

An abstract artwork featuring several large, colorful spheres with iridescent, rainbow-like patterns. The spheres are arranged in a cluster on the right side of the frame. In the foreground, a long, curved, white object, possibly a sculpture or a piece of furniture, extends from the bottom left towards the center. The background shows a gallery space with a white wall and a floor that reflects the colors of the artwork. The overall composition is dynamic and colorful.

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to dry the paint, Abraham Ebdus hunched like a jeweller, or a monk copying scrolls, and licked with the tiny brushes at his celluloid frames, his work grown reverent and infinitesimal. Dylan stood at his side and smelled the paint, the thin acrid plume of freshly mixed pigment. He was at the height of the light table on which his father painted, his eyes level and close, and he wondered if his tiny hands might be more suited to the work than his father's. Bored after a while, he'd sit cross-legged on the floor and draw with his father's abandoned oil crayons, carefully unpacking them from the metal tin with the French label. Or run his Matchbox car, #11, along the painted floorboards. Or wrestle open an enormous book of reproductions, tipped-in plates, Brueghel or Goya or Manet or De Chirico, and become lost, briefly dreaming himself into a window in the Tower of Babel or a circle of witches sitting with a goat beside a campfire at night or a line of boys with sprouted branches chasing pigs across a brook. In Brueghel and De Chirico he found children playing with hoops like Marilla's and wondered if he might be allowed to turn her hula on its side and run it down Dean Street with a stick. But the girl with the hoop and the stick on the lonely street in De Chirico had flowing hair like the Solver girls, so never mind.

'That looks the same', Dylan said, watching his father finish a frame, turn to the next.

'It changes very slightly.'

'I can't see.'

'You will in time.'

Time, he'd been told, would speed up. Days would fly. They didn't fly there, on the floor of his father's studio, but they would. They'd fly, the film would speed up and run together so fast it would appear to move, summer would end, he'd be in school, he was growing up so fast, that was the consensus he alone couldn't consent to, mired as he felt himself to be, utterly drowning in time there on the studio floor, gazing into Brueghel, searching for the other children among the dogs under the banquet table at the feet of the millers and their wives. Retreating from his father's studio he'd count the whining stairs. [...]

Jonathan Lethem, extract from *The Fortress of Solitude* (New York: Doubleday, 2003) 8–10.

Glenn Brown

In Conversation with Rochelle Steiner//2004

Rochelle Steiner When you are selecting a painting by another artist to work with, how closely do you know the original? Are there paintings you have worked with that you have only seen in reproduction?

Glenn Brown Whether I see the actual painting or not doesn't matter. In the end, what is important is the nature of the reproduction I work from. In fact, it is always the somewhat sad reproduction that fires my imagination, not the real painting. It allows me space to figure out ways to adapt the colour, the form, the orientation.

Steiner Are you interested in original paintings at all?

Brown Even though I love looking at art, I see it in two very different ways. If I go to a gallery or an exhibition, I enjoy the physicality and the artistic gesture – particularly the colour and the incredible sensitivity with which some artists combine colours to create particular images. When the original painting gets translated into a photograph and then into a reproduction, so much of the sensitivity is lost that, for me, it isn't living art anymore but dead subject matter. I'm rather like Dr Frankenstein, constructing paintings out of the residue or dead parts of other artists' work. I hope to create a sense of strangeness by bringing together examples of the way the best historic and modern-day artists have depicted their personal sense of the world. I see their worlds from multiple or schizophrenic perspectives, through all their eyes. Their sources of inspiration suggest things I would never normally see – rocks floating in far-off galaxies, for example, or a bowl of flowers in an eighteenth-century room, or a child in a fancy-dress costume. It's those fictions that I take as subject matter. The scenes may have been relatively normal to Rembrandt or Fragonard but because of the passage of time and the difference in culture, to me they are fantastical. [...]

Steiner Given the way you work, you must have developed a philosophy or position on copyright.

Brown The constraints of copyright are problematic when they disallow a person to comment on images. I see my work as a form of visual critique, and the question as one of freedom of expression. I feel compelled to comment visually on images that already exist and surround me. My way of commenting on the

world is by painting – by making further images. I'm not a writer and I don't give speeches, but I do like to make people think about things through painting. I truly believe that if somebody creates something to be seen by others – be it a small painting or the Empire State building – I should be able to comment on it and to do so visually. Both paintings and buildings have copyrights on them, but they form part of our shared visual language and culture. We use phrases like 'as tall as the Empire State Building' or 'as enigmatic as the Mona Lisa', and it is ridiculous that as a painter I cannot use similar visual comparisons.

Steiner There are two points at issue here: one is the artist's freedom of expression and right to comment on other images – and how this may interfere with someone else's copyright – which you have described. But there is also a question about originality. Are you commenting on the potential – or the lack of potential to make new imagery in a society already overwhelmed with images?

Brown [...] Ways of expressing an individual view of the world have to reflect the myriad other opinions that surround us. We cannot construct a rational argument outside what has become an accepted language, and the images that flood the world become the words and phrases that make up our visual language. [...]

Steiner Do you see your sculptures as a form of painting? They are quite literally full of paint – almost caricatures of brush strokes in three dimensions.

Brown I see the sculptural brush marks as challenging the logic of paint in that they appear to defy gravity by actually staying upright. For me, they exist within a surreal world that is based on getting paint to do something it shouldn't do, and to sit in a three-dimensional world that it shouldn't be in. The vitrine allows the sculpture to exist within its own mummified world.

Like the paintings, the sculptures are always given an imaginary light source. Unlike most sculptures that rely on the light of the room to give them shadow, I paint shadow on the works so they have a light and dark side. Sometimes there will be several different light sources of various colours, for example green light coming from underneath, red coming from one angle and white coming from another. This is partly why the sculptures seem to me to exist within the world of painting; it feels like I'm reaching inside painting to make the sculpture, and because the light source remains on its sculpture, that sculpture never fully leaves the world of the painting. [...]

Glenn Brown and Rochelle Steiner, extracts from 'Interview with Glenn Brown', in *Glenn Brown* (London: Serpentine Gallery, 2004) 95–6; 97; 99.

Jordan Kantor The Tuymans Effect//2004

Luc Tuymans has been the European painter of the moment – for several years. With a national pavilion at the 2001 Venice Biennale, a prominent place in the 2002 Documenta, and a full-scale retrospective co-organized by Tate Modern, London, and K21 Kunstsammlung Nordrhein Westfalen, Düsseldorf, where it is now on view, the forty-six year-old Belgian is, by all accounts, a mid career artist in full stride. Yet a slew of top-tier exhibitions does not fully measure the impact of his painting on the artistic landscape today. Perhaps even more revealing is the pervasiveness of different aspects of his art in the work of many younger European painters. Not unlike Gerhard Richter two decades ago, Tuymans seems to have tapped into a particular mode of seeing and depicting that has unusual resonance. Indeed, these days one can hardly walk into a gallery or art fair with an eye peeled for painting without seeing the 'Tuymans effect' – the profound, if sometimes ineffable, way in which the look, subjects and even fundamental painterly approach of Tuymans' work has saturated a large and increasingly significant territory. And while the primary hallmarks of Tuymans' art have been well rehearsed in the ever growing literature on the artist – including his distinctively crude rendering, his chalky palette and limited chromatic range, his use of photographic and filmic sources and cropping techniques, as well as his particular engagement with historical subject matter – the most salient interpretations of his art have come from those younger painters who flesh out these signature devices in their own work. Members of this next generation of painters, including some of Europe's most promising emerging talents, appear to have Tuymans' spectral oils in mind as they squeeze out blobs of paint, mix up some turpentine-heavy medium, and take brush to canvas.

One of the strongest readings of Tuymans' oeuvre has come from the thirty-two year-old Polish painter Wilhelm Sasnal, who, perhaps more than any other artist, has inhabited Tuymans' pictorial world and operational approach as a means to forge a distinctively individual body of work. Not only in visual terms, but also in his relationship to source material and in his conception of his painterly 'project', Sasnal's still young career can be understood as a kind of working through of this implications of the Tuymans model. From a formal perspective, Sasnal's canvases come closest to Tuymans in overall 'look' and painterly touch. This is perhaps most plainly evidenced by the similarities between a canvas like *Untitled* (2004) – which depicts a standing man in a navy uniform, face blotted out with quick strokes of wet-into-wet paint – and a work