

The Future of Art

Commentary

by
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Welcome to the Art Museum of the Future.

As you walk through these spacious halls (as designed by Sir Walter Snob, an architect known for designing this building as much as anything else and as decorated by Elizabeth Snide, a personal friend of the directors) and look at the splatters of mud on the wall (thrown per the instructions of the late Candice Sellers), piles of used condoms (each soiled personally by the working team of Amethyst & Android), and chairs artfully(?) fashioned from used hypodermics he found in his neighborhood park (ala Peter Norras), I can only hope that you spend your time pondering the essential questions of man. Namely, what is art?

Art is Truth.

Art is Beauty.

Art is “My parents went to the newly constructed Art Museum of the Future and all I got was this lousy MP3 download,” available in our gift shop for a mere \$19.99, as voiced by Andrew McMellon and composed by Frank E Frank.

But let us not let commercial interests ruin the flow.

Art IS.

It stands alone.

It needs no explanation.

It is its own explanation.

But then, perhaps I should explain.

It has been said (by me, back when I was an artist, no less and not director of this glorious institution, a much more lucrative profession, I might add) that: Art is a mountain.

Being an artist at the time, I felt no need to explain. But now that I am a director, I get paid to explain, so explain I shall.

You see, Art is a mountain... that you climb, with a film crew in tow, so that you may make a documentary of yourself on the ascent and then stand majestically on the summit as you survey all that you behold. You see, Art is not the mountain. It is not the summit. It is not the climb. Nor is it the experience. Art is the documentary footage, paid for by a grant from the Rocky Mountain Art Conservatory.

Do we understand?

Art is not “Skipping Stones in a Still Pond” as Jack the Slack might have you believe. It is the audio recording of the same by Fortunate Fred and the Recording Company.

Do we understand?

Or does the irony behind Alice Kraft’s “Disappointing,” a totally empty exhibit hall, leave you with, well for lack of a better word, a sense of disappointment in how we’ve (meaning I’ve) decided to spend \$224,000 of the museum’s money that has been earmarked for new acquisitions?

Well, if the last’s the case, you’re in luck. Because on the back of this form is a list of all the work currently on exhibit in the museum with a “Yea” or “Nay” by each item. Just tick your preference and at the end of the year we’ll add up everyone’s vote. And then, if we feel like it (which you just know we won’t), when it’s acquisitions time again, we’ll take your (the public’s) taste into account... unless y’all choose something horrid like Picasso, Rembrandt, Warhol, or Van Gogh. I mean, not only are those guys, like, way overpriced, but we all know what a starry night looks like.

But a movie by Lolly of an “Ice Cream Cone Slowly Melting”?

A “Thousand Rubber Bands Scattered Loosely on the Floor” by Henry Mathews, which he envisioned as an interactive display in conceptual art?

Or “Raspberry Jam Turning to Mold” which Eileen Dunkier created as a metaphor for what she saw as the waste, decay and capitalism pervasive in the current art scene?

Well, that my friends is Art.

As is this flier, which you now read.

And I’m not too proud to beg for your vote, because quite frankly, I need the money. \$224,000 for an empty room, what the hell was I thinking...