

THE SIGNATURE ARTIST

INTERIOR, RICHARD DECKER'S STUDIO IN MANHATTAN.

DECKER glares, angered by the comments of his long-time FRIEND.

DECKER

Signature artist! Who the hell do you think you are, calling me a 'signature artist'?

FRIEND

You know who I am! The only friend you have who always levels with you so listen to me! I'm trying to tell how terribly disappointing it is to watch an artist with your talent turn into just one more SOHO production machine cranking out an endless stream of 'Richard Decker's'!

DECKER

So! Be disappointed! You've got no kids! When I think about endless streams I think about bills! Doctors! Dentists! Hey! Braces, clothes, lessons, uniforms, tuition – Wait! I'm not finished! You've always been jealous of my having six assistants! Well, aside from their costing a bundle, I actually hate seeing them every day knowing that they're really using me, picking up my tricks while waiting to hit it big! And, on top of everything, my mortgage—

FRIEND

(Raising his hands in surrender)

— Please!

DECKER

Okay! I'll stop if you stop beating on my 'Richard Decker's'! Call it all a machine if you like but it works, and as they say, if it works don't fix it!

FRIEND

The *Napoleon Artist* wouldn't have agreed with you!

DECKER

Who?

FRIEND

One of those 19th Century Academics who could make portraits of Napoleon without ever having seen him. This guy had his formula down pat, and his 'Napoleon's' sold like hot-cakes. He was making money hand over fist until the day came when he realized that he was boring himself stupid! So, he tried to interest the public in different themes but he was known for his Napoleon's and that's all anyone wanted from him. Defeated and depressed he had to continue doing the only thing he'd ever been able to sell. He began to hate his life more and more and finally became so completely depressed that he killed himself. My point is...

DECKER

(Impatiently cutting him off)

—Hey! I already got your point, but you sure didn't get mine! I said a guy's gotta live! Okay!

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

CONTACT : 212.647.9111

DOUGLAS HUEBLER

Crocodile Tears

26 April - 26 May 2007

Susan Inglett is pleased to present the work of DOUGLAS HUEBLER from 26 April to 26 May 2007.

In 1981, conceptual artist Douglas Huebler completed a screenplay entitled "Crocodile Tears", a fictitious exposé of an art world blinded by its own bright light. The work tantalizes with a series of narratives that touch upon the most unsavory elements of the Art World/Market: the contracted artist who risks all to turn a profit for a corporate machine, a threatening young prodigy, an evil art dealer, an art forger, and a failed artist. "Crocodile Tears" has it all, twenty-five years before ARTSTAR was a gleam in the eye of cable television.

The screenplay, in turn, inspired several bodies of work and, naturally, a number of subplots therein. Appreciating the parallels between the story board technique of screenwriting and his own text-based work, Huebler conflated the two in "Crocodile Tears". The gallery will be exhibiting a selection of works taken from the series *Buried Treasure*, *The Great Creator*, and *Signature Artist*, with each ensemble featuring a reproduction of a famous artwork, juxtaposed with text or cartoon selected from the screenplay. The reproduction is by Huebler's hand, the text is chosen not to conventionally explicate but to intimate experience. The work is multivalent, nonlinear, complex, discomfoting, and always worth the journey.

The exhibition will be on view at Susan Inglett Gallery located 534 West 22 Street Tuesday to Saturday 11 AM to 6 PM. For additional information, please contact the gallery at 212/647-9111, fax 212/647-9333 or info@inglettgallery.com.