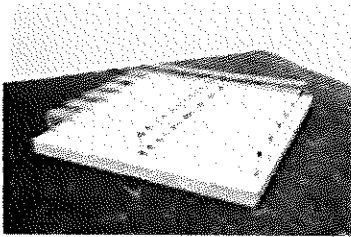


KAVIN BUCK

October 4 - November 29, 2008 at [LA Contemporary](#), Culver City

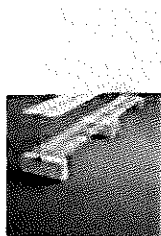
by Roberta Carasso



"Pallet: Glass", 2001-2008, glass, chrome plated hardware, 42" x 45" x 5".



"Alert: Orange/Ocher/White", 2005-2008, latex paint on canvas, 60" x 48".



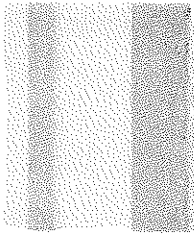
"I/H beam: Glass", 2008, tempered glass, chrome plated brackets, 96" x 12.5" x 15", Edition of 3.

Whether working in a two or three-dimensional mode, Kavin Buck's art seems deliberately symmetrical, and vertical or horizontal in shape and form. In this exhibition, representing six years of work, there is an intentional straightness requiring exact measurements and extreme labor intensity. His sculptures, in particular, exude functionality, something akin to miniature architectural renderings of Los Angeles high-rises, three-dimensional long shafts of aluminum and glass placed at precise right angles. Most of Buck's painting, but not all, are ribbon stripes of tight colors--a pale orange stripe next to a white stripe repeated several times, and then the same color pattern spaced further apart and again repeated. Or, he might use a pale blue against white, at times darkening an intermediary stripe to give further definition.

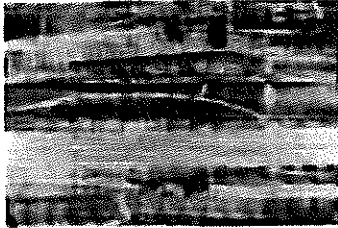
Entitled "Dusted," the flat latex paint and chalk surface on canvas give the appearance of precision, deliberately measured and mathematical. Unlike the sculptures, and distinct from other paintings is "Compression." In tones of black, brown, and silver, a small horizontal striped area is invaded by freely applied strokes of similar tones. Although it is still ribbon-like, the surrounding area is more like spools of ribbons randomly spilled over the canvas --the juxtaposition of a free against a controlled application of paint. Taken as a whole, but not in every case, Buck's canvasses appear to be of paint meticulously applied to the flat surface, while his sculptures are built with precision tools, replete with right-angled configurations made from contrasting clear and opaque materials in an architectural manner.

Buck, who grew up in a blue collar milieu in Orange County, is a white, straight, forty-something male, husband and father. He bemoans that he was never and still is not part of any social revolution. To overcome this rather ironic image of himself as an outsider, his art involves male identity, particularly referencing a blue collar construction type of masculinity.

To convey this, Buck ensures that everything is



"Dusted: Lt blue/Dk Blue/Yellow",
2001-2008, latex paint and
chalk on canvas, 84" x 72".



"Compression: Black/Brown/Silver",
2005-2008, latex paint and
enamel on canvas, 64" x 96".

carefully hand made; nothing is manufactured, even though initially, the work seems as if it could have come from an assembly line turning out home gadgetry and rolls of wall paper. To make certain that everything has a hardware store character, he applies paint with rollers using only high-end paint such as Ralph Lauren colors and purchases only industrial objects and materials.

Putting a twist on the *trompe l'oeil* tradition, Buck turns stereotype on its head. His query into masculinity is extremely sophisticated, even jewel-like with sparkling glass and shiny aluminum. Handsome shipping palettes and I/H beams originally used in skyscraper construction, transformed from the practical to the impractical, from the decidedly male to the artistic, yet avoiding anything that might appear to be pedantic, in contrast to the feminine. The sculptures look incredibly heavy and yet are structurally fragile. The shipping palettes and I/H beams, if used in their original form would break immediately. Similarly, the paintings appear controlled but are not. Looking more closely, nothing is precise. They have an off-beat rhythm, the results of a human hand pushing a paint roller. The idea of control is further dispelled as Buck uses an industrial measurement technique with construction chalk. He snaps the line and achieves a dust pattern which cannot be easily controlled, further shattering another myth: what may appear real is an illusion.

Buck does not create the obvious, but rather deals with ambiguities and conflicts as he conveys metaphorically the contemporary male in a most telling way--the Home Depot male seen through new eyes. Besides combining strength and vulnerability, the exhibition makes a powerful point that today's male is clever, intelligent and highly sensitive. Above all, he cannot be placed in a stereotypical role. Despite his not being part of the feminine, multicultural, or gay and lesbian revolution, the exhibition implies that ultimately art's quality depends on the individual artist's perceptions and skill in bringing to fruition a profound and original idea. Certainly, Buck's art proves this.

Mat Gleason

Art Critic from Coagula Art Journal

Posted: November 15, 2010 05:40 PM

Beyond Downtown: Do Los Angeles Artwalks Take It to the Streets?

A TALE OF THREE ARTWALKS

The organized neighborhood "Artwalk" has become the most common way to see art and meet artists in Los Angeles. These were once confined to high-rent Venice and codified locales such as the Brewery and Santa Fe art colonies. But now Southern California enjoys many corrallings of artist studios in one neighborhood onto a map and open for a weekend afternoon.



In their Inglewood studio, artists Kyungmi Shin and Todd Gray pose with one of Shin's collages.

Over thirty artists in Inglewood took part in the Inglewood Open Studios last weekend. Now in its fourth year, the city of Inglewood and mayor Daniel Tabor are refreshingly cooperative in this endeavor. Two comfortable city-supplied shuttle busses made a continuous loop to the front door of every studio in the roughly two square miles of lofts, storefronts and apartments that are home to working artists. With big names like Todd Gray and Kavin Buck standing out, the sense of community that is forming was evident in two developments. First, the Beacon Arts Building on La Brea, the center of this burgeoning scene, hosted a group show open to the participating artists (*Full Disclosure: I became aware of B.A.B. earlier this year when they approached me to curate a show for them in 2011, which may happen*). Secondly, in a gesture indicative of the true spirit of community, this artwalk was dedicated to the late Dustin Shuler, legendary for his monumental sculpture (*in 1983 he nailed an airplane, yes an airplane, onto the American Hotel and nearly above the then-entrance to Al's Bar*). Shuler's longtime studio in Inglewood epitomized the "wild west"

aesthetic and attitude that sets apart the Inglewood art scene from the more established enclaves increasingly dotting the basin.



The Food Truck-free Brewery Artwalk manages just fine without all the attendant hype that detracts from the art.

A few years ago I was president of the non-profit group that sponsored the Brewery Artwalk at the Brewery studios in Lincoln Heights. In meeting after monthly meeting we made sure to keep our focus of the event on one thing: the opportunity for artists to sell their art at studio prices. We regularly vetoed any plans for participants to feature bands in their lofts or sponsor name deejays to create a party atmosphere. We actively counterprogrammed the event to be on the same weekend as Coachella so as to diminish the presence of the party crowd and cultivate an atmosphere amenable to art buying. When we sent out a missive explaining restrictions on what participants could and could not do, I got called the other "N" word: the Artwalk Nazi. But not one artist handing out free beers in their lofts volunteered to have his or her name on the insurance rider for the event. It was a lesson in leadership: One had to suffer some slings and arrows along the way. One finds out that the most vocal critics were of course the folks who would never dream of lifting a finger to help make the event happen anyway.

Fast forward a few years and the chaos that is the monthly Downtown Artwalk almost caused the event to implode a few months ago. A fractious board of directors is disunited and local property owners have basically gelded any independent body from control by paying the city of Los Angeles a quarter million dollars to police and clean-up the event. Asking any of the players how this slow-motion car wreck occurred is unleashing a battle between the cackles and the recriminations. Some "Gallery Row" art galleries on the Downtown Artwalk are pulling out and forming their own event on a different day each month, insisting they are above the devolved "Party Walk". A few years ago, in the search for warm bodies to see their wares, these galleries did not stand up to the street musicians, flea market booth renters and food trucks hungry to parasite off the glamour that the word "art" brings to the critical mass that constitutes a "walk". Visual art thrives amidst the validation of a contemplative crowd. The cacophony of street vendors and amplified sidewalk amateurs attracts the gawkers and college kids that comprise the Coachella set. Once that genie was out of the bottle, the art evaporated from the Downtown Artwalk. Whatever becomes of this TOO-popular event amidst the current turmoil, the tackiness has long since poisoned the well; there will likely never be the art buyers like the Brewery Artwalk is built to attract nor will there be a cooperative relationship between the artists and the city that fosters the spirit of community as in Inglewood. The Artwalk is dead, long live the Artwalk.

August 8, 2001

Clean: A Group Exhibition

Stripped-down art bares itself.

The exhibit's artists have created "pure" works that contribute to its "clean" theme. Kevin Buck uses objects such as rubber and glass in his paintings and sculpture, which investigate the true meaning of masculinity. A self-portrait by Wendy Furman examines her use of colored pencils, a passion that "obligates her to pare down drawing to its essential components." Sharan Gillespie contributes delicate wall hangings that are evocative of traditions passed down by a matriarchal system. Watercolors by Beth Shanks deconstruct the worlds of entertainment, information and technology. Don Suggs applies acrylic paint to his black and white photographs, thereby upsetting the "artificial nature" of the photos' subject matter. And Paige Williams eliminates the unnecessary with her wood-panel paintings.

-- Eliza Bergman Krause

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LOS ANGELES TIMES

THURSDAY, JULY 7, 1994

'Ruins': An Obsession-Filled Look at Past

ART REVIEWS

By SUSAN KANDEL
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

Artist and critic Kevin Buck has curated a group show at Ruth Bachofner Gallery around one of those impressive-sounding, but ultimately amorphous themes. "Second Nature: Ruins" purports to concern itself with minor elements, overlooked details and secondary forms. This part sounds promising.

The tag line, "Ruins," is supposed to clue us in to the fact that the nine artists in the show pick through images, objects and information "that have a predetermined past, be it social, political or historical." This part sounds less promising, since there's no way around the fact that every image, object and piece of information has a past.

Once you start moving through the show, the fuzziness of the premise fades in significance, for most of the work is quite interesting. Personal obsessions weigh in heavily here. Julie Becker is fascinated with "Eloise," the pint-sized heroine of a series of children's books. Becker displays two letters ostensibly penned by her junior alter ego, as if they were holy relics or psychoanalytic symptoms.

Dennis Balk is driven by the need to dissect the order of the cosmos—thus, the 19 linen napkins pinned to the wall, each covered with elaborate flow charts and abstruse notations linking developments in empirical psychology to Newtonian analytic methods to ancient mythology to explorations of alternate sources of fuel. Mara Lonner is enslaved by an urge to embellish. She takes ordinary shopping bags and cuts intricate patterns and designs in them; here, the untrammelled desire for beauty results in complete dysfunction.

Dysfunction is certainly an issue for several artists in the show. Christopher Dolan's remarkable video stalks a three-legged cat as the cat himself stalks his imperceptible prey. Peter Santino is more interested in downright failure. Famed for his intricate, tinted sand drawings, he shows here a series of small balls—one covered in gold leaf, another encrusted with pasta and a third made of solid lead.

Affixed to the wall at eye level, the balls suggest stifled ambitions, impacted ideas, smothered hopes and imporous flesh. They are compelling in their poignancy and serve as a wry corrective to unnecessarily overblown curatorial agendas, such as the one in which they are currently entangled.

■ Ruth Bachofner Gallery, 2046 Broadway, Santa Monica, (310) 829-3300, through July 30. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

L.A.'s Chinatown a Magnet for New Galleries

Materials, a group made up of museum staff members and officials. The committee, which so far has been primarily concerned with the repatriation and conservation of Indian artifacts, will now review the issues surrounding the new controversy. The committee will eventually present a determination to Wilson, who will consider their position before making his final recommendation to the board of regents. As we go to press, the issue is still in the hands of the committee and any decision regarding the work (which remains on view with extra guards and warning labels) is likely to take weeks. The show runs through February 2002.

—Sarah S. King

Damaged Reinhardt to Serve as Guinea Pig

In the early 1960s, Ad Reinhardt set out to make the "last paintings." Eliminating image and gesture, he produced a series of 5-foot-square works in subtly differentiated shades of black. One of these canvases, *Black Painting* (1960-66), recently became the focus of a conservation effort aimed at developing new restoration and preservation methods specifically for minimalist and monochromatic paintings—a notoriously fragile and problematic category of works.

An unusual project with potentially wide-ranging applications, the endeavor is a collaboration of the Guggenheim Museum, the Museum of Modern Art and the art insurance company AXA Nordstern. Those involved recently discussed the plan at a press conference at the Guggenheim Museum in New York. The project is the brainchild of Dietrich von Frank, CEO of AXA, whose client, a private collector, had loaned the Reinhardt for an exhibition in the mid-1990s. During handling, something fell onto the canvas, resulting in several scratches and a number of deformations of the delicate surface. Several attempts at restoration failed, and the work was deemed a total loss. (Experts say a pristine painting of its kind could bring more than \$2 million at auction.) According to AXA spokesperson Christiane Fischer, the company acquired the painting for an undisclosed sum based on the agreed-value policy it had maintained with the owner. While the effectively "dead" canvas languished in storage, questions were raised about the insurability of modern and contemporary works that

Los Angeles's Chinatown, located just north of the city center, has become a surprising new hotspot for emerging galleries. Five quirky storefront spaces are sprinkled among the antique and souvenir shops on Chung King Road—a funky, plastic-lantern-bedecked walkway running behind and to the west of Hill Street. With three other new galleries in the vicinity and several more in the works, this grassroots activity marks an unexpected rekindling of the downtown arts scene.

Attracted by Chung King Road's low rents and picturesque setting, a group of artists including Roger Herman and Hubert Schmalix opened Black Dragon Society in 1998 as a low-rent, free-form venue for showing art. Open erratically (usually only on Saturday afternoons), the space—whose name and signage were inherited from the previous occupants—showcases work by the collective and their friends and students. In April, for example, the gallery featured "White Snake," an oddball group show by recent Cal Arts graduates.

The other Chinatown venues have more commercial intentions. China Art Objects, a space designed by artist Pae White, is in its second season of fulltime operation. Receiving much attention from out-of-towners eager for fresh L.A. product, the ambitious gallery has focused on fledgling local art school grads such as Jon Pylpchuk, Jennifer Moon and Ruby Neri. Under the intrepid direction of sculptor Inmo Yoon, INMO Gallery has featured group shows including more experienced, underrated artists such as Nancy Evans, Merion Estes, Gordon Haines and Steve DeGroot, as well as a show of drawings and models for projects by architect Eric Owen Moss. This spring INMO presented a fascinating exhibition of miniatures and drawings by architect Greg Lynn, including sensuous, futuristic models made of resin, composite board, urethane and aluminum, designed as studies for projects that include a collaborative installation with the painter Fabian Marcaccio.

Open since May 2000, Goldman Tevis has featured exhibitions devoted to more established figures from L.A. and abroad, such as the inaugural show of drawings and video by Andrea Bowers and a recent group show of works

by Beat Streuli, Jean-Marc Bustamante and Tom Baldwin. Diannepruess Gallery has started off with quirkier programming, exemplified by a spring show commenting on the area's gentrification that featured the entire remaining inventory of The Happy Lion, a Chung King Road souvenir store that was displaced to make room for a forthcoming commercial space. Only a block away, just east of Hill Street, Acuna-Hansen Gallery earlier this year featured the exquisite drawings of Kelly McLane and inventive hard-edged paintings by newcomers Bart Esposito and Jamey Garza.

The Chinatown buzz has encouraged gallery activity in neighboring downtown areas. Recently opened on Broadway about a mile north of Chinatown, Gallery 2211 occupies a handsome space designed by architect Joseph Giovannini. Two opening group shows curated by gallery director Michael Solway featured works by Alan Rath, Patrick Nickell, Jim Campbell and Alex Grey. On the other side of downtown, just east of MOCA, Armstrong Schoenheit Gallery has opened in a converted loft space with an inaugural show of sand paintings by L.A. artist Laura Howe, which was followed by an exhibition of paintings and drawings by newcomers Kevin Buck and Melanie Manos.

Meanwhile, stalwarts Post Gallery and Cirrus Gallery provide a welcome sense of stability to a revived downtown scene that is still very much in flux. While the strong market for emerging L.A. talent continues, the new Chinatown galleries will thrive—despite the inevitable social and economic problems arising from the area's gentrification. But how long can Chung King Road be kept Starbucks-free?

—Michael Duncan



View of Chung King Road with Diannepruess Gallery at right.

are made from unorthodox and sometimes ephemeral materials. While Reinhardt used conventional oil paints from a tube, he diluted the pigment with lots of turpentine; dozens of thin paint layers lent the surface a velvety, suedelike texture, that has, so far, been impossible to replicate.

The incident underscored the need to update and upgrade art conservation measures in general. AXA decided to donate the work to the Guggenheim Museum Study Collection as a laboratory specimen for research. There were no expectations of a successful restoration attached to the gift. The company also contributed \$300,000 toward a new, two-year conservation program. Paired with Guggenheim senior conservator Carol Stringari, Ellen Pratt, formerly a conservation specialist at the Metropolitan Museum and MOMA, was selected to work exclusively on the Rein-

hardt painting. Rounding out the Reinhardt team are MOMA conservation scientist Chris McGlinchey, and James Coddington, MOMA's expert in infrared examination of art works.

Displaying the painting at the conference, von Frank and members of the Reinhardt group pointed out the damage and discussed renovation approaches. They have divided the study into two phases, the first of which will be a thorough analysis of the surface using infrared and other techniques. The second phase entails experimental treatment of the painting, including such curious-sounding applications as laser ablation, an atmospheric atomic oxygen beam and enzymatic digestion. After the project's two-year term, results of the experiments will be published, along with news about the Reinhardt's fate. More information about the program can be found on AXA's

Web site (www.axa-artinsurance.com).

The AXA venture coincides with a number of new conservation initiatives at U.S. institutions. The Conservation Center at New York University's Institute of Fine Arts recently announced nearly \$2 million in conservation grants; several of these will go to train art conservators. Meanwhile, Harvard University Art Museums has established a Center for the Technical Study of Modern Art in cooperation with the Whitney Museum's new conservation department. Carol Mancusi-Ungaro has been named conservation director at both institutions. Formerly of the Menil Collection, Mancusi-Ungaro was responsible for the recent restoration of the paintings of the Rothko Chapel. The Whitney's new conservation endeavor was initiated with a \$5-million grant from museum trustee Robert W. Wilson.

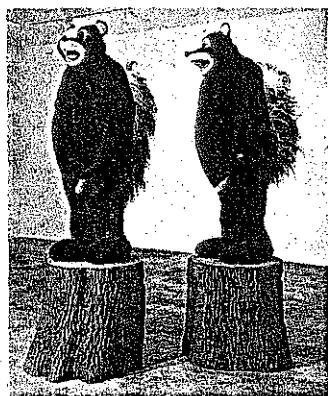
—David Ebony

PAPER MAGAZINE; JUNE 1990
"from exhibition picks of the month"
by Julia Reschop

Labor as Cultural Artifact Labor doesn't always have to be linked to the idea of production; it is just as much a part of leisure time, and its tools can function as relics. Nine artists, including the curator Kevin Buck, investigate this idea. In this context, the tag of a worker's shirt or 26 circular handsaws imply various issues and concerns. On another level, one can listen to the sound of volunteered labor performed by hundreds hammering out bits and pieces of the Berlin Wall. **Gust Vasilades, 270 Lafayette St., through June 22.**

Panorama NYC

Summer group shows offer more than the usual leftovers and tedious accrochages

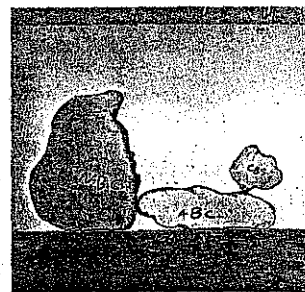


PAUL MCCARTHY, TWIN SKUNKS, 1992. FIBERGLASS, CLOTH, FAKE FUR, STEEL, FOAM. STUMPS: 30 X 240". SKUNKS: 6 1/2".

Group shows have never been so prevalent in New York as the early end of this shattered season. Instead of being bored with "gallery artists" shows, many dealers offered viewers more thought-provoking exhibitions, giving a blurred but appealing perspective of their intentions for the next season. While most uptown galleries followed the tradition of ending the season with leftovers, Jack Tilton's director Janine Cirincione curated "Through the Looking Glass," an exhibition on virtual reality honored by the front page of the *New York Times* "Arts & Leisure" section. The title of Charles Hagen's article questioned whether "Virtual Reality is Art" yet. The show was well masterminded, but the new technology could sink into quick sands for any artist going through the typical end of millenium identity crisis. It wouldn't harm to be reminded of holography, whose museum just closed a few months ago for lack of everything, and which was one of the most depressing sites in SoHo. Instead Andrea Rosen kept her mind focused on real reality and organized a show of stills from artists' videos and films. The selection could have been more developed, but the exhibition had an

attractive edge that worked, mostly for *Bow Brides I*, two big color images from Paul McCarthy's *Sailor Meat* performance, or for David Kellerman's *Elvis*, three photos from a computer screen where the singer's myth is evoked through the oddly emotional dryness of PC language. Paul McCarthy is also the focus of Luhring Augustine's three-person show with a sculpture of two huge cartoonish skunks with fleshy human penises. The more one looks at McCarthy's work the more Mike Kelley turns into an egg rather than the hen everybody thinks he is. But those skunks are particularly effective also because they are opposite Arnulf Rainer's 1979 "Monkey's Abstraction" on paper, an ingenious series with the same "nothing to lose" feeling of

lace, Charles Ray. Of particular note was the work by Robert Williams, whose canvases brilliantly refuse to be dismissed with their revolting all paint-structure; and two new wall drawings by Jessica Diamond, *Cable Knot (with Yanked-Out Cord)* and *Network Turds*, both a long way from the doldrums of the money series, and off in a new, more compelling direction. Rubenstein/Diacono asked eight painters where painting is going (or staying). Only three of them seem to have a believable answer, Richmond Burton, Victor Matthews, and Donald Powley; the question should probably be repeated to the others. Stephanie Theodore concluded her first, successful season with four young artists, Gavin Brown, Kevin Buck, Kevin



JESSICA DIAMOND, NETWORK TURDS, 1991/92. FLASHE, ACRYLIC, LATEX PAINT.

less all part of the new frontline of New York's under-and above-ground art scene. New gallery Wooster Gardens keeps patrolling the art landscape with formidable group shows. The last one, "Les Enfants Terribles," is getting closer and closer to a precise target. In the smaller gallery a group of slashed and then sewn, "silk canvases" by David Carrino are titled "Gift from Nepal." In each work the stitches produce a word which, together with the gold reflections of the fabric, mesmerize the viewer and share with him the magic of a lost memory. Charles Garabedian at Louver Gallery studied the *Iliad* through a post-Chia series of paintings. But we still prefer the real thing, meaning Homer, not Chia. Josh Baer has branched out into a new group of young artists but, as the title of Janet Biggs's work *One in Every Fourteen* seems to suggest, to increase your chances the number of artists has to be increased. Arena too is closing the season with successful results both in terms of sales and of good shows. The last one, their first three-person exhibition, presented James Hyde, Jody Lomborg, and Fabian Marcaccio whose canvases have been seen more and more frequently in respectable group shows around the city. "Morality Cafe" is the latest curatorial effort by Kenny Schachter. The show at Postmasters gallery is focused "on



LORCA DI CORCIA, COLE, 1988. CIBAPRINT, 18 X 23". COURTESY WOOSTER GARDENS, NEW YORK.

the Californian artist. The vandalized Donald Duck or Mickey Mouse by Joyce Pensato complete the show, even if they lack something undefinable. At Tony Shafrazi, artists Steve Di Benedetto and Michael Scott organized "The Other Side," a group show which addresses the awkward feeling of being somewhere you shouldn't be. The exhibition presented, along with the two organizers, Steve Wolfe, Diana Balton, John Miller, Joan Wal-

Landers, and Jackie McAllister. The Lego piece by the only one with a slightly different first name, Jackie, is called *San Siro* (the name of the Milan stadium) and is a beautiful but untranslatable piece—unless you have lived in Milan for about twenty years and, of course, you love soccer. The show at 303 Gallery, "Writings on the Wall," gave that disconcerting feeling similar to when you've left the door open the entire night. The 17 artists that broke in are more or

curated by Kathleen Cullen, Russet Lederman, Robert Mahoney, and Yvonne Murannshi, a series of tableaux structured within the serpentine chambers of a temporary raw space that illustrate the demise of the entrepreneurial fervor of the 80's and an adjacent Museum Gift Store. I have a "crystal goblet" sensibility toward curatorial efforts. By this I mean that it is, ideally, through the choice of work and its presentation that the curatorial subject is revealed. It is then that the curator most approaches and reflects the role of an artist—the show functioning as an ephemeral art object in which meaning is found in the effect of the joining of intentions.

Something Old, Something New, Something Borrowed, Something Blue is structured into four groups of work that pertain to the part of the title to which they are appropriate. Many of the works are by underknown artists or by people who are not artists by profession. *Something Old* includes work by Robert Filippini, John Donohue, Kevin Carter, David Shaw, and Robert Lark, each of whom uses found materials or forms. Notable is Donohue's curtained medley of metal springs, machine parts, and rhinestone jewelry, Shaw's immaculately constructed and painted stack of ladders, and Lark's beautiful altar to the sacred mundane—a soiled cardboard box housing a single figurine of a sitting tiger, entitled *Garden*. *Something New* features work by Craig Kalpacjian, Steven Salzman, Scott Hill, and Daryl Graff. Where Kalpacjian treats us to a standing version of his bulletproof monuments to capitalist mistrust borne of an endemic spiritual vacuity, Hill surfaces with a monument to emptiness of another sort. A stack of brown cardboard boxes held together with clear plastic wrap at first looks like a lost delivery. Upon closer inspection one is surprised by its sheer weightlessness and precariousness—Hill seems to be saying that the package is here, it's yours, and it's empty. Graff's work counteracts Hill's in its optimistic glorification of the refused. A mirrored disco ball, crushed and split, is painted gray and rotates slowly—no longer the spinner of maniac shards and light effects, its reflectivity, internalized, is imbued with the feeling of a higher state of being, once of this world, but now both above and within it. The *Borrowed* section of the show focuses upon work made of actual objects that have been rearranged—by Catherine Owens, Joseph Beuys, and Gary Bachman. Owens laminates V.I.P. backstage passes to a Michael Jackson concert and hangs them from metal chains in a flat, suspended circle reminiscent of Annette Messager's photographic assemblages. Gary Bachman mimics the Duchampian wheel of fortune, but adds a mileage gauge that both records distance and subtracts it. Like a sort of instrument of metered art criticism, Bachman asks both the question "How much mileage can be eked out of Duchamp?" and "Is Duchamp really understood by any culture that

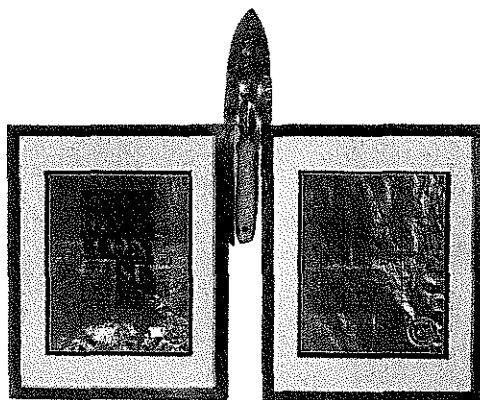
approaches art in terms of hierarchical measurements?" Beuys is Beuys. *Blue* contains the most interesting piece of the entire show. Dan Devine makes a plaster-cast sculpture out of refuse, and shows both the piece and its definitive components. The pile of objects are signed and sold separately—the plaster cast remains anonymous and free. This piece reflects the singular quality of value that escapes attention elsewhere in the show—that all valuation is a malleable and voluntarily determined form. Christian Perez shows a "designer" collection of throwaways, orange hosing circling a repainted table whose blue glass top sandwiches an unused condom. *House of Value*, next door, is structured after a wax museum, with each room representing a tableau depicting a specific stage of the Fall of the Eighties. Though cleverly situated within the almost spook-house architecture, the show falls short, though I can't say short of what. In true it's-the-first-impression-that-counts '80s style, here are the first five works that I can remember off the top of my head—Laurel Katz's seasick board-room salt table, Peter Boynton's Day-Glo-pink plastic cushion covers for a set of birch-tree Adirondack furniture, Rick Franklin's match-stick gymnastics, Kirsten Mosher's water-balloon grenades, and Aki Fujiyoshi's cardboard light rearrangement. Nevertheless, the show is spirited and lively, and within its cloak of bravura come jewels that may never have surfaced otherwise.

The issue of artwork being used to illustrate an imposed curatorial premise is raised again in two shows—*Something Old, Something New, Something Borrowed, Something Blue* (Dooley Le Cappelaine, November 8–30) and *House of Value* (252 Lafayette Street, same dates), collaboratively



House of Value, Installation view, 1991.

Kavin Buck's
Desire Domesticated, 1990.



Contemporary Art

In contemporary art, the watchword is "emerging," as in emerging artists. Dealers have their ears close to the ground listening for new beats, and casual hearsay reports on new talent have collectors from New York and elsewhere dashing downtown to (mostly) on-the-fringe galleries.

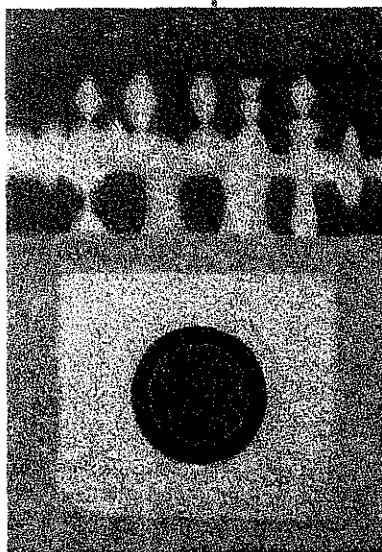
Says Colin de Land of American Fine Arts Co. on Wooster Street (the scruffy south end of it), "I think emerging artists are the only place to make a dollar right now." De Land defines the entry level at \$2,500, and that figure can stretch to \$15,000. A number of active players cite American Fine Arts as a key place to follow new or at least raw talent.

According to New York private dealer Jeffrey Deitch, works by emerging artists and the serious scholarship and serious collecting that track them "are quite removed from the larger economics of the resale art market." Deitch estimates that all you need are "50 people and institutions in the world each capable of spending \$50,000 a year to really support the younger people—the ones who need it most, who need the vote of confidence of making a sale." In this category, says Deitch, "price is hardly considered."

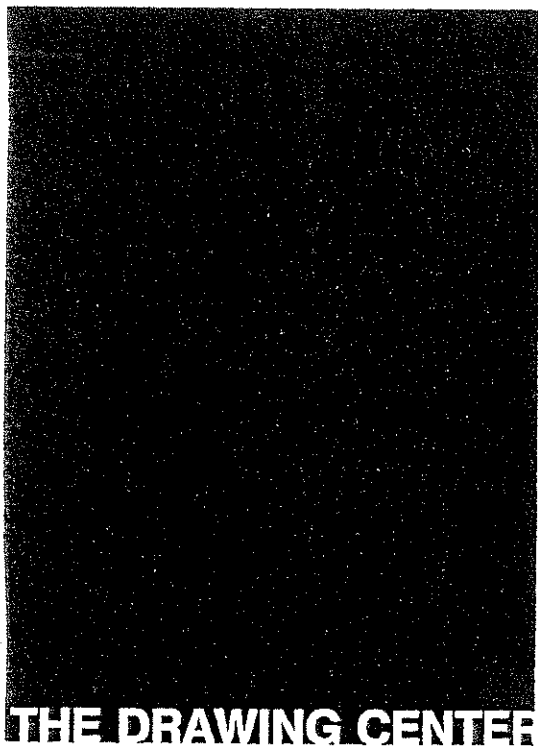
Yet even the committed collectors often find it difficult to keep searching for new artists in the back rooms of little, unknown galleries after attaining a certain track record in the field. "What has happened in the last two years," says New York collector Eugene M. Schwartz, "is that many fine collectors who did buy experimental art in the early '80s are not buying it or seeing any value in it. New art looks pretty tawdry in the beginning. You have a big Stella or Schnabel hanging on the wall and take it down for something big by a young person no one's heard of—it's challenging. People come in and ask, 'What the hell is that?'" J.T.

Others have taken a far more drastic approach. Nineteen months ago, when Martin H. Bush took over as president of ACA Galleries, a 59-year-old New York firm specializing in modern American art owned by Sidney Bergen and his son Jeffrey, he used his fresh start to completely restructure the way the gallery operates. He started with an Augean cleaning out of the artist roster. "We had two gems, the estates of Joseph Cornell and Romare Bearden, and a stable of losers," he says bluntly. He axed the "emerging artists" whose works he couldn't peddle and looked for names in the resale area, like Richard Pousette-Dart, Kenneth Armitage and Theodore Stamos. "The gallery had to get mature, recognizable quantities who would attract an international audience," he says.

Bush, a veteran of budgetary battles from the academic world (he comes to ACA with 15 years' experience as an administrator at Kansas's Wichita State University), also took steps to streamline the day-to-day operating costs of the gallery. He eliminated two full-time positions and made other staff reductions. But not to be penny-wise and pound-foolish, Bush hired a new P.R. firm, which no doubt helped the recent sales of a number of six-figure works by Pousette-Dart and Duane



Richard Pousette-Dart's *Talisman*, 1982, at ACA.



THE DRAWING CENTER

ROBERT BLANCHON

KAVIN BUCK

CHARLES CASTILLO

RUTH LIBERMANN

MEGAN WILLIAMS

SELECTIONS / FALL '91

"I am for richness of meaning rather than clarity of meaning."

Robert Venturi

The series of works entitled *"The Collapse of Idealism in the Gilded Age; The Superlative Machine: Ciphers"* are based on a drawing by Jean-Francois Millet *"Man Turning Over the Soil (Le Becheur)"* dating from 1847-50. Using a variant of the silk-screening process these works are not about the 19th century art historical significance of Millet's intentions or importance, but confront the historical alignment (economy, power and structure) the work has in a current re-evaluation of the image. This series uses and manipulates multiple stylistic remnants stored by our museums as relics of a past sociological history to dislodge the predetermined focus of the image. These works become about driving or forcibly changing an existing form, construction or ideal and producing a roughcast from the original (i.e. museological or historically antiquated art). The idea of multiple images and change is equivalent to physically hammering mechanistically, by constant blows to a malleable material, system or condition.

Kavin Buck

KAVIN BUCK

Born in San Pedro, California, 1963;
lives in New York

**THE COLLAPSE OF IDEALISM
IN THE GILDED AGE: THE
SUPERLATIVE MACHINE:
CIPHER #1 - 9, #11, #13 - 16
1991**

Ink and enamel on glassine, steel, wood and glass
30 1/4" x 25" x 4"

#9, Courtesy of Nicole Schmidt
#11, Courtesy of Nerissa Alexis



B A C A D O W N T O W N

FROM SCULPTURE
curated by KENNETH SCHACHTER

with:

JANINE ANTONI, L.C. ARMSTRONG, KAVIN BUCK, WILLIE COLE,
DEVON DIKEOU, SPENCER FINCH, JÄRG GEISMAR, BETH HAGGART,
JONATHAN GENKIN, LAUREL KATZ, ALIX LAMBERT, KIRSTEN MOSHER,
KRISTIN OPPENHEIM, ERIK OPPENHEIM, FRED TOMASELLI, JON TOWER,
SIMON UNGERS, VULTO, PETER WATSON and ANDREA ZITTEL

APRIL 26 - MAY 25, 1991
Opening: FRIDAY, APRIL 26, 6-8PM

This show will focus on the drawings of artists working primarily in sculpture. The intention of the show is to present an intimate body of work perceptible through sight and touch, which, in turn, will rouse viewers drawn in by having to gauge the various textures, the text, and other materials utilized.

Looking at the drawings in this show will be similar to the act of reading, by nature of having to see the works up close, or traveling by small steps, since one must go slowly to catch the shades of variation apparent in the individual pieces. More than ordinary drawings, these works make reference to the space between the artwork, viewer and wall. In the end, if sculpture can be analogized, in Freudian terms, to defecation, this show will capture the results of wiping one's dirty bottom.

GALLERY HOURS are Tuesday through Saturday, 1-6 PM, and during weekend performances. BACA DOWNTOWN, Brooklyn's leading center for contemporary art and theater, is located at 111 Willoughby Street, near all public transit. For further information and photographs, contact Paul Ramírez at 718/596-2222.

BACA DOWNTOWN is a project of BACA/The Brooklyn Arts Council. BACA programs are made possible, in part, with public funds from the New York State Council on the Arts, National Endowment for the Arts, New York City Department of Cultural Affairs & Materials for the Arts, Brooklyn Borough President Howard Golden, with additional support from The Charlotte Koch Foundation, Art Matters, Inc., Meet the Composer, Morgan Guaranty Trust Company, The Needmore Foundation, The Rockefeller Foundation, The A T & T Foundation, The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts, Inc., The Robert Campeau Family Foundation, (U.S.), Poets & Writers, Inc., and contributions from the National Broadcasting Company, Inc., The Phoenix Newspaper, Brooklyn Union Gas Company, Broadway Play Publishing, Inc. and Gage & Toller.

111 WILLOUGHBY STREET • BROOKLYN, NEW YORK 11201 • 718/596-2222
BACA DOWNTOWN is a project of BACA/The Brooklyn Arts Council

New York

Hidden at Home

"Home for June" curated by Eric Oppenheim (son of Dennis Oppenheim) at HOME, 44 Walker St, June 1st-July 1st, ruffled a few feathers in the late spring. As part of the curatorial process, Oppenheim invited artists to participate, but then did not curate or pick a piece: he gave each artists a very ambiguous statement, to choose something out of their own environment. Oppenheim then hired a professional photographer, and made slides of all the work. The capper came on Friday night, the eve of the exhibition. Oppenheim constructed two walls in front of the installed art, and the next day he set up a slide projector. When artists arrived to see their piece, all they saw was a cryptic wall, blank, and a slide projector with slides of the work. Oppenheim gave slide talks on Wednesdays and Fridays, throughout the show, and it was possible for people to see the work. Some of the artists who now have "Home for June" on the resume include: Dan Appel, Kavin Buck, Kevin Carter, Devon Dikeou, Christopher Dolan, Cheryl A. Donegan, Laura Emrick, Gretchen Faust, Laurel Katz, Sherrie Kley, Dan Reiser, Kirsten Mosher, Simon Ungers, Andrea Zittel, and Jessica Stockholder.