

DallasArtsRevue

Visual art news, views & reviews in Dallas, Texas, USA

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EAT ART **1**

Story+Photos by JRCompton

November 2001, when modems were slow, so pictures were small

[Eat Art - the second](#)

Decades ago, I wrote a column in the on-paper DARTs called Eat Art. I'd noticed those words glaring out at us from the bumper sticker advertising the second — and ultimately successful — City bond election to CREATE A **GREAT ART** MUSEUM FOR A GREAT CITY — moving the Dallas Museum of Art from its crumbling space in Fair Park to the expensive, then-new building in the downtown area inexplicably called **The Arts District**.

It seemed the perfect, uh... metaphor for the mixed bag of cycling stories and critical commentary, comparisons and contraryisms of Dallas Art. I quit writing it when nobody would talk to me for fear I'd put their gossip in print. This new, online version will eschew gossip to concentrate on current and past Dallas art history, politics, critique and mini interviews.

I keep thinking I've finished this piece, but it keeps growing and changing and explaining better. If your work is discussed on this page, I'd love to [hear from you](#), regardless. I'm keen to know your opinions.

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by J R Compton

Pillsbury Peter's roomsful of **Terrell James'** elegant abstracts in luminous colors, delicate shapes and subtle fields made me think of museums so much more than Arlington's glorified department store ever did. I'd avoided going to PP's new space because of the [million dollar art war](#) BS.

Their extension is grand and exquisite, Talley Dunn's — which I'd avoided, because the valet guys wouldn't let me park nearby during an opening last summer — extrapolation quadruples the space into a discontinuous warehouse across the courtyard. The combined space has no windows bringing outside in, no liting, airy architecture, just acres of dark space awaiting art.

I watched a cosmos spinning in glorious, projected video on the far wall, and it seemed quietly spectacular.

The new **James Surls** I watched at PP are compact, almost stubby, but the octopusian metal chandelier hanging in the atrium is immediately recognizable with those Surls eyes on every tentacle, heavy yet floating, watching us.

The **Fiery Art of Harry Geffert** show (only up through July 21) is a wisp of forests, one tree at a time, delicate and delicious.



Matthew Bourbon

The Party Just Gets Better

oil on paper, 16 inches square

at Craighead-Green's **New Texas Talent**



Compared with the art competition across the lake at the Bath House Cultural Center, the quality at Craighead-Green's **New Texas Talent** show, curated by the DMA Associate Registrar **Jeanne Chvosta**, is remarkably high and level — many pieces at CG push the envelope in quirky directions — like **Marjorie Norman's** smallish (14 x 15 inches), untitled oil on wood with an almost cute, unidentifiable, red animal on an abstracted grayscale background; **Paul Rogers Harris' Table Top** (19 x 15 inches) digital image is a swirled male nude with the important bits blocked out with swirling interstices; and **Michael Garcia's** WWII mop head with tiny plier face (left) at only **\$200** is deceptively simple. Almost any of us could have done that — if only we'd thought of it.

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I asked **Veronica De Anda** about her *Removed* (above), which I find to be utterly simple sculpture, airy as a breeze, boldly three dimensional, slight, yet essentially human. She explained, "Essentially that piece is a self-portrait (or self-portraits). I soaked the craft paper in a mixture of water and wood glue. I placed the wet paper on my body (while lying down) and conformed and manipulated it to the desired shape. Noticing that the cold, wet paper was