



**New York art
from Warhol to now**

IT HURTS



Published worldwide by **21**

21 Publishing

Universal House
251 Tottenham Court Road
London W1P 9AD

First published 1998
© Matthew Collings 1998

The right of Matthew Collings to be identified as the author of the work has been asserted in accordance with the Copyright Designs and Patents Act 1988

The copyright on the images belongs to Ian MacMillan or the galleries, institutions and individuals listed in this book

Editors: Karen Wright and Linda Saunders
Picture research: Sophie Mackley

Designed by Herman Lelie

Typeset by Stefania Bonelli
Production coordinated by Uwe Kraus GmbH
Printed in Italy

British Library Cataloguing and Publication Data
A catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library

ISBN 1-901785-03-3

Front cover: Matthew Collings with Andy Warhol's *Silver Pillows* 1966 and *Cow Wallpaper* 1966. Photo © Ian MacMillan 1998. Courtesy The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts, Inc. ARS, New York and DACS, London 1998

Inside front cover: Andy Warhol, still from *Lonesome Cowboys* © 1968 The Andy Warhol Museum, Pittsburgh, PA, a museum of Carnegie Institute

Back cover: Jeff Koons. Photo © Ian MacMillan 1998

Inside back cover: Vanessa Beecroft, photograph of *VB36, SHOW* performance, R Solomon Guggenheim Museum, New York, 1998. Photo Mario Sorrenti. © Vanessa Beecroft. Courtesy Yvonne Force Inc



styles from menswear catalogues. He says they're all self-conscious and straining and artificial, whereas their adoring busty women companions are all natural. The sex in the pictures is perverse and obvious at the same time. For example, a painting called *The Enormous Bust* shows a bust so enormous and so rounded and realistic and high-lighted and believably touchable that it looks unpleasant and frightening, but is sexy at the same time. But also it's a painting about different languages: rounded, flat, painterly, illustrational.

Currin is an amazingly Irish-looking man. He looks almost like a cartoon of an Irishman. His studio space is next door to Landers's. They're both from Irish families and are both good looking and it's hard not to objectify them, even if you're not gay. Both of them should be in the movies, and it's lucky for art that they are not. Unless you object to the dumb sexism of their paintings. Which would be wrong because it isn't dumb. How did sexism come back? No one knows. There was a big attempt to get rid of it, b.ut it failed. Or else it was redefined to let these paintings in. Probably that.

Lisa Yuskavage

She paints grotesquely shaped sex-object women, or grotesquely endowed sex-object children, like sex nightmares, in lurid colours like turquoise and lemon. It's the revenge of the repressed sex object. And the revenge of the fat sex object. The figures just stand there, splayed, sad, tiny-headed, big-bottomed, super-throbbing. Aesthetically they verge on the horrible but there's definitely something there. She painted one picture that the title identifies as a likeness of herself looking like her shrink. Another picture shows an anxious chubby male face looming out of a black void. *The Feminist's Husband*.



top picture: **John Currin** *Entertaining Mr Acker Bilk* 1995
bottom picture: **Lisa Yuskavage** *Surrender* 1998

Cecily Brown

I go to her studio. Her friend is there. They smoke fags. They're charming. She's David Sylvester's daughter. She went to the Slade School of Art in London and now lives in New York. Her paintings are orgiastic streams of sexy imagery. Fields of image fragments, like throbbing organic exploding jigsaw puzzles. But with sweet colour. Mint or chocolate or bloody red or light yellow. Like food colouring or tinting or make-up. The writhing sex going on in the paintings is energetic and endless and everywhere, as if every day is a party for this painter, and every moment a tearful screaming climax.

Maybe their entertainment value is connected to the rise of sex and shocks in installation art and videos and sculptures and Neo-Conceptual art of the 90s, and our general tolerance of excess, and our expectation to be appalled all the time by things we see in art. Which proves how decadent we are.

Lisa Yuskavage

