

THE

magazine

VOLUME XXII NUMBER X

WINNER 1994 Best Consumer Tabloid

SELECTED 1997 Top-5 Best Consumer Tabloids

SELECTED 2005 and 2006 Top-5 Best Consumer Tabloids

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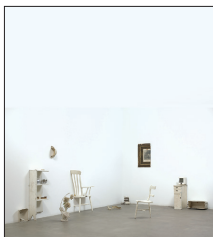
COVER

YOKO ONO, *HALF-A-ROOM*

VARIOUS OBJECTS CUT IN HALF, MOST PAINTED WHITE.

INSTALLATION: DIMENSIONS VARIABLE. © YOKO ONO 2014

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JUNE 2015



New drawings by Friedrich Geier on view at A Sea Gallery, 407 South Guadalupe Street, Santa Fe.

TO THE EDITOR:

I'm afraid I have a complaint to lodge against *THE magazine*. I subscribe and receive my copy in the mail. Every month, without fail, your magazine pulls me away from all of my more responsible activities. I swear to myself I won't open its plastic container when I pick it up at the post office, at least not until I've exercised and finished the day's chores. But no matter my repeated resolutions to do otherwise, I do open that container and lift out your magazine, its fine aromas of newsprint and ink overtaking my senses. And I open that inevitably lovely front cover only to be consumed by beautiful photos and compelling text, all leading me to Joshua Baer's intoxicating *One Bottle* page and I am, once again, lost in your pages. Couldn't you produce a less enticing publication just once?

—JEANE WEIGEL, TRUCHAS, VIA EMAIL

TO THE EDITOR:

Thank you for the cogent review in your February/March issue of *Tales from a Dark Room* by Richard Baron. It was well informed, personal, and free of art speak. I agreed with his viewpoint that it is not the camera or methodology that produces a transcendent photograph—it is the person behind the lens.

—EVALYN BEMIS, VIA EMAIL

TO THE EDITOR:

Thanks for the well-written review on Noel Hudson's art by Lauren Tresp and her insightful thoughts on the town of Truth or Consequences. A wonderful read.

—NOEL WINKLER, VIA EMAIL

TO THE EDITOR:

It is rare that I find myself writing to an editor but in this case I feel compelled to do so after being made aware of the highly unprofessional review written by Ms. Hannah Hoel on Ms. Eileen Brazziel's Gallery [Eileen Brazziel Art Advisors]. It is one thing to not like an installation, everyone is entitled to their opinion, but her writing came across as vindictive and as someone with an ax to grind. I took the time to look up Ms. Hoel's credentials as an art critic, and she basically has

none. She is not from any major art market, New York City, Los Angeles, Miami, etc., but is simply a recent college grad working for a small-town publication. Her inexperience is obvious and her actions affect these artists in a negative manner, something she does not seem to care about. Worse yet is that *THE magazine* allowed this trash piece to be published, and frankly it devalues *THE*'s credibility as well. That is part of the problem with Santa Fe—it likes to think it is a major art market in the league of New York City and Los Angeles. It isn't. I have had the pleasure of working with Ms. Brazziel on three of the previous highly regarded *TIME* projects. I have never come across someone so hard-working, dedicated, and one who is innovative and thinks so out of the box. She is not peddling the same ole, same ole art you see in Santa Fe. She adds a fresh option. Ms. Brazziel developed and curated the *TIME* project in partnership with Navajo artists working alongside non-Native artists to create unique land-based art installations. Is Ms. Hoel doing anything this innovative and community based? I think not. Ms. Brazziel was also able to procure the world famous artist Ai Wei Wei [sic] [Ai Weiwei] to collaborate with Navajo artists for the most recent *TIME* installation, which is significant and generated great public relations for New Mexico. Does Ms. Hoel have these types of connections or the ability to pull something like this off on an international scale? I think not. The *TIME* projects all have received wonderful accolades by *Planet Magazine*, *The Huffington Post*, and *The New York Times*, just to name a few (by real art critics). Many of these artists are included in her current installation and deserve to be seen and appreciated.

—JULIEN McROBERTS, NEW YORK CITY, VIA EMAIL

TO THE EDITOR:

Never send your idiot writers to my gallery again. Hannah Hoel walked in with a serious attitude, didn't "look" at the work, and literally took five minutes prancing around. Perhaps she had something in mind before she walked in? She never highlighted in her article that this was a teaser exhibit. You think that she would have emphasized that the future projects were what this exhibit was all about? No.

—EILEEN BRAZIEL, SANTA FE, VIA EMAIL

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COVER

DORIS CROSS - 1922s: PHOTOGRAPHER UNKNOWN. SEE PAGE 59



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JULY 2015



Tread Softly—sculpted paintings by L. Scooter Morris on view at Wiford Gallery, 403 Canyon Road, Santa Fe. Opening reception: Friday, July 3 from 5 to 7 pm. Image: *Created Equal*.

TO THE EDITOR:

In response to the two letters written to *THE magazine* regarding Hannah Hoel's critique of Eileen Braziel's installation, I have this to say. If Ms. Braziel failed in her attempt to capture consistent and repeatable meanings in her cultural experiment, which, in my humble opinion, she did, it is to Hannah Hoel's credit that this was pointed out. The real question is whether the ideological intentions the curator wanted to be realized, were realized. If the curator failed, she certainly wouldn't want to admit defeat. Nor would she like to acknowledge the fact that the critic perceived so many mutually hostile forces and ambiguities in the gallery presentation itself. Certainly it is convenient to blame critics. But to enlist your friends from New York to write snarky letters to the editor, to drop names and question the critic's credentials, while suggesting that the people who care most about art, the people who write about it professionally for very little money or glory, are backwater idiots, is gutless. Never mind that Santa Fe is the third largest art market in America, or that it actually produces artists themselves. Furthermore, in regards to the question of credentials, I often wonder myself what credentials are demanded of gallerists? Do they graduate from some academy somewhere, some university? What does it take to sell chic items for upscale consumption or provide glamorous façades for state and corporate power, as so many galleries do? The truth of the matter here is that Ms. Braziel's friend, Julien McRoberts, better thank her lucky stars that there is a critical culture that does not come from the technocratic, white-collar nouveaurichè clown academy that McRoberts seems so fond of. Moreover, anyone with a little industry and application can extricate themselves from the pretentious ideology, propaganda, and modes of distortion perpetrated daily by the art intelligentsia. It appears that when the analysis is carried out properly, as Ms. Hoel's was, brittle and pugnacious squealing ensues.

—ANTHONY HASSETT, SANTA FE, VIA EMAIL

TO THE EDITOR:

I want to comment on two letters in the June issue within the context of Hannah Hoel's May review of the *Gallery Fake: Iconocontemporary* exhibit at Eileen Braziel Art Advisors. One letter was emailed by show curator Braziel herself and the other by a friend and past project collaborator Julien McRoberts. I found Hoel's review of *Gallery Fake* to be an intelligent, articulate, and fair critical assessment of the exhibit. She supported a professional assessment with solid, specific points argued with persuasive clarity. Hoel came to the position that *Gallery Fake* is a catching and charming title that masks a disjointed show with a scattered agenda, a kind of "emperor's new clothes: needless pomp and circumstance" in which, "despite good intentions, the work is prey to a jumbled pretense by mostly good artists (and some not) stuck together for no coherent reason," with too many pieces "poorly displayed," blunted by numbing "wall text in all the wrong places." Rather than a provocative "ruse to usurp the standard gallery model," *Gallery Fake* came across as little more than "an art advisor's residual acquisitions." Hoel offers evidence of Braziel's "scattered agenda": *Gallery Fake's* combining of "three supposedly disparate artistic genres" (iconoclastic, Western, contemporary), categories that lack validity "in the absence of some key highly anticipated iconoclastic works in the show" that might support such distinctions. Hoel ascribes the show's failure to support its claim to unify this alleged disparity to Braziel's "tangled strands of somewhat reflective, nearly witty curatorial statements." One express intention by Braziel to "challenge viewers about issues of artistic influence, authenticity, and historicity in the digital age," by pairing regional with internationally known artists, was not realized by simply placing them side by side. Hoel found *Gallery Fake* to be "awkwardly creased between a then-and-now survey and a contemporary Native showcase that barely supports a more sobering contemporary framework." Hoel concludes that, while *Iconocontemporary*, the show's coined subtitle, purportedly "speaks to a potentially unified disparity that seems pretty darned cool,"

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Folk Tales—new work by America Martin on view at 203 Fine Art, 203 Ledoux Street, Taos. Opening reception: Saturday, July 11 from 4 to 7 pm. Exhibition runs through Wednesday, August 8.

we find instead that “*Gallery Fake* remains a false idol.” In response, neither Braziel nor McRoberts at any point addresses Hoel’s critical argument—not even a single element or aspect of it. Instead, their letters are just an *ad hominem* attack on Hoel herself, accusing her of having: a “serious attitude,” an agenda (“something in mind before she walked in”), “obvious inexperience,” no “connections,” no “credentials” to be an art critic, and of being an “idiot writer.” McRoberts even contrasts Hoel unfavorably with Braziel, whom McRoberts considers “hard-working,” “dedicated,” “community based,” an exhibit organizer with art world “connections,” highly successful in generating “great public relations.” As for the horse Hoel rode in on: McRoberts and Braziel characterize Hoel’s review itself (“trash piece”) as superficial (“didn’t ‘look’ at the work”), cursory (“literally took five minutes prancing around”), immature (“prancing around”), “negative,” “vindictive,” callous (“not seem to care”), and “highly unprofessional.” Art criticism involves differing viewpoints and informed dialogue. The role of an art critic is not to reveal truths; it’s to offer insights and judgments that may show us how to find them. Hannah Hoel’s review has done that, and done it really well. Braziel and McRoberts’s letters have not. Not at all.

—RICHARD TOBIN, SANTA FE, VIA EMAIL

TO THE EDITOR:

Thanks so much for mentioning CENTER and

Review Santa Fe in the June issue. We appreciate the coverage. I really loved the photo of Elizabeth Taylor with RC Gorman, too. Who took it? It reminded me of something I hadn’t thought about in years: I met Elizabeth Taylor in Taos once, maybe even around the time that photo was taken, although in my memory she looked thinner. It was Thanksgiving, 1980 or 1981. My parents had come to visit me and my ex-husband (I lived in Albuquerque at the time) and we all went up to Taos for the long weekend. We stayed at the Sagebrush Inn, and my mother met someone there who told us about an opening at Michael Taylor’s gallery, just below the Mabel Dodge Luhan house. So we went, and there was Elizabeth looking resplendent in a purple silk pantsuit that matched her legendary violet eyes. She was so much more petite than I had imagined, and very trim at that point in her life. It was a very casual affair, full of people, but there was definitely electricity in the air, at least for me. I was so thrilled to meet her, and enchanted by her soft voice and star presence.

—JOANNA THORNE HURLEY, SANTA FE, VIA EMAIL

TO THE EDITOR:

I just read the June issue of *THE magazine* from beginning to end and enjoyed every page. I am often disillusioned with the art world, but reading your mag actually made me excited about it. Thanks for what you do for all of us.

—ALEXANDRA ELDRIDGE, SANTA FE, VIA EMAIL

TO THE EDITOR:

I was quite taken with John Macker’s poem, “The soul of Chihuahua,” which closed your June issue. Macker is one of Santa Fe’s hidden treasures. As someone who recently spent a year living in Santa Fe—and misses it greatly—I rely on Macker’s poetry to bring me back, every time I read it. If *THE magazine*’s readers get a chance to check out his new book, *Disassembled Badlands*, they’ll see what I mean.

—RICHARD POLSKY, SAUSALITO, CA, VIA EMAIL

TO THE EDITOR:

Once again, thanks for the article in the May issue of *THE*. It has resulted in some interesting interactions for me. The format was wonderful, in that my voice really came through. As always, I love how *THE magazine* directly supports artists. It is such important work!

—NINA ELDER, SANTA FE, VIA EMAIL

TO THE EDITOR:

The latest issue of *THE magazine* has a great photograph of R.C. Gorman and Elizabeth Taylor. What caught our eye was a drawing on the wall by Paul Pletka. Thought that that should be called to the attention of your readership. Pletka has a wonderful painting currently hanging in the *Painting the Divine* exhibition at the New Mexico History Museum. We’d love to see more about Pletka in your publication.

—LARRY AND JANE HOOTKIN, SANTA FE, VIA EMAIL