In Art on My Mind, bell hooks, a leading cultural critic, responds to the ongoing dialogues about producing, exhibiting, and criticizing art and aesthetics in an art world increasingly concerned with identity politics. Always concerned with the liberatory black struggle, hooks positions her writings on visual politics within the ever-present question of how art can be an empowering and revolutionary force within the black community.

hooks challenges all who reads this book find the importance in their own histories. She makes the reader aware of the lack of representation of African American artists as well as the lack of representation of minorities and women in art history. She looks at more than just the injustice of the whole system but also the importance of images in peoples lives. hooks has a very refreshing style of writing in that she is not afraid to allow the reader to enter her personal life. I felt as if I were involved in a personal conversation with her.

This is a book of essays and a few interviews focusing on artists, primarily photographers who have made a name for themselves as African-American photographers. Hooks speaks about the challenges of being a black artist and the criticism that comes if one is not "black" enough in their art or if they are "too black" or seem to be too negative in their work. There are so many different disciplines that this book would provide insight into including revolutionary studies, black studies, art studies, sociology, and much more. A fairly easy read.
This book is, at its best, thought-provoking, in that its discussions of art from an African-American feminist perspective employ a voice not often heard in the field. However, there are flaws to the work, in the opinion of this reviewer. First, not all of the works discussed are illustrated, which makes it difficult at times to perceive what the author is discussing. Second, while the essay chapters are strong, the "talking art with" chapters are less so: the artist featured in each chapter comes across as more of a foil to hooks’s lengthy expositions. This, combined with an overuse of the term "palimpsest" throughout the book, lends a note of arrogance to the writing.

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