

C The LowDown on High Art

COAGULA

free

(Ko-WAG-yoo-luh) ART JOURNAL

WHAT THE WORLD NEEDS
NOW IS

ROBERT
SMITHSON

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me more. Bacon never knowing how much or even where his money was half the time when the Hampton artists can't stop talking about money enough to do their art. Whatever happened to the starving artist? The junkie poet? The hop-head musician? The decadent artist. The decadent writer. Are those sort still around? Okay, aside from Robert Downey, Jr. But really? What possibly could be subversive to the Hampton artists? Perhaps a later John Waters

the kind of light only money can buy

film? Eating albacore out of a can? Watching a porn video? Or perhaps stopping at the corner store to buy truffles. Peter Dayton (who?) admits, "It's not that I need truffles. It's the idea that they're available. I feel comfortable here." He goes on to state how creepy upstate New York is. David Salle quips how unappealing having his studio upstate was. It does sound absolutely unsightly. He could no longer take the "junked cars and trailer houses right on the road." It's understandable. How could he possibly create under such squalid conditions? And you can bet the light was lousy up there too.

These wealthy artists have finally achieved success. Of course they do not feel a shred of guilt with their colossal studios. And why should they? After all, Jackson Pollock and Lee Krasner were one of the first to move there. So come on! And Robert Motherwell "...was the first Abstract Expressionist to spend summers in the Hamptons, starting in 1942 with a small rented house in the Springs." I don't think we're talking 3 million dollar mansions with ten bedrooms, guest houses and pools. Geez, the very first AbEx in the Hamptons. Like Abstract Expressionists are a race or something. Like an AbEx flight to the suburbs. Hopefully, the Minimalists won't have to mix with AbExers. And I really hope there's no inter-painter relationships.

What if an AbEx married a Minimalist—what would their children be? ... Bank Artists?

—TK

NUTN MUCH

Coagula says that London has stolen the idea of post-modern art (Cover Story, Issue #46). *Coagula* does not notice that post-modern is over. The review is a rave. But come on, it's time to see art do something, not just "be about life." Since everything's been said about everything, and since life has no real surprises after all its many, many types of renditions, forums for new media, etc., when will art go back to work?

Here's a standard: In cave man times, which is most of human evolution, an artist gets replaced if the hunters come back with no game, or with a few men lost. The artist *must be effective*. The *art must work*.

It must stir the hunters to success in their deadly-dangerous endeavors. Because we've lost sight of this objective in art, all the artists end up making *nutn*. They're making more *nutn* than *neen*. In place of terms like "post-modern," or "contemporary," or "new media," blah, blah, I propose... *Effective*.

Now is the time for *Effective Art*. If it doesn't work, if it produces no sought-after effect, it's no good.

Two decades ago, artist Peter Nadin was addressing this concept with the phrase, One should measure the worth of art by its effect on the people who see it, and on society generally. I have been mulling over

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this term, "effect", in the years since. And I have put myself out on an edge with this concept.

An installation at the University of Chicago's art museum, with 17 models and 4 drawings and 6 giant wall maps of proposals for Chinese industrial development, will be *nutn* if it has

no effect on the decision-makers and politicians, or at least the scholars, involved in formulating China's industrial-development policy.

If the installation is only art, being seen only by the usual art crowds and critics, it has no effect, and it's a complete waste of the museum's time, space and money.

"Give me liberty or give me death," Tom Paine shouted. I say, "Give me *Effective Art* or give me *nutn*!" That's the choice today. Not whatever the Museum of Modern Art is calling *Making Choices*. The choices the Moma thinks of making are puny. Much bigger choices face us all.

Guest Editorial

Nutn Much

by Peter Fend

All the countries of the world (except perhaps Iceland, which is done with task) are making difficult and dangerous choices nowadays. How will they break away (and will they) from the fuel and fodder technologies which, with breakneck speed, are wasting the planet? Those technologies exist. They can be imaged. All the hunters and warriors can be shown how to throw their spears. But who, besides, perhaps, Superflex and their like, is doing this?

Where are the artists who give effective advice, with effective images and scenarios, getting through effectively to the people making the big decisions, on our global challenge? So far, I see none. Perhaps someone can mention one or two. Certainly not me, not so far.

And certainly not Superflex, really, since their biogas system, for example, would only worsen the drying-up of Africa. Who? None?

What artists will rise up and be effective? And where?

—PF