on the just published seven volumes with over 3,000 pages work, titled *Rising Up and Rising Down* of William T. Vollman The show was organized by McSweeney's. To be broadcast December 8th at 8:30 p.m.



Arts & Economic Development. **New York City Neighborhood Development Summit 2003, at P.S. 1 MoMA.** A roster of city officers and cultural directors study the impact and prospects of urban development and the arts. *Current thinking about "The Arts District"; A cultural and economic Perspective; Financing approaches for Art district Development; Marrying the Arts and Creative Industries, New Collaborative Approaches: Arts and Business Partnerships.* On December 3, 2003.

Going East: William Segal & Japan (1952-2000). Lecture and Screening. William Segal (1904) a close friend of Isamu Noguchi's, left a legacy of insight, compassion, and intelligence as a publisher, artist and seeker during the 20th century. The two men shared a life at the forefront of intersecting avant-garde movements and in the unyielding pursuit of ultimate self-understanding and awareness. Drawing from her new memoir *A Voice at the Borders of Silence* (Overlook Press, 2003), Marielle Bancou-Segal explores the many dimensions of her late husband's life. She is joined by filmmaker Ken Burns, who introduces *In the Marketplace*, a documentary on Segal's life. December 3, 2003 at 7 p.m. at the Japan Society, 333 East 47th St., New York City.

The Ensemble Sospeso returns to the Foundation on January 9, 2004 with a multimedia production of music, film, video and performance art. Can a group of young artists in New York bring change how we understand and perceive music and the other arts.? They are doing just that!

Like in most New York cultural enterprises, contending civic and real estate interests are always at play. The legendary exotic building at 2 Columbus Circle, commissioned in 1963 by Huntington Hartford to Edward Durrell Stone, for the *Gallery of Modern Art* is set to enter a new phase. The present owner, *The Museum of Crafts and Design*, has hired the architectural firm of Allied Works Architecture to remodel the exterior of the building, stripping it of its porthole windows with Venetian Gothic details. For decades, 2 Columbus Circle has been criticized and trashed by culturalists from all sides for its out of step look, besides lacking a relevant tenant. Those were times of enforced Modernism. Now, from our Post-Modernisms vantage the building looks bold, anticipatory and anti repressive of the orthodox formalism of its time. To the point that now *The Preservation League of New York State* and *Landmark West!* want to preserve the facades as they are presently Herbert Muschamp, the architecture critic, phrases it this way: "The fight itself is worth fighting for. Only a decade after Hartford's museum opened, New York architecture began to be overtaken by a tyranny of politeness, a fear of breaking ranks that has yet to loosen its grip. The battle cry for architectural consensus that followed the attacks on Sept. 11 shows how deeply entrenched is the city's resistance to facing the unknown" (*New York Times*, Nov. 24, 2003).





Lev Zhurbin (a.k.a. Ljova) has been spending a lot of time in his studio lately, composing and arranging various music. On December 1st at 10pm, one of the short films he's recently scored "*The Playground*" will debut on the Showtime Cable Network; in addition, several of his arrangements for Yo-Yo Ma's *Silk Road Project* will receive premieres during the ensemble's upcoming tour appearances in January. Lev Zhurbin (born in Moscow, Russia, 1978) is the author of many works for the classical and jazz stages, as well as scores to several film, theatre and dance projects originated in New York City. Amongst his important works are "*Spring Valley Sunset*" and "*Sicilienne*" (2000) and "*Stomach*" (2003). A new CD of his improvisations is slated for release in Europe on the Newsense Recordings label this spring. For more info and to listen to his works online, please visit his website, <http://Ljova.com>

The eight selected finalist designs for the WTC Memorial are on display at the Winter Garden, out from the 5,201 submissions received from 63 countries. It is well known that this step culminates the work of hundreds of individuals, groups and committees involved in an elaborate and anonymous universe of participants in a two year decision process.



The finalists are:

- * *Votives in Suspension* by Norman Lee and Michael Lewis
- * *Lower Waters* by Bradley Campbell and Matthias Neumann
- * *Passages of Light: The Memorial Cloud* by Gisela Baurmann, Sawad Brooks and Jonas Coersmeier
- * *Suspending Memory* by Joseph Karadin with Hsin-Yi Wu
- * *Garden of Lights* by Pierre David with Sean Corriel and Jessica Kmetovic
- * *Reflecting Absence: A Memorial at the World Trade Center Site* by Michael Arad
- * *Dual Memory* by Brian Strawn and Karla Sierralta
- * *Inversion of Light* by Toshio Sasaki

So far, the reception of the display has only been lukewarm and unenthusiastic. It possibly reflects the first historic event of world consequences as understood and packaged by layers of bureaucracy contradictory committees and boneless sets of guidelines.

