

Grammar.police

VITALS

CONTACT

BROWSE

SYNDICATE

GRAMMAR.POL.ICIO.US

[Text for President Bush's Presidential Portrait Changed To Reflect Reality-Based History](#)

Bernie Sanders (I-VT) sets the record straight [Huffington Post]

[Meehan's "On Sugar Mountain . . ." offers surrealist exploration of the '50s](#)
The show is called "On Sugar Mountain. Up Shit Creek." But I write for a family paper [Dallas Morning News]

[Exhibit shares Ray and Patsy Nasher's personal connections with their art collection](#)

Preview for the five-year anniversary exhibit at the Nasher Sculpture Center [Dallas Morning News]

[Dallas Museum of Art acquires 4 masterworks](#)

New at the DMA: Gustav Stickley linen chest, Tiffany glass, and paintings by Francis Guy and Marsden Hartley [Dallas Morning News]

[Architecture after the flames go out](#)
What's next for Beijing's Bird's Nest and why future Olympic hosts shouldn't follow China's example [Guardian]

[Photographs Do Not Bend, Craighead Green, and Conduit Gallery](#)
Reviews of New Texas Talent XV at Craighead Green and Cao Fei's RMB City at Conduit Gallery [Dallas Morning News]

[Sculptor Margo Sawyer links color and space at Holly Johnson Gallery](#)

Archi-sculpture at Holly Johnson Gallery, with notes on Sawyer's Houston project [Dallas Morning News]

[Fascist Art? It Takes More Than Typical Design](#)

Notes on design, state control, and a Barack Obama ad campaign in Germany [Huffington Post]

NOW SERVING

CLASSIFIED

FROM THE VAULTS

ON THE NIGHTSTAND

August 9, 2005

"Seven" at Warehouse

The [Warehouse Theater](#) complex could fairly be described as shabby chic, with paint flaking from every wall, revealing a color that comes closer all the time to matching the faintly yellow light that illuminates several rooms in the building.

Everything you could hope for in a great café, in short; but for the purposes of a large art exhibit—like "Seven," a WPA\C fundraiser curated by Fraser Gallery co-owner [Lenny](#)

[Campello](#)—the space is more like an obstacle course.



Kathryn Cornelius, still from *Resolve*, 2005.

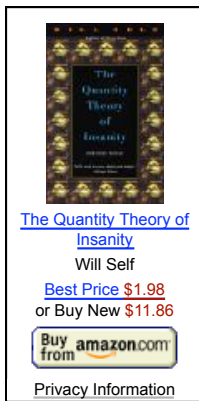
In the most notorious of alternative art venues—the café—it's always the case that doorways, corners, windows, tables, counters, and chairs have all spoken for the spots that are best for showing art. (Why some cafés truly believe they do the proletarian work of demystifying art by hanging artworks over tables in dark, smoke-filled room, I'll never understand.) With that said, the perfect need not be the enemy of the good. Plenty of the work in "Seven" should stand up well despite the subpar space. But even forgiving the setting's drawbacks, there is, unfortunately, a much worse problem—the show is drastically overhung.

It's not a problem that can be glossed over. The rooms are stuffed to the gills with art, and the overcrowding truly hurts several works. For example, while one *trompe l'oeil* index card painting by [Molly Springfield](#) called *what i still don't understand (first semester)* is hung at eye level as you might expect, her other entry for the show, *unavoidably affected by these developments (second semester)*, is hung above the first painting. So the higher painting can't be seen well at all. Same goes for the text-based photography by Denise Wolf: Her four large photographs not only suffer for being hung two by two (meaning that the two high photos can't be inspected), they've also been stashed in an unlit corner (meaning that none of them can be seen anyhow).

The most alarming mishanging really kills a piece by [Virginia Arrisueño](#). Her work, *Now I Lay Me Down To Sleep*, is an open, coffin-shaped box, about two to three feet long, that encloses a puffy, fiber material (like [this kind of jacket](#)). The pillowy material is printed with a transfer image that appears to be a person, but because the work is installed above a door frame (!), there's simply no good way to take in the image. There are only a few sheerly criminal examples like this in the show, but in general all the work is hung too closely for comfortable viewing.

If the hanging is awful, the room dynamics exceed lowered expectations. Campello organizes the larger rooms thematically. There is, for example, an admirable stab at a room roughly compelled by artists who emphasize surface values, including Springfield and Wolf along with [J.T. Kirkland](#), Mark Boyd, and others. But the inclusion of too many artists, particularly so many artists working with text, makes the room gabby.

The nude room is easily the show's feature, the traditional figure study being one of Campello's principal interests. The room strikes me as a good idea on paper (no pun intended): The contemporary art world isn't exactly inundated with figure study shows; such a show has the potential to be very fresh. A thorough look at a traditional genre is



IN THE PLAYER



WISHFUL THINKING

ART AND AESTHETICS

Alec Soth
Armavirumque
Arthur Whitman
Brian Sholis
Caryn Coleman
Global Warming Your Cold Heart
Bookslut
Dan Hopewell
Edward Winkleman
Felix Salmon
Franklin Einspruch
GlassTire
Habseligkeiten
Hungry Hyaena
Ionarts
James Wagner
Jessica Gary
Joy Garnett
Lee Rosenbaum
Martin Bromirski
Matthew Langley
Modern Kicks
Paddy Johnson
Paul Schmelzer
Sarah Hromack
Timothy Quigley
Todd Gibson
Todd Walker
Tyler Green

FELLOW TRAVELERS

>>>>
Alina Stefanescu
Amanda Mattos

often an opportunity to showcase artists who have been working under the radar, especially those older artists who are skipped over by the hustle and flow of the gallery scene. But the figure receives brusque handling by the artists Campello has selected. From cropped, cramped, and graceless erotic photographs by Samantha Wolov to Gary Medovich's Warholesque pop repetitions of an enormous, fat nude body, there's more skin sensation than figure study in the room. A photograph by Tracy Lee, in which a painted figure crouches below an Anish Kapoor–looking sculpture, seems to sublimate nudity and speak about the body less harshly. The viewer will appreciate Lee's reminder after Manon Cleary's cheap, adolescent photos of penises personalized by adhesive googly eyes—funny ha-ha photos, yet god-awful works of art.



Margaret Boozer, *Reinvented Landscape*, 2005.

Another room features a backdrop mural by [Kelly Towles](#) similar to the one he made for [last year's solo at Adamson](#); again, here's another punch that gets pulled. Towles's work ought to have been given some room to breathe, but this room is as packed as the others. Another feature of the room that deserved to be highlighted was the correspondence between *Reinvented Landscape*, a mixed media landscape featuring bits of broken porcelain, by [Margaret Boozer](#), and *Sculpture*, a glass work protruding from the wall that looked like a fungal growth of orifices, horns, and cochlea, by [Graham Caldwell](#). These works should have been shown far from Mark Jenkins's tedious tape sculptures, which are neither very interesting (as sculpture) nor very ubiquitous (as a Borf-type public phenomenon).

But Boozer and Caldwell are fantastic choices to anchor an interesting dialogue about sculpture, craft, and traditional genres taken in new directions.

A small upstairs room is given to photographs and an installation by [Alessandra Torres](#). Her six large C-prints, titled *From the Portable Winter Series: Snowfall*, show the artist engaged in a wintry wonderland, seemingly manipulating the snow with what looks like an oversized, antique brush for applying a powdery makeup. The accompanying installation is like an extras feature on a DVD: The snow (i.e., white sand) from the photos is piled in drifts on the floor and windowsills of the room; the pictured white dress hangs in a small adjoining closet; a terrarium of the hilltop scene depicted in the photos stands in the center of the room. The disrepair of the room matches the evocative installation, but the whole set-up risks a [Tori Amos](#)–styled emotional overindulgence. The photographs themselves are inviting and inscrutable, but potentially too frosty and pristine for the viewer who's had his fill of pretty, color C-prints over the last few years.

Another artist who stands apart in the show is Kathryn Cornelius, whose videorecorded performance, *Resolve*, is a funny, charming contribution. The viewer can't help but appreciate the strain in Cornelius's calves as she vacuums the beach backward and forward, strongly recalling the monotonous video performances of [Bruce Nauman](#). The contrast between the little black cocktail dress and the vacuum, both customary images speaking to very different roles, plays on the expectations facing young women. It's a simple and outstanding piece.

The fact that there are strong works in the show—including contributions by local luminaries like [Sam Gilliam](#) and [Chan Chao](#), whose works must contend with the furniture, noise, and bustle of the café floor—doesn't rescue “Seven.” The good are lost among the bad (the show features four times as many artists as I've mentioned here, including one large room of painters that's a total mess).

The elephant in the room(s), of course, is [Art-O-Matic](#), the semiregular District disaster in which everyone is invited to participate (and no one is refused). “Seven” is a lot better than that, but nonetheless shares the same number-one priority: inclusiveness. That's an

Becks
 Brad Plumer
 Catherine Andrews
 Charles
 Chrisafer
 DCeiver
 Drunken Bee
 Dust Congress
 Emily Thorson
 Ezra Klein
 Gail Armstrong
 Genevieve Vail
 Half the Sins of Mankind
 Heather Goss
 Julian Sanchez
 Lindsay Beyerstein
 Literated
 Matt Ficke
 Matt Hardigree
 Matt Wright
 Matthew Yglesias
 Metrocurean
 Michael Grass
 Michael Silberman
 Missy
 Pygmalion in a Blanket
 Rob Goodspeed
 Ryan Avent
 Sommer
 Spencer Ackerman
 Sue and Not U
 Tommy Lee
 Valerie Soles
 Will Wilkinson

LETTERS AND AFFAIRS

Andrew Sullivan
 Begging To Differ
 Charles Kuffner
 The Corner
 Cosmic Variance
 Crescat Sententia
 Crooked Timber
 Hit & Run
 Lawyers, Guns, and Money
 Josh Marshall
 Kevin Drum
 Laura Rozen
 Marginal Revolution
 Marc Schmitt
 Mark Kleiman
 Michael Bérubé
 Obsidian Wings
 Pharyngula
 Quantum of Wantum
 Social Affairs Unit
 Steve Clemmons
 Tapped

TRIPLE LUTZ

Fafblog!
 Norbizness
 The Poor Man

THE MINESHAFT

A White Bear
 ac
 Adam Kotsko's The Weblog
 Apostropher
 Ben Wolfson
 Bitch, Ph.D.
 dagger aleph
 eb
 From the Archives
 Gary Farber

admirable motivation, but not a reason alone for a show.

Posted by Kriston at August 9, 2005 12:29 AM

Comments

the bitch and moaning about this show is getting really old. so is this trend of self-inflated blog art critics.

Posted by: growinggold at August 10, 2005 10:48 AM

I usually don't take the time to comment, since generally all it does is encourage more flaming.

That being said, no one is making you read these blogs. Obvious, but true. You could simply pass on reading them and you wouldn't be annoyed.

Posted by: Faith at August 10, 2005 11:46 AM

disagree with him all you want, but simply calling a critic "self-inflated" for voicing his (harsh) opinion doesn't make a whole lot of sense. would you rather have him post a nice little tame press release about the show?

Posted by: matty at August 10, 2005 12:14 PM

I'm sick of the "trend of self-inflated blog" commenters... especially the anonymous ones. Kriston shouldn't voice his opinion but we should get/read /respect the opinion of an anonymous commenter? Geez...

Posted by: J.T. Kirkland at August 10, 2005 12:25 PM

matty,
 i would rather have something more than an echo of dawson. maybe one that takes the time to explore a few pieces in depth as gopnik did when he reviewed the biennale. instead this whole thing is a potshot at campello. capps can be clever, but sometimes is just a bloggy pot stirrer.

the rest,
 criticism rolls both way. turn comments off if you want immunity.

Posted by: growinggold at August 10, 2005 2:03 PM

(growinggold refers to Jessica Dawson's review for the *Washington Post*, for anyone not keeping score at home.)

Posted by: Kriston at August 10, 2005 3:07 PM

All criticism is good - zero or no criticism is not good.

I don't think this review was a potshot at me.

Some of Kriston's observations (such as Virginia's hanging and the arrangement of the "text" room) had specific aims, which were discussed at the Curator's Talk and that Capps wasn't aware of and missed. My bust.

The main goals of this show was to (a) expose as many artwork and artists as possible. Of 25,000 possible pieces of work, I chose about 90 of them

Jackmormon
 Jeremy Osner
 John & Belle
 John Emerson
 m. leblanc
 Matt Weiner
 mcmc
 Rob Helpy-Chalk
 SomeCallMeTim
 Teofilo
 Tia
 Timothy Burke
 Tweedledopey
 Unfogged
 Washerdreyer
 Wry and Stanley

POWERED BY
 MOVABLE TYPE
 3.33



from 67 artists.

And (b), a fundraiser for the WPA/C. So far this has been the best-selling show in the WPA/C exhibition history.

Criticism is good; Unlike some other people, I don't bruise easily.

Warm regards,

Lenny

Posted by: [Lenny](#) at August 10, 2005 4:05 PM

well, i thought it was a well-written review, not that i know anything about art. added bonus: i didn't have an effing clue that this show was going on, even though it's only a few blocks from my house, so now i'm going to go check it out!

Posted by: [catherine](#) at August 10, 2005 7:04 PM

I prefer this review to the show itself. At least here, we can see images of Kathryn Cornelius's and Margaret Boozer's strong work in relative peace, uncluttered by Art-o-Matic-ish dreck. In some ways, the Seven show actually paints the D.C. art scene as even more anemic than it is, because the good work by good artists (the ones mentioned in the review) either looks bad in context or gets lost in a sea of yuckiness. The truth is that D.C. has no more or less terrible art than any other city of its size; it's just that we lack sufficient local art institutions (with a few exceptions) to sort the wheat from the chaff.

Posted by: [frigaro](#) at August 10, 2005 10:59 PM

Is Mr. Kirkland okay with anonymous comments when he's the one posting them? He told us "I'm fine with aliases (I use them occasionally)" at http://thinkingaboutart.blogs.com/art/2005/04/note_to_readers.html and he told art.bloggging.la "you won't answer my questions when I write under my real name so I thought why not try an assumed name" at http://art.bloggging.la/archives/2005/01/even_more_regar.phtml

Posted by: [c.a.](#) at August 10, 2005 11:19 PM

Sorry for the duplications, Mr. Capps.

Posted by: [c.a.](#) at August 10, 2005 11:24 PM

The duplicate comments are the blog's fault—it's moving like molasses right now. I'll delete 'em.

Posted by: [Kriston](#) at August 11, 2005 8:20 AM

Absolutely... I'm allowed to post anonymous comments... no one else is. What's the problem with that?

Posted by: [J.T. Kirkland](#) at August 11, 2005 10:10 AM

Thanks for clarifying, Mr. Kirkland. I don't think I've heard the I-know-

you-are-but-what-am-I? argument since I was 10.

Posted by: c.a. at August 11, 2005 11:21 AM

C.a.,

I don't think I was using the "I-know-you-are-but-what-am-I" argument (response?). I was using the I'm-not-arrogant-I'm-just-better-than-you response. Let's be very clear on that!

And I appreciate the "Mr." references. I could get used to that, especially coming from you. It just sounds so appropriate.

Posted by: [J.T. Kirkland](#) at August 11, 2005 11:30 AM

kirkland is his own trophy.

Posted by: growingold at August 12, 2005 12:12 PM

Lovely, Mr. Kirkland. I don't suppose you would be used to anyone calling you by a courteous term for adult males when you radiate brattiness. And I don't suppose you'd care to seriously address your blatant hypocrisy in trashing anonymous comments when you practice the tactic yourself.

Posted by: c.a. at August 12, 2005 12:50 PM

You guys crack me up!

I haven't been called a brat in years. I mostly get called a jerk, idiot or ***hole. All three of which I take great pride in when I truly deserve them. Brat on the other hand I find offensive because it's too nice.

You would like me to address my "blatant hypocrisy"? OK, I would point out that the last time I used anonymous comments was at that LA art blog... months and months ago. And yes, I am a hypocrit for trashing anon. comments since I have used them in the past. And? Show me someone who has never been a hypocrit and I'll give you a thousand dollars. I wouldn't go all in playing the hypocrit card if I were you. It's about equal to a deal of a 2 and 7 off-suit.

Lastly, how in the world did you find all those quotes and links? Did you spend a lot of time seraching them out or do you store them on a storage device and carry them everywhere with you just waiting for the right time to use them. I'm flattered really...

Posted by: [J.T. Kirkland](#) at August 12, 2005 1:59 PM

funny that mister puddings hasn't made an apearence yet to defend a predictable person/s,

no wait, funnyer even still is that frigaro and a well-known "holyer-than-thou" online personality have the same IP address for there laptops.

anonimos no more

busted

Posted by: [Chou](#) at August 12, 2005 6:04 PM

Sorry to belabor this on your dime, Mr. Capps. (Nice review, by the way.) You shouldn't be flattered, Mr. Kirkland, when you've said such distinctively dumb things in your quest for recognition (when you're not posting anonymous comments, that is) that an avid reader with a good memory can find "all those quotes" after about a minute of Googling. That's how long I spent retrieving all two of your statements. (It's a big number, I know--try to grasp the concept.) Also, there's an "e" in hypocrite.

Posted by: c.a. at August 12, 2005 10:49 PM

C.a.,

You are easily my favorite blog commenter. I think if we ever met in person we'd get along wonderfully. That, or I'd kick your ass. Either way, I do appreciate these little battles with you. Have a good weekend and keep up the avid reading of distinctively dumb things.

Posted by: [J.T. Kirkland](#) at August 13, 2005 8:41 AM

Hey! The only person who's kicking anyone's ass around here is me—keep it civil. May I remind everyone that this argument is over *art blogging*?

Posted by: [Kriston](#) at August 13, 2005 10:32 AM

You have a good weekend, too, Mr. Kirkland. You as well, Mr. Capps, and thanks for indulging a little exploration of blog psychology.

Posted by: c.a. at August 13, 2005 11:23 AM

"Absolutely... I'm allowed to post anonymous comments... no one else is. What's the problem with that?"

Lest any of you think J.T. is just being sarcastic, he's blocked me from posting a comment here: http://thinkingaboutart.blogs.com/art/2005/08/i_can_dig.html

on his own blog. Apparently, he didn't like it when I copied the above "I don't think I was using the "I-know-you-are-but-what-am-I" argument (response?). I was using the I'm-not-arrogant-I'm-just-better-than-you response. Let's be very clear on that!" comment as proof of his maturity level.

As an aside, my favorites in the Seven show were Joseph Barbaccia, Mark Jenkins, and Graham Caldwell. All three were refreshingly different. And as an added treat on a later visit, one of Mark Jenkins' sculptures had grown a desiccated dead bird inside. Brilliant!

Posted by: [stageplanks](#) at August 15, 2005 4:03 PM

Indeed, if the first dimension were represented by a visible curvature only, it would be conceivable. Thus for every not plane continuum we can substitute a plane continuum of more dimensions

Posted by: [Tanya](#) at September 30, 2008 6:12 PM

hogyas 43jkdfs hjkfdshjkfdh sjkfhkjdsj fjkdsj fjkdhskfd hsjfdpodgka pfmb

Posted by: [google](#) at October 26, 2008 11:14 AM

hogyas 43jkdfs hjkfdshjkfdh sjkfhkjdsf fjkdsf fkdhsfkd hsjfdpodgka pfmb

Posted by: [google](#) at October 26, 2008 11:15 AM

[cartoon sex](#)

Posted by: [titoandtarantula](#) at November 11, 2008 7:19 AM

[cartoon sex](#)

Posted by: [titoandtarantula](#) at November 11, 2008 12:32 PM

Not much on my mind worth mentioning. What can I say? I haven't been up to much lately. It's not important. Oh well.,

Posted by: [Vinnie](#) at November 27, 2008 8:51 AM

When after the abstractions made upon the orange, I have left only the idea of its extension.

Posted by: [Andy](#) at November 27, 2008 11:44 AM

Hello all! Very nice site and very informativity!,

Posted by: [Jed](#) at November 27, 2008 3:47 PM

Post a comment

Name: Remember personal info?
 Yes No

Email Address:

URL:

Comments:

[Preview](#)

