

Cultural Economies: Histories from the Alternative Arts Movement, NYC

Organized by Julie Ault

February 24–April 6, 1996

**The Drawing Center
35 Wooster Street
New York, NY 10013**

This exhibition and publication have been made possible by grants from the New York State Council on the Arts and the Lannan Foundation.

Co-publisher:

REAL LIFE Magazine

c/o Art School, Cal Arts

24700 McBean Parkway

Valencia, California 91355

"Why is today the same as every other day?" ©1996 Julie Ault

"Attempting Community" ©1996 Thomas Lawson

Cover: John Fekner, *Growth Decay*, 1978.

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Director's Foreword

This publication accompanies the exhibition *Cultural Economies: Histories from the Alternative Arts Movement, NYC*, a project documenting the work of artists active in the last twenty years in alternative venues—public sites and community centers, artist-run and artist-initiated spaces, collectives and collaboratives. Although alternative art practices can be defined by their difference from those of the dominant art-world economy, the term “alternative” often fails to represent the centrality and significance of the movement. This exhibition, catalogue, and a forthcoming publication of commissioned essays are offered as a celebration and tribute to the artists and institutions who have shaped the movement's many manifestations.

Any project of this scope requires substantial financial support, and The Drawing Center is profoundly grateful for funds received from the New York State Council on the Arts and the Lannan Foundation. We are indebted to the Visual Arts Program at NYSCA, and especially its director Elizabeth Merena, for initiating this exhibition through a call for proposals in the summer of 1994. The intent of this grant opportunity was to encourage New York City's alternative spaces to evaluate and assess the alternative arts movement, their own histories, and the contributions made by other institutions and individuals to the field of contemporary art. To respond to this call for proposals, The Drawing Center turned to guest curator Julie Ault, who conceived of an exhibition which offered an economically and socially contextualized view of significant alternative practices and structures. In addition to celebrating the artists and institutions who comprise the alternative arts movement, it is our hope that this project reflects the long and impressive history of support for the emerging arts and culture of this city. A similar NYSCA grant was awarded to Exit Art/The First World for the exhibition *Counterculture: Alternative Information from the Underground Press to the Internet, 1965–1995*, organized by Brian Wallis. These exhibitions are intended to complement each other.

Very special thanks are extended to Julie Ault, who guided the development of this exhibition with tremendous insight and dedication. It has been a great honor to work with Julie who, as a founding member of the artist-collaborative Group Material, forms part of the history she has uncovered and traced. We are indebted as well to intern Dorothy Désir-Davis for her research assistance and contribution to the exhibition's public programs. At The Drawing Center, we owe our gratitude to Elizabeth Finch, assistant curator, for overseeing the many details surrounding the organization of the exhibition and this publication; and to Sarah Falkner, registrar, for ably orchestrating the transport of diverse materials and artworks.

This publication was conceived as a special issue of *REAL LIFE Magazine*, an artists' magazine founded by Thomas Lawson and Susan Morgan, published intermittently since 1978. We are grateful to Tom and Susan for collaborating with us on this component of the project, and thankful to Tom for contributing a thoughtful and compelling essay. For the design of this pub-

lication, we extend our appreciation to Laura Fields. In addition, we owe our gratitude to Bethany Johns for creating the exhibition's invitation and poster.

Finally, during the organization of this project we appealed to the memories and expertise of many individuals active in the alternative arts movement. Their accounts of the people, institutions, and economic and social forces at play in the shaping of the movement have formed the core of this exhibition. Some of the spaces and groups we include in this project no longer exist, and we have attempted to piece together their histories through the generosity and foresight of those who have cared for the archives of these endeavors. Other institutions and groups have continued on, and this exhibition seeks to present the ways in which their work has changed over the years. Because of the size and extent of this project, any list of individuals and institutions who have contributed to its realization would be incomplete. Nonetheless, we offer our thanks to the following individuals, groups, and institutions who have generously lent representative materials and artworks:

ABC No Rio, Charlie Ahearn, John Ahearn, A.I.R. Gallery, Alexander & Bonin, Brooke Alexander, American Fine Arts, Tomie Arai, Art in General, Artists Space, Rudolf Baranik, Barry Blinderman, Linda Goode Bryant, Susan Cahan, Collaborative Projects, Creative Time, David Deitcher, Jane Dickson, Stefan Eins, Exit Art/The First World, John Fekner, Four Walls, Franklin Furnace, Andrea Fraser, Barbara Gladstone Gallery, Day Gleeson, Mike Glier, Robert Goldman, Jay Gorney Modern Art, Gran Fury, Group Material, Guerrilla Girls, Jon Hendricks, Henry Street Settlement, Janet Henry, Jenny Holzer, Rebecca Howland, Institute for Art and Urban Resources, INTAR Gallery, Bethany Johns, Just Above Midtown, Lisa Kahane, The Kitchen, Louise Lawler, Longwood Art Gallery, Metro Pictures, Marc Miller, Barbara Moore, Alan Moore, The New Museum of Contemporary Art, New York State Council on the Arts, PAD/D Archives at The Museum of Modern Art Library, National Association of Artists Organizations (N.A.A.O.), P.P.O.W. Gallery, Paper Tiger TV, Printed Matter, Public Art Fund, Lee Quinones, Repro History, Walter Robinson, Tim Rollins and K.O.S., Martha Rosler, Erika Rothenberg, Christy Rupp, Richard Serra, Tony Shafrazi, Allison and James Shapiro, Cindy Sherman, Greg Sholette, Adam Simon, Nancy Spero, Jack Tilton Gallery, Dennis Thomas, Rigoberto Torres, Mierle Laderman Ukeles, Anton van Dalen, Video Data Bank, Visual AIDS, Carrie Mae Weems, White Columns, Fred Wilson, and Martin Wong.

Ann Philbin

Questions

My first visit to New York City in 1976 was pretty exciting. Coming from a small town in Maine where art meant posters of Andrew Wyeth's "Christina's World," New York challenged me to think more expansively about possible functions for art and artists. The catalytic event was coming across wheatpasted broadsides made by Artists Meeting for Cultural Change (AMCC) that posed questions such as "Why is today the same as every other day?...Who profits from art?...Who wins when artists compete?" Although the flyers did propose some answers—"Today, as every other day, art remains the mute witness of the supremacy of a system of those who have over those who have not"—I didn't read them. The questions were enough.

Like many of the initiatives and organizations represented in *Cultural Economies*, the who, what, when, how, and why of AMCC are scantily documented. American market culture pathologically seeks to obscure its politics by characterizing commercial processes as apolitical and overt political expression as unprofitable (uncollectible) and fringe. With no associated objects circulating in the art economy, efforts disappear—some more easily and swiftly than others.

The point of origin for developing *Cultural Economies* was as much personal anxiety as social desire. I wondered why current times seem so permeated with cynicism and pessimism, why there isn't the tremendously empowering sense of potentiality, experienced by many in the seventies and through the eighties, to work within and affect culture.

Not a polemic, not a history

Recently, an artist friend cautioned me about the subjectivity we bring to any notion of the past. What was a series of provocative and productive moments for some, was for others the bad years, down moments of inhospitality and alienation. It's treacherous territory—the past—and difficult to find some way to take pleasure in it, gather experiences and inspiration, without falling into full-scale nostalgia or romantic revisionism. Difficult to find the appropriate distance (or closeness) to assess gains and losses, to celebrate and critique.

I'm reluctant to use the word history. It sounds so academic, and implies closure, but *Cultural Economies* is nevertheless a histories project, a pieced-together, alternative reading of significant art production in still-recent contexts. Histories are always elusive. Hard data can only take us so far. Without voices (distinct from narration) there is an absence of shape and tone. My investigation in and around the subject has resulted in countless enlightening conversations in which personal convictions, desires, and judgements surfaced, often with mixed and forceful emotions propelling the discussion. What is recalled and emphasized, of course, reflects and reveals individual and collective agendas, past-tense and still playing out.

The very word alternative produces endless arguments. It's provocative and meaningless,

and suggests simultaneously an opening up and a closing down. Naming oneself alternative sets up both distance from and bondage to dominant institutions and ideas. It implies both a subordinate and a rebellious, perhaps productive, relationship to power. For critically constructive activities and structures it becomes essential to reject the term as a label. The more radical a group or effort, the more likely it is to resist the tag. "We are not alternative to anything" is a much-echoed sentiment that defies simple binary readings of power and its dynamics. Resisting the label positions margin as center: maybe not center center, but central in a given context. These are not just word games. Identifications and refusals have real consequences in the art-world system, the real world.

The more voices speaking about a time, an event, a feeling, the richer and fuller history becomes, perhaps only to break totally, as a contained image or narrative, from the density and scope of contradictory descriptions. There can be no complete story, no real story, no decisive reading of events or their meanings. The more points of view there are, the more discussion there is, the more unmanageable the story becomes. And the more inspiring.

Anarchy, hierarchy

The phantom subject of *Cultural Economies* is the art-world system: the social, economic, political systems and forces that determine and influence what happens in the cultural field. They form an arena which has no central governing body, a space in which variously antagonistic, competitive, and harmonious institutional and individuated relationships occur. But of course, structures encourage certain behaviors and penalize those who do not respond. In the exhibition, artworks, documentary materials, and artifacts reflect and cross reference elements of the shifting social arrangements.

Superficially, the art-world configuration of entities and institutions locked in relativity defines itself along frictions and clearly delineated functions; between alternative and mainstream, non-profit and for-profit, subordinate and dominant. Specialization and interdependence go hand in hand. Whatever the details, the system still operates and reproduces itself. A fundamental question arises from a purely positional picture of the art world as a system. What are the relations within the system? Relations refer to interactions between elements, and the positions they occupy vis-a-vis each other. The arrangement of units is a property of the system, not of the elements themselves.

A significant dilemma facing alternative spaces and structures is the onset of bureaucracy and hierarchy. Openness and commitment to flexibility in programming as well as in daily internal operations are frequently sacrificed to the demands of funding constancy which mandate conventional, static administrative processes. Financial stability takes center stage when salaries and rent are past due. Under these conditions it's difficult to be spontaneous or debate essential questions about purpose and philosophy.

Alternative spaces, mid-level organizations, and larger cultural institutions too often accept their roles as participants in the art-world system with little tangible resistance. Consequently, a balance of power is achieved, expectations and functions are overdetermined, and creative approaches no longer flourish and are perhaps no longer welcome.

The unwelcome associations of the label alternative—marginalization and diminishment—are further complicated by the perils of a market culture which smoothly incorporates alternatives as style—pressworthy and, until recently, fundable. Social critique and political meaning are often diffused by mainstream commercial processes.

Alternative is always contextual. Despite the predicaments, the idea of alternative, in some genuine sense, still carries exciting possibilities of being responsive—even reactive—but also constructive, creative, and generative. Ideally, alternative might refer to origins, beginnings, processes, and journeys. When an alternative becomes a container or destination, it takes on a structural function and becomes a form of official or accepted dissent within an established system.

Many of the activities represented in *Cultural Economies* have positively affected constellations of cultural power which continue to shift. Yet economic, cultural, and social power (abstract and concrete) perseveres structurally, regardless of reformatory changes and redress. Despite possibilities for change, one truth seems evidenced by the cyclical nature of conflicts between artists and cultural institutions and audiences: the only remedies for structural problems are structural changes. This is why artist-run alternative spaces, and eventually alternative networks, evolved in the first place.

Invention and reinvention are always possible, despite the Right, despite the culture wars, despite temporarily curtailed government funding, despite the stealthy and speedy privatization of the public realm. Looking back, and ahead, at the tremendously rich environment of structures, venues, support, and community produced by initiatives answering (or not) to the name alternative, one finds infinite exemplary acts and art. The result is countless models for practices that try to, and in some instances do, effectively transcend and challenge the established system. The individuals who come together around ideas of cultural democracy, working experimentally and taking risks, offer examples for others to emulate and improve on.

Incidentally

This publication contains a selection of press articles that report on some relevant activities and conditions, providing generalized context by way of temporal fragments. The topics and issues covered parallel many concerns expressed in the exhibition.

Drawing on my experience as a member of Group Material, I resist single-author declaratives and prefer multiple voices and points of view, combining them within a forum where diverse elements augment each another to create a complex picture of experiences and events. I've chosen from daily and weekly press in order to stress real time, accessibility, and the news-

worthy quality of the events described.

It will be apparent that this exhibition, and the public events and publication that accompany it, does not posit a chronology, comprehensive survey, or “greatest hits.” My criteria for inclusion grew from a combination of subjective tendencies (hopefully not narrow), pragmatic concerns that are difficult to convey but were not taken lightly, and an overarching interest and enthusiasm for short-lived critical endeavors, overt social and political content, collectivity, and, most of all, undiluted idealism.

Acknowledgements

Formative and significant conversations with the following people provided me with insights, directions, challenges, and support: Doug Ashford, Judith Barry, Barry Blinderman, Bobby Bordo, David Deitcher, Stefan Eins, Thomas Eggerer, Nina Felshin, Mike Glier, Jon Hendricks, Janet Henry, Roni Horn, Rebecca Howland, Isaac Julien, Lisa Kahane, Jochen Klein, Steve Kurtz, Miwon Kwon, Louise Lawler, Tom Lawson, Susana Leval, Joe Lewis, Lucy Lippard, Inverna Lockpez, Ute Meta Bauer, Alan Moore, Susan Morgan, Mark Nash, Mathias Poledna, Walter Robinson, Tim Rollins, Peter Taub, and Mierle Laderman Ukeles.

Ongoing discussions with Dorothy Désir-Davis, Beth Finch, Russell Ferguson, Susan Cahan, John Ahearn, Elizabeth Merena, and especially Martin Beck have been invaluable.

Special thanks to Bruce Ferguson for the happenstance; Annie Philbin for her immediate enthusiasm and sustained support; Helmut Draxler and Brian Wallis for our dialogues; and Andres Serrano, Gloria Watkins, and Felix Gonzalez-Torres for providing the necessary and desired living and working context.

J.A.

The news stories collected here are by turn inspiring, infuriating, fun, and very sad. My spirits rise as a detail reminds me of the funny peculiarity of a moment shared. Long dormant anger stirs at the memory of some self-righteous posturing that worked against the interests of all but the grand-standing individual. Reading through this documentary history, a bemused resignation washes over me as the large patterns that shape our daily lives—the economic forces of inflation and real estate speculation, the continuing fallout from the political assault on New Deal liberalism—come into plain sight. And then I am moved again to irritation at so many writers for *The New York Times* and *The Village Voice* who write of art and artists with a tone of such deep condescension. (John Russell always sounds so delighted by the antics of these adorably unpredictable children, while Richard Goldstein wants his readers to know that it is he who has all the inside information, the inside talk, and the larger meaning.) But soon enough this annoyance passes, and I am again energized recalling heroic and often quixotic attempts to rethink the purposes and methods of art-making in this culture. This near-joy is then leavened with sadness at the remembrance of all those friends and adversaries lost prematurely in these terrible years of AIDS.

Sitting down to write this essay has proved quite difficult, in large part because of a reluctance to poke around in that emotional quagmire, a remembered past. After trying on different voices and styles, I have decided to write this directly as one who was there: a former participant trying to square memory and emotion. This whole project, it seems to me, is an attempt to recognize the successes and failures of the struggle of marginalized artists (artists who happened to be women, artists who did not happen to be European-American, artists who did not want to make mainstream, modernist art and artists who did, but for some reason were not acceptable) to gain access to support, attention, an audience. The successes are to be seen in the diverse kinds of art that are now visible in art places, the diverse kinds of places that are now acceptable as art places, the diverse kinds of people who are now granted access to art. The failures have to do with factionalism; the inability of the marginalized and formerly marginalized to come together to fight the common enemy: the indifference and hostility of the majority of people to the very idea of art. And the result of these failings is that our work as artists enjoys ever less support. To get at this history is a huge project, and would require the full apparatus of a scholarly enterprise to accomplish it properly. Instead, I offer the quirky and partial recollections of a survivor.

I moved to New York in 1975, looking for a community of artists. I came with a deeply imbued egalitarian socialism typical of people of my background and education in Scotland; once here, I was a bit surprised to learn that what I took to be a kind of common sense was considered dangerous communism. I came with an idea of community and in search of fellow

artists. Fueled by movies like "An American in Paris," I imagined a free-floating, sexy world where ideas and passions were exchanged, and the problems of daily life were somehow taken care of. What I imagined was a fantasy.

The thing is, Lower Manhattan in the late seventies came close to fulfilling that fantasy. The city was near-bankrupt, the collapsed Westside Highway only the most visible sign of widespread corruption and decay. After dark, the vast warehouse districts below Houston Street were all but deserted, and a newcomer soon came to recognize that the few people on the streets were artists and musicians and dancers who lived and worked there. It was easy to find the bars and restaurants that stayed open late, and, in these places, easy to strike up conversations and eventually friendships with others seeking the classic bohemian life.

Long before local politicians made rebuilding New York a slogan to disguise years of deferred maintenance, creatives with generous parents or luck with grants were turning abandoned factories into glamorous loft studios, setting the stage for the gentrification of large parts of the city. To do this they needed skilled and semi-skilled labor willing to take cash and no benefits; and thus was solved the immigrant's problem of how to pay the rent.

With a drop of money in the bank, these were heady times. You could see Simone Forti or Joan Jonas perform at 112 Greene Street, or a film by Yvonne Rainer at the Collective. You could crack up at Bill Wegman's videos at The Kitchen. You could watch and listen to the Ramones or Richard Hell at CBGB's. You could catch the rigorous dreamscapes of Richard Foreman at his Ontological-Hysteric Theatre. If you were really lucky, you might be able to afford tickets to "Einstein on the Beach," the Robert Wilson/Philip Glass opera at the Met. On Saturdays, you could see installations by Robert Morris, new work by Gilbert & George, great, raw, wooden things by GrosvenorNonasWindsor at Castelli, Sonnabend, and Paula Cooper. Later, you could get some wine and cheese, catch up on news, and see something decent, if not overwhelmingly ambitious, at the cooperative spaces like A.I.R. and 55 Mercer. Later still, you could go to Fanelli's and find out if there were any parties. At other times, you might encounter Bob Moskowitz's paintings at The Clocktower, or a cast-metal chair by Scott Burton sitting on the sidewalk, as if discarded in some loft renovation. Acconci was everywhere, in Sonnabend and on derelict piers, at The Kitchen, and at P.S. 1. At Printed Matter, you could browse Lawrence Weiner's books, or read interviews with Liza Bear and Willoughby Sharpe in *Avalanche*, or Edit DeAk's fantasies about Brice Marden and Neil Jenney in *ArtRite*, and wonder if these people were for real. At Jaap Rietman's, you could follow high-minded arguments about quality in *Artforum*, or, with more polemical thrust, in *The Fox*. Later at night, much later, you could have drunken arguments about beauty with Richard Serra in tiny, claustrophobic bars. On the way home, you could encounter more polemics, broadsides demanding to know who profits from art. The amazing thing is, it all seemed a continuum. This was a community of ideas where none seemed excessively privileged, and all could be engaged.

But of course, this was all mostly a work of willed imagination. In reality there was a sense

that the SoHo aristocracy, the generation who had begun their careers in the late sixties, had a pretty firm grip on things, and was not likely to give generous access to younger artists with different ideas. After a while, the so-called alternative spaces began to seem stale, and everything else out of reach. In this context, Artists Space emerged as one of the few places that consistently tried to show something else, in part at least because its originating charter insisted on younger artists and allowed only one major showing. Helene Winer's office became the place to be on a Friday afternoon, to talk about new work, see what other people were doing. The exciting thing was, people were attempting, again, to think about art differently.

The prevailing view, anchored in a distrust of what painting signifies in a market economy, disregarded objects for processes. It asked that artists consider the relationship between producer and consumer, and the role of the presenting institution—be it raw warehouse space, art gallery, or museum—in constructing that relationship. *October*, started by Rosalind Krauss and Annette Michelson in 1976 in an attempt to reclaim the seriousness of purpose they felt *Artforum* had betrayed, published some of the most thoughtful and nuanced considerations of these ideas. Krauss and others proposed that the most significant work of the decade was driven by a concern for the indexical sign and its implication of a presence in absence. This, Krauss argued, was the essence of photography—an extended understanding of the photographic was now at the center of the most convincing art making.

As members of the first generation to grow up with television, the younger artists who checked in at Artists Space had a lived-in understanding of the uncanny pervasiveness of the photographic that went deeper than theory. A detached analysis of structures and systems was no longer entirely credible. The new imperative was to rethink the politics of representation in such a way as to acknowledge a widespread complex of refusal and complicity. What developed were various end game strategies that proposed an allegorical response to media imagery, evident in the work of Cindy Sherman, Paul McMahan, Sherrie Levine, David Salle, among others. These strategies were immediately criticized in *The Village Voice* and other old-time alternative publications as “retro-chic” and “punk.” Now, “retro chic” was a low blow, but the high energy, media-smart play with image that characterized the most interesting aspects of British punk and the relentless dumb irony of the New York bands both fed into this new kind of thinking. In fact, a large number of artists at that particular moment saw the barely competent garage band as a compelling vehicle for performance.

A new community was forming around a different set of ideas and priorities. Using organizational structures that had come into being in response to the activist agenda of the late sixties, this community sought access to a share of the increased public funding that activism had produced. Thus, the original forces behind 112 Greene Street moved on but allowed the shell of what they had built to be re-animated as White Columns, in a new space with a new mandate. Filmmakers Beth and Scott B and Eric Mitchell, along with other artists, formed Colab to get production money out of NEA grant categories devised to support organizations. But if this was

a community, it was a very loose one; with the steady influx of new artists guaranteed by the boom in art education, shared interests broadened, became less specific. The glue that offered some sense of cohesion was provided by a sudden publishing mania. Little magazines flourished and faded; ideas, names, faces, and images began to circulate. A number of financed attempts were launched to capture various niche markets, but most failed. More interesting were the ones published with no real money, except for small grants from the NEA or NYSCA. For example, *X Magazine*, a large-format tabloid that mostly covered the music and performance aspects of the downtown club scene for a couple of issues before going bust, or *Cover*, which saw itself as a revival of *Avalanche*, with interviews and features in glossy black and white, or *Spanner*, an erratic compilation of “artists’ pages.”

It was at this time that Susan Morgan and I began publishing *REAL LIFE Magazine*, with funds channeled through Artists Space and technical help from HallWalls in Buffalo. Our idea was to provide a simply designed, cheaply produced forum in which artists and writers could explore their ideas without too many big-time pressures, and for quite a few years we succeeded. Sometime in late 1979, we threw a party in an old Irish bar around the corner from the Mudd Club to celebrate our second issue. All kinds of people came, from all parts of the art world; many participants in the downtown alternative scene of course, but also people connected to the glossy art magazines and to the as yet unimaginably glamorous arena of commercial galleries, even a couple of museum curators. It seemed an auspicious moment, the beginning of a new era. Within little more than a year we discovered that this new era was to be presided over by Ronald Reagan, and that one of his interests was to de-fund and de-legitimize all art that shunned market support.

In fact, the first piece of shit to hit the fan had landed earlier that year when a freshly minted artist Donald Newman put up a show at Artists Space. Now, the thing about Artists Space at that time was that shows rarely got reviewed, or even mentioned. This meant it was the perfect place to try out ideas for a small audience made up of mostly sympathetic colleagues who were usually willing to be supportive but tough—a place where you could risk failure. I can’t remember much about Newman’s work—large scale drawings with sketchy, gestural marks, shadowy figures, perhaps veiled references to photography. What was memorable was the title he chose for his show, “The Nigger Drawings,” a dopey attempt to appropriate the existential angst of an earlier group of alienated youth, the Beats. What he wanted to do with this incendiary device was to link personal experience of poverty and emotional pain with public, historically resonant representations. He also wanted to get some attention. What he accomplished was a firestorm.

A scandal brewed in the downtown newspapers, there were demonstrations on the street in front of the gallery, angry letters were written to the funding agencies demanding that grants be rescinded. It is difficult to be clear what became of all this. A publicity stunt got turned around, and used as a convenient soap-box. The issue of an unconscious racism in the art world was raised. Money did flow more determinedly into projects and spaces that would benefit minority

artists. But a divisive demagoguery was unleashed that would return to haunt us all by the end of the next decade. In the name of a moral imperative, a rhetorical violence was directed at the right to free expression and was met by a very flabby and inconsistent defense. (I cannot help thinking of the parallel between the attacks on Newman and the later attacks on Andres Serrano's *Piss Christ*.) People who had reached a level of professional acknowledgment and comfort, as college professors, arts administrators, and journalists, stomped all over the fledging work of a very young artist, work that was irritating and silly, but hardly dangerous or evil. At the same time, a useful institution carrying out its mission as best it could was suddenly threatened with extinction.

Within a couple of years of this incident, Helene Winer had moved on to open her own gallery, Metro Pictures. Many of the artists who had spent Friday afternoons in her office began showing their work in the broader, international context opened up by a rejuvenated commercial system. Artists Space, like most of the alternatives of the seventies, gradually lost its bearings. Partly this had to do with the real estate mania that gripped New York in the eighties. Fiscally responsible boards decided they had to buy property in SoHo or Tribeca to remain viable; more adventurously alternative directors might have argued for moving to other parts of town where artists had moved in search of low rents. After all, with Fashion Moda, Stefan Eins and Joe Lewis established that they could operate an interesting situation in the Bronx. And Colab artists associated with "The Real Estate Show" and ABC No Rio proved that activist artists with no money could have fun and feel relevant throwing parties and creating cable TV shows on the Lower East Side. Group Material discovered that it was possible to function as an alternative without a space; its members simply commandeered existing sites to stage their highly discursive and inclusive interventions.

I am making two points, one concerning a particular historical moment, the other more general. In the late seventies, the alternatives of the counterculture of the Woodstock Nation began to seem old and rather innocent to a younger generation viscerally aware of the slippery resonance of mediated images. A community of meaning was split apart by this, one side continuing to seek wholeness, the other questioning the foundation of that very idea. The more general issue concerns the cyclical nature of change. Artists' initiatives are invariably high energy, they are intense and require full commitment. Inevitably there is burn-out, ideas become stale, actions rote. It is sad to read in the news reports included in this publication of the slow fade-out of many of the original artist-run organizations. But it is inspiring to realize that new initiatives are always taking shape, redefining the problem, rethinking possible solutions. At this moment the question remains; the struggle continues. What do artists want—a Lotto-like chance at making a fortune in a restricted market, with unbridled opportunities for a few winners, or a broad network of support for a large number of artists working with limited to modest means?