

M



M. Brendon Macinnis Founding publisher of M, 1998. New York

in the Artworld

intheArtworld.com

10 US 9 EU 8 UK

M

4	Forward
8	Art In Review
27	Poetry
34	Theatre
44	Opera
46	Film
49	Music
59	Social

From the Publisher

A goal is a dream with a deadline — posits the irrepressible homespun philosopher Napoleon Hill. And this deadline has certainly been a long time coming. Since the two-weeks to flatten the curve ruse, that morphed into an ill-advised years long global shutdown, we have taken a time out, printing M.

This is our first new issue in print, since before *The Day The Earth Stood Still*. As such, I have taken the opportunity to implement changes I have long had in mind to do.

Longtime readers may recall that our magazine began as a listings guide for art galleries and museums in New York, unique for combining incisive art reviews and news, with art maps to help the reader navigate the art world.

Now that internet speeds have soared beyond what anyone could imagine even just a few years ago, we have rendered unto the internet all things ephemeral, thereby freeing up the pages you have in your hands to explore music, poetry, theatre, film, even food and travel.

This is in addition to our ongoing commitment to cover the visual arts, writing about art gallery and museum shows, art fairs and cultural events.

By way of reintroducing M to readers new and old, I have written a preamble in the following pages that details the history of the magazine and my experience in the art world, over these past few decades.



M. Brendon Macinnis

M

intheArtworld.com

Vol. 30, No. 1, 2026
ISSN 1534-5394

*Publisher/ M. Brendon Macinnis • Executive Editor/
M. Brendon Macinnis • Graphic Design/ Rikki
Driver/ • Writers/ Camille Hong Xin/ Elga Wimmer/
Gulsen Calik / Rikki Driver*

The M magazine is published by MBM Publications.
All requests for permission and reprints must be made in
writing to editor@intheArtworld.com.

M
intheArtworld.com
Tel: 212 956 0614 editor@intheArtworld.com



Clockwise: Photograph taken by Angelika Angermam of M. Brendon Macinnis in Kassel, West Germany, 1986. The image has an unusual backstory in that the woman behind the camera, using a Pentax ME, 35mm SLR, was blind. She could only make out light and shadow.
Bottom: M. Brendon Macinnis at the Whitney Museum of American Art, New York. Photographer unknown, 2024.

When the coronavirus became a thing, I was in Milano, Italy, where I spent New Year's Eve, after a winter holiday visiting friends and family in Europe. I caught a direct flight back to New York in the first week of January, 2020. I would soon find out that because of its close relationship with its "sister city," Wuhan in China, Milano was the epicenter of what eventually would be rebranded as Covid, in the West.

After arriving back home I had this very bad, persistent flu, which in retrospect must have been Covid. There was no test for this new virus at the time, nor treatment protocols. Probably because I have an exceptionally healthy diet, vegan organic, I recovered with a natural, robust immunity.

By the time various tests were developed, and competing vaccines, Covid was a non-issue for me. I looked on, as the world went mad for a couple years.

With no "vaccine pass," I could not fly, or even go to a cafe for a coffee. The mandated business closures put our longtime printer in Long Island City out of business. You cannot simply flip a switch, turn off and then back on giant printing presses that turn out tens of thousands of magazines a day.

So we could not print our magazine, and even if we could, the draconian restrictions placed of movement and travel made it impossible to distribute.

Then came the proverbial silver lining: I accepted that this will be a time out, which in of itself is not necessarily a bad thing. Personally I reconnected to music, having more time to play guitar, and so on.

In the interim, two key contributors to the daily operations of M, our graphic de-





VIP presentation of M / intheArtworld at private event, Shanghai, China. 2009

signer, Orin Buck, and our web master, Jason Goodrow, became gravely ill and passed away, only about a year apart.

We begin this new issue, spring 2026, with essentially a new team, fresh ideas. Assuming you like the layout, with the additional feature sections, Music, Poetry, Theatre, Film and Social, you can thank our new in house graphic designer, Rikki Driver, for implementing these features.

Some background: I started the magazine, M / intheArtworld a couple decades ago, as a listings guide, unique for combining very good art writing, with art listings.

Before the age of the internet, we printed 7000 to 10,000 copies every month, distributed to hundreds of art galleries, museums, auction houses and top hotels, mostly in New York, as well as through our participation in prestigious international art fairs around the world: Art Basel, first in Basel, Switzerland, then in Miami, and The Armory Show, in New York, FIAC, Paris (which has since been rebranded as Art Basel Paris), Art Taipei, KIAF in Seoul, South Korea, and others.

As our editorial content grew, and the listings were moved online, we switched to a quarterly publication, to have more time to develop quality content for each issue.

During this time out, I gave further thought to how we could take our very good writing to a new level. To expand the platform to encompass more than the visual arts.

I think a great magazine should take the reader on a journey. I looked at the work of Milton Glaser, the art director of the French magazine, *Jardin des Modes in the 1950s*, and later Marc Ascoli, who took the magazine to new heights from 1977 on into the 1990s, until the internet age.

There is something to be said for a paper of record. A tangible thing fixed in time. This is what we are striving for. Each physical copy of M is registered with the United States Library of Congress, issued an ISSN.

Each magazine is a historical document that fixes a moment in time. This is why in this issue, you will find in-depth articles about past events, during the Covid period, to catch up on what was missed.

Going forward, you can look forward to more coverage of live music, including record reviews, film (art cinema), theatre, opera, poetry, literature, and an entirely new category we call Social, which is a blank canvas that allows us to explore new topics in each issue, that have a social theme.

This could be a discussion of art friendly restaurants here or abroad, travel, personal health fitness, food, fashion, meetups.

Then there is intheArtworld.com, our easy to remember website, where you find all the gallery and museum listings. We had been in the process of developing a unique App to greatly enhance this service when our webmaster passed away. But I expect to have this project back on track soon. In

the meantime, the existing site works fine, both as a website and web-app for mobile.

If you might be curious as to my background in the arts, I became involved in the art world in New York first as an art gallery owner, MBM Gallery. The initials stand for my full name. In the 1990s, I had three locations, not all at the same time. First in Midtown, then in Soho, and finally a much larger space in Chelsea.

At the time I moved my gallery to Chelsea, the area was not yet a full pledged art gallery district. In fact some of my artists were a little upset, when I announced their next show would not be in Soho, but instead, Chelsea.

This is when I got the idea to create an arts listings guide, which I called M / The Chelsea Art Guide, because nothing existed that focussed on Chelsea.

To distinguish the guide, I included art reviews modeled in format, after The NY Times arts section. I had experience as the arts & features

writer for a weekly newspaper in Boston, when I was at university, writing art, film, theater, and record reviews.

So I put this experience to use in developing my magazine. Our first issue, we printed a staggering 10,000 copies, totally saturating Chelsea. M / The Chelsea Art Guide quickly caught on, establishing M as the source reference for professionals looking for the latest art shows in New York.

I was pleasantly surprised to discover that art writers at the NY Times actually requested the magazine, and in one case, even pinned a copy of M on the wall of their office cubicle to refer to as a guide, when going out to visit shows.

As the magazine expanded its coverage beyond Chelsea, I changed the name to M / The New York Art World, while keeping the same clean, minimalist format

When we secured the website domain for intheArtworld.com, the name was updated once more to M / intheArtworld. **M**



Orin Buck, graphic designer, and Jason Goodrow, Webmaster for M / intheArtworld, at private art event in New York.

Art Basel Paris 2025
and the Golden Triangle

By Elga Wimmer

Paris looked decidedly festive in autumn, as the fourth edition of Art Basel Paris got underway, replete with a plethora of art activity spread across the whole city. The fair took place October 24 to 26, with VIP and press previews starting as early as October 21.

Some 100,000 art enthusiasts, dealers, collectors and artists from all over the world converged on the French capital, flocking to see the legendary art fair that has replaced the once seemingly irreplaceable FIAC art fair, which had reigned supreme for nearly half a century.

This was only the second year Art Basel Paris was held in the city's Grand Palais, which had long been home to FIAC, following an extensive renovation of the palatial structure.

In front of the Grand Palais with its meticulously restored Coppola, Czech artist Vojtech Kovarik's outdoor sculpture, *Atlas Calming The Troubled World* set the tone.

Beautiful to behold, the large bronze sculpture offers solace to a world wracked with war and social upheaval, depicting an Atlas who gently cradles the heavy burden of the world, holding up the celestial earth in his strong arms.

As is customary when a major, top tier international art fair comes to town, local galleries, satellite fairs, museums, foundations, and public art projects all vied to share the spotlight.



Vojtech Kovarik, *Atlas Calming The Troubled World*, 2025. Bronze. 225 x 350 x 240
Commissioned by Art Basel Paris - Public Program

A day before Art Basel Paris held its VIP and Press Preview, galleries in the so-called Golden Triangle, on Avenue Matignon, held their own Vernissage titled MASH (Matignon Saint Honoré) in late afternoon to evening. Tables were set outside, and champagne was flowing, against a backdrop of art performances.

Standouts at MASH 2025 include an exceptional choice of modern art. Roberto Matta and Max Ernst at Galerie Malingue, German artist Franz Erhard Walther — a pioneer in minimal interactive sculpture — at Galerie Jocelyn Wolf; Thai artist Yuree Kensaku at Enrico Navarra Galerie, whose fresh approach to pop culture, brightly colored cartoonish images inspired by manga, kitsch, street art, animation and comics echo Jeff Koon's early work.

At Perrin Antiquaires, New York based curator Valerie Cueto transformed the gallery into an apartment, in a show titled *The Nomadic Eye*. Here, masterworks in decorative and historic art interact with contemporary works — a Louis XV console, ca 1700, displaying a female Dagon sculpture, an 18th century Japanese mask and 19th Century war hat set beneath a painting by Antoni Tàpies, 1961.



Robert Rauschenberg, *Able Was I Ere I Saw Elba*, 1983. Transfer and glaze on high-fired ceramic. 270.3 x 231.1 x 6.8 cm
Courtesy: Galerie Thaddaeus Ropac, London · Paris · Salzburg · Milan · Seoul.

The bedroom is dominated by Max Ernst's *Cage Bed and Screen, The Great Ignoramus*, 1974, blurring the boundaries between sculpture, furniture and installation. The piece is at once a bed, a mental prison and a vehicle for fantasy.

The highly anticipated Art Basel Paris opened with a spirited Avant-Premiere on October 21st, and VIP preview the following day, filling

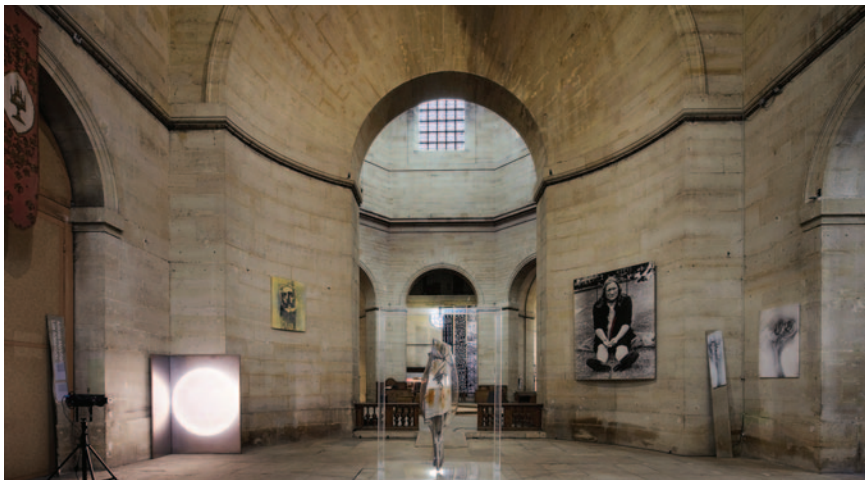
the Grand Palais with some 206 galleries from 41 countries in a show that was well attended throughout, to the last day.

The usual insider crowd of high-powered art world movers and shakers, like a moveable feast, descended upon Paris, pushing attendance and sales to record levels.

Many galleries that typically show recent contemporary artworks, this year focused on works from the secondary market, early/mid 20th Century and historic art.

Karma Gallery offered a Milton Avery, *Gliding Gull* from 1956; Meyer Riegger showed a wonderful painting by Meret Oppenheim, *Le Grand Chapeau*, 1954, Pace Gallery had a Modigliani, *Jeune Fille aux Macarons* (1918); Thaddaeus Ropac offered a work by Alberto Burri, *Sacco e ero*

Paris has always been a feast for the senses, from its breathtaking architecture, to the artists who have immortalized the city, to its living history, food and lifestyle



Dario Villalba, *El Enfermo*, 1974-1991. Courtesy: Luis Adelantado and the Legacy, Valencia
Photo credit: Greysc Studio

(1959) and an amazing piece by Robert Rauschenberg, *Able Was I Ere I Saw Elba*, 1983.

Gagosian featured a Peter Paul Rubens painting, *The Virgin and Christ Child, with Saints Elizabeth and John the Baptist* (c.1611-14), and Rodin's bronze *Le Baiser* (The Kiss), c.1905-10. Probably due to the volatile nature of current world affairs, top galleries hedged their bets, placing big names, with established market value, alongside lesser-known artists.

That being said, there was something for everyone: The upper-level section of the fair showcased younger artists at prices accessible to new collectors.

The French gallery, We Do Not Work Alone, presented a quirky array of unusual objects by Ulla von Brandenburg, Ryan Gander, Nicola L, and Erwin Wurm. The Columns Gallery, Seoul/Singapore, showed paintings by Manuel Ocampo, that recall Hieronymus Bosch, mixing grotesque looking animals and humans with political undertones in an apocalyptic scenery suggesting a col-

lapse of moral and spiritual order. The work serves as an allegory examining the intricate and often shadowy theater of the global art market.

Two outstanding galleries in the main section of the fair, Jocelyn Wolff, Paris and Meyer Riegger, Berlin, showed artists Swiss Miriam Cahn and Argentine Santiago de Paoli. Cahn paints in layered transparent colors depicting victims of violence, in war, in uniquely haunting imagery. While Harald Klingelhoeller's, *Waende, Mass und Woerter*, 2002, evoked the roughhewn austerity of Joseph Beuys.

Among the satellite fairs, Off-Screen at the Chapelle de la Salpetriere was particularly notable. The chapel itself and adjacent psychiatric hospital has a remarkable history. Jean-Martin Charcot, the French neurologist and professor of anatomical pathology developed his theories about hysteria here, mostly by practicing on female patients. One of the rooms shows vintage photographs of the latter as part of the fair. The 17th Century chapel's historic paintings and sculptures offered a marvelous backdrop

to the fair's focus on contemporary art, taking care not to upstage the historical art pieces. One visitor was overheard saying, "This is not an art fair, it's an exhibition." Which was more of a compliment than a critique.

The Luis Adelantado Gallery from Valencia, with its installation of works by Dario Villalba is a good case in point. The central piece, entitled *El Enfermo* (1974 - 1991), depicts the body of a patient inside a methacrylate chrysalis, suspended in an atmosphere of pain and silence. While on the wall opposite is a painting by Villalba, *D'Apres El Greco* (1995), evoking a spiritual calling.

Kerlin Gallery, Ireland, showed sculptor Dorothy Cross with *Room*, 2019. Rendered in Carrara marble, the work depicts what appears to be a baby shark on a large white platform in front of two sepulchres of Madonna in the chapel, in bronze, set in front of a round glass stain window, another one in marble lamenting Christ lying at her feet. The dialog between the stark, minimalist marble sculpture by Dorothy Cross and its historical surrounds is powerful.

Another notable satellite fair, AKAA (Also Known as Africa) presented a mix of European and African galleries, mostly from Nigeria and Senegal, that spanned the visual arts, fashion and installation. Anne de Villepoix featured Atsopé, from Togo, and Bouvy Enkobo, born in Kinsasha, Congo. Atsopé's naïve looking paintings play with an apparent paradox of childhood bliss and violence, telling stories with doll-like characters. Enkobo's collages utilize abstract figurative imagery to reflect on the reality of the street around him, juxtaposed with his imaginary world. French-Moroccan fashion designer Sophia Kacimi, based in London, exhibited her line of Zoubida (art to wear), precious coats made of hand woven fabrics in rich colors, reminiscent of Yves St Laurent's Moroccan inspired collection. The atmosphere at AKAA was decidedly upbeat, exciting. Upscale souk meets art fair chic, young and adventurous.

An unexpected surprise was the performance *Le Dernier Carnaval* (The Last Carnival) by Cai Guo-Qiang & cAl, with fireworks in front of the Pompidou Museum, bidding a temporary farewell for its five year closing for renovations. The artist and his team produced an extraordinary daytime fireworks performance on October 22, to coincide with the vibrant setting of Art Basel Paris. The façade of the Centre Pompidou was transformed into a monumental painting, depicting historic pieces in the museum's collection.

For the serious museum goer, Paris never disappoints, presuming there is no labor strike, of course, that everything is open. The amazing contemporary collection of the Fondation Cartier in its newly christened location in

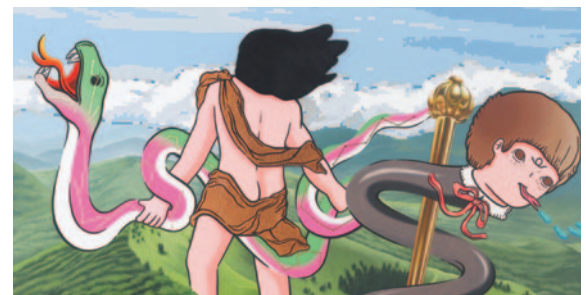
the Louvre des Antiquaires; Gerhard Richter at the LV Foundation in the Bois de Boulogne, honoring the German artist at 93 years, with a comprehensive retrospective; the Baroque painter Georges de la Tour, a master of light, at the Jacquemart-Andre museum, housed in the wonderful 19th century townhouse of Parisian collectors of the time, and Jacques-Louis David's major retrospective exhibition at the Louvre, an absolute high point with all three primary versions of his most famous painting, *The Death of Marat* and the legendary painting of *Napoleon Crossing the Alps*.

Paris has always been a feast for the senses, from its breathtaking architecture, to the artists who have immortalized the city, to its living history, food and lifestyle.

In a time when Western culture is experiencing an identity crisis, social upheaval and even what had once seemed unthinkable — war

raging again in Europe — a wistful if not trite movie line comes to mind, "We'll always have Paris." Rick's famous sendoff to a lost love, and by extension a lost era, rings eerily true today.

By the same token, and perhaps more succinct, Hieronymus Bosch's surreal triptych, *The Garden of Earthly Delights*, with its wildly contrasting visions of heavenly aspiration, gluttonous desire and doom, conjures the Paris we find in 2025. **M**



Yuree Kansaku, *The Rod of Asclepius and a Man Carrying a Snake (Constellation) in the Massif Central*, 2025. Acrylic, glitter, collage, copper, and silver leaves on canvas. 80 x 120 cm
Courtesy: Enrico Navarra Gallery, Paris

La Biennale di Venezia 2024

Historical Overview and Ancillary Events

By Elga Wimmer

Established 1895, La Biennale di Venezia is among the oldest international art exhibitions of its kind, insofar as giving a platform exclusively to show art of its time. The festival, as we know it today, which takes place every other year, largely took shape in the 1930s, when by Royal Decree it was transformed into an Ente Autonomo (Autonomous Board), establishing the board's articles of association and congruent forms of financing.

With this transformation, the Biennale passed from the control of the Venice City Council to that of the Italian central government. Thanks to consequent increased funding access, new events were set up (Music, Cinema, and Theatre)

The festival, as we know it today, which takes place every other year, largely took shape in the 1930s

and the Biennale took on the multidisciplinary character that has consistently set it apart from the plethora of other biennales and even quinquennials vying for attention around the world.

This year's Venice Biennale Arte, 60th International Art Exhibition, carries the title *Foreigners Everywhere*. The main venue takes place at the Giardini National Pavilions and the Arsenale, plus at col-

lateral events in palazzos, churches, and historic art spaces.

Ancillary events in and around Venice, however, are also worth exploring, though often underreported. In this regard, we take a closer look at these venerable efforts here.

Biennale curator, Adriano Pedrosa, explains that the title *Foreigners Everywhere* is drawn from a series of works by the Palermo-based feminist

collective, Claire Fontaine. The works consist of neon sculptures in different colors that render in a growing number of languages — at present 53 including indigenous and partly extinct — the expression “Foreigners Everywhere.”

It is also a response to the recent mass upheavals of people, moving all across the globe. Since its inception, the Biennial has always had a connection to the politics of the day.

Notably, in 1910 with the first overtly political performance by Filippo Tommaso Marinetti (Author of *Futurist Manifesto*) dropping manifestos from the top of the Campanile into Piazza San Marco. The leaflets denounced many of the city's long established laws, and provocatively called for the burning of all gondolas and the destruction of aging Venetian palaces.

In short, the artist wanted to jettison the old guard, in a radical embrace of modernism, the avant-garde. And today, for better or worse, politics is on the agenda again. The Russian Pavilion has been given over to Bolivia. Russia is not participating for a second time, as an apparent consequence of the ongoing war with its neighbor. The Israeli Pavilion exhibition is closed as well, due to war related issues.

Returning our focus on ancillary events, the artist residency, *(Re)Create*, heralded by art lawyer Gale Elston, opened the *(Re)Create Project Space Venice* in 2023 in a picturesque Venice street, located between Giardini and Arsenale.

Artists who have formerly partaken in *(Re)Create*'s principal residency for artists, curators, and writers at Castelnovo,



Mark Bradford, *Borsa 2024*. Murano glass. Ph. Francesco Allegretto. Courtesy: Berengo Studio.

Asti (between Torino and Genova) have this platform in Venice to present their works, including stage performances. The title of the exhibition, *Hospitality in the Pluriverse* — the opening coinciding with the preview days of the Biennale — ties into this year's Biennale theme, *Strangers Everywhere*.

Artists include Jeremy Dennis, Anita Glestas, Ann McCoy, Warren Neidich and Ilona Rich, with performances by China Blue and Rainer Ganahl (April 16 to May 4, 2024).

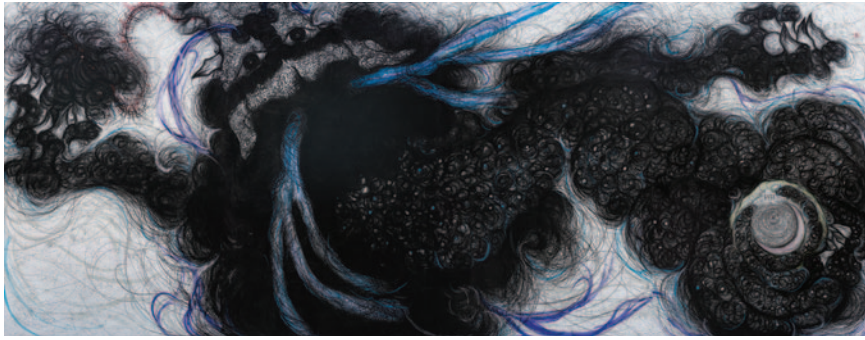
Native American Indian Jeremy Dennis stages his photographs with himself as the protagonist,

in Shinnecock, New York state, where he currently lives. The clashing (and melting) of cultures is very apparent in these images, which depict affluent pastimes, such as tennis, gardening, art collecting — the guilty pleasures of his wealthy Hamptons neighbors — next to Shinnecock, a largely rustic Indian territory in Southampton, New York.

The Shinnecock Indian Nation is one of the oldest self-governing tribes in New York State, recognized as such by the U.S. Federal government. The Shinnecock tribe (the name means people of the Stony Shore) is believed to have lived on Eastern Long Island for some 10,000 years.



China Blue, *Saturn Walk: Embodiment Listening 2024*. Performance by China Blue, Venice Biennale, with dancers Andrea Nann, Laura Colomban and Jennifer Dahl. Courtesy: China Blue



Sobin Park. *The New Myth* 2022. Pencil, bronze powder on paper, 96 x 240 inches. Courtesy: The artist.

Today they are seen as somewhat exotic foreigners in their own land, staging traditional dance and music performances.

Anita Glesta, another artist from the U.S. participating in this show, presents a series of four video animations. *The Covid Series*, *Corona Butterflies*, derives from her series of paintings, *Unnerved*, that she created during the pandemic about strangers, in the guise of viruses, traveling throughout our bodies. Her unconventional foreigners are depicted as butterflies, frogs and amoebas in bright, beautiful colors, to the music of Rachmaninov, Beethoven and Hildegard von Bingen, a medieval abbess.

Ann McCoy's work, *Wolf Tongue Mill*, 2023 references her Irish heritage, and the Irish immigrants in the U.S. She draws the cathedral like forest of the mines with wolves — site of many miners' graves — part of a fairy tale she remembers from her childhood.

Whereas the official Biennale theme addresses foreigners, the human experience, *Hospitality in the Pluriverse* explores the many aspects of foreigners in the form of molecules, territory, history, evoking both hell and heaven.

On the subject of heaven, we have the extraordinary per-

formance *Saturn Walk: Embodiment Listening* during the preview days of the Biennale 2024 by China Blue (Canada/US), choreographer, musician, visual artist and scientist.

Her performance with three dancers — Andrea Nann of Dreamwalker Dance Company, Laura Colombari, Jennifer Dahl — connected visual aspects and sounds to planets. China Blue researched the sounds of planets at NASA with scientist Seth S. Horowitz, PhD. A maze of what looked like a constellation was marked with black tape on the surface of the street in front of the entrance of *(Re)Create Space Venice*.

The three dancers interpreted — with choreographic directions of artist China Blue — the presumed sound of the planet, Saturn, thereby forging this tangible connection. At the end of the performance, the audience was invited to participate, moving along the maze together with the dancers. While the chilly Venetian weather was not favorable to the visitors, art warms the heart, in this case also the body.

Korean artist Sobin Park's *Enter The Dragon*, curated by Dr. Thalia Vrachopoulos, takes place at Spazio SV, in the

Centro Espositivo San Vidal, Scoletta di San Zaccaria, during the entirety of the Venice Biennial from April 10 through Nov. 24, 2024.

Situated on Campo S. Zaccaria, the exhibition is held in the ancient church of San Vidal, giving a spiritual podium to Park's intricate and mesmerizing drawings of dragons and women.

Based on the forbidden mythical love story between a monk and a maiden, pictured here as entwined dragons and female bodies, the dragon is the symbol of abundance, fortune and the male element Yang. Even though her work often relies on a calligraphic, visual element, Park's drawings are created with tiny pencils, covering large surfaces of paper with dense glossy layers, echoing the scaly skin of the dragon, and the delicate, pearl like skin of the female body.

In the artist's recent show at the Gwangju Museum South Korea, *The Myth of the Dragon*, a 15 meters long work was shown like an immensely large scroll (*The Creation of Female Myth*, 2013, pencil on paper, bronze powder). Here at Spazio SV she shows a slightly smaller version, *Creation of a New Female Myth*, 2012, pencil on paper, bronze powder). The size

alone makes this work a monumental depiction of the forces of nature, of Yin and Yang, of male and female.

Anselm Kiefer uses the iconography of open, thickly layered earthy fields to imbue his work with layers of significance that engage viewers in a deep dialogue with the work. Egon Schiele also used such effect, in the raw sensuality of his angled nude bodies. Park depicts the strong, thick yet sensuous body of the mythical dragon and the seemingly more delicate yet equally strong female body to conjure in its variations a whole orchestra of emotions and feelings that the artist has played on during two decades without ever making it repetitive. Both Park's dragons and maidens have grown with the years into more mature and powerful creatures.

Crip Arte Spazio: *The DAM in Venice*, is an impressive, joyous, and exuberant celebration of the Disability Arts Movement, curated by David

Hevey, with exhibition design by Nina Shen.

Artists include Abi Palmer, Keith Armstrong, Tony Heaton OBE, Terence Birch, Jason Wilsher-Mills, Ker Wallwork, Jameisha Prescod and Tanja Raabe-Webber. The movement, which has effected changes in UK law to help the disabled, celebrates the works produced by Shape Arts artists (Shape Arts improves access to culture for disabled people).

Outside of CREA space (heralded by its director and chief curator Pier Paolo Scelsi) the carrosserie of a suspended gold invalid Invacar (Invacar chassis and gold enamel) by sculptor and activist Tony Heaton OBE, titled *Gold Lamé* — playing on the word lame — introduces the show. It is a parody of Heaton OBE's own, unfortunate transmutation into a disabled person. A vehicle collided with a young Heaton and he changed from the able-bodied to the disabled.

Walking into the entrance of CREA exhibition space is another work by Heaton OBE, a wall sculpture created with two health ministry "Vessa" wheelchairs. The work — recalling eerily Duchamp's *Ready-Made* — is tied to the artist's personal disabled identity, unlike other artist's work in *DAM in Venice*, which observes more the reaction to public perception of disabilities.

On a wall cartoon-like drawing, Heaton OBE inserts the word-bubble: "We wanted rights and power, not charity and pity. So, we created art and became visible. Fought to get civil rights and won." This statement sums up an amazing, groundbreaking show.

Tanja Raabe-Webber's series of portraits cover an entire wall, showing paintings of activist leaders of the disability arts and rights movement. Her expressionistic powerful brush strokes bely that the sitters all have deformities.



Nathalie Djurberg & Hans Berg. *Howling At The Moon, Wolf In Coat* 2024. Murano glass.Pt. Francesco Allegretto. Courtesy: Berengo Studio

As in George Grosz' paintings the sitter — despite irregularities — becomes the hero/heroine. In her Self-Portrait Tanja Raabe-Weber shows a nude, in three vertical parts in red and blue, and some orange color. The face is depicted in the top part, chest to thighs in the middle part, knee to feet in the bottom part, hands and feet pointing into a-typical directions.

Raabe-Webber's body has all the parts of a typical woman but combined in different ways. It is a Venus of the handicapped woman, a Hans Bellmer doll of sorts, bizarre and attractive simultaneously. Crip Arte Spazio: *The Dam in Venice* reminds us that disabled people are powerful, not to be pitied.

The island of Murano — a 15-minute boat ride from the Venice main island — houses the world's leading creative glass furnaces, the most renowned being Berengo Studio, by Fondazione Berengo.

This year the foundation staged a group show titled *8 1/2*, inside an early century furnace. The show is a homage to Fellini's spectacular film of the same name, which hinges on the theme of artistic creation, and the 8th edition of *Glasstress*, the internationally acclaimed exhibition of contemporary art in glass.

The show opens with the gothic style *Black Chandelier* by Ai Weiwei, featuring human skulls, skeleton hands as candleholders, mystical animals and surveillance cameras.

Mark Bradford's *Borsa (Bag)*, a pink transparent glass handbag with hairbrush and make-up utensils visible inside, made for a lighter note. So did the whimsical glass sculptures of bunnies, snakes and dogs by Nathalie Djurberg and Hans Berg, shown also in an animated video with a devil and an angel fighting for the attention of a voluptuous female doll.

Laure Prouvost, a longstanding contributor at Berengo Studio created her own Garden of Eden with glass swans, birds, ducks and flamingos in tropical colors atop tree trunks, reeds, stones and sand made of Murano glass.

A striking component of the Biennale 2024 is the number of never-before-seen artists as part of an international art venue. A preponderance of artists long ignored by the mainstay of the art world, from the Global South — a prominent Latin American presence translates into more than 100 invited artists — to four countries participating for the first time, Ethiopia, Benin, Timor Leste and Tanzania. True to its *Foreigners Everywhere* theme, the 2024 Venice Biennale Arte, 60th International Art Exhibition makes a genuine and largely successful effort to humanize the foreigner, connecting fringe movements, from the works of the Māori women's group Mataaho, Aotearoa New Zealand (winner of the Golden Lion) to numerous indigenous and outsider artists whose works were previously considered by the academy as mere craftsmanship.

The foreign — the strange and the extraordinary — are welcome and celebrated here. **M**



View of Rivo dei Baccarelli, la Biennale di Venezia 2024.

Margaret Innerhofer Ethan Cohen Gallery

By Rikki Driver

In her first one-woman exhibition in New York, Margaret Innerhofer's *Transmutation* explores the nebulous concept of personhood through subconscious archetypes and the shadow self, in an expansive show that fills out the gallery's two floors.

The exhibition takes on a non-linear structure and maps history and geography as a cat's cradle of concepts. The beginning, as such, delves into the history of the Northern Italian Alps and their blended Italian and German culture, and the statelessness of the region. Then Milan, Italy's second largest city, is represented through an exploration of minimalistic architecture. Finally, the New York section of the show presents layer upon layer of memories.

This exhibition is so varied and nuanced, it is not immediately apparent that this is all the work of one artist. Visually, all sections are

Visually, all sections are unified through reflected and layered images

unified through reflected and layered images. Everything has its shadow. Innerhofer's visual language hinges on the grammar of color saturation. Each reflected image is rendered in sepia-tone, which would seem a reference to traditional photographic printing.

Each memory, each event, has its shadow. One wonders if this use of the shadow as leitmotif is a kind of antithesis. Innerhofer remains hyper-focused on archetypes throughout, roles in which one defines oneself in a constant state of flux. She posits that life is what fills out the space between these reflections and layers.

This work, as a whole, draws the viewer into a holistic experience, to immerse oneself in the moment. For example, in the Alps section, the mountain image, *ROSENGARTEN I*, is reflected onto the floor, accompanied by a soundscape.

In *RUPTURE II/III*, a single feather is placed below one painting. The quietness of this moment, evoked by the feather as metaphor offers a respite from the sheer ambition of the show, which can seem overwhelming.

There is no stone, no facet, left unturned by Innerhofer. She wants to tackle many complex ideas of personhood and psychology, all in one fell swoop. She engages, indeed demands of the viewer that we participate in this ritual with her, to absorb the full experience. That being said, the show's stunning yet enigmatic visuals compel us to explore along with the artist this transmutation, as the show's namesake promises. **M**



Margaret Innerhofer, *E3THERIII*, 2025. Archival pigment print on canvas. 85.1 x 148.6 cm. Edition of 3 + 2 AP. Courtesy: Ethan Cohen Gallery, New York.

CROSSROADS

The Watermill Center
Summer Festival
Summer, 2021

By Elga Wimmer

Nestled among the well-trodden, in a hamlet within the Town of Southampton on Long Island in Suffolk County, New York, about an eighty-mile drive from New York City, The Watermill Center is a performance center and artist residency founded by Robert Wilson. Known for his plays and operas since the 1970s — *Black Rider*, *Einstein on the Beach*, *Threepenny Opera* — Wilson wears many hats: artist, composer, collector, choreographer, stage director, sound and lighting designer. Above all, however, he is perhaps best known as a major supporter of performance art.

Wilson founded The Watermill Center in 1992 as a laboratory for inspiration, integrating the multi-media genre of performance art with resources from the humanities, research from the sciences and inspiration from the visual arts. Each year the Center holds a Gala, with performances by the artists in residence, as well as from many parts of the world, mixing celebrity artists such as Laurie Anderson, Marina Abramovic, Jonathan Meese, Lady Gaga, Yoko Ono, with the local talent, with some artworks donated to a silent auction (also a live auction) benefitting the Center. Throughout the rest of the year the community of mostly emerging artists in residence at the Center continue to perform and make art.

This year things were a bit different, scaled back due to the lingering

fallout of the “two weeks to flatten the curve” coronavirus mantra that turned into two years. Dubbed *CROSSROADS*, the pared down festival consisted of several small performances and events that took place over the course of a week (July 31 – August 8, 2021). These included concerts, film screenings and art installations dispersed throughout the Center’s sprawling ten acre property. As usual, proceeds from ticket sales went towards supporting the year-round artist residency and educational programs. A semblance of the traditional evening of cocktail with a buffet (in place of formal dinner), but no silent auction nor star-studded live art auction was held this year.

“This summer is about building community,” said Mr. Wilson. Laurie Anderson opened the festival with her presentation of *Drones*, a three-hour sonic experience created by her late husband Lou Reed and performed by Stewart Hurwood, Reed’s former guitar technician.

The performance installation featured an array of Reed’s guitars and amps, arranged to create an enveloping drone of harmonics colliding, cascading, and changing depending on the audience’s location and the environment. The twelve guitars and twelve amplifiers produced feedback that could be manipulated by moving the instruments around in the space. This was the first outdoor installation of *Drones*, con-

cluding with Laurie Anderson’s *A Hole in the Sky*, intended as a response to the Shinnecock Nation performance, in collaboration with Shane Weeks, a local indigenous artist, traditional dancer, drummer and educator. Shane Weeks is the chief of Shinnecock Nation, and the dancers Kelly Dennis and Denise Silva-Dennis are additional members of the tribe. Anderson played an electric violin behind a table of computers and synthesizers as Weeks, Dennis and Silva-Dennis moved between oblong rocks among the trees.

Weeks spoke of the hole in the sky where his ancestors live, and how they speak to him. The performance resonated with a nearby act, just a few meters away, in which Stewart Hurwood played the guitars of Anderson’s late husband, Lou Reed, in the sonic installation.

The Shinnecock Nation is a federally recognized tribe of Algonquian-speaking Native Americans based in the Eastern end of Long Island, not far from The Watermill Center.

Addressing the zeitgeist of the 2020 nation-wide summer riots that had swept the nation, of particular note was the *Memorialize the Movement*, an outdoor exhibit of public art created in the city of Minneapolis, following the May 25, 2020 death of a black man in police custody in that

city, for which the arresting officer would eventually be charged and convicted of murder in a closely watched trial. Plywood murals, created by artists during the Minneapolis protests and riots, were collected and preserved. Featuring 150 of the nearly 900 boards collected, the exhibition was curated by Leesa Kelly and Noah Khoshbin (curator at the Watermill Center Collection) in collaboration with House of Trees.

Art star Carrie Mae Weems, a previous resident at The Watermill Center and recipient of its *Inga Maren Otto Fellowship*, documented *CROSSROADS* in a new body of work. Utilizing photography, text, fabric, audio recording, digital imagery, performance and video she explores family relationships and cultural identity, in terms of class, sex and politics. Ms. Weems would also be featured in a performance commissioned by the Park Avenue Armory called *The Shape of Things to Come*, the following year.

One of the most highly anticipated art events in the New York metropolitan region, this year’s edition of the Annual Watermill Center Summer Festival, even minus the frills and glamor of pre-pandemic days, proved a welcome respite. **M**

Wilson founded The Watermill Center in 1992 as a laboratory for inspiration



Robert Wilson, founder of Watermill Center for the Performing Arts, New York

David Hockney

August 2025

By Elga Wimmer

What makes a living legend? David Hockney played a defining role in the emergence of Pop Art, which originated in the mid 1950s in both Great Britain and the United States. His iconic paintings of swimming pools in the 1960s, as a recurring motif, embodied Pop Art's fascination with contemporary culture, leisure, and everyday objects. Hockney captured the Zeitgeist of a uniquely mythologized era, in paintings that glorified a rich, carefree California lifestyle, an LA society humming with art patrons and artist friends.

While Andy Warhol was the impresario of the New York art scene in the 1960s, Hockney proved to be the golden boy of a laid back, California joie de vivre in his understated, yet quietly powerful presence in Los Angeles.

David Hockney 25, a retrospective at the Louis Vuitton Founda-

tion in Paris (April 9 to August 31, 2025) is the largest exhibition of Hockney's works to date, filling out all four floors of the Foundation. The artist worked closely with curator Norman Rosenthal, utilizing dozens of 3-D models of the museum space in shaping the layout, down to every detail, including choosing the colors of the painted gallery walls.

David Hockney became one of the most recognizable artists of his time, playing by his own rules. He worked in figurative painting at a time when this was deemed old fashioned. Conversely, he was an early adapter of modern technology in art, embracing the Polaroid image and pho-

topiers, and more recently using painting applications on his iPhone and iPad to create artwork. He wrote a theory on Camera Lucida, used by Western artists since the XVth Century, installed on an entire wall.

The show opens with the artist's most iconic works of the 20th Century, *Portrait of my Father* (1955), the first painting he ever sold, and *Mr. and Mrs. Clark and Percy* (1970/'71), his double portrait of the designers Ossie Clark and Celia Birtwell. Then there is the perfect embodiment of Californian swimming pool paintings, *A Bigger Splash* (1967), and *Portrait of an Artist (Pool with Two Figures)* (1972). His nearly 25-foot-wide, *A Bigger*



David Hockney *Salle Portraits et fleurs* (2000-2025). Courtesy: Tate, Londres / London, don de l'artiste, 2008. © David Hockney © Fondation Louis Vuitton / Marc Damage.

Grand Canyon (1998), serves as an ode to American landscape painting.

His homoerotic works, *We Two Boys Together Clinging* (early 1960's) and *The Room Tarzana* (1967), depict Hockney's friend Peter Schlesinger, in the former, lying face down on a bed, naked from the waist down. Homosexuality was still illegal in Great Britain then, which likely prompted Hockney's move to California. Most of these early works were created in London and Los Angeles. Yet, the bulk of the exhibition is comprised of relatively recent work, from the past 25 years, hence the show's title, *David Hockney 25*.

This was a period the seasoned artist spent mostly in the rural settings of Yorkshire, England and Normandy, France. After spending some three decades in Los Angeles, Hockney returned to his native Yorkshire, drawn to the pristine forests and hills of the English countryside. In the tradition of English landscape artists of the 18th and 19th Century, such as Turner, Gainsborough, and Constable, Hockney revels in the effects of

light and atmosphere, unique colors, and dramatic cloud formations, painting en plein air with an easel.

He would become a fixture in the countryside to neighbors of his rural demeure. Landscape and portraiture seem to be, in the English tradition, Hockney's themes of predilection. His early double portraits of friends from his social circle in the 1960s and 1970s mix nonchalant poses with formal conventions of portraiture, while the more recent self-portraits, particularly a series from 2012, have a sense of humor, even self-mockery. These recall the 18th Century sculptor, Franz Xavier Messerschmidt, with faces contorted in satirical miens and canonical grimaces, articulating the full range of human feelings, the *Comédie Humaine*.

The mesmerizing landscape painting, *Bigger Trees near Warter*, 2007, a massive 180 x 480 inch oil on canvas depicts large leafless trees adjacent to nearby a barn, where we can make

out the edge of a house, rust brown walls and blue rooftops. Its surreal geometry in fauve colors, vibrant green meadows and a pinkish blue-gray horizon beckon the arrival of spring.

During Hockney's time in France, Fauve colors begin to appear, a seeming homage to one of his favorite artists, Van Gogh. For example, *Winter Timber*, 2008, *Untitled*, 22 July 2005, 2005, and *Vincent's Chair and Pipe (La chaise et la pipe de Vincent)*, 1988. There is also a nod to Cezanne and Monet, especially in *Giverny by DH*, 2023. Two recent paintings, *After Blake* (2024) and *After Munch* (2023) finish out the arch of the show.

Throughout his long, ongoing career, Hockney, at 88 years of age, exudes the wonder of a child's gaze, marveling as if born in the moment. You cannot help but feel happy, to immerse yourself in this work. As the artist himself states, "Looking has been my greatest joy all my life." **M**



David Hockney *Bigger Trees near Warter or/ou* (Installation view). Peinture sur le Motif pour le Nouvel Age PostPhotographique, 2007. Huile sur cinquante toiles. 457,2 x 1219,2 cm ensemble. Courtesy: Tate, Londres / London, don de l'artiste, 2008. © David Hockney © Fondation Louis Vuitton / Marc Damage.

What Looks At Us July 2025

By **Elga Wimmer**

Swiss born artist Miriam Cahn's path to international recognition has been long and tenacious. Although active in feminist art movements in the 1970s and 1980s, and having represented Switzerland at the 41st Venice Biennial in 1984, she got her big break decades later in her career, when she participated in Dokumenta 14, 2017.

This high profile exposure was soon followed by shows at the prestigious Haus der Kunst, Munich; Palais de Tokyo, Paris, and Stedelijk Museum, Amsterdam, among others.

Her paintings, sculptures, drawings and installation pieces attracted attention for their uncomfortable subject matter, often dealing with psychological issues, violence, war, and examining gender roles.

Fast-forward to 2025, and we see Cahn remains true to form, pressing on with much the same themes that have informed her life's work to date.



Miriam Cahn, *Rennen*, 2005 Photo credit Pedro Tropo, Courtesy of MAAT, Lisbon, Galerie Jocelyn Wolf, Paris, Meyer Riegger, Berlin

A horizontal wall announces the exhibition with several self-portraits by the artist, life-size, nude, unapologetic

In her current show *What looks at us* at Lisbon's Museum of Art, Architecture and Technology (MAAT), which runs through October 27, 2025, a horizontal wall announces the exhibition with several self-portraits by the artist, life-size, nude, unapologetic. Curated by João Pinharanda and Sérgio Mah, the show gets under your skin, makes one slightly uncomfortable, though not in a shocking way.

Wooden sculptures in various shapes and sizes cover the entire floor of the first gallery space, like bodies, mended with clips and bolts, as if soldiers wounded retuning from war. The wood takes on a noble aspect, with its smooth, almost skin-like surface. On the walls surrounding these sculptures a digital slide show depicts body parts and heads in plaster, figures appearing in many of Cahn's drawings and paintings such as a hand stretched out or touching another hand or body part,

heads frozen in a smile or a scream. The video installation accentuates the human likeness of the wooden sculptures, as the title reveals, *Schlachtfeld* (Battlefield).

Cahn often plays with words, combining German words into a single title, as in *Weinermuessen* (Need to Cry or Forced to Cry). In this installation, several paintings and drawings form one body of work. *Weinender Soldat* (Crying Soldier) goes against the German expression "A Soldier doesn't Cry." Cahn humanizes the soldier. There is the anguished look, the hollow eyes, and a red mouth that resembles a wound. Another work shows a head covered in blue-green hair and the same color in the skin on part of the face, which gives a ghostly appearance, purple colored tears streaming from dark eye openings, grey teeth shown through a wide open mouth.



Miriam Cahn at MAAT, Lisbon. Installation view. Photo credit Pedro Tropo, Courtesy of MAAT, Lisbon, Galerie Jocelyn Wolf, Paris, Meyer Riegger, Berlin

The figure is universal, neither woman nor man, expressing the horrors of war, while yet, as in Charles Baudelaire's *Les Fleurs du Mal*, both attractive and repulsive.

The exhibition is arranged to devote entire rooms to specific works of art, as with *Undarstellbar* (Unfathomable), and *Unser Frühling* (Our Spring). In the latter work, two dark figures, a tall one dragging a smaller one, suggests an abduction, or a rescue, in front of an open field of green/ yellow/ brown, under a blue grey sky. The juxtaposition of an idyllic landscape, bears witness to tragedy.

In a larger painting, *Unser Meeresboden* (Our Seabed),

bodies of adults and children are depicted lying peacefully at the bottom of a cobalt blue ocean, as if in a deep sleep, no signs of violence or aggression, but arraigned as if mummified for eternity. In *Nichts* (Nothing), a large figure bent over, with hands tied behind the back, is shown in front of a blueish grey background, his arm with a clenched fist hitting another figure in the groin. The besieged appears faceless. His apparent attacker only shows his fist. Is this a reference to the battle of Goliath and David, albeit roles reversed?

It is typically an open question in the paintings of Miriam Cahn. Her brushstrokes imbue great

vigor to the human figures in her work, even in distress or death.

Cahn dares to explore taboo subject matter in art: Pregnant women, women giving birth, men and women violated, physical and emotional. Swiss writer Hans Joerg Schneider, who met and befriended Cahn in the 1970s, describes her early drawings of pregnant women, and the piercing eyes of her protagonists as unapologetic and untamable. Cahn has persevered, etching out her own path as an artist for over fifty years, and shows no sign of slowing down. **M**

By Elga Wimmer

Buenos Aires, called Baires colloquially, a vibrant city excelling in art, music and architecture, with a largely European rooted population, is much more than the current news headlines of economic doom and political chaos.

My recent trip in early September of 2023 — spring in that part of the world — included a visit to the ArteBA art fair, as well as various art exhibitions, museums and galleries, tango presentations, even an estancia (polo farm) outside of the capital, and of course discovering some amazing restaurants which were surprisingly affordable for a foreigner due to the collapsing Argentinian currency.

While leaving much to be desired on the economic front, Argentina is rich in art and culture. Art collectors from neighboring countries and around the world flock here to discover emerging talents, and acquire tomorrow's important artworks at a fraction of the American and European market. To be sure, that could change soon, given the renewed interest in Latin American masters from past and present — note the extraordinary Retrospective of Leon Ferrari at the Pompidou Center in Paris last year, and the excitement around Latin American artists shown at the Bass Museum in Miami — in collaboration with the Ama Amoedo Foundation, Argentina/Uruguay, a nonprofit focused on developing the contemporary Latin American art ecosystem.

Many galleries across Buenos Aires held art receptions coordinated with ArteBA VIP events, and this opened up the whole city to the international visitor. Unlike in other art capitals where the art scene is often concentrated in a small

area, it seemed that all of Buenos Aires was buzzing with art.

Gallery highlights included Herlitzka & Co (located in Recoleta) featuring Deliah Cancela's Catwalk, an exhibition of works on paper and a video documentation of a performance at Theatre Le Palace in Paris, 1979, in collaboration with her then partner Pablo Mesejean, which was accompanied by 76 drawings of her fashion creations. She was one of the first artists in the 1970's to combine art and fashion.

Ruth Benzacar Gallery, founded in 1965 by Ruth Benzacar, now run by her daughter Orly Benzacar, is located in the fashionable Palermo district, the SoHo of Buenos Aires. The artist couple Chiachio & Gianone presented Juntos Somos Mejores (Together We are Better) in October 2023, celebrating twenty years of art and life, and the bonds of a shared identity they have built together. Perhaps not surprisingly, the exhibition is about love and art saving the world.

MCMC Gallery, located in the elegant Recoleta district close to the Museo Nacional de Bellas Artes, had a booth in ArteBA and showed Ed-

uardo Costa, a prominent Argentinian artist who had lived for an extended period in New York before returning to Buenos Aires over a decade ago. Costa is a multidisciplinary artist noted for his video works (Names of Friends: Poem for the Deaf-Mute, 1969, shown at MOMA, New York 2015/2016) and three-dimensional paintings made entirely of acrylic, a post-minimal answer to body and performance art.

Edgardo Gimenez, showing in Buenos Aires at MALBA (Museo de Arte Latinoamericano de Buenos Aires), had a big installation of his colorful pop sculptures at MCMC Gallery's booth at ArteBA.

Nora Fisch Gallery is located in a historic townhouse in the heart of San Telmo, a center for antiquities, markets, and Sunday afternoon tango dancers on the main square. Always on the lookout for new, promising talent, Nora Fisch presented the Uruguayan artist Guzman Pas (b. 1988). Pas builds small-scale scenes in pieces that combine painting and detailed, laboriously hand-made sculptural elements, a visual language at the cross-

roads of pop culture and a playfully baroque sensibility. Mid-career artist Ana Tiscornia, also from Uruguay (b. 1951) but residing in New York, presented cardboard constructions, paintings and collages derived from architectural plans for domestic spaces, and designs by both classical and modernist architects.

Argentinian curator Maria Jose Herrera showed artist and architect Edgardo Gimenez at MALBA, No Habra Ninguno Igual (August thru November 2023) while at the same time presenting painter Alfredo Hlito, at MNBA (National Museum of Fine Arts), Una Terca Permanencia (July thru October 2023). Both notable contemporary Argentinian artists, Gimenez (b. 1942) and Hlito (1923 - 1993) could not be further apart in their artistic trajectories. Edgardo Gimenez started out in graphic design, before he branched into painting, sculpture, design, scenography for films and architecture. His first sculpture, as you enter the show, is a portrait of Divine, the underground film actress in drag and cult figure (1945 to 1988), in a red, skintight dress, and excessive Kabuki make-up, pointing a gun at the viewer.



Edgardo Gimenez. GENTE BAJA
Courtesy: MALBA Museum, Buenos Aires

This image which served as inspiration for Gimenez' sculpture once adorned the cover of a Time Magazine special edition profiling the 100 most influential people, and was featured in a movie poster for John Water's cult classic film, Pink Flamingos in the 1980's. The sculpture brings a cinematic tone to the exhibition, No Habra Niguno Igual (One of a Kind). This playful mix of installation, live performance, sculpture and architecture, explores obsessions in daily life, mixed with a dose of humor. In one installation we see a huge, cracked egg, performers playing with pink balloons, clad in pink and blue bodysuits. Is it the battle of the sperms or germs?

In another part of the show, brightly colored geometric

sculptures, blending art deco with pop art, recall the Italian Memphis group design from the 1980's. More installations with an oversized rabbit in a teacup, Daliesque furniture and mirrorlike surfaces covered with flowers and phantasmagorical creatures invite the viewer to take a deep dive into the often bizarre world of Gimenez' Gesamtkunstwerk (total work of art). As per the French apt expression, ca fait rever (it makes you dream), what better sentiment then, to leave this exhibition in a dreamlike state.

At MNBA, curator Maria Jose Herrera staged the first retrospective of Alfredo Hlito since his death in 1993, titled Alredo Hlito: A Stubborn Presence. Hlito was one of the founders of

the avantgarde of Argentine concrete art in the 1940's.

Abstract in the early years, Hlito's paintings started including an effigy, a sort of counter image or self-reflection, that the artist talked to, wrote to, and that accompanied the artist in his work to the end. In a late work, Ciudad Lejana (Far Away City), 1992, a figure sits in a closed space looking out onto what looks like a Cityscape. In Efigie Observada (Effigy Observed), the protagonist lies flat on the ground, with two figures hovering over, observing. There is a feeling in these paintings that recalls Dubuffet's figures becoming darker and darker towards the end of the artist's life, until they almost disappear into the background. Hlito's work, like Dubuffet, has a poetic, melancholic ambience. It was a wonderful discovery for me, as I would not have seen this except for coming to Argentina.

Once satiated with museums, galleries and art fair visits, the weary traveler can alas escape the hustle and bustle of Buenos Aires, in a

two hour drive outside the city for a total change of scenery at Estancia La Bamba de Areco (part of Relais + Chateaux).

Located in the heart of the Pampas region, this nineteenth century estancia (horse farm) exudes the charm and character of a private dominium, converted into a luxury hotel infused with the gaucho spirit. At certain times of the year a polo team practices on the field next door. The visitor can partake in recreational horseback riding on docile horses, dip into the pool, watch gauchos performing circus-like acts, and enjoy local foods prepared Asado style, cooked on a Parrilla, as well as festive five course meals indoors by the fireplace.

On very large, long common tables guests can make acquaintance, or retreat to the more private areas. There is a pulperia — which had been a bar for the gauchos passing by — now a lounge for visitors. The atmosphere is incredibly relaxing, a haven of serenity.

A quick visit to the nearby Gaucho Museum Ricardo

Guiraldes, in 18th Century San Antonio de Areco, a dive into the history of the legendary gauchos ends up at the restaurant Corazonada.

I happened to visit on a Monday, when normally the restaurant would be closed, but the owner Paula Mendez Carrera, in good Argentinian hospitable fashion, opened the restaurant especially for our group. Prior to starting her own restaurant she had consulted as chef at Estancia La Bamba.

Upon entering the sun filled spacious interior, which opened to a garden of fresh flowers, trees and country air, the smiling chef and owner greeted us. Miss Mendez Carrera studied at the prestigious Le Cordon Bleu in Paris, and sub "Georges, before settling a decade ago in San Antonio de Areco.

All the ingredients in her kitchen stem from her own garden and the surrounding farms. Crisp white, or full bodied red Argentine wines are paired with each course, delicately decorated with fruit, edible flowers, and herbs. From the ensalada de Verano (spring salad) to the fennel and almond risotto, it's a feast for the eyes and a meal to savor.

Art, food, friends, culture, fashion, architecture — today's Buenos Aires beckons the free spirit. And for those chasing the endless summer, one more thing: The four seasons are reversed. When harsh winter settles in, in other parts of the world, the sunny cultural splendor of Baires offers the adventurous a second chance at paradise. **M**



Alfredo Hlito efigie Observada, 1992
Courtesy: Museo Nacional de Bellas Artes.

poetry

EATING ICE CREAM IN AUGUST

It was a fuck you dirty socks kind of rain,
left everything feeling damp, unwashed.
No dewy smells like long island rain,
no summer storms sprinkling flowers with names

Without a tulip I sat on a strung out bench
in front of the methadone program
eating an ice cream cone from a dingdong truck

Usually, my posture and game face prevent
the random ninety milligram remarks
like does that taste good? que lengua
can I get a lick of that ?

But brown liquid clouds have covered the city.
There is no etiquette on this syringe of a street.
I struggle to conduct myself with dignity,
to regain my withering looks, my Miss Lady sneer

I can still strut the hell down an avenue.
chocolate in the corner of my lip.
sprinkles clinging to my right breast.

Puma Perl



Nicca Ray

REMEMBERING BEAUTY

Remember the day
You looked at yourself
In the mirror
And you knew you
Were beautiful?
Forty years ago.
Did you then?
Show your skin
With aplomb
Or does your memory
Play tricks?

Remember your hair
Long, blonde, flowing
Midway down back
And you knew you
Had it going on?
Seventeen years old.
Did you then?
Comb fingers
Through your mane
With twinkle in your eye
Capture.

Remember your breasts
Your nipples through
A sheer black slip
And you knew you
Held eyes captive?
Thirty-two years old.
Did you then?
Place your hand
On stomach
Flat. Sensuality
Exposed.

Remember being proud.
Naked body
Your panties slide
And you knew you
Were empowered
How old were you then?

Did you then?
Know the lies
You held close
To your chest, in your heart
Shielded.

Remember tricking
Thinking into
Believing you
And you knew you
Were powerful
How old were you then?
Did you then?
Embrace it
The lying
When confusion set in
The fog.

Remember conquest
Capture, control
Thinking, stopping
And you knew you
Had the power
Twenty-four years old
Did you then?
Stop the past
From shredding
Future aspirations
Of love.

Remember expose
Not who you are
But projection
And you knew you
Projected
How old were you then?
Did you then?
Project the
Wrong image
Of a woman being free
Body.

Remember the fog
Remember fear
Trapped your body
And you knew you
Were running
Twenty-eight years old
Did you then?
Sit still for
The nude pose
Or was that you squirming?
With hand

Remember resting
Hand on hip side
Eyes? Look under
And you knew you
Were hiding
Twenty-nine years old
Did you then?
Know you hid
Yourself from
You and him and body
Naked.

Remember posing
Forever love
Forgetting past
And you knew you
Were changing
Thirty-three years old
Did you then?
Feel your skin
Rub against
His torso? Climatic.
Heaven.

From the book: *GO GO GO GIRL*,
published by Poison Fang books,
June 18th 2024



Photo Credit: M. Brandon Maccinis 1998, New York

A POEM I WROTE IN THE FUTURE

I was in my 40s when the days started disappearing
life became long nights, days shorter and shorter

I would wake, in minutes the day would be over,
only my most strict habits would be accomplished

I made coffee I never got to drinking
wrote for my novel, unedited it grew without shape

spent time listening, watching, loving my three children
failed at getting them to bed before 10 PM

I did yoga, my house was clean, beds made
Christmas decorations stayed up over a month

I practiced my songs and kept up with correspondence
fell behind at work, missed weird charges on my credit card

The sun rose and set as if the planet had shrunk
days blurred, night stretched, and I hungrily occupied it

Only the dark body of night could hold me
I became daytime's orphan and looked for my mother

I saw her face in the mirror, heard her voice from my throat
I felt my grandmother's expression on my mouth

My body has been replaced so many times this lifetime
I have done so much but so much more is undone

Can a human unbecome, lose the sun?
When did the rays become poison? Sunblock in everything

All those that made me, surface through my skin,
my children look just like me when I was that age

The calendar makes no sense and hours are erratic,
the math doesn't work out, the problems static, unsolved

selves shed, ghosts surround, mourning morning,
it gets harder to differentiate between victory and defeat

I stand like my dad, my husband recedes into his computer,
our children raveled into adults, we lost the apartment,

the phone replaced everything, the America experiment
failed, no one smokes cigarettes or cares about high-fidelity

I am as lonely as I was as a child, as I was all along,
the dream, the night, goes on and on and on

Jane LeCroy

Art In The Year
That Wasn't...
2020 / 2021

By Elga Wimmer

Not since the 1920s — a pivotal era in western civilization that saw the transformation of global empires into a cacophony of nation states at the stroke of a pen — have we seen a year as consequential as 2020, where daily life the world over would be turned on its head, once again, at the stroke of a pen.

In capitols around the world — from Paris to Berlin to Vienna to Rome to Moscow to Tokyo to Beijing to Washington DC — a seemingly innocuous new catch phrase would enter our lexicon: *non-essential activity*.

Overnight, the great museums, opera houses, theaters, cinema, art galleries, art fairs, art schools and even libraries would be shuttered. Deemed “non-essential,” in deference to big box stores and online shopping go-liaths that would take over the role of providing for the essential needs of the global masses. “Two weeks to flatten the curve,” would prove to be the slippery on-ramp into this new world.

Yet despite these enormous obstacles, some extraordinary live performances and exhibitions did take place across Europe during this past year, which I had the opportunity to see in person. Most notably, the Salzburg Festival, which celebrated its 100th year anniversary, staging some 110 performances over 30 days in August, 2020. The Festival spanned the full cultural spectrum, including opera, drama and concerts.

Strict rules were set up, to be sure, wearing masks and keeping “social distance,” all the while showing off evening gowns with great allure, and forgoing the usual social networking rituals during performances with no intermission. It was as if the spirit of Herbert von Karajan — the star conductor of the earlier days of the festival who never left the smallest detail to chance — oversaw the proceedings. This year’s intendant, Markus Hinterhaeuser, called it “a small miracle.”

Under the very apropos title *Grosses Welt Theater (Great World Theater)* we see the one hundred year history of the Salzburg Festival celebrated at the Salzburg Museum. The exhibition surveys the past century, discussing 100 Objects, compiled and written about by Margarethe Lasinger in an opulent exhibition catalogue.

Not only do we discover (re-discover), excerpts of the great musical performances of the past, but also stage sets, costumes, handwritten sheets of music by the likes of Mozart, and his orchestral musical scores to world premieres such as *Don Giovanni*, an autographed manuscript of Peter Handke’s dramatic novel *Storm Still*, the crown of Shakespeare’s

Strict rules were set up, to be sure, wearing masks and keeping “social distance,” all the while showing off evening gowns with great allure, and forgoing the usual social networking rituals during performances with no intermission



Sunnyi Mellés, reading at the Rapac Gallery, Salzburg 2020. Photo Credit: IWAGO/Mantfred Siebinger



Marina Abramovic: *7 Deaths of Maria Callas*, 2020.
Photo Credit: Wilfried Hoess

Hamlet from 1970 (directed by Oscar Werner). A true gem is the *Goldegger Stube*, a pine wood living room of the 17th Century bourgeoisie, exuding the craftsmanship and elegance of that era.

On a more contemporary note, a wonderfully upbeat installation by British Nigerian, Yinka Shonibare, *The Bird Catcher, That's Me*, pays homage to Mozart's *Magic Flute*. Shonibare reinterprets the Vogelfaenger (bird catcher) Papageno in Mozart's most popular opera by letting the birds sit outside of their cages.

Thus he resolves the "Bird Catcher's Dilemma" — all birds are free and thus become a symbol of freedom — a central theme of the artist's study of European culture, with regard to the colonial era.

Richard Strauss' *Elektra*, the much-anticipated highlight of the festival

proved spectacular. Under the musical direction of Austrian conductor Franz Welser-Moest (also musical director of the Cleveland Orchestra since 2002), with the Vienna Philharmonics, the opera, a tragedy in one act, was restaged in a very stark contemporary production.

Polish actor and opera director Krzysztof Warlikowski made sparse, highly effective choices: A narrow pool, rusty showers, a dark cube, suddenly illuminated and transparent, evoked an icy atmosphere.

A corpse is washed, a servant moves in slow motion; preparing the viewer for the high drama of revenge of the Royal House of Mycenae. Three women are in the very center of this tragedy: Klytaemnestra (Tanja Ariane Baumgartner), Chrysothemis (Asmik Grigorian), and Elektra (Ausrine Stundyte). Klytaemnestra, wear-

ing a black, blood stained gown is close to a nervous breakdown. Recalling the murder, by her hand, of husband Agamemnon, she talks of her bad dreams, her body eaten by moths (...mein Koerper ist von Motten zerfressen). Mezzo-soprano Tanja Ariane Baumgartner gives a grandiose performance with sonorous depth and excellent diction.

Salzburg star, Lithuanian Asmik Grigorian, clad in a silver pink leather costume and red high heels, is Chrysothemis with glowing soprano, hitting her high notes with strength and conviction. Another Lithuanian, soprano Ausrine Stundyte, gives her debut performance in the title role. Elektra's entrance is forecast by a swarm of flies on video screens. She has waited for this moment of revenge, her dance of victory with convulsive movements in a white dress; she comes off as

ated performances (August 25, Grosses Festspielhaus).

On the program were excerpts from Tschaikowski's *Pique Dame*, *Eugen Onegin* and *Iolanta*. Netrebko owes part of her early fame to the Salzburg Festival. The soprano, wearing a long light blue gown to great effect, mesmerized the audience with her melting voice in the famous letter scene of Tatjana in Peter Tschaikowsky's opera *Eugen Onegin*. The duet from *Pique Dame* and *Iolanta* united the voices of the pair. Netrebko stole the show as usual with great stage presence and a perfect adaptation of the romantic side of the Russian soul. The couple, in one scene joined by Hungarian mezzo-soprano Szilvia Varas, was accompanied by the Mozarteum Orchestra under the direction of Mikhail Tatarnikov.

No Salzburg Festival could be complete without Anna Netrebko: The Russian soprano who would perform in 2021 in the title role of Giacomo Puccini's *Tosca* during the Easter Festival as well as the Summer Festival.

Adding a poetic accent to the Festival, Sunyi Melles' recital of poems by Walther von der Vogelweide, *Unter den Linden* (*Under the Linden Trees*) took place at the Galerie Thaddaeus Ropac where Anselm Kiefer's exhibition *Fuer Walther von der Vogelweide* (July 25 to October 3, 2020) was presented. Kiefer translates onto canvas the encounter of two

lovers depicted in the Minnesinger's medieval, lyrical landscape utilizing depictions of broken blades of grass, dried flowers, wheat, straw — the iconic symbols of landscape painting. Sunyi Melles stood atop a gallery staircase, reciting poems that seamlessly blended with the visual artist's world, some eight centuries apart yet intrinsically linked in expression and virtuosity.

A wonderful experience with this highly acclaimed actress who performed among others as the legendary Botschaft in *Jederman*, the Salzburg Festival's piece de resistance. A classically trained actress, she knew how to draw her small audience (because of present restrictions), into Walther von der Vogelweide's romantic Austrian German world, leaving the present concerns of our world behind for at least thirty minutes.

Early in 2020, before live performances and concerts were paused, I asked Marina Abramovic about her next big project, at an art benefit at the MET Opera in New York. She spoke to me about creating an Opera about *Seven Deaths of Maris Callas*. Abramovic's fascination with theatrical death was presented to audiences in *The Life and Death of Marina Abramovic*, directed by Robert Wilson in 2013. In her opera at the Munich Staatsoper early September 2020, the performance artist, who likens herself to the Opera star Callas, chose scenes of seven operas, in which the heroin succumbs to death by stabbing, falling, poison, suicide, and last but not least, unrequited love.

As Marina Abramovic explained, she felt close to Callas physically — both exude a dark and strong quality — as well as emotionally. She too experienced "death by a broken heart" in her personal life.

During the performances (with conductor Yoel Gamzou and the Bavarian Staatsorchester) of seven different opera singers enacting the various death scenes, Abramovic, as Callas, lies in bed in the background. As a third backdrop, a huge screen shows Abramovic, with film partner William Dafoe, in the various opera roles, i.e. as Tosca (Puccini) in a wedding dress falling in slow motion out of a skyscraper onto a limousine. Together with the Hollywood actor, she runs into a raging fire, as "Madame Butterfly" (Puccini). In another scene Dafoe entraps Abramovic as Carmen (Bizet) with a lasso, and stabs her to death. The extraordinary musical score composed by Serbian Marko Nikodijevic grows and rages, entwining motives of the original tragic arias.

The performance culminates in a grand finale: The eighth and actual death of Callas herself, in what looks like her lavish Paris apartment, on Avenue Georges Mandel, enacted by Abramovic. As she appears in a gold dress, we listen with great emotion to Callas' voice as Norma (Bellini) in the Casta Diva aria, one of the most mesmerizing and precious of the unforgettable diva genre.

Artists often choose to portray personalities bigger than life, and Abramovic successfully resurrects the opera diva Callas, and the voice that embodies a reflection of her life whereby she came from nothing and achieved seemingly everything, and then heartbreakingly descended once more into nothing as the seven heroines in the seven operas.

In the Austrian city of Linz, I was fortunate to see in person as well, *ARS ELECTRONICA 2020*, the Festival of Art, Technology & Society (Sept. 9-13, 2020), which was held at JKU Campus Linz (and 120 other locations worldwide). Titled, *In Kepler's Gardens, a global journey mapping the New World*, the important questions of our time were discussed, questions raised by the global COVID phenomena.

While the exhibition was held digitally worldwide, it did actually take place in the gardens of the University of Art and Design Linz. Strewn across the gardens, with the exception of one pavilion, international artists presented their works, from new forms of robots designing everything, from painting to clothes to drones, to using artificial intelligence to "save the environment," creating new forms of survival for plants, animals and humans.

In the main pavilion Olga Kisseleva (Paris/St Petersburg), presented *Eden*, an award winning installation. The prize was awarded for innovative collaboration between industry, technology and the arts, opening new pathways, creating dialogue with a global network. The essence of this year's *ARS ELECTRONICA* was reflected in the main themes: Autonomy – Democracy; Ecology – Technology; Humanity; Uncertainty.

Olga Kisseleva's *Eden* project aspires to create a new Garden of Eden, as the ultimate goal of introducing innovative technologies to art, using unorthodox thinking to solve ecological problems. By using the DNA of a tree in danger of extinction, namely the Biscarosse Elm, Kisseleva created a series of tree-based bio-art works, thus giving rebirth to the endangered species.



Marina Abramovic: 7 Deaths of Maria Callas, 2020.
Photo Credit: Wilfried Hoelzl

Another nexus of art and modern technology innovation could be seen in the works by Re-Textiles 3D / Ganit Goldstein (IL). This project is part of *STARTS Exhibition* at the Festival. The Re-Textiles 3D project aims to develop a new production system for the fashion industry, based on a specific body scan using the latest depth-camera technology. The project investigates digital measurement systems that can determine the exact sizes of specific people without any human touch. The project uses recycled filaments made from 100% water bottle waste in a FDM 3D printing process, which transforms production into a circular economy, utilizing sustainable systems.

Machine in Flux — Wood by Sunjoo Lee (South Korea) and Ko de Beer (NL), creates a "drawing on wood," resembling the yearly rings found in a tree trunk, by means of a machine — offering a document and cartography of time recorded in our environment.

American artist Richard Humann produced much the same effect though his painstakingly hand-made drawings, taking months to render, that served as the artist's diary. The machine, of course, delivers the same effect within hours. Still initiated by artists, the machine shows how technology can be used to create inspiring works of art. The work also refers to environmental influences, such as changes in light, wind, temperature, sound and humidity ratio. The changing environmental conditions are drawn with ink on paper — another form of a diary.

The nuanced differences in the rings, starting from the center of the support, show the intensity of light, changes in temperature, the direction and strength of the winds and other elements found in nature. The work is about studying the smallest programmable building blocks from which complex natural phenomena arise, investigating how machines can imitate nature.

The Ars Electronica Center (founded 2009), also called the "Museum of Future" has long been at the forefront of combining new technology with medicine, architecture, science, art, and environmental purposes, supporting research in these various fields through international seminars and meetings.

Other in-person shows would take place in Europe through the rest of the year.

These include: ARCO Madrid, July 7-11, 2021; CAAC, Sevilla, *Amazonia*, curated by Berta Sichel, May 6 to October 31, 2021. And of course the 2021 edition of Salzburg Festival, July 17 to August 31.

M

Ed. Note:
See the follow up review of the 2021 edition of Salzburg Festival in this issue, starting page 44.



Elektra: Tanja Ariane Baumgartner (Klytaemnestra).
Photo Credit SF/Bernd Uhlig.

After The Storm The Return of the Salzburg Festival 2021 / 2022

By **Elga Wimmer**

Following the success of last year's edition of the Salzburg Festival, deftly navigating pandemic restrictions, an emboldened and much larger audience turnout in 2021 saw attendance bounce back to near pre-Covid levels. Art lovers from around the world came out to support top quality performances, such as the premiere in August 2021, of Michael Sturminger's new production of Giacomo Puccini's splendid *Tosca*. The cast included Anna Netrebko as Floria Tosca, a Roman opera star — very apropos — Yusif Eyvazov as Mario Cavaradossi, a painter, and French baritone Ludovic Tézier as the imposing and dangerous Barone Scarpia (Roman chief of police). The ever magnificent Vienna Philharmonics played under the musical direction of Marco Armiliato.

The story of the opera, *Tosca*, is a very contemporary one: A political refugee seeks shelter with his artist friend. While art and politics have long entwined, we see this especially in the last two centuries. Giacomo Puccini wrote *Tosca* shortly before the start of WWI, during the political upheaval at the turn of the century. Before Puccini turned it into a three-part opera, *La Tosca* started out as a five-act drama by French playwright

A veritable temple of art, the annual event has evolved into a bigger than life institution that gives hope and inspiration, especially in difficult times



Tosca 2021. Mikeldi Aixelandabaso (Spoleto) © SF / Matthias Horn



Tosca 2021. Mikeldi Aixelandabaso (Spoleto), Yusif Eyvazov (Mario Cavaradossi), Ludovic Tézier (Barone Scarpia), Ensemble. © SF / Matthias Horn

Victorien Sardou, and was first performed on November 24, 1887 at the Théâtre de la Porte Saint-Martin in Paris. The original story dramatized the political intrigue and romance of life during the Napoleonic wars.

Under the direction of Michael Sturminger, *Tosca* is set in the second half of the 20th Century. Floria Tosca sweeps onstage, looking like a 1960's Diva in an ivory-colored knee-length coat (by costume designer Renate Martin), Jacqueline Kennedy sunglasses and a crystal-studded handbag (crystals by the Salzburg Festival's patron Swarovski).

We see her in three very different situations: Wearing an elegant gown in a Baroque church, later in the magnificent Palazzo Tarnese, a large evening gown, coming straight from the stage after her concert, and finally in trousers and a leather jacket, fleeing with her lover.

Her wardrobe indicates her social position as an opera star,

and also as a private and a public person. Anna Netrebko is very much in her element portraying Floria Tosca, celebrated operatic soprano, a woman in love, holding her own in a world of patriarchs and political despots. Dramatic tenor Yusif Eyvazov gives a memorable performance as the painter Mario Cavaradossi, in mortal danger for hiding a political prisoner, fated to die for love. An accomplished leading baritone, Ludovic Tézier as Barone Scarpia comes off, however, a bit overly theatrical and proves not entirely convincing as the great seducer.

Adolfo Hohenstein had already painted a costume design for *Tosca* in 1899 when the title role was to be played by the great Sarah Bernhard. Both the original play, as well as the opera version present a society in which mafia-like machinations reach into the highest echelons of church and state, where blackmail and political intrigue abound.

The Premiere of *Tosca* in Rome (1900) had to be postponed because of threats of violence,

due to its political content and seeming critique of authority figures of the day.

Art imitates life once more, in today's tense political climate; Anna Netrebko and Yusif Eyvazov published a statement in early March, 2022 referencing the neo-Bolshevik Russia invasion of Ukraine. The couple decided to cancel their concert in Denmark, as a diplomatic protest stating: "These are very sad days and we are deeply concerned for the well-being of all people involved. Every war is a terrible tragedy!"

The soprano would resume performing in late May, after announcing in the early days of the Ukraine invasion that she was taking "a step back" from the stage. The opera singer stated, "This is not a time for me to make music and perform."

The Salzburg Festival 2022 would nevertheless take place undiminished by the newest upheavals in the world at large, as it has over 100 years. A veritable temple of art, the annual event has evolved into a big-



Shakespeare im Park, *Elves and Errors* Tina Eberhardt
© SLT / Anna-Maria Löffelberger

ger-than-life institution that gives hope and inspiration, especially in difficult times.

One of the most unique performances, staged by the Salzburger Landestheater (Salzburg State Theatre) in 2020 and 2021 *Elves and Errors*, offered up a delightful rendition of Shakespeare.

Held in the gardens of the Max Reinhardt Castle, Schloss Leopoldskron, visitors were enticed to follow a group of actors around the grounds alongside a pic-

ture-perfect lake. The interactive performance was reminiscent of scenes from the film, *Shakespeare in Love*, in its whimsical dialogue, taking place under the trees, in an amphitheater, on a lawn.

The staging by Carl Philip von Maldeghem presents in *Elves and Errors* characters from some of Shakespeare's most loved works with a young cast. And as if by magic, the signature rainy Salzburg weather (called "Schnuerregen" by locals) gave way to let the sun smile on this play of love, suffering and lust.

In the summer of 2022 the Whitsun Festival would take place under the artistic direction of Italian Cecilia Bartoli, with a Seville theme. Ms. Bartoli, mezzo-soprano opera singer and recitalist, performed for the first time in her career as Rosina in *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* (The Barber of Seville by Rossini) in Seville. The city's vibrant cultural scene, a mix of Arabic and Spanish, has inspired numerous operas, plays and musical compositions over the centuries. The festival includes, of course, *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, and Cecilia Bartoli as Rosina, as well as an evening of piano concerts by Spanish composers Enrique Granados, Manuel de Falla and Isaac Albéniz.

Seville's landmark, la torre de oro (the golden tower), is a namesake to Saturday night's concert at the Haus für Mozart (Mozart House) that same weekend, where there would be a presentation of traditional music, ending with a roster of opera luminaries, including Plácido Domingo, John Osborn, Rebeca Olivera, Maria Agresta, Cecilia Bartoli, as well as duets and ensembles, with Gianluca Campuano conducting Les Musiciens du Prince-Monaco.

Then there is the Salzburg Festival's Youth Program JUNG UND JEDE* R, which exposes young audiences to operas and plays, including young people, 8-14 years old, and children as young as 6. The opera, *Der Teufel mit den Drei Goldenen Haaren* (The Devil with the Three Golden Hair) caters to children, for example, while the performances *Wut* (Anger) und *Ich liebe Dich*

(I love You) speak to young adults, addressing complicated feelings. Composer Gordon Kampe and Director Sebastian Bauer are the leading creative forces behind the program.

From July 28 to August 11, the Landestheater presented Arthur Schnitzler's *Reigen*. The Austrian author and dramatist scrutinizes the sexual morality and class ideology of his day, the 1800s (published 1900), through successive encounters between pairs of characters, its protagonists of this updated version transcending present time.

A 1950's French film version of *Reigen*, called *La Ronde* featured actors Simone Signoret as the prostitute who meets up with a soldier played by Serge Reggiani, who later becomes involved with a maid, played

by Simone Simon. The merry-go-round continues until it comes back to the beginning, making for an intriguing tale of love and infidelity.

Another innovative highlight of the Salzburg Festival 2022 is the pairing of Bela Bartok's opera *Herzog Blaubarts Burg* (Bluebeard's Castle), and Carl Orff's *De Temporum Fine Comœdia*, a libretto with texts from sibylline prophecies and Orphic Hymns, presented in old Greek, Latin and German.

Dante's medieval classic poem, *The Divine Comedy* (1321), may have served as the point of departure for the juxtaposition of the two works: Bluebeard's doomed Castle, portrayed as a psychological drama, concentrating on the Maiden-Killer's last victim, Judith, and

Orff's sonorous reinterpretation of *The Last Supper*, where evil is good, and Lucifer transforms into the "bearer of light."

The daring juxtaposition of both compositions here presents an intriguing deep dive into psychological drama on one hand, and spiritual oratorio.

The Salzburg Festival's unique strength has always been to reshuffle the deck, to present opera, musical concerts and theatre in a new light each year, insuring that even work from past centuries are fresh again for successive generations of the young and old alike. **M**



Tosca 2021, Anna Netrebko (Flora Tosca) and Ludovic Tézier (Il Barone Scarpia)
© SF / MarcBorelli

Metropolitan Opera Lincoln Center The Flying Dutchman

By **Elga Wimmer**

François Girard's production of *The Flying Dutchman*, which opened March 2nd at New York's Metropolitan Opera, was unfortunately cut short, after what turned out to be its final performance March 10, due to the advent of the infamous "two weeks to flatten the curve," mandated Covid era closures, which would morph into a draconian regime of social distancing rules.

The wonderful aspect of an opera with music by Richard Wagner is always the magnificent score by this master composer. Rarely has any conductor failed to live up to Wagner's posthumous expectations down through the centuries. And so it is with this orchestra, conducted by Valery Gergiev. Wagner's score is reminiscent of the great German Romantic composers, with an undertone of powerful drama, which excels in the characters of Senta, and her fiancé Erik. (see romance in act III, which is very lyrical and romantic). Wagner originally wrote the work to be performed without intermission — an example of his proclivity to break with tradition — and the Metropolitan Opera was faithful to this directive in this two hour and twenty-five minute set.

The opening scene, with the grand chorus of townspeople, was of great visual effect. A medieval ship set against a painterly Turner-esque sky evoked mystery and drama. Dark foreboding colors, the use of black, grey, and deep blue — from the background scenery, to the vessel, to the

The wonderful aspect of an opera with music by Richard Wagner is always the magnificent score by this master composer



Evgeny Nikitin as the Dutchman and Anja Kampe as Senta in Wagner's *Der Fliegende Holländer*, 2020. Photo: Ken Howard / Met Opera, New York.

clothing of the crew — conjured Goya's *Black Paintings*, and fostered an intensely haunting scene. Digital projectors filled out the set design, mimicking stormy seas and violent winds.

Amidst this array of shadow and light, a ghostly figure appears, and the story begins: The mythical Dutch sailor, doomed to wander for eternity, until he finds the woman who follows him with love and truthfulness to the ends of the earth.

Introduced by a dancer as a stand-in for Senta, Girard's rein-

terpretation of this central character seemed overly staged, as if feigning a Martha Graham choreographic piece.

This effort was upstaged by the soprano Anja Kampe as Senta, a leading Wagner soprano in Europe, whose stage presence worked to phenomenal effect. Her rich, warm singing in the lyrical description of the yet unknown (to her) sailor's portrait, changed to a steely intensity when pressing on to leave behind the good-natured Daland — as deftly portrayed by stentorian bass Franz-Josef Selig — for the mysterious

Dutchman, who the bass-baritone Evgeny Nikitin convincingly brought to life. Attired in dramatic red, Senta recalled the classic film portrayal by Ava Gardner in the Hollywood version of *The Dutchman*, as Pandora. A sensuous force of nature, Senta commands center stage.

Evgeny Nikitin as the Dutchman comes across as an almost Siegfried like heroic figure. His demand of Senta, right after the introduction of her father Daland, to follow him for eternity and give up her fiancé Erik (the muscular-voiced tenor Sergey Skorokhodov who tried to woe Senta in a wonderfully lyrical passage), was that of a divine power, a semi-god-like, surreal figure. The duet of Senta and the Dutchman represents one of the ab-

solute highlights of this production. Both performers culminate their respective longing, despair and hope with a standout performance at the end of act II.

And in a particularly striking set design innovation, vertical strings covered the stage like a giant see-through curtain, twirled and twisted by a chorus of women from the town who work at spinning wheels while the men are out to sea. The breathtaking visual effect reminded me of a Pat Steir painting, like a *tableau vivant*, the scene was presented through a frame as if the audience was viewing a moving painting.

In the film version of the Dutchman, the doomed sailor paints a picture of his future bride before ever having set eyes on

her. In the opera *The Flying Dutchman*, Senta is so mesmerized by the story and the portrait of the Dutchman, that she promises to follow him, and save him from eternal punishment. We can only see the eye of the Dutchman staring out at the audience, an omnipresent bigger-than-life image spanning the entire stage in the beginning and at the end of the Opera.

Would he have predicted today's trying times, as in Goya's *Black Paintings*? Given that "social distancing" ultimately shut down the show's performance before its time — with fears of an invisible modern day plague turning the lights out over Broadway and pitching the city's legendary cultural life into an indeterminate darkness — the proverb "art imitates



A scene from Wagner's *Der Fliegende Holländer*, 2020. Photo: Ken Howard / Met Opera, New York.

Museum of Modern Art and Fordham University

The Melt Goes on Forever directed by Judd Tully and Harold Crooks

By Elga Wimmer

Seven years in the making, directed by Judd Tully and Harold Crooks, *The Melt Goes on Forever: The Art & Times of David Hammons*, takes its namesake from a snowball sculpture the artist, David Hammons sold on the streets of New York one wintery day in 1983, in a *Blizzard Ball Sale*, that would serve as a metaphor in the depiction of Hammons' unconventional, whimsical career, spanning generations through to today.

Where biopic films often tend toward hagiography, Tully and Crooks have crafted a kind of hide-and-seek adventure film, grafted onto a documentary, that engages the viewer to chase down the melting snowball which by the end of the film transforms into a priceless, maddeningly unattainable work of art. Sorry for the non-spoiler alert.

David Hammons rose to global art world prominence through his participation in the 1992 edition of *Dokumenta 9* in Kassel, Germany. Alongside the Venice Biennial, the quinquennial *Dokumenta* — because if biennial is good, quinquennial



David Hammons on 125th street, New York, 1981. Photo: Michael Blackwood

must be twice as good — has launched the careers of many an art world rising star. And it seems at 81, Hammons' star is still rising.

It is fitting that *Dokumenta*, taking place only once every five years, an art world event defined more by its cultivated absence from the seemingly endless cycle of annual and even seasonal art fairs, would serve as the platform to call attention to an artist whose own cultivated absence has become his calling card.

Indeed, only a rarified few even know where the illusive artist lives today, much less how to reach him. The more Hammons ignores the art world, the more top movers and shakers want a piece of him. Even if that piece is the ephemeral, conceptual idea of a snowball that once existed, exchanged for currency, placed in the kitchen freezer of a curious passerby, only to accrue more and more, and then staggeringly more value in the minds of would be collectors. **M**

Village East by Angelika New York

Make Me Famous directed by Brian Vincent producer: Heather Spore

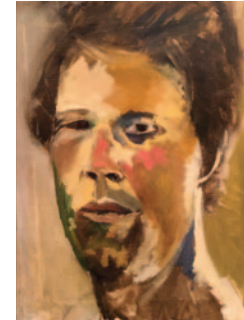
By Michael Macinnis

The little film that could, *Make Me Famous* — the first feature length independent film by the director, producer couple, Brian Vincent and wife, Heather Spore — has struck a chord with artists and the art-going public. A whimsical art documentary, the film relies on a treasure trove of real videotape from the 1980s that captures the scrappy artmaking scene of largely unknown artists hustling to make it in New York. There is nothing particularly special about the film's protagonist, Edward Brezinski, an aspiring painter flocked to the city's then notorious East Village, a desolate landscape of burnt out, falling down buildings, populated by artists and makeshift galleries.

Therein lies the charm of the film; Brezinski could be anybody. Any one of the hundreds, thousands of artists who regularly make the rounds of gallery openings, after parties, carrying a stack of art invitations hoping to catch the attention of a collector, an art dealer, a big time curator who could open the door to fame and the good life.

Skillfully mixing past, present and the afterlife — spoiler alert, Brezinski is no more — the film shows how little, if at all, the dynamic of artist/dealer/collector has changed over the decades, indeed, generations.

How we see gallery openings in the East Village, studio visits, in the 1980s that are indiscernible from today, except that in place



Edward Brezinski. Edward Brezinski Self Portrait 1976. Courtesy: *Make Me Famous* (film), New York

of glossy announcement cards, in 2024 the Brezinski of today would scramble to show you his website, Instagram account or QR code.

On a technical note, director Brian Vincent utilizes a clever dramatic twist as the film progresses, to transform an otherwise conventional documentary into a quirky detective story, that takes us on a journey around the world in search of whatever happened to our almost hero, Edward Brezinski.

We meet his somewhat bewildered family in Michigan, knock on doors of last known

The film relies on a treasure trove of real videotape from the 1980s that captures the scrappy artmaking scene of largely unknown artists hustling to make it in New York

addresses, talk to people on a street corner in Berlin — where once upon a time The Wall stood — who had chance encounters with the restless artist.

Ultimately, the trail goes cold in Cannes, France. **M**



Photo by Jonathan Postal. Painter Edward Brezinski and CLICK models for NY TALK Magazine, 1976. Courtesy: *Make Me Famous* (film), New York

Village East by Angelika
A Love Story directed by
Eve Brandstein,
Richard Kaufman and
Stuart Samuels

By Gülsen Calik

In October of 1973, May Pang, a young personal assistant to the hip power couple, newly ex-Beatle John Lennon and his avant-garde artist wife, Yoko Ono, would find herself entangled in a web of intrigue that, against all odds, blossomed into a whirlwind love story, dubbed *The Lost Weekend*.

In fact the romance lasted nearly two years, during the ex-Beatle's separation from his wife, from 1973 until 1975, when Lennon and Ono ultimately reconciled.

The film is essentially a retelling of the story Pang wrote about in her book, *Loving John*, published in 1983.

Pang stumbles into the unlikely romance at the "request" of Ono who tells her one morning at work, "John and I are not getting along. I want you to go out with him." This request initially baffles Pang, whose non-romantic, professional role as the couple's personal assistant

was well established by that time, some two years in.

She is at a loss for words, and dismisses the suggestion out of hand. But as fate would have it, a genuine, intimate relationship blossoms.

Pang narrates the story while weaving images into her testament: Home photographs and Polaroids of Lennon taken by her, and cartoonish drawings by Lennon that she kept to remember the moment.

Fellow ex-Beatles Paul McCartney and his wife, Linda, and Ringo Starr, George Harrison, as well as a who's who list of rock royalty, David Bowie, Elton John, Mick Jagger, Phil Spector, Harry Nilsson appear in the film, as we see Lennon reengage with the music scene of the mid 1970s.

Frames are well-composed, alternating between stock images, newspaper clippings, news media headlines and crisply lettered, white on black headings that mark the unique time period or focus of sequences. The high-contrast black and white photos, taken at the entrance of clubs or restaurants are sometimes coupled with graphic illustra-

tions that skillfully direct the viewer to new phases in the development of the budding, ultimately doomed romance.

Color photographs with muted blues and yellows and some sepia toned photographs reflect the aesthetic of the era. Evidence of day-to-day activities, relocating from New York to California, traveling to Florida and finally returning to New York, to a new apartment on East 52nd Street convincingly recreate the fabric of a time that has clearly stood still, in Pang's mind.

As an autobiographical documentary, *The Lost Weekend* partially delivers what we hoped for at the beginning: a more intimate look at one of the most impactful personalities of the late twentieth century. John Lennon was, for a fleeting moment in time, the most famous man in the world.

The personal journey of May Pang and John Lennon together, as told here, reveals a nuanced level of intimacy coupled with a sense of innocence, authenticity.

Due to the story's abrupt ending by an assassin's bullet at the opening of the 1980s decade, the viewer is left to ponder, *what if...* **M**

music



Photo courtesy of May Pang

W

elcome to our new Music features section. When

we say New York is the center of art world, we typically think of the visual arts. The hundreds of art galleries, dozens of major world class art museums, international art auction houses, countless art studios and alternative art venues here.

The city's music scene, especially live music, is often overlooked, taken for granted. Some even assume it no longer exists, that everything must be on the Internet, or stored on your phone. That except for a handful of pricey legacy acts, or astroturfed stars, music is something to stream while multitasking.

Visual art by necessity is often big, bold, splashy, designed to get your attention, whereas music, you have to go out and find it. You have to slow down, stop and listen.

Although I live in New York, engaged in the art world for the past two decades, only until very recently did I discover for myself, the incredible vibrancy of the live music scene here, all across the city, seemingly hidden in plain sight.

As fate would have it, this was a discovery by chance. The webmaster for our magazine, Jasen Goodrow, who was a musician aside from his web development skills, told me he was going to perform by himself at small storefront venue in the East Village. I was curious to hear what he did, musically, since I rarely saw him over the years. There was no need to come to the office for working on our magazine's website, intheArtworld.com.

When I arrived at the venue, he had already finished and left. I had assumed the performance started at 8pm, but it started at 6pm, so I missed it. The owners informed me that Jasen often went to a local music bar nearby, Pangea, at 178, 2nd Avenue. That if I headed over there, I might catch up with him.

So I took a walk over there. On the way I passed a trio carrying guitars on their back, with a small guitar amp in tow. I thought to myself, how nice. Probably local musicians headed from gig to gig, like you hear about from the 1980s village scene.

When I got to Pangea Jasen was nowhere to be seen, and not answering his phone. I would learn later that he was gravely ill,

and soon passed away. This was apparently one of his last outings in the city, about a year ago. The bartender suggested I might like to stay, as a local band was set to play at 8:30pm. So I ordered a good German beer, Spaten, and eyed the scene.

Pangea is a modest size restaurant bar, with a formal, ticketed dinner theater in the back, and a small, elevated stage in the front, fitted with a baby grand piano. There is no cover charge to come in and listen to live music, in the front, save the price of a beer.

The band playing that night, *Soulcake*, turned out to be the trio I had passed by in the street. Singer songwriter Joff Wilson on guitar, his wife, Sara, who also sings, on electric bass and Laura Sativa on flute performed a wonderful acoustic set, of mostly original music.

I was amazed that for the price of a beer, and a tip jar, you could walk into well appointed music venue in New York and treat yourself to a performance of this caliber, this level of musicianship. You could hear immediately there must be a couple decades of professional playing behind what they do.

So began my journey, to uncover all things music in New York. There is something poetic, that the untimely death of a trusted colleague would open this new door.

After the performance I made a point to meet the band. These are the sweetest, gentle souls you could ever meet. As Pangea closed about 11pm, we moved our little party to a favorite watering hole that stayed open until 4am, serving up rounds of Guinness on tap. It turns out that, aside from acoustic guitar, Joff plays an amazing electric guitar with several other local bands that are also of top musical caliber. I made note to check out these performances as well.

One band is called *Dragon Redux*, headed up by bassist singer Joe Sztabnik, that plays hard hitting gritty rock with a 1970s feel,



Jeff Wilson and wife Sara of the band, *Soulcake*, in New York's East Village, 2025. Photo by M. Brendan Macinnis

probably because they have been playing since the 1970s. But this is no nostalgic act. Joe Sztabnik, Joff Wilson, drummer Dave Donen and poet, lyricist Puma Perl form yet another band called the *Puma Perl Band*, which just released an album this year, of entirely new material called *Under Tenement Skies*.

We review this album in our new Records Review section, at the end of this article, where we select independently released albums to discuss, as well as take a second look at older record releases, even going back decades, that merit attention today. For example, in this issue we look at French singer songwriter Serge Gainsburg's 1984 release of *Love on the Beat*, and Jack Bruce's fifth studio album, the 1977 *How's Tricks*.

The *Puma Perl Band* is a unique mix of poetry reading, in the Beats tradition — think Jack Kerouac, Gregory Corso — and a well oiled rock and roll outfit ready to unleash at any moment. In its live performances, the band will often invite a guest musician to step up for a cameo. If you are lucky, Seaton Hancock may join in on sax, or if Johnny Young is in the house, he may add his special piano touch.

Live music venues in New York come in several categories, and thankfully permeate the entire city, from the East Village, to the Lower East Side, to Greenwich Village's Bleaker Street, to Harlem, to hipster haven Williamsburg and Bushwick, and even sleepy Astoria in Queens. Lest we not forget the magnificent cathedrals and chapels that host breathtaking classical and choral music passed down through the ages.

Only last week, I attended a performance by the *Trinity Choir* at St. Paul's Chapel of Trinity Church, featuring sopranos and altos Alceé Chriss III, organ, Tracy Cowart, medieval harp, conducted by Melissa Attebury. Fortunately the production chose not to mic the singers (electronically amplify their voices) as is often done in large venues. There is nothing so pure as to hear the unadulterated human voice, the perfect blending of soprano, alto, tenor, bass, with the faint accompaniment of a medieval harp, music written centuries ago brought to life.

In the summer months, there is Central Park's Naumburg Bandshell, a neoclassical outdoor concert venue that hosts free concerts, from classical to jazz, rock and folk since 1908.

I saw *Soulcake*, and a blues outfit, *King Bee and the Stingers*, perform there. Unlike the massive star studded performances held on

the park's Great Lawn, the Bandshell is intimate, informal. You can gather around, sit on a park bench, and take in the music.

On the theme of outdoor performance spaces, we have the public gardens in the East Village that host music events, such as the 6th Street & Avenue B Community Garden. Joff Wilson curates the free *Music Under the Stars* series where, in front of a friendly, communal audience, musical artists young and old can feel at home to try out new material.

I discovered a wonderful flamenco guitarist, singer songwriter there one summer, Jackson Scott Walter. You can find Walter performing his original material and Spanish guitar classics at Pangea, and other live music venues in the neighborhood, such as Marylu, a French themed music bistro at 41 St. Marks Place, and KBG Bar, dubbed a "literary watering hole," at 85 East 4th St. Also in the same building you have the Red Room, on the first floor, a former theater recently converted into a music bar, with a full professional stage, as well as an inclined seating area with some remaining plush theater seats. Last summer the *Puma Perl Band* performed at the 6th Street & Avenue B Community Garden, which as the name suggests, is located on 6th Street, at Avenue B. I also managed to slip in a performance there, closing out the last edition of *Music Under the Stars*, 2025, playing guitar, accompanied by a wonderful vocalist, Paulina — who likes to keep her last name a mystery.

La Plaza Cultural Community Garden, at 674 East 9th Street is another East Village gem. This is where a memorial concert was held for Jason Goodrow, the recently deceased colleague I mentioned. All of his musician friends showed up to perform, and I got to meet his lovely wife, Satoko Onishi-Goodrow and two young children.

The beauty of the live music scene in New York is that the best venues — where you are most likely to discover new artists, playing original material — do not charge. There is no cover.

Which means you can invite a friend, who can in turn invite more friends, without anyone having to deal with the hurdle of being hit up at the door for cash, just to walk inside.

This may seem counter intuitive, in that a well meaning patron may think, surely I want to support the musicians by paying something to see them. But the musicians typically never see this cash taken at the door. The bar will



After performance bar hopping in New York's East Village, 2025. Photo by M. Brendan Macinnis

take the lion's share, the first couple hundred dollars, and if there is any change left over, maybe they will hand that to the performers.

Worse, some music bars will set a minimum to take in at the door, and if they do not get that minimum for that night, they will turn around and demand that cash from the performers, effectively double-dipping. They get the cover charge at the door, plus cash at the bar, from patrons who come to hear the band. Best to avoid that scene.

Here is a list of my favorite music venues in New York, which generally do not

charge a cover, or if they do, it is a recommended donation on special occasions. At the top of the list has to be Otto's Shrunken Head, in the East Village at 538 East 14th St. A no frills cocktail bar and lounge, with a separate performance space in the back, Otto's serves up a very, very hard rock line up.

The venue is well known among top musicians around country, and around the world. I saw Laura Palmer's *Screaming Angles* there a few days ago — a power trio of standup bass, electric guitar, and drums. Incredibly in 2026, you can still order a \$4 beer, round it



Classical guitarist The Lu performs at New York's Guitar Master Festival, 2024. Produced by Charles Callini.
Photo by M. Brendon Macinnis

up to \$5 with tip, and enjoy. Or you can splurge on a pricey cocktail, and bar food.

The 11th Street Bar, at 510 East 11th should definitely be on your list. The music covers a range of genres, from hard-hitting rock, to esoteric, artsy. A relatively new venue, Francis Kite Club, better known simply as Kite Bar, at 40 Avenue C, is a spacious art friendly cocktail bar, which also hosts art events. I saw the amazing *Mac Gollehon & The Hispanic Mechanics* there a couple months ago. In fact they just released a new album, *Pistoleros*, which we review in this issue.

Then there is the recently opened Lucinda's on 169 Avenue C, an old school honky-tonk, country music bar. The Parkside Lounge on 317 East Houston St. is generally a decent music venue, though they will sometimes hit you with a cover charge, when you are not expecting it. Baker Falls at 192 Allen St. is a work in progress, dealing with lease issues. The venerable poet and art writer Anthony Haden Guest was recently feted there to celebrate his 89th birthday, with live music.

In the West Village, the Red Lion at 151 Bleecker St. is a wonderful live music venue, with moderately priced food. Nearby the Bitter End, a rustic, charming relic from the 1960s is still hanging on.

Gary Guarinello's Catalyst Records deserves a shout-out. Located inside Essex Market, at 88 Essex St., the vinyl records retailer offers a small area for live music simultaneously livestreamed.

Uptown in Harlem, two of my favorite music destinations, Shrine World Music Venue, at 2271 Adam Clayton Powell Blvd, and Silvana, a Middle Eastern restaurant and live music venue are top on my list.

In Williamsburg, Skinny Dennis at 152 Metropolitan Ave. offers honky-tonk, country music where the focus is on two-step country dancing to live music, having a good

Clockwise: Saxophonist Seaton Hancock, drummer Hiromi Nakamura, bassist, singer-songwriter Laura Palm, perform in the band, Screaming Rebel Angels, at New York's Otto's Shrunken Head, in the East Village, 2026. Bottom: Marc Gallehon & The Hispanic Mechanics perform at The Francis Kite Club, also in the East Village, 2025. Photos by M. Brendan Macinnis



time. A bit out of the way in Astoria the Shillelagh Tavern at 47-22 30th Ave, and in Long Island City, the LIC Bar at 45-58, are noteworthy live music venues.

In the classical realm, the Guggenheim's *Works and Process*, a unique performing arts series started 1984, held in the Peter B. Lewis Theater at 1071 Fifth Ave., offers intimate access to the musicians immediately following each concert, with a post-performance reception.

Another classical musical event to keep an eye out for, Charles Carlini's *Guitar Masters Festival*, which held its debut in 2024, features some of the top classical and flamenco guitarists in the world. Not only to perform but to offer guitar workshops in conjunction with the musical program. The venue for the festival changes with each edition, check online.

I had the honor to attend a workshop with Vietnamese native, classical guitarist Thu Le, and see her perform, on the same program with the legendary Brazilian singer, composer, guitarist Badi Assad — an unforgettable experience.

While the visual arts understandably gets the lion's share of media attention in the art world, we intend to continue calling attention on the remarkable musical opportunities here in New York, which hopefully through our efforts will no longer be hiding in plain sight. **M**



Love on the Beat
Serge Gainsbourg
 PolyGram Records



Love on the Beat, French bad boy crooner Serge Gainsbourg's first album released in America, and fifth studio album, is an extraordinary work of stylized decadence. Although the full impact of his highly sexualized lyrics, which he murmurs in French, will be lost on American audiences, the chorus, which serves as the hook in each of these songs, is sung in English.

Gainsbourg does not actually sing, rather he croons in a quirky gin soaked voice over a thick sinuous dance beat. The effect is hypnotic as the chorus moves in and out, in a spellbinding rhythm.

In its careful blending of synthesizers, saxophone and nuanced percussion, set to the words of a poet, this album is addictive. All of the songs are laced with a risqué ambience that defines Gainsbourg's peculiar brand of stylized vulgarity.

Under Tenement Skies
Puma Perl Band
 Vinyl, Bandcamp

It is rare that a studio album captures the feel of a live performance, yet *Under Tenement Skies* does just that. Comprised of Joff Wilson, guitar, Joe Sztabnik, bass, Dave Donen drums, and lyricist Puma Perl on vocals, the songs here are strong enough to work

both live, and as polished studio recordings. This is probably because the band has road tested many of these little gems in small, intimate clubs around New York City and abroad.

Standouts include the catchy *Something Better*, with its driving rhythm, *Ticket to Hell*, that boasts a howling lead guitar riff intro, and *End of the World*, which again, features some wonderful guitar work, an irresistible riff.

As the title suggests, the songs are very geographical, specific to tenement life in New York's storied East Village, delivered in a salty, world weary tone backed up by some great musicians.

Pistoleros
Mac Gollehon
& The Hispanic Mechanics
 CD, Bandcamp

The sounds that classically trained musician Mac Gollehon gets out of his trumpet are out of this world, seriously. This is the stuff of another planet. For want of some approximation, we could call this jazz fusion. But fused with what? That remains the intriguing mystery.

The Hispanic Mechanics are David Brenner, special effects, Anthony Carrillo, percussion, Elvis Ferrara, percussion, vocals, and Greg Meisenberg, drums, bass, guitar. The production is superb.

This is next level music, timeless. People will be playing these tracks a hundred years from now, and it will still sound new.

How's Tricks?
Jack Bruce Bands
 RSO Records

The man with the golden voice, and creative force behind 1960s British super-group, Cream, Jack Bruce did not rest on his laurels

and play the hits, following the nova like disintegration of the power trio that set the template for Jimi Hendrix and ZZ Top.

Bruce and his lifelong writing partner, lyricist Pete Brown, went on to produce some extraordinarily beautiful, sophisticated collections of songs, including ballads, over the decades since.

How's Tricks?, released 1977, Bruce's fifth solo album, is an enigmatic masterwork, rooted in jazz, that takes flight under the magic of Brown's wordsmith imagery and Bruce's flawless vocal delivery and yes, that unmistakable fretless baseline. To be sure, not all tracks on this album are up to the level of the title song, such is the nature of experimental work. But there are more standouts.

Lost Inside A Song begins as a solo ballad, with Bruce on piano showing off his sensitive upper vocal range, the lyrics have an autobiographical, confessional feel. *Without A Word*, a bluesy, swaying lost love song, and *Something To Live For*, an upbeat, catchy, feel good tune fills out this charming sleeper of an album.

Caravanserai Concert
Parastoo Ahmadi
 YouTube

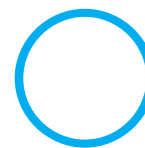
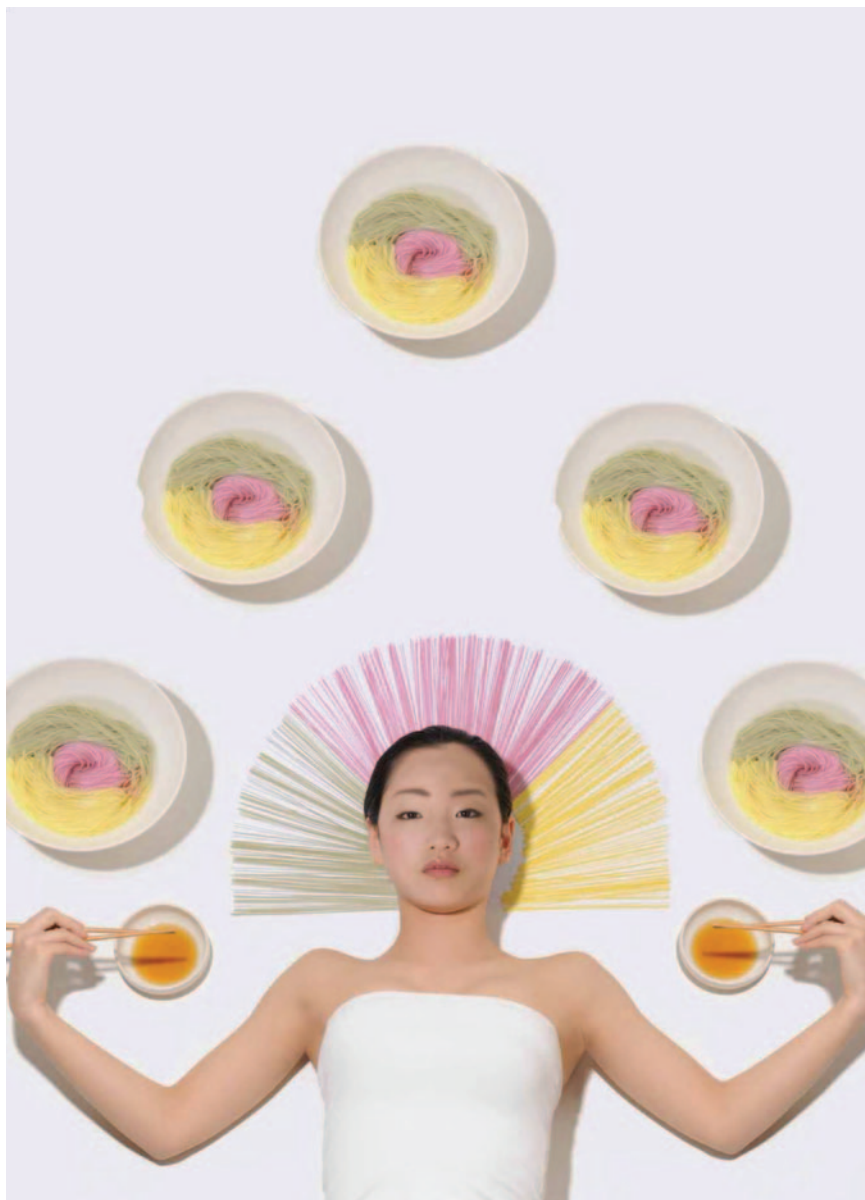
Iranian singer Parastoo Ahmadi, part of a younger generation of Iranian artists who, under the often deadly repression of the Islamic junta that seized power in that country's 1979 coup d'etat, uses social media platforms to share her extraordinary, breathtaking vocal performances.

Her performance of *Az Khun-e Javanane Vatan*, a patriotic song written by Aref Qazvini to honor young people killed during the 1906 struggle for constitutional reform in Iran was so powerful it got her arrested.

michael macinnis

social

Izumi Kasai *Madonna of Somen*, 2010. Archival Pigment Print. 20 x 24 inch.



Our new Social features section is a blank canvas, where we can explore together new topics in each issue, that have a social theme. Here we consider food as art, in Japanese photographer Izumi Kasai's *Edible Portrait* series (opposite and facing pages) where she playfully serves up beauty ideals beyond taste. We took the opportunity as well, to present a selection of art friendly restaurants and other edible recommendations here below, submitted for your perusal.

Peacefood Cafe Upper West Side

Eating healthy vegan, in a live and let live environment never tasted so good. Too often vegan dining is about what you cannot have. No steak for you! No cheese either! Or worse, they will enlist the services of scientists to fabricate something that looks like a chicken, made from a concoction of soy and seed oils.

This rustic, reasonably priced (for Manhattan) full fledged vegan cafe restaurant, located at 460 Amsterdam Ave., at West 82nd St. (with other locations as well) serves up a robust offering of surprisingly satiating meal choices that will make you forget that you are eating healthy.

The Fluffy Quinoa Salad, made with onion, avocado, sprouts, sweet pepper corn, mustard lime vinaigrette, is a meal unto itself. Open until 10pm, the timing fits nicely into an evening of visiting art gallery openings.

The one downside, no alcohol. Yes, this is a health food destination afterfall. But they do offer an impressive selection of coffees and teas, with delicious, in-house baked non-dairy pastries.

Organic Cocoa Bread Artisan Bread Recipe

Yes, you can bake your own artisan bread at home without having to become a professional baker. You do not need a "bread machine," or a giant gas oven.

You do not even have to knead dough, or spend hours in a kitchen.

What's more, suddenly a crusty, chewy loaf of the healthiest old school European bread you might expect to pay \$8 or more for in a boutique bakery in New York, costs less than \$1 to make, even using the finest ingredients.

Here is how to make your own delicious, super healthy organic cocoa bread in barley an hour.

All that you need: 3 cups of unbleached, organic bread flour. 1 table spoon of instant yeast. 2 table spoons of organic cocoa powder. 2 table spoons of molasses, 1 tea spoon of brown sugar (not for taste, but to feed yeast). 1 table spoon of olive oil, a roll of parchment paper, a sprinkling of sea salt, and a hand full of chia seeds.

Mix everything, except the chia seeds, in a large bowl. Stir in slowly 2 cups of warm water, and continue stirring (no kneading) until a thick paste.

Cover with a towel or cloth, not sealed, and let sit at room temperature to allow yeast to rise.

The mix will double and become a pliable dough. Sprinkle flour, to keep from sticking, pick up the ball of dough, stretch and fold a few times, then put back in bowl and place in refrigerator overnight.

This is what develops the flavor, letting nature do its work, slowly

bromating overnight. The next day, you are ready to bake.

Shape the dough as you like, into a round French style *pain de campagne*, or into a couple long Parisian baguettes.

Sprinkle a handful of chia seeds over the top, and use a sharp knife or razor to make a few decorative slices, to allow the bread to expand while baking.

Preheat oven to 350 degrees, you can also use a toaster oven, place dough on wetted parchment paper (to create steam), and bake for 30 minutes. Congratulations! You did it.

Le Parisien Bistro Kips Bay

This unassuming French bistro nestled between several Asian-Fusion eateries on East 33rd St. at 3rd Ave., is a local favorite. Upon entering you are greeted by shelves of hand painted water bottles behind a small bar. The interior is fashioned in a Parisian style, with painted copper ceilings and walled mirrors. A limited menu of French staples, simple and rich flavors, makes life easy. Try the steak frites, or duck country pate with cornichons and escargots, guaranteed to please. The atmosphere is primed for good conversation, with soft music and real candles. An excellent choice for an after-opening dinner.

rikki driver

Izumi Kasai *Angkor Wat of Grapes*, 2010. Archival Pigment Print. 20 x 24 inch.



THROCKMORTON FINE ART



**The Foremost Source For
Latin American Vintage
&
Contemporary Photography**

Image: Isabel Muñoz, MIT 0806, 2012

145 East 57th Street, 3rd. fl., New York, NY 10022
Tel. 212. 223. 1059 Fax. 212. 221 1937
Info@throckmorton-nyc.com www.throckmorton-nyc.com