

Clement Greenberg
And the deep dish olive pie.

In 1983, I was a student at Western Michigan University (age 21) training as a painter. Renound art critic writer, Clement Greenberg was a visiting scholar/lecturer at the art department.

I had been working on an assemblage, kind of, "Joseph Beuys" picture. It was an old army Red Cross flag nailed to a backing with 2 grey sock testicles filled with salt suspended in front. Mr. Greenberg liked the piece and got some flack from the other students. It was symmetrical and he had just lectured to the sculptors on not being so even. He said but this is a "painting" and thus ok to have a bulls eye effect. The other students grumbled under their breath at his contradiction and we moved on.

Quite pleased that he had liked my piece I walked Mr. Greenberg out of the building on our way to lunch, where we continued to chat. I had heard earlier from my mentor, Joe DeLuca, that Mr. Greenberg didn't eat lunch. He just drank martinis.

I remembered this and said "Time for a Martini?" Mr. Greenberg stopped and replied, "Young man, you are reading my mind."

I felt as if I was part of the old Abstract Expressionist gang, if only for a minute.

Greg Green