



the scruglet

What's New:

100 Artists See Satan ♥ The Glamour Moustache Rock Round Table-- Rob Arapahoe ♥ Thomas Ligotti & Brandon Trenz's *Crampton* --Rob Arapahoe ♥ Learn to Love L.A. in 13 songs or less --Spooky

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100 Artists See Satan



(image: Scott Grieger *Digital Devil*, 2004 Wall painting Variable dimensions)

This massive group show is a (predominantly male) roll call for contrary bastards and visionaries alike. While the standard figurative/decorative Juxtapoz-style is a given for a show of this type, there are some refreshing pieces, and it's worth a trip to Santa Ana to see a bit of the Dark Lord for yourself. This reviewer would have liked the show to be hung in less of a "everybody in the picture" jumble sale confusion, and would also have liked the cliched red horned dude excluded from the

show. This would have prevented the lame Shag piece as well as the pedestrian Paul Frank vinyl Julius-devil doll from making the cut. But this is OC, and a lot of people at the opening went directly to the Shag and Frank pieces. Such is the way, here, where people learn art by shopping first. One of the highlights is the disturbing Bill Burns piece, *Boiler suits for Primates*, an instrument case filled with miniaturized set (1:4) of everything given to prisoners when they arrive at Guantanamo Bay Cuba. (*Welcome to hell.*) Another favorite is the Victorian Reynolds' kaleidoscopic riff on Judy Chicago, *Satan in the Flesh (Bad Meat)*. The most devastating piece is by far Folkes' dark multimedia piece *Old Glory*, a perfect 4th of July antidote/wake up call. But for a nice sense of the spirit of the show, see Clowes' self-deprecatory *Devil Self Portrait* and Reverend Ethan Acres' gleeful sculpy sculpture, *Die, Satan, Die*. Joe Coleman's *Big Bang Theory* must be seen to be believed. In these repressive times, it's nice that the Grand Central Art Center has followed their subversion-resistant Thomas Kincaid show with a Satanic chaser. We only wish they weren't following this one with a show where 100 artists see God. Let's just hope white, bearded man-things with robes are banned from the show.

July 3 – September 19, 2004

Grand Central Art Center

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As a courtesy to others, leave your Frank Zappas and Neil Pearts at home with the sitter. Please check all Freddy Mercurys, Phil Lynotts and whoever else you might have brought with you at the door. You are now taking a seat at . . .