

AFTER ASPECTS OF ABSTRACT PAINTING SINCE 1970 FALL

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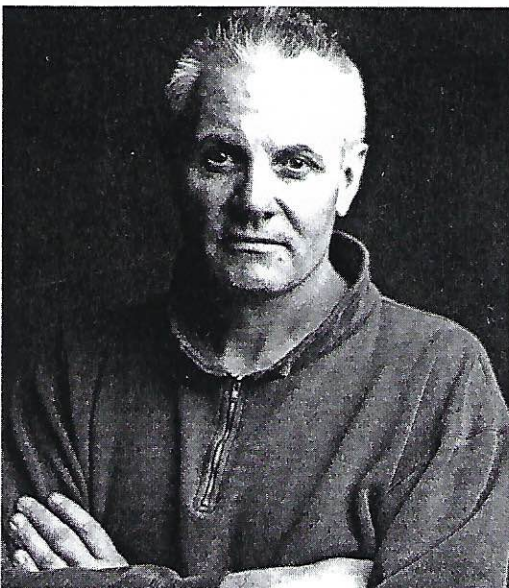
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BILL JENSEN



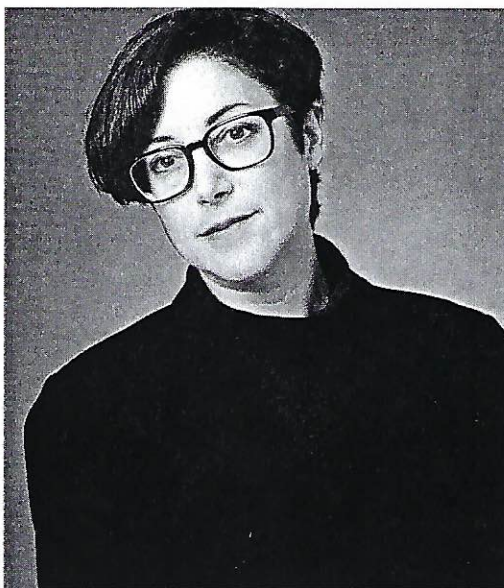
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Art of truthfulness does not concern itself with the viewer's smartness or the artist's smartness. It comes as direct as possible (that 'exchange') from a source within the artist out to the object being made. Then maybe when the object is being looked at, the viewer might retrace the steps of the exchange or sensations back into their own psyche. I live in a constant state of anxiety between the completion of one exchange and the longing in between the start of the next.

If art has a worth outside of social and economic importance, it is the ability to touch areas of the psyche that we are not normally aware of. These places are reality. They are places from which wars do not start nor prejudice exists. These places of awareness are the Inner Life, the Inner Eye. They are the self before the I, me, you, and them exist.

[February 1994]

MARTHA KELLER



from insolent regrets to infinite regress

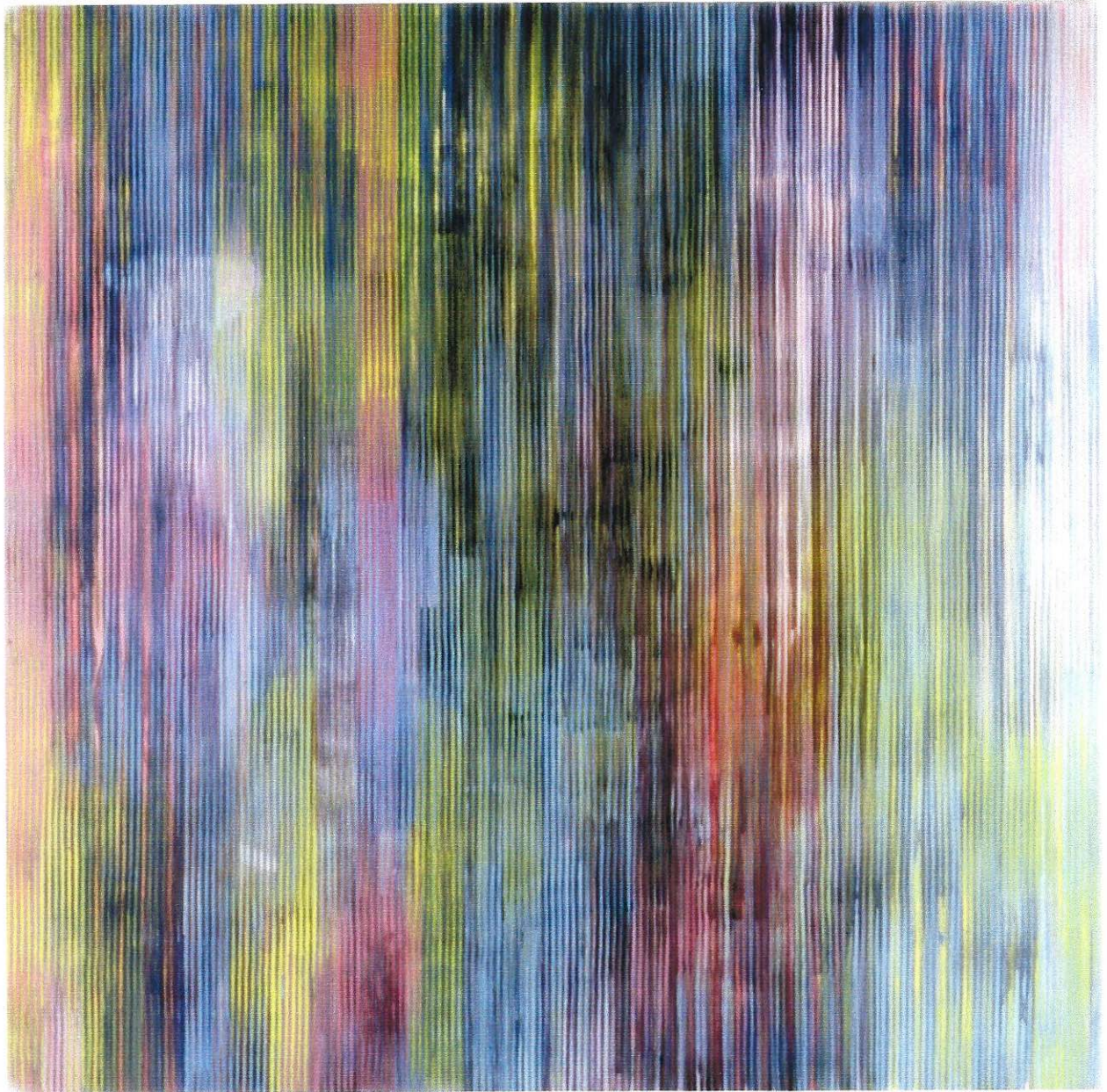
To compare *from Prelude to Tailpiece*, 1993, and *tao wow now*, 1994, is to shift toward the informal; one body of work generates...or degenerates the next.

Geometry has been a convenient structure for my earlier pursuit of painting's contrarities. Horizontal bands frame and stack up the metaphors, simultaneous realities in a non-hierarchical collection: opaque/transparent, flatness/gesture, surface/space.

In *from Prelude to Tailpiece*, color is perfectly balanced by its monochrome echo (like a black-and-white photo). It is a melancholy narrative of loss and depleted gesture. Yet this painting indulges in glowing chartreuse transparency and cool zinc surface, brushed, puddled, troweled; affirmative even within the ironies of painting's self-consciousness.

tao wow now has abandoned geometry for a field of vertical strokes. I call this on-going work *faatrice* (Ital. n. *fa-autrice*, the one who makes female authorship possible) to give gender to its self-generating openness.

Presenting a critique of rationalism, mechanical brushes create an endless de-structure. Funky tools make chance smears, blots, prints, and drips, expressing my faith in uncertainty. Earlier, the brush stroke occurred as abstracted image, a sign for itself; now it is actual, signifying, subverting, extending its own story (not its demise).



Marthe Keller, *Tao wow now*, 72 x 72", oil, alkyd, zinc and graphite on canvas, 1995