

Critical Practices Inc. and 21ST.PROJECTS
are pleased to host a viewing of new work by
ERIK BAKKE &
RUPERT GOLDSWORTHY
on Sunday July 21, 2019 5:00 to 7:00 PM @
162 W 21 St. #3N NYC

Works—in order from entrance:

Erik Bakke
Untitled (cottontail)
32 x 48 inches
Digital print on canvas
2019

Erik Bakke
Untitled (offal)
48 x 32 inches
Digital print on canvas
2019

Erik Bakke
Untitled (hog)
48 x 32 inches
Digital print on canvas
2019

Erik Bakke
Send Your Love to Another Dimension
(Homage to Kevin Killian)

Source Photograph by Juan Fernandez
80 x 60 inches
Digital print on canvas
2019

Rupert Goldsworthy
Untitled I (Backdrop for “Tabboo!’s 1001
Armenian Nights”)
10 x 12 feet
Acrylic on Canvas
2019

Erik Bakke
Untitled (fire)
48 x 32 inches
Digital print on canvas
2019

Rupert Goldsworthy
Untitled II (Backdrop for “Tabboo!’s 1001
Armenian Nights”)
10 x 12 feet
Acrylic on Canvas
2019

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Moisson Bon Bon, After The Harvest
(1943) by Rene Magritte
Linda Bakke, 2019

How do I convey this painting to you? Between two thick tree trunks a woman reclines and though she is nude her body is spectral with color. She is spent still deep in that ethereal space after orgasm. She rests under a canopy of trees—their trunks drape the pastoral pleasure beyond her. Everything she hears is soft like cotton. She drifts in zero gravity and oozes out in milky white ripples commingling with the humus below her.

Her head and arms are like the setting Sun. Her right arm is red, the left arm is stroked in green and raised over her so that her hand rests on her scalp. Her flame orange head lolls and brilliantizes against the opposing green like the fiery flash of emerald that signals the Sun being drawn below the horizon. Her face rushes and blushes with blood washing down pink from her throat to

jutting and smooth clavicles. Pink trickles down to mix with the blue and red of her legs, lapping up, swirling, spreading vividly, violet-y onto belly and breasts like when the last bit of warmth leaves the day and dusk comes to settle on your skin.

The curls arranged on top of her head blaze still with the sensation of her lover as he licked and sucked her armpits, slid his hot mollusk of tongue up and around her neck until it was sunk deep into her mouth. His intention was to pull up as many orgasms as he could from her furrows. He ran his fingers along them used his lush lingual to part the weeds and with his teeth he yanked and tugged at them. She clamped his ears between her knees with the surprise of it. He held still for her giggles and little gasps. It was only when her thighs opened and relaxed like butterfly wings that he resumed the work of shaping her mound.

She stared into the blue sky fringed by green leaves as he passed his

tongue over and under the husk or her center grain. He pushed his thumb in ever so just deep enough to place a seed. She bucks wildly against it trying to draw it in further. She breathes and tries to control it, tries to hold her eyes open, tries to see as she releases into little white clouds.

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**“Send Your Love to Another Dimension”
Erik Bakke**

“Send Your Love to Another Dimension” depicts the poet Kevin Killian standing in Erik Bakke’s exhibition “Black Flag in the Desert of a Future Ocean,” an exhibition Killian organized for Bakke in San Francisco in February of 2019. The magenta color of the image comes not from digital manipulation but from the photograph being shot through a magenta gel adhered to the exterior glass of the Right Window gallery in which the exhibition took place. The front door of the gallery can also be seen reflected in the glass with a few flyers in

the lower left corner of the work being the only objects not seen either through the magenta colored glass or reflected in that glass. Kevin is standing next to Bakke’s work “Burnt Totem.” The magenta window was a work entitled “Fourth Dimension Magenta Ratio (pi squared over sixteen).” In the center of “Send Your Love to Another Dimension” is the reflection of the text “Send Your Love to Another Dimension.” The text is seen in reverse as it had been written on a sign posted on the glass of another gallery space facing the Right Window space. The text was written by some artists unknown to Bakke who, prior to installing their own exhibition, had put up a message in response to the themes of “Black Flag in the Desert of a Future Ocean,” which included past, present, and future human trauma, the role of artists and aesthetics in confronting the human condition, and explorations of n-dimensional space. The work serves as an homage to Kevin Killian who is no longer with us in this dimension but who may very well be able to receive and share our love.

Other works in the exhibition “Black Flag in the Desert of a Future Ocean” and visible in “Send Your Love to Another Dimension” include from 2017 series “1958:” “Before After,” oil on canvas, 72 x 60 inches; “Black Flag Ratio 1.9,” oil on linen, 2018; “Second Dimension, Lavender Ratio/Cyan Ratio (pi over two)—Homage to Judy Grahn,” acrylic on birch panel, 24 x 12 x 1.5 inches, 2018; and from 2017 series “1958:” “North Pole,” oil on canvas, 72 x 60 inches

The other four of Bakke’s works being shown at Critical Practices Inc. can be viewed as presenting symbols. The cottontail may be associated with life and/or the quick. The hog may be associated with the land and with the natural world’s relationships with humankind. The hog offal may be associated with renewal and loss and with water (the hole is in a riverbed under which flows an underground river). The fire may be associated with transformation and control. The viewer might negate these

suggestions and, the artist hopes, explain differently how the images function together.

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On Lutz Bacher (1943-2019)
Rupert Goldsworthy

Lutz Bacher the was an artist I showed in my gallery in Berlin and in NYC during the mid-to-late 1990s and early 2000s. We were very close in those days. I had been fascinated by her work since first seeing it in a group show at Andrea Rosen Gallery in 1990 where she showed the “Jackie & Me” series based on Ron Galella’s photo captions. By chance I met Lutz at someone else’s opening in Chelsea and we just connected immediately. (My friend Steven Evans curated Lutz’ first ever NY show, “The Clinic” at Simon Watson in 1990).

Lutz seemed a brilliant, funny, warm, insightful person. Very West Coast in her humor. A husky voice, a wry infectious laugh. Over time I got to know her and her husband Don very well. Lutz and Don visited me in Berlin when my gallery opened there. Incongruously, Don always called Lutz “Susan.” That was her

real name. An interesting family detail was that Lutz's father had been a major baseball coach. Lutz and I soon had great success together through my gallery—in sales, through New York Times reviews, and in museum shows. I got her a solo show at Bern Kunsthalle and her work was included in the Whitney Biennial. This was at a time in Lutz's career when no other gallery or institution was interested in her work any more. Simon Watson had long closed and Pat Hearn had stopped showing Lutz's work. No one was really buying her work. But I found Lutz's work so brilliant, simple yet complex, so I showed it regardless of sales considerations. A few people in those days of the mid to late 90s remembered her name and knew of her reputation.

By the early 2000s, despite the acclaim for the several shows I curated and set up for Lutz both in Europe and NYC, in



2001 she suddenly cancelled her upcoming show with me and moved back to Pat Hearn Gallery. It happened fast, and suddenly I never really saw Lutz again. It was odd to experience for me as a European where friendships and business relationships usually entail deeper loyalties. There was no big fight between us. It just seemed I was no longer of use to Lutz. I had just been

a stepping stone. At the time I felt betrayed by her behavior, as if, despite earlier appearances, I had only ever a pawn in her greater plan. Our friendship was just cupboard love.

Later, people told me that was always Lutz's way. I remember that Lutz invited me to dinner at Mr Chow's (she knew it was my favorite restaurant of the time) as a sort of consolation for cancelling her show at short notice, but I sent her a

note saying "Thanks so much for the invite but no." If I had gone, it would have felt like I was acknowledging her behavior had been acceptable. That it was *fait-accompl*i. I felt a bit like a hooker who had been dismissed from service.

When people now say to me "You must be so sad that Lutz died," I have to admit to them that I feel remote about her passing. Lutz left my life nearly twenty years ago with no great thanks or follow-up. I never saw her again after 2001. Some remember that I did a lot for Lutz's career at a key time. Others have no clue. I don't regret showing her work. I still rate her art highly. She has left us a great legacy. But it seems a suitable response to her work that now I have the chance to tell my side of our shared history.

What we are left with is the best of Lutz. Her brilliance was in her work itself, in her ability to make you look very closely at the world in all its detail, to speak out fearlessly, to use all your critical faculties. Lutz's sharp humor unpicked the power relations in the political world we live in.

There will no doubt be a major NY museum survey of her work soon. Check out "Jackie and Me", "Sex with Strangers", "Olympiad", "The Lee Harvey Oswald Tapes", the "Playboy" series based on Vargas works. I showed these works in my galleries in NYC and Berlin back in the 1990s, before the mass critical acclaim began.

RIP to both Lutz and Don, they are no doubt out there among the stars. Condolences to their son, to Lutz's sister, and to her friends and fans in NYC and in Berkeley. I shall miss Lutz's sardonic wit, but then, as I noted, she left my life twenty years ago.

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**Were the New York Dolls important?
Rupert Goldsworthy**

I can't answer this question briefly.

The first Dolls album is the place to start. And on that album, check out the tracks "Personality Crisis", "Looking for a Kiss", "Trash," "Frankenstein," "Bad Girl." The second album "Too Much Too Soon" is patchier. The

problem is that The Dolls, (like Johnny Thunders' later band, the Heartbreakers) were never recorded in all their ragged glory. Plus it's about the story of the band, not just the music.

The Bob Gruen docu "All Dolled Up" is well worth checking out. It gives you a sense of how brilliant & funny Johnny Thunders was before the drugs got bad.

Musically the Dolls are wildly overrated. They weren't THAT great. Their music harkens back to the pop sensibility of the Shangri-Las, anthems for teenagers, short, sharp & cheeky. The Dolls were staunchly "not-Prog" in an era when Rick Wakeman & Styx were starting to rule the radio waves.

Added to this, the Dolls' attitude & sound appear to influence so many other later bands.. such as Bowie on "Aladdin Sane", the whole Punk movement, particularly the Sex Pistols, and then also later influenced the look of all the LA hair metal bands of

the 80s, Hanoi Rocks, Poison, Motley Crue, Guns'n'Roses, etc.

But the Dolls did it all first—drag rock, heroin chic, & fucked-up Punk anthems. They now seem so way ahead. Albeit at the time they were considered a B or C-list band.

How the Dolls looked & their legend is as significant as how they sounded. They all dressed to the hilt. Johnny Thunders was a sartorial genius throughout his career. A total dandy. But simultaneously he appeared to be a terrible influence on those around him, & in legend, he is like Dracula. He seems to have single-handedly got half of the inner crowd of the London Punk scene to start shooting heroin during his brief time living in the city at the height of the 1977-79 Punk era. (Johnny's most famous convert was Sid Vicious, but almost anyone associated with Thunders seemed to develop a habit). Punks in London weren't associated with smack til the Heartbreakers arrived



there. Punk had earlier been a movement associated with speed.

The central point to grasp here is that the legend of the Dolls is the thing—the music is just part of it. They had it

all—the look, the sound, the myth, but they were simply too ahead of their time. Billy Murcia overdosed aged 21 on their first UK tour in 1972, Johnny Thunders & Jerry Nolan became notorious junkies who died in their forties. Only David Johansen and Sylvain Sylvain are still around.

Soon after the Dolls broke up, they were copied by so many other soon to be famous bands, and the doll's legend only increased with time.

To start to "get" the Dolls, you need to understand the historical year-zero that they appear to create. Then listen to the various albums they produced and watch the later documentaries on the band. What is

central to the myth and mystery of the Dolls is their elusiveness. They only really lasted four years (1971-75) but after their dissolution their global influence really begins.