LER ta Contemporary

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time at Mass MOCA than a Sol LeWitt wall because that would le house and property.

razy place in Atlanta end to visitors?

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of rereading on rotation onimo Rex, and Long, t got to the South, I took oi, and despite having he oddest sense of déjà ere Hannah used to ters he had pissed off ۱.

ruce LaFitte, who has intemporary through

'e with his pen-and-ink ; City's beloved high

school bands. The outfits, the pageantry, the pomp, the structure, and the instrumentsfor those school bands lucky enough to remain intact, and those that were lost after Hurricane Katrina-are integral to New Orleans's soul.

What's the last exhibition you saw that truly moved you?

Not an exhibition, per se, but I just visited Pasaquan for the first time and was floored. It's a seven-acre compound once owned by the flamboyant and eccentric folk artist Eddie Owens Martin (a.k.a. St. EOM). He ran away from home at age 14 to New York, where he spent three and a half decades making a living as an artist and hustler, running an illicit gambling parlor and dealing pot. When he returned to Georgia to live in the buildings his mother bought with proceeds earned from fortune-telling, he turned the compound's six structures into his greatest work of art. It's a mock pre-Columbian psychedelic wonderland, influenced by African sculpture and American Indian totem poles. Mind-blowing.

Which contemporary artist would you like to see in the White House? (Not "hanging in the White House" but "leading the country.")

Trevor Paglen would certainly deliver some revealing State of the Unions. I have always admired Lisi Raskin's politics. But Theaster Gates seems like an obvious vote.

We heard you used to be a practicing artist...

I have a BFA in painting. I made murky paintings of nudes and dreamt of combining Eric Fischl's offbeat suburbs with the disjunctive arrangements of David Salle. I was once upon a time named one of the top three artists in the mid-Atlantic region by the good folks at Kool Cigarettes. They used to send swag in the mail, like fortune cookies that said "Come up to Kool" and refrigerator poetry magnets with carefully chosen fragments like "smooth," "flavor," "sunsets," "pleasure," and so on.

What would you like to see changed about the contemporary art world?

Getting away from everything being about just white male artists.

What is your spirit animal, and why? Black panther, for every reason.

If you could have drinks with two art world personalities, living or dead, whom might you choose, and what might you discuss?

I'm going with Hemingway and Kerry James Marshall. We'll talk about boxing, the ocean, Cuba, Frank Lloyd Wright, Chicago jazz, the South, Spain, and the storytelling of comics.



FACT FILE

EUGENE VON BRUENCHENHEIN

WHEN THE MILWAUKEE-BASED

artist died in 1983, he left behind a treasure trove of paintings-depicting fantastical castles, or landscapes like Wand of the Genii, 1956, above-bone sculptures, and adoring nude portraits of his wife. Here are a few facts about this odd and singular artist, courtesy of Andrew Edlin Gallery director Phillip March Jones.

> Von Bruenchenhein began to write poems while in his early 20s. In 1936 two of them, "The Tide of Life" and "A

Prayer," were published in an anthology titled American Voices. He was, unfortunately, never able to find a publisher for the hundreds of other poems he wrote during his lifetime.



Many of the paintbrushes the artist used were made from his wife's hair, which he stuffed into straws and pen stalks.



Von Bruenchenhein's chicken-bone sculptures also incorporated turkey bones, which he soaked in ammonia, dried in the oven.

and then assembled into thrones, towers, and other forms using tweezers and airplane glue.

The artist desperately sought recognition for his work, going so far as to send poems and paintings to Presidents Kennedy and Johnson.



He attributed his artistic production to "unknown forces at work, which I myself cannot rightly explain, forces that have gone on since the beginning."