Art Critic

No *Chien Andalou, Bunuel’s Blade* is a plain dog. Mr. Anthony’s childish piece in pencil and pastel fails to slice the postmodern eye or leave the viewer just viewing, not showered with optic juice and blood. Instead, the couple standing before the work of art decide the blade a definite premodern tool to shave eyebrows. Perhaps the artist sees his part a mocking mime only pretending to play the fool. In a world no violent act can faze, a flatland we accept with network news and sound bite, toothless, packaged, mass marketed, and canned, his nearly one-dimensional style our civilization lite. Like Bunuel and Dali, William Anthony returns to dreams, Makes the invisible visible, but no one screams.