ART monthly

April 1978/2017 40p

The Missing Issue

Readers who have accessed AM's back catalogue online may have noticed that something is missing from the year 1978. A quick count would soon reveal that only nine issues were published that year instead of ten. The missing magazine is for the month of April, which would have been issue 16. Instead, the number was carried over seamlessly to the May issue, which ran a fulsome apology and explanation from Peter Townsend and his co-editor and publisher, Jack Wendler. To celebrate 40 years of continuous publication, AM invited readers to help create a virtual issue for April 1978 to complete the set. This is it.

AM Rules, OK? A User's Manual†

***Preface**: These rules have evolved over a period of nearly 40 years, that is, since 1976 when the magazine was founded. Some of the most important rules, however, are unwritten. In fact, it is only when the rules are challenged that they need to be stated at all – as much for our own as for our contributors' guidance. They are set out below in alphabetical order, thereby abandoning any form of hierarchy, whether in terms of importance, difficulty or other ordering system, in favour of a degree of randomness from which, of course, a new order may emerge.*

A is for **abbreviations**, **acronyms**, **adverbs** and ********:

Abbreviations and contractions are only used when necessary, the reason being that we wish to avoid any obfuscation or mystification. This is part of *AM*'s original remit. In the very first editorial it was stated that the magazine would be committed to plain speaking, and would avoid **jargon** wherever possible.

The same rule applies for **acronyms** as for **abbreviations**: **acronyms** are spelled out fully in the first instance, the abbreviated form is used thereafter thus: Arts Council England, for example, will subsequently be referred to as ACE, the Department of Culture, Media and Sport, as the DCMS and so on. You can infer from these examples that *AM* often has reason to refer to both these bodies because our status as a National Portfolio Organisation or NPO means that we are in receipt of the minimum grant of £40,000.00. Clearly then, *AM* has a public service remit. One of the few exceptions to the rule for **acronyms** is the Museum of Modern Art, New York, for which we use the acronym, with a lower case 'o', in the first instance and thereafter, without spelling it out; this is because MoMA is the mother of all Museums of Modern Art, all other iterations are derivatives. Opening on November 7, 1929, nine days after the Wall St crash, it moved to its final purpose-built location on West 53rd Street in 1939 on the eve of the 2nd World War in Europe. The aim was to establish New York as the new capital of modern art, displacing Paris. Until it was dismantled in 1983, the original display in the Philip Johnson designed museum constituted the Ur text of Modernism, each room a chapter, each wall a page. The infamous diagram on the paper cover of the seminal 1936 exhibition, *Cubism and Abstract Art*, curated by its first director Alfred Barr, set the parameters for debates about Modernism and its historical, political and cultural legacies.

editing is all about allowing the writer's voice to come through while ensuring that his/her meaning is clear where it needs to be. Good editing is an art that conceals art.

Adverbs: *AM* still uses 'em.

Asterisks: these are seldom used whether to refer to something outside the text or as a form of self-censorship. The simple rule is: say what you mean and mean what you say. 'Fuck' is a good old Anglo Saxon word, whether used as a verb or as an expletive, and should offend no one (see interview with Pablo Bronstein *AM*380; the text would have looked like a star map had we substituted ******** for swearwords). Likewise 'shit'. This is not the same as saying that we support the gratuitous use of swearwords. For the same reason we would not have recourse to namby-pamby alternatives such as 'the F word'. 'Cunt', however, is more complex. If used as a noun it is not offensive, but if used as an adjective to describe a person it is. It has something to do, perhaps, with the unequal balance of power between the sexes. It may be possible in the future for the word to be recuperated in the way that the words 'queer', 'black' and 'nigger' have been in certain contexts. In any case this is one

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of the reasons why rules have to be kept under constant review.

B is for **biennales**, **black and white** and **bylines: biennale**, with a lower case 'b', is the generic term we use for all biennial exhibitions. As in the case of MoMA, the reason for this is historical: the Venice Biennale was the first of its kind and is thus the mother of all biennial exhibitions, the first being held in 1895. All other such biennial exhibitions therefore derive in some sort from it. Using the Italian form is a reminder of this history. Like all subsequent versions, its origins were political, propagandist and commercial. Ostensibly a celebration of the silver wedding of King Umberto 1st and his wife Margarethe, it was in reality an attempt to reassert Italy's cultural dominance, in particular over France.

black and white: as our strapline for the 30th anniversary cover proclaimed in October 2006, *AM* is 'Black and White and Red all over'. While it is true that originally *AM* was published in black and white and on newspaper stock for reasons of cheapness, it is also true that it consciously reflected the design of left-leaning publications like *The Nation* in the US and *The New Statesman* in the UK; it was also an aesthetic decision that deliberately echoed Lucy Lippard's (Interview *AM*32) definition of Conceptual Art in her seminal book, *Six Years…*, published in 1973, as work in which 'the idea is paramount and the material form is secondary, lightweight, ephemeral, cheap, unpretentious and/or "dematerialised".' While *AM* is still fundamentally black and white, there are now many more shades of grey in between than there were in 1976. This is a reflection both of developments in printing technology since then and even more of the increasing complexity of today's political, artistic and critical terrain.

bylines: it is noticeable that most or our contributors now describe themselves as writers. It used to be thought that writers wrote books or essays, while reporters reported, journalists wrote regularly for newspapers and journals, and specialists became columnists (like Henry Lydiate, for instance, who writes our regular Artlaw column, see p41); the rest of us were engaged in writing some form of criticism, some even boldly describing themselves as critics. But no longer: today everyone is a writer and no one is a critic.

C is for **capitalising:** the use of capital letters should be kept to a minimum. (See **lower case**.)

D is for **decisions, decisions, decisions:** readers would be surprised how much time the editorial team spends deliberating on whether an **exclamation mark** is justified or whether to allow an **abbreviation**, or to translate a word or title, or use ***italics*** to indicate a less familiar foreign word. Then there are more ethical decisions about whether to rewrite a sentence in order to render its meaning clearer, or because it would read more accurately, more felicitously or more simply, or whether instead to suggest to the writer, when sending out **proofs**, that the writer rephrase the sentence themselves, which takes longer – a consideration when you are up against a deadline.

E is for **editing, en–dashes, English, ethics** and **exclamation marks**:

editing is all about allowing the writer's voice to come through while ensuring that his/her meaning is clear where it needs to be. Good editing is an art that conceals art. It is, or should be, of mutual benefit. If not, then the process should be abandoned in the interests of both. It is very rarely that a text is abandoned at the proof stage – or **spiked** in it is known in the trade – because care is taken early on in the commissioning process to avoid things coming to such a pass.

en–dashes: *an '**en-**rule' can be used as punctuation in a sentence (to signal a pause, for example), with a single space either side. (From AM's internal House Style Guide).*

These are used principally in **interviews** to simulate direct speech; they appear more naturalistic than colons or semi-colons and reflect sudden changes in direction that occur more often in speech than in written texts; similarly, **exclamation marks** are not used as a rule, since it is usually obvious from the tone and context whether the sentence is exclamatory, they also tend to over-determine the reader's response.

English English: this is not a reference to Alix Rule and David Levine's concept of International Art English (IAE), that Marcus Verhagen has defined as: 'a garbled art world idiom combining a quasi-bureaucratic tone with a blithe vagueness and rote references to critical **theory**', which, like the institution of the **biennale** itself, is a symptom of the globalisation of the art world (See 'Glocalisation', *AM*386). Rather, by **English English** is meant the avoidance of American English as a form of resistance to this same globalising process. Not as a last ditch attempt to cling on to the dregs of British cultural imperialism, but merely to uphold difference in the same way that Australian English now has its own Aussie rules. The default Spellcheck setting on computers has a tendency to revert to US spelling, is this cultural colonisation by stealth?

ethics: taking an ethical stance is all about drawing lines, even when they seem increasingly to be drawn in the sand. Back in the 1970s the aesthetic and political battle lines were clearly drawn: there were clear choices to be made between formalism and anti formalist approaches, between left and right (See Dave Beech 'Conceptual Art and Commodification', p12). Today, against the apparent triumph of neoliberalism in politics, and of globalised market values in art, it is harder to draw the lines, but that only makes it all the more necessary to attempt to do so, not least in order to resist the twin embrace of the market and of the institution. This is particularly pressing in the face of the 'embedded' critic, the ugly spawn of so-called media partnerships. Our contributors instinctively understand where the boundaries lie, but for PR companies we do have a proforma we send out which reads as follows:

*The commissioning of features, reviews or any other material for publication in **Art Monthly**, is undertaken solely by the editors; direct approaches, either to the editors or to individual contributors, from advertisers, artists, collectors, curators, dealers or any other interested parties will not be considered.*

F is for **fact checking**, **first names** and **footnotes:**

fact checking: this is a no brainer, both for our own reputation and for that of our contributors. It is surprising how many assumptions prove to be incorrect. There was not one 'Freeze' show but three; they did not take place in a warehouse space but in a disused building owned by the Port of London Authority; most of the artists later associated with the term YBA (which first appeared in print in in 1998 in Simon Ford and Anthony Davies, 'Art Capital' *AM*213), were not shown by

Charles Saatchi in the series of exhibitions that went under the rubric of Young British Artists. Or, to take another tack: 'All that is solid melts into the air' is not a quote from William Shakespeare but from Karl Marx, who much admired him.

first names: these are included in the first instance, second names only are used in all following instances for example: Karl Marx, Rupert Murdoch, Jackson Pollock, Andy Warhol, mainly for clarity but also because it should not be assumed that Marx can only mean Karl Marx. One exception to the rule is Picasso, since it would be somewhat arch to add 'Pablo'; in the case of Leonardo and Michelangelo, the first name alone is used in line with Italian usage.

footnotes: *Footnotes should be kept to a minimum. The content should be incorporated within the body text wherever possible. If they are necessary they should appear at the end of the article.*

This is because *AM* is not an academic journal, it is a forum for debate where ideas can be tested.

G is for **grammar:** correct grammar is not fetishised, but good grammar facilitates good syntax and both enable good communication, which is what *AM* is all about. As our internal *House Style Guide* states:

Use *The Economist Style Guide* for general grammar, syntax, and punctuation.

Use *Chambers Dictionary* and *The New Oxford Dictionary for Writers and Editors* for spelling.

H is for **history:** it has been said that 'There is no such thing as criticism, there is only **history**'. Manfredo Tafuri was speaking specifically about architecture but it could also be applied to art, for while it may be an over statement, criticism that does not engage with history, especially the history of its own subject, is apt to lapse into mere *stilkritik*. It is also dangerous to ignore history, not just because those who do are 'condemned to repeat it', but because it can lead to critical arrogance (See Editorial 'History Matters' *AM*401). 40 years on, *AM* has itself become part of art history which now provides both a context for our writers and a perspective from which to question the past – including our own – in the light of the present. A case in point is the subject of the grid which emerged with Modernism, but which became the archetypal non-hierarchical, non-subjective form associated with post Abstract Expressionist art in general. The first issue of *AM* included an artist's page by Carl Andre in the form of a grid, *The bricks abstract: a compilation*, which collated examples of outraged criticism of *Equivalent VIII*, 1966, which had been put on temporary display at the Tate. The grid later became the subject of a famous critique by Rosalind Krauss in 1979. (For a more recent critique see Morgan Quaintance's review of Istanbul-based sound artist Cevdet Erek *AM*375.)

I, is for **I**, **international**, **interviews** and ***italics*:**

I: *AM* exists to debate and discuss art, not ourselves – or at least, only incidentally and between the lines. The desire is not to impose the 'I', the writer, over a putative 'you', the reader, but to establish a genuine and equal platform for discussion and debate.

international: *AM* is a UK-based magazine but it has more of an international remit than is generally supposed. However, we are often called upon to explain our reviews policy, which is that we don't review solo shows outside the UK unless they are retrospectives of artists whose work has always been of interest to our readers. To single out this or that solo show in Beijing or Johannesburg, Berlin or São Paulo would be merely arbitrary. Instead we developed the 'Letter from …' format to allow writers to provide readers with some context for the work or works under review. We do, however, cover large-scale group and thematic exhibitions, which have a wider reach, as well, of course, as **biennales** and triennials.

interviews: *AM* only interviews artists since that is why we are all here, doing what we do. The rest, as they say, is 'administration'. The decision to approach an artist for an interview is, like our reviews policy, not taken arbitrarily. We usually require that the artist has already appeared in the magazine previously and that he or she is currently showing somewhere accessible to our readership. Again this is because the object of the exercise is to direct the reader to the work. In the case of established artists, the focus is as much as possible is on more recent work. This benefits the artist as much as the reader since it is more likely to elicit fresh insights rather than allowing both to re-traverse well-trodden ground. Of course, the interview is a fiction created through a three-way process involving artist, interviewer and editor; the use of the **en–** referred to above, for instance, is part of this fiction implying direct speech. Finally, in every case, both interviewer and interviewee have full approval of the final text. What might be lost in terms of indiscrete revelations and asides is gained in terms of trust.

Quote of the month

'If you hate the NF as much as you do me, then we're already half way there.'

attributed to punk poet Patrick Fitzgerald at the The Anti Nazi League/Rock Against Racism gig, Victoria Park, London April 30, 1978

***italics*:** *Use for less familiar foreign words, eg malerisch, stilkritik, gesamtkunstwerk. More common words should be in Roman, eg zeitgeist, trompe l'oeil, arte povera, et al. Do not use italics for emphasis in the body of the text.*

If you cannot suggest or convey your emphasis by means of the sentence construction, or by the context in which it appears, or by the overall the tone of your writing, then the sentence probably needs to be rewritten. One of the words most often italicised is *real*, both as an adjective and as a noun: the *real*. We consider our readers to be well able to understand that the notion of the real is problematical and that its use will not be taken at face value, especially in the context of *AM*. The same rule applies for the noun *truth*, the adjective *true* and the adverb *truly*, although in the era of 'alternative facts' and 'truthiness' (Editorial *AM*402) this might have to be reconsidered.

J is for **jargon** and **judgement:**

jargon: is to be avoided wherever possible (see above).

Judgement: this issue exercises writers and readers a great deal. It is not like the good old days when critics ruled and Clement Greenberg could pronounce judgement on art using only his famous 'eye'. No one wants those days back. In fact we exercise our judgement all the time: the decision to review/interview an artist is already a judgement call; the work or artist in question is clearly of sufficient interest to warrant a review or interview. The interest lies in why the work is being singled out from others or, to paraphrase John Baldessari (interview *AM*331), 'Why

This Not That?' Those who call for value judgements are simply playing to the market.

K is for **Kill fee:** this is paid when a piece of writing is 'spiked' (see **editing** above). For all sorts of reasons we don't want to pay it.

L is for **Lower case:** there is a general drift towards the use of **lower case** in preference to upper case, or **capitalising** (see above). This is more prevalent in publications of the left, politically speaking. For instance, you will find lower case deployed more often in the *Guardian* than in the *Daily Mail*, particularly in the case of references to the government or the prime minister. The decision as to whether to use upper or lower case is a way of re-examining hierarchies. The word 'art' used to be capitalised, for instance, as did the word **'**renaissance', but the simple use of the definite article – the renaissance – rather than the indefinite article – a renaissance – makes it clear that the renaissance being referred to is the one usually considered, not least by contemporary Florentines themselves, to have begun in Florence in the 15th-century, rather than just any cultural renaissance.

NB: caution should be exercised when referring to trademarked objects such as Kleenex, Biro and Jiffy Bag; *AM* narrowly avoided being sued for £20,000 for not using initial caps in the case of the Jiffy Bag.

M is for **Marxism:** although the magazine has often been referred to as a Marxist mouthpiece – though notably not by bona fide Marxists – it is not ideologically bound. While emphatically of the left, politically speaking the magazine's politics were never, and still are not so rigidly defined ideologically as to invite factionalism or exclude opposing views. On the contrary *AM* exists to offer a critical space in which alternative, and sometimes opposing, political and aesthetic positions can be articulated and even, on occasion, reconciled. In an interview with Jonathan Harris, for instance, Mark Boulos spoke movingly about love as the common denominator between 'Marxism, feminism and christianity' (*AM*371).

N is for **nothing:** nothing comes to mind for 'N'.

O is for **obituaries** and **ongoing:** as in the case of **interviews**, we only publish **obituaries** of artists. Moreover, we only publish obituaries for artists whose work we have previously covered in the magazine. To do otherwise would be to act in bad faith. If we didn't support the artist's work in life we have no business doing so after their death. By the way, people do not 'pass on', 'pass over' or, indeed 'pass' in *AM*; they die.

ongoing: to quote John le Carre: 'You may continue. You may endure. You may even prevail. But you jolly well won't "on-go" while I'm in the driving seat.' (*The Russia House*, Penguin Modern Classics edition p130)

> The same rule applies for the noun truth, the adjective true and the adverb truly, although in the era of 'alternative facts' and 'truthiness' (Editorial *AM*402) this might have to be reconsidered.

P is for **parentheses, politics, proofs** and **punctuation:**

parentheses: we seldom use them. That is what subordinate clauses are for; a sub clause makes a simple sentence into a complex one, while **parentheses** or brackets simply dodge the issue.

politics: see **Marxism** above;

punctuation: we are not purists – witness our free use of the **en–** in **interviews**, for instance; in this we do not follow Lynn Truss whose *Eats, Shoots and Leaves*, has a subheading: *The Zero Tolerance Approach to Punctuation.* At *AM we* try to keep punctuation as simple as possible.

proofs: all contributors are sent proofs; no major changes – even last-minute changes on page – are made to a text without consulting the writer whenever possible. So no shocks when the magazine hits the stands.

Q is for **quotes:** all the *AM* quotations have been taken from issues of the magazine published over the course of a single year, from October 2013 to October 2014, October being the month in which *AM* was first published in 1976; the point is that relevant examples could have been quoted from any year and any issue of the magazine.

R is for **reviews:** already covered under **international** and **interviews** above; see also **ethics**. To reiterate: criticism is not a substitute for looking at work but an aid to a critical engagement with the real thing – no ***italics*** or **scare quotes** (see below). At the same time *AM* is still committed to its original task which is to cover 'contemporary art and the issues that surround it', in other words, to engage with art in context.

S is for **scare quotes** and **[sic]:** the same rules apply as for ***italics***. The biggest offenders are the same: 'real', the 'real' and '*really* real'; 'true', 'truth' and 'truly'.

[sic]: for those interested in the arcana of editing, the Latin adverb meaning 'thus' is short for ***sic erat scriptum***, 'thus was it written', and is inserted immediately after a quoted word or passage to indicate that it has been transcribed verbatim from the source text. It is usually intended to demonstrate that any error contained therein is not the fault of the editors. It can be a powerful, even a cruel weapon, which is why we seldom use it, preferring to quietly correct the mistake. When it comes to quotations from press releases, however, it is open season, though we cannot better BANK's famous *Fax-Back* project of 1999, first shown at City Racing, the legendary gallery co-founded by *AM*'s own Matt Hale.

T is for **theory:** *AM* is not a theory-driven magazine. That is not to say that those who write for *AM* are uninfluenced by or unengaged with theory, on the contrary. While the views expressed in *AM* are informed by theory – how could it be otherwise – it is our view that theory can become a form of exegesis that takes on its own trajectory, away from the work under discussion. It could be said that *AM* favours applied theory.

U is for ***ũber*curators:** (One word, prefix only in ***italics***) coined in an editorial in 1999 (*AM*228), it speaks for itself. They wield far too much power.

V is for **value:** (see **ethics** above re market value.) At £5.00 a copy and £32 for a year's UK subscription, *AM* is exceedingly good **value**.

W is for **writers:** we couldn't do without them. Thank you.

XYZ: There is only one more rule to add and that is: all rules must be kept under permanent review and, when appropriate, either amended or, on occasion, jettisoned.

†This is an edited version of a paper given at the 'Art Writing symposium', The Drawing Room,10 October 2014. Convenor: Colin Perry. Speakers: Patricia Bickers, Omar Kholeif, Sally O'Reilly, Gilda Williams.

Patricia Bickers is editor of *Art Monthly*.

CORRECTION

The need to go back in time in order to correct a fault or a thing reminds me of the time I spent in Rome in 2009, when I was a fellow at the British School there. I became obsessed with the Colosseum – or rather I became obsessed with the desire to rebuild it.

It is well known that the main reason for the semi-destroyed state of the present structure is linked to the change of culture that come with the rise of Christianity. The Colosseum effectively became a quarry, particularly after the earthquake of 1349 which caused a partial collapse on the South side, and supplied much of the stone with which the new – Christian – Rome was built. When St Peter's Basilica was rebuilt, marble from the façade of the Colosseum was stripped and reused in the new construction. Apart from the Basilica and many other churches, the Palazzo Farnese (now the French embassy), the Palazzo Venezia and even the Tiber river defences were built wholly or partially using stone from the Colosseum.

I wanted to reverse the process, to rebuild the Colosseum using its original stone. In order to carry out my plan I first decided to talk to the French cultural attaché as his support would be invaluable. Appointments of this kind at the BSR were made by Maria Pia, the school's secretary. However, she was reticent, claiming that my research was insufficient. I insisted that my proposal was comprehensive, but then she told me that she was not going to make a fool of herself on my behalf and would not therefore approach the attaché. I begged her to oblige and promised to be the one to be made a fool of, but she refused point blank. A separate attempt to set up an appointment with the Pope was also rejected for the same reason.

At a later date I talked to Simon Key, head of archaeological research at the BSR at the time. He found my proposal both funny and interesting, and told me that the French cultural attaché would *love* to discuss my proposal. 'Why is that?' I asked. 'Because', came the answer, 'his desk rests on the largest stone ever taken from the Colosseum.'

A couple of weeks after that I met Mauro De Filippis, one of Italy's foremost archaeologists, in the garden at the BSR and in the course of a casual conversation I discussed my plan with him. He dismissed my proposal as impractical, but went on to tell me that there is a plan to build a replica of the Colosseum north of Rome in its original form. If built it will become Europe's largest shopping mall.

God surely works in mysterious ways.

Amikam Toren is an artist (Interviewed *AM*388).

A Missing Artist

Pavel Büchler was last seen on New Year's morning digging a shallow groove in the ice on a river near the town of Hranice na Morave, Czechoslovakia. An icepick, empty petrol can, box of matches and a camera on a tripod were later recovered at the scene. He hasn't been heard of since.

INTERVIEW

Karen Di Franco and Jo Melvin on Barbara Reise: Connections

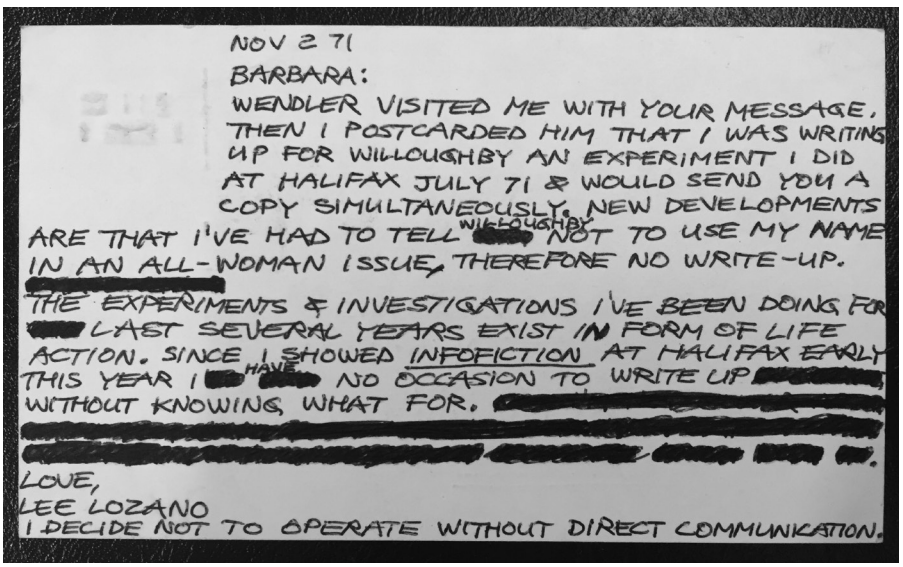
In the early 1990s, Art Monthly publisher, Jack Wendler, and artist Liam Gillick (See p18), who was then production editor of the magazine, proposed to publish a collection of writings by Barabara Reise under the aegis of GW Press under which they had previously produced artists' multiples by, among others, Gary Hume and Anya Gallaccio. Owing to a lack of support from Reise's family the project was never realised.

In September 2016, Karen Di Franco invited the art historian and curator Jo Melvin to be in conversation about the life and work of Barbara Reise as described by the materials held in her archive as part of a 'Show and Tell' event at the library and archive at Tate Britain. The conversation took excerpts from the article 'Spinofferie' written by Melvin about Reise for the journal the Happy Hypocrite *to correspond and converge with items from the collection, creating points of connection for the speakers.*

The force and intensity of Reise's authorial voice as articulated through her published work and understood through her meticulously filed and thorough research conversely presents an absence of the bodily form displaced by an array of documentation. By seeking this corporeal absence, the speakers discussed the effects of 'being' and re-telling, as agents within a collection.

Karen Di Franco: Barbara Reise was a writer, she was a critic, she was a landlady, she was a collector, she was an art historian and a lecturer. The materials on display that we will be discussing are just a small sample of this very large collection. Reise's archive presents a real sense of her as a person and the veracity of her working practice – the tone of her writing reveals her personality and her commitment to her work. As such, her collection reflects the diversity of her roles and writing practices through the volume and range of printed materials – unique artworks and publications sit alongside laundry lists, telephone messages, manuscript drafts, rent books and masses of correspondence.

Without Nicholas Serota's intervention this collection would not be at Tate. Serota knew that her family was not interested in keeping her papers after her death in 1978, so he personally intervened to enable their preservation (at this time he was director of Whitechapel Gallery where he was working on a Carel Visser exhibition for which Reise was writing a catalogue essay).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BARBARA:
WENDLER VISITED ME WITH YOUR MESSAGE. THEN I POSTCARDED HIM THAT I WAS WRITING UP FOR WILLOUGHBY AN EXPERIMENT I DID AT HALIFAX JULY 71 & WOULD SEND YOU A COPY SIMULTANEOUSLY. NEW DEVELOPMENTS ARE THAT I'VE HAD TO TELL [redacted] WILLOUGHBY NOT TO USE MY NAME IN AN ALL-WOMAN ISSUE, THEREFORE NO WRITE-UP.
[redacted]
THE EXPERIMENTS & INVESTIGATIONS I'VE BEEN DOING FOR [redacted] LAST SEVERAL YEARS EXIST IN FORM OF LIFE ACTION. SINCE I SHOWED INFOFICTION AT HALIFAX EARLY THIS YEAR I [redacted] HAVE NO OCCASION TO WRITE UP [redacted] WITHOUT KNOWING, WHAT FOR. [redacted]
[redacted]
LOVE,
LEE LOZANO
I DECIDE NOT TO OPERATE WITHOUT DIRECT COMMUNICATION.

note from Lee Lozano to Barbara Reise

Jo Melvin: Another connection with Tate is when Reise first came to London, and was looking for desk space, she met Lawrence Gowing who was then assistant director and he said she could use space in his office. So she inhabited the halls of this gallery from that moment onwards, even when she wasn't using the desk space any more, one has a sense of her walking through the spaces, her voice, her reactions, her interactions. There is thus a circularity to her extremely dynamic, demanding, energetic committed presence in the art world at that time.

KDF I think you were telling me how people reported that the sound of Barbara preceded her presence.
JM She walked with Dr Scholl sandals and everybody knew it could only be Barbara.

KDF The interconnectedness of her collection requires a type of telepathy on behalf of the researcher so I like the idea that this is equally transposed onto the originator's presence. It describes how Barbara made connections with people – it should be a subject heading for her collection.
JM It is almost as if you can feel the phone being about to ring. There is this sense of imminence about her archive, with all of the people with whom she was in contact.

KDF The material speaks with this kind of enthusiasm and verve that is really exciting. Reise kept files on all the artists she corresponded with – Dan Graham (Interview *AM*162) and Marcel Broodthaers (Obituary by Richard Hamilton *AM*01), for example.
JM Barbara had met Graham in New York when he was teaching and performing at the School of Visual Arts. He was also engaged in critical writing. A couple of years later in 1968 when she was working for *Studio International*, she suggested that he send some writing to her. He sent a couple of pieces but they weren't published. His texts were returned to him very heavily annotated by both Reise's and Peter Townsend (*Art Monthly* founding co-editor). Graham was exasperated by this treatment, but despite this he continued to have a friendly rapport with Reise. Those texts appear in his artist's book called *End Moments*. He was literally lobbying everyone he knew in order to suggest that they might buy it.

KDF Quoting Graham: 'It's a book, 80 pages, including photos and line cuts of five recent unpublished articles. It cost me $150

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to produce and absolutely nobody is getting copies for free. It's $2 plus postage, would you want one?'

JM Barbara would trade her writing about artists' work for books. She had a very close relationship with Broodthaers who would stay in (*Art Monthly* publisher) Jack Wendler's house around the corner from Barbara. They were constantly having discussions about the production of work. Broodthaers was delighted by her cats, who were called Matisse and Picasso, and made a book especially for her, *Dinah and Other Cats*, which is unique. This is just one example of her phenomenal collection. If you're interested in Broodthaers's books, it is an absolute treasure trove – everything that he published is there.

There is an interesting situation documented in their correspondence. During Broodthaers's exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art Oxford, which was curated by Serota, they agreed that they would do a little talk in the evening. Only six people turned up. It was disappointing for all concerned, and Barbara made her feelings known. Serota consoled her with the observation that the discussion was powerful and personal and worth more to the six than it would have been to 75 people.

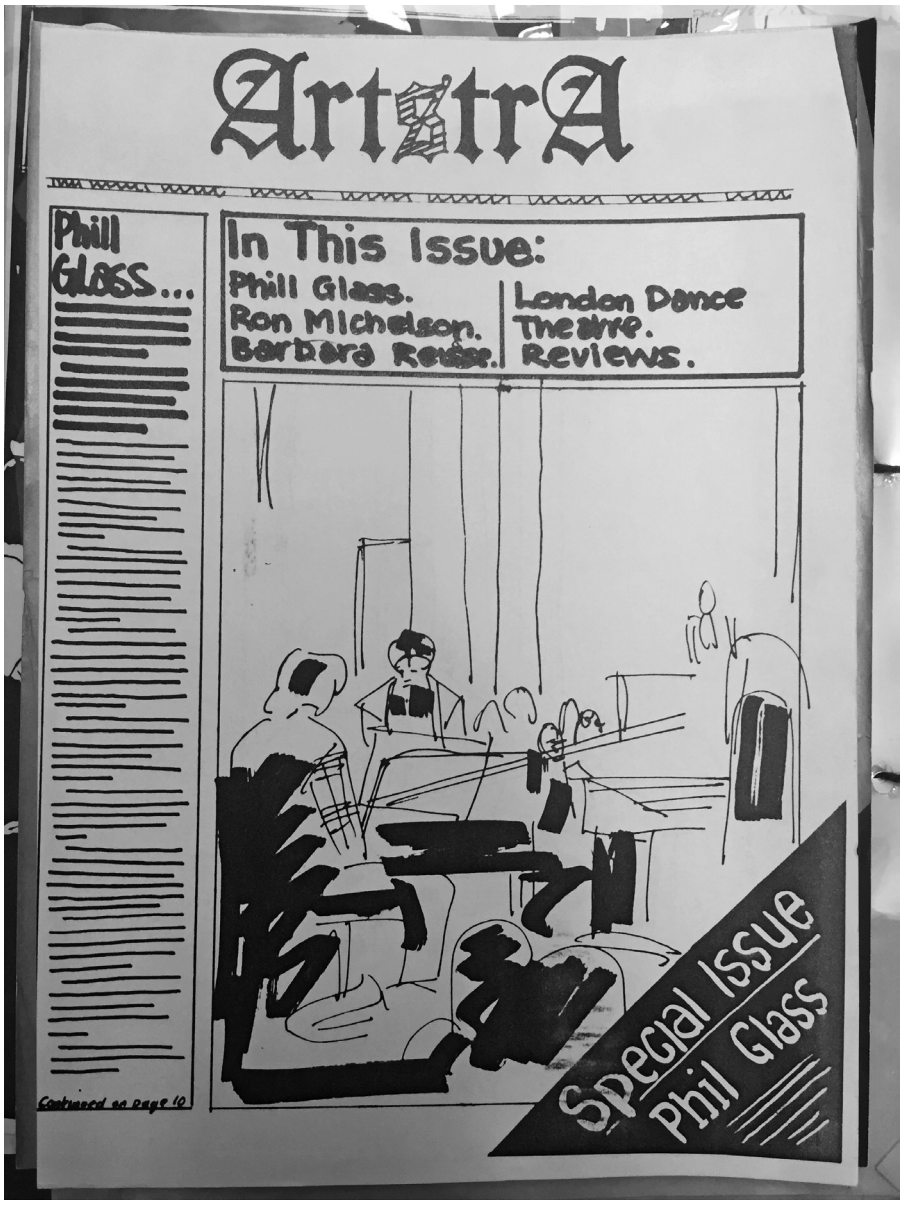
KDF This is perhaps a sadly understandable but reassuring recollection that many of us involved in talks and public programming can relate to.

JM She has many engaging conversations which she describes to her correspondents. For instance, she flies to New York for New Year's Eve and at a dinner sits next to Robert Morris. He tells her how she should write art criticism. She has drunk too much and ends up vomiting on the street. She retells this story differently to different people, yet retains the part about throwing up. She is brutally honest about her own body. There is a lot of this type of correspondence in her archive, and even though of no particular importance, even these letters are copied and filed. By retaining carbon copies of her correspondence, her archive contains the letters she sent as well as those she received. This is very unusual for an individual. She is committing an act of preservation on her work typically maintained by an institution. I find that intention really interesting and slightly strange.

And it tells you a lot about her organisational strategies and her thinking about the importance of what she was doing. She is confident that what she is doing is worthwhile, although she does suffer from self-doubt at various points – which she also documents and reflects upon. One is drawn into her orbit, she follows us around, a bit like the cat that Broodthaers wrote about, which followed Barbara around. She also haunts the researcher because her voice is so powerful.

When Barbara went to New York for Christmas 1968 she met Seth Siegelaub (Interview *AM*327 and 328) and Liza Béar, one of the founding editors of *Avalanche* magazine (see *AM*278), both of whom were going to become important figures for her. Siegelaub was engaged in setting up this exhibition which was called 'One Month', when he allocated a page of the month of March to various different artists. When she gets back to London in January she writes to him saying how miserable London is because the shops are all shut … even between Christmas and New Year everything is shut, no one is around and you get this very dark sense of 1969 London life and how vibrant it was in New York. She writes 'how much I'm missing you', and Siegelaub replies instantly saying, 'please contact these four men in your area, I have no means of getting a hold of them'. And she immediately gets in touch with Richard Long, Barry Flanagan, Terry Atkinson and Michael Baldwin to contribute to this exhibition-as-publication. And so the kind of thread of that connection continues

Simon Patterson
Darwin's Billiard Table where he laid out his earthworms to study them, Downe House.



Barbara Reise's mock-up of a proposed cover for *ArtstrA*

throughout her thought and work processes.

KDF Again it is documented in the 'Women in Art' file that Barbara amassed. This is one of several files that includes individual files for Agnes Denes and Hanne Darboven (Interview *AM*181) who she has substantial correspondence with. She gave Agnes a lot of advice about selling and presenting her work.
JM The Denes stuff is very interesting to look through. She is involved in lots of different exhibitions, and there is documentation of her work from those shows that Barbara then passes on to curators such as Lucy Lippard (Interview *AM*32).

KDF Barbara becomes involved with artists' careers in many ways. She spends time working with them, she did a lot of advocacy for people. She wrote a character witness report in support of Genesis P-Orridge when he was going through his profanity lawsuit in the Royal Courts of Justice (*AM*02 and 405/6). There is a detailed account of her interactions with him because they had been in correspondence for a number of years through the Mail Art movement.
JM She does for the same Robert Barry as well. She really puts her back into supporting people.

KDF She really cares. Part of what your article for *Happy Hypocrite* touches on is this very intense relationship with artists. When she is trying to understand what she wants to write about and how she thinks as a critic and a writer in general, it's really through conversation with artists that her writing becomes clear.
JM She will not write about any artist's work that she hasn't seen. So before she writes an article on Jan Dibbets, which is quite a long time in the making, she has this correspondence with him when she says – on his recommendation about looking at someone else's work – 'I can't write about any work I haven't seen and I won't write about it'. It's just so refreshing to have that complete commitment.

KDF And there is so much diversity – she is writing for *Studio International*, for *Art in America*, *Art News*, *Artes Visuales*, *Data*, and *L'art Vivant*. She is writing for herself and she is also teaching. There are whole sections of files that are dedicated to that type of research. She taught in Coventry as senior lecturer in art history and in London as well. It is all veraciously researched – and again personal correspondence intersects these technical files. Amongst all of this are small collections of artists' books and artworks as well as exhibition ephemera and magazines.

Researching Reise's archive means excavating the various relationships between the materials as well as the individuals within the collection. The fact that Barbara has such a distinctive collection of Broodthaers' publications is significant when considering how works such as these are displayed within exhibition making, for example. Preserved at Tate, in the individual archives, there are many paracollections such as this that have a status and a temporality outside of the catalogue.

To conclude, we come to two projects: 'My so-called conceptual art book', which was an unrealised book that Barbara was writing, and 'ArtstrA', which was the magazine project that she was working on simultaneously to all her other work. What is striking about these projects is the sheer volume of research materials assembled and their specific details. The 'ArtstrA' project – which is one of the first things I looked at from her collection – is an incredibly innovative technological project, and it is easy to see how its structure relates to an organisation such as e-Flux now. At first glance I could see the scale and depth – all the grant applications and the letters and everything, and part of you thinks 'wow' this would have been amazing – it's a magazine, it's an art space, it's an index,

it's a communication conduit between New York and London, it just sounded amazing. And then you read further and you get the knockbacks and the delays and you end up feeling depressed on her behalf. It speaks to all those art projects that you know that never quite happen, and that feels like a very contemporary experience.

JM And also it speaks to those that do happen. The 'ArtstrA' was happening simultaneously with the setting up of *Art Monthly*, and there are crossovers with those discussions and with the personalities involved with whom Barbara was speaking about magazines, and then they decided to go one way rather than another way. So it really enriches something that we think we know about.

KDF *Art Monthly* could have been a very different magazine if 'ArtstrA' had happened, for example. There are details in her correspondence where Barbara sells a painting that she has by Robert Ryman to finance the project. She writes to him asking if he would like to buy the painting back from her. In the file for 'My so-called conceptual art book', which I think is a great title for a book, what you have are these very long letters detailing the outline but also informing the publishers why it is not complete and all the reasons as to why she hasn't worked on it yet. It reveals her commitment, her honesty with time management, because she takes on so much, which again are very contemporary concerns. She treats her correspondence with the same degree of seriousness as her research. These things are all embedded in her archive, and I think Barbara understood how vital these items are for researchers. Notes, drafts and lists are as important in terms of the value they have to interrogate the published work.

JM Often it is the items that are usually discarded which have the potential to transform and recast previous published interpretations. Had 'ArtstrA' existed who knows what effect this might have had on artists' publications and their networks. Investigating Reise's archive is a generative activity. A book on her work is long overdue.

Karen Di Franco is a curator and PhD candidate with Tate/University of Reading.

Jo Melvin is a reader in fine art, special collections and archives, Chelsea College of Art, London.

John Murphy *The work of art is … AJ* 1977
Lettraset on paper, stuffed crocodile (Jack Wendler's legs in the picture).
With reference to Alfred Jarry: 'A work of art is a stuffed crocodile'.

Shown in May 1977 at Barry Barker gallery, 37 Museum St, London WC1. The gallery was in the back room, 1st floor, above George's the grocer on the ground floor. *Art Monthly*'s office was on the top floor. Storage space behind the grocer's on the ground floor was also rented by *AM*, and taken over by Gustav Metzger.

Note from Jack Wendler: 'Gustav rented the back room of ours on the top floor filled it with books locked it and disappeared for a year or more. I ran into him and asked him for some rent money, never having seen any. He said he couldn't or wouldn't give *Art Monthly* any. I asked why and he said he was crazy. He moved out on a Saturday, leaving a trail of trash to the front door. End of *AM* as a landlord.'

INTERVIEW

On the 10th anniversary of May 1968, Virginia Whiles presents an interview which addresses the need for changes in the way art and art history are taught in the UK, in particular the need to open up to other cultures.

Noel Kelsall: I want to ask you about your intervention from the floor in the recent State of British Art conference at the ICA in February this year. As a comparatively inexperienced teacher of art history what gives you the cheek to be so critical about the system?
Ginger Cross-Serreau: Perhaps because I am an outsider and have always felt like that.

NK Why? After all, you were educated at British art schools.
GCS Yes, and this is probably why. I witnessed an extraordinary time in the 1960s and return now to feel that things still need to move on. I am looking at it from the outside as I live in France and this year is the 10th anniversary of May '68.

NK And what were the effects of that time in the UK?
GCS The rumblings of change had already been growing for a few years in certain art schools. The Hornsey occupation (Book review *AM*316) was seen coming for months ahead, Lisa Tickner was already an activist and ran the film society, we had Stuart Brisley (see discussion *AM*11) and Bill Culbert setting up crazy installations in Visual Studies, a French sculptor starting the Art-Accord exchange programme, and in Complementary Studies I was one of the lucky students to have Jonathan Miller as tutor who turned me on to inter-disciplinary learning … we did a year studying the nervous system and I wrote a dissertation about Strategy and Tactics in Abstract Expressionism.

NK So your comments in the debate were directed at the lack of such progressive shifts since 1968? Can you be more specific?
GCS The post-grad in Art History at Chelsea encouraged a growing critique of 'academic' art history, the few of us on it were all female practitioners and influenced by Lawrence Gowing's belief that theory be linked to studio practice. It was clearly a combination of this approach and the burgeoning feminist consciousness that we shared that lead us to get jobs in Autumn 1968 when art schools were calling out for a different kind of theoretical pedagogy.

NK Where did you start teaching?
GCS At Winchester School of Art in 1968. An extraordinary time – Brian Eno was student rep and we had hilarious staff and student meetings. My colleague was John Elderfield (now curator at MoMA in New York) was writing tremendous texts and he introduced me to *Studio International* and to my first article on Tantric art (see Prafulla Mohanti's East West Encounter' *AM*132).

NK Why such an esoteric subject?
GCS In my post-grad year Nick Wadley sent me to see the Horniman Museum for its architecture but I discovered its amazing collection of Tibetan T'ankas and decided to start studying Tibetan art, which I did with much help from a few scholars at SOAS and the V&A. I then travelled overland to India taking pictures all the way, as well as having accidents, and consequently set up a course on Asian art history at Winchester. This was welcomed by the textile department but ironically viewed with much scepticism by the Fine Art department which saw no need for it with their students.

NK So this brings us back to your comment at the ICA debate on the lack of non-western art history?
GCS Yes, absolutely. And, of course, in the debate Rasheed Araeen was the first to agree that the hegemony of western art is a shocking predicament to be in.

NK But your proposal was to resolve this problem through interdisciplinary teaching. Can you expand on that?
GCS There is a crucial need for western art history to wake up to other cultures in their contemporary state, not just through 'orientalism'. By coincidence I have just read, in last month's issue, an interview with Robert Motherwell *(AM*14) where he states that French artists totally lack the American artists' awareness of anthropology – surely referring to Jackson Pollock's path, since he cites the need for notions of modernity and 'primitivism' to be coupled. I think he is wrong about it being the 'cause of the collapse of French art after the war', but that he is justified in his critique of eurocentric

Ritzy Cinema, Brixton, London c1984

aesthetics and the need for anthropology.

NK Do you feel that in France as well as in the UK?

GCS Funnily enough the recent show that opened at the Beaubourg 'Paris-New York' was a real eye-opener. When there I am teaching English, trying to write while looking after my kids and working in the theatre with my husband. For me, cultural exchanges seem far easier being part of a European continent and not just an island. Above all, my part-time teaching in the UK – now at Goldsmiths, Canterbury and Chelsea – is based on my own predilections: a real joy!

NK Can you give examples?

GCS Well, the Options courses are the positive sites for interdisciplinary learning. At the moment at Chelsea, for example, David Medalla is running one called 'La Belle Epoque', Anne Rees Mogg on 'Colour Theory', Peter Marshall on 'Psychoanalysis' and Greg Desjardins on 'Homer and Plato', whilst I run one on 'Contemporary Theatre and its Oriental Antecedents' and another to provoke critical discussion using Bertolt Brecht's *Lehrstücke*: fabulous tools for improvisation. In fact, I think one of my students, Alexei Sayle, might well go on to perform.

NK How do you manage the cross-channel activity?

GCS Through squatting and with help from my parents. A great story to end with: this year I have been living with my two sons, Balthazar and Ianto, in a terrific squat in Brixton where the leader (Pat Foster) announced a mad project to place an ad in *Time Out* seeking ten people with £1,000 each ready to invest in restoring an old cinema. My mum was decorating the squat (as good mums do these days) and when I got home with the kids, she said: 'Blimey, I have been up and down the ladder all day answering the bloody phone.' Already 20 people had signed up! And so the project took off to become the Little Bit Ritzy though Pat says he might shorten the name to the Ritzy. He has even got Goldsmiths students to do murals and to seek out old seats and council backing.

NK Now I see you are about to give birth.

GCS Yes, she is due on May Day and will be called Saskia.

NK In homage to art history?

GCS Of course, but I have decided to start studying anthropology … the only way to open it up to other cultures.

Virginia Whiles is an art historian, critic and author.

richard grayson '78 apologies to Tiank

FEATURE

Conceptualism and Art's Commodification

Dave Beech argues that conceptual artists not only rejected the romanticism of high modernism, and the traditional hierarchy of forms, materials and techniques, but also initiated the critique of art's relationship with the market.

The history of the critique of high modernism culminates in the turning point in the mid 1970s when, in Benjamin Buchloh's words, 'a radically different basis for critical intervention in the discursive and institutional frameworks determining the production and the reception of contemporary art [was] established'. What begins as a rejection of the inflated rhetoric of the heroic individual artist ends in the conviction that artworks are commodities and artists are complicit in capitalist society. This is because the history of the displacement of the discourse of independent production, autonomy and expressionism is simultaneously the progressive evacuation of art's critique of the commodity.

In her 1996 book *Machine in the Studio* Caroline Jones narrates the passage from the Abstract Expressionism's 'romance of the studio' to its abandonment in Land Art. Following Buren, who limited the 'art system' to 'the studio as the unique space of production and the museum as the unique space of exposition', Jones presents the studio as the prototypical spatial crystallisation of the masculinist heroic individual artist – the Romantic genius – and charts its dissolution in site-specific art as the final stage in the critique of the Romantic imaginary of the studio. Perceptively, the exodus from the studio is interpreted by Jones as an extrapolation of the anti-Romantic embrace of semi-industrial techniques and the social production of art in Minimalism and Pop Art, including the recoding of the studio as a place of business by key artists who emerged in the early 1960s, but her historical study of the critique of high modernism closes before the critique of the studio developed into the critique of the art market.

Greater historical clarity is achieved by inserting this historical passage, in which the wax and wane of the studio as the site of artistic production embodies art's changing social relations, into the wider transition from Modernism to contemporary art. Suspending the narrative at the point at which the studio appears to be dissolved protects the early critique of the romance of the studio from the more far-reaching critique of art in general by Conceptual Art. The transition from Modernism to contemporary art is accomplished through the systematic elimination of every boundary between art and life, a critique initiated by the Avant Garde but which is realised by Conceptual Art.

Conceptual Art redefined artistic production in a way that exceeded the passage described by Jones from the studio to site specificity. No longer the confined space of a lone expressive personality in which the artist is isolated from modern everyday experience, the transformation of the studio culminates –in her account – with the studio becoming the open and multiple workplace in which the artist manages assistants, technicians and hired workers. The transformation of artistic production by conceptualism arises out of the same critique of the romantic conception of artistic production exemplified by Abstract Expressionism but it does not follow the linear path described by Jones. It is knitted into this historical passage through a different strain of solidarities.

Hostilities between the 1960s generation and the abstract expressionists were announced in terms derived from business and commerce. Frank Stella's refusal to 'rely on the agonised self to generate art' and his turn to 'the housepainter, the industrial surface, the manufactured object, the fabrication workshop' was shocking because these were commercial forms of painting. Similarly, Andy Warhol's statement that 'somebody should be able to do all my paintings for me' was an inflammatory gesture in 1963 because it cast the artist as a manager, owner, employer or entrepreneur.

Given that the tropes of independent production in Abstract Expressionism were primarily drawn from the lexicon of the worker and the tropes of anti-romantic social production of the 1960s generation were drawn from the lexicon of management, it is feasible to reconstruct this episode in terms of a confrontation between the romance of workerism and the counter-romance of the entrepreneur. In this analysis, Conceptual Art opposes the romantic individualism of Abstract Expressionism without taking its direction from management, capital or business. If Pop Art and Minimalism realise their critique of the romanticism of high modernism by aligning themselves with capital, Conceptual Art rejects both by initiating the contemporary critique of the art world as dominated by the art market.

This historical transition cannot be accounted for fully by reference to changing conceptions of the studio and it does not culminate in an escape from the studio. Conceptualism, which is founded on the philosophically articulated question of the ontology of art, especially through the rejection of the primacy of the visual in art and the interrogation into the necessity of the art object itself, reaches its own limit by rejecting any basis for art's difference from everything else.

Conceptual Art's critique of the boundaries between art and everything else can be expressed in the infinity of forms that art can take, or the infinity of common techniques that are no longer differentiated from artistic technique – both of which erode the traditional grounds for distinguishing the artist from everyone else – or the eclipse of the various specific arts (painting, sculpture etc) by the general concept of art as such. Typically, Conceptual Art is recruited into the history of the emergence of contemporary art in terms of its unrivalled interrogation of art's ontology.

However, the story of the decline of Abstract Expressionism's hegemony and the deflation of its myth of the artist does not conclude with the contribution of conceptualism to the philosophical definition of art nor to the pre-philosophical assertion of the dematerialisation of art, which contains its own hubris, but by the crisis which ultimately brings Conceptual Art to an end. That is to say, it is the limit of conceptualism or Conceptual Art only in its death agony that proves to have a lasting legacy for the formation of contemporary art out of the ruins of Modernism.

Puerto Rican Art Workers Coalition (following the AWC's initiative) in New York, 1970

Robert Bailey's study of the blossoming and disintegration of Art and Language in New York (ALNY) in the early 1970s tells a story of how the radical philosophical critique of art and the aesthetic turned into the forensic investigation of the politics of art, which terminated in ruthless political in-fighting. Political activism, which was a conspicuous aspect of the contemporary art community in the late 1960s and early 1970s, was internalised by conceptualists in the mid 1970s as integral to the production of an adequately social art practice.

Conceptualists extended the model of institutional critique set up by the Art Workers Coalition in 1969, aligning the politics of the museum and art magazine with global questions of art's deeper complicity in patriarchy, colonialism and capitalism. ALNY eventually disbanded amid disagreements that were at once arguments about art (how artworks were to be produced, how self-organisation ought to be accomplished, how conversations were to be conducted, whether to prioritise conversations within the group or establish relations with global collaborators etc) and disputes over incommensurable political strategies.

Bailey's anatomy of the splitting of ALNY, read as a narrative of Conceptual Art's legacy within the transition from Modernism to contemporary art, traces how conceptualism extrapolated the analytical challenge to the high modernist ontology of art into the exposure of art to the critique of art's institutions and the processes of political activism generally. If Land Art responded to the myths of the artist crystallised in the site of artistic production by abandoning the studio, conceptualists pressed the world into their makeshift studios (kitchens, apartments, other artists' studios). As well as becoming a site primarily devoted to the social acts of conversation and publishing rather than individual acts of creative production, the studio is reconceived by critical conceptualists in the 1970. Instead of a politics of exodus it exposed the studio to a detailed, far-reaching and ruthless political examination of the social relations of artistic production.

Dave Beech is professor of art at Valand Academy, Gothenburg.

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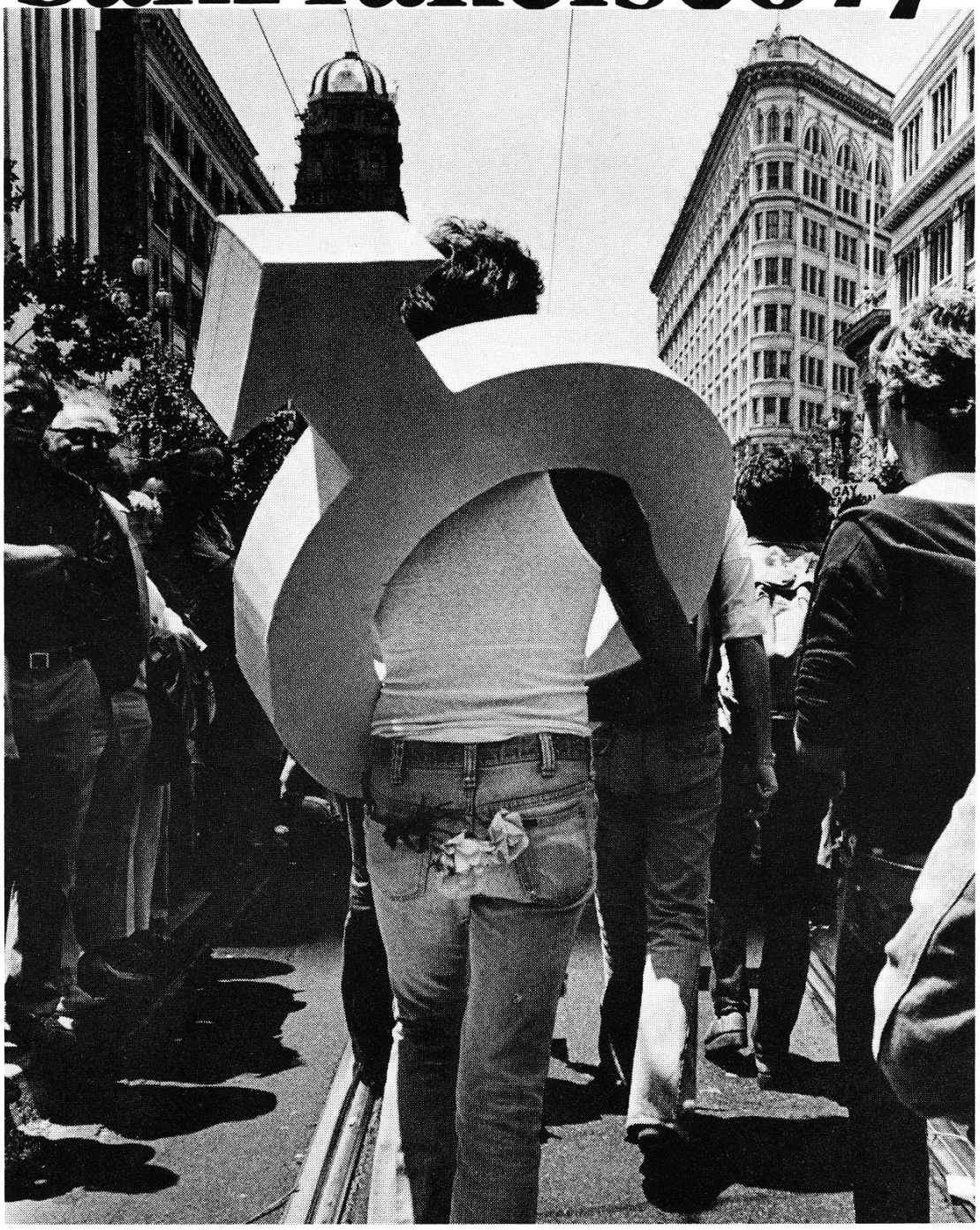

Photographs by
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The Photographers' Gallery
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March 12 to 29, 1978

On 'Afro-Caribbean' Art

Eddie Chambers points out that, for all the problems associated with the designation 'Afro-Caribbean art', it at least served the purpose of highlighting the absence of diversity in the UK art world.

April 1978 saw an exhibition take place in London that arguably pointed to some of the ways in which black artists would emerge into a new sort of visibility, a few years hence, in the early 1980s. The exhibition in question was 'Afro-Caribbean Art', a large open-submission exhibition organised by Drum Arts Centre, held 27 April to 25 May 1978 at the Artists Market, 52 Earlham Street, London, WC2. The artists included were, Mohammed Ahmed Abdalla, Keith Ashton, Colin Barker, Lloyd George Blair, Frank Bowling, Linward Campbell, Jan Connell, Dam X, D. Dasri, Horace de Bourg, Gordon de la Mothe, Daphne Dennison, Art Derry, Barbara Douglas, Reynold Duncan, Anthony Gidden, Lubaina Himid, Merdelle Irving, Siddig El N'Goumi, Anthony Jadunath (his name appeared, somewhat scrambled, in the catalogue as Jadwnagh), Emmanuel Taiwo Jegede, Donald Locke, GS Lynch, Errol Lloyd, Cyprian Mandala, Althea McNish, Nadia Ming, Lloyd Nelson, Bill Patterson, Rudi Patterson, Eugene Palmer, Shaigi Rahim, Orville Smith, Jeffrey Rickard Trotman, Adesose Wallace, Lance Watson and Moo Young. The last artist listed was likely to have been Tony Moo Young, from Jamaica, though the Moo Young was listed in the catalogue as coming from Trinidad.

Few names from the above list survive in the art world's present-day consciousness, testifying to the extent to which attention paid to such artists is often fleeting. Only artists such as Bowling and Himid have gone on to be more widely recognised and exhibited, along the way being awarded an OBE and MBE respectively. Several of the artists, particularly the likes of Bowling and Locke, found the US to be a perhaps more fertile or rewarding environment in which to practice. The relative unfamiliarity today of a number of the other artists was partly due to that fact that they were effectively just passing through London, as temporary residents or as art students, before returning to other parts of the world. Even so, there can be no denying the extent to which a number of these artists have slipped into the sorts of obscurity that always threatens black artists.

The exhibition was important for several reasons. Firstly, the staging of the exhibition reflected the sorts of cultural strategies to which a number of black British artists were gravitating by the late 1970s. The exhibition was organised by Drum Arts Centre, very much an arts centre in-the-making rather than one already fully formed. Secondly, the exhibition effectively reflected a number of the strands of artistic practice then being pursued by black artists within the capital. Thirdly, the exhibition contained the sorts of problems that would bedevil black artists' exhibitions of the 1980s, or at least those exhibitions in which artists of various ethnicities (but not including those of white European background) were brought together under the umbrella of 'Afro-Caribbean' (or, subsequently, 'black', 'culturally diverse' and so on) of exhibiting the work in all sorts of media, thereby accentuating what appeared to be a certain mannered and problematic eclecticism. *Time Out* described the exhibition as 'a survey of black artists in Britain', though such descriptions (and indeed such exhibitions) were to become relatively commonplace in the decade which was to follow.

In April 1978, however, the coming together of the artists in 'Afro-Caribbean Art' represented and enacted a strategy of cultural empowerment in the face of British societal hostility and seemingly entrenched art-world indifference to genuine manifestations of diversity within its programming. The artists themselves were likely untroubled by the somewhat eclectic nature of the exhibition. Indeed, they drew strength from their coming together as practitioners across the divides of art practice and, in some instances, nationality. It was for others to predict or identify the fissures that would, in years to come, bedevil certain exhibitions of black artists' work. In his introduction in the modest but nonetheless hugely important catalogue for the show, the executive director of Drum Arts Centre, John Mapondera, drew attention to the ways in which the exhibition had been constructed: 'The exhibition as always can only speak for itself through the work that is on show. However, in conceiving this exhibition we could not escape the fact that some elements of such an exhibition would be unknown before it actually materialised. Being the first of its kind, the Open Exhibition

of Afro-Caribbean Art in Britain has had to be an exploratory venture. Its main purpose was to discover what young Black Artists are working in Britain today, in the hope that the resulting exhibition would help to stimulate and promote the development of such artists.'

Substantial references to this exhibition include a review by Rasheed Araeen, published in *Black Phoenix* ('Afro-Caribbean Art', *Black Phoenix*, No. 2 Summer 1978 pp30-31), and a review 'In View' by Emmanuel Cooper, contained in *Art & Artists*, Hansom Books, London Vol. 13, No. 3, Issue 148, July 1978. A feature on Drum Arts Centre, titled 'Drum Call for Black Britain', written by Taiwo Ajai, had appeared several years earlier in *Africa* magazine, No. 44 April 1975 p43.

The critique of the exhibition by Araeen offered what he considered to be substantial pointers to the limitations of cross-art form exhibitions that had as the criterion for their existence the supposed racial or ethnic commonality of the exhibitors. Cross-art form group exhibitions of work by black artists represented a knotty contradiction of sorts. On the one hand, these exhibitions represented an apparent marginalising, or separating, of these artists from the mainstream.

Simultaneously, however, the bringing together within one exhibition of all manner of artworks emphasised the degree to which the exhibitors perhaps had little in common beyond shared ethnicity or related ethnic identities. Araeen sought to trash not just the premise on which the exhibition apparently rested, but also took on the role of art critic, expressing the sorts of sentiments at which *Evening Standard* critic Brian Sewell would come to excel, making him, in the 1980s and 1990s, the art world's pantomime villain of choice. So it was that Araeen snorted that 'Afro-Caribbean Art' contained 'no surprises and the painting section is particularly bad'.

Araeen set about poking holes in the exhibition with much vigour. He was, though, not only critical of the exhibition itself, but also damning about the work of several of the artists and in this regard. Frank Bowling's work came in for particularly withering criticism: 'Three works by Frank Bowling, who is supposed to be internationally well known, might have impressed us 20 years ago. In fact, we would certainly have credited him if he had innovated this method of throwing paint directly on the canvas or contributed further to its development. Now one has to be ignorant, or pretend ignorance, to appreciate what is no more than a decorative pastiche of the outmoded styles of the post-abstract expressionist period in New York.' For good measure, Araeen added that: 'They might look beautiful in somebody's house or office but have nothing to say. (This criticism, in fact, applies to many artists today, black and white, who are dabblingly pursuing a kind of mannerism.'

Just over a decade later, several of the artists in 'Afro-Caribbean Art' –Bowling, Himid and Locke – made it into (or agreed to be represented in) Araeen's 1989 exhibition, 'The Other Story', by which time the April 1978 exhibition had well and truly slipped into its own emphatic obscurity.

Eddie Chambers is a professor in the Department of Art and Art History at the University of Texas at Austin, USA.

Simon Patterson
Marx's hands smoothed by touch. Marx-Engels-Forum, Berlin.

Eyes glazed with beer,
Warm hearts beating loud,
At our local pub the Horn of Plenty,
With my friend McGreer,
And our mate McCloud,
We went to toast in our twenties.
McGreer took himself for John Locke,
McCloud saw himself as Don Juan,
And as for me, as I was the most proud,
Me, well I, I'm me, I'm the man

Then when midnight chimed, lawyers we could mock
Stepped out of the Hotel Cognoscenti.
We dropped our trousers down and we kindly bowed,
Singing this song:

Upper class, you can kiss my arse,
As you older grow, even less you know,
Upper class, you can kiss my arse,
Just like pigs you grunt, you're a load of…

Eyes glazed with beer,
Warm hearts beating loud,
At our local pub the Horn of Plenty,
With my friend McGreer,
And our mate McCloud,
We went to rave in our twenties.
John Locke danced in the crowd,
Don Juan didn't give a damn,
And I, who was still the most proud,
Me, well I, I was nearly as drunk as I am.

Then when midnight chimed, lawyers we could mock
Stepped out of the Hotel Cognoscenti.
We dropped our trousers down and we kindly bowed,
Singing this song

Upper class, you can kiss my arse,
As you older grow, even less you know,
Upper class, you can kiss my arse,
Just like pigs you grunt, you're a load of…

Our hearts by now austere,
Grave eyes to the ground,
In the bar of the Hotel Cognoscenti.
With Doctor McGreer,
And the honourable McCloud,
Amongst lawyers we spend hours a plenty.
McGreer talks of John Locke,
McCloud of Don Juan,
And I, I who was still the most proud,
Me, well I talk about me, I'm the man.

And, constable, you see, around twelve o'clock,
From the Plenty Inn, every night they throng,
These appalling chavs, who drop their trousers to their socks,
and sing us this song:

Upper class, you can kiss my arse,
As you older grow, even less you know,
Upper class, you can kiss my arse,
Just like pigs you grunt, you're a load of…

J.B. 1929-1978 RIP

Jacques Brel 'Les Bourgeois' supplied by
Liam Gillick, artist and former
production editor of *Art Monthly*

Obituary

Gluck (1895-1978)

This obituary has started three times. The first time I attempted to categorise Gluck's life by her relationships. The second time I reflected on the homes and studios she lived and worked in. And the third time I considered her legacy the Gluck Frame she patented (Patent GB402567: Improvements in or relating to picture frames or the like) and the results of her 20-year *Paint War* project in which time she hounded the four leading artist's colourmen of the time (Windsor & Newton, Robersons, Rowney and Reeves) to improve the quality and to create a British Standard for painting equipment.

The reason for these false starts could be because Gluck is uncategorisable, much like the art she produced. She was difficult, uncompromising, and unique. She defined herself by her own standards and was totally unlike the women of her day, although, as she herself claimed: 'It used to annoy me when I was younger to be told continually how "original" I was. What is there so original in just being oneself and speaking one's mind?'

She had her hair cropped short into an Eton cut by a Truefitt gentlemen's hairdressers in Old Bond Street. She purchased her shirts from Jermyn Street and her shoes from John Lobb's the Royal bootmakers. She would pull the corks in bottles of wine (a task at the time reserved for men), and blow her nose on large linen handkerchiefs monogrammed with a 'G'. She associated herself with no particular artistic school or movement, and only showed her work in solo exhibitions. Of which she had just five, at the Dorien Leigh Gallery in South Kensington in 1924, and at the Fine Art Society, London in 1926, 1933, 1937 and 1973.

Gluck was born Hannah Gluckstein in London, August 1895, to a wealthy Jewish family. Her father, Joseph Gluckstein, was the co-owner of the J Lyons and Co catering company and her mother, Francesca Gluckstein (née Halle), an opera singer. It was on her 21st birthday that she came into a trust fund that allowed her to pursue an independent life. She left London during the First World War for Cornwall, with half a crown in her pocket and no ration card. It was there she met the Newlyn School of painters, including Alfred Munnings and Lamorna Birch. Their experience and advice encouraged Gluck to have her first exhibition, in which all of the 57 works exhibited sold. It also propelled Gluck into high society, where she met society florist Constance Spry.

Hannah Gluckstein
Gluck 1942

The women Gluck became close to always influenced her paintings. During her relationship with Spry she worked on detailed paintings of cut-flowers. They would collaborate on works, and most notably on her first exhibition at the Fine Art Society in 1933. After finding the heavy gold frames of the day out of place in modern rooms, it was here she debuted the Gluck Frame. The frame consisted of steps, appearing like a panelled effect for setting pictures in a wall, painted the precise shade of the room in which they were hung. Her aim was to fuse pictures and settings, so the whole interior of the room would become hers. This striking exhibition was hugely successful and there was even a request from Macy's of New York to take the whole exhibition and installation to reconstruct in the store.

Gluck's most well-known painting was probably *Medallion (YOUWE)*, 1936, a dual portrait of Gluck and her then partner, Nesta Obermer. The painting depicts them sitting together, with their profiles fusing together, at a performance of Mozart's *Don Giovanni*. Gluck felt that 'the intensity of the music fused them into one person and matched their love'.

She loved passionately and intensely but could be possessive and demanding. When the British government commandeered Gluck's home for use during the Second World War, the strain and upset to Gluck resulted in Nesta leaving her. This departure made her wilt as a person and as a painter, and after beginning a tumultuous relationship with Edith Shackleton Heald she all but stopped painting.

Private income meant Gluck was never driven to earn her living from her work. She only ever painted what she chose. She sometimes spent three years on a picture only to destroy it if she felt it was no good. Despite wanting the prestige of selling her paintings at her exhibitions, she would later contact the buyers to attempt to buy them back, as she she felt as though the people who purchased them were not worthy of the work.

In 1953, after years of dissatisfaction with the quality of the materials she was (by then, rarely) using, she began her battle with the British Standards Institution. She wanted to establish standards for the naming and defining of pigments, oils and canvases. This battle consumed Gluck and, despite her eventual success, it was at the cost of the time and energy needed to produce works.

Her last painting, *Rage, Rage against the dying of the light*, 1970, is of a decomposing fish head, found on the beach near where she then lived in Sussex. She borrowed the title from Dylan Thomas's poem about his dying father. Gluck sensed that death was nearby. She found the fish head on the beach and had to work swiftly in her studio before it completely decomposed. The brushstrokes are looser than previous works, and represent a letting-go and a looseness not seen since her early paintings of the countryside in Cornwall.

On 10 January 1978, Gluck died from a stroke. She was 82. Her works are in the collections of the Victoria and Albert Museum, the Smithsonian American Art Museum and the National Portrait Gallery. She is survived by her younger brother, Colonel Sir Louis Halle Gluckstein.

Rosa Tyhurst

Who Art Thou?

David Barrett explains why, if we are the universe, then the universe is us.

Art is usually presented as being a 'good thing' for reasons that are either entirely intrinsic (art has value in and of itself) or extrinsic (art performs a social function). These may or may not be true, but either way they are ultimately unsatisfactory in explaining the value of art. The current official position of Arts Council England – as outlined in Hull by Nicholas Serota in his first speech as ACE chief in March – is more sophisticated in arguing that art has value because it helps us to understand ourselves. Better, but there is still a wider view to consider, one that requires a vastly expanded perspective.

First, let us state a founding principle: art offers a qualitatively different mode of understanding from other forms of human knowledge. Art offers a subjective, 'first-person' account of humanity that is different to both science (either formal or empirical) and even the wider humanities.

These other forms of knowledge have brought astounding insight about humanity, our planet and the universe, but this knowledge is of a different order to that of art. The natural sciences, in particular, have delivered sublime levels of understanding that only our most human feature, the distinctive frontal lobes of the homo sapiens brain, can begin to comprehend. (And we are magnetically drawn to this knowledge; the most widely watched PBS series in history is Carl Sagan's 'Cosmos', a co-production with the BBC that began production in 1978 and has since been seen by half a billion people in over 60 countries – for some reason humans have a deep-rooted desire, which is hard to grasp from an evolutionary perspective, to understand the fathomless mysteries of the distant universe.) This advanced knowledge is one of the aspects that defines humanity against the rest of organic life and makes us uniquely human. Does this mean that it is science, then, not art, that allows us to understand ourselves?

Not quite. Science enables us to understand only part of ourselves and what we are part of: the wider universe, which today we understand amazingly well, considering its scope. We know much about the universe's development and its make-up. We know the exact chemical composition of distant stars and have calculated that our own organic bodies, based on carbon as all known life forms are, rely on elements that were originally created in the fusing heat of suns and then flung out into space when those stars exploded as vast supernovas.

Humans could survive without art, without self-examination, but what would be the point?

Since we are literally made from the stuff of intergalactic drama, it follows that we are inextricably part of the story of the cosmos. Just as in Martin Creed's 2002 *Work No 232* declared that 'the whole world + the work = the whole world', so it holds that 'the universe + homo sapiens = the universe'. We are a wholly contained subset of the cosmos; we are the 1,000lbs of salt integrating into the different environments of Dennis Oppenheim's 1968 work *Salt Flat*. But however much a part of the universe we are, humans – as far as we know – are unique in bringing a higher intelligence to bear on this astronomical story.

And if we are the universe, then our human intelligence is in effect the universe's intelligence too; all human understanding is also somehow the universe's understanding. Therefore, our investigations of the universe should be properly understood as the universe grappling with itself – examining, exploring, comprehending itself. We are the universe's own sense of self-awareness. This is why the natural sciences are important: they form an activity that humans owe to the universe. Or, put another way, an activity that the universe owes to itself. 'Owes to itself', you say? Can the universe think? Show agency?' Yes, because we are synonymous with the universe – we are its inquisitiveness.

And this brings us to art. If the universe owes it to itself to develop intelligent self-reflection, so humans do too. We must know ourselves, just as we must know the universe; in fact, in order to know the universe, we must also know ourselves. And art – by which I mean all the arts – are the purest way for humankind to understand itself in a holistic fashion. Every aspect of human existence and endeavour is reflected in art, given a chance, and the fact that 'we get the art we deserve' is a truism shows just how effective a barometer art is.

So, the twin disciplines of science and art should not be understood as separate, and certainly not as opposites, but rather as the same fundamental investigations into the universe and its quest to know itself. Science and art are not ancillary to human life, they are its central tenets. At least they should be – we owe it to the cosmos. The universe would carry on without us, of course, without self-knowledge, but what would be the point? And to flip the Necker cube: humans could survive without art, without self-examination, but what would be the point?

So, if we are tasked with delivering the universe's understanding of itself, we must acknowledge that our human knowledge is filtered through our own fleshy wetware, our chemical-riddled corporeal bodies, and our noisy, competing cultures – a point made by Michael Joaquin Grey's video *Flipside 2012 (So What Orrery, 2012)*, 2005-13, where a journey through deep space shimmers with human interference. If we are to study the universe, we must also contend with the distortions of our own lenses – we must know ourselves in order to truly understand everything from the atoms to the stars.

David Barrett is deputy editor of *Art Monthly*.

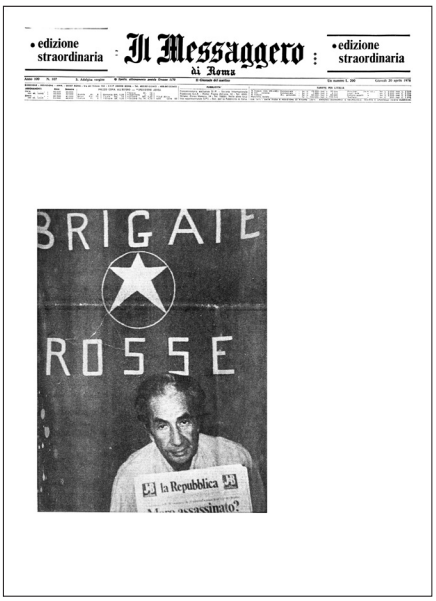
Sarah Charlesworth's 'Modern History'

April 20, 1978 and *April 21*, 1978, from Sarah Charlesworth's 'Modern History' series comprises 45 black-and-white prints that reproduce to scale newspaper front pages from these dates. Throughout the series Charlesworth excises the main text, retaining only the images, caption details and newspaper mastheads. By stripping out the text to focus on layouts, image size and a few remaining textual details, Charlesworth makes manifest the political preferences, interests and allegiances of each paper, pointing at how that day was editorially and culturally constructed and publicly consumed.

At first it feels as though Charlesworth presents these two days as punctuation marks in the ceaseless flow of a news cycle; we see images repeat in differing configurations and sizes, some taking smaller or greater prominence, others more interpretable to the telescopic zoom of memory than others – a person dressed in scuba gear submerged into an ice hole, or woman accosted on the street. But what quickly pulls into focus is the cover of Rome-based broadsheet paper *Il Messaggero* – the first to publish the photograph released by the Red Brigade of their hostage, the Italian politician Aldo Moro. Moro, who had been prime minister for over six years between 1963-1976, was snatched at gunpoint on 16 March from his car in Rome when travelling to Parliament for a crucial vote on a ground-breaking alliance that he had proposed between the Christian Democrat Party and the Italian Communist Party; an alliance that enraged both sides of the political spectrum in Italy and even across to Moscow and Washington. He was falsely believed to have been murdered a few days previously on 18 April, his body being lost at the bottom of a remote Italian lake – a leak that was later understood as an attempt to prepare the Italian public for the worst outcome – but here he is presented alive with a copy of *Repubblica* from the day before with the portentous strapline 'Moro assassinato'. The kidnappers restate their demands to the newspaper for key political prisoners to be freed or Moro will be executed within 48 hours. The image of the newspaper-holding prime minister – although there were doubts about its credibility since Moro's hands were not visible – circulated across Italy, appearing in special editions of Rome newspapers within hours before travelling across western media the following day.

At the time, Charlesworth was working on the 'Modern History' series and she spent 21 April purchasing every available newspaper in New York City that she could which contained Moro's image on the front page. While the 'Modern History' series feels isolated from today's torrential news-streams – where the heft of newspapers with cheap paper and inks that smudge and mark hands has perhaps disappeared from daily experiences – Charlesworth, who often described her work as 'unwriting', allows us, by the simple action of redaction, a moment to consider the formal structures of power by examining the lacunae at its base. An action particularly pertinent at a time when information is bent and shaped with seeming ease, where history is conspiracy theory and news fake. But here Charlesworth's striking of information closely resembles the lack of closure to the case: since Moro's death there have been four trials and numerous investigations, still more claims waiting to be heard about who was involved with his murder.

While the indexical portrayal of history in the work of Hanne Darboven's *Cultural History 1880-1983*, 1980-83, or Gerhard Richter's *Atlas*, 1964-, places the personal within an overwhelming tide of collective information, Charlesworth's 'Modern History' produces a slower reversal, even an academic assessment of how history is arranged. The fact that Charlesworth set up *The Fox* journal with Joseph Kosuth, if for only three issues over 1975-76, and, latterly, *BOMB* magazine in 1981 with Glenn O'Brien, Betsy Sussler, Liza Bear and Michael McLard, makes the inherent editorial values – and prejudices – found in the juxtaposition of printed text and image all the more telling. Indeed, Charlesworth, who produced numerous texts throughout her life, described the series as revealing



Sarah Charlesworth
April 20 1978 from the 'Modern History' series

the 'formal hierarchies of power as well as the visual manifestation of editorial perspective'.

These works by Charlesworth in this context of the missing issue of *Art Monthly* seem to consider what might be further 'missing' from view. Or, perhaps, how we might even consolidate what was missing, forgotten and absent or ultimately lost in April 1978 alongside Charlesworth's struck-out news from that month. Such a view creates a different perspective, or where we might place a vanishing point, on how we conceive and make apparent what is and what is not made visible. Drained of text as they are, it is perhaps inevitable that this text tries to replace what is missing in Charlesworth's redaction, to create a main body of a text – a *corpus deliciti*. After 55 days of captivity, Moro's body did finally turn up – some say sacrificed for the political 'stability' of Italy – in the boot of a red Renault 4 on Via Michelangelo Caetani, symbolically midway between the headquarters of the Communist Party and the Christian Democrats.

Chris McCormack is associate editor of *Art Monthly*.

Origins of FLIGHT!

THE FIRST POINTS WE DISCUSSED WERE CONCERNED WITH THE WORKING CONDITIONS OF WOMEN ARTISTS AND THE SMALL AMOUNTS OF TIME, SPACE AND MONEY AVAILABLE TO WORKING MOTHERS. WHAT METHODS HAVE WE ADOPTED TO FIND SOME ROOM FOR MANoeuVre IN THESE CONDITIONS ?

K.W. I do various kinds of work. FENIX is one way of operating, because it fits in with the rest of my life.

S.R. You can collect stuff in the small amount of time that you have. Then you can use the gallery space as a studio when you get together.

K.W. Very few women have a proper studio anyway, unless they're reasonably mature/established and child-free or independently moneyed, middle class or aristos.

M.R. That whole pressure, if you have kids, of keeping the place habitable for them and clean and safe. If you paint big, it's really difficult for kids to find anywhere to play. For instance say we had tried to make the life-sized figures that we made for FENIX in the living room, which is the biggest area we've got, the place is dominated by our artwork.

K.W. I know lots of artists, female and male who might not mind that, they live in relative chaos. I always question the dominance of one persons standards and needs over everybody elses, especially those of very young children.

M.R. I think women feel that worry and guilt strongly. For instance, think of all the precautions you have to take even when painting a chair, if there's a baby crawling around. A bloke might not feel obliged to do anything, but women are conditioned to feel obliged.

K.W. Eventually he'd just get a studio away from the home. In the past these pressures made women want to stop doing their work. I think we're different, because we just make our work fit round the life.

S.R. This is a way of forcing a situation which will give us space to do large work. It's only this way that the average working woman would get a chance. She can't afford extra space.

GROUNDwork 3

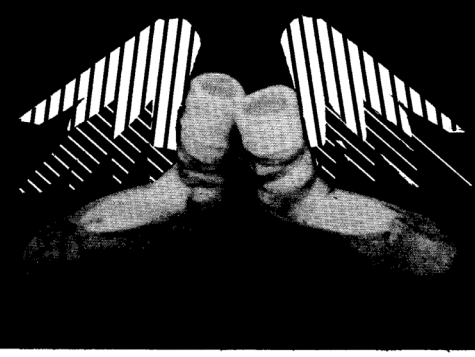
THESE PHYSICAL PROBLEMS AND THEORETICAL CONCERNS ARE EXPRESSED CONSTANTLY, AND FED BACK INTO THE ARTWORK. IT CONTINUALLY EXPANDS TO INCLUDE OUR RESPONSES TO THE PUBLICS QUESTIONS. AT PRESENT AESTHETIC PROBLEMS REVOLVE AROUND A DESIRE TO 'BREAK UP' THE WALLS, CEILING AND FLOOR BY OPTICAL ILLUSIONS: A NEED TO FOCUS THE ATTENTION OF THE SPECTATOR AWAY FROM EXPECTED IMPRESSIONS OF SPACE ON TO AN IMPRESSION OF A PSYCHOLOGICAL SITUATION.

S.R.

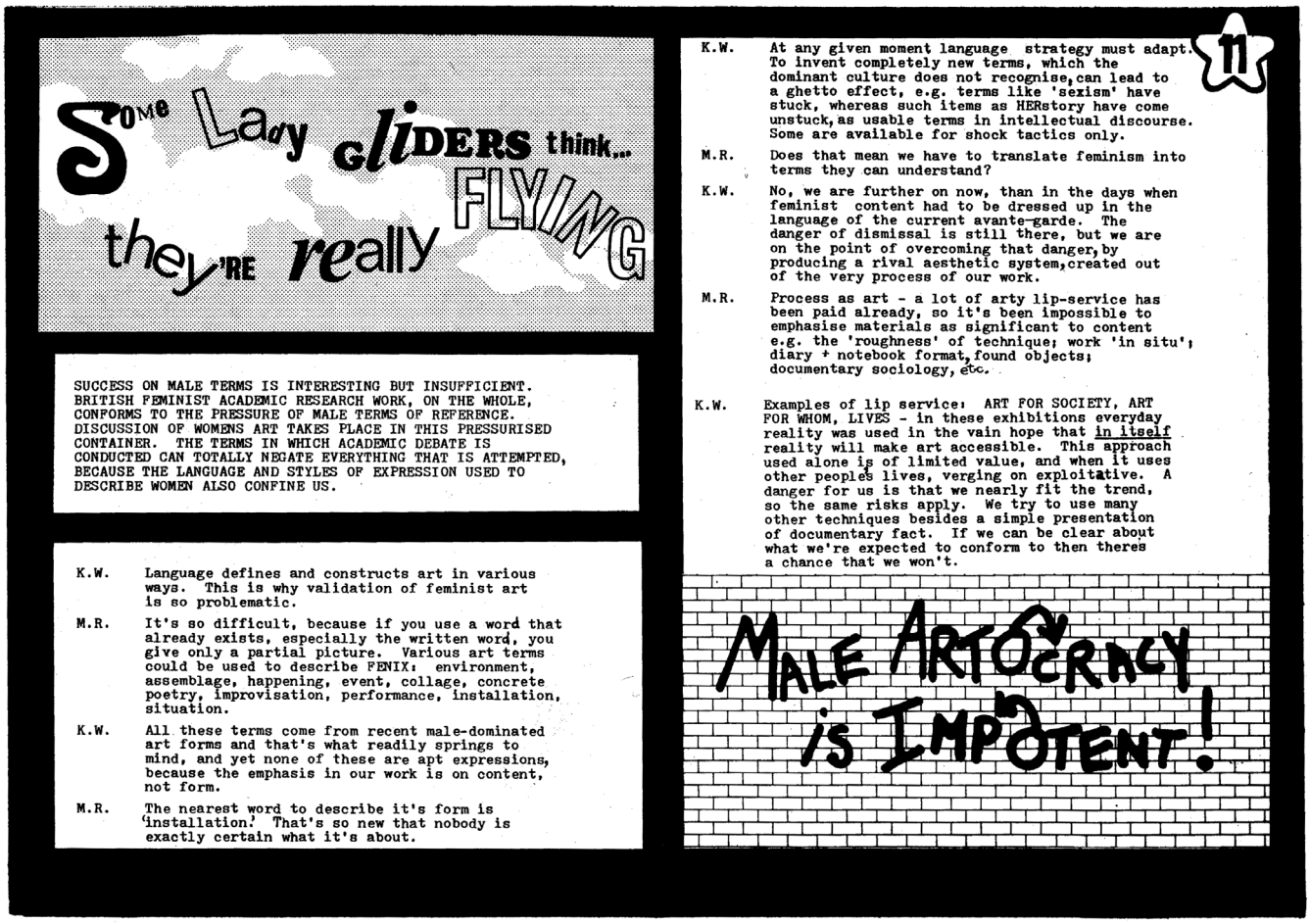
This is one of the great things about moving from one place to another. Some of it is accidental, spontaneous, you can see from experience which use of space will be more expressive.

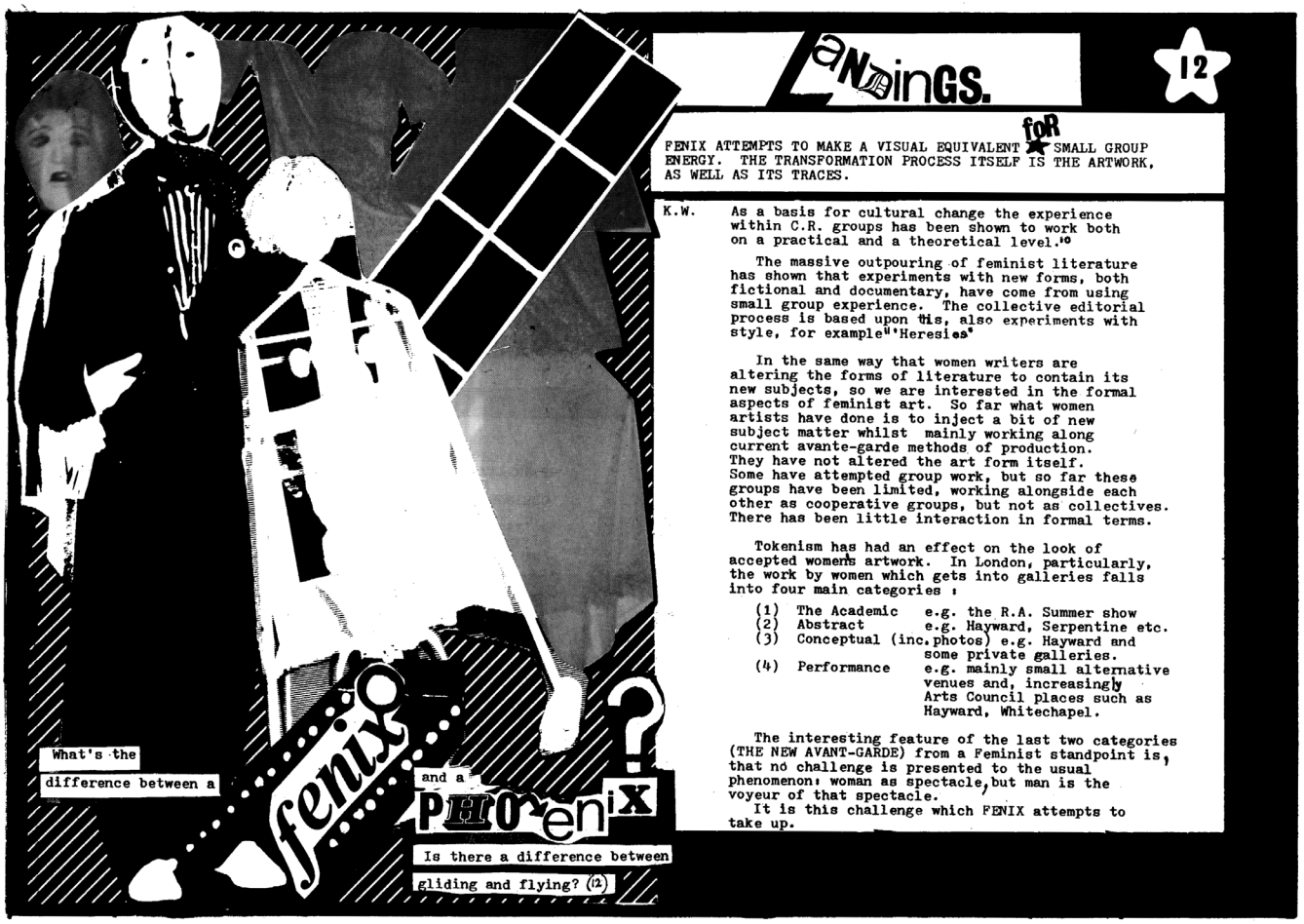
K.W.

I see that as symbolic too - getting to grips with how we feel about our own experience as working mothers with three jobs: parent, breadwinner, artist; talking about it, making art about it. We're getting an increasing control of space, which is symbolised by the physical ordering of objects, materials and sounds in that room.



Monica Ross, Kate Walker & Su Richardson *Fenix* 1978 artists' booklet; artwork supplied by Suzanne Treister and Susan Hiller from their edited volume Monica Ross, Ethical Actions (Sternberg Press, 2016) and curated retrospective at Chelsea Space, London, 2016.


Some Lazy gliDERS think...
they're really FLYING
SUCCESS ON MALE TERMS IS INTERESTING BUT INSUFFICIENT. BRITISH FEMINIST ACADEMIC RESEARCH WORK, ON THE WHOLE, CONFORMS TO THE PRESSURE OF MALE TERMS OF REFERENCE. DISCUSSION OF WOMENS ART TAKES PLACE IN THIS PRESSURISED CONTAINER. THE TERMS IN WHICH ACADEMIC DEBATE IS CONDUCTED CAN TOTALLY NEGATE EVERYTHING THAT IS ATTEMPTED, BECAUSE THE LANGUAGE AND STYLES OF EXPRESSION USED TO DESCRIBE WOMEN ALSO CONFINE US.
K.W. Language defines and constructs art in various ways. This is why validation of feminist art is so problematic.
M.R. It's so difficult, because if you use a word that already exists, especially the written word, you give only a partial picture. Various art terms could be used to describe FENIX: environment, assemblage, happening, event, collage, concrete poetry, improvisation, performance, installation, situation.
K.W. All these terms come from recent male-dominated art forms and that's what readily springs to mind, and yet none of these are apt expressions, because the emphasis in our work is on content, not form.
M.R. The nearest word to describe it's form is 'installation.' That's so new that nobody is exactly certain what it's about.
11
K.W. At any given moment language strategy must adapt. To invent completely new terms, which the dominant culture does not recognise, can lead to a ghetto effect, e.g. terms like 'sexism' have stuck, whereas such items as HERstory have come unstuck, as usable terms in intellectual discourse. Some are available for shock tactics only.
M.R. Does that mean we have to translate feminism into terms they can understand?
K.W. No, we are further on now, than in the days when feminist content had to be dressed up in the language of the current avante-garde. The danger of dismissal is still there, but we are on the point of overcoming that danger, by producing a rival aesthetic system, created out of the very process of our work.
M.R. Process as art - a lot of arty lip-service has been paid already, so it's been impossible to emphasise materials as significant to content e.g. the 'roughness' of technique; work 'in situ'; diary + notebook format, found objects; documentary sociology, etc.
K.W. Examples of lip service: ART FOR SOCIETY, ART FOR WHOM, LIVES - in these exhibitions everyday reality was used in the vain hope that in itself reality will make art accessible. This approach used alone is of limited value, and when it uses other peoples lives, verging on exploitative. A danger for us is that we nearly fit the trend, so the same risks apply. We try to use many other techniques besides a simple presentation of documentary fact. If we can be clear about what we're expected to conform to then theres a chance that we won't.
MALE ARTOCRACY IS IMPOTENT!


What's the difference between a fenix and a PHOenix?
Is there a difference between gliding and flying? (12)
LANDINGS.
12
FENIX ATTEMPTS TO MAKE A VISUAL EQUIVALENT FOR SMALL GROUP ENERGY. THE TRANSFORMATION PROCESS ITSELF IS THE ARTWORK, AS WELL AS ITS TRACES.
K.W. As a basis for cultural change the experience within C.R. groups has been shown to work both on a practical and a theoretical level.[10]
The massive outpouring of feminist literature has shown that experiments with new forms, both fictional and documentary, have come from using small group experience. The collective editorial process is based upon this, also experiments with style, for example[11] 'Heresies'
In the same way that women writers are altering the forms of literature to contain its new subjects, so we are interested in the formal aspects of feminist art. So far what women artists have done is to inject a bit of new subject matter whilst mainly working along current avante-garde methods of production. They have not altered the art form itself. Some have attempted group work, but so far these groups have been limited, working alongside each other as cooperative groups, but not as collectives. There has been little interaction in formal terms.
Tokenism has had an effect on the look of accepted womens artwork. In London, particularly, the work by women which gets into galleries falls into four main categories :
(1) The Academic e.g. the R.A. Summer show
(2) Abstract e.g. Hayward, Serpentine etc.
(3) Conceptual (inc. photos) e.g. Hayward and some private galleries.
(4) Performance e.g. mainly small alternative venues and, increasingly Arts Council places such as Hayward, Whitechapel.
The interesting feature of the last two categories (THE NEW AVANT-GARDE) from a Feminist standpoint is, that no challenge is presented to the usual phenomenon: woman as spectacle, but man is the voyeur of that spectacle.
It is this challenge which FENIX attempts to take up.

Matt Hale
Auto Destructive Conical Intersect 2017
cherry wood and engine oil jug
in tribute to Gordon Matta-Clark and Gustav Metzger

Exhibitions

Too Late/Too Soon

Sarah Kent discusses the work of 'Tate Bricks' artist Carl Andre

Good artworks, like pop songs or fashion, have a natural life cycle. If they challenge existing preconceptions they will probably shock, anger or dismay the public and critics. But eventual acceptance is almost inevitable, so that within a few years their work and ideas will have been absorbed into the collective consciousness.

The American sculptor Carl Andre (Interview *AM*16 and 17) has scarcely been shown in this country, though, so this cycle has been arrested. The avid readers of art magazines experience vicarious shocks of excitement through seeing his work presented in photographs and print, but although he was already internationally renowned, most people in England were unaware of Andre's existence until in 1976 a reporter belatedly discovered his brick sculpture at the Tate and a furore blew up ten years after the work was made (Carl Andre's artist's page *AM*01).

I was lucky enough, though, to see an exhibition of Andre's sculpture in New York in 1971(at Dwan Gallery) and I was deeply impressed. To get into the gallery one had to step over a low, clay-wall sculpture, squashed and indented by careless feet, which drew attention to the floor. Inside the protected space lay a series of linear sculptures made from scrap metal tubing and tiny pieces of silver. The tubing had been trickled along the floor like solidified and straightened worm casts, and the silver was laid end to end like huge bracelets waiting to be welded.

Back home I continued to read about Andre and to follow his progress. Here, one felt, was a sculptor to be reckoned with. He disregarded most of the traditional notions of form and composition, for example, not just taking sculpture off its pedestal but laying it underfoot as a carpet or scattering it along the floor in a metal dribble. He made sculptures from identical units, cut to size from wood or metal, or else, like the notorious Tate bricks, bought readymade from a builders' merchants. He assembled them in the simplest possible configurations – squares, rectangles or linear pathways – without fuss or fancy.

Andre's notion of sculpture as place rather than as objects; as assemblages of loose material rather than as fixed compositions; as a path to walk along and direct one's attention and motion; and as a surface or area to experience with one's feet and body rather than form to appreciate with one's eyes radically altered contemporary ideas of what sculpture was or could become.

The Tate bricks scandal came and went, but there were still precious few exhibitions of Andre's sculpture here, so his reputation hung in the air with no foundation in actual experience of the work. Until now, that is – when at last this Whitechapel retrospective has been mounted.

But this exhibition arrives at just that time when the next phase of the artist's career has begun – at that awkward period of artistic middle age when youthful vigour has slowed and once fresh ideas have become commonplace, and the artist is struggling towards that next phase of full maturity when, with luck, his/her best work will be done. This is the stage when many artists fizzle out or retreat into academicism, repetition and plagiarism.

At such a time, when an artist like Andre is no longer an *enfant terrible* nor yet a modern master, it is either too late or too soon to pull off a large one-man show in a country where he is almost unknown to most and too familiar to a few. Such a show would need to be spectacular to rescue it from the bathos of its timing, and this one, sadly, does not succeed. It is only a dull 3D enactment of the many well-illustrated and comprehensive articles published on his work and leads to the same sense of anticlimax that one feels on arrival at a much photographed beauty spot.

It will be another ten years before the time is ripe for a second survey of Andre's work and a chance to assess whether he is indeed to be ranked with Gian Lorenzo Bernini, Auguste Rodin and Constantin Brancusi as he hopes; thrown on the slagheap along with his bricks as some, no doubt, still feel would be appropriate; or allotted a more moderate and probably more realistic position as a modern sculptor of real significance.

Carl Andre's sculpture can be seen at the Whitechapel until 23 April 1978. First published in *Time Out* No 418, 7 April 1978.

postscript 28/04/17

One of my continuing fears as a critic was that an artist whose work I really admired would run out of ideas and begin to repeat him or herself or, worse still, retreat into self-parody. I was not aware of giving voice to this concern, so I was surprised to discover that the *Time Out* column I wrote on Carl Andre in April 1978 was not a review of his Whitechapel Gallery retrospective so much as a set of observations about his unfolding career and the way his work had been received in this country.

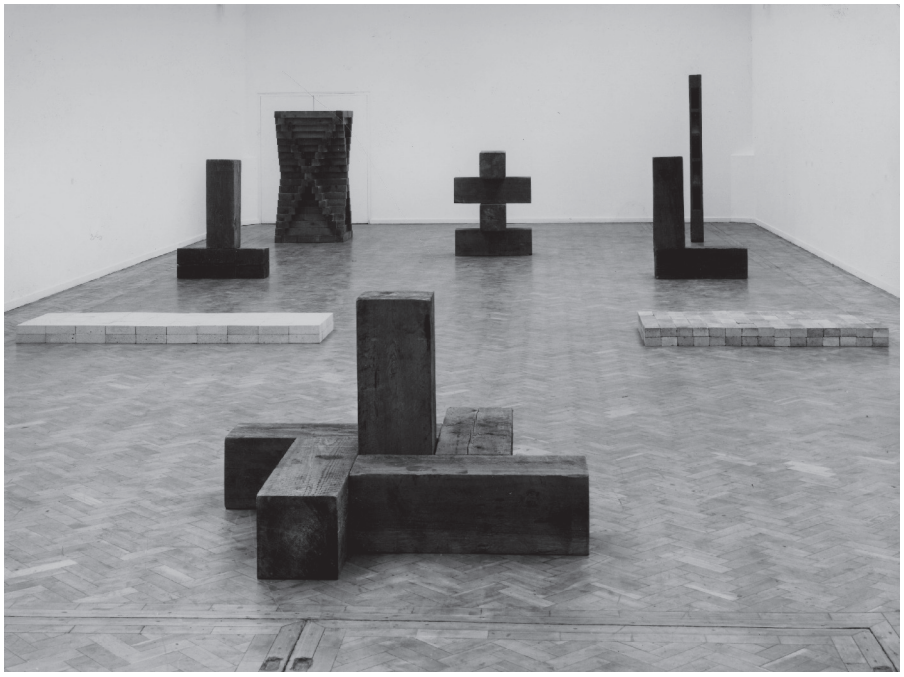
Looking back, my approach seems uncannily prescient; it was as if I had a premonition that his career would flounder. This has had nothing to do with the quality of his work, which has remained as interesting and radical as ever, but with the terrible circumstances of his wife, Ana Mendieta's untimely death. You may remember that, in 1985, she fell from the window of their Manhattan apartment; three years later Andre was tried and acquitted of her murder.

Nevertheless the controversy has refused to subside; the 25th anniversary of Mendieta's death was marked with a symposium at New York University called 'Where is Ana Mendieta?' and when Andre was accorded a retrospective in 2014 at the Dia Art Foundation in New York, protesters dumped animal entrails outside the building and wore tracksuits that read 'I Wish Ana Mendieta Was Still Alive'. The following year his retrospective at Dia:Beacon was interrupted by protesters wailing inside the gallery and drawing body silhouettes stained with fake blood in the snow outside. It so happens that I stayed in the building at 300 Mercer Street where the couple lived, so I know from personal experience that the windows are set rather high, presumably as a safety measure. Rightly or wrongly, this colours my thinking about Carl Andre. I regard him as an important sculptor and admire his work, but I would find it hard to bestow fulsome praise on him because of the queasiness that his name induces in me.

Sarah Kent is a writer and critic, former exhibitions director at the ICA and later visual arts editor *Time Out* magazine.

Carl Andre at the Whitechapel Gallery

It was only two years after the Tate brouhaha when, in April 1978, the Whitechapel Art Gallery staged an exhibition of work by Carl Andre. The memory of the national jamboree over the Tate's purchase of 120 bricks was still fresh in everyone's mind. While the commentary in the press had been overwhelmingly negative towards the contention that a neat, two-layered arrangement of bricks could be considered sculpture, the underlying tone was not of outrage but rather the familiar one of the nation's joy at stumbling upon a new means to prick the pomposity of the British



installation view of Carl Andre at the Whitechapel Gallery, London 1978

establishment. That the McGuffin on this occasion was a work of art only made every journalist's job that bit easier. Spend public money on that?! Everyone already knew that modern art was crap, so they didn't even need to confect an argument for their opening paragraphs. The copy wrote itself, and no fact checking or attempt at descriptive accuracy would be required. Pile of bricks? Close enough.

In 1978 the Whitechapel was still only the original Charles Harrison Townsend art nouveau building, before its expansion into the narrow property flanking its west side on Angel Alley next door. On the other side of the alley was the anarchist bookshop – Peter the Painter opposite Andre the Sculptor. My own reading was less anarchist than Marxist, much of it provided by a stack of NLB paperbacks that certainly included several by Louis Althusser. This was not so long before his mental collapse and the strangling of his wife. I still have the books, and I still reread them.

The exhibition included a focused selection of works from the late 1950s up to the then present, divided between metal works – plains, rows and dipoles – in the ground floor gallery, and sculptures in wood together with two of the 'Equivalents' in the upper gallery. One of the 'Equivalents' was from a private collection, the other, *Equivalent VIII*, was borrowed from the Tate, freshly cleaned of the blue dye that had been flung over it two years earlier. New works made for the exhibition on the ground floor were a series of *Dipoles* installed down the length of the western side aisle. Each Dipole comprised two 50x100 cm rectangular plates, placed with their long sides adjacent to form a metre square surface. All included one magnesium plate which was in turn paired with magnesium, aluminium, copper, steel and zinc. Each pairing occurred twice, once with the join aligned north-south, once with it going east-west – that is, running from front to rear, and from side to side of the gallery respectively. Between them the works in the series encompassed every orientation and juxtaposed many differences conjuring multiple potential flows.

I was working there at the time, helping to install the show before invigilating during its run. I laid the plates, arranged the bricks (taking care that the one with the ineradicable blue spot was put somewhere in the middle so it wouldn't show), and assembled *Cedar Piece*, nineteen layers each comprising four uniform lengths of timber save for the central layer that uses only two. *Cedar Piece* is a slice from a Brancusi *Endless Column*. The lap joints holding each quartet together are stepped from layer to layer such that the overall form is of a double pyramid, one inverted on the other. So the elements of each layer are interlocked, but one layer simply rests on the one below. On this occasion the work was installed at the front end of the upper gallery, at the farthest point from what was then the only public entrance to the space. The invigilation point was by the door, which is where I was when a young man about my age walked in and looked around. He was clearly energised by seeing the *Equivalents*, but, no, they weren't to be touched. Eventually he had worked his way to the end of the gallery, and after some time looking closely at everything he walked behind *Cedar Piece* and toppled it over.

He was most obliging, as people who do such things so often are. What's the point of vandalising or destroying an art work if you're not going to get some publicity out of it? He was happy to wait politely until the police came to interview and ultimately charge him with criminal damage. The case was heard at the Inner London Crown Court on Newington Causeway. Everyone involved on both sides appeared to be treating it like a holiday, and I can't at all say that I blame them. It wasn't complicated. He was fined £30.

Michael Archer is professor of art at Goldsmiths College, University of London. He was editor of *Artscribe International*, 1989-1991, and assistant editor of *Art Monthly*, 1987-89.

Emilio Isgrò

'The real power of deletion,' Emilio Isgrò said about his practice, 'does not reside in negation or prohibition, so much as to open the doors of language while pretending to close them.' Isgrò began deleting text in printed books in 1964. Quite soon after that dramatic moment – for Isgrò is primarily a poet and he had embarked on abandoning words – he settled on the soft-edged blot of black ink as the instrument with which to pursue his task. One blot has generally accounted for one word ever

since, varying in length to accommodate its host, and it has assumed more or less consistently (although not exclusively) the same loose, lozenge shape set at the height of the tallest ascender. The blots attend to the architecture of language, obscuring its elements with clear, supple graphic signs that stress the place of composition above communication, refiguring the page as, ostensibly, an abstract image.

Isgrò, however, often leaves the punctuation alone. All those points, commas and colons are already blots themselves; that is, they start as signs. Unlike words, punctuation conveys no meaning on its own, so it tends to stick around on Isgrò's transformed page to orchestrate silenced sentences, like traffic cops on a street of immobile, unmarked freight trucks that do not divulge the contents permanently locked inside. Once or twice on a page, a word or truncated phrase leaps untouched from its setting in white paper to sit upon a line alone, liberated from its hidden linguistic co-workers like a child chorister at evensong spotlit within the void to commence a solitary ringing performance. The thought occurs to the viewer that if these singular phrases were collected from the pages, a new text might emerge. But authored by whom? At which point, the cancelled page assumes new and open meaning independent of written language and unmediated by distant authority. Isgrò constructs, therefore, rather than destroys. His procedure owes less to conceptual dematerialisation than to the tabula rasa, akin to Rauschenberg's *Erased de Kooning drawing*, 1953. Moreover, Jasper Johns's succinct observation on that occasion – that the work constituted 'additive subtraction' – becomes equally appropriate here.

It was Isgrò's erasure with ink blots of most of the contents of the monumental *Treccani Encyclopaedia* – the work of reference runs to more than 30 volumes – that highlighted best the public sensitivity to his apparent obliteration of texts that were institutionally revered in postwar Italy. The piece was put on show in 1970 at Galleria Schwarz in Milan and the ensuing critical distress followed on from the perception that the poet-artist had rebelled against knowledge itself with an unpardonable act of censorship that extended even to obscuring the illustrations. It is interesting to remember, however, that his similar treatment of 24 volumes of *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, also completed in 1969, has so far attracted no adverse commentary. But in the heady aftermath of 1968, opinions were still violently polarised between defenders of the status quo – a fragile balance in Italian postwar society besotted with consumerism and mass-production – and those who sought its wholesale reform.

The parts of articles that Isgrò left unaltered in his regenerated encyclopaedia were diagrams and graphs: like punctuation, their language is signs, such as arrows, and their meanings travel and adapt to fresh circumstances. That detail of his composition should have been sufficient for detractors to deduce his real purpose – a double negative equals the affirmative. That tactic had already been deployed successfully and with great economy in *Jacqueline*, 1965, an example of his parallel use of language which, uncancelled, takes the place of images. Alluded to by a single line of text that resembles a newspaper caption is the photograph of Mrs Kennedy bending over her slain husband's body that became so famous so quickly after the assassination that it was rendered cruelly unshocking by its ubiquity in the global media. Isgrò deleted the image; instead, its place is taken by a screened monochrome void on which an arrow points to the unseen widow in the midst of her tragedy. The image itself exists beyond the artwork, archived in the mind. For Isgrò allows himself to invent his own signs to which the viewer applies his or her imagination and memory.

Isgrò's work offers visual codes that highlight the unwritten codes and vested interests that have controlled the burgeoning postwar means of communication. The works of the 1960s and 1970s are Isgro's angriest and most ideologically driven; they are likely to remain the fervent core of any future survey show for the duration of his career. In these years, the visual poet came to terms with the overwhelming power of the mass media, declaring in 1976: 'I don't add meaning to things – I strip things of their meaning. All meanings, without exception. This, too, is a way of fighting tyrants, both manifest and masked.' To use words, he concluded, meant being condemned to silence forever. So he turned away from the word: at just the time that conceptual artists elsewhere abandoned the image for the word, Isgrò adopted iconic signs.

Isgrò not only embodied the rebellious spirit of 1968, in which everything was regarded as political, but he also kept his banner flying in the years that followed. Indeed, his first explorations of the visual 'open text' predate Marcel Broodthaers, Art & Language and Joseph Kosuth, names that are internationally far better known. To take account of the chronology of his work is to justify including Isgrò in the European vanguard that anticipated that restless spirit in the years before it became apparent on the streets and in the academies. While working in the shadow of Marcel Duchamp, he does not consider his use of already published texts – whether as books, place names in maps or the lengthy telex messages he has neatly eradicated – as championing the readymade, nor does he claim to be an evangelist for appropriation. Isgrò disdains the terminology of the art world and, instead, still articulates the militant language of the era. 'The only weapon available to us literati and Conceptual artists,' Isgrò wrote in 1972, 'violently trampled upon by the mass media, was the word, a poor and disparaged means, comparable, however, to the bees that the Vietnamese farmers launched against US

Emilio Isgrò
Encyclopaedia Britannica 1969

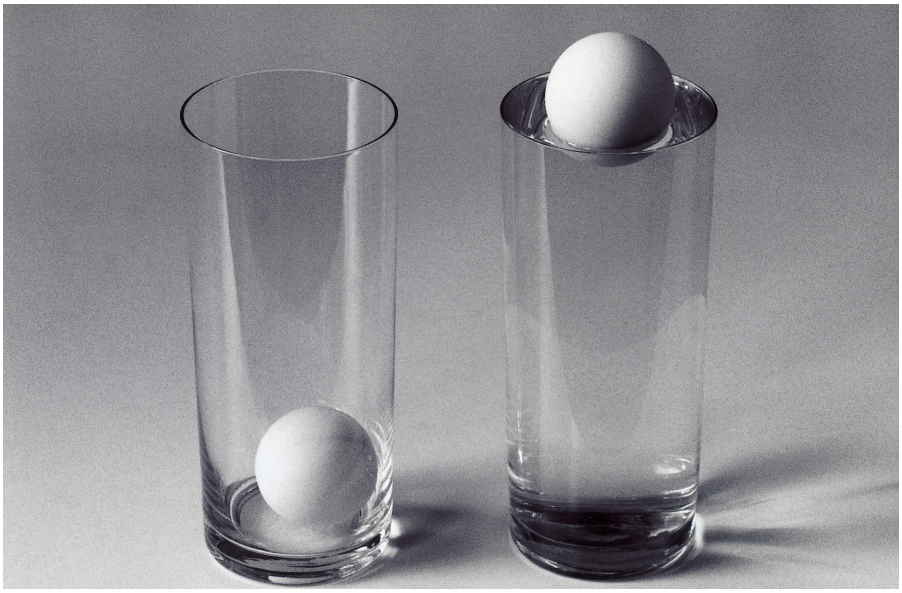
tanks. The blinded driver had no choice: he had to climb down and surrender.'

Isgrò foresaw the era of the official redaction: his work seems strangely echoed in the allegedly accidental erasure of incriminating White House exchanges revealed in the Watergate tapes. Writing in 1974, the year when US President Richard Nixon was finally brought down by his deletions, the critic Achille Bonito Oliva made the perceptive observation in relation to Isgrò's production of '…the symbol and condition towards which language is moving: a place of false description and manipulation'. That forecast has rung into chilling actuality in the decades since, as words that are most often read have moved off the page and become virtual – no longer available to be erased, just to be taken down by officials or left to drift in cyberspace in anticipation of being searched.

But if the pages goes, where goes Isgrò?

Inspired by Emilio Isgrò at Tornabuoni Art, London 8 February to 8 April 2017.

Martin Holman is a writer based in Penzance.



Les Coleman *Air and Water* 1975

Les Coleman: February

Coracle Press, 1-28 February 1978

'The trouble with showing my work is that people always want to play around with it.' Les Coleman could be forgiven for keeping a beady eye on the errant hands of visitors to his one-man show, 'February'. There is something irredeemably tempting in these constructions and assemblages whether the raw components work by being manipulated: beakers, glass jars, blackboard chalks or, most puckish of all, ping-pong balls.

Titles matter here, often holding the key to a work's meaning or purpose, expressed through an irrefutable semantic logic. A jar full of broken glass, for example, may carry little weight empirically, but the caption delivers the punchline: *Three Jam Jars*, 1975. Two broken, one intact. Obvious? Perhaps, until we piece together a background in which Coleman took to smashing jam jars with a hammer, for no purpose, and was surprised by the happy accident of the fragments of two jars filling the third as if to precise weights-and-measures guidelines. Nearby, we find a physics-laboratory demonstration in a work consisting of two glass beakers each containing a ping-pong ball. One beaker is full to the brim with water, on whose meniscus the ball floats, while the other, we discern, is not empty but full of air, the gravity of the ball anchoring it to the floor of the glass. The air and water of the title are at once the least, and most, important elements of the work.

Text moves centre-stage in a number of pieces: one photograph, for example, shows a fern leaf the two sides of which have been labelled selectively 'Back/Front' with stencil spray-paint, in what might be a comment on the banality that any human understanding of the physical world rests on the need to name. In a similar vein, *Next Week*, 1978, is no more than a list of the names of the seven days. We are saved from bathos by the text: Why next week? Why not last week? The unsettling difference is, of course, that we know that last week happened.

But what to make of a photographic work showing a pale, waxy *Hand*, that might be human or from a mannequin, stretched out as if begging for money or checking for rain? It could be, alternatively, the tongue-in-cheek response to a request to 'lend a hand'. If the obvious reference is unwritten – 'Ceci n'est pas une main' – the image remains ghostly, unsettling, and capable of fronting equally a poverty charity's campaign or the publicity shot for a horror movie.

We are used to the adage that Conceptual Art is all about the ideas, and the materials that express them mere carriers. But the stuff of Coleman's work is worth a second look. Much of it is not so much 'found' as bought, everyday household items that could be had from any local branch of Woolworths. These utilitarian balls, glasses and chalks may be anti-glamour, but they are hardly pro-egalitarian; their applications are universal, and they seem to stand for themselves alone as archetypes, stage-props where a beaker is 'a beaker, any beaker', as Tommy Cooper would have it. (And was it my imagination, or was that a Polaroid of 'Les in a fez' I spied through a doorway?).

Some of these themes are wrapped up in the portmanteau title, 'February'. It embraces the dates of the show, from the first to the last day of the month, that in turn begets the image of the relevant tear-off leaf from a cheap month-to-view calendar, which hangs on the gallery wall and fronts the catalogue cover, and is itself item number one in the catalogue's list of works. If that weren't reflexive enough, we should also

note the strong nod in the direction of the cover of Seth Siegelaub's seminal catalogue of *Artists' Books and Multiples*: a calendar page for March 1969.

If Coleman's work belongs more to the Man Ray classification of the treated found object than the Duchampian readymade, he brings to it an engaging absurdity of his own, fomented in Surrealism's resurgam in Leeds (where he studied with Anthony Earnshaw, Patrick Hughes and Glen Baxter), while his own enthusiasms, which range from Donald McGill to George Brecht via John Cage, aid and abet a show that convinces in its quirkiness.

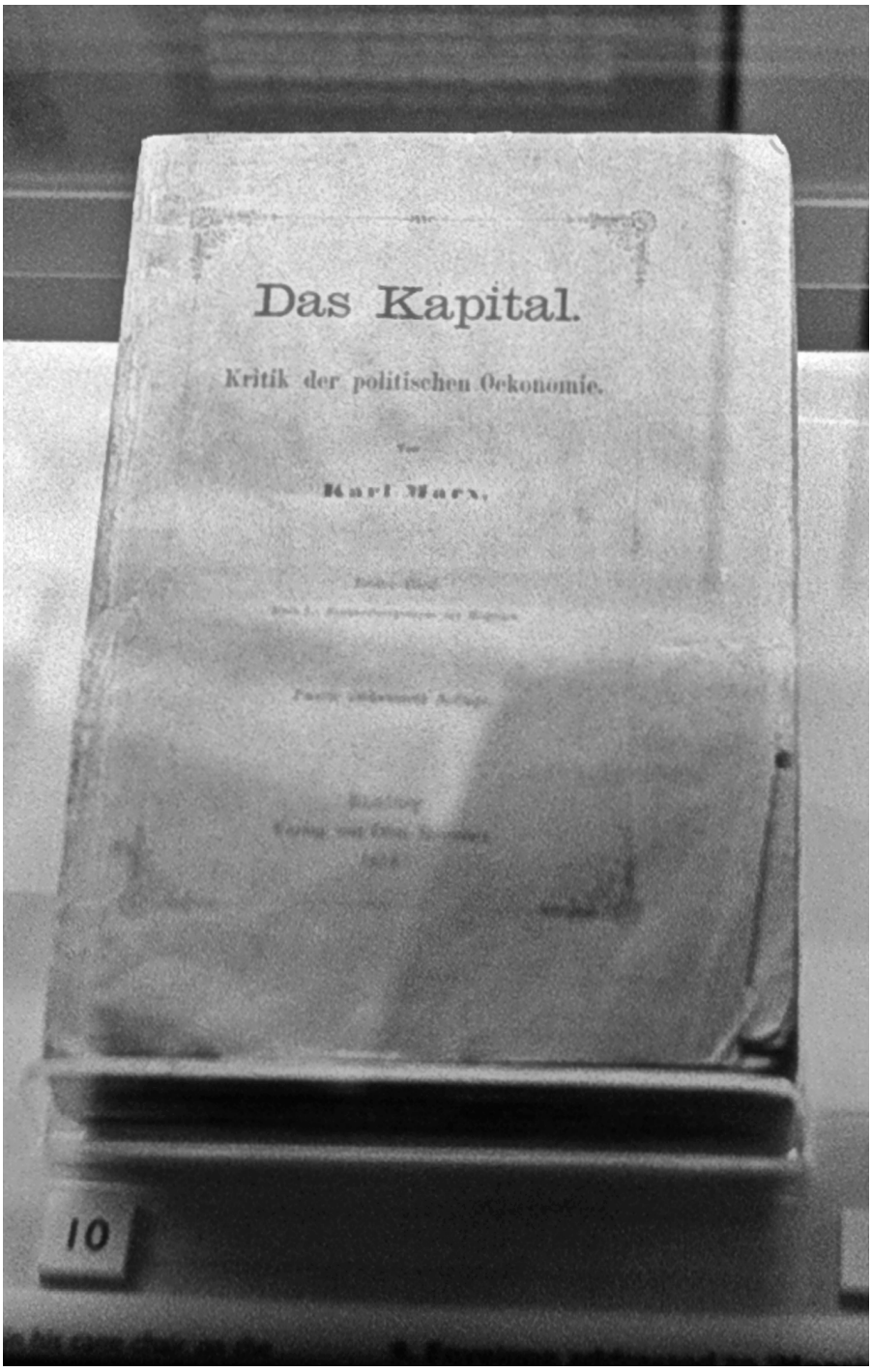
A couple of works stand out. *Watercolour* is a shelf of six jars – jam jars, naturally – filled with water dyed in various colours, almost but not quite a rainbow spectrum. Coleman must have known that inevitably this would turn thoughts to Michael Craig-Martin's own glass-on-a-shelf offering, *An Oak Tree*, 1973. And if we apply Craig-Martin's polemic, that a glass of water is a tree, then surely Coleman's technicolour galley is a watercolour painting, if not all watercolour painting? But at the same time, Coleman offers us the agnostic formula of the work's own making: water + colour = watercolour. Cleverly, *Watercolour* can satisfy the faithful of Craig-Martin's congregation as much as those sceptical of truth in art grounded in shamanism.

But the piece attracting most attention is a length of sprung curtain wire, attached to the wall at either end with hooks and eyelets. *Drips* is, paradoxically, the work in this show least likely to be castigated as a one-liner. For what appear to be droplets of water – rain or condensation, perhaps – about to coalesce and fall from the wire, are on closer inspection glycerine drips. A thoroughly persuasive *trompe l'oeil*, the work successfully mixes Coleman's penchant for familiar hardware with the mystery of *Hand* to make something inexplicably contemplative, almost mesmeric. It celebrates a moment so slight and delicate, so easily missed or taken for granted, as to shake us from complacency to wonder.

The director of Coracle Press, Simon Cutts, is quoted as writing that 'it is a fact that art finally does not reside on the mantelpiece or on the wall, but in the articulation of all the choices … towards a whole'. That the disparate parts of this show respond as an identity is due in no small part to the collaboration between artist and space. Shoehorned into a Georgian terrace, the Coracle Press gallery fills the split-level front and back rooms of a converted hat shop, whose dolls-house proportions could have been made to measure for Coleman's non-toys. A gallon or two of white emulsion defines not only walls clad in wooden tongue-and-groove, but also the numerous nooks and crannies of alcoves, ledges and recesses (equivalents perhaps for the niche position the gallery – reviewed here for the first time – is beginning to carve out for itself), while tiny interior peephole windows hint at spaces beyond. This is more than backdrop; works that might have suffered the indignity of plinth-display in Cork Street are here rewarded with a quasi-domestic context closer to the spirit of Jim Ede's Kettle's Yard. One to watch out for.

John Bevis is a writer, poet and critic.

Simon Patterson
Karl Marx's *Das Kapital*. This unread copy (the pages are uncut) was sent to Charles Darwin by Marx with a personal dedication, Downe House.



Correspondence

Memorandum

To: Peter Townsend, *Art Monthly*
From: Clive Phillpot, Museum of Modern Art, New York
Date: March 1, 1978

Dear Peter:
Thank you for inviting me to write something for your April 1978 issue. I thought that I might try the format of 'A Letter From America', since I have now been living in New York for nearly four months, and have at least an idea of how things work – and maybe don't work after serious snowfalls. (I will say that the sight of people skiing down Madison and Fifth Avenue was quite a surprise at first sight!)

view of Sol LeWitt's retrospective at MoMA, New York, 3 February to 4 April 1978

For me, and I suspect many New Yorkers, the big art event of the past month was the opening of the Sol LeWitt retrospective at MoMA. I felt very privileged to be a member of the institution that presented such a compelling exhibition to the public. I guess that the wall drawings were my big discovery. I had not realised that they were such an important aspect of his work.

Some days before the actual opening, the low-key, but highly respected MoMA curator of the exhibition, Alicia Legg, invited me down to the galleries to meet Sol. Books were our point of departure in conversation, before we started talking about other things, but there was work to be done, and I was elated finally to be just a silent witness to the shaping of his exhibition.

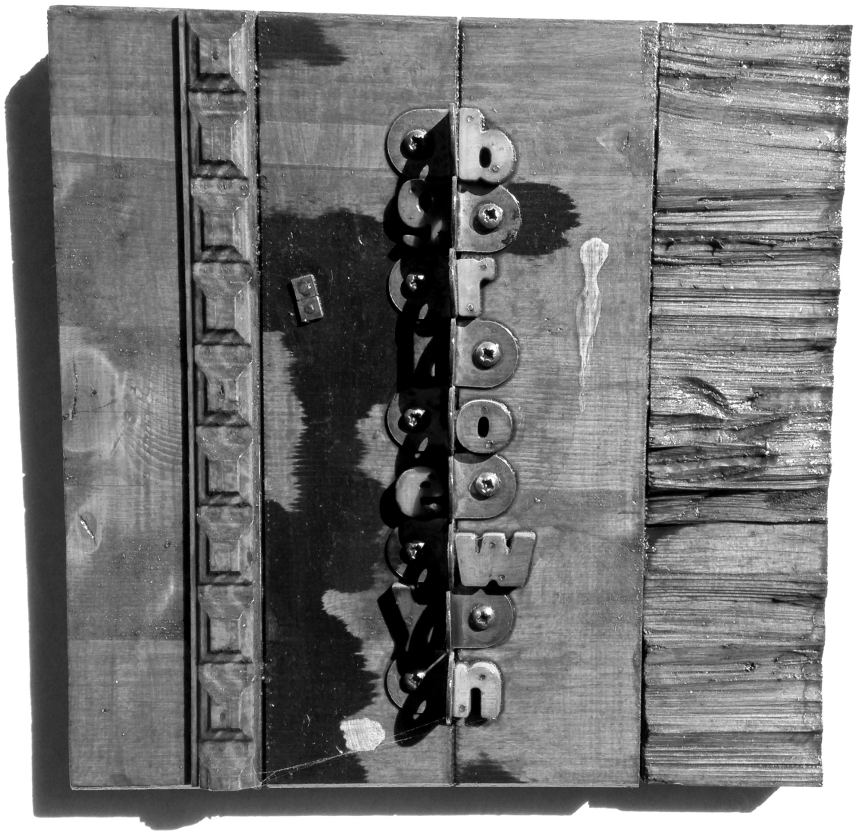
I had been aware of Sol's work for some years through books and magazines, but also through visits to periodic exhibitions at the Lisson Gallery. (I still have a drawing that I made to help me pass on my understanding of Sol's sculpture to the painter Jeremy

Moon, who was a part-time lecturer at Chelsea School of Art.) My awareness of Sol's work was also enlarged in 1972 after I started writing for *Studio International*, when you gave me a copy of his *Four Basic Kinds of Straight Lines* published by *Studio*. This perfect conception is one of my favourite artist books. Fascinating that it was published in London.

The exhibition opening was followed by a dinner in the Founders Room of the Museum, a large two-story cubic space on the sixth floor. As I wended my way through the many tables to my own seat, it was exciting to greet such artists as Dan Graham (Interview *AM*162), whom I had met in England, and to see Carl Andre (Interview *AM*16 and 17) as well as many more familiar people.

The next day, when I was back at my desk in the Library, I returned to my main current preoccupation, which, in addition to expanding the collection, is the planning of a new library. The new museum is expected to open in six years' time; it will by then have expanded to the West on 53rd Street. It is presently engaged with the novel concept of selling the air rights of the site to help finance this.

Also this week, among the many invitations to new exhibitions that I received, was one for the opening of an exhibition of interesting reliefs by a young artist, Didier Crosby, on Third Street between Avenue B and Avenue C down on the Hispanic Lower East Side (also known as Loisaida). Some of these refer to pieces by Jasper Johns. My mention of Crosby is in the spirit of the 1963 *Artforum* review of Ed Ruscha's first book (Interview *AM*252), which stated that the review's principal purpose was simply to 'record [the work] having been here' before it vanished into 'oblivion'. Maybe this will be Crosby's fate too? (An aside: one welcome difference between London and New York is that here they have 'openings', whereas in London they still have 'private views'!)



Didier Crosby *Further Afield* 1977

What a contrast there is between this Alphabet City and mid-town Manhattan! I suppose that it is not impossible that one day this neighbourhood will be renovated, but right now venturing down there is like descending into hell. Wrecked buildings, shadowy figures, trash on the street, impoverished Latinos cooking on braziers on the sidewalk. But there are artists of other ethnicities here too, and even fledgling galleries, and, as so often, they can be the Avant Garde of gentrification.

And now I'm off to see *Annie Hall*, the new movie by Woody Allen. I understand that it has several parts for lobsters? He is currently shooting his next movie – presently titled *Manhattan*. I wonder if, at some point, the director and his actors might find themselves in mid-town and even in MoMA, and that the name 'Sol LeWitt' might be uttered in a movie?

My congratulations on the success of your young whippersnapper *Art Monthly*. I only hope that you will not be overwhelmed by the response.

Clive Phillpot is a freelance writer and curator, and former director of the MoMA Library, New York.

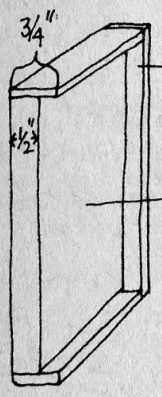
Bring the centre light low with a 2-core extension flex hung over a cup-hook in the ceiling.

This end goes into the ceiling fitting

This end holds the bulb

Boxes. For hiding away in or sitting in— it's also a spare bed. The top and bottom are cut with a jig-saw from a ½" thick sheet of 'blockboard', the sides are thin plywood wrapped right around with a hole to get in and out of. The inside is lined with foam then covered with velvet, the outside coloured with embroidered Indian cloth

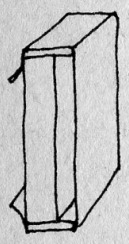
Melinex Mirror



ridge around outside made of strip of metal plywood or hardboard

backing board (½" chipboard is ideal)

stretch Melinex over the frame, sticking behind with Sellotape:



then warm with fan heater. When the Melinex cools it tightens to make a perfect mirror.

This is a patented process: you could be sued for selling mirrors made this way.

Balcony bed: high rooms can be taken advantage of by building a balcony for the bed. It needn't be all that elaborate. The simplest is a large door on top of furniture. All bed bases should be ventilated by drilling lots of holes—otherwise your sweat condenses under the mattress.

Bath. Tired looking old baths can be repainted any colour for 32½p with polyurethane bath paint. The finish isn't quite as hard: you shouldn't use Vim on it.

Rush matting in 1' squares or sewn up. Or at little extra cost you can buy rushes woven into big circular decorative mats.

Balloon light shade: smear an inflated balloon with vaseline and then use tissue paper and wallpaper paste to build up a jacket round it. When it's dried out, let down the balloon.

Boards. You can stain the boards black very cheaply, but if you want bright colours, use polyurethane paint—three coats will cost about 25p a sq yd and it wears surprisingly well. If the floor is sound pine boards, you sand and seal them yourself—hard work, ev with a machine which you can hire. But remember that hard shoes on bare boards re do sound loud just below.

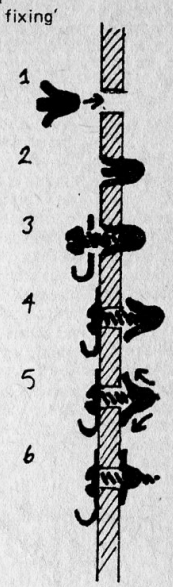
pages from Nicholas Saunders's publication *Alternative London* from 1970 supplied by Holly Shuttleworth and UP Projects

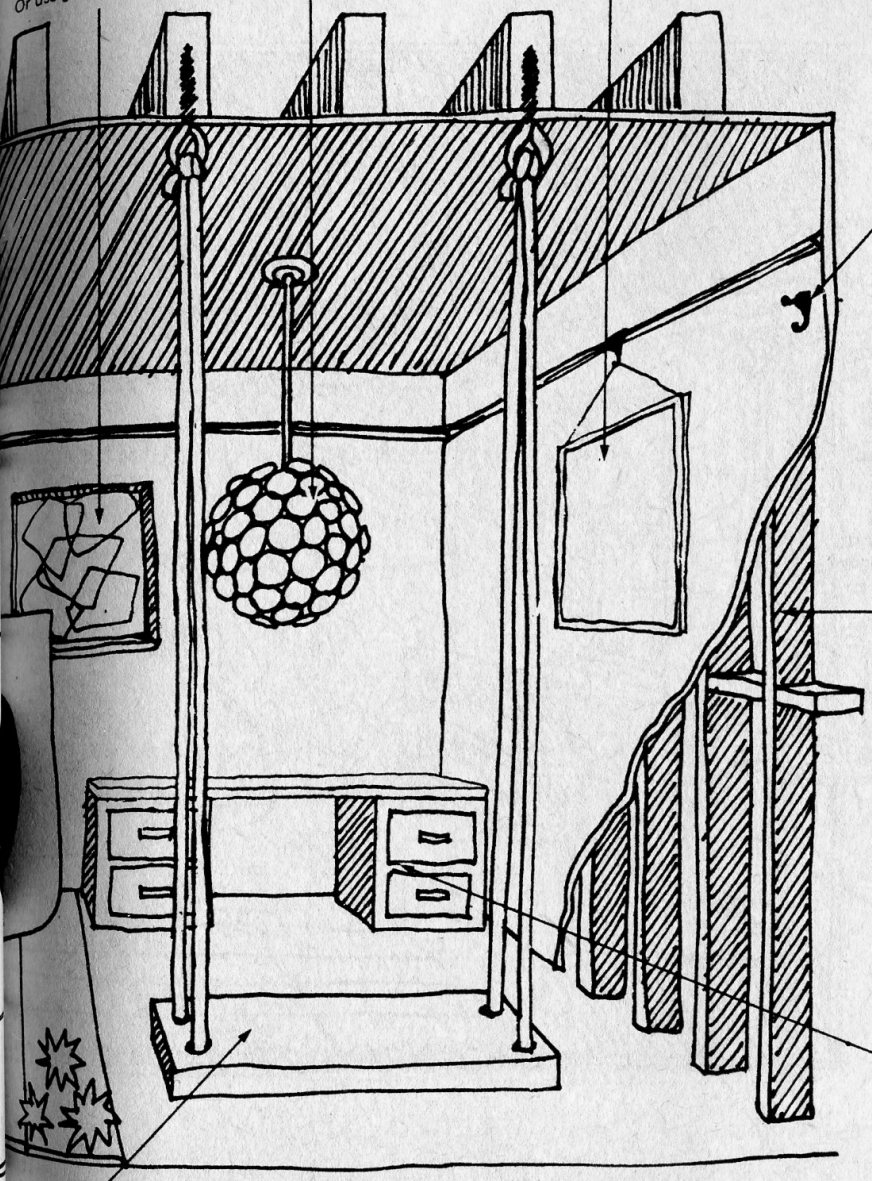
Stained glass windows can be made easily and very effectively with tissue paper—(a nice change from lace curtains). Paste the inside of the glass with ordinary wallpaper paste and build up a pattern, overlapping and repasting as necessary. It does fade after a few months in the sun—it's easy to scrape off and start a new design! Or use glass paints.

Beaker lampshade made with paper or plastic cups, stapled together with the narrow end towards the centre.

Pictures: if you have a 'picture rail' you can buy special hooks that fit on it. Otherwise they are easiest hung on special hooks which come with hardened steel pins. These should be hard enough to hammer into plaster and even brick.

Fixing to a cavity wall using a 'cavity fixing'





Cavity walls. If the wall isn't solid, it consists of wooden posts ('studs') about 2 ft apart covered both sides with boards made of paper and plaster ½" thick, or wooden laths and plaster if old. The best way of fixing to such a wall is by screwing into the studs with woodscrews at least 1½" long. To find where the studs are can be done by tapping, but a more definite way is with a compass: nails in the studs are magnetic. A third way is foolproof: go on making holes till you hit something solid! But if you must fix whatever it is where there isn't a stud, you can buy 'cavity fixings'—various devices which you push through a hole into the hollow wall where they open out.

Desks: doors make firm solid-looking tables, desk tops and bed bases. They're thick (1-3/8") yet light because of their honeycomb construction and smooth enough for a perfect white polyurethane finish. Only the edges are solid, so you can't cut them up or fix with screws—you don't need to: just rest on a smaller table, wall brackets or, for a kneehole desk, on two 2-drawer filing cabinets.

Swing (or hanging bed, hammock etc). As long as there's a floor above you, you can screw upwards into the floor joists and suspend all sorts of things from the ceiling using large screw-eyes and nylon cord: platforms, swings, hammocks. Hammocks are fun and make good spare beds which don't encourage your guests to stay too long! I actually made a motorised bed platform in my last flat which stayed out of the way up at the ceiling in the daytime but could be lowered at night—and it could raise itself plus two people to any height you felt like.

1 Tea made with any part of the herb
2 One ingredient of a herbal eye-bath
3 A decoction of the root as a gargle
4 "The seed ... stirreth up bodily lust" (Gerard 1597)
5 "As much as will lie on a 6d, excellent in cholic" (Hill)
6 The leaves applied help to remove freckles.
7 Tea made with the crushed seeds, or the seeds chewed
8 The essential oil, a few drops on a lump of sugar
9 Tea made with the fresh or dried leaves.
10 A decoction of the leaves as a cleansing lotion
11 The tea is used to induce perspiration
12 "A sovereign remedy for the brain, strengthening the memory". (Bacon)
13 The leaves applied to the affected part
14 The tea stimulates the action of the heart
15 "The juice of the seeds bruised & put up the nostrils --- promotes Venery" (Tournefort. 1719)
16 The dried leaves powdered used as snuff.
17 During outbreaks of Plague in ancient Rome people were advised to live near Bay trees.
18 Oil of Bays rubbed well in
19 An infusion of the herb for bathing wounds
20 The leaves in a muslin bag put into the bath
21 The tea stimulates the action of the kidneys
22 "The flowers in salads exhilerate ..."
23 Tea made with the crushed seeds.
24 The tea "consumeth winde & provoketh urine" (Gerard)
25 The Tea is recommended for anaemia
26 Tea made with the flowering tops
27 An infusion of the tops, a good rinse for the hair
28 The young tops made into a conserve has been found serviceable for nightmare. (Mrs Grieve)
29 The flowers in a muslin bag put into the bath
30 A decoction of the flowers, a soothing lotion
31 Tea made with the flowers
32 A decoction of the flowers, a rinse for blonde hair
33 Inhaling the steam from a brew, good for lungs
34 Washing with an infusion is said to cure the itch
35 Taken at bedtime the tea prevents nightmares
36 "It hath in it a certain windinesse by means whereof it procureth lust" (Gerard)
37 The leaves used in cooking cleanse the blood
38 The leaves were applied to bruises "to attenuate & diffuse the stagnant blood". (Female Instructor)
39 The 'grass' chopped into salads, soups etc.
40 Reputed to lower the blood pressure
41 "Chives attenuate and make thin ..." (Gerard)
42 A decoction of the whole plant is good for all chest and lung troubles.

	ANGELICA	ANISEED	BALM (Melissa)	BASIL	BAY	BERGAMOT	BORAGE	BURNET	CARAWAY	CATMINT	CHAMOMILE	CHERVIL	CHIVES	COMFREY	DILL	ELDER	FENNEL	HONEYSUCKLE	HYSSOP
ANTISEPTICS					17	9	19												
APHRODISIACS		4		15								36			43				
APPETISERS													39		44				
ASTHMA														42					
BATHS							20	20	20		29					29		47	9
BLOOD										25		37	40						
BRONCHIAL	1													42				47	50
BRUISES												38							
CATARRH							9											23	
COLDS	1		9	16		9										31		47	9
COLIC		5			9						31								
COSMETICS		6	10					10			30					45		48	
COUGHS	1													42		31		47	50
DIGESTION	1	7			9				23	26	31				23		44		50
DIURETICS	1		9				21	9	24			37				31			
EXPECTORANTS	1	8		9												46	23		50
EYES	2															2			
FEVERS	1		11	11			9	11		26		11				46			
FLATULENCE	1	7							24	26					44				
GARGLES	3																		
HAIR										27	32								
HEADACHES				16	9					26	31					31			
JAUNDICE							9					9							
KIDNEYS							21	21								31			
LAXATIVES							9						39						9
LIVER							9		23										
LUNGS							9				33			42				47	50
MEMORY			12																
MOUTH WASH	3																		
NERVES			9							26	31								
RHEUMATISM			13		18													49	
SEDATIVES			9	9		9				26	31								
SKIN			10				20				34					45		48	
SLIMMING														41			23		
SOPORIFICS						9				28	35					31	23		
STIMULANTS	1		14				22												
STINGS & BITES											34	13							
SORE THROAT	3					9												47	
TONICS	1										31								50
VARICOSE VEINS																			

ALL THE HERBS in this chart can be cultivated in a garden, but Comfrey, Meadowsweet, Mugwort, Yarrow & Honeysuckle are common wild flowers. All are PERENNIALS except aniseed, basil, chervil, dill, marigold & nasturtium which are ANNUALS, & angelica, caraway, & parsley which are BIENNIALS

TEAS OR INFUSIONS are made by pouring boiling water on the fresh or dried he & allowing a few minutes to infuse. The strength varies with different herbs, but the u rule is 1 oz of the herb to 1 pint of boiling w Sweeten with honey or brown sugar to tast

Compiled and designed by H. Dalton Clifford, 1972

	MARIGOLD	MARJORAM	MEADOWSWEET	MINT	MUGWORT	NASTURTIUM	PARSLEY	PENNYROYAL	PEPPERMINT	ROSEMARY	RUE	SAGE	SOUTHERNWOOD	SWEET CICELY	TANSY	THYME	WORMWOOD	YARROW
ANTISEPTICS						58			9				77			77	9	
APHRODISIACS				61														
APPETISERS				52		58								9			9	
ASTHMA										70		70				9		
BATHS									20	20			20			20		
BLOOD							65				72	9						
BRONCHIAL								9	9							9		
BRUISES					13													
CATARRH																9		
COLDS								9		9	9	9						
COLIC												9						
COSMETICS						62			62			62						
COUGHS														9		9		
DIGESTION					26				9	9	9	52		9	9		9	
DIURETICS				9	26		9											9
EXPECTORANTS												9						
EYES							66											
FEVERS			2						9								11	11
FLATULENCE			1	11	26			9	9					9				9
GARGLES				9								74				9		
HAIR							67			71		67	78					67
HEADACHES			16	9					9	9	73	9			9	9		
JAUNDICE							68											
KIDNEYS			31				68					9						
LAXATIVES																		
LIVER									9	9		9						
LUNGS			1					9										
MEMORY										9		75						
MOUTH WASH			9					47				74						
NERVES					26				9	9						80		
RHEUMATISM			60	13	26		68					9			9			9
SEDATIVES													9					
SKIN			55			62			62			62						
SLIMMING																		
SOPORIFICS										9			79					
STIMULANTS																		9
STINGS & BITES										13								
SORE THROAT																		
TONICS									9						9	9	9	9
VARICOSE VEINS			57															

43 "The decoction of the tops of dill & likewise of the seed being drunke ... provoketh bodily lust." (Gerard)
44 The seed and/or the leaf used in cooking
45 Tea made with the flowers used as a lotion
46 Syrup made from the berries
47 Tea or decoction made from the flowers or leaves
48 A strong decoction makes a good cleansing lotion
49 A strong decoction rubbed in
50 A syrup made from the leaves boiled with sugar
51 "It driveth & scattereth away the blew markes of bruisinges" (Turner). The leaves applied.
52 The leaves used in cooking
53 "It is frequently applied outwardly to eyes that are black & blue from a blow". (Tournefort)
54 An infusion of the leaves applied externally for the relief of muscular rheumatism
55 Used in ointments against acne & to get rid of old scars
56 "Duly to looke at Marigold with draw evil humours out of the head & strengthen the eyesight" (Macer)
57 The tea is a famous medicine for varicose veins taken in tablespoonful doses.
58 The fresh leaves have antibiotic properties when eaten in salads
59 The tea stimulates the circulation of the blood
60 The leaves applied in hot fomentations
61 "The leaves of Mint are aphrodisiac too, which makes me a little fearful of mint sauce." H.M. Fox
62 Steam from an infusion for cleansing the skin
63 Rich in iron & vitamin A, good for anaemia
64 "A plaister of chopt Parsley mixt with butter for a bruise" (Wesley)
65 Parsley tea for a pink & white complexion — dose should not exceed 1 tblspnful 3 times a day
66 Taking Parsley to excess is thought to harm the eyes
67 A strong infusion, massaged into the hair — stimulates growth.
68 The leaves eaten raw or brewed as a tea
69 The leaves rubbed on a wasp sting lessens the pain
70 The dried leaves smoked in a pipe
71 A decoction of the leaves & flowers as a rinse for brunettes
72 The extract 'Rutin' is used to treat blood pressure
73 A leaf chewed cures a nervous headache
74 The tea made extra strong
75 "Sage is singular good for the head & brain: it quickneth the senses and memory." (Gerard)
76 Inhale the steam from a strong brew
77 The essential oil is a powerful antiseptic
78 The ashes mixed with salad oil "a cure for baldness"
79 Said to prevent talking in one's sleep
80 Thyme soup once prescribed as a cure for shyness

BREWS OR DECOCTIONS are made by simmering the herb in water for five or ten minutes. The proportions are the same as for teas 1 oz. of herb to 1 pint of water
Boiling destroys the active principle of some herbs and these are better taken as teas or eaten raw in salads

DOSES vary but it is difficult to take an overdose of any of the herbs listed. Herbal medicines act gently & slowly. Instant miraculous cures are as unlikely as harmful side-effects. The curative properties of these herbs have been known & described for centuries

Books

Disappearing Curtains (a journal)

Between 1971 and 1978 the British poet, translator, bibliophile, cineaste, *flâneur* and erstwhile performance artist Paul Buck edited and produced the little magazine *Curtains*. There were more or less 12 issues of *Curtains*, differentiated by a variant of their name rather than numerically. So, for example, there was an issue called *Drawn Curtains*, one called *Velvet Curtains* and another *Split Curtains*. The periodical was mimeographed by hand, as were many little poetry magazines at the time. But Buck never intended *Curtains* to be construed as a poetry or even a literary magazine.

The content of *Curtains* was tilted towards prose writing of a kind (or kinds) that he describes as being 'aside from the mainstream thought processes'. In particular Buck had (and still has) a predilection for radical modernist French writing, having worked his way through all the most extreme of the French writers on the stock list of the publishers Calder & Boyars before discovering for himself others such as Henri Michaux, Bernard Noel, Edmond Jabes and, in particular, Georges Bataille before they became academic course material. The later issues of the magazine also featured a wildly disparate list of visual artists as invited contributors, including Jeff Nuttall, Susan Hiller, Richard Prince, the Fluxus artist Philip Corner and COUM. In the current climate of art-related publishing, in which unillustrated prose texts and even novels written by visual artists are commonly encountered, such a conflation no longer seems extraordinary. Buck describes *Curtains* as 'a form of public notebook' or, as its title this time says, 'a journal'. He also refers to the *Curtains* project in its entirety as 'an essay' and 'an adventure that would generate its own course'.

Thirty-seven years is a long interval between issues for even the most dilatory of little magazines, but there is no reason not to think of *Disappearing Curtains* as a new issue of the same magazine. Buck does not want us to look for a wholly retrospective, consolidatory aspect within its pages. During the intervening years, the role of the magazine has been perpetuated by two installational exhibitions, documented by gloomy grey photographs in this publication. The first was made by Buck for the Cabinet Gallery at its original Brixton site in 1992, while a much reworked and extended version for the Focal Point Gallery at Southend-on-Sea in 2012 incorporated new works by visual artists, most of whom reappear in this publication. The contents of these exhibitions and the magazine that preceded them together form a collusive triangulation.

With 45 contributors interleaved with substantial slices of Buck's own poetry and commentaries it is difficult to pick out highlights. There are connecting threads, however tenuous or hidden, between each of the items in this publication. For example, a transcript of the revealing talk Buck gave about Richard Prince's library at the Serpentine Gallery in 2008 is followed by Prince's own account of the work of the dissident Czech photographer Miroslav Tichy, itself echoing similarly fugitive photographic works reproduced in other parts of the magazine. As previously, Buck provides the first or only translation of 'texts that others have neglected'. The process of disappearing, or reappearing, has always preoccupied him, and his collection contains many things by writers who died prematurely (Mitrou Ronat, Danielle Collobert, Kathy Acker) or who just disappeared along with their writings (Colette Thomas, Diane Bataille). An unexpected bibliographical tendency manifests itself intermittently throughout this collection, which includes a useful contents list of all the 1970s numbers of the periodical. But characteristically, no biographical notes accompany the contributions in the present publication, necessitating a lot of Googling to satisfy curiosity regarding unknown names.

In a 1975 issue of his magazine *Poetry Information*, Peter Hodgkiss described two issues of *Curtains* as follows: 'excellent contents but it's one of those mimeos where the pages all fall out & the words lurch about in areas of black & grey'. The means which Buck employed to produce his magazine in the 1970s were modest in the extreme – hand-operated mimeography using unreliable stencils and instant printshop lithography. Commendably resisting over-design, this new, sturdier incarnation of the magazine retains many of the qualities of the 1970s artefacts, but does not seek to offer a material facsimile of them. So the comparative roughness and urgency of the periodical's tactile nature during the 1970s, in line with its uncompromising content, has itself disappeared, almost unacknowledged. Nevertheless, this remains an enigmatically oblique, irritating and off-centre publication, as Buck still intends it to be. It exercises a strong fascination for the exploratory reader, for very much longer than you think it will.

The process of disappearing, or reappearing, has always preoccupied him, and his collection contains many things by writers who died prematurely.

Disappearing Curtains (a journal), ed Paul Buck, Slimvolume #4, London, 2016, pb, 180pp, ed of 1000, £25, 978 1 910516 03 4.

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Artnotes

Missing Artworks

Mark Dion's 21 bronze sculptures that formed part of his 1998 *Tasting Garden* artwork have been reduced to one after thieves took advantage of the fact that the Storey Gallery in Lancaster, which the garden is adjacent to, was closed for refurbishment. Since the city council does not have insurance that covers theft without the use of force, there will be no payment and the work may not be remade.

Over in France, meanwhile, the national art collections are undergoing their first ever inventory, and it is coming to light that tens of thousands of artworks are missing – although this is from collections numbering in the hundreds of thousands and which date back over 200 years. And in Spain, the Reina Sofia Contemporary Art Museum has revealed that it never did find its missing 38-tonne Richard Serra sculpture that disappeared after the storage company holding it went bust – but at least Serra confirmed that he will have the work remade for the museum at cost price. In Tikrit, Iraq, sculptor Laith al-Amiri recently worked with children in an orphanage to erect a 3.5m fibreglass sculpture of a shoe to commemorate the moment when journalist Muntadar al-Zaidi's threw his shoes at then-president George W Bush at the end of his final visit to the country. During the incident, the journalist shouted: 'This is from the widows, the orphans, and those who were killed in Iraq.' The artist explained that 'those orphans who helped in building this monument were the victims of Bush's war'. However, the sculpture was quickly removed; the region's deputy governor, Abdullah Jabara, said 'we will not allow anyone to use the government facilities and buildings for political motives'. Al-Zaidi remains in jail awaiting trial, and his employer, TV network al-Baghdadia, keeps a picture of him at the top-left side of the screen with a calendar showing the number of days he has spent in detention. Bush, of course, is a free citizen. [*AM*324 March 2009]

The Missing Culture

A recent Labour Party discussion paper on women in the arts and media, called *The Missing Culture*, argues that the underrepresentation of women affects society more acutely in this area than any other, except education. Television in particular down-grades women's roles to that of 'modern conjurors' assistants', though they constitute the majority of the arts/media audience. The situation persists because arts administration is male-dominated; the Arts Council itself has only three women on a Council of 17. However, there are encouraging signs of change: GLA is funding 56 groups with a positive policy to women in the arts. As remedies the authors point out (as always) the need to increase awareness of discrimination against women, through organisations like the Women Artists Slide Library and its journal. More research is needed, particularly into public attitudes and more specifically, all major arts institutions should adopt equal opportunities policies, which need to be monitored if they are to work: the American system of publishing figures in annual reports is put forward as extremely effective. It might also be possible to make employment quotas a condition of receiving public funds. [*AM*112 Dec-Jan 1987-88]

Lost

Studio lnternational's 'continuing saga' is, as *Private Eye* would say, 'ongoing' (see '*AM* Rules OK?' p4). First, the magazine reportedly came up against overtime trouble at its printers (hence issue 1/78, more properly 4/77) is badly delayed. Second, 12,970 back copies of the magazine (which sell at £3 each) are 'missing' from *Studio*'s former dignified offices on West Central Street, London WC1. The present incumbents say they bought the premises 'lock, stock and barrel', and a spokesman for the incoming tenants, Mr Hartard, says that various arts organisations were invited to take their pick of the debris left by *Studio* and that the remainder was sent to a 'clearance house'. This could mean 'pulpers'. Mr Hartard was not quite sure, when approached by *Art Monthly*, just where they had gone. The back issues represent a very considerable part of the assets of Studio International Publications, now in liquidation, and should have provided some funds for the magazine's creditors. Anyone sighting the missing copies is asked to get in touch with Studio Trust, 25 Denmark Street, London WC2. [*AM*17 1978]

The Creative Dead

This November Britain will host a 70th Anniversary Armistice Festival 'to commemorate the fallen of The First World War.' Well, some of them. President is Sir Yehudi Menuhin. Patrons are the 'Ambassadors and High Commissioners representing nations involved'. Well, not all of them. No-one from Russia, the GDR, in fact only Bulgaria and Poland from eastern Europe. No-one from the Near East. The idea is 'to pay tribute to that lost generation through the presentation of works by some of the artists, composers, writers' etc who died as a result of the war. Among those involved with the visual arts who are to be featured are Apollinaire, Boccioni, Gaudier-Brzeska, Raymond Duchamp-Villon, Franz Marc, the neglected German artists Hermann Stenner, Wilhelm Morgner and Albert Weisgerber, the poet-artist lsaac Rosenberg, and August Macke. There will be exhibitions at MoMA, Oxford. Oddly, while Finland has one artist featured, the composer Toiro Kuula, no really creative Russian appears to have died in that conflict; odd because the Russians lost 1.7m killed (their missing are not recorded), and the Finns didn't lose anybody because they didn't fight in that war, only afterwards in their war of independence. There are no Romanians, Belgians, Egyptians, Turks. There are one each from Spain, Australia, Ireland, Hungary, the US, Austria, Czechoslovakia, and two from Italy. But what unbalances the whole affair and gives it a Western Alliance complexion is that France (losses of 1.35m) gets six, the Germans eight, and the British (British and Irish losses, as the brochure puts it, were 900,000 killed and wounded) nine. Surely the creative dead are being manipulated a wee bit? [*AM*115 April 1988]

Missing Piece

On Mar 22, an exhibition of work by the exiled Nigerian artist and writer Olu Oguibe opened at the Commonwealth Institute, London. Missing from the show was an eight-panel piece painted on matting. The work is a political statement, and two panels had been 'censored' by the Institute on the score that it contained 'obscene words' which might offend children. In lgbo, the numeral 4 signifies completeness, 8 duality. Excluding the panels defeated the purpose of the work, so the artist withdrew the work. He wrote a statement for *AM*: 'I wish to make known my disappointment at

the decision of the administration to censor sections of a work which l consider the centrepiece of the exhibition of my works, "Works and Words", on the grounds that they contain words which they find morally disagreeable and unsuitable for a children's audience.' Specifically, the Gallery and the Institute object to the occurrence of two statements: 'Fuck the President' and 'Fuck Maicontri' in two sections of the 45ft, eight-piece painting, *National Graffiti*, and have proceeded to prohibit the display of these sections (see '*AM* Rules OK?' p1). This not only makes it impossible to exhibit the entire work since it tampers with its structural and symbolic cohesion and message, but also contravenes the terms of agreement which empower the Institute only to 'advise on final selection' and not to bar the display of any work. 'My works, as the Institute acknowledges in its announcement, are essentially centred on the political landscape of my country, Nigeria, from which I am exiled presently. They are particularly bitter political statements on the leadership and the conduct of the political process, and are works of extreme anger and frustration. This much the Institute is aware of and acknowledges. The said "offensive" expressions have been used only in this particularly personal and political context and to interfere with it is to replicate the very oppressive conditions my works address and which have forced me into exile.' It is refreshing to compare the Institute's action with the Lord Chamberlain's censorship in 1957 of John Osborne's play The Entertainer: 'Act I, alter "ass-upwards"; alter "pouf" (twice); alter "shagged"; omit "rogered" (twice); Act III, alter "wet your pants".' [*AM*145 April 1991]

Missing Mosaics

The huge £1m commission for Crossrail artworks at Tottenham Court Road station in London has been announced, with two artists being selected to produce works for the new station's east and west entrances. As previously reported (Artnotes *AM*376), the peculiarity of this commission is that the funders – the City of London Corporation and property developers Almacantar and Derwent London – chose to partner with Gagosian gallery for the commission. Although the commissioning process was overseen by a voluntary round table of advisers (Artwise director Susie Allen, GLA cultural strategist Kirsten Dunne, independent curator Ann Elliott, Hiscox Collection curator Whitney Hintz, Frieze Art Fair deputy director Jo Stella-Sawicka and Barbican curator Lydia Yee), the hefty commissions have both gone to Gagosian gallery artists: Douglas Gordon and Richard Wright.

The new Crossrail station is connected to the existing Tottenham Court Road underground station, which itself is notable for its recently unveiled Daniel Buren ticket-hall commission and its historic Eduardo Paolozzi platform mosaics – although the 20th Century Society is currently in dispute with Transport for London as some sections of the mosaic have gone missing during the recent refurbishment. Other stations to gain substantial artwork commissions on the Crossrail route, which describes itself as the Culture Line, will include Paddington, Bond Street, Farringdon, Liverpool Street, Whitechapel and Canary Wharf, all advised by Futurecity, a 'cultural and placemaking agency' that will no doubt invite valuable input from future round tables. [*AM*384 March 2015]

Lohses

The Swiss lnstitute for Art Research is preparing a catalogue raisonné of the works of Richard Paul Lohse but is still missing information on the whereabouts of some works, as well as seeking correspondence and other documentation. Any proprietors who have not yet been contacted by the lnstitute

are asked to get in touch: SIK, Mr Urs Hobi, Zollikerstrasse 32, POB, CH-8032 Zurich, fax +41 1 381 5250. [*AM*227 June 1999]

Missed

Dulwich Picture Gallery is launching an appeal to raise £500,000 to improve gallery security, following a disastrous series of thefts of Rembrandt's *Jacob de Gheyn* (which is missing at the present time). [*AM*74 March 1984]

Ai Is Missing

At the time of going to press, Ai Weiwei is still missing having been snatched by the Chinese authorities in Beijing while trying to board a flight to Hong Kong on 3 April (Editorial AM346), although his wife, the artist Lu Qing, was taken to visit him briefly on 15 May. Ai's arrest has provoked a great number of protest events as well as crackdowns from Chinese authorities, with graffiti artists being arrested in Hong Kong and Change.org – the website hosting the Guggenheim-led online petition, which has over 100,000 signatories – coming under sustained attack by hackers based in China, most likely under official instruction. Comprehensive coverage of the situation can be found on the Free Ai Weiwei website. Interestingly, the Hong Kong Art Fair took place at the end of May and at the time of going to press there is currently great debate over how his dealers ought to treat this event. www.freeaiweiwei.org [*AM*347 June 2011]

Missing Out

Last month Purdy Hicks Gallery in London presented a short exhibition of photographs by the celebrated Iranian film director Abbas Kiarostami, coinciding with his production of *Cosi fan Tutte* for the English National Opera. However, the director himself could not attend either event following what he has described as 'the disgraceful treatment to which I was subjected by the officials from the British Embassy in Tehran'. Having his visa granted then revoked at short notice, and being asked to give his fingerprints again despite having just provided them, quite rightly proved too much for Kiarostami, who now feels that he has been effectively barred from the UK. Following the British government's tightening of its visa restrictions (see Editorial AM325), this is another example of the UK missing out on world-class cultural activities at a time when, for example, the US is reversing such short-sighted policies. Kiarostami painted a none-too-pretty picture of what it is like to deal with UK Immigration under such restrictions: 'I travel regularly to France and Italy and am no stranger to the bureaucratic dances we Iranians need to perform to obtain visas for travel to Europe. However, the actions of the British Embassy were of a wholly different order. It would be tempting to brand them Kafkaesque yet to do so would be to imbue them with rather too much intelligence. Indeed, for most of the process I felt trapped in the very circles of Hell itself.' [*AM*327 June 2009]

Missing Persons

Two hours from Belfast, in the wild Antrim countryside, on the hills of Cushendall stands ... The Curfew Tower. Which is an appropriate name for the venue of a new artist residency initiative; after all, it's not meant to be a holiday. But it's not all work, work, work either as resident artists are invited to become 'the village curiosity', coming down from the medieval watch tower (complete with dungeon and 'murder holes') to network in the local hostelry. Network? Oh yes, for it is the villagers who will once a year award a 12"-high bronze statue of the Curfew Tower to the most creative curiosity. But for the runners-up ... Proposals/enquiries/missing persons

below
Vong Phaophanit and Claire Oboussier
What takes place without taking place 2017

to In You We Trust on 01232 325033, email grassyknoll@dnet.co.uk. [*AM*227 June 1999]

Dis-missed

Art dealer Marc Jancou has had his lawsuit against artist Cady Noland (cover *AM*177) dismissed by a New York State court, although this decision is currently under appeal. Jancou was incensed that Noland disowned her 1990 silkscreen-on-aluminium artwork *Cowboys Milking* just days before it was due to be auctioned at Sotheby's in 2011, leading to the auction house withdrawing it from sale.

Jancou had sent the work to auction with an estimate of $250-350,000 soon after he had bought it from a collector (whom he had previously sold it to) for a little over $100,000 – with a $1,000 discount against conservation work. But when Noland inspected the piece at Sotheby's, and despite the fact that it was described in the sale catalogue as being 'in very good condition overall', she felt that the damage to the corners of the sheet metal were sufficient for her to utilise her legal right to disown the work. Other works of hers in the sale, although incomplete, were passed for sale with the proviso that the artist would supply the missing components. To rub salt into Jancou's wound, one of these went on to sell for more than double its estimate, hitting $6.6m – a record for a living female artist.

In an email to the auction house, Jancou expressed dismay that it should have withdrawn the work and unilaterally terminated the contract of sale on the say of, in his words, 'an artist that has no gallery representation and has a biased and radical approach to the art market'. This led to him filing a $6m suit against Sotheby's for breach of contract and claiming an additional $20m in damages from Noland for interfering with the contract of sale. The courts thus far have sided with the artist, showing that high-level art investments can have as precarious an existence as low-level art workers. [*AM*368 Jul-Aug 2013]

Missing Future

An estimated 52,000 people, including a good number of artists, attended the demonstration on 10 November against the planned raising of the higher education fee cap of £3,290 to £9,000 – effectively a financial kettling of students. The march, which began on Whitehall, London, brought together students from across the country, representing the abundant ethnic and cultural diversity that makes up today's universities – a situation that is palpably under threat, as suggested by one placard: 'Having your cake and Eton it.' Protesters at first tentatively realised the sheer volume of their collective mass through a series of roars and cries that echoed over Parliament Square, then chanted 'No ifs, no buts, no education cuts' and 'Tory scum' (which some aimed at deputy PM Nick Clegg) during the occupation of 30 Millbank – Conservative Party campaign headquarters. A small number of protesters eventually overpowered the police, smashing the doors and windows to the building and climbing to the roof where one person dropped a fire extinguisher, narrowly missing crowds below. This predictably made worldwide headlines despite similar acts of violence taking place on many high streets every weekend. On the ground, however, the tone was more carnivalesque, with friendly conversations taking place between students, staff, journalists, the general public and the police. The event demonstrated not only a committed response to the proposed education price hikes, with the sit-in taking several hours to dissipate, but also the galvanising effect the spending review has had on a generation. [*AM*342 Dec-Jan 2010-11]

Artlaw

Artlaw Services

Henry Lydiate has been *Art Monthly*'s legal eagle from the very first issue and continues to provide an invaluable service to the magazine, to its readers and to the art world at large.

An organisation providing legal services to the visual arts community in the UK is currently being formed. Services will be provided free of charge by volunteer lawyers specialising in the law relating to the visual arts, operating through an independent charitable body called Artlaw Services. At this inaugural stage the organisation envisages delivering five inter-related artlaw activities: free information, advice and help; education programmes for art schools, artists, administrators and lawyers; publications, model contracts, and other printed information; a mediation service to resolve art-related disputes; and artlaw research.

Day-to-day operations will be managed by a small team of full-time salaried specialists: two art lawyers and two administrators will handle all initial legal enquiries, referring most to be dealt with in the evenings by a team of volunteer lawyers recruited to specialise in artlaw matters (currently 25 or so solicitors and barristers are on board). A lease is being negotiated for empty warehouse premises in the run-down Covent Garden Market area of central London, where rents are low. Thought is being given to the 'tyranny of distance': how to meet the needs of clients throughout the whole of the UK, possibly via provision of low/no-cost telephone communications and/or establishing regional branch offices.

Although Artlaw Services will be totally reliant on grants from funding bodies through its first few years of operations, it is hoped that in the longer term modest subscription schemes can be introduced to enable it to become financially independent. Two schemes are being considered: a low annual rate for the visual arts community, entitling subscribers to unlimited free advice and help; a higher rate for accredited art lawyers, entitling subscribers to receive referrals of arts community clients in need of advice and help (and such lawyers would qualify for accreditation only after demonstrating skills and expertise through working for a period as artlaw volunteers in the evenings).

Establishment of this unique enterprise was the unanimous recommendation of a conference held this January at Chelsea School of Art to examine 'The Legal Situation of the Visual Artist in the UK'. The conference was organised by the Artlaw Research Project, which has recently published evidence and findings and recommendations of its two-year empirical investigation throughout the UK in its report *The Visual Artist and the Law*. The day-long conference was attended by many artists and craftspeople, public and private administrators, collectors, dealers and lawyers, a number of whom gave presentations and contributed to panel discussions and debates.

The Artlaw Research Project (ARP) was commissioned in 1976 by the Calouste Gulbenkian Foundation, an international charitable body the UK branch of which makes significant interventions via research in fields of the arts and culture, social welfare and education, aimed at having long-lasting effects in the UK and beyond. In 1974 the Foundation commissioned Lord Redcliffe-Maud to conduct an enquiry into the infrastructure of arts funding in Britain, the results of which were published in his influential report *Support for the Arts in England and Wales*. Parts of this report chimed with the Foundation's interest in investigating the legal needs of artists in the UK, one finding of which was particularly striking: 'Few of the art courses make any serious attempt to prepare students for life as an artist. Some of the most serious problems facing artists when they emerge from training are these: how to find and pay for studio space and meet the cost of materials and equipment; how to publicise their work and interest galleries in it; understanding how commercial galleries operate and what arrangement should be sought between artist and gallery; how to find part-time teaching work; the position of the self-employed person for Income Tax and National Insurance purposes. Few artists are taught at college about the patronage structure on which many of them will rely for help, or about rights to public assistance.'

Over the next two years the Artlaw Research Project travelled throughout the UK meeting artists, public and private administrators, museums and galleries, collectors, dealers and other art businesses, and lawyers to discover the nature and extent of any unmet need for specialist legal services for the visual arts, focusing particularly on artists. Research findings show that both artists and art administrators (commercial and non-commercial) experience legal problems in their practices including: contractual formation, dealings and disputes; tax liabilities; tax-exemption for charities; formation of business associations and models; finding and maintaining studio or gallery premises; and copyright uses and abuses. Research also reveals that lawyers are rarely consulted about such matters by the visual arts community, chiefly because the fees are seen as prohibitive, and partly through lack of basic art-related legal and business knowledge or experience within the UK's legal community. This vicious circle inevitably results in the there being few UK lawyers with experience of the law and practice related to the visual arts.

Two central objectives of the recent Chelsea conference were achieved: to receive the visual arts community's endorsement of the research's key finding that there is an unmet need for the provision of affordable specialist legal services to the visual arts community, and to support the formation of Artlaw Services. Since then, commitments of continuing financial support for the organisation have been given by the Calouste Gulbenkian Foundation and Arts Council of Great Britain (both bodies funded the ARP and publication of its report), the Welsh Arts Council, the Crafts Advisory Committee and the Greater London Arts Association. Other bodies currently considering committing financial support include the Scottish Arts Council, the Association of Artists and Designers in Wales, the National Union of Journalists and the Association of Fashion & Advertising Photographers.

Artlaw Services will be governed by an unpaid board comprising a balance of artists, art administrators and art lawyers. Willingness to serve as board members have to date been given by Nicholas Serota (director of the Whitechapel Gallery), René Gimpel (director of Gimpel Fils), Jeremy Rees (founder/director of Arnolfini), David Panton (co-founder/director of Acme Artists Studios), artists Paul Neagu and Richard Wentworth, solicitor Richard Swan, and barrister Henry Lydiate. Generous personal help and support to develop and establish the new organisation have been given by artists Eduardo Paolozzi, Richard Hamilton, Mark Boyle and Joan Hills, and leading arts lawyers Jeremy Hutchinson QC, Laurence Harbottle and Michael Rubinstein.

It is important to acknowledge the significant contribution made by *Art Monthly* to the success of the Artlaw Research Project, paving the way for the imminent formal establishment of Artlaw Services. When the ARP started in 1976 it was invited by *Art Monthly*'s editor to contribute an Artlaw column to the first issue. Subsequent regular columns to date have become a uniquely significant platform providing readers with a new awareness or perhaps better understanding of artlaw matters, including such topics as: copyright; self-employment and income tax; art insurance; negotiating agreements for exhibitions, commissions, studio sales, consignment, and artist/gallery representation deals; artist's resale royalty right; artist's exhibition fee payment; artist's wills and estates, trusts and foundations.

In the interim between the ending of the ARP and its metamorphosis into the Artlaw Services operation, the ARP will continue to contribute this column and respond to the increasing numbers of requests for advice and help from practitioners in the UK's visual arts community. **HL** 1978

Henry Lydiate is director of the Artlaw Research Project, which provides legal information and help for the art community. This service can be contacted at 125 Shaftesbury Avenue, London WC2, 01-240 0610.

Art Monthly Missing Issue

Thanks to:

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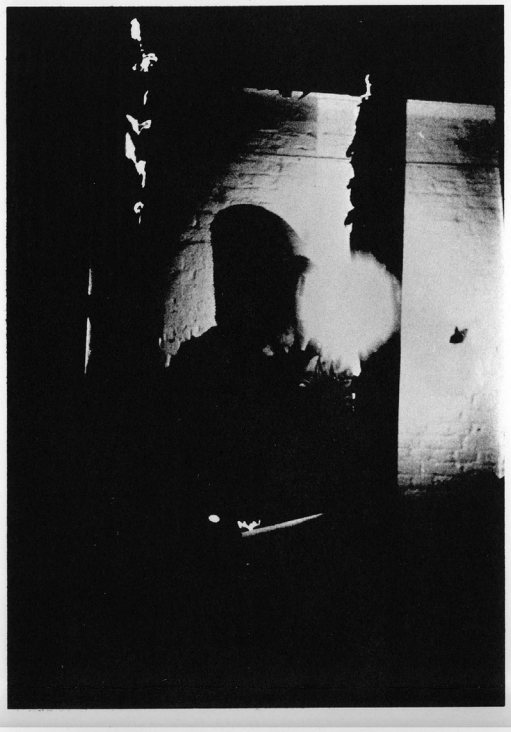
following page **Hans Haacke** *Happy New Year* 2017

2017

EVENTS may

EVENTS is a monthly calendar compiled by The Acme Gallery to provide cheap and comprehensive publicity for artists working on one-off projects in film, performance, music and associated areas. A small fee will be charged for inclusion in the listings, and any contribution should reach The Acme at least a week before the beginning of the month in which the event takes place.



Cripps at the Acme

Machines & Performances

UNTIL THURS. 4th PERFORMANCES 8pm EACH DAY
43 SHELTON STREET COVENT GARDEN WC2 240 3047

AIR GALLERY

125-129 SHAFTESBURY AVENUE WC2H 8AD 240 3149

Wed. 10th 7.30 DICK WHALL will give a seminar on his work 'L'appareil pedagogique avec ses apanages or the enigma machine with its 'bombs' currently showing at the AIR Gallery.
Admission free.

LONDON FILM-MAKER'S CO-OP

42 GLOUCESTER AVENUE NW1 586 4806

Tues. 2nd 7.30 Open Screening. All invited.
Wed. 3rd 6.45 WHAT MAISIE KNEW (Babette Mangolte,USA,1975)
8.30 NEWS FROM HOME (Chantal Akerman,USA/Bel,1977) - Two films to conclude the Co-op's series on 'Feminism, Fiction,and the Avant-Garde.'
Sat. 6th & Sun. 7th Conference on 'Feminism,Fiction, and the Avant-Garde'. Adm by prior registration only. Ring Co-op for details.
Wed. 10th 6.45 'Narrative & The Avant-Garde' (1): One of two shows, programmed by Penny Webb, designed to complement the Co-Op's seminar on 20th May. Includes Noel Burch's NOVICIAT, Phil Mulloy's A HISTORY AND A CITY, Kennedy and Burton's BIRDMAN, and Bruce's VISIT.
8.30 Stuart Pound will show his latest film, AMPERSAND, which explores the questions of narrative and acting.
Tues. 16th 7.30 Open Screening. All welcome; this session will include films from Birmingham Film Co-op.
Wed. 17th 6.45 Taka Iimura, from New York, will present a special double programme: this first show will focus on Iimura's early work and will include LOVE (1962), IRO (1963) and FACE (1969).
8.30 Iimura's second show will present recent work, including ONE FRAME DURATION (1977) and MA (INTERVALS) (1977).
Sat. 20th Seminar on 'The Avant-Garde and Narrative'. Adm by prior registration only. Ring S.E.F.T. (co-sponsors) for details (734 5455)
Wed. 24th 6.45 'Narrative & The Avant-Garde' (2): Includes WOMEN OF THE RHONDA by the London Women's Film Group, TRAPLINE by Ellie Epp, and SUMMER DIARY by John Smith.
8.30 One of England's most active independent film groups, East Midlands Film, will present a programme of recent work, including films by Frank Abbott, Jeff Baggott, Mike Browett, Chris Connolly, Andrew Dunlop, Laurie Hayward and Don Mason.
Tues. 30th 7.30 Open Screening, featuring the films made in Jenny Okun's GLAA- sponsored film-making course.
Wed. 31st 6.45 A programme of Kurt Kren's films, commencing with MATERIAL-AKTION MUEHL (12/66) and showing his complete work up to ASYL (31/75). Apart from intrinsic historical interest, this show has been selected by Ian Kerr as counterpoint to his own programme.
8.30 New films by Ian Kerr and Susan Stein, the Co-op's own dynamic duo.

LONDON MUSICIAN'S COLLECTIVE

42 GLOUCESTER AVENUE NW1

Membership £1, Admission 90p, (day membership available)

Fri. 5th 8.00 Four Pullovers
Sat. 6th 8.00 BRETT HORNBY / PHIL DURANT
Sun. 7th 2.00 LMC Monthly Open Meeting.
Fri. 12th & Sat. 13th 8.00 11th INTERNATIONAL SOUND POETRY FESTIVAL
Sun. 14th 8.00 MATTOS/MATTOS/BUTTERFIELD/RANSECROFT QUARTET
Fri. 19th & Sat. 20th 8.00 ROY ASHBURY (percussion), RICHARD BESWICK (oboe/guitar), PHILIPP WACHSMANN (violin), TONY WREN (bass/piano). further information from Tony Wren 249-7543, 432-3449.
Sun. 21st 8.00 KEITH ROWE / MIKE COOPER guitar duo. + CYNDERSON / MARTIN MAYS sax & french horn duo.
Fri. 26th 8.00 JOHN RUSSELL / DAVID SOCOMON DUO.
Sat. 27th IAN HINCHCLIFFE - All day performance.
Sun. 28th 8.00 JOHN RUSSELL / ROGER SMITH DUO.

BRIGHTON

EXTENDED FESTIVAL OF CONTEMPORARY ARTS
Information: Kieffer/Ely/Cupidi, Public House Bookshop, 21 little Preston Street, Brighton. Tel. (0273) 28357

May 8th - June 15th

MUSIC		POETRY & LECTURES	
John Stevens	Paul Rutherford	Carlyle Reedy	Lee Harwood
Nigel Coombes	Barry Guy	Bob Cobbing	Harry Guest
Cousin Joe	Pete Cusack	Bill Griffiths	John Kieffer
Max Eastley	David Toop	Tony Montague	Iain Sinclair
Hugh Davis	Terry Day	Stefan Themerson	Tony Lopez
Evan Parker	Garry Todd	Paul Evans	Roger Ely
Dave Roberts	Steve Beresford	Peter Lemuserier	Allen Fisher
Roger Turner		Eric Mottram	Richard Cupidi

EXHIBITIONS
Annabel Nicolson
Dawn Watson
Chris Schwarz
Charles Zuber
David Toop
John Upton

Indian Banquet
Book Fair

PERFORMANCE ART IN BELGIUM

Roger D'Hondt, the Belgian art critic, is organising an exhibition of body and performance art in Brussels this year from 1-15 October. It will take place at the Cultureel Animatiecentrum Beursschouwburg, and covers live performance, video, film and slide projection, installation and documentation. The aim is to present a complete survey and a comp - -rehensive catalogue will be published.

Roger D'Hondt would like to receive information and proposals from artists institutions, galleries, publishers and any other interested sources. All communications should be addressed to :- Roger D'Hondt
Peter Benoitstraat 1
9300 Aalst/Belgium
Tel. 053/77 94 03

Acme event sheet from 1978 supplied by Dr Arantxa Echarte, Acme's senior research and development officer

Obituaries

Robyn Denny 1930-2014

Robyn Denny died in May this year. He was part of a generation of painters that included Bridget Riley, Howard Hodgkin and David Hockney in the late 1950s and 1960s. Denny's style of hard-edged 'urban-inspired' abstract paintings chimed with the burgeoning London art and music scenes, achieving notable successes early in his career: a Tate retrospective in 1956 (the youngest artist to be granted one at that time), representing Britain ten years later at the Venice Biennale and holding exhibitions at Waddington, Tooth and Kasmin galleries in London as well as internationally. In these pages in 1978 (AM20), Denny responded to a question posed by Peter Fuller, 'what is missing in British art?', with this clarion call: 'high grade critical writing, with all those attributes that critical responsibility and weight that entails – eye, nerve, leap of insight, the singular view.' Denny's words can still be applied today. **CM** [*AM*378 Jul-Aug 2014]

Christine Kozlov 1945-2005

Christine Kozlov died of cancer on July 13, aged 59. During the last few weeks of her life she could be seen on video and film at the Lisson Gallery singing songs by Art & Language and the band Red Krayola. In one song from 1976 titled 'Plekhanov', in which she was accompanied by Mayo Thompson on the guitar, she sings 'Nobody's crazy enough, locally'. In her work, as in her life, Kozlov often revealed a mischievous, ironic take on the art and artistic ambitions of those around her, especially those of her contemporaries in the Conceptual Art movement. As Mel Ramsden has commented: 'What Christine sought in her work was not a career and the servicing of that career. She did not seek to professionalise Conceptual Art. Instead, she realised its everyday inquisitive character. That was Christine's style.'

Kozlov's characteristic modesty notwithstanding, her own practice made a significant contribution to Conceptual Art, comparable to that of Hannah Darboven or Mel Bochner in its concern with language, numerical systems and seriality. In one of her earliest works, *Sound Structures*, 1965, she sought to visualise sound patterns using numbers to indicate different sounds; sheets of numbers were Xeroxed in negative, producing white notations which stand out against a dark black background. Other works from the late 60s reveal her ongoing interests in pared-down objects, negation and the emptying out of traditional representational content. For example, *271 Blank Sheets of Paper Corresponding to 271 Days of Concepts Rejected*, 1968, consists of a one-inch pile of white typing paper, with the top page announcing only the work's title.

The representational legacy of painting was also the object of Kozlov's mischievous interrogation. In her *A Mostly Painting (Red)*, also from 1968, she explored the contradictions between verbal and visual meanings by hand-lettering the title in white on a small grey canvas measuring 9x12 inches. And in her *Self Portraits*, 1968-69, she used a series of bland, expressionless photo-booth portraits of herself, mounted in a ring-binder file, to pastiche the historical genre of the artist's self portrait, with all its hackneyed associations of the (male) artist as creative genius. Such humorous but purposeful strategies were pursued throughout her later work; in the early 80s it was her ambition to collage all of the missing women onto Art & Language's 'Studio Paintings'. [*AM*290 October 2005] **Gill Perry**

Bricks Afterword

Some readers of *Art Monthly* will already have been aware that, in the first issue of the magazine published in October 1976, Carl Andre contributed an Artist's Page, *The bricks abstract: a compilation*, 1976, comprising a linear grid – what else – in which he arranged a choice selection of negative comments culled from UK newspapers of Tate's acquisition (in 1972) of *Equivalent VIII*, 1966 (See '*AM* Rules, OK?' p3) then on show at Tate. It was a pleasant surprise, therefore, when Missing Issue contributors Sarah Kent and Michael Archer both chose to address Andre's work (p25).

Serendipitously, during the process of compiling the material for the Missing Issue, *AM* was sent a press release, on behalf of Collezione Maramotti in Reggio Emilia, about 'It Starts with the Firing', a planned show and artist's book by Elisabetta Benasi that engages specifically with the controversy surrounding 'The Bricks in the Tate', drawing inspiration, according to the book's preface, from Tate's archive which includes the original cuttings which Andre donated and Benasi consulted.

Coincidentally, *AM*'s archive is also housed at Tate, which also owns a set of 12 prints specially commissioned to celebrate *AM*'s 30th anniversary in 2006, including one of *The bricks abstract*. Naturally *AM* contacted the PR agency, sending them a PDF of the relevant page from *AM* No1, with a view to perhaps inviting the artist to contribute. However, the conversation did not progress because, while acknowledging the connection in the friendliest possible manner, the agency was more interested in a possible review or interview. And why not? This is 2017 not 1978.

ART monthly

April 1978/2017

Contents

Late Items

Wilding Report

Crafts Council Incensed at Wilding Report's suggested merger with Arts Council. Consultation was apparently minimal, arguments specious, projected savings minimal and CC fears that merger would mean progressive erosion of services. Organised meetings of craft shops & galleries, craft guilds & craftworkers through Nov to provide missing consultation and convince Minister of need for independent status. [*AM*132 Dec-Jan 1989-90]

The Missing Culture – Report

The 'Women in the Arts and Media' conference (at Hammersmith Town Hall on June 19) was the culmination of nationwide discussions organised by Mark Fisher, Shadow Minister for the Arts, on Labour's paper *The Missing Culture*. It details institutionalised forms of discrimination against women in the arts and media. It puts forward the argument, stated by Jo Richardson at the conference, that women are not only after a bigger slice of the cake, but also want to change the recipe. Thus the need for equal opportunities policies is acknowledged alongside the need for a shift in the cultural values which marginalise women's activity. The paper also offers support to the many existing professional women's organisations.

The institutional emphasis of the paper was reflected in the identity of those invited to speak. Luke Rittner (ACGB) and John Birt (BBC) were put on the spot by both the panel and the audience for doing so little for women. Rittner's inability to address the issue seriously reflected the ACGB's apathy. Christina Driver (SETA) pointed out that the BBC's present initiatives will take 30 years before equal employment is achieved.

In contrast numerous women speakers outlined their commitment to promoting and researching work by women, from WASL to Virago, the Women's Playhouse Trust, Equity's women's committee, women in the media, films, theatres, dance and drama groups, education, libraries, unions, community arts and local government. Yet although the conference brought together such a large and expert audience Mark Fisher's programme obstructed any adequate debate.

The passion with which he has taken up this issue is laudable, but the notable absence at this conference of men in the arts and media is simply indicative of the real problem: the indifference or hostility of men in power. Jo Richardson's presence, as Chair and potential Minister for Women, indicated Labour's acknowledgement that the problems women face as producers and consumers of culture are interlinked with poverty; exploitation at work and home; the abuse of their sexuality; racism and disability. More than political goodwill or this inadequate document is needed. The Sex Discrimination act needs political, legal and economic teeth. Institutions need to turn equal opportunities from paper policies into practical, planned, budgeted and monitored positive action, to acknowledge different patterns of working and career structures, and involve women fully in decision-making. [*AM*118 Jul-Aug 1988]

Katy Deepwell

Corrections

Owing to a printing error one line of text was missing from the bottom line of the middle column of last month's Editorial (*AM*297 p13) – the missing line was: 'and was in no position to promote the arts, let'. [*AM*298 Jul-Aug 2006]

The April 1978 issue of *Art Monthly* was missing. Apologies, Eds.