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Lane Relyea (part one)

All Over and at Once





There's a familiar story about the art of the 1960s that goes something like this. It tells of how the strategies of the neo-avant-garde such as minimalism, performance, conceptual and process art all combined to tear down the barriers that had kept art within an idealist and contemplative universe all too separate from the world of real and everyday experience. These approaches to art broke through and reached beyond the confines of frame and pedestal to engage, activate and annex the architectural spaces of art exhibition as well as forms of art distribution and publicity. As a result art was transformed into an actual, durational event unspooling in real space and lived time. And if there remained any sense of a frame upon which art continued to rely it was no longer the picture frame, with its metaphoric figuring of private contemplation, but rather a much larger, more social and political apparatus modeling our vision and belief—the institutional frames of the museum, gallery, art magazine, exhibition catalog and so on.

That story has been canonized, rehearsed in studios and at openings, in docent tours, classroom lectures and textbooks; it functions as a linchpin of contemporary art history, of how we locate and define what we do. But today it grows increasingly disfigured, as if overtaken by its own echo. The triumph it boasts of appears far away; it belongs to another generation. If the story speaks to us at all, it's as an allegory of our present crisis and uncertainty.

As far back as 1987, Benjamin Buchloh was already furiously re-writing the story's ending, so that it was no longer about triumph but demise. He reported on what he called "the collapse of high art production into the culture industry," and with it the "complete defeat of the critic's function." The reason the critic and the category of fine art mattered at all for Buchloh was their intertwined function of separating out works of art from each other and from other things. The critic's duty, in Buchloh's view, is "to identify and control, to measure and validate... to contain rupture and contestation," and "to form the artistic canons and criteria with which the mediation between artistic practices and cultural institutions... could be accomplished."¹ In other words, what Buchloh was mourning back in 1987 was the loss of any kind of frame for art.

The collapse of art into the culture industry and the complete defeat of the critic's function—these have become the subjects of a growing number of books and magazine

articles. We seem to no longer recognize art apart from a very general circulation of distribution and consumption, an evermore far-reaching and tightly efficient cultural economy, now that art objects, no matter how densely material and specific, have been dematerialized into digitized images stored in data archives without end, and now that the galleries, museums, art catalogs and magazines have all become indistinguishable from the ceaseless, overwhelming flow of mindless entertainment programming and information.

Welcome to the world of the allover.

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Perhaps the situation is endemic to modernism. Since its early days, with the crisis that arose in the 19th-century academies and official salons, the fear has been voiced—from all sides, including by artists and critics—that art risks losing itself in the marketplace, or in some formless plurality of individual tastes, or in the always shifting sands of political fortune, or in the paranoid guardianship of cliquish connoisseurs. And this concern never goes away; it certainly worried Clement Greenberg, and was an issue for post-war modernist painters. In this sense the blurring of distinctions between traditional mediums and the breakdown and move beyond painting's frame in the 1960s was a crisis the neo-avant-garde did not invent itself but to a large degree inherited.

To the extent that the field of art today appears boundless, a kind of indiscriminate spread, an apparent smorgasbord of far-flung and distinctly individual producers credited with entirely individual pursuits, all loosely threaded together by a system of institutions, channels, sites and venues increasingly linked and cross-promoted within a general commodity landscape, response to this situation has been decidedly ambivalent. Few have been as giddy as former Art Center provost Ronald Jones, who recently asserted in an online symposium that the main concern among artists today "is no longer the infiltration of disciplines. It is about designing experience.... Art and design and architecture and entertainment and media and literature have begun to feather into one another at their edges, creating an experience unselfconscious of traditional distinctions between disciplines. ...The innovative curriculum at Art Center... is designed to educate designers and artists to move between and across disciplines in order to design the experience of our culture."²

Just how well this articulates Buchloh's nightmare of art's wholesale capitulation to a cultural system of pure affirmation and totalizing economic recuperation can be brought out by comparing Jones's sales pitch to the one for *The Experience Economy: Work Is Theater and Every Business a Stage*, a book published in 1999 by the Harvard Business School. The wording is so similar you'd think Jones owned a copy: *The Experience Economy's* dust jacket talks about how "today's successful companies—using goods as props and services as the stage—create experiences that engage customers in an inherently personal way. It's the value the experience holds for the individual that determines the worth of the offering and the work of the business. Goods and services are no longer enough. Experiences—immersive, richly textured commercial events—are the foundation for future economic growth, and *The Experience Economy* is the playbook from which managers can begin to direct new performances. Every business, whether on the Web or on Main Street, must treat their operation as a stage for engaging customers like audience members."³

Other books on how to catch this wave include McGraw-Hill's recent *The Dream Society: How the Coming Shift from Information to Imagination Will Transform Your Business*. Of course, plenty of books talk about resisting the wave, like Hal Foster's new *Design and Crime*, according to which the kind of phenomenon Jones praises "abets a near-perfect circuit of production and consumption, without much 'running-room' for anything else... the old project to reconnect Art and Life [is] accomplished, but according to the spectacular dictates of the culture industry, not the liberatory ambitions of the avant-garde."⁴ Foster takes his lead from Jean Baudrillard's critique of the Bauhaus as a precursor to today's "designing of experience," but one could also look to Michel de Certeau, who wrote in 1984 that "the dividing line no longer falls between work and leisure [or art and life, in this case]. These two areas of activity flow together... Products are all the less visible because the networks framing them are becoming more and more tightly woven, flexible and totalitarian."⁵

Of course, for evidence contradicting Jones's assertion about the end of "traditional distinctions between disciplines," one need only look at the recent thronging toward none other than that arch-discipline painting and the glut of big painting shows that have resulted. One thing that marks this recent return to painting is the scant mention made of painting's last return in the early 1980s—instead attention has hopped back to the 1960s, the era of high modernism and the neo-avant-garde, when belief in painting's autonomy squared off against the critique of its institutional complicities, when the arguments of Greenberg and Fried were being eclipsed by those of Morris, Warhol and Buren. And it's not just artists who are reappraising that period, but also leading theorists of postmodernism like Buchloh

and Foster (the latter now cautiously advancing the notion of "strategic autonomy") as well as Rosalind Krauss (who wants to reconvene a sense of "medium specificity").⁶ For many today the problem is no longer about going back to a pure notion of painting, or of any other medium; rather it lies in how to resist moving as if inexorably toward the spectacular goal of the totally designed experience, the world as pure non-medium.

Perhaps the renewed interest in the discipline of painting, and in high modernism as the project of defining that discipline's precise area of competence, has been motivated by a desire to look—whether with hope or skepticism or nostalgia—at an alternative way of achieving coherence in art other than having it be achieved purely on the level of an art system or cultural economy. Modernist painting would then be exemplary of an artistic enterprise wholly surrendered to the role of criticism as Buchloh described it, "to identify and control, to measure and validate, to contain rupture and contestation, to form canons and criteria." Or perhaps modernist painting appears to us today as an art enterprise whose inherent criticality, gained from the fact that it comes out of previous judgments and compels judgment anew, is able in turn to control, measure, contain, and thereby impose cogency on the public sphere around it, to lend self-critical definition or form to its audience of artists, viewers, critics and other artworld evaluators. Indeed it's hard not to be impressed by the widespread attention focused on Frank Stella's *Irregular Polygons* upon their first showing in 1966, moreover all the focus trained on one particular aspect of those paintings, on their edge, on whether that edge was literal or depicted, whether it merely limited the surface design which originated in the picture's center or whether the edge in fact was the determining source of that design. A public for art seemed to form or have itself reflected in that surface, as that surface focused the whole field of paintings, the very category of painting itself.

Such a critical public gained coherence not only within the space of painting but through its time as well. Ambitious painting was said to succeed precisely by making concretely manifest the historical conditions of the entire medium, as if a certain Stella or Noland worked best when it seemed to convincingly define where painting as a whole stood at that moment. Indeed, this is what Rosalind Krauss saw at the heart of Stella's early paintings, history not just conditioning the painting and its viewing, but history as the very thing viewed. "The way a painting or sculpture makes the past part of its present," Krauss wrote in 1971, "the way it both gives access to and outmodes the past, is as material to it as anything else one might say about the experience of it."⁷ The model for such a view of modernism was of course dialectics, in which the appearance of each new work was seen as both a synthesis and a departure, an achievement in claiming the quality of past work, over and

against intervening challenges and doubts, for the present. Such a synthesis was how the modernist artwork clinched its presentness: this history that filled the work was what the work in turn made transparent, what it fully and immediately disclosed to the appropriately sensitive viewer. Krauss explains this model by using an architectural metaphor, that of a hallway: "The history we saw from Manet to the Impressionists to Cézanne and then to Picasso was like a series of rooms en filade. Within each room the individual artist explored, to the limits of his experience and his formal intelligence, the separate constituents of his medium. The effect of his pictorial act was to open simultaneously the door to the next space and close out access to the one behind him.... The aching beauty of those works [lay] in their constant invention of formats that collapsed into one instantly perceived chord the sounds of all those doors to the past closing at once."⁸

Such was the presumed harmony and dramatic coherence of the world of the at-once.

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Krauss published the above lines in the September 1972 issue of *Artforum*. Today, some 30 years after this famous description of modernist history as "a series of rooms en filade," *Artforum* runs a regular column entitled "10-20-30-40" that similarly casts recent history as a perpetually telescoping summation—only what's summarized is the history not of art but of its handling and framing in the pages of *Artforum*. This column is representative of the magazine's overall project of late to shift its focus from analyzing art to covering the art system, or to cast the two as utterly indistinguishable. Other manifestations include sections like "First Break," in which veteran art stars reminisce about how they were promoted into the apparatus via help from some galleryist or curator or other insider. The archetypal story of how modern artists emerge—by discovering themselves in the form of a chosen medium and a signature style, through which they are able to speak in their own voices, sign their works in their own hands—has here been eclipsed by a different narrative centered around career moves, networking, getting one's foot in the door. In the 1960s Michael Fried emphatically re-iterated the old story of the modern artist's mythic birth (again in *Artforum*), writing that what a modernist painter seeks "is simultaneously knowledge of painting and of himself—apprehended not as two distinct entities, but in a single, inextricable fruition."⁹ Today, with the specific vocation of "painter" replaced by the general title "artist," someone like Jason Rhoades discovers himself through achieving mutual fruition with the whole art bureaucracy: "Museum director, curator, collector, artist," he writes (once again in *Artforum*), "none of that means anything anymore."¹⁰

Modernism, whether seen as historical dialectic or authoritarian monologue, has been replaced today not by dialog and diversity so much as by an atomizing spread of innumerable little monologues, in which each and every artist is credited with his or her own isolated, unconnected story. Instead of everyone's attention being focused on one set of paintings by Stella, today attention is distracted by a torrent of names, little abbreviated logos poured over us by the monthly trade magazines and biennials and art fairs, which together function as equal parts curator's Rolodex, cable channel guide and sales catalog. Instead of modernism's cut-and-dried discriminations and exclusions that prohibited difference we are given lazy equivocating and inclusiveness that borders on total indifference.

Indeed, what's presented in all the recent shows dedicated to painting is precisely a picture of ambivalence—ambivalence about the function of categories like painting to frame or make coherent artistic practice, discussion, criteria, etc. On the one hand, such big recent surveys as "Painting at the Edge of the World" or "Examining Pictures, Exhibiting Paintings" base themselves on the unquestioned assumption that all paintings share some sort of kinship, a commonality.

But what is in fact most emphasized by such shows is the total disparity of all the many practices on display. Work from the '60s is shouldered against work from the '90s, Robert Ryman placed alongside Sue Williams, Sherrie Levine next to Takashi Murakami, Laura Owens with Jannis Konellis, Andreas Gursky with Chris Ofili, Helio Oiticica with Vanessa Beecroft. If anything, what these shows labor to produce is a clear sense not of painting so much as the geographic spread figured by all the artists involved. What these shows seem most interested in is the art world itself, and in particular the extensive travel that now signifies power among hot-shot curators and other artworld powerbrokers. Prestige in the art world now adopts the look of the diversified portfolio.

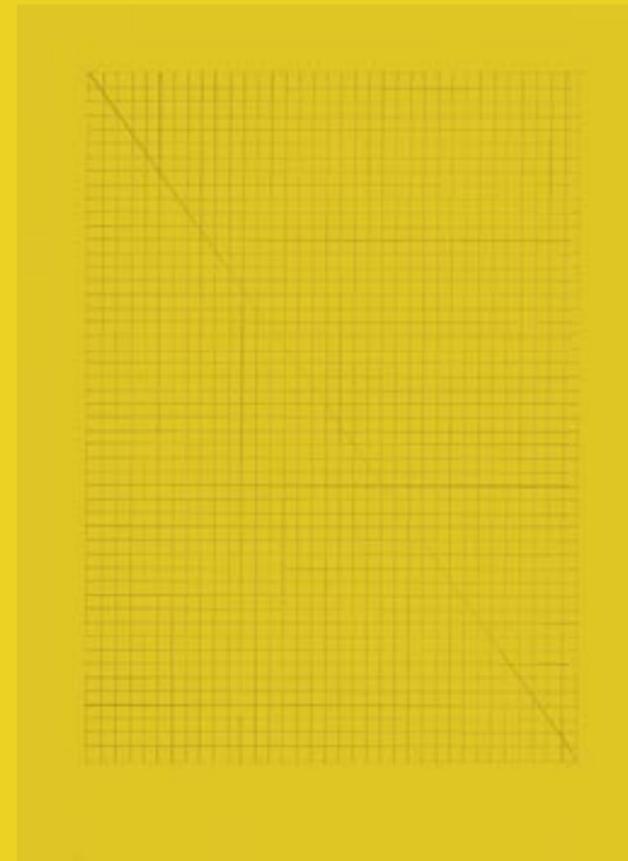
Such shows reproduce and advance a now-dominant pluralist viewpoint according to which there are only individual practices, none reducible to larger categories such as painting. Certainly the point of such a hodge-podge of artworks is precisely to escape containment by any and all categorical definitions. Today painting has returned as a very loose category, in these big survey shows painting is openly acknowledged as only an arbitrary framing device used to momentarily and loosely sort through today's far-flung field of individual endeavors. The weaker the category, the less it's able to impose its one general definition on all the practices it umbrellas, and the easier it becomes for each of those practices to appear exceptional and distinct. Whereas '60s modernism conceived painting as centripetal and dialectical, as an argument in both thought and material about painting's singular nature, a narrative built through time on lots of "therefores" and "but thens," painting today is presented as centrifugal and synchronic, not as argument but as list, and the list has no history, it has only the present as its time, it's constructed metonymically, not by "therefores" but by "and"—this artist and this artist and this artist and so on. Instead of painting being a category with intrinsic properties, with a logic or momentum to serve as a spine that it builds around—like a figure has a spine or a story its protagonist—painting is now seen as a frame arbitrarily delimiting a spread-out field; it's not figure but landscape. Rather than being understood as a living historical thing, a traditional category like painting—but also any medium-based category, or thematic category or generational category or whatever—any category is now thought of as a package; it's something imposed upon the work of artists, not built out of it. That is, categories are seen as the tools of artworld packagers and framers, the spin doctors, the curators and museums and trade magazines, etc.

And so we find ourselves back in the world of the allover.

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FOOTNOTES

1. Benjamin Buchloh, "Periodizing Critics," in Hal Foster, ed., *Discussions of Contemporary Culture*, Seattle: Bay Press, 1987, pp. 68-69.
2. Ronald Jones in "Building Art: Art and Architecture in the Age of Design," *Artforum.com*, July-August 2001, www.artforum.com/index.php?pn=symposium&id=1080. Italics added.
3. B. Joseph Pine II and James H. Gilmore, *The Experience Economy: Work Is Theater and Every Business a Stage*, Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard Business School, 1999. In a lecture given at the University of Illinois, Chicago, on May 1, 2003, Miwon Kwon used Pine and Gilmore's book in her analysis of Jorge Pardo's *Project* at the Dia Center in Chelsea. Kwon's lecture was culled from an essay commissioned by Dia, and she noted at the outset her unease with Dia's sponsoring criticism of its own sponsored artworks. But while Dia's attitude toward criticism is perhaps patronizing and recuperative, Pardo himself isn't so tolerant. For his reactions to my own criticisms of his work, see "Jorge Pardo: The Butler Did It," *Flash Art* 35, no. 227, November-December 2002, in which he calls my views "stupid" and "retarded."
4. Hal Foster, *Design and Crime*, London: Verso, 2002, pp. 18-19.
5. Michel de Certeau, *The Practice of Everyday Life*, Berkeley: University of California Press, 1984, pp. 29, 31.
6. Hal Foster, "The Archive without Museums," *October* 77, Summer 1996: pp. 97-119; and Rosalind E. Krauss, "The Crisis of the Easel Picture," in *Jackson Pollock: New Approaches*, New York: The Museum of Modern Art, 1999, pp. 155-179.
7. Rosalind Krauss, "Pictorial Space and the Question of Documentary," *Artforum* 10, no. 3, November 1971, pp. 69.
8. Rosalind Krauss, "A View of Modernism," *Artforum* 11, no. 1, September 1972, p. 49.
9. Michael Fried, "Shape as Form: Frank Stella's New Paintings," *Artforum* 5, no. 3, November 1966, p. 18.
10. "A Thousand Words: Jason Rhoades Talks About His Impala Project," *Artforum* 37, no. 1, September 1998, p. 135.

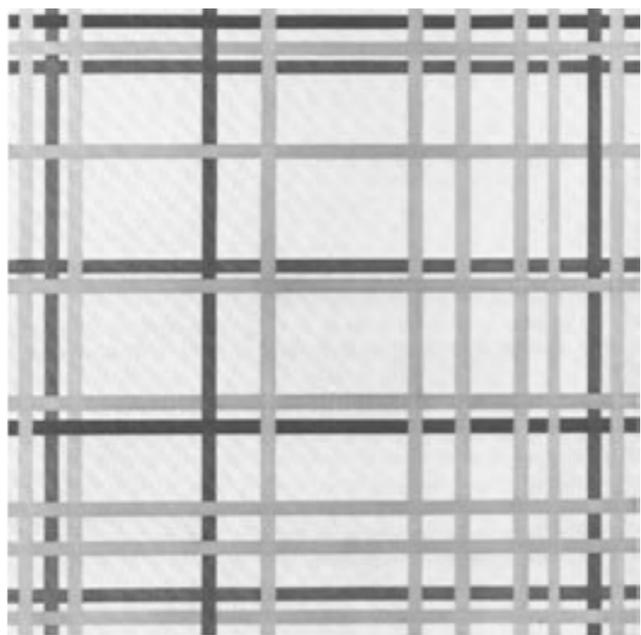


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Lane Relyea

(part two)



Allover and at once. These terms are associated with post-war art in the U.S., particularly color field painting. They're thought to be complementary, together describing pictures that make of their entire, allover surface a single, all-at-once image. But these terms in fact relate to each other very uneasily, if not in outright opposition.

Tension between the two had long existed by the time the New York School hit its stride around 1948; it can be detected in Greenberg's famous description from that year of Abstract Expressionism as "a large-scale easel art [made] by expanding Matisse's hot color into bigger more simplified compositional schemes... all this helped with Picasso's calligraphy."¹¹ In Greenberg's working out of the story the heroic roles go to Matisse and Picasso, and to a lesser extent to Klee and Miro—that is, artists who never entirely break from representation—while the more "pure" abstractionist Mondrian is viewed ambivalently at best, if not as downright villainous. Because for Greenberg, that famous champion of abstraction, the problem with Mondrian is precisely the problem with abstract painting, a problem with the allover. Listen to Greenberg in 1940, in only his third essay devoted to visual art: he writes that at present "painting finds itself with almost nothing left to do. The path it has been forced to follow for the last 40 years has narrowed now and closed into the cul de sac of the pure single-plane abstraction. ...The present crisis may be the death agony of Western painting.... Mondrian and his fellow purists, by pushing the single-plane abstraction as far as it can go, have reached something which escapes the definition of an easel painting and threatens constantly to become decoration."¹²

Greenberg continued to harp on such ideas throughout the '40s. Eight years later, for example, Mondrian was still being made to epitomize (in language that anticipates Buchloh in '87) the end of easel painting, his canvases being "perhaps the clearest anticipation of...the even, allover, polyphonic picture in which every square inch is rendered with equal emphasis and there are no longer centers of interest, highlights, dominating forms, every part of the canvas being equivalent in stress to every other part." Why this all remained such a pressing concern for Greenberg was no doubt developments within the New York School and in particular the emergence of Jackson Pollock's drip paintings. All these issues are brought to a head in the famous essay "The Crisis of the Easel Picture," in which Greenberg

writes of the Abstract Expressionists that, "using the easel painting as they do—and cannot help doing—these artists are destroying it."¹³

What so many later commentators take as Greenberg's emblem of purity was in fact treacherously two-sided. For him the flatness of modernism's allover paintings signaled both a promise and a danger; it offered a means for painting to consolidate its identity by emphasizing its essential material conditions and at the same time threatened rupture, loss of identity and dispersion, a kind of painting that merely spread out and blended in, that was indistinguishable from the general surroundings and décor. Greenberg came to use the word allover often as a pejorative; he spoke of "the danger of monotony that arises from the even, allover design." Another pejorative was uniformity—"the very notion," Greenberg wrote, "is anti-aesthetic." Flatness, monotony, uniformity, allover—these would at times be opposed in his thinking to unity and "at-onceness." For example, in 1944 Greenberg found fault with such artists as Pissarro and Courbet for "mistak[ing] uniformity for unity." Unity was "the supreme quality... the highest measure" of visual art; he'd repeat this staple of aesthetic theory time and again, that a "triumphant unity crowns the painter's work...when all parts fall into place and require and create one another...when one can experience the picture like a single sound made by many voices and instruments that reverberates without changing, that presents an enclosed and instantaneous yet infinite variety." And this unity, this dramatic emergence of definitive form, is what constitutes the experience of at-onceness: a picture's "unity should be immediately evident"; "ideally the whole of a picture should be taken in at a glance... in an indivisible instant of time...all there at once, like a sudden revelation."¹⁴

The tug-of-war between alloverness and at-onceness for the soul of modern painting continued to worry Greenberg well into the '50s. But with the rise of color field painting the story acquires an increasingly upbeat tone. Indeed, an emphasis on color seemed to resolve the struggle between the allover and the at-once; color was applauded for opening up a pictorial depth without necessarily negating painting's surface, "as if that surface," in Greenberg's words, "were enlarged to contain a world of color and light differentiations impossible to flatness but which yet manage not to violate flatness." As was often claimed by champions of color abstraction in the '60s, it was in the



very character of color to both spread along the surface, to not cut into pictorial space like value contrasts but to extend side by side, laterally; and at the same time to evince a motility that seemed to volatize and make that surface breathe and advance. And because of this advance toward vision color field painting was able to do what Greenberg prized easel painting for doing, namely to privilege the individual viewer over the architectural surroundings, to "subordinate decorative to dramatic effect." It's little wonder that by the late '50s Greenberg began to amend his notion of modernist painting's essence to include not only flatness but, just as important, "the delimiting of flatness." Color field painting locked into its frame; as color pressed forward toward vision, vision's own momentum toward its object was answered and embraced by the frame's deliberate circumscribing and focusing of the field. Together both frame and color seemed to figure and hold the viewer's eyesight, in unison and at once.¹⁵

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There are, no doubt, myriad problems with Greenberg's account of post-war painting, problems not only with its founding premises but internal to it as well. For one, significant differences emerge between, say, Morris Louis and Kenneth Noland when comparing exactly the kinds of relationship their works set up with the viewer. Namely, the feature that most distinguishes Louis's paintings, at least his Veils and Unfurleds, is their ability to present forms that, although entirely flat and frontal, come across nevertheless as strongly sculptural and bodily, all the more so because they seem to prioritize their own weight over our vision. Color and shape are displayed completely flat, with no shadows or overlap, and yet they retain a firm sense of their own footing, centered around their own gravitational axis rather than the axis running through the visual cone. Rather than float inside a window-like space, Louis's Veils perch on the frame's inner ledge, inhabiting what appears more like a theater stage. No longer does the frame only figure and organize the onlooker's vision, delimiting or "cutting out" a field for appropriation through sight. Instead, Louis suggests another side to the frame perpendicular to our line of sight, a side we can't see but that we assume exists because the pictured color-forms stand on and support themselves with it. And because knowledge of this perpendicular side comes secondhand and only through the rendered forms and their more direct relationship to it, it therefore seems to belong to them. The result is an image that seems capable of openly and immediately disclosing itself while maintaining a sense a relative sovereignty from the viewer being addressed.

It's this relative sovereignty that one doesn't find so much in Noland's work. At least he himself never speaks of it that way: what he stresses is tight connection, as if without any resistance or remainder. The relationship he imagines between viewer and image is like the one between a romantically involved couple: as he puts it, "You're involved with someone as long as something is developing, changing or insightful. Painting is the same way." Connection is made paramount: it's "that quality of connection I'd like my colors to have."¹⁶ But at the same time, Noland much more than Louis tends to treat color as a matter of side by side juxtaposition, lining up hues laterally, extending perpendicular to sight. Indeed, it's hard not to see in Noland's paintings a struggle between these two conceptions of color, as if color's lateral spread were being overcompensated for by its advances toward the viewer. But the question arises whether this forward advance constitutes a kind of spread in its own right, whether or not the threat of perpetual lateral extension is here only being swiveled 90 degrees, being overpowered and superseded by a perpetual solicitation to sight, a bidding for connection that can't seem to finish inside the picture, be made dramatic, at-once. Phrased more generally, the question would be whether Noland's brand of

color field painting really does resolve those problems posed by abstraction that Greenberg outlined. Having entirely escaped representation, having gotten rid of overlapping planes or any suggestion of bounded volumes and how they seem to turn away from vision at their edges, with absolutely nothing of its own to keep from vision, the question arises whether color abstraction really can achieve a dramatic finality, that sense of form that feels conclusive, even fatal, but precisely through that fatality arrives at self-definition and meaningfulness. With Mondrian, it's perhaps the dense object-quality of his paintings that in the end anchors and stops flatness, just as in Louis's work color is made to inhere in a materiality that imposes a limit, that forces color to, as it were, put its foot down, stop as if once and for all. But in contrast, Noland's work seems much more troubled by an inability to find such limits. And this is born out by the fact that Noland himself has a hard time disconnecting from his work, leaving it be. Paging through exhibition photos and catalogs over the years, one finds that his paintings are constantly being reoriented. For instance, the catalog for his 1977 Guggenheim retrospective includes a pair of images of Lunar Episode, the two distinguished by a 45-degree rotation on the wall. Noland has belatedly changed the hanging of other Target paintings as well. Diamond paintings too, like And Again, have been swiveled on their axis, as have certain needle point paintings like Approach.¹⁷

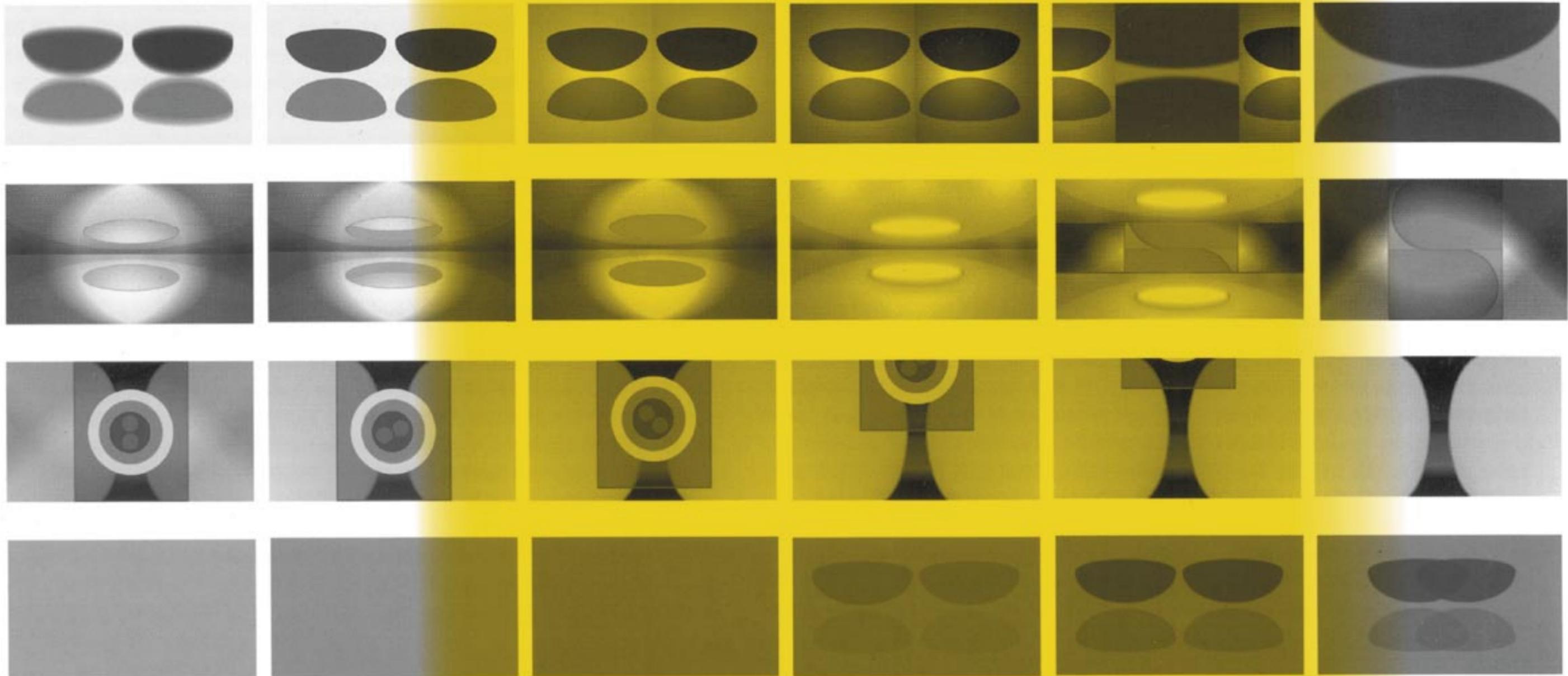
Such differences between Louis and Noland were not really acknowledged by the first generation of critics who responded to their work, and whose response continues to stand as definitive. And this gets at another, more glaring problem with the Greenbergian story. Namely, it has to do with the kind of conformity or likemindedness that descended upon—or was eagerly assumed by—the practitioners and champions of color field painting. Not that Noland and Louis were themselves conformists. Indeed, how Greenberg characterized the two was precisely as outsiders: by living in Washington D.C., Greenberg argued, the two could "keep in steady contact with the New York art scene without being subjected as constantly to its pressures to conform... when they return to Washington to paint it is to challenge the fashions and success of New York, and also its worldly machinery."¹⁸ By coming together as a tight group and adopting a strict criterion—according to which, as Michael Fried notoriously put it, "no more than an infinitesimal fraction of the art produced in our time matters at all"—in this way color field painting sought a kind of unity or at-onceness on a macro scale, on the level of the culture and the historical moment, and in relation to a rapidly expanding, pluralistic art world.¹⁹ Group identity was adopted precisely in opposition to what was seen as a kind of spread—the spreading out of art styles and critical criteria—and in opposition also to artworks that themselves spread out, that deliberately exceeded the limits of tradi-

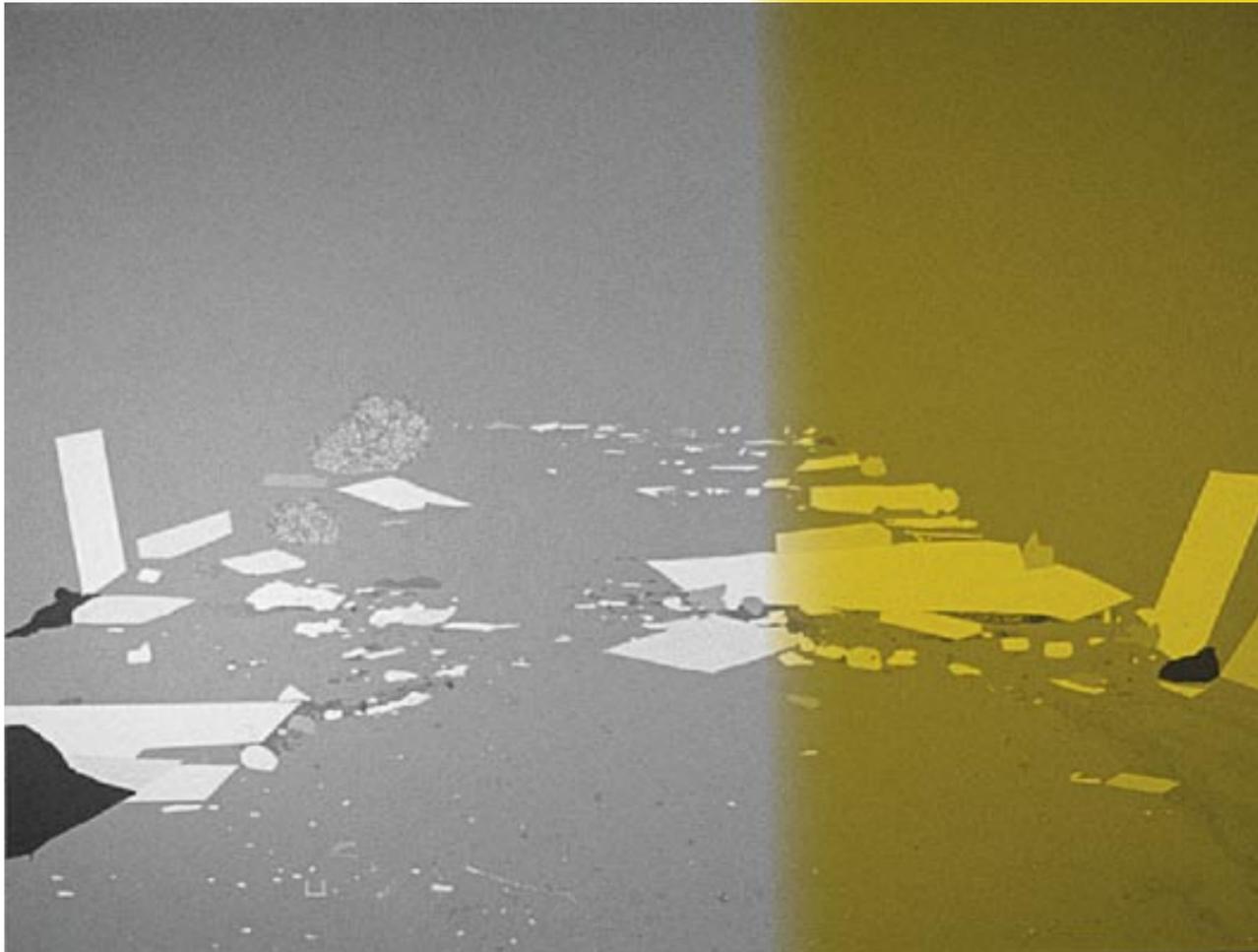
tional media. From 250 miles away, the Washington D.C. painters stood far enough back to get a proper perspective, to put a frame on things. But eventually 250 miles proved not far enough. The modernist retreat would continue all the way to Vermont, to frequent long weekends spent alternately judging the rightness of modernist paintings and swimming in Ken Noland's backyard pool, with everybody no doubt reminding themselves that what was being experienced here was a special unity, and not uniformity.

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FOOTNOTES

11. *Clement Greenberg: The Collected Essays and Criticism. Vol. 2: Arrogant Purpose, 1945-1940*, ed. John O'Brian, Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1986, p. 194.
12. All these quotes are from "The Agony of Painting," an essay Greenberg intended as a follow-up to "Avant-Garde and Kitsch" and "Toward a Newer Laocoon." Clement Greenberg Papers, Getty Research Institute, Box 26, Folder 2. The Getty mistakenly dates the essay to the '50s, but Greenberg himself talks about writing it and *Partisan Review* refusing it for being "unsound" in his letters to Harold Lazarus in the late summer of 1940. See Clement Greenberg, *The Harold Letters: 1928-1943*, Washington, D.C.: Counterpoint, 2000, p. 218, 226.
13. *Collected Essays. Vol. 2*, p. 217, 225.
14. *ibid.*, 202, 224; *Collected Essays. Vol. 1*, p. 115, 216; *Collected Essays. Vol. 3*, p. 89; *Collected Essays. Vol. 4*, pp. 80-81.
15. *Collected Essays. Vol. 3*, p. 221; *Collected Essays. Vol. 4*, p. 230.
16. Quoted in Kenworth Moffett, *Kenneth Noland*, New York: Harry N. Abrams, 1977, p. 56; and in Philip Leider, "The Thing in Painting Is Color," *New York Times*, August 25, 1968, sec. 2, p. 21.
17. "To this day, Kenneth Noland continues to reconsider the Circle paintings and their orientation. In several cases...the artist now believes that the best placement is a different position than the one he determined when he first made the work. Clearly this is an ongoing process that no doubt will continue in the future." William C. Agee, *Kenneth Noland: The Circle Paintings 1956-1963*, Houston, Texas: The Museum of Fine Arts, 1994, p. 46.
18. *Collected Essays. Vol. 4*, pp. 95-96.
19. Michael Fried in *Art Criticism in the Sixties*, New York: October House, 1967, n.p.





The unraveling of modernism has been dated to 1966, the year paintings no longer seemed capable of finishing within their frames. Or so says Rosalind Krauss, who was struck by the appearance that year of Stella's *Wolfboro* series and Noland's diamond-shaped paintings, and especially the degree to which both artists prioritized the series of paintings on display over and above any one painting in particular. In the same *Artforum* article in which she described the modernist dialectic as "a series of rooms enfilade," Krauss also detected a threat now posed by the series, a threat to one of the most crucial properties of the modernist artwork—what Krauss described as its "singleness" or "wholeness-of-aspect," or what Fried termed "presentness" and Greenberg had been calling "at-onceness." It was the threat of the all-over. As Krauss recalled encountering the *Wolfboro* suite, "In front of any one of them, I felt somehow that I was seeing less than the whole painting." The problem, she reasoned, was fairly basic: "If a work's meaning depends on comparison with things that exist outside it, then that meaning cannot be seen to be entirely present in the perception of the single work.... A series simply is diachronic in character—the experience of it is entirely temporal." Instead of dialectics, Krauss now sees diachronics; instead of each painting telescoping past into present, at once eclipsing, absorbing and summarizing its history into the present instance, now the modernist artwork spreads out, its variations stand shoulder to shoulder in a given sequence of "one thing after another." Modernist paintings now point toward other paintings as their context, precisely because they seem no longer able to internalize those other paintings, to make them into their content. As Krauss concludes, "The felt transparency between past and present has become silted up, so that the image no longer contains the terms of its past... both the past and the problem [it poses for the present work] are felt to reside outside it, and access to them can only be achieved by a long chain of explanation which characteristically takes the form of a narrative."²⁰

For Krauss, this is a pivotal moment marking the transition from modernism to the more "expanded field" of postmodernism. And of course, the complaint often lodged against postmodern art is that it gave too much of itself over to long chains of explanation, to trafficking in the right discursive references, appropriating conventions of technique or iconography only as signs whose value derived from prominent professional discussions. According to Hal Foster, "In the

middle to late 1970s... theoretical production became as important as artistic production. ...Critical theory served as a secret continuation of modernism by other means... it occupied the position of high art, at least to the extent that it retained such values as difficulty and distinction." Or as Laura Owens put it in a 1996 issue of *Artforum*, "The references became more interesting than the painting."²¹

Sometime during the later half of the 1970s discourse became the dominant medium in art. Which shouldn't be too surprising, given the general postwar shift of cultural capital away from fine art objects to advanced informational techniques (or from literature to theory). But despite Foster's claim that theory filled the breach to safeguard "values of difficulty and distinction" and the "position of high art," this tighter allegiance with academia couldn't entirely restore a focus and frame, couldn't stop art's atomization and spread, couldn't fulfill those critical functions Buchloh named—"to identify and control, measure and validate, form canons and criteria." With the dissolution of boundaries and canons and the blurring of art and life, what could be appropriated by critical theory as its proper object spread as well. There seemed to be discourses all-over. "The horizontal expansion of art has placed an enormous burden on artists and viewers alike," Foster continues. "As one moves from project to project, one must learn the discursive breadth as well as the historical depth of many different representations—like an anthropologist who enters a new culture with each new exhibition."²²

The pervasive sense that artworks rely on chains of explanation residing outside themselves, that they are a sub-species of theory, that they depend for their legibility and legitimacy on discourse, that they are most fully revealed in books and magazines, in the dual-slide-projector lectures of classrooms and artist talks, in informed discussions among artworld insiders, did much to erode conviction in the single, framed, all-there-at-once image. The readymade was made to exemplify this: that meaning in art is contingent, it comes after the fact and from outside in the form of a caption, a framing language, or a framing institution and ideology. But what happens to such meanings, and to discourse itself, when contextual determinants are in turn exploded, when every context reveals itself to be just another text, when framing institutions merge, diversify, cross-merchandize, when all disciplines feather into one another, when every caption is constructed from an information glut that can be end-

lessly edited, reorganized, manipulated, spun? Captions and contexts have lost all credibility, and the dissolution of these and every other frame has given rise to an infinitely landscaped situation, an awareness of only pure flow. Hence perhaps the popularity of landscaped, interior-décor art, big installations and video projections and other types of spread-out work. Every era has a dominant art that other forms imitate, to paraphrase Greenberg.

It could be argued that discourse, as it has become a dominant medium, the chosen medium of the transnational art world, has been subjected to the same skepticism leveled against more traditional mediums like painting in the 1960s. There are of course different levels of discourse, different ways it functions: there's the ideal of critical, rational public debate as described by Jurgen Habermas; there's Michel Foucault's model of discourse as the enforcement of disciplinary regimes; and there's Pierre Bourdieu's idea of discourse, which is perhaps most permeated by class, social prestige and market forces. Discourse as criticism, as power, as value. If today discourse has become disenchanted, belief has drained away only from the first two of the three levels; what remains is discourse as the circulation and enactment of social status, prestige and symbolic capital. The waning importance of *October* and the new priorities established at *Artforum* indicate as much; if we no longer believe in discourse as criticism, we also can't afford to believe in its policing of disciplinary borders. In purely market terms, even discourse has proven not "expanded" or "horizontally spread" enough. Its requirement that members of the field stay abreast of terminologies and topics, that they read up and be in the know, has proven too exclusive. Today, what has replaced the gatekeeping of discourse is the all-pervasiveness of art stardom, the allover reach of celebrity. Art continues its expansion by embracing celebrity as the spectacle's lowest common denominator.²³

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Trying to stake a position within all this, some of today's most widely read critics—Jerry Saltz, Peter Schjeldahl, Christopher Knight, Raphael Rubinstein—often pass themselves off as the rightful heirs to Greenberg. "Value judgment" has replaced "beauty" as the new buzzphrase. In every article they feel obliged to remind us that they proudly belong to a besieged minority who still practice criticism the old-fashioned way: they don't fret over saying the right thing or adhering to academic canons of theory; they simply trust their experience. They don't try to "educate" their readers, to tell them what to think; rather, they dare to feel, they judge artworks. The distinction made here—between criticism as judgment and criticism as education—hews closely to the difference between modernism and postmodernism as characterized by advocates of the latter such as Krauss, who used precisely such terms in her introduction to *Originality Of The Avant-Garde and Other Modernist Myths*. Postmodernist criticism, she argued, is no longer a search for quality but an application of method. Others date the change to the early writings of Roland Barthes, who was said to solve the problem of how to give pop culture equal standing in the eyes of criticism by changing criticism's aim from the judgment of quality to the deciphering of ideology. Even before that, literary critics in the mold of Eliot and Leavis complained about people like Northrop Frye and Kenneth Burke for devising critical systems that could dissect equally well a Joyce novel and a newspaper headline without saying anything about the relative "human" merits of the two.

Inside this long history is a story of criticism's professionalization and absorption into academia: the shared subtext to Frye's and Krauss's arguments is the securing for criticism of a more rigorous method and hence greater respect within the university. But the shift of focus from quality to ideology also marks a shift from modernism's basis in a certain historicist notion of the subject to postmodernism's basis in a certain structuralist notion of signification. For modernists, culture meant cultivation, the development of the faculties, passage from intuition to understanding, balance between feeling and thought. The threat to this developing body, whether the culture's or the individual's, was discontinuity, the splintering, stunting and decentering brought on by too much specialization and the collapse of any overarching belief system. Hence all the early 20th-century handwringing over "the two cultures" or "the dissociation of sensibility." (Think of the line that starts "Avant-Garde and Kitsch," that no perspective is large enough to relate a poem by Eliot and a song by Eddie Guest). To snap sensibility back into alert unison, one exercised judgment. Postmodernists, who borrow from anthropology a view of culture as a structure of binary terms, see an exactly opposite threat: the worst that could happen is that culture becomes too unified, implacable, unassailable, that there

exists no loose joints in the meaning system, no slippage between signifiers and ideological signifieds. To sow fissures in such a system, one exercises ideology critique. Disunity threatens modernism, whereas unity is the threat perceived by postmodernism.

Modernist art as defined by Greenbergian criticism was about an absolute value, the subjective feeling of quality, and the historical, dialectical nature of that quality's achievement. It was about pinpointing the enterprise of art in that notion of quality and pinpointing art's experience in the viewing subject (another of Greenberg's synonyms for at-onceness: "you feel pinpointed" by good art, he'd say). Discourse is different: its dominant model is textual not visual, it's about landscaping rather than pinpointing, about spreading and cross-referencing points in a grid of relevant terms, and those terms are more public (if specialized) than subjective. It's also not about decisive moments in a great drama of artistic achievement (Eliot's and Greenberg's "tradition") but rather about progress, disciplinary cogency and truth claims, about keeping abreast of the field. And finally the modernist dialectic was always based on sensibility, whereas discourse is seen as an application of technique, of critically rigorous methodologies, an analysis of signification. It's no coincidence that discourse becomes the dominant art medium once all artists start going to college to get MFAs in the '60s.

Saltz, Knight, Schjeldahl, Rubinstein, et al. insist proudly, as Greenberg did, that they haven't retreated into academia, that they still write for general interest magazines, and that their approach is "humanist," their point of departure always individual experience. Except they then happily sell out the whole modernist project: instead of struggling to keep united thought and feeling, intuition and understanding, as modernists attempted, they proudly abandon thinking, denounce any tie between what they feel and the larger world, and gleefully orphan their sensations within a hermetically sealed privacy, exactly the disaster modernist critics tried to forestall. In a show of camaraderie, Rubinstein recently quoted Knight's denunciation of the postmodern theorist-educator's "Puritan exhortations about the value of learning over sensuous experience and unruly imagination," which is itself a rephrasing of Peter Schjeldahl's cheer that beauty "suppresses intellect altogether, to the understandable horror of theorists and scholars."²⁴ What a shrill and catastrophic opposition.

If either model of criticism—modernist or postmodernist—exists at all for us today, it's as a shriveled up version of its former self. The postmodernist critic no longer sounds so triumphant when skeptically shifting focus away from the artwork to the contexts and contingencies that underlie and determine it—many are tenured art historians now,

nested in the system, and continue to limit their attention to such long-canonized senior artists as Ryman or Richter, artists whose quality hasn't been in doubt for decades. And on the other hand we have the true judging critic who can feel but can't think, whose expertise has dwindled to a mute albeit heartfelt and supposedly authentic thumbs-up or thumbs-down gesture. What's left is a postmodernist view of the system that isn't so much critical as conformist, and a modernist model of the self that's too incapacitated and dim-witted to act.

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FOOTNOTES

20. Krauss, "Pictorial Space," p. 68-69; "View of Modernism," p. 50.
21. Foster, *The Return of the Real*, Cambridge, Mass., and London: MIT Press, 1996, xiv; Laura Owens, "A Thousand Words: Laura Owens Talks About Her New Work," *Artforum* 37, no. 10, Summer 1999, p. 131.
22. Foster, *Return of the Real*, xiv (see also Chapter 6). It should be said as well that art's appeal to academia came just as both were collapsing into the culture industry. According to Bruce Mau, one of today's top commercial designers, "the real product has become culture and intelligence." Quoted in Foster, *Design and Crime*, p. 23.
23. Hence *Artforum's* growing tendency to put headshots on its front covers. Since 1995, the magazine's choice for front-cover images has as often than not been of people's faces: whether it's Cindy Sherman in drag, or Paul McCarthy pulling his brains out during a performance, or a Ralph Billingham or Cragie Horsefield or Seydou Keita portrait, or the face of a Charles Ray mannequin, or (the crème de la crème) Rob Storr standing next to Chuck Close while the latter's humungous portrait of Kiki Smith gets installed for the artist's retrospective at MoMA, nearly half of the covers over the last half decade have been headshots of some type or another. Such a preference for front-cover faces is something *Artforum* shares with not art but fashion magazines.
24. Raphael Rubinstein, "A Quiet Crisis," *Art in America* 91, no. 3, March 2003, p. 41; Peter Schjeldahl, "Beauty Contest," *The New Yorker* vol. 75, no. 32, November 1, 1999, p. 108.

SELL THE
HOUSE
SELL THE EC
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Lane Relyea

(part four)

So where do we look today for help in negotiating our way beyond this impasse?

"We are inundated with information, to the point where it becomes meaningless to us... and we are bamboozled into not paying attention." So argued Thomas Lawson in "Last Exit: Painting," what now appears a very prescient essay from 1981 troubled by the prospect of art becoming overly dependent on discourse, becoming too much like a readymade. Lawson voiced an almost identical complaint to the one made by Krauss a decade earlier, although his was lodged against the painted stripes of Buren, not Noland. The problem with Buren's "intentionally meaningless" formalism, Lawson wrote, is that it "needs an explanatory text, a handbook of the issues raised." In response, Lawson called not for discourse so much as its "healthy" engagement. "The main problem today is to open the channels of critical discourse to a healthy skepticism." The need was felt for a kind of art with the power to draw our investments as well as our suspicions, to keep in dialog desire and critical thought (or, perhaps, intuition and understanding). The solution was not a return to what Lawson considered modernism's bankrupt "rhetoric of immediacy," its betting everything on declarative color to absorb and fasten the viewer's attention. But neither did "healthy skepticism" mean total disconnection, a complete lack of faith. "For it all boils down to a question of faith. ...The practice of art is inevitably crippled by the suspension of belief."²⁵ Lawson urged a return to the easel format, to a kind of painting that functioned much like a window, that sat back and "finished" in its frame. Not unlike Greenberg 40 years before, Lawson called for a picture that privileged the individual viewer over the architectural surrounding, drama over design. Here the picture frame figures eyesight both as it separates and holds at a critical distance and as it also deliberately focuses attention, reaching forward and outward in an attempt to grasp, comprehend, empathize, to connect subjects and objects. Without a frame, the viewer has nothing to aim at as well as nothing to aim for.

A perfect example of an artwork bringing into compelling dialog both belief and skepticism actually emerged a few years after Lawson's essay was published. The work of Felix Gonzalez-Torres remains exemplary today in how it makes mutually reinforcing both a desire for metaphoric investment and a keen awareness of institutional determinations. A productive tension is maintained in his work between the

impervious literalism—the allover flatness, as it were—of art's material conditions and the identifications by which we engage and delimit those conditions. Engagement, investment, desire, demands—these are what function as framing devices in Gonzalez-Torres's installations, a way of putting into perspective the laterally extending institutional environment (just as the dissipating spread of mass-produced posters and candies are made a condition for the gesture of sharing and connection enacted by their being freely given away—a convivial offer that, in its turn, makes all the more palpable the institution's whole unspoken and rather unconvivial code of conduct). Engaging a given situation, subjecting it to a set of partisan beliefs and demands—this is how context is made over into content. It's how such work saves the readymade and the institution from being fetishized as art's static and immutable givens, to be passively contemplated like nature. The alloverness of context and contingencies is neither naively dismissed nor entirely surrendered to; rather it's all the more confronted by acquiring a dramatic at-onceness. (Plus Gonzalez-Torres's work doesn't just reference but works through and internalizes the accomplishments and problems thrown up by the best art of the immediate past: pop finds voice in his candy spills, minimalism in his tidy poster stacks, color-field painting in the monochrome image many of his posters carry, process art in the spilling of sweets onto the floor or into corners, conceptual art in the heavy reliance on printed matter and publicity.)

To describe Gonzalez-Torres's work as "framed" is not as far a stretch as it may seem. His installations tend to gravitate toward architectural frames, toward windows and doorways that beckon approach and entry; they frequently include dancing platforms and party lights; and his posters and candies, no matter how coldly geometric and formal their presentation, never lose their capacity to solicit, propagandize and gladhand. Not to mention the small wallbound works in which white-on-black captions are presented inside frames. Granted, Gonzalez-Torres's mode of framing facilitates not private, individual views but rather public presentation. Here frames reveal a kinship not to windows so much as stages, podiums and microphones. It's a conception of the frame aligned not with monocular perspective and its privileging of sight but with the theater stage and its publicness, a frame that facilitates less the inward push of vision than the outward push of oratory and performance. (Thus Gonzalez-Torres's stacks and spills have no stable backsides or bottoms, no final piece of candy

or sheet of paper that approximates a vanishing point, no concluding terms but only endlessly repeating first impressions—impressions that come and go like sound, that are not inner but outer directed, less like private thoughts than public speech acts.)

It's a similar conception of the frame-as-stage that Morris Louis adopted and that separates his work from Noland's and its modernist preoccupation with opticality. Such a frame is certainly not uncommon today. Successful use of it can be found in Christopher Wool's stuttering placards, in which attempts at allover composition of the letterforms conflict nervously with the at-onceness of urgent pronouncement and disclosure. Another example are the paintings of Monique Prieto, in which abstract forms are choreographed into anonymous dramas of interconnected posture and physical sympathy, the formal logic of which finds its closest parallel in the woven bodies and gestures of certain 18th-century multi-figure genre and history paintings—that is, paintings made specifically for the new salons and the idea of public display they inaugurated. What Prieto achieves is something like a cross between the canvases of Louis and those of Greuze and David.²⁶

Stressing address and engagement with the viewer may prove a way for art to matter in a world filled to the brim with information on the one hand and atomized and privatized selves on the other, but with little culture of intersubjectivity, encounter, collaboration, contestation. But even this seemingly simple objective appears mired in difficulties today. Indeed, appealing to Gonzalez-Torres's work for inspiration has itself become more and more problematic, as his work gets increasingly co-opted and neutralized. There's a glut of recent artwork—idiosyncratic readymades and groovy institutional redecorating—that stands Gonzalez-Torres's achievement on its head. The relations he made appear mutually reinforcing—how institutional critique necessarily involves personal, partisan stakes, and how the personal in turn is produced within and constrained by institutional and social contexts—are now made to seem mutually nullifying. Too much recent art mixes anonymity and intimacy only to hedge its bets, with the readymade aspect used to disavow any belief in transcending artworld contingencies while glimpses of subcultural hipness and quirky personality are employed to distance the work from institutional critique. Such work claims to insert actors back into the institutional landscape, converting the scenic art world into a social stage. But how does this not comply all too eagerly with the demands of the new Experience Economy, in which "today's successful companies use goods as props and services as the stage to create experiences that engage customers in an inherently personal way," in which "the value the experience holds for the individual determines the worth of the offering and the work of the business"?

It's also hard not to feel that too much recent art finds its perfect complement in the depressing state to which criticism has fallen. All those idiosyncratic, hip readymades, all the thrift-store painting, all the pseudo-architecture and wannabee design, all the fashionable conversation nooks, all the knowing amateurishness—art that's oh-so institutionally skeptical but also oh-so mysterious, that grimaces within an artworld apparatus it seems overly conscious of but at the same time demands the glamour of its spotlight. It's artwork that also can't ask much more but that criticism tell it that it's deep, or at least that criticism help increase its market share, and yet then acts disappointed that criticism is incapable of doing anything more.

We need a compelling discourse on art today, everyone says that. We need a discourse capable of framing art, that provides it with an adequately ambitious context. But at the same time we need an art that does more than successfully plug into context. More than context, we need an art that makes an issue out of how it addresses both viewers and its surrounding circumstances. By this I don't mean art that merely flaunts its personality (asking only to be liked may be a way for art to relate to its audience, but the question then becomes whether it's a compelling or rich enough one, or if it actually debases encounter down to the mere need to ingratiate.) At the end of *Design and Crime*, Hal Foster advocates a type of artwork he calls "traumatic, spectral, nonsynchronous and incongruent."²⁷ What these four modes have in common is a basic resistance to settling comfortably and efficiently into the general surroundings. All four modes haunt and problematize the smooth workings of today's totally integrated design, and they also haunt and problematize viewing, unsettling the onlooker's place in the scheme of things. Like Lawson, Foster can be taken as urging a kind of art that privileges drama over décor, that figures and provokes a crises between perceiving subject and perceived object. Today it's no longer safe to assume that the experience of any good artwork unfolds in a dramatic here-and-now of mutual address and engagement. Rather it's become something that concerns and worries us—a concern that perhaps defines art's historical condition at the moment. We're concerned that artworks are being too completely absorbed into the various contexts they're threaded through, the magazines, coffee-table books, discourses, slide comparisons, mega-Biennial group shows, *Vogue* lifestyle layouts, boutique architecture, the designing of experience. Artworks seem knitted at their sides to other works, references, lists, contexts, captions, commodities, product environments, etc., and these chains circulate perpendicular to us, to our attention, like internet data or TV programming, all just flowing by, a parade we're detached from and can only contemplate. Stopping a work, framing it, having it hold itself before us and challenge and reward our engagement with it—this is no longer a given for art

but a stake that needs to be declared, fought for, pushed, risked, secured. Indeed, it's a struggle for criticism as well, as criticism stands for the unfolding rewards, or lack thereof, of serious attention to art.

FOOTNOTES

25. Thomas Lawson, "Last Exit: Painting," in Brian Wallis, ed., *Art after Modernism: Rethinking Representation*, New York: The New Museum of Contemporary Art, 1984, pp. 153-65.

26. See my "Monique Prieto's Painting, for Itself, for Each Other, for Us," in *Nobody Here but Us Chickens and Other Paintings by Monique Prieto*, Los Angeles and London: Acme Gallery and Corvi-Mora Gallery, 2002, pp. 5-17, where I first worked out an argument for distinguishing theater-space from window-space, as well as distinguishing Morris Louis from Kenneth Noland.

27. Foster, *Design and Crime*, pp. 130-43. It should be noted that Foster's four modes—with their connotations of injury, disability, ghostliness, belatedness—share a somewhat grim and morbid character. This pessimistic grain stands in direct contrast to the optimism that was said to hold sway during the avant-garde episodes of both the 1910s in Europe and the 1960s in New York. That optimism is a requisite for radical art is an axiom Greenberg repeated often: "Cubism originated from a complex of attitudes that embodied the optimism, boldness and self-confidence of the highest stage of industrial capitalism...an all-pervasive conviction that the world would inevitably go on improving, so that no matter what chances one took with the new, the unknown, or the unforeseeable, there was no risk of getting anything inferior or more dangerous than what one already had.... In a world filled with nostalgia and too profoundly frightened by what has just happened to dare hope that the future contains anything better than the past, how can art be expected to hold onto advanced positions? When the radical artist's loss of nerve becomes permanent, then art declines as a whole" (*Collected Essays*, Vol. 2, p. 217). So, too, a widespread optimism regarding criticism accompanied the emergence of discourse as a dominant medium in the '70s. Criticism was hailed for its "august clairvoyance" and "expansive confidence" (Robert Pincus-Witten, "Naked Lunches," *October* 3, Spring 1977, p. 104; Krauss, "Pictorial Space", p. 68).

