

# CHRIS MARTIN

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BY PHONG BUI

## *Unified Field of Unexpected Radiance*

How many crosses cross the stretcher bar  
In order to ignore the inner frame with endearment?  
Some were struck by how the image falls  
So swiftly from two thin layers of Ivory black  
Just enough to DECLARE he has finally left  
The powerful and dark vein of American romanticism  
That has housed the spirits of Albert Pinkham Ryder,  
Ralph Blakelock, Marsden Hartley, Myron Stout,  
Forrest Bess, James Harrison, Bill Jensen  
[And a few in between, and after].

Drips, smears, thick and thin, here he comes,  
Stepping on that landmark drop cloth that offers  
Endless highways that haven't been explored  
Since *Easy Rider* drove through (in 1969).  
It's the speed of "Music of Love"  
That tends to occasionally slow down his journey  
But only for one hour, or maybe two,  
Before Elmore James's "Dust My Broom"  
Is played aloud in the middle of NOWHERE.

Someone in the next room says,  
"The pink anatomy is being swallowed up by de Kooning's  
Octopus over RED, GREEN, and YELLOW stripes."  
We all can agree that "The Tree" of life encourages  
HIM to meet a few French Surrealists in the desert  
At DAWN, or is it in the middle of our psychedelic prayers  
During the season's turn.

There he also shakes hands with Dieter Roth,  
Blinky Palermo, Sigmar Polke, Julian Schnabel,  
But kisses both hands of Hilma Af Klint, Emma Kunz,  
Buddha, and all the SELF-TAUGHT artists at  
Rivington House in the Lower East Side.

Swollen mushrooms personify the entire  
Orchestra of dance with an inexplicable sound.  
No "Chameleon" has heard of it.

Certainly not since George Harrison and friends  
Gave the famous concert for BANGLADESH  
(On Sunday August 1, 1971) at Madison Square Garden.  
Once again Martin is "Shining Through for George."  
Do you think an up-side-down Stonehenge has anything  
In common with a 1970s suburban family picnic?

The "Perfect" 4-door saloon, aluminum foil,  
Smeared again, this time on a irregular surface in the desert  
.....At DUSK.....  
That renders prominent silhouettes of unidentified trees.  
Mushrooms infused temporarily with Ryder's clouds,  
Even with postcards that caricature the grand vistas of  
----- The Hudson River School -----

Bryce Canyon, Zion Canyon, Grand Canyon,  
Flowing clouds in vertical formations.  
Spare and clear skies before FRANK MOORE  
Inspire the dream Buffalo.

Zigzagging between glimpses of light  
That have been hidden in the nebulous cave.  
More pouring, dripping with awesome velocity  
The margin of Clyfford Still's fierce frontality  
Has been broadened for the sake of freedom.  
And "Space is the Place."



Chris Martin, "Untitled," 2014. Acrylic, oil, and glitter on canvas, 88¼ x 77". Courtesy of the artist and Anton Kern Gallery, New York.



Chris Martin, "Untitled," 2014. Acrylic and glitter on canvas, 64 x 59¼". Courtesy of the artist and Anton Kern Gallery, New York.