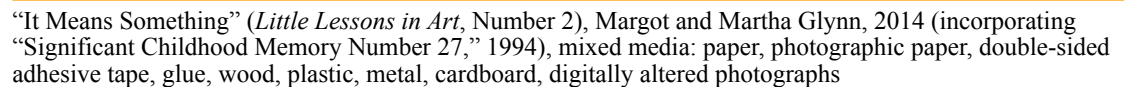


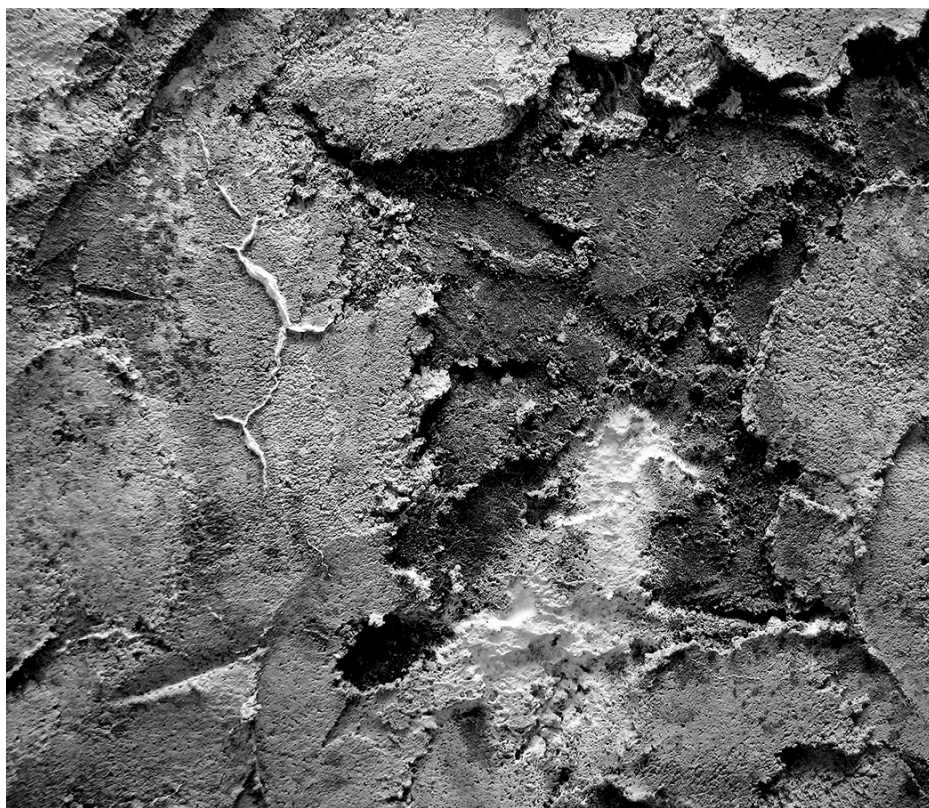
THE BABBINGTON REVIEW



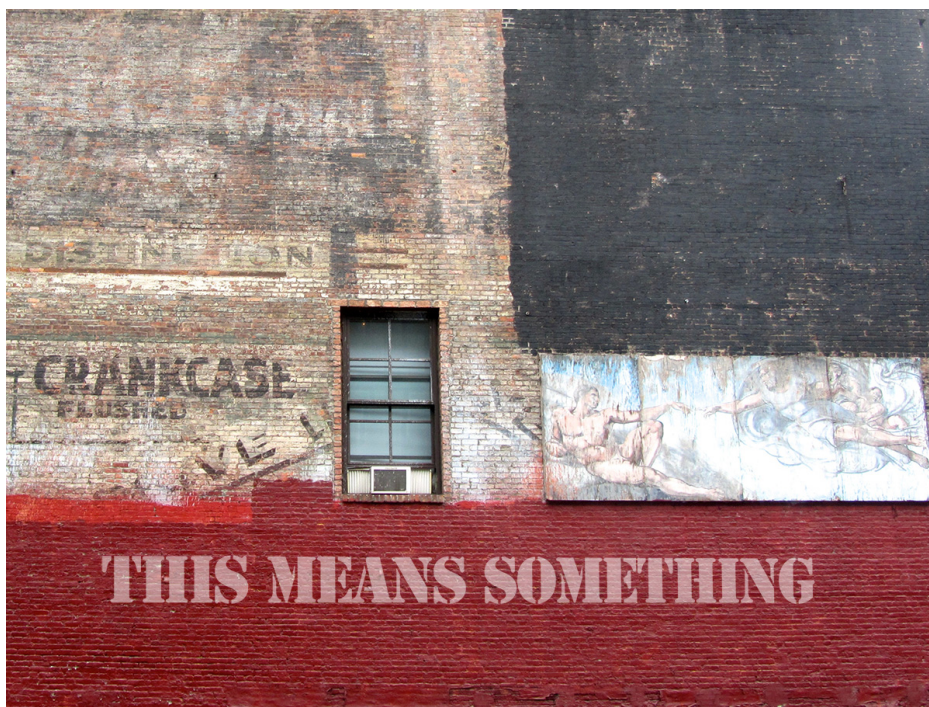
“Everything in the work means something,” Father said. “The choice of materials means something. The placement of elements within the work means something. Even the decision to make the work means something, and everything that happens during the making of it means something. When it’s finished, it may not mean more than a fleeting feeling, a burst of emotion, a hackneyed idea, or a state of mind inexpressible any other way but this way, the way the artist has presented it, but still it means something.”

It Means Something

(continued)



“A Miniature Imitation of One of Father’s Paintings,” Margot and Martha Glynn (detail; part of a series each member of which has the same title and no identifying date or subtitle)



“For the Painter Andrew Glynn, One,” Margot and Martha Glynn (wall painting, New York City, 2014)

I see in the Glynn’s work an ongoing investigation of what—as I’ve pointed out elsewhere (“The Prince of Starkness,” *NYRCC*, August 1973)—Nelson Dredge (aka “Gobi”) has simplistically termed *aleatory inevitability*, the notion that, given time enough, the great god Chance will see to it that everything that *can* happen *does* happen. In Gobi’s hands, the concept is jejune and essentially meaningless, but the Glynn’s find in it a push-me-pull-me dynamic that creates a tantalizing ambiguity in their work. Gobi totters like a toddler on the shoulders of the same towering figure on whose shoulders the Glynn Twins stand steadily: the artist Andrew Glynn, their father. Consider the paintings of Gobi’s “white period,” of which “Dawn, Montauk,” is characteristic. In each of the white-period paintings, the ostensible subject of the painting is



confined to a slice of the center of the work, rendered almost photographically, but faded or diluted to diminish its significance, implying, heavily-handedly, that the *actual* subject of the painting is the work’s relationship to what lies beyond that slice of the familiar, the illimitable vastness where anything that can happen does happen. In other words, everything *but* its announced subject. Get it? (Nudge-nudge.)

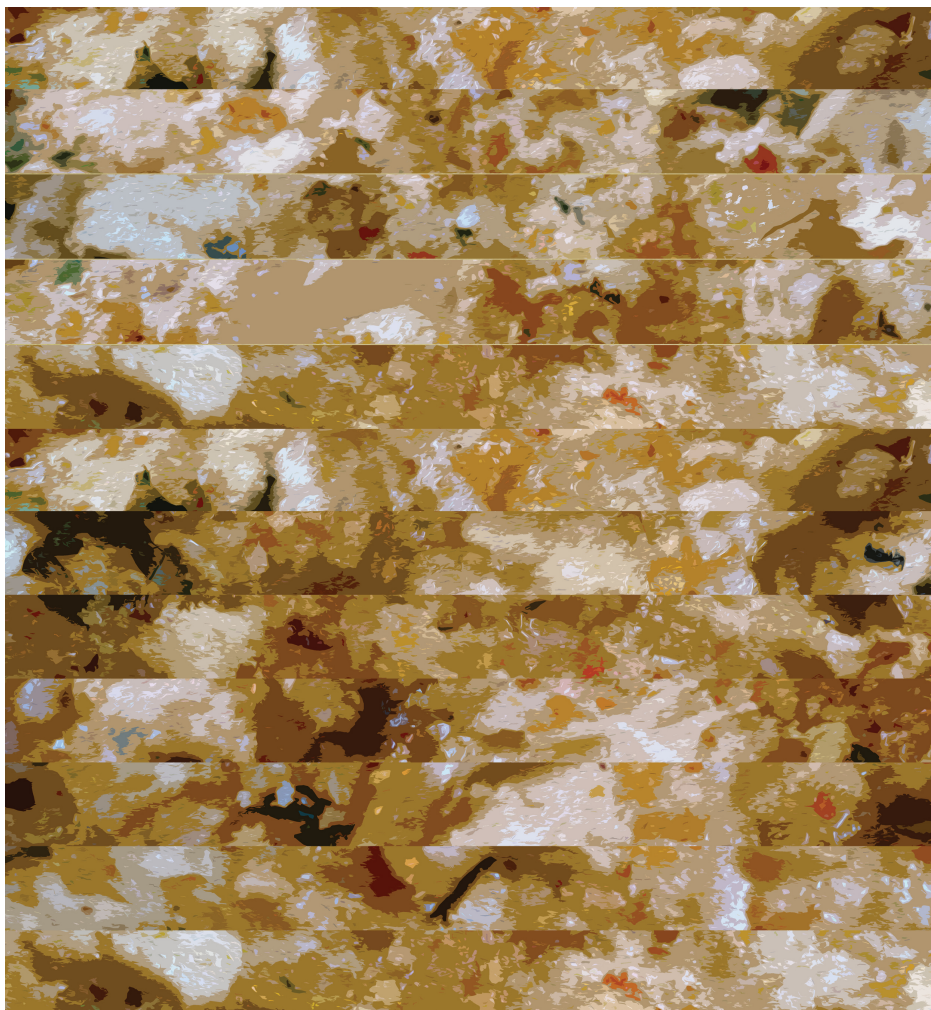
Derek Beemer, “Stuff Happens,” *New York Review of Contemporary Culture*, February 9, 1974

Derek Beemer wouldn’t recognize aleatory inevitability if it jumped up and bit him on the ass, which it will do, someday.

Gobi, letter to the editor, *New York Review of Contemporary Culture*, February 23, 1974



"For the Painter Andrew Glynn, Two," Margot and Martha Glynn (wall painting, New York City, 2014)

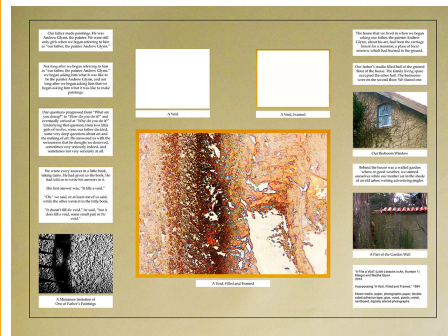


"Significant Childhood Memory, Number 27," Margot and Martha Glynn (detail)

The work in progress



The layout or design for the first work in this series, "It Fills a Void"



"A poem should not mean / But be."
Archibald MacLeish

"Bullshit. Meaning is inescapable.
Every work of art means
something. At the very least, it
means something to the artist.
At its best it means something to
everyone."

Andrew Glynn

Sweet autumn clematis (*Clematis paniculata* or *Clematis terniflora*) grew on the fence that ran along the narrow road beside our house.



Sweet Autumn Clematis



Gobi, "Lawn, Leaves, Montauk"



Gobi, "Snow, Footprints, Montauk"