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The Tower of Babel

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THE TOWER OF BABEL

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Harold Rosenberg's most recent collection of essays was published under the title, Art on the Edge. This title expresses the author's concern that the plastic arts are close to "the edge that separates them from the crafts, commercial design and the mass media". Rosenberg is being generous in his diagnosis. In recent years the plastic arts have been crossing borders as if they didn't exist, followed closely by critics, collectors, dealers, museums and art historians alike. The latter group are possibly the prime culprits.

This century has seen the eruption of a mass consciousness of history. Marx changed people's ways of thinking to the extent that we are no longer merely living our lives; instead we are all of us making history, all of us playing our roles in an inevitable class struggle. Similarly artists are no longer making art; instead they all too often spend their time trying to make their contributions to art history. This is evidenced by the current obsession with precise dating, often to the day.

The dangers of this history consciousness are manifold. Artists are forever trying to second guess in what direction this increasingly absurd tradition is next going to turn — instead of trying to express anything profound, beautiful or sublime. A good example are the American Edward Ruscha's antiphotography books, produced early in the nineteen sixties. Five 1955 Girlfriends consists of five very ordinary portrait photos of five women, the common link being their chance encounters with the artist. Unless one is a student of the history of women's hair styles, the photos are of almost no interest. Nevertheless, they have been reproduced widely in the art world; even anthropologists have received wide acceptance as being plastic art, and one has to ask why. What has it come about that dealers and critics alike have applauded loudly as the plastic arts have spread out in all directions?

The answer has to be that art has lost any sense of what it is or why it is. If people had a common notion of what art is, this sprawling out would not be possible. The remainder of this article will attempt to find some of the reasons for this lack of purpose.

Whatever else it may be, art is always a faithful social barometer. It accurately reflects the ideas, beliefs, the class of the time; direct criticism, which now plagues the plastic arts, can also be found in society in general. Art was once a force in society, marching confidently forward. That force has now split into two thousand years of Western art making. The photos would have appealed to Ruscha because they were taken merely to record information, without any of the ordinary art overtones. He claimed (Artforum, February 1955) that the photographs he uses are "not just another data to which I am not interested". This is not an art, that he considers his photos to be "technical data like industrial photography". He continues: "I want absolutely neutral material. My pictures are not that interesting, nor the subject matter. They are simply a collection of facts...The artist is able to claim from art history a mandate to reduce art making to a neutral presentation of arbitrarily selected information.

Another danger of this history consciousness is that we are all too often considering the territory of countless other disciplines. The other axis — where the plastic arts stand vis-à-vis other areas of human activity — have largely been ignored, allowing artists to cross borders and enter into the realm of countless other areas. The answer to this has been that artists are free to choose their territory and the movement has been that artists are free of objects are also free to move outwards in all directions. This message continues to be loudly broadcast.

Borders are problematic. Exactly where the line is drawn always seems an arbitrary decision; things are generally very similar both sides of a border, making it hard to discern just when it has been crossed. Borders are elusive — they exist, nevertheless. If I go far enough south from Montreal, I will eventually find myself in the United States. No matter how arbitrary the exact location of that border might seem to be: it's there none the less. And it's going to be there for a thousand years of Western art making. The answer has to be that art has lost any sense of what it is or why it is. If people had a common notion of what art is, this sprawling out would not be possible. The remainder of this article will attempt to find some of the reasons for this lack of purpose.

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