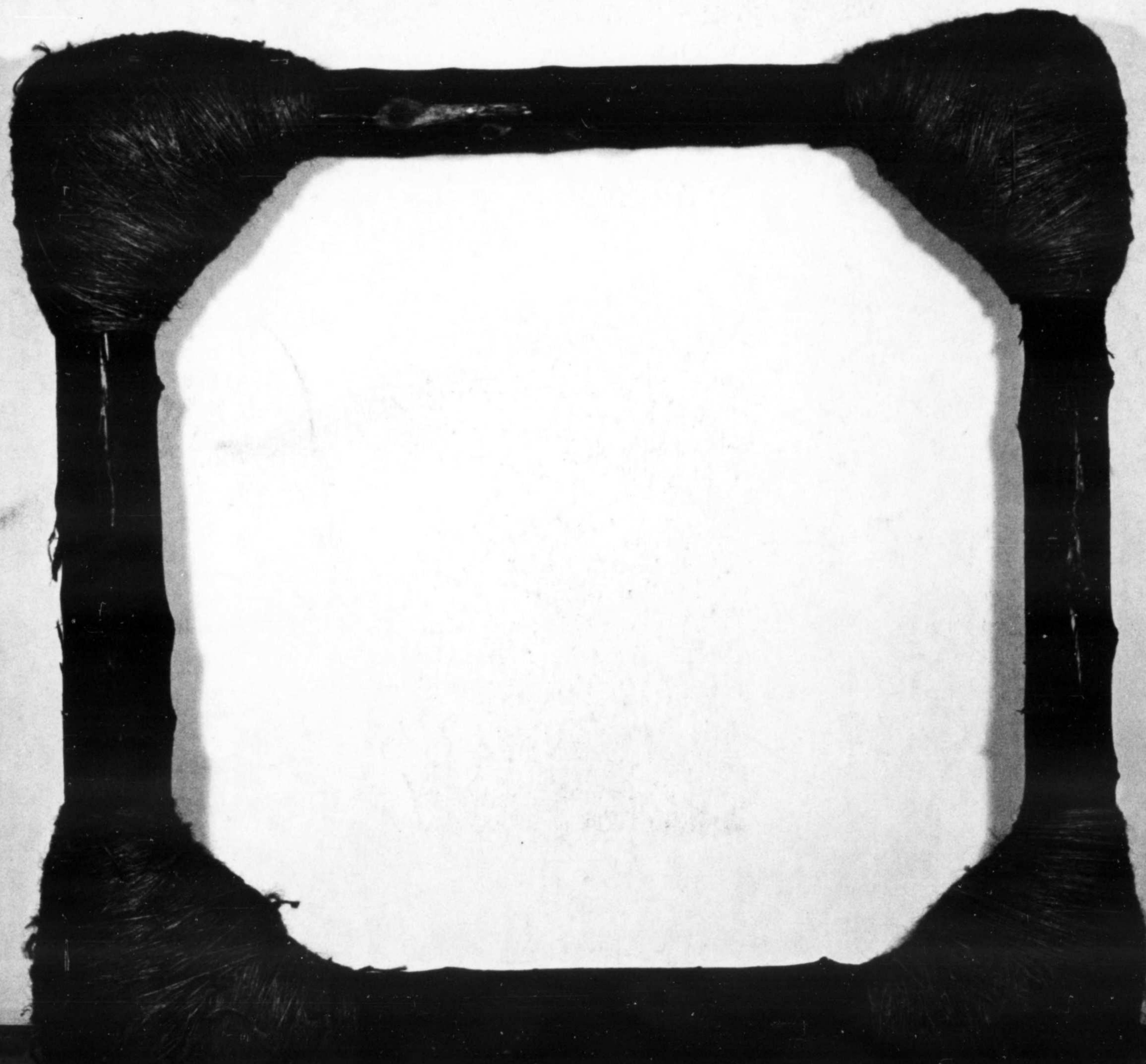


ARTFORUM

FEBRUARY, 1974 \$3.00





PHILIP PEARLSTEIN

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM
FEBRUARY 1 – MARCH 17

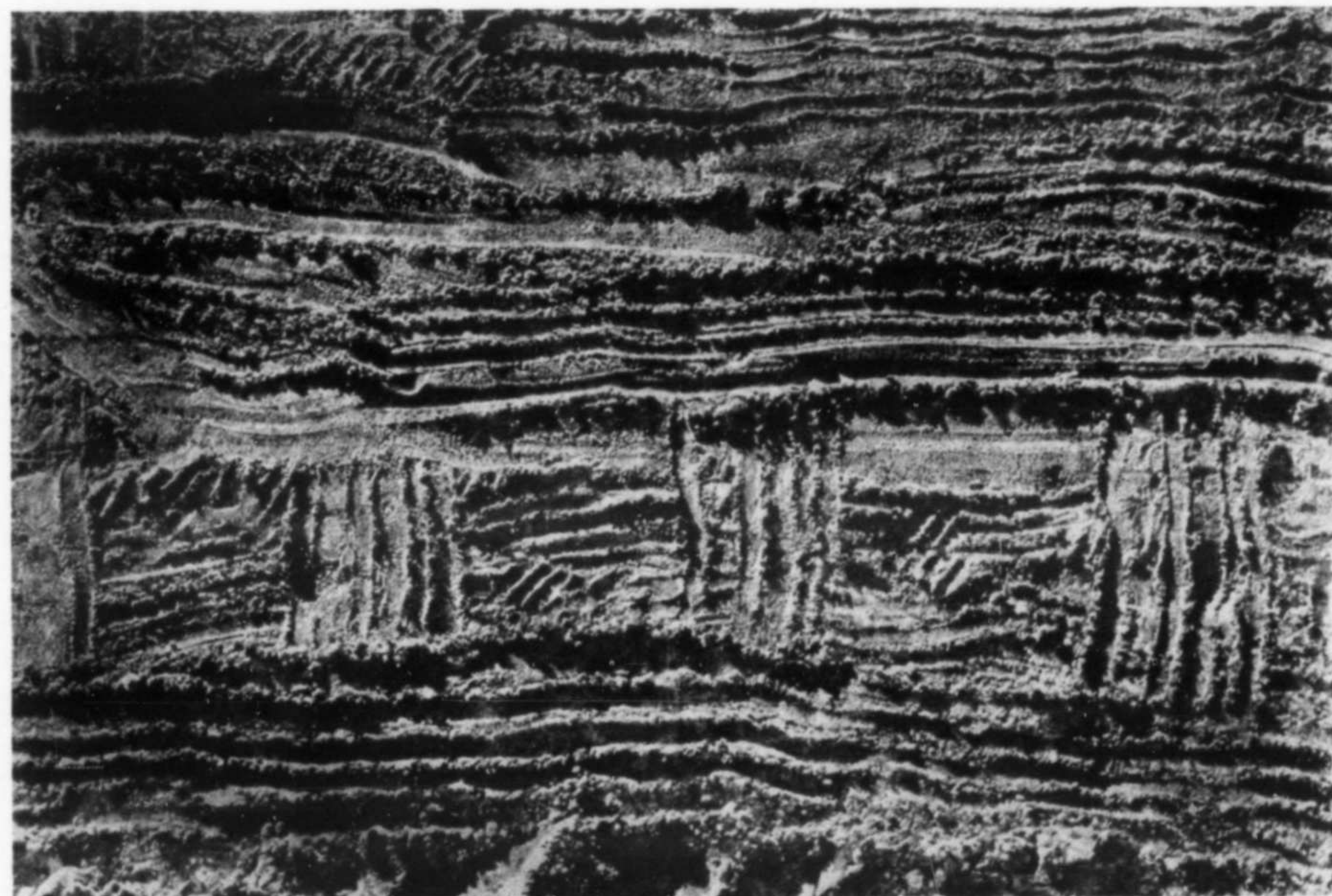
FEBRUARY
ALLAN FRUMKIN GALLERY
41 EAST 57TH ST., NEW YORK

Wm. Schwedler is represented by Andrew Crispo Gallery

41 EAST 57 STREET NEW YORK CITY 758-9190 2nd floor

DAVID
LIGARE

FEBRUARY

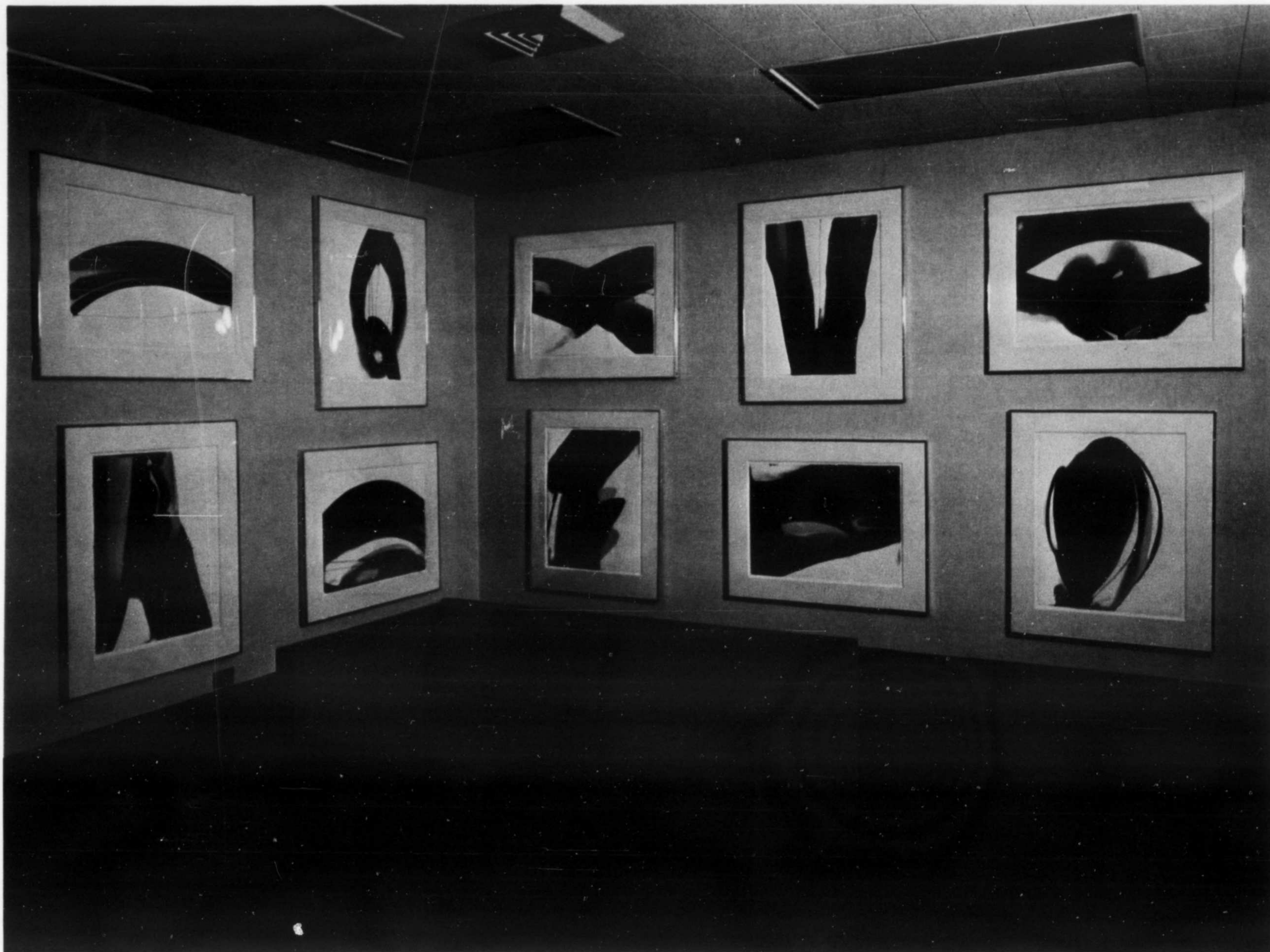


SDX No. 36

76"x112" Pencil & Acrylic on Canvas

ANDREW CRISPO GALLERY

41 EAST 57 STREET NEW YORK CITY 758-9190 2nd floor



PAUL JENKINS

Exhibition January 23 — February 8

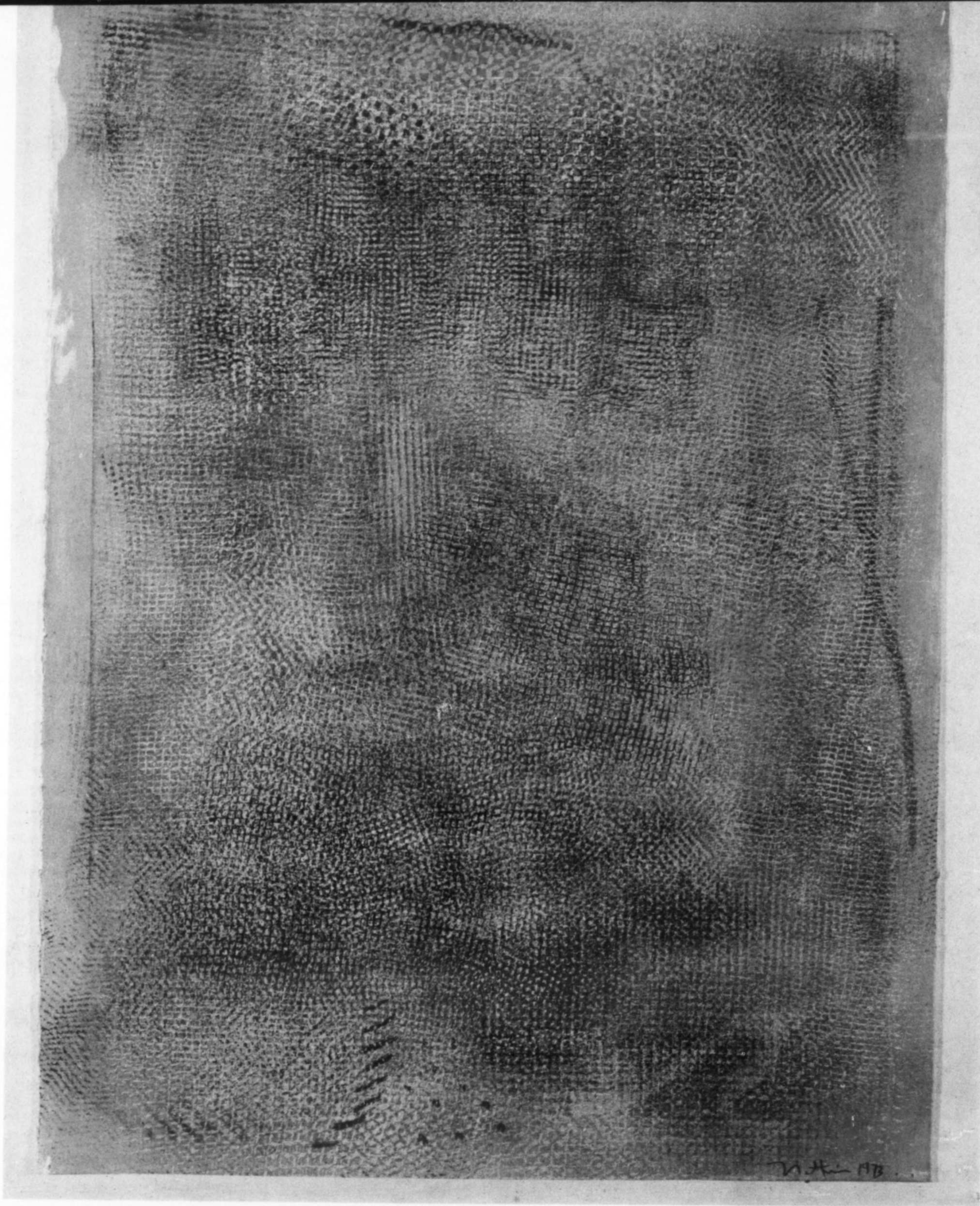
ORIGINAL WATERCOLORS

A magnificent collection of new original watercolors,* each painted on Arches paper. Handsomely framed in welded aluminum, matted in white linen and with a beveled white liner. Overall size framed: 32½" x 40½".



Abrams Original Editions Gallery/110 E. 59th St./N.Y., N.Y. 10022/212-758-8016

*Subject to prior sale



ROBERT NATKIN

GERTRUDE KASLE GALLERY DETROIT

John Seery

New Paintings
January 26-February 13
41 East 57th Street, New York

Peter Bradley

New Paintings
February 2-February 20
420 West Broadway, New York

Ed Moses

New Work
February 16-March 6
41 East 57th Street, New York

Pat Lipsky

New Paintings
February 23-March 13
420 West Broadway, New York

Alexander Liberman

Bronzes and Other Small Sculpture
January 29-March 2
41 East 57th Street, New York



ARTFORUM

FEBRUARY, 1974

Cover: Jackie Winsor, *bound square*, 1972, wood and hemp, 77" x 78" x 14½". (Photo: Geoffrey Clements.)

Publisher Charles Cowles
Editor John Coplans
Senior Editor Robert Pincus-Witten
Associate Editors Lawrence Alloway
(Books) Max Kozloff
Rosalind E. Krauss
(Film) Annette Michelson
Managing Editor Angela Westwater
Contributing Editors ... Walter D. Bannard
John Elderfield
Joseph Masheck
Peter Plagens
Production Tanya Neufeld
Editorial Assistant Barbara Berg
Circulation Mary Heston-Sands
Business Manager Marian Conner

Volume XII, No. 6, February, 1974. Published ten times annually except July and August by ARTFORUM, EDITORIAL OFFICE, 667 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10021. Telephone: (area code 212) 838-6820. Contents copyright © 1974 by California Artforum, Inc. and may not be reproduced in any form without written permission. Not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts or photographs. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. U.S. and Canadian newsstand distribution by Eastern News Distributors, 155 West 15th Street, New York, N.Y. 10011.

SUBSCRIPTIONS: U.S. and Canada, one year \$22.50. Single copy \$3.00. Student rate \$17.50, by direct application only. Other countries, one year \$22.50. Student rates \$20.50, by direct application only. *Artforum* is delivered to Europe via airfreight.

SUBSCRIPTIONS &
ADDRESS CHANGES
Artforum, 155 Allen Blvd.
Farmingdale, N.Y. 11735

ADVERTISING, U.S.A. & Canada
Paul Shanley, 51 East 78
New York, N.Y. 10021
628-3333

ADVERTISING, United Kingdom
Gill Liebermann
Art Media International
15 Albemarle Street
London W1, England
01-493-2865

Artforum is indexed in the *Art Index*. For back issues, complete volumes, and *Artforum* index write: Laurence McGilvery, P.O. Box 852, La Jolla, Calif. 92037.

Letters	8
<i>Yvonne Rainer, Part Two: "Lives of Performers"</i> by Annette Michelson	30
<i>Microcosm to Macrocosm / Fantasy World to Real World</i> by Charles Simonds	36
<i>Maria Nordman</i> by Peter Plagens	40
"Dada": a Code for Saints? by John Elderfield	42
<i>Art and Art and Language</i> by Terry Smith	49
<i>Victor Burgin: Language and Perception</i> by Roelof Louw	53
<i>Jackie Winsor</i> by Lucy R. Lippard	56
<i>Douglas Huebler's Recent Work</i> by Jeremy Gilbert-Rolfe	59
<i>Jaime Davidovich</i> by Carolyn Kinder Carr	61
Book Review by Lawrence Alloway	63
Reviews by Jeremy Gilbert-Rolfe	65
Roberta Smith	
Joseph Masheck	
James Collins	
Francis Naumann	
José Matos	
Carl Baldwin	

LETTERS

Sirs:

For the past 20 years I have been striving to paint things in three dimensions on a two-dimensional surface (which, in France, is called *trompe-l'oeil*). Some art critics have accused me of practicing pictorial deception, but no one had ever expressed the desire to call me a liar. Well, now it has happened. In the November, 1973, issue of *Artforum*, in the "Reviews" section, Bruce Boice, using a Senator from Hawaii as a go-between, yielded to this temptation. He was not referring to my works, it is true, but to a preface I wrote for the catalogue to the exhibition "Reality and Trompe-l'oeil" by four French painters which took place at the New York Cultural Center last summer. Above and beyond the fact that it is not very agreeable to be the target of such mumblings, I wish to make it clear to B. Boice, who cannot believe that we painted our canvases in ignorance of the accomplishments of Harnett, Peto, and Haberle, that what is truly unbelievable is that any painter living in France might possibly have seen the works of such American artists, since, alas, no one has yet arranged for them to cross the Atlantic. In any case, Harnett is no more the inventor of *trompe-l'oeil* than I. Legend has it that during the Age of Pericles, Greek painters were already vying with one another in an effort to dazzle the birds.

It would be tedious to point out all the incoherencies in B. Boice's article. The most flagrant of them is that after reiterating that our paintings are "direct rip-offs" and repetitions of works painted almost 100 years ago, he recognizes that we have treated such themes as Nazi Germany, photography, motorcycle races, and the "avant-garde" art of Picasso, Duchamp and Fontana; he could have added television, abortion, police repression, and the war in Vietnam. At the risk of being called a liar once again, I hereby swear I ignore the existence of such prophetic works executed in the 19th century by American artists. However, perhaps it was just a question of wanting to pick a quarrel, and it comes to my mind that young critics with old ideas are like old dogs who cannot learn new tricks.

As for me, unlike many others, I do not believe in "progress" and "innovation" in art. The works of Caravaggio have not eclipsed those of Van Eyck any more than Miró has dethroned Kandinsky. The

"avant-garde," born near 1910, is today an old lady, and under the layer of make-up, her wrinkles are showing. I have not felt it my vocation to add another white square to Malevich's White Square on a White Ground, but I do experience a mischievous pleasure in painting a plastic bag in *trompe-l'oeil* around Zeuxis' bunch of grapes. In reading over this letter, I see that one of the many fallacies in B. Boice's text is turning into a verity: the exhibition is indeed becoming polemical.

—Claude Yvel
Paris, France

Sirs:

If critics or artists are going to write about philosophy vis-à-vis art, it is of paramount importance that the philosophical position be stated as clearly and simply as the position will allow. I find that philosophical theses are often obscured in order to "fit" or to interpret an artist's work.

A recent example of this is in Rosalind Krauss' article "Sense and Sensibility" in *Artforum*, November, 1973. What begins as stream of consciousness deteriorates into a barrage of misstatement and misinterpretation of philosophical material. The most glaring being the bastardization of the Logical Positivists' notion of protocol language. Krauss defines this language as a language of sense impressions, mental images, etc. — drawing the inference that the meaning of protocol language is to be understood as a private language. Of course one's sensations, mental images, etc. are one's own, but her emphasis on this aspect is entirely fallacious.

According to the Positivists, protocol language is the most primitive level of word-concept validation; it is the ultimate irreducible test of a word-concept's authenticity, i.e., I am experiencing blue. There is no other validation necessary other than that I am having that sensation of blueness. Protocol language refers to these primary experiences. In absolute contradistinction to this Krauss writes "... neither of us has any way of verifying the separate data." Hence the emphasis of these sense impressions, mental images, etc. is not that they are private but rather that they are verifiable.

Some of the Positivists did believe in a private language, but in no way is its existence to be inferred from their notion of protocol language. I have chosen only one example though one could go on ad infinitum with this sorting out. I

would like to end this letter with a quote from Kant: "Percepts without concepts are blind; concepts without percepts are empty."

— Abigail Gerd
New York, N.Y.

Although Logical Positivists do not accept a solipsistic view of private languages, they do employ the term 'protocol language' as part of a confrontation of that view. At least I take Carnap to be indicating that problem when he writes, "In general, every statement in any person's protocol language would have sense for that person alone . . . Even when the same words and sentences occur in various protocol languages, their sense would be different, they could not even be compared. Every protocol language could therefore be applied only solipsistically: there would be no intersubjective protocol language. This is the consequence obtained by consistent adherence to the usual view and terminology" [my italics]. If your letter is saying that the issue of privacy does not exist for philosophy, I do not know what to do except to point to the extensive literature on the subject. In my own essay I was attempting to show how a problem that has a long history within philosophic argument begins to intersect with a certain kind of esthetic thought.

— Rosalind Krauss
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

Lawrence Alloway's article "Residual Sign Systems in Abstract Expressionism," *Artforum*, November, 1973, goes a long way toward uncovering important individual and cultural sources in American Abstract Expressionist painting. In the face of so much recent "positivist"-oriented criticism that deals primarily with the descriptive *mechanics* of painting, Mr. Alloway's "breadth and depth" study comes as a welcome relief.

Speaking as an-other-generation painter, I would like to suggest however, that the battle of American vs. European art — while understandable then — now seems a trifle passé and self-conscious; perhaps the intervening years have given us a more rounded view of continuities as well as distinctions (Cézanne and Matisse also "essentialized" in their way).

Finally, I interpret Mr. Alloway's comments as an addition to rather than an

alternative to formal-esthetic criteria. Both approaches require acute perception, and it is to the author's credit that he has pursued such speculative subjects as myth, revelation, religious vision, primitive impulse, heroic gesture, mysterious light, and morality with rigorous definition and clarity.

— Edwin Ruda
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

Bruce Boice's criticism of the use of the term "quality" is correct, but as far as I can tell, irrelevant.

Approaching the question from a somewhat oblique angle, suppose there were a science of visual art criticism. "Visual esthetic science" would presumably be a branch of psychology dealing with people's esthetic reactions to visual stimuli. This imaginary science would have the general organization of modern-day linguistic study of syntax. Just as linguistics tries to account for people's intuitions on grammaticality, that is, distinguishing grammatical from ungrammatical sentences, esthetic science would try to account for esthetic judgments. The basic data for linguistics take roughly the form "person P reports that sentence S is good/bad." Visual esthetic science would deal with data like "person P reports that visual stimulus V is good/bad."

The analogy between grammatical/ungrammatical sentences and quality/no-quality paintings (an important class of visual stimuli) holds up quite well. Sentences, like paintings, are better and worse, not simply good and bad. In linguistics this is called degrees of grammaticality. People disagree about the relative grammaticality of sentences and the relative quality of paintings, although admittedly disagreement over paintings is more common. There is even an equivalent in linguistics to playing false with one's esthetic reactions because of a fondly held theory, although linguists are less forthright on this matter than art critics. Finally, note that sentences are only better/worse with respect to some set of internalized rules R. While it would be overstating things to say the same of paintings, a more neutral description would be that paintings are quality/no-quality with respect to some set of internal conditions C which might include such things as early childhood experiences and retinal condition, as well as concepts more common to art criticism.

Of course, none of this argues against

Mr. Boice — just the opposite. But let us carry our analogy one step further. Suppose someone published a Boice-like article complaining about linguists' sloppy philosophy in using expressions like "sentence S is ungrammatical" whereas in reality sentences are just ink on paper. The article would be ignored on the grounds that prefacing "I believe that" to each grammaticality judgment would not solve any linguistic problems.

The logic behind this hypothetical rejection applies equally well to art criticism. It is hard to imagine that anybody literally believes that paintings are in and of themselves quality/no-quality. Paintings are paint. There is, one must recognize, a tendency in art criticism (but not in linguistics) toward a related belief: with proper education, everybody's conditions C will produce the same "expert" judgments. This, however, is an empirical question. In fact, I suspect that this belief is wrong, since I doubt that education can remove personal and societal factors from C. But this misapprehension is not very important, since critics with or without this belief all have the same intellectual responsibility: explain as best one can what one's C is and how it interacts with paintings to produce judgments. Succeeding in this task makes for good criticism, failure makes for bad, and preceding judgments with "I believe that" makes no difference at all.

— Eugene Charniak
Castagnola, Switzerland

The point of contention here hinges on Mr. Charniak's sentence "It is hard to imagine that anybody literally believes that paintings are in and of themselves quality/no-quality." Sometimes it's hard for me to believe too, but it seems to be the case nevertheless. I can't prove that anybody literally believes this, but my experiences in conversations, responding to letters on these pages, and the fairly frequent critical use of expressions such as "Beyond the sheer quality of so and so's paintings . . .," as well as subtler expressions, convinces me that there is such a belief. If no one does believe this, or another conception that leads to essentially the same situation but leaves the 'quality in and of itself' part implicit, then certainly the argument is irrelevant. And yes, prefacing sentences with "I believe that" is unnecessary and serves no purpose, but there has been nothing in the argument to suggest such a preface.

— Bruce Boice
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

The strike of the Professional and Administrative Staff Association (PASTA) of The Museum of Modern Art ended on November 29, 1973, seven and a half weeks after it had begun, with the ratification of a new 29-month contract. *Artforum* readers received their December issue almost simultaneously with the conclusion of the strike. For those who wonder about the outcome, a brief statement about the provisions of the contract might be helpful.

The contract, which expires on November 30, 1975, calls for an immediate across-the-board wage increase of 11%, and an additional increase of 6% effective December 1, 1974, a minimum wage of \$7000 after one year of employment, and a substantial increase for Senior Conservators, whose salaries have lagged behind those of other professionals at the Museum.

In its first contract in 1971, PASTA achieved the right to appear before the Board of Trustees and meetings of its Committees "subject to the Director's discretion regarding agenda pressures." The new contract eliminates this restriction and provides for the advance disclosure of matters to be discussed so that PASTA representatives can better prepare themselves to make informed statements before the Board.

Those senior professionals in disputed titles have retained their right to PASTA membership, although the Association did not achieve the right to represent them in collective bargaining. We are determined to pursue further their right to coverage under the contract.

Although serious matters remain unresolved, additional benefits strengthen a contract which serves as a precedent for museum workers across the country. A significant result of the strike has been the formation of a museum workers' association in the city of New York. Still in its formative stages, it includes representatives from the Brooklyn, Metropolitan, Whitney, Contemporary Crafts, American Museum of Natural History, as well as the Modern and other museums.

One additional note: contrary to the final statement in the December article that there was a real possibility of people trickling in, in the seven and one-half weeks of the strike not one member of the union went back to work. Perhaps the most important outcome of the strike is that PASTA has remained strong and unified.

— Joan M. Rabenau
Chairman, PASTA-MOMA
New York, N.Y.

George Sugarman



now represented by

Zabriskie
29 West 57 New York

Adja Yunkers

Zabriskie
29 West 57 New York

RON DAVIS

OPENING FEBRUARY 2

LEO CASTELLI

4 EAST 77TH STREET NEW YORK

tibor de nagy gallery

ray ciarrochi

feb 16 - march 7

29 west 57th street, new york

gene davis

feb 21 - march 16

1106 berthea, houston, texas

pierre matisse gallery

41 east 57th street
new york

balthus
butler
chagall
dubuffet
giacometti

hantai
maciver
marini
mason
millares

miró
riopelle
rivera
roszak
saura



NOT IN N.Y. GALLERY

Larry Camp • Marilyn Hamann

314 West 4th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio 45202

513/721-8801

WILDENSTEIN

The World's Foremost Art Gallery

Presents

A SELECTION OF IMPORTANT SCULPTURES BY HENRY MOORE

**And
An exhibition of**

OLD AND MODERN MASTER DRAWINGS

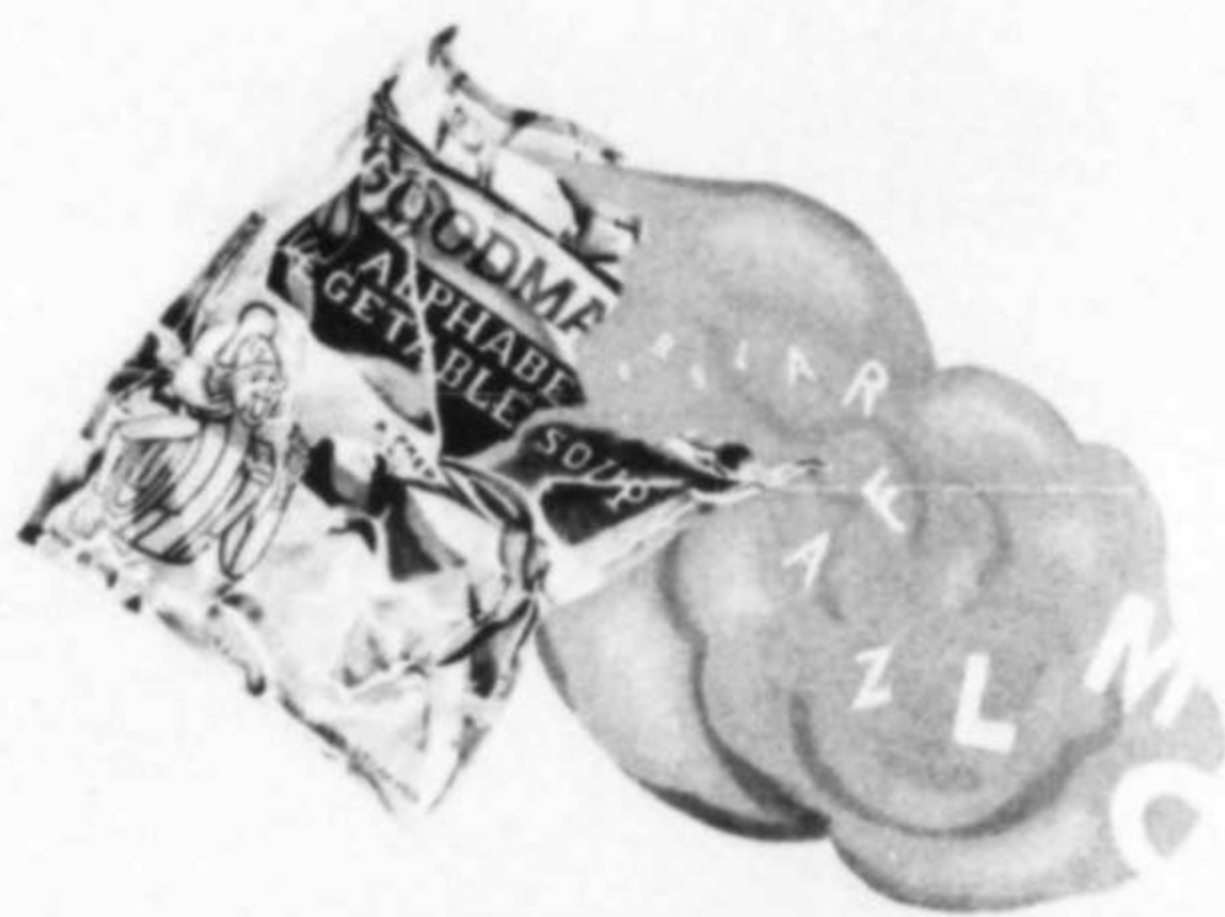
Through February 23rd

Open Monday through Saturday, 10: to 5:30

19 East Sixty-Fourth Street, New York

MARJORIE STRIDER

january 26 - february 14



Soup Bag, 1973. Pencil, gouache on paper: 30 x 40 inches.

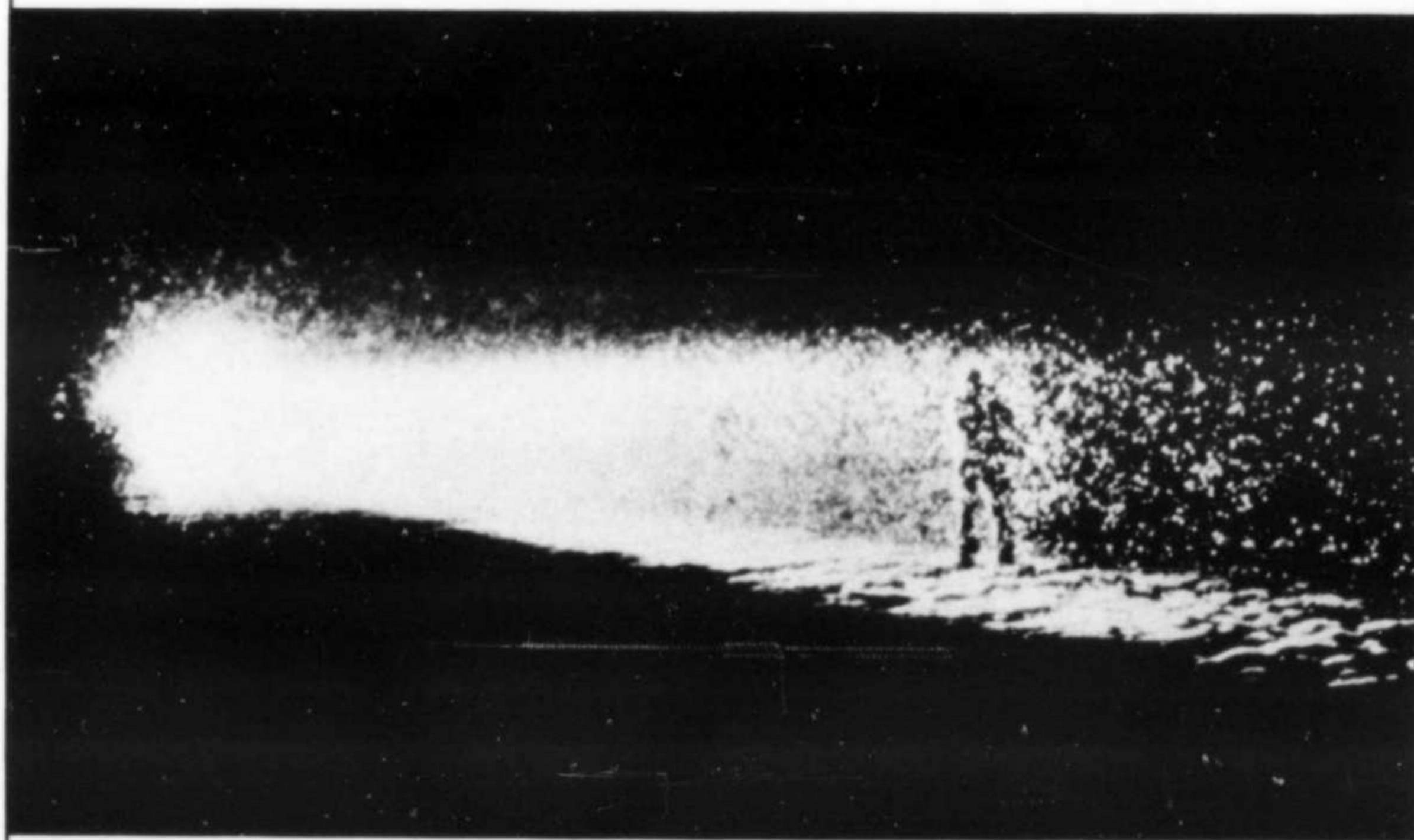
NANCY HOFFMAN GALLERY
429 west broadway new york 10012/966-6676



STURTEVANT ONNASCH

139 SPRING STREET NEW YORK 10012 (212) 431 6810

Dennis Oppenheim
February 16 - March 7



John Gibson Gallery Inc.
392 West Broadway
New York, New York 10012

Nancy Holt
Joe Zucker

Bykert Gallery 24 East 81/New York

WORKS BY

CARL ANDRE *
GIOVANNI ANSELMO —
ART AND LANGUAGE
ROBERT BARRY *
ALIGHIERO BOETTI —
DANIEL BUREN *
ALAN CHARLTON
JAN DIBBETS *
JIM DINE
LUCIANO FABRO
HANS PETER FELDMANN *
DAN FLAVIN *
HAMISH FULTON *
GILBERT AND GEORGE *
GIORGIO GRIFFA —
DOUGLAS HUEBLER *
DONALD JUDD *
JOSEPH KOSUTH —
SOL LEWITT
ROY LICHTENSTEIN
RICHARD LONG
BRICE MARDEN *
MORRIS LOUIS
GIULIO PAOLINI
GIUSEPPE PENONE —
MICHELANGELO PISTOLETTO
ROBERT RAUSCHENBERG
ROBERT RYMAN
SALVO —
MARIO SCHIFANO
FRANK STELLA
ANDY WARHOL
LAWRENCE WEINER *
GILBERTO ZORIO —

* ARE REPRESENTED IN ITALY
— ARE REPRESENTED IN EUROPE
BY GIAN ENZO SPERONE
TORINO
C.SO S. MAURIZIO 27. TEL. 830220

CY TWOMBLY
IS REPRESENTED IN EUROPE
BY GIAN ENZO SPERONE

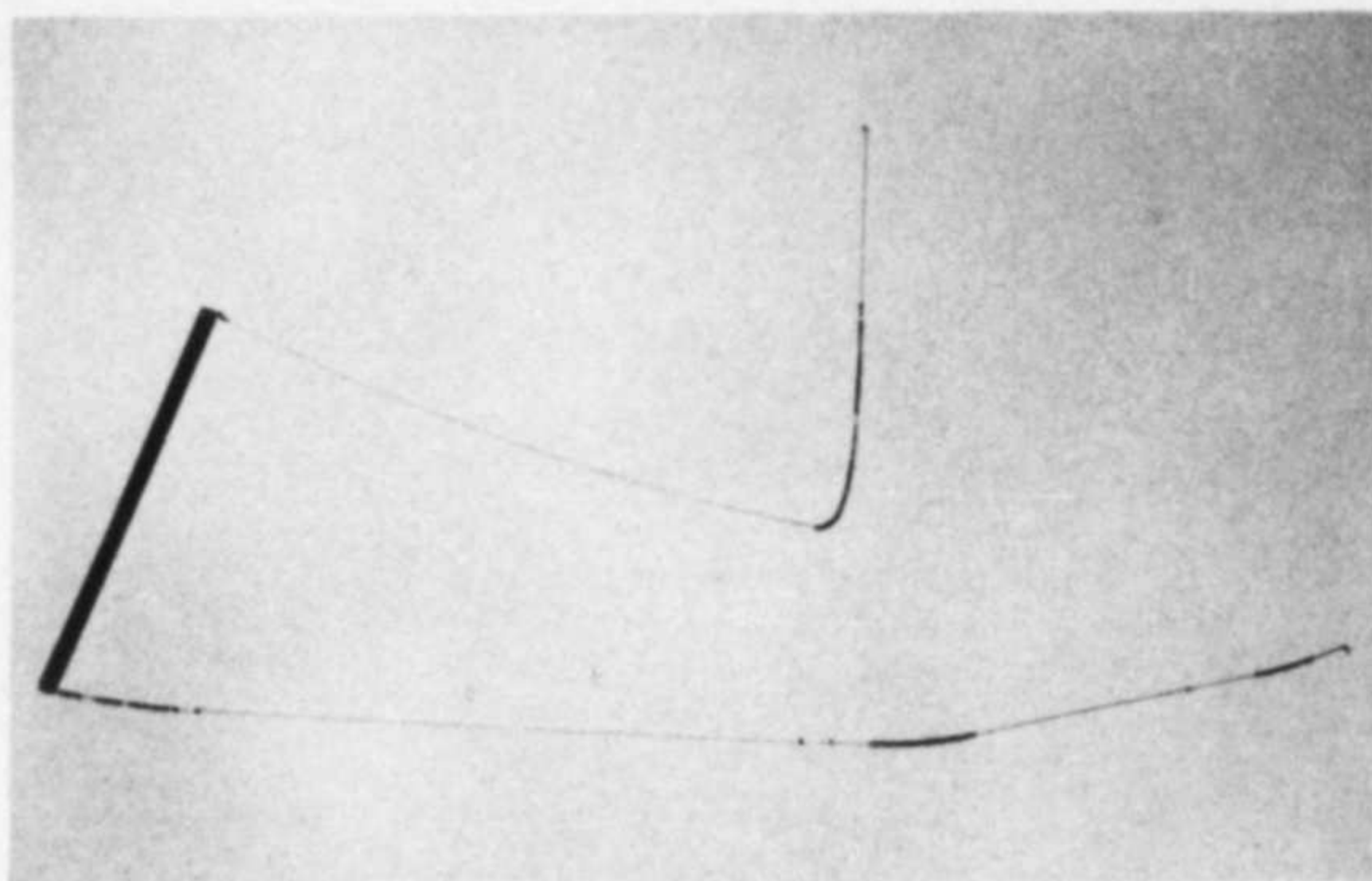
V
2
—
e

P
E
E

7
4
XU

NATALIE BIESER

new work february 16-march 13



UNTITLED, 1973. Graphite on balsa, thread, beads: 23 x 42 inches.

Nancy Hoffman Gallery

429 west broadway, new york 10012 212 966-6676

DRAWINGS AND
SMALL SCULPTURES

CHRIS WILMARTH

Rosa Esman
24 East 80th Street
New York
212-988-7058

**John Wesley
New Paintings
"Searching
for Bumsted"**

**Robert Elkon Gallery
1063 Madison, New York**

FINE DRAWINGS BY AMERICAN
ARTISTS OF THIS CENTURY

GOSSE^{LTD}

96 PRINCE STREET 4TH FLOOR
212-226-2380

Heizer

HEIZER WORKS ON GLASS

THROUGH FEBRUARY 1974

Ace L.A. 811 N. La Cienega Blvd. Los Angeles Ca. 90069 Tel. (213) 652-3306

DON EDDY

FEBRUARY 16 - MARCH 13



New Shoes, 1973. Acrylic on canvas: 64 x 48 inches.

NANCY HOFFMAN GALLERY
429 WEST BROADWAY NEW YORK 10012 / 966-6676

FISCHBACH GALLERY

NEW YORK.

IS PLEASED TO ANNOUNCE
THE OPENING OF ITS
AFFILIATE

VICK GALLERY

314 SOUTH 16TH ST.
PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
215 PE5-8810

Recent Sculpture
February 12 - March 16

MIA
WESTERLUND

WILLARD GALLERY
29 E 72 / NEW YORK



JAMES HERBERT

DRAWINGS

FEB 5 — MAR 2

POINDEXTER GALLERY 24 E 84

locksley shea gallery
1300 mount curve avenue
minneapolis, minnesota 55403
telephone 612 377-9788

7 January 1974

Mr. Paul Shanley / Artforum / 667 Madison Ave. / New York / New York 10021

Dear Paul:

It's twenty five freaking degrees below zero and the furthest thing from our minds is the ad for February. Accordingly, we are cancelling the scheduled show, "Chinese Hard Edge Painters of the Sung Dynasty," and will offer instead 'treasures from our inventory' of the artists we show regularly. Everyone should be familiar with the names, but for specifics they can call, write, or if insanely brave, visit us.

All best,

Gordon Locksley

Gordon Locksley
George Shea

I would like to buy original works by

*J. Johns, Yves Klein, Lichtenstein, Rauschenberg,
Reinhardt, Tinguely, Warhol*

*Bruno Bischofberger
Gallery Bischofberger, Steinwiesplatz, 8032 Zürich
Switzerland Ph. 34 46 02*

DRAWINGS

OPENING FEBRUARY 16

LEO CASTELLI

420 W. BROADWAY NEW YORK

tom evans – february

john bernard myers gallery
50 west 57, new york, n. y. 10019

WARREN
BENEDEK
GALLERY

380 W. BWAY NY 431-3160

DOKTORI

RECENT WORKS / JANUARY 26 - FEBRUARY 16

JOHN CIVITELLO

February 2 — 21

AM SACHS 29 WEST 57 NEW YORK

JILLIAN DENBY

February 23 — March 14

AM SACHS 29 WEST 57 NEW YORK

ARTFORUM

Subscribe—or renew your current subscription NOW. And give ARTFORUM to friends at a special money-saving gift rate.

1 year (10 issues) \$22.50*
Your own or first gift subscription

Only \$17.50 each for additional gift subscriptions!

Newsstand Cost: \$30.00

Enter my subscription

Extend or renew my current subscription

YOUR NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP _____

2741

Send gift subscription to: _____ **A**

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP _____

SEND GIFT CARD SIGNED _____

Send gift subscription to: _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP _____

SEND GIFT CARD SIGNED _____

Attach list for additional gifts

PAYMENT ENCLOSED FOR \$ _____ Bill me

BRINGS AN EXTRA ISSUE FREE — RECEIVE 11 ISSUES INSTEAD OF 10 - SAVE \$2.25.
OUTSIDE U.S. AND CANADA ADD 3.00 PER YEAR FOR POSTAGE.

ARTFORUM

today's most influential and innovative
art magazine

**Use this postage-free envelope
to subscribe . . . or to renew
your current subscription.
And to give gift
subscriptions to friends.**

155 ALLEN BOULEVARD
FARMINGDALE, N.Y. 11735

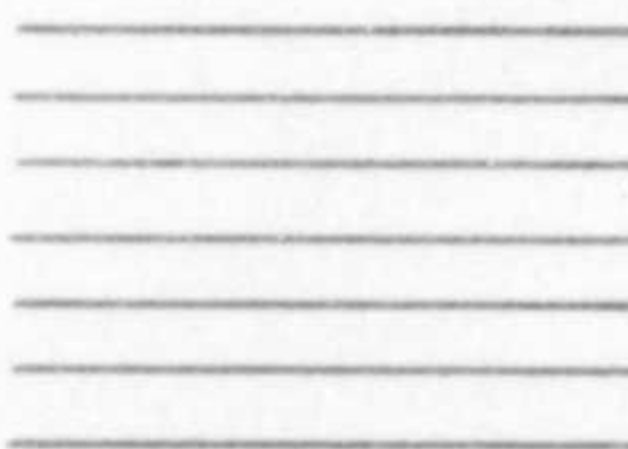
ARTFORUM

Postage will be paid by

NO POSTAGE STAMP NECESSARY IF MAILED IN THE UNITED STATES

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL

FIRST CLASS
PERMIT NO. 253
FARMINGDALE, N.Y.



“Our leading intellectual art journal.”*

“...Shaper of a new tone and style for art magazines”**



Just about everyone agrees: ARTFORUM is now far and away America's most influential and innovative art magazine.

With more — and consistently better — reproductions. A deeper more penetrating analysis of artists and their work. A broader perspective on where we've been. . . where we are. . . where we're going. . . in art today.

ARTFORUM is for people who are concerned about art. And committed to it. For people like you.

There's only one way to be sure you'll never miss a single issue. And that's to subscribe. . . now.



ARTFORUM

155 ALLEN BOULEVARD
FARMINGDALE, N.Y. 11735

Full year (10 issues) \$22.50

Newsstand cost: \$30.00

Please enter a
subscription for me

Renew or extend my
current subscription

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

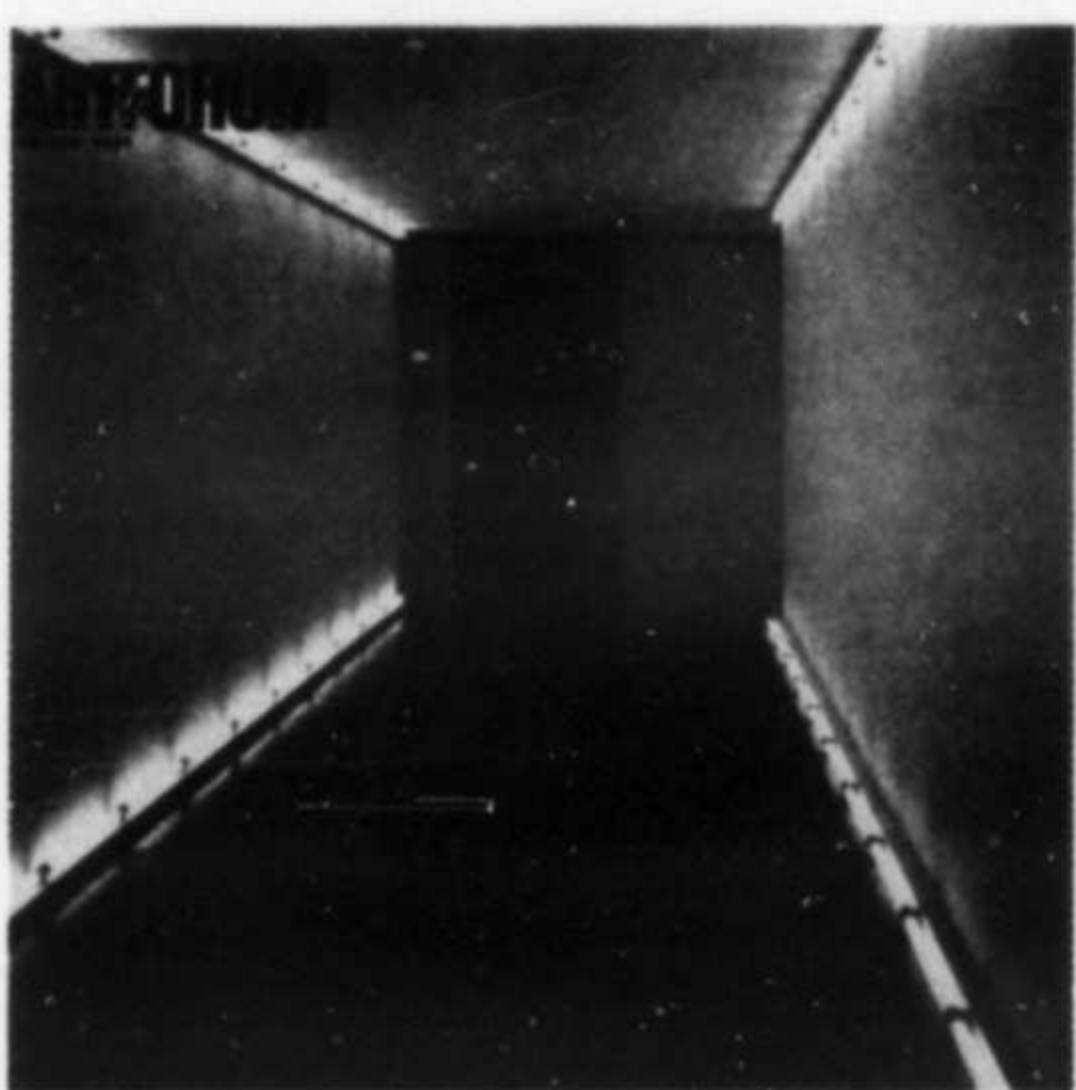
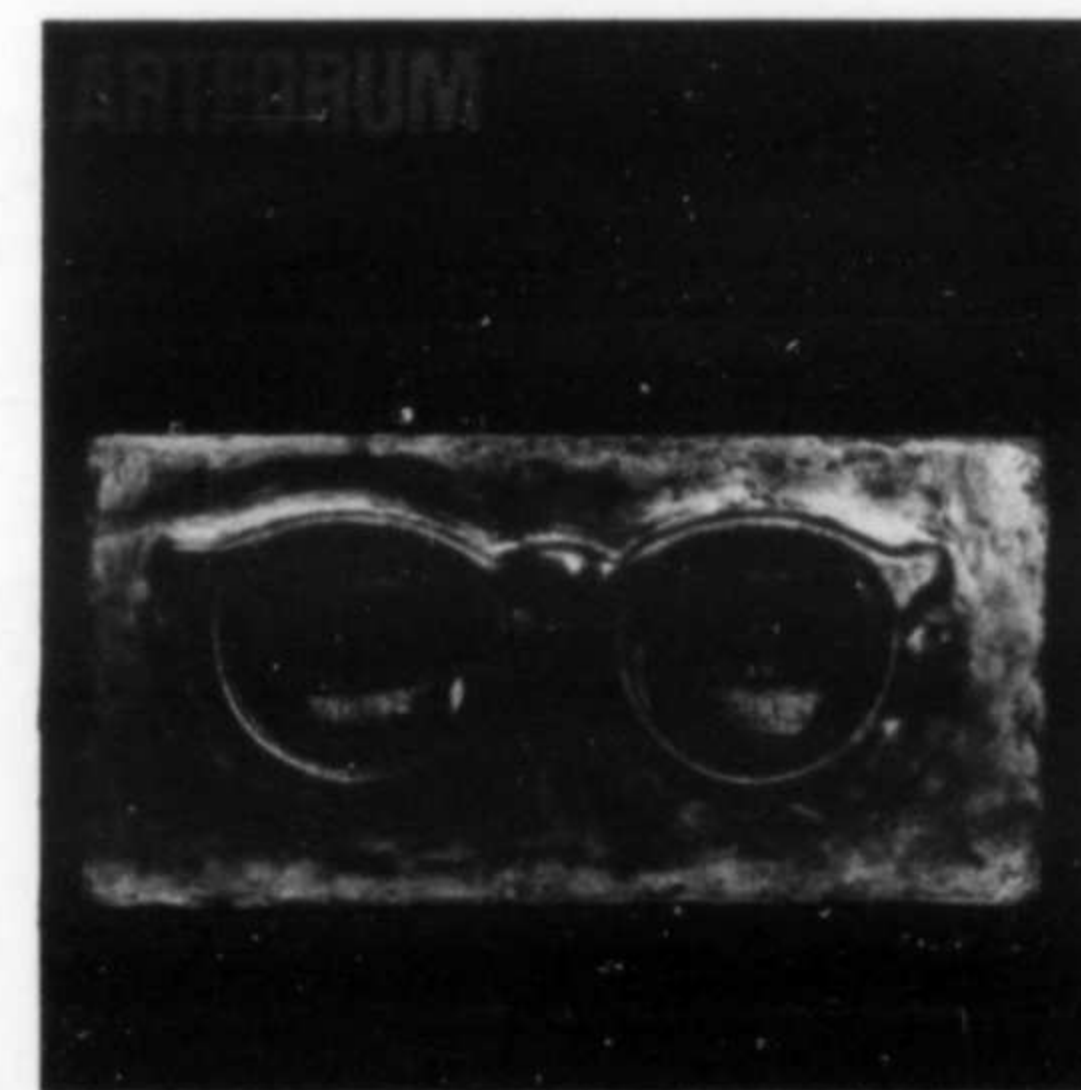
STATE _____ ZIP _____

Payment enclosed (brings an extra issue FREE!) Bill me

Receive 11 issues instead of 10 — SAVE \$2.25.

Outside U.S. and Canada, add \$3.00 per year for postage.

AFHI



* HILTON KRAMER, *THE NEW YORK TIMES*

** NEWSWEEK

Attention European Subscribers:

Receive ARTFORUM in just a matter of days! Starting with the September 1973 issue, our new air speed delivery system enables you to receive ARTFORUM at the same time as our New York subscribers.

JOEL SHAPIRO
FEBRUARY

JENNIFER BARTLETT
MARCH

PAULA COOPER
155 WOOSTER.NY

THE JARED SABLE GALLERY

ANDY WARHOL

Paintings and Drawings

33 Hazelton Ave., Toronto, M5R 2E3, Tel: (416) 961-0011

JOE ZUCKER

ELIZABETH
MURRAY

JACOBS LADDER
GALLERY

5480 Wisconsin Avenue Suite LL6
Washington, DC 20015 301-657-9838

HARRIET KORMAN

IS REPRESENTED BY

WALTER KELLY GALLERY
620 NORTH MICHIGAN
CHICAGO
(312) 266-0032

Antonakos

Four Neon Sculptures

February 9 through March 6, 1974

John Weber Gallery 420 West Broadway, N.Y.

REDFERN GALLERY

LONDON

20 CORK STREET W. 1

ALBERS

ANTES

APPEL

CALDER

CHILLIDA

DA SILVA

DELAUNEY

DELVAUX

DE STAEL

DUBUFFET

ERNST

FONTANA

GIACOMETTI

HEPWORTH

HOCKNEY

KNEALE

KUPKA

LEVERETT

MATTA

MIRO

MOORE

NICHOLSON

ORGAN

PICASSO

POLIAKOFF

PROCKTOR

PYE

REYNOLDS

ROUAULT

SEDGLEY

SOULAGES

SUTHERLAND

TAPIES

VASARELY

WUNDERLICH

PAINTINGS DRAWINGS SCULPTURE GRAPHICS

bachelor of fine arts school of visual arts

Four Year Programs leading to the
Degree of Bachelor of Fine Arts
for careers in the visual arts

FILM (Video Tape) ■ **FINE ARTS** ■
MEDIA ARTS ■ **PHOTOGRAPHY**

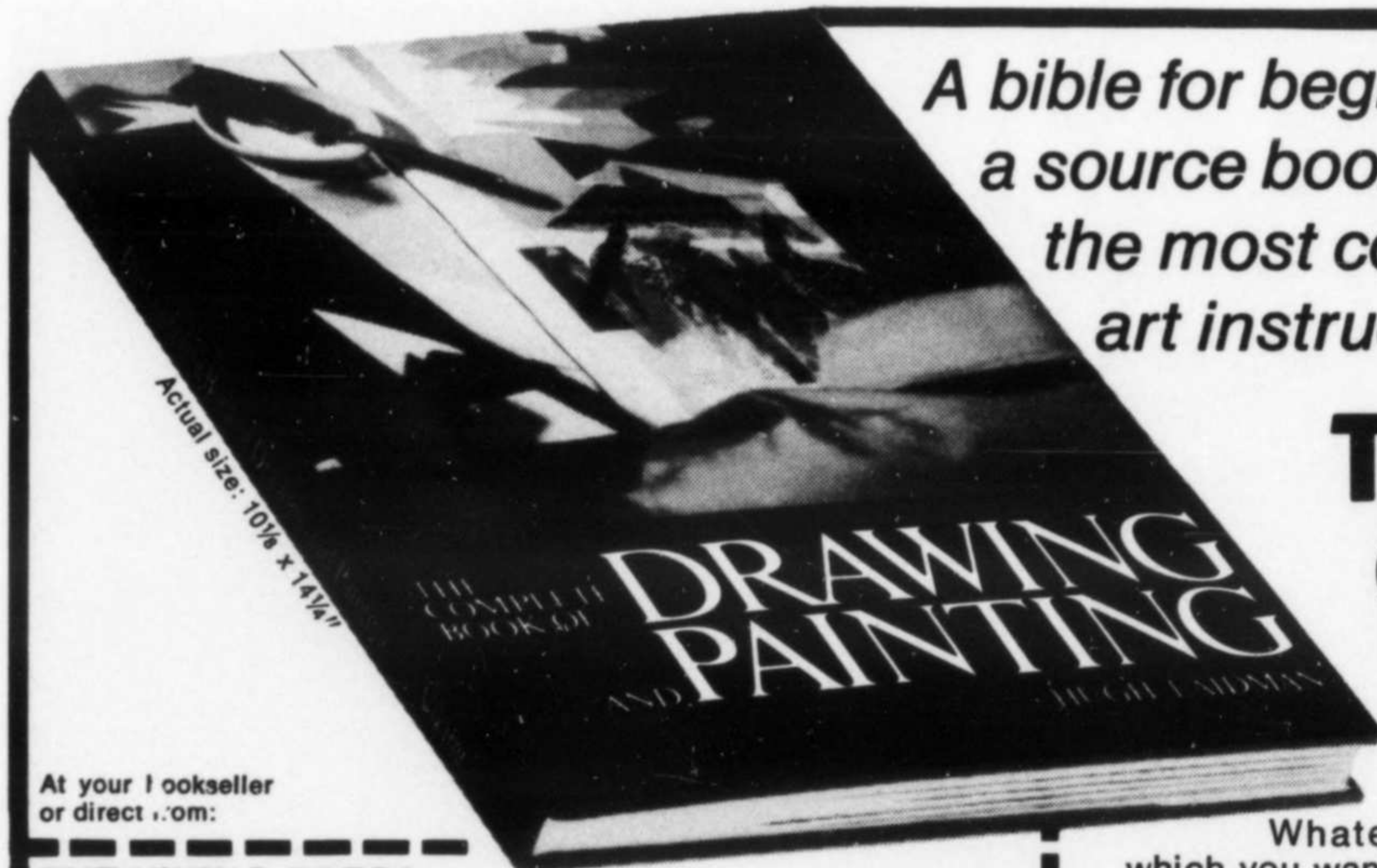
For further information, contact the
Director of Admissions, School of Visual Arts,
209 East 23rd Street, N.Y.C. 10010 • (212) 679-7350

MICHAEL B. GALLAGHER Paintings & Drawings

February 23 – March 15

RAZOR GALLERY

464 W. Broadway
New York, New York



*A bible for beginners...
a source book for professionals...
the most complete how-to book of
art instruction ever put between covers*

THE COMPLETE BOOK OF DRAWING AND PAINTING

by Hugh Laidman

Whatever the art medium in which you want to work, there is now one basic reference to show you how. Here, a well-known artist and teacher shows you the interrelationship of drawing and painting in various forms and provides specific instructions and step-by-step illustrations to make the process practically foolproof.

Learn how to use all the art tools
• charcoal • pencil • pen • brush • crayon
• pastels • litho sticks • felt pens • ink
markers

Learn how to work in many art forms

• watercolors • casein • gouache
• poster and designer colors • oils
• acrylic • collage

You'll find sections on scale and perspective, the explanation of the difficult human and animal anatomy made easy, basic techniques for drawing and painting landscapes, still life, portraits, and more. Everything clearly written, with more than 900 black-and-white illustrations plus 85 in color that help make this the most complete course in drawing and painting you've ever seen. A STUDIO BOOK. \$15.95

At your bookseller
or direct from:

THE VIKING PRESS

Dept. ATE-AF
625 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

Please send me _____ copies of *The Complete Book of Drawing and Painting* @ \$15.95 I enclose check money order for \$_____ total. If not completely satisfied I will return the book(s) within 10 days for a complete refund. Please add sales tax where applicable.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

MICHELLE STUART

new works / February 9-March 6, 1974

**max
hutchinson
gallery**

127 Greene Street, New York

LUDWIG SANDER

**KNOEDLER CONTEMPORARY ART
19 EAST 70 NEW YORK 10021
LAWRENCE RUBIN: DIRECTOR**

TORRES-GARCIA

**KNOEDLER CONTEMPORARY ART
21 EAST 70 NEW YORK 10021
LAWRENCE RUBIN: DIRECTOR**

OPENING

BERTHOT BISHOP LONGO MARDEN

NOVROS OHLSON SWAIN WURMFELD

IN COOPERATION WITH OK HARRIS, FOURCADE DROLL, BYKERT GALLERIES

SUSAN CALDWELL INC.

383 WEST BROADWAY NY

Jo Baer

Paintings 1962-1972

1974

March

Chris Wilmarth

April

Michael Tetherow

May

Richard Artschwager

Daniel Weinberg Gallery

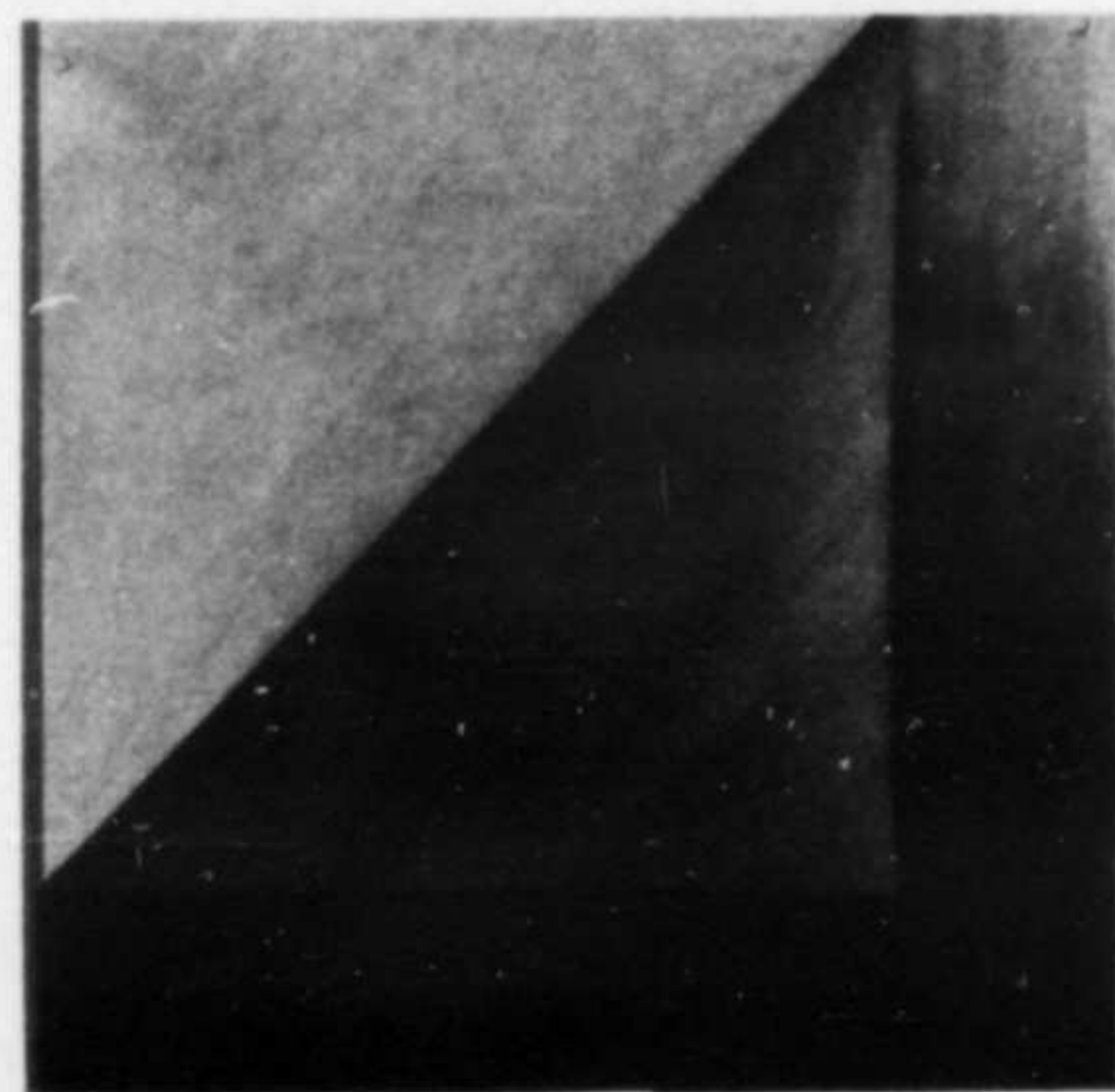
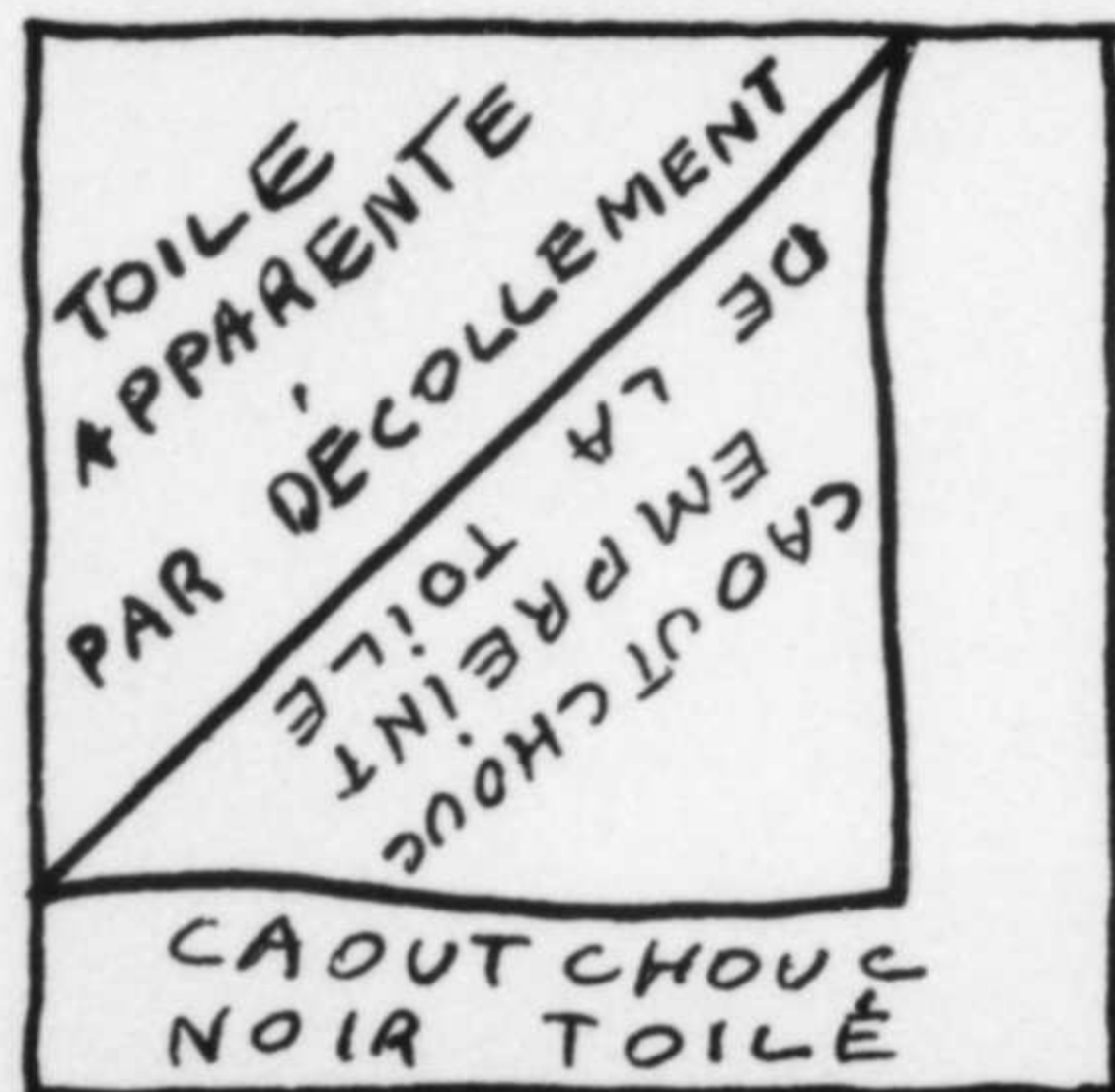
560 Sutter Street / San Francisco 94102

February 9, 1974

William Wegman

Sonnabend Gallery

420 West Broadway, New York



DAQUIN

ACTION / PLI

MUSEE D'ART MODERNE
DE PARIS

AV. PT. WILSON - 14 FEVRIER - 24 MARS



No. 5, Untitled, 1972, 8½" x 13"

Anthony Hernandez

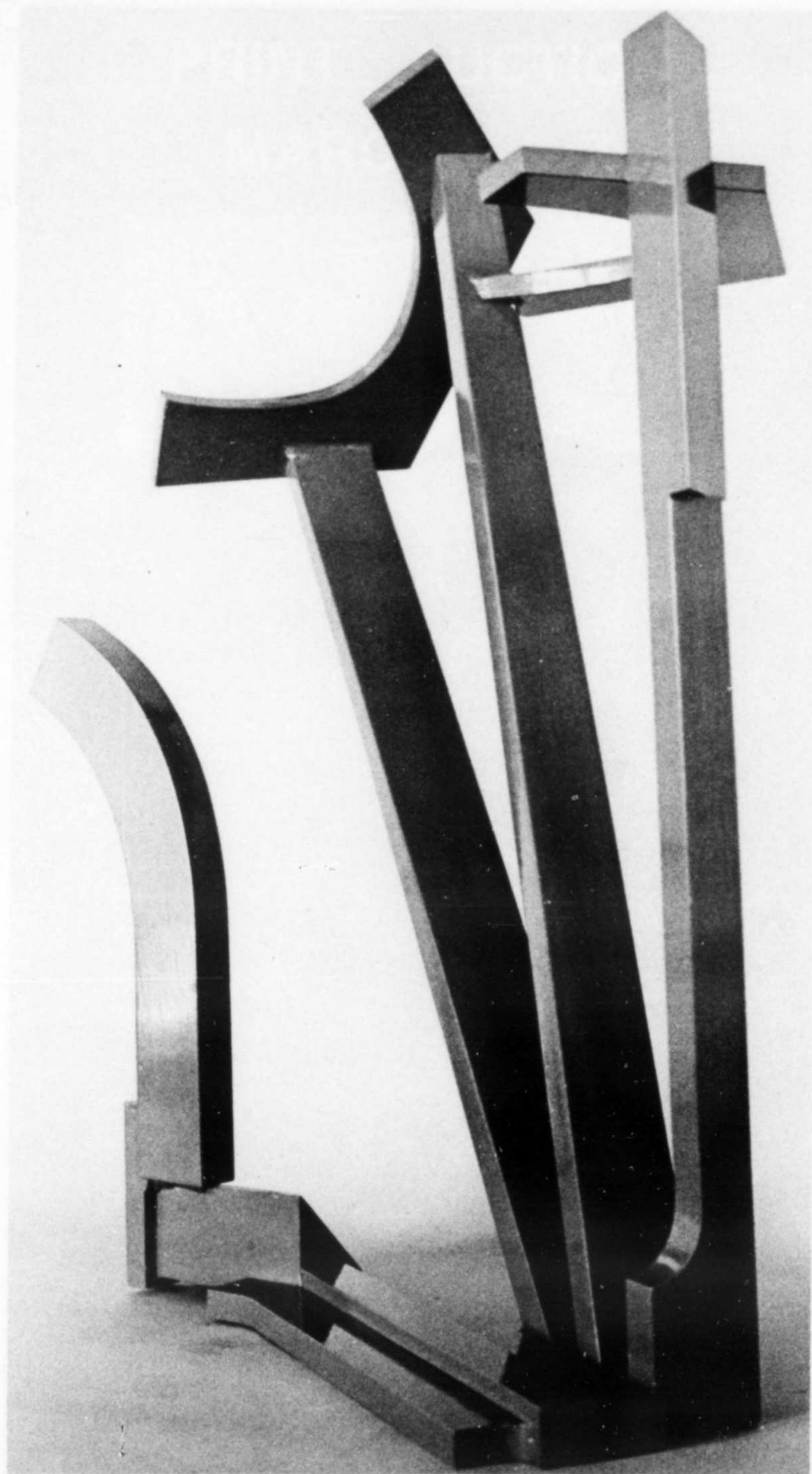
PHOTOGRAPHY I

Recent Photographs by Seven Artists
March 2 Through April 12

Robert Adams · Michael Andrews
Lewis Baltz · Lee Friedlander
Geoff Winningham · Henry Wessel Jr.
Anthony Hernandez

JACK GLENN GALLERY

2831 E. Coast Highway, Corona del Mar, CA 92625
(714) 675-8020



Sight-1973, aluminum painted red, h 10' 8" x w 6' 9" x d 4'

Oded HALAHMY

through mar 9 1974

LOUIS K. MEISEL gallery
141 prince street ny 10012

DOROTHEA ROCKEBURNE IS NOW REPRESENTED BY THE JOHN WEBER GALLERY

Neustein

DRAWINGS TORN CUT CRUMPLED REMOVED & REPLACED

Rina Gallery

The Volney 23 East 74
N. Y. C. BU 8-7500

*the aleph sanctuary by abdul mati klarwein
is a portable temple of 64 handpainted pictures*

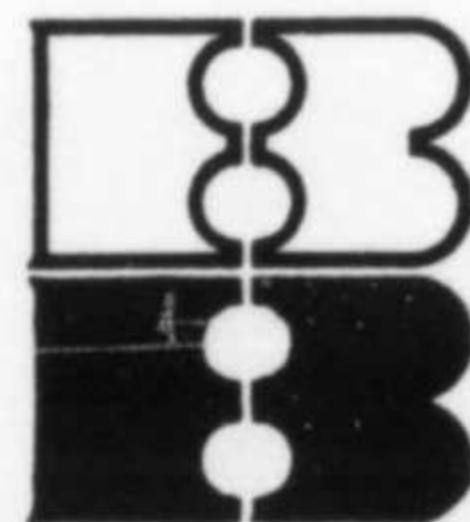


*open to the public february and march tuesdays to
saturdays 1-6 p.m. 14 east 77th street NYC #212 6283778*

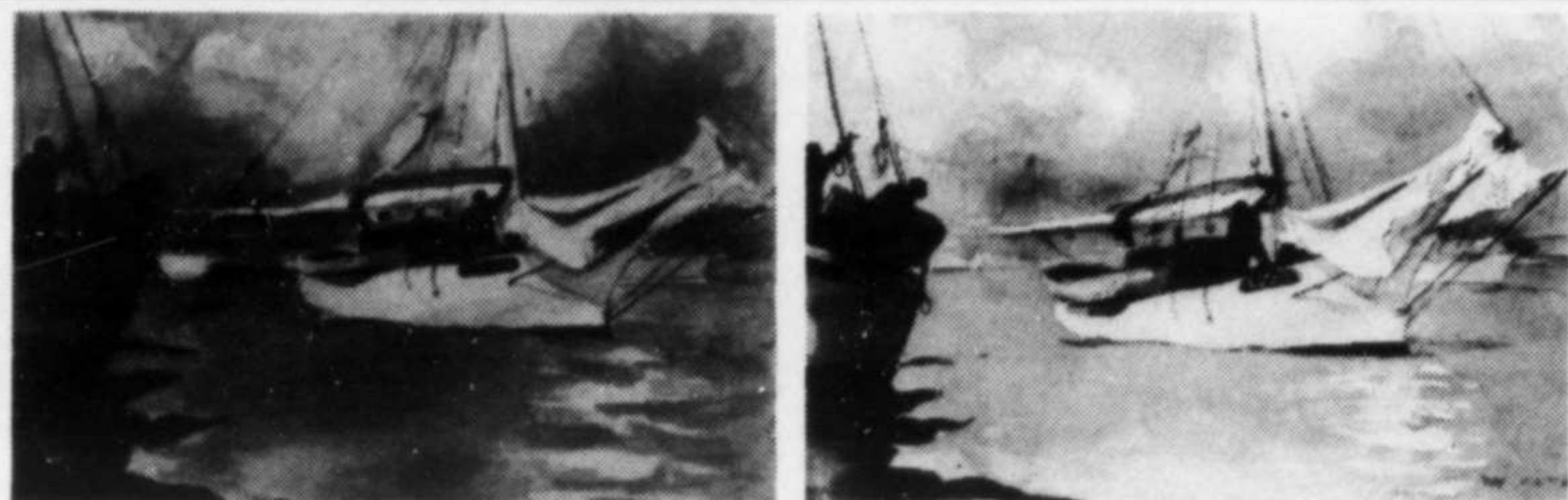
I WILL BUY WITH CASH PAINTINGS BY:

Joseph Albers
Robert Bechtle
Thomas Blackwell
Chuck Close
Robert Cottingham
Don Eddy
Richard Estes
Ralph Goings
Stephen Posen
John Kacere

Roy Lichtenstein
Richard Mclean
Kenneth Noland
David Parrish
Robert Rauschenberg
Mark Rothko
Frank Stella
Cy Twombly
Andy Warhol
Tom Wesselmann



BILL BASS
20 East Cedar Street
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611
312/787-8666



One of these Winslow Homers is a fake! Can you spot it?

ART FAKES IN AMERICA

by DAVID L. GOODRICH

Don't be faked out. Before investing in any kind of art, consult this authoritative book about the lively business of making, buying, and selling fraudulent art. "Engrossing...Mr. Goodrich, in his knowledgeable and workman-like exposé, has done a valuable service to all of us interested or engaged in art activities." —SIDNEY JANIS \$7.95

The painting on the right is the *real* Homer.

THE VIKING PRESS

625 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

PRINT AUCTION

MARCH 6 & 7



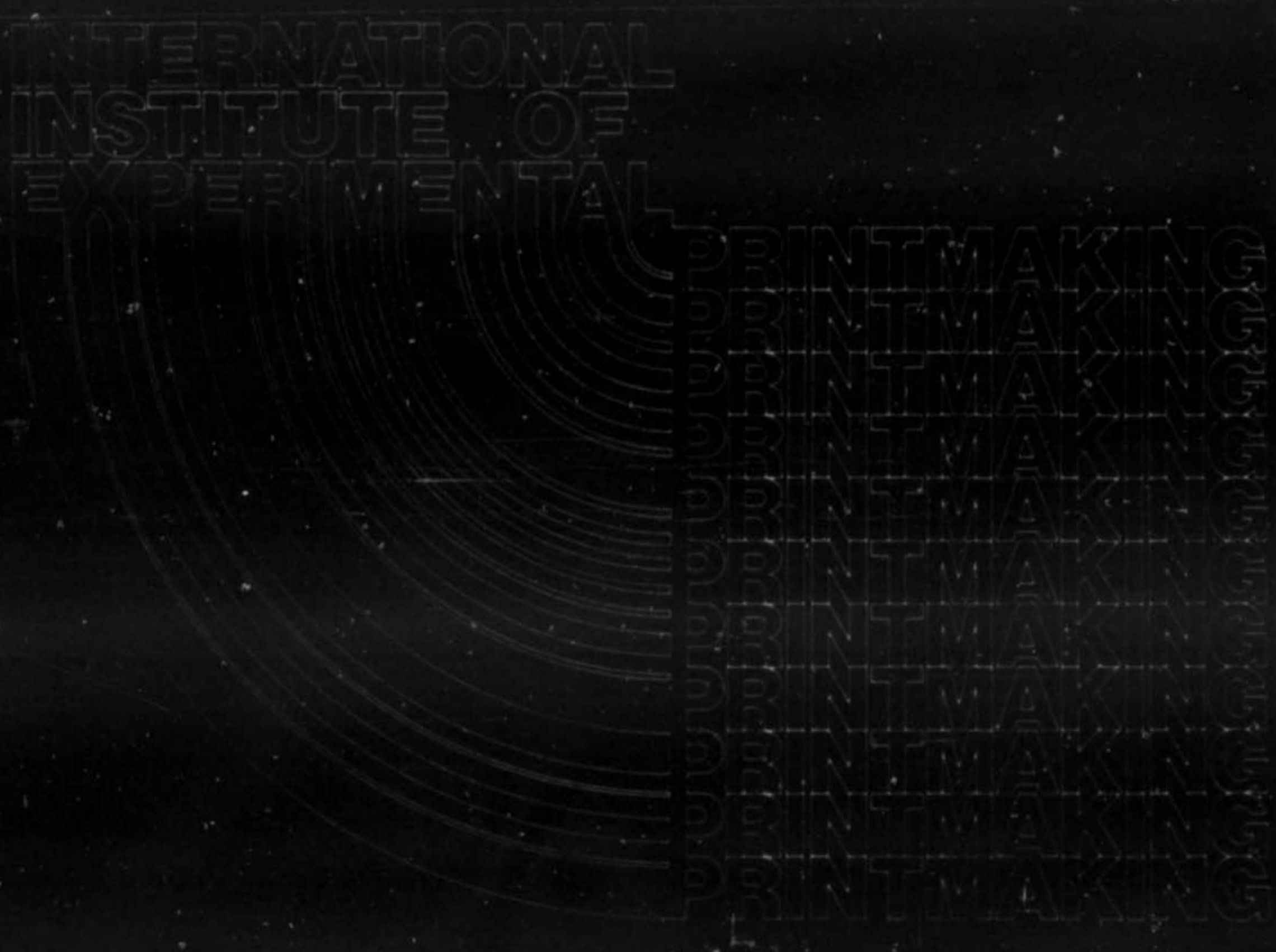
Pablo Picasso "Bacchanale au Taureau Noir" (Bloch 935)
Linoleum cut, 1959, signed in pencil numbered 34/50

BELLOWS	MOORE
BENTON	OLDENBURG
BONNARD	PICASSO
BRAQUE	RAUSCHENBERG
CHAGALL	RENOIR
DUCHAMP	ROPS
ESCHER	ROUAULT
GIACOMETTI	RUSCHA
HOCKNEY	STELLA
HOPPER	THIEBAUD
JOHNS	VASARELY
KOLLWITZ	VILLON
LICHTENSTEIN	WARHOL
MAGRITTE	WHISTLER
MATISSE	WOOD
MIRO	and others

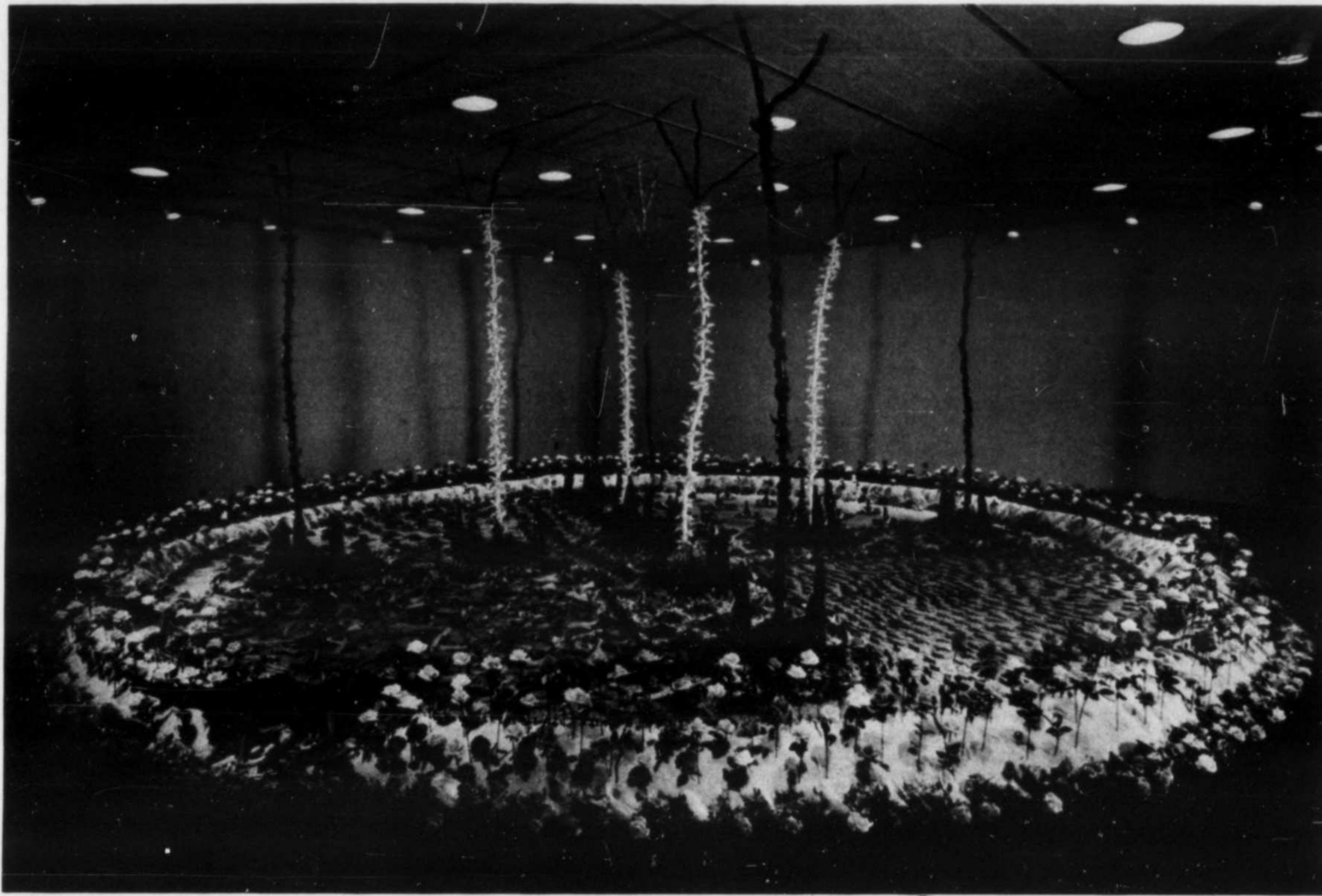
Catalogue: \$4

SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET · LOS ANGELES

7660 Beverly Boulevard • Los Angeles, California 90036 • (213) 937-5130



Forthcoming editions
Peter Voukos
Brian Wall
Fützie Nutzle
Spring Quarter Applications
due March 15, 1974
Address inquiries to
Garner H. Tullis
303 Potrero Street
Santa Cruz, CA 95060



JIM ROCHE

This is "The Sandflower,
Spiderized Conchlight,
And Got The Xonya;
Spirit Magnet Poles
Can Protect Beyond
The Nine Border;
Of A Thru Me To Go
Forward: Ascension
Plot Piece."

FLORIDA STATE
UNIVERSITY
ART GALLERY,
TALLAHASSEE, 32306

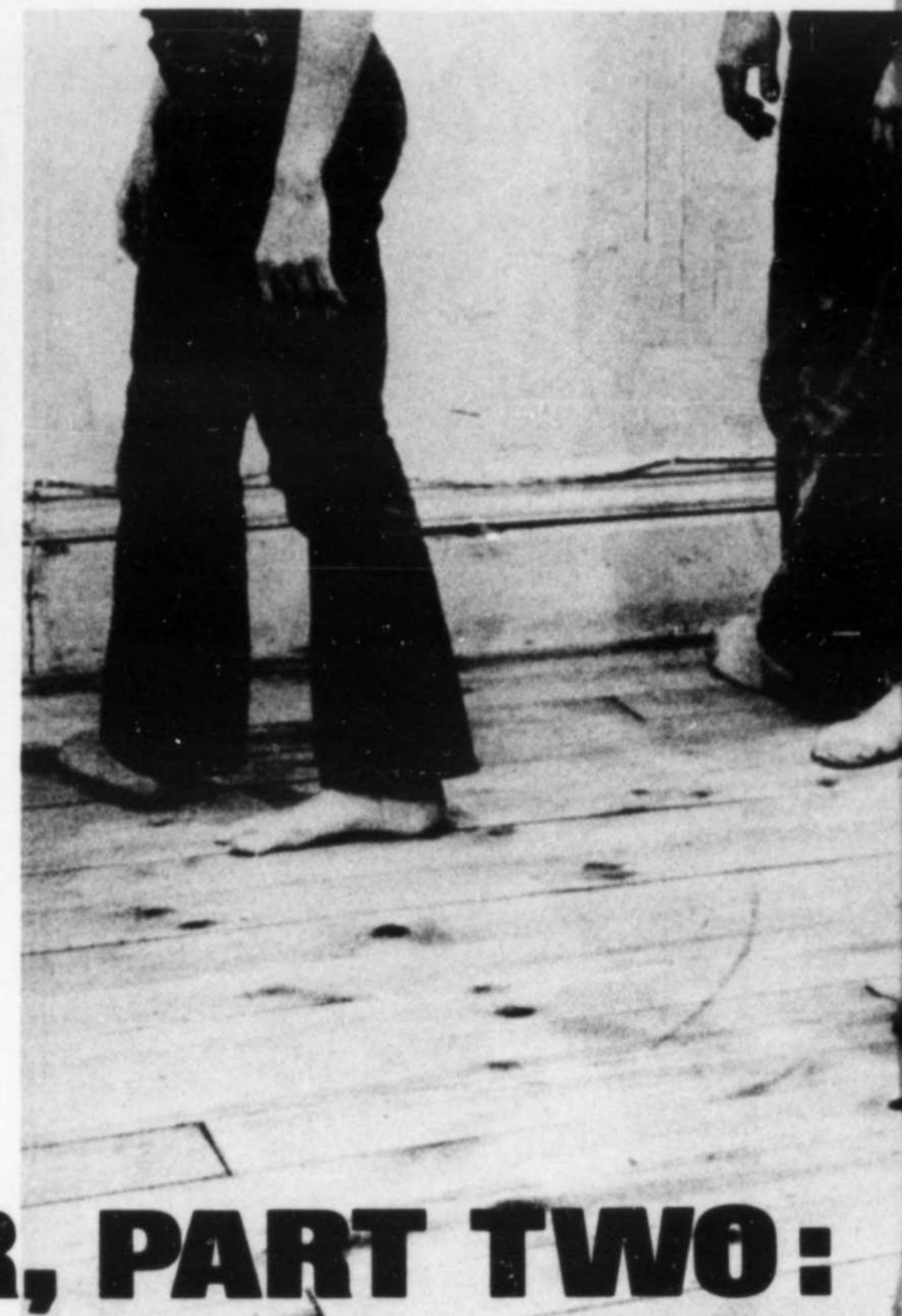
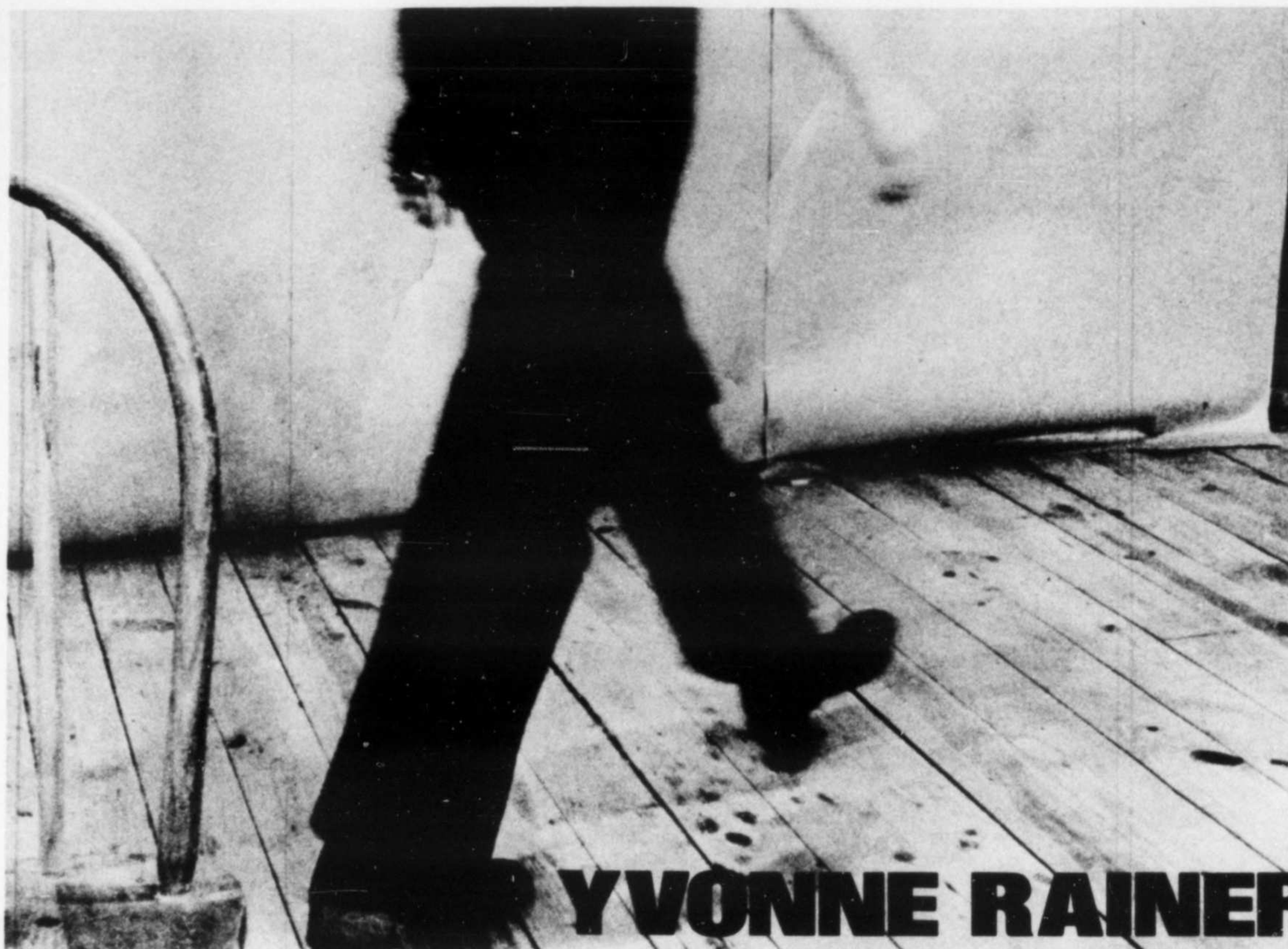
YVONNE JACQUETTE

FISCHBACH 29 W 57

february



MAO AN EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS BY **ANDY WARHOL** MARCH 74
AT THE **MUSÉE GALLIERA** 10 AVENUE PIERRE PREMIER DE SERBIE PARIS 17^E



YVONNE RAINER, PART TWO:

ANNETTE MICHELSON

The immediate consequence of Yvonne Rainer's Indian voyage was *Grand Union Dreams*, performed in the very large and featureless gymnasium space of the Emmanuel Midtown YMHA in May, 1971. It seemed then and seems still her most problematic work, but it will interest us particularly as the generative source of future efforts and as a point of departure for that particular work which now mainly concerns us: *Lives of Performers*.

In *Grand Union Dreams*, Rainer begins the use of something like fictional "characters," and it is that use which will eventually solicit a space and structure of narrative. The characters of *Dreams* are called into being by designation. Remembering, with more than a touch of wistful envy, no doubt, the mythic conventions and certitudes of Kathakali dance, Rainer had divided her dancers into "Gods," "Heroes," and "Mortals," but the notion of character stopped at designation. Dancers were assigned specific functions, movements, and these revived the use of props: a suitcase to be carried, a long plexiglass box to be crawled through, a wooden box or cabin, twice the size of a telephone booth and placed against the far wall, its nearer end open to us and filled by the bodies of performers in a frozen choreography of accommodation, or "plastic poses." The tension between designation and function, reinforced by the recitation of texts from Jung and Hesse, was extreme — so extreme, in fact, that it made for a malaise of puzzlement, suggesting for each movement a hidden symbolic

function that qualified one's attention to any given movement in time. A performer, when individualized, was presented as performer. Thus, Valda Setterfield, of the Cunningham Company, beginning now to work with Rainer, was used — and would continue to be so — in a very special way. Her theatrical presence, her humor and chic, her narrow, sloping shoulders, her balletic *port de bras*, all emphasized by the cut of her black velvet evening dress, were injected as it were, as a reference to performance style — another set of conventions and lost certitudes. It is Setterfield who performs a slow dance, tracing great arcs as she grasps, at arm's length, the ball to which she steadily attends. Pursued, as in a conventional theatrical performance, by a spotlight which encloses and discloses her, she remains, like the dancer of *Trio A*, without direct visual contact with her audience. This dance will, like a number of other elements in *Dreams*, be used in the film to come.

Meanwhile, one could say of such Heroes and of such Gods that they were more like homeless Dancers or that, like the earlier Dancers, they were at one with their physical and spatial functions, and this in a manner we do not normally associate with even mortal "characters." Trisha Brown,

descending from Olympus and poling her way toward a group of mortals who are putting the squeeze on the heroes, especially on Epp Kotkas, who is squeezing the red ball, says to Epp: "You will soon see things of which you have never heard and which you have never seen.

Then you will understand things that I can never tell you. But you must stay awake. You may see them only once."

Trisha Brown, then, to distinguish only one among the Olympian set, performed, or embodied as one will a task of utterance and of movement; one saw her as a composite of assignments, tasks, designation, rather than as performer of a role or character. The disjunction between the physical particularities of her tasks and her mythic reference was absolute. *Grand Union Dreams* kept coming apart, as you watched it: this disjunction wrenched it apart. The sense of reference, the constant promise of symbolic disclosure, the tension of the thrust toward that disclosure, were both more and less than frustrating. It was as if the scene of action was not that space in which movement was being performed, but some undefined, undisclosed space in which the designations might have some meaning, and its characters some life: *an elsewhere that might indeed be fictive*. *Grand Union Dreams*, then, spelled out, in its irresolution, the symptoms of a variety of "culture shock": the crisis produced in the secular consciousness of a modernist artist by the discovery of the continuity of belief and narrative. One assumes it was the consciousness of the problematic and tentative character of the attempt to resolve that crisis which impelled Rainer to declare, in the program sheet distributed on the occasion of that performance, that "this is the first in a series of versions."

The problem now at hand was that of locating new terms for the composition of fictional structures consis-



"LIVES OF PERFORMERS"

Yvonne Rainer, *Lives of Performers*, 1972.

tent with that secular, modernist consciousness. How, indeed, was one to compose a narrative work without succumbing to the temptations of fictional illusionism and mythical reference? The response was intelligent, if not immediately exalting. First, by falling back, as it were, to the terrain of the private, personal experience in the feeling that one's own life is as viable as any other material (more accessible, more usable at least). Next came the location of one's fictional resources through the recognition that the forms and rhetoric of those psychological situations which compose the repertory of domestic drama, constitute a material which has at least the authenticity of one's own somewhat desperate investment of emotional energy. Finally, the conviction that one's analytic culture provides the point of departure for a series of formal variations upon disjunction (between sound and image, between present and past, between character and voice, between reading and speaking) that will render the fragmented Self which stands at the center of that fiction.

Following these decisions, elements from *Dreams* will become usable again. Among them, and in addition to Setterfield's solo, will be the Box, some specific movements for a group in rehearsal, and these will animate the next major performance at the Whitney Museum, in 1972. From this point on, indeed, live performances and work for film will be increasingly fused, so that elements from the performance at Hofstra University, reworked for another at the Whitney Museum, given in open rehearsal at Hunter College, performed, in a somewhat altered version, in the Paris

Autumn Festival of 1972, and presented at the Theatre for A New City in New York (in the spring of 1973) will prepare work for her second film, currently in progress: *This is a film about a woman who . . .* Material from *Dreams* was retained, but it is above all the preoccupation with fictional modes and with the tactics of disjunction which will preside over her newer work. It is in this work, then, that "The Plot Thickens," producing *Lives of Performers*.

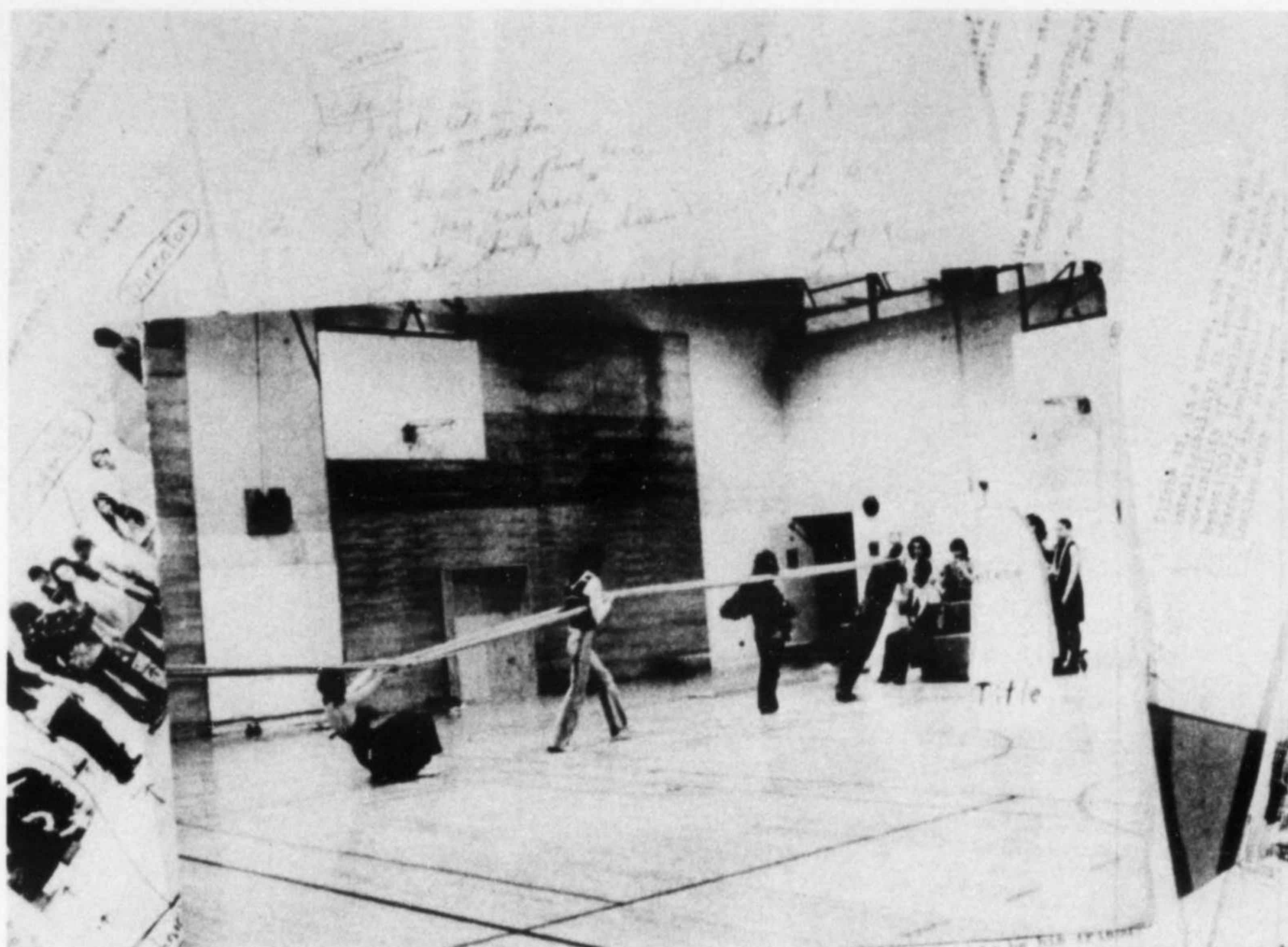
This is Rainer's first film, completed in the early summer of 1972. Its feature-length or running time is 120 minutes. It constitutes, of course, the decisive move back and away from the abandonment of directorial and compositional modes of work which had animated her two years of association with The Grand Union. Work on *Lives*, however, presented Rainer with a new modality of collaborative effort, and a gratification intensified by the production of a work which, though temporal, is remanent. Her principal, nonperforming collaborator for *Lives* was Babette Mangolte, whose exceptional skill as camerawoman is inseparable from the interest and success of this work on film. *Lives* departs from a rather long and complex "scenario" composed of material Rainer had been collecting for about a year. The tact of Mangolte's camera movement, her editing, evoke another subtly articulated presence, steady and graceful. Her lighting, moreover, endows the bare loft space, its paper screens, the props, the nakedness of things with a singular, reserved elegance.

The film is composed of parts, sequences or pieces which give it the total, compositional aspect of a "reci-

tal." And it cannot with any justice be described as an integral whole; its parts, while not wholly disjunct from one another, function as variations upon a number of given themes and strategies. Rainer's first use of disjunction is for the creation of a semblance of fictional continuity out of situations which are, nevertheless, experienced as largely discrete with respect to the notion of an enveloping fictional whole. The film then begins to project a series of variations upon its themes and strategies. The text, partly projected in titles, partly read off-screen, chronicles the complex interrelationships developing among performers during a period of rehearsal. One must remember that fragments of this scenario had been performed "live" together with commentary at the Whitney Museum, and that evidence of or reference to these presentations is present in the film — largely through the recorded laughter of a knowing and appreciative audience, recorded at performance time. The result is a very complex temporality. One has the retelling, by off-screen voices of past events, fictive in nature involving fictive versions, as it were, of the real performers who in recalling, under their own names, the events of that fictive past, make reference, from time to time, to real performances (that of *Grand Union Dreams*, or of *Inner Appearances*). The temporal complexity of this sort of superimposition will on occasion be intensified by the sharing or shifting of roles. A dialogue begins between Yvonne and two performers, Fernando and Shirley, later joined by Valda and John. Yvonne, the director, provides certain information, while Fernando and his fellow-performers dis-

cuss the nuances in shifts of feeling and of commitment which animate their complex interrelationship. These, while constantly being explicated, in that idiom of somewhat manic autoanalysis which characterizes life and love in a therapeutically oriented culture, are not always clear. John's role is particularly shadowy, and Yvonne announces at one point that she is going to assume his role. Although literary texts and cultural heroes are from time to time quoted and evoked, there is really one single mode of intellectual discourse which informs the "action" of this film and its "characters": that of psychoanalysis, in its latter-day, revisionist modes. Much of the material presented, then, in *Lives* is the stuff of bourgeois drama — and comedy — the succession of tiny crises and realignments, the small agonies and apperceptions of a milieu existing wholly within the area of performance and rehearsal, its cross-analysis of motives and intentions expanding to fill its entire psychic space.

I have, in the first part of this study (published last month), referred to the reflexive character of the New Dance; and the manner in which its consumingly autoanalytical character is to some extent contingent upon the intense restrictedness of the social space in which it flourishes. Rainer, in this first film — as in the performances which preceded it — plays on psychological ambiguity as if, venturing for the first time to create characters, she wishes to preserve their concrete point of origin in a nonfictional esthetic context. Performers,



Yvonne Rainer, *Lives of Performers*, 1972.



Yvonne Rainer, *Lives of Performers*, 1972.

then, preserve their names in the tangle of purely invented interrelationships. *Lives of Performers* is, among other things, the construction of a series of rather joyless *marivaudages*, in which protocols and autoanalytic exchanges are invested with the high-minded austerity of Sohoesque life. These ambiguities obviously spoke to a small though growing circle of enthusiasts with the trivial seduction of a *roman à clef*. Filled with allusions to private and not-so-private problems and agonies — some of these articulated, one suspects, through quotations from private journals and/or psychotherapeutic revelations, and apperceptions — the film's structure proposes, far more interestingly, the uses of such material, how they can be distanced, the extraction of the formal potential of these constraints and ambiguities. *Lives* begins, then, with a quotation from the writings of Leo Bersani on the nature and value of cliché, as a principle of intelligibility. One will not feel, as the film progresses, the full and clear deployment of this principle, but one will feel its intermittent presence, as the formalizing agent which replaces that of myth.

The first sequence of *Lives of Performers* is, however, not a performance, but a rehearsal by Rainer and her colleagues-characters for a future performance at the Whitney Museum. The repetitive character, a formal constituent, of the particular movement being rehearsed is echoed or confirmed by the camera's movement, perhaps the most active and sustained of the entire film. This movement describes, in a steady series of pans and tilts, a repeated quadrilateral form, discrete, but steady and relentless. The sound track is not audible until part of the way into this sequence, and it is slowly

evident that the dialogue is extracted from another, quite different moment of rehearsal. It is as though Rainer is giving instructions (1,2,3,4 . . . the beginning), setting the pattern for camera movement.

In this opening sequence, Rainer and Mangolte establish a series of variations upon a factor that is, of course, particularly interesting — central, in fact, — to dance film: the synchdocal mode of movement articulation through the ratio obtaining between close, medium, and long shots. Rainer and Mangolte are, on the whole, quite free and varied in their handling of group dance movement. One can isolate shots, for example, in which the total screen space is framed by a close-up of head and torso with extended arms, or by feet, at the bottom right or left of frame. The range of shot sizes from this end of the spectrum to that of long shot is

full and complete. And there would seem to be a sense in which this variety is particularly appropriate to New Dance. One knows that Nureyev, in supervising the recent film and television versions of major works by Petipa, insisted upon the steady maintenance of the long shot. And there is a way in which the qualities of poise, of presence, *ballon*, fullness of gesture which characterize that balletic style in general and Nureyev's in particular, require the use of the long shot and the long take. That dance demands the spatio-temporal continuity of *mise-en-scène* to manifest itself in its completeness. For it is quite evidently not the fictions of *The Sleeping Beauty* or of *Don Quixote* which solicit, indeed impose, an integrity of cinematic illusionism. It is rather the representation of the balletic reality of the dancer moving in theatrical space which insists upon it.



Yvonne Rainer, *Lives of Performers*, 1972.



Yvonne Rainer, in an early notebook entry, had proposed the following sequence of movements: "Turn head from side to side while hands flap ears like semaphores. Speak softly — mention a part of the body, move that part. Mention another part, etc. Make it continuous." It is in the filmic synecdoche that she now performs that analytic and ostensive work upon the body in movement; the assertive cut provides for the cinematic intensification of its continuity.

The rehearsal ends ("dissolves") in laughter. A title, "all at once our attention vanished," provides the transition to the next sequence. Titles will be extensively, variously used. They have been signaled in previous performance by use of extensive program notes, by presentation of lists, nomenclature, and also by the growingly extensive use of slides, the occasional use of blackboard inscriptions. Titles will comment upon the film's actions, upon characters' motives. They will speak for characters, directly, or enclosed by quotation marks. They will present literary quotations, the rhetoric of cliché. They will permit a personal utterance which is not weighted with mimetic expressiveness. It is as if Rainer is rediscovering the multiple function of titles in silent American and Soviet film. [One thinks of De Mille's *Male and Female* (1918), a film in which the narrative is reinforced by the titles' constant introduction of verbal metaphors.]

This title is followed by the second major sequence of *Grand Union Dreams*, in which a number of the film's major strategies are established as originating in *Grand Union Dreams*. We see a succession of eight still photographs from that performance. They are seen, however, upon a background of typescript, the script, in fact, of *Lives of Performers*. The off-screen dialogue, spoken by Yvonne, Shirley, and Fernando, initiates the reading of those photographs addressed, presumably, to the spectator. A descriptive analysis of the nature of the performance is offered. Thus:

In this first photo Epp and James are engaged in a duet. David and Yvonne have just finished dragging them on the fake grass in a small arc. When they stand they undulate their upper bodies in unison while passing the red ball back and forth. They are about to pick up the grass and involve it in their undulations. Valda waits. My question is "What does it mean?" Are they celebrating something? Yes, that sounds good: Epp and James are doing a dance of pleasure at the advent of spring.

And now begins the dialogue between Shirley and Fernando (whose Spanish accent, extremely heavy, is somewhat at variance with the easy idiom of his text): "It actually was spring when we began working on this piece — and I first met you, Fernando. I think some people went over to your house after that first rehearsal." The exchange of reminiscences of two characters presumed now to be lovers is occasionally interrupted by Yvonne, who will say, before examining still number four, "This one is out of proper order." They are joined on the sound track by Valda, and the dialogue shades into a discussion of the iconographic and textual sources of *Grand Union Dreams*. As that shift slowly occurs, Yvonne's discourse, addressing Shirley, shades into both an explanation of her strategy and the inflections of direct speech, or its mimesis. A disagreement about the qualities of a given Jung text, used in *Dreams*,



Yvonne Rainer, Performance at Hofstra University, 1971.

elicits from Yvonne the avowal of her present rejection of a

weakness for the sweeping revelations of great men and her intention of pursuing the coming concert (Whitney, 1972) so different, of simply doing another form of storytelling, more intimate, less epic, and in further explaining, elicits from Valda the query "Were you saying that or reading it?"

In this section, then, still pictures are presented as the documents of a past performance. A superimposed fictional past is presented as generating a future performance, is the recorded performance of the first sequence. And the sequence ends with Rainer's specific warning to us that she is moving from the temptation of the mythic (the sweeping revelations of great men), from temptations of the epic into some other more intimate form.

Yvonne, when asked whether she is reading or telling her account of things, has replied, "I'm remembering it from Hofstra." This is a reference to a past performance at Hofstra University, in which the photographic documentation of *Dreams* was first used, and the laughter which greets the answer informs us that we are listening to a sound track which records the use, during a performance at the Whitney Museum, of that same material and the amused reaction of the rather knowing Whitney audience. The recitals and fictions which have now accompanied the images on the screen encapsulate, then, three distinct past temporal points. This somewhat disjunct and multiple present filmic moment will erupt again from recorded audience laughter at another exchange between Shirley and Fernando which spells out the terms of Shirley's ambivalence and vulnerability. The rather intensively introspective mood of Shirley is interrupted by Valda's entrance, in her evening dress, announcing she's seen a film. The response

is, "I remember that movie. It's about all those small betrayals, isn't it?" (in a title), and we now witness the formalized enactment of another fictional (cliché) situation.

Valda, replying, "You might describe it that way," begins to extract the full archetypal force from this particular fictional convention and recounts, in an off-screen recital, the three subjectively conditioned, possible versions of a domestic triangle which is "also about a man who loves a woman and can't leave her when he falls in love with another woman. I mean he can't seem to make up his mind." This small drama of ambivalence and guilt is played as we see Valda, Fernando, and Shirley head-on in long shot, aligned before us, pivoting about to and from each other in an elementary choreography which objectifies the terms of the triangle, in extreme formalization of a dramatic situation. And it is this formalization which introduces a further extension and complication of the relationships which have until this point been established as the film's fictional core. It is now that John is introduced, and it is now that John and Valda begin to be involved in the drama developing between Shirley and Fernando.

The camera has been presenting that drama in a very intimate sort of way, through close-ups which examine the floor, the bed of the bare chamber. Yvonne and Shirley comment: "He's tired of indecisiveness. She doesn't know what to do." And there follows the revelation that "she has always worked in a form which disappears as soon as it reveals itself." This reflection, loaded with implications as to the dynamics of Shirley's emotional ambivalence, is accompanied by an embrace during which the camera travels slowly up the joined bodies of Fernando and Shirley, descending, once again, down those bodies now separated.

The chamber in which these dramas are being played out is, of course, not really a room, but rather, as the

paper screen which defines its furthest limit indicates, a playing space. The intrusion of objects (Fernando's suitcase, for example) is therefore momentous, and the sparseness of décor endows them with a particular weight and intensity of presence: those of a prop.

In this playing space, characters do make entrances and exits in a somewhat theatrical way. So that Valda, discussing the complexities of her relationship with John and Shirley, proposes an analysis through an inventory of possible versions of another "classical" situation: the reaction upon entering that chamber to the presence of the two other members of a triangle. These are boldly, unequivocally "enacted" in a series of takes which are separated by intrusive jump cuts: Valda entering and noticing or not noticing their presence, Valda affectionate, indifferent, brooding.

This playing space is then easily transformed into the space of dream, and as Shirley tells that dream, we see, in slow motion, a child bouncing a ball, while in the background a cat watches. It is rather like a cinematic transposition of Goya's portrait of a princely child. Shirley is dreaming about a wall ("neither concrete nor metal, but rather of steel mesh" — which is to say, transparent), the surmounting of which produces an experience of release and well-being as she accedes to the playground which can be glimpsed beyond it. And as she describes that wall we sense, rather than see, a limit which separates us from the playing child; it is the limit of the visual field of the camera, so that the bounc-

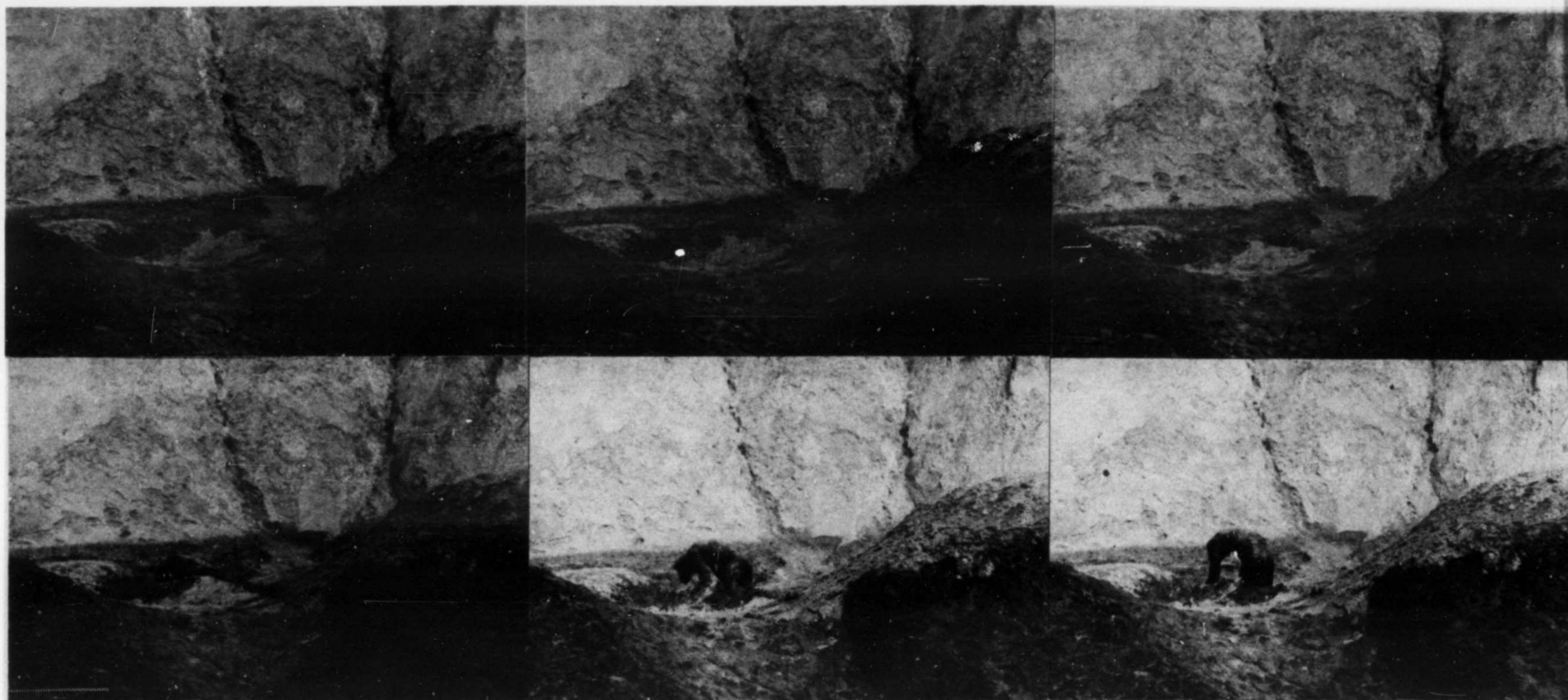


Yvonne Rainer, *Lives of Performers*, 1972.



ing ball is experienced as rebounding away from us, its direction inflected by the invisible, impalpable limit of the cinematic illusion.

The final major mode of fictional presentation in the film is constituted by a long series of shots which engage Valda, John, Shirley, and Fernando in *tableaux vivants*. They are seen against a black background in fixed attitudes of a sort which suggest dramatic action in arrest, very much like movie-production photos. A drama is being enacted in complete silence, all titles, commentary having ceased. The Performers have abandoned the rehearsal of their private dramas. They are part of another fiction, and we sense from the trajectory of glances, the tension of bodies, the sudden changes of costume accessories, the extremely artificial studio lighting, that, in fact, they constitute another fictional world in which the impulses of cruelty, guilt, violence are played out in an entirely different register of intensity. They are, in fact, enacting moments drawn from another film, *Pandora's Box*, made by G.W. Pabst in 1928, after Wedekind's drama. They have moved, then, from the formalization of an archetypal domestic triangle seen as choreography, to the projection of a filmic work, seen through photography. For the *tableaux* are drawn, not directly from the film, but rather from the stills accompanying the edition of the film's script published in 1971 by Simon and Schuster. The notion of cliché as organizing principle, as replacement for archetype, as mode of a possible fiction, has been radicalized and *literalized* in this final sequence: the psychological drama is wholly objectified in attitudes which succeed each other in silence, drawn from the photographic reduction of a moving picture. Music follows, and *Lives of Performers* is at an end. ■



MICROCOSM TO MACROCOSM / FANTASY WORLD TO REAL WORLD

CHARLES SIMONDS

*What do you do? **

1) *Birth*: In 1970 I buried myself in the earth and was reborn from it. This exists as a 16mm film and a double series of 24 time-lapse color photographs.

2) *Landscape/Body/Dwelling*: (First done 1971). I lie down nude on the earth, cover myself with clay, remodel and transform my body into a landscape with clay, and then build a fantasy dwelling-place on my body on the earth. There are two films of this (1971, 1973).

3) *Dwellings*: Since 1970, most of my time has been spent going around the streets of New York building clay dwelling-places for an imaginary civilization of Little People who are migrating through the city.

4) *Project Uphill*: For the last year I have been working with the Lower East Side Coalition for Human Housing and the community on East 2nd Street, designing a park-playlot — a hilly landscape between Houston and 2nd Streets, Avenues B and C; construction begins in the spring.

How do all these things relate to each other?

I'm interested in the earth and myself, or my body and the earth, what happens when they become entangled

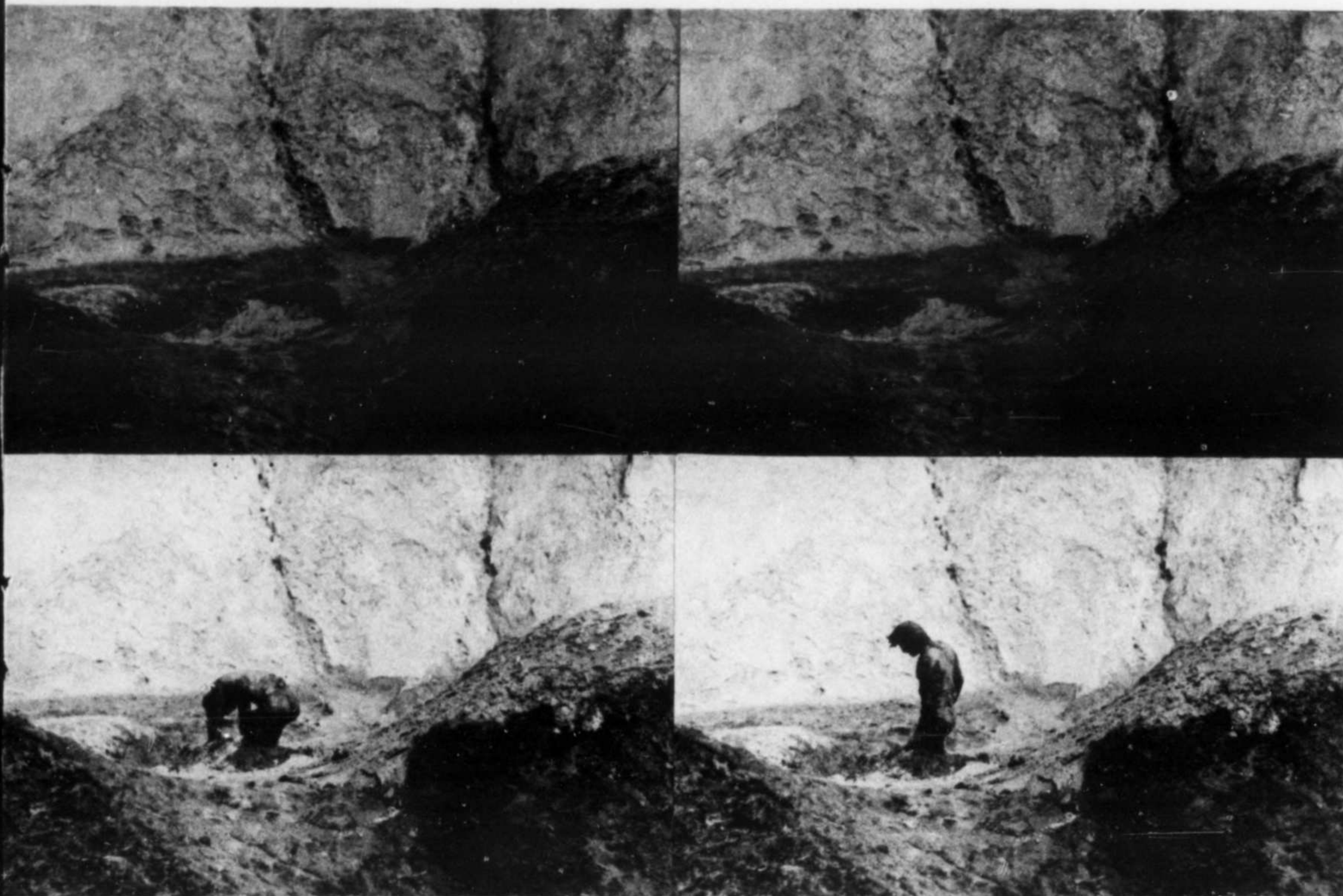
with each other and all the things they include emblematically or metaphorically; like my body being everyone's body and the earth being where everybody lives. The complexities work out from this juncture. One of the original connections between the earth and my body is sexual. This infuses everything I do, both the forms and the activities. In my own personal mythology I was born from the earth, and many of the things I do are aimed at refreshing and articulating that awareness for myself and others. *Landscape/Body/Dwelling* is a process of transformation of land into body, body into land. I can feel myself located between the earth beneath me (which bears the imprint of my body contour) and the clay landscape on top of me (the underside of which bears the other contour of my body). Both *Birth* and *Landscape/Body/Dwelling* are rituals the Little People would engage in. Their dwellings in the streets are part of that sequence. It's the origin myth — the origin of the world and of man and of the people. This progression establishes beliefs and relationships at the very center, at the very beginning, in a physical way. Then I am free to go and spread these beliefs, into the world as a fantasy through the Little People, and into the world as a reality through the park.

The dwellings and the park both articulate the earth, how people live on it, and what they believe about it.

Both focus on the earth as a sensuous experience. Each dwelling is a different scene from the Little People's lives. They have particular beliefs which form, or inform, that space. Some are religious places; some are ruins; some are reinhabited ruins; some are just houses and settlements. The park reinstates an image of the earth which becomes a receptacle for the energies of the people already living there. I'm interested in the sense of values implicit in the notion of hills in a flat area of the city, in how that idea can affect a neighborhood and groups like the Parks Council, the Department of Highways' City Playlots Program, and the Parks Department, so they develop a feeling for the land as opposed to asphalt, hill forms as opposed to flats, and so on. The dwellings are made of soft clay that takes every little imprint; the park is a sensuously passive landscape. I can't determine what people believe about the hills or how they use them, and the survival of both dwellings and park are dependent on the life forces around them.

Have you worked all over the city? Exactly where in the streets do the Little People build?

The Little People first lived in Soho, and then in 1972 they migrated to the Lower East Side. They live wherever the architecture of the city seems to offer them a



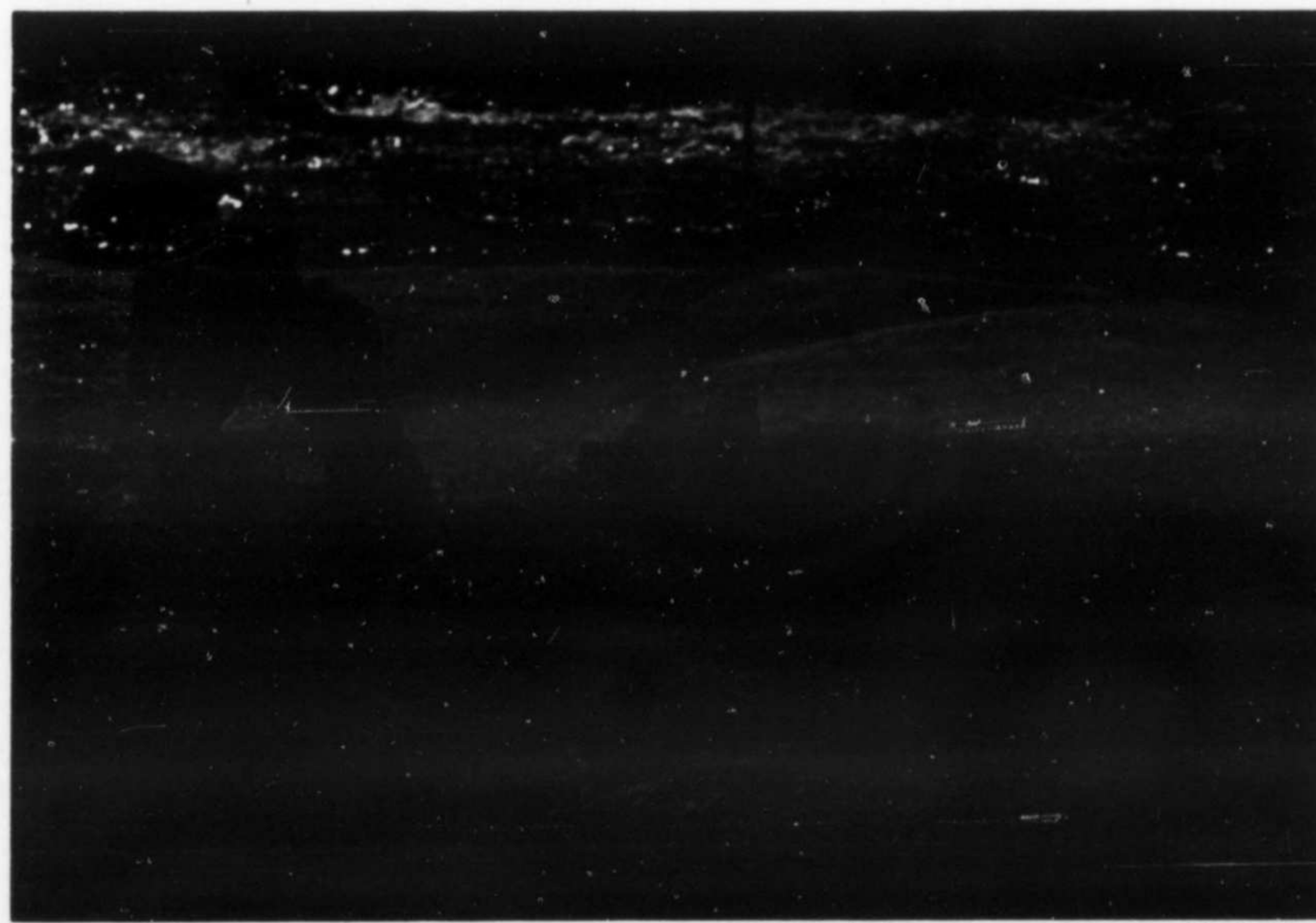
Charles Simonds, *Birth*, 1971, color photographs and 16mm film.

home — in gutters, on window ledges, in niches in walls, under loading platforms, in vacant lots, and so on. When people ask me what I'm doing I say I'm building a house for Little People. It's such a simple thought that nobody has to go through any contortions to understand it, other than valuative ones about why I'm doing it and not being paid. People reach a juncture where either they believe the Little People are wandering around or they don't. Once they've been in the Little People's places, it's easy to believe in them. They want to add a little tree, more tiny bricks, become part of the fantasy.

Initially I was very excited about the Little People invading a neighborhood and migrating through it, leaving behind a tremendous number of places they'd been. They would become part of your consciousness, always brushing their world against yours. In a sense, it has been a loss that on the Lower East Side the dwellings are destroyed very quickly (mostly by children playing bombardier or wanting to take them home). At first I was upset that I wasn't able to build up a population as I'd done in Soho, but since I can't in fact, I've been able to build up a population in people's minds. The Little People exist to a much greater extent in the imagination than they ever could in real life. Once you've thought about them, they're everywhere. I like the idea that a little kid will come up and say, "I've been thinking about the Little People." People have a vivid image of a particular dwelling at a site where I've made one, even though the thing is no longer there.

Doesn't it bother you that there isn't anything people can look back to from a greater distance?

37 Well, some of the effect of the things I do is strengthened



Charles Simonds, *Landscape/ Body/ Dwelling* (detail), 1971.

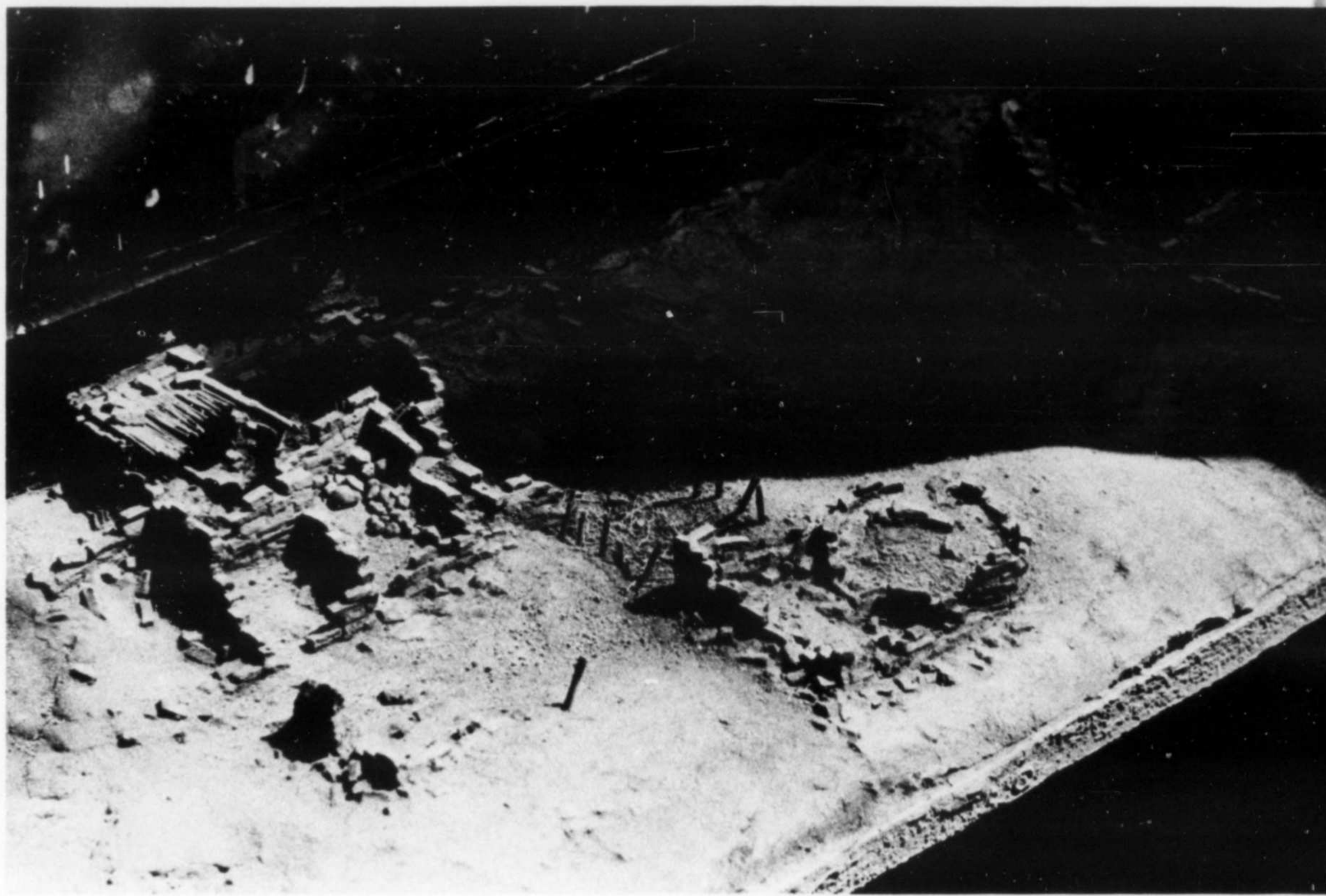


Charles Simonds, *Dwelling and Passersby*, Houston Street, 1973.

by the fact that they're ephemeral. If you leave thoughts behind you that other people can develop, you've had an effect on how the world looks or how it's thought about. I don't see any reason to leave behind "things" which lose their meaning in time, or even exist as a symbol of meaning at a given time past. The few objects I do make each year, also landscapes with life architectures on them, are much more conceptualized — one thought brought to one place in one form, while the Little People are more flowing, moving in and out, migrating around. The things in the street are less things than experiences, gestures, a bit of small-scale landscape splattered on a large-scale landscape. The people on the Lower East Side see me as a kind of folk figure who comes and delivers the Little People. It's not like I'm making things. It's like I'm the carrier, the harbinger. Conceptually as well as physically, the dwellings fall apart when thought of as objects that can be taken home. They lose all their spatial and temporal expansiveness.

For myself, I think of them in terms of making. Their high point for me is the moment when I finish them, when the clay is still wet and I'm in control of all the textures of the sand and the colors, when earth is sprinkled on the clay and it's soft and velvety, very rich. As they dry, they fade, and cease to be as vivid for me. Actually, I'm constructing a little world of my own, allowing part of me to make a place to be. It's a very calm feeling. Even when I'm surrounded by lots of activity, my focus is on this very small world. The Little People, as they inhabit that space, take on their own energy and draw me along.

I think of the dwellings in a very narrative way. It's the story of a group of people moving through life and the possibility of their survival as a fantasy in the city. The meaning comes only through seeing more than one in relation to another. There is also a sequence of events within each dwelling, each scene; the pathos of something coming to be and being destroyed, living and dying. The dwellings exist as something from the past, remnants of another people's existence frozen out of some memory or internal image and then laid out in real time. There's a telescoping of time and space. When I first appear they are beginning to build, and by the time I leave they've lived a whole life cycle. The dwellings have a past as ruins and they are the past of



Charles Simonds, *Dwelling*, 98 Greene Street Window Ledge (detail), 1971.

the human race, a migration. They throw into relief the scale and history of the city. You have that feeling of falling into a small and distant place which, when entered, becomes big and real — a dislocation which gives it a dreamlike quality.

To look at one dwelling on a formal, art-informational level is a mistake. It's more fruitful to relate them to the American Indian image they recall because, like the Indians, the Little People's lives center around belief, attitudes toward nature, toward the land; because of their vulnerability but persistence taken against a capitalist New York City. The earth that the Little People live on is very free. It just appears under them, and they can nestle up to it or make their bricks from it or bury things in it; they can wander about and be wherever they want to be on the earth. The park reflects the same thoughts in real space, the difference being that in the city, land is worth money, and political power is needed to free it. I'm interested in finding out how a capitalist society, the city bureaucracy, and the communities have articulated a piece of land; what are the wrinkles in that system which allow for that land to have another life, a different function, a different way for people to relate to it, and a different form.

The city has to do with a concept of nature that exploits, pictorializes, steps outside of nature and tries to superimpose on it both an abstract ideal of "good design" and/or a short-sighted capitalism. By working on land that's already ruined, you're hopefully preventing what could happen in the future by working with what did happen in the past. Right now, given the

state of the city, the park's undulating hills are a superimposition, the same way the little landscapes are drawn onto the architecture. The park can be seen as a montage of horizontal landscape on the vertical axis of the city, but this site is most important to me because pedestrians can also walk through it. It's a passageway of real earth forms, a respite from the city, not like those vest-pocket parks which are like stage backdrops, or dead ends. To bring the relationship of city to land form more into balance, many vacant lots and odd pieces could be landscaped to create a meandering web of hills flowing throughout the city, a continuous reminder of the earth's contours beneath the asphalt.

Robert Smithson's idea of dealing with mining companies, with the real world that is visually and conceptually and economically concerned with the earth, focuses on the relationship between an esthetic consciousness and reality. Strip mining is based on what is the quickest and least expensive way of ripping up the earth and taking out of it what is wanted. Smithson was trying to find ways that his work could profit from the amount of energy and earth-moving actually employed, and at the same time, ways he could restructure the strip miners' thoughts to include other values not strictly capitalistic. That's very important, that idea of moving out into the real world, attaching your ideas onto an already strong process and having them change that process. Vacant space on the Lower East Side represents a kind of devastation of the earth similar to a strip mine. Poor planning has made that land un-

productive, i.e., unprofitable. A raped piece of land has no life left in it, attracts no life to it. Last week a dead dog was found in the lot where the park will be.

Does it have to be art that restores that devastation?

That's just it. Seeing it as *art* is totally irrelevant in terms of what we know art's relationship to the real world to be right now. You want to affect the consciousness that's actually chewing up the earth. What those people end up doing to the earth is what we will ultimately experience the earth to be. That great gash in the middle of the country is what comes back to us as a visual image, a gesture, a concept.

Who is us?

Everybody, as opposed to an art audience, a small group of people enjoying that image in a very specific context. If you deal with a broader range, the focus is less tight. It may be less immediate, but the effect may be greater. I choose to work on the Lower East Side as an example to other consciousnesses. I couldn't have dreamed from working in Soho what it would be like on the Lower East Side, where the people are forced to be concerned with the ingredients I'm involved in. The meaning of the dwellings comes more to be there. In Soho I felt a kind of stillness; things just sort of sat as objects, a world unto themselves. On the Lower East Side I work at the vortex of an endless stream of passersby who energize me and are excited by the Little People. The art people in Soho had to go through elaborate circumlocutions to get at that kind of spontaneity. If I have to "show" the dwellings to somebody,

the experience is completely altered. The whole notion of surprise, of stumbling upon a civilization of Little People, is lost. And certainly to put the dwellings in a gallery would be to destroy them. The art world is very small compared to all the different situations I'm entangled with, the different consciousnesses I'd like to affect. After all, the art world is only part of the real world. Art can, or should be able to enter the flow of life. Most art is meaningless to most people. It's insanity to exist only within four white walls and a sociological framework confined to narrow commodities and values. It's foreign to that world that someone can call himself an "artist" and make art not involved in that framework. Like here we sit and make some tapes, a verbal connection between those two experiences — art world/Lower East Side — but it doesn't convey the situation on the street at all.

Then what does the art world have to offer?

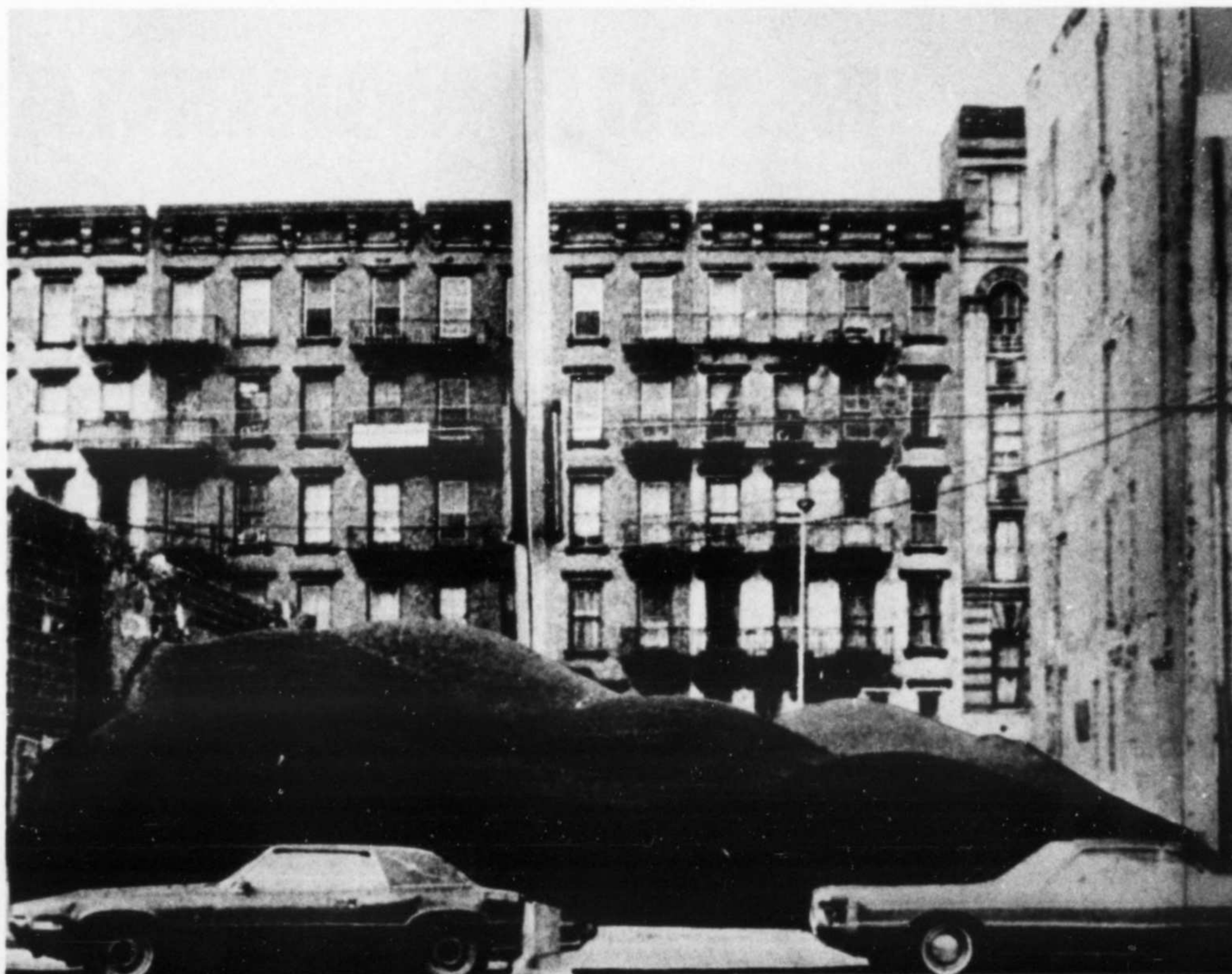
There are perspectives that the art world has that no other world contains — a belief in freedom, in individual expansion of consciousness. Even the fact that the art world is *not* what I am articulates some things I believe in. I'm trying to point out that there are possibilities open to artists that can be meaningful to the world. Most artists can't find a supportive structure for their beliefs outside of their social group. To leave the art world is viewed as going to an absolutely barren desert. From my standpoint to leave the art world is to go from a prison into the most richly textured jungle. I think of the things I do and the ideas I'm involved in as important in the context of what art has been

historically, which is drastically different from what we think of as art right now.

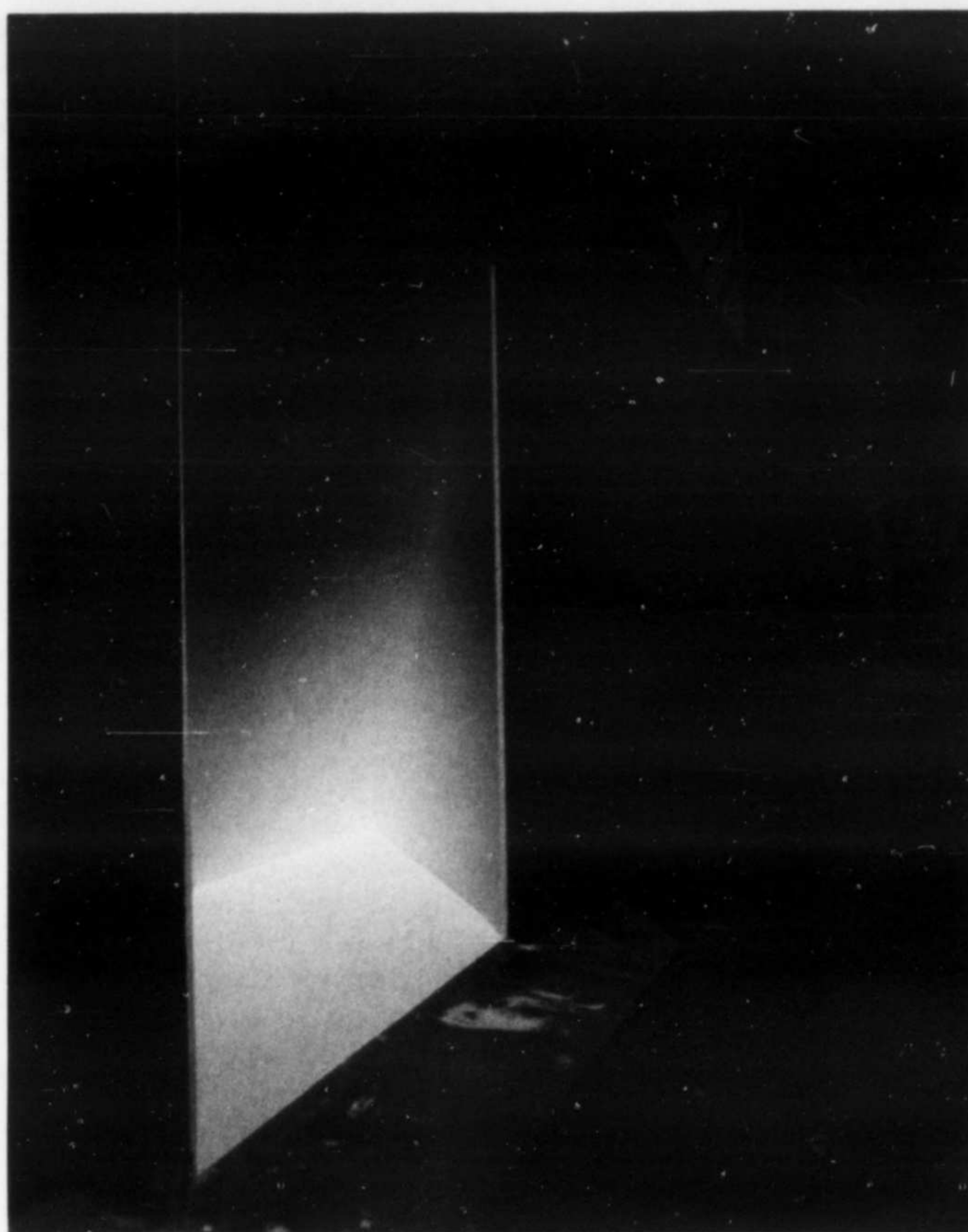
Then your art is basically political, when aimed at the art world and in the streets?

Yes. The streets are really where my work finds its meaning and direction, in people's reactions to it. When the Little People get destroyed, people start to think. I've often sensed the feeling of loss about the brutalization of that fragile fantasy which is emblematic of the lives they themselves lead, that sense of "well, everytime you try to do something good or beautiful around here, it's always destroyed." It awakens and politicizes that consciousness. The park is a gathering of those energies and a channeling of them through existing community organizations so they have a positive result. That's a political act. It's intended that way. The most exciting thing over the last year has been to watch reactions to the fantasy world of the Little People develop into the idea, or fantasy, of the park, which in turn has developed into a reality through the use of exactly those politicized energies. The reality of the park is the result of two fantasies — mine and theirs, which met through the Little People. Other than the dislocation from the city, the *images* of the Little People are not overtly political; it's the most innocent little world. But its ingredients, for instance the American Indian reference, which is emblematic of an oppressed people, are political, though not slogan-political. It is political the way it's related to what it does, which is more to the point. ■

*This text originated as taped conversations with Lucy R. Lippard.



Charles Simonds, *Project Uphill*, 1973, photomontage of park looking from Houston Street.



Maria Nordman, *Negative Light Extensions*, 1973.

MARIA NORDMAN

PETER PLAGENS

When, a decade ago, Robert Irwin refused to allow photographs of his paintings to be published, he tested the art system's sincerity about abstract art: if a work is nonrepresentational, how can it be represented by anything but itself (e.g., by a halftone reproduction of a photograph of a partial view)?¹ That Maria Nordman conscientiously stamps "FRAGMENT" on illustrations of her universalist (pure space, light) art is only a minor fact in her extension of Irwin's implications. For Nordman each piece is, if nothing else, specific: largely untranscribable in photographs, drawings, or maquettes; unrepeatably, installed once for the occasion; and dependent for realization on the participation of single observers during necessary time spans. She began at twenty-six in 1969-70 with "room sketches" in her Santa Monica studio (by which time she, a native of East Germany, had acquired an M.A. from UCLA, studied at the Max Planck Institute in Stuttgart, and begun employment as an editorial assistant to Richard Neutra). The sketches and subsequent pieces are difficult (although they're literally the most accessible things in the world) because Nordman

refuses either didacticism or connoisseurship. She doesn't particularly care that Los Angeles (or anyplace) is studded with nooks, crannies, and incognito vistas giving the viewer much the same "take" as her own pieces; she subscribes to Cage's thought that ideas are not owned, and occur simultaneously in more than one person at a time. "And people like Cage and Fuller," she says, "are doubling every minute."

An exemplary piece, done in November, 1971, in her studio, contains most of the working premises:

A participant walks into a vertical voidal space for the scale of one person. After some time has passed, the room is a horizontal white space which begins at eye level and decreases at a constant rate as it moves above eye level. Below, the space remains voidal black. Miniature for one person.²

The elements are specificity, scale, and time. The experience of the viewer ("subject" might fit better) inside the space is less concerned with the visual (you can't see much), or with a conglomerate of sensual information (such as hearing street sounds or smelling the dry-walling), than it is with the irreducible *being* in space — an experience, incidentally, which is

hardly translatable into photographs or words. Its specificity (i.e., "you hafta be there") and completeness (the piece seems to spring only from itself, without history) are the reasons Nordman's work is often passed over — at least once by myself — as fun-and-games anechoic chamber or cellotex Zen.

Saddleback Mountain, Nordman's most recent addition to a necessarily sparse oeuvre, is her best because it deals with scale and time without imposing the previous preconditioning (as in the "voidal" space at Pasadena) on the audience (e.g., one-at-a-time, stay for at least 20 minutes, etc.). Built at the University of California at Irvine over an entire summer, as part of Hal Glickman's menu of rigorous environmental art without a home in the gallery/museum axis, the piece is, quite simply, a room and entry hall with a mirror at the joining. But the passageway in is at a slant (on the floor plan), widens as it goes, curves at one corner as it meets the far end of the chamber, and possesses a vertical mirror (11" wide by the whole 16' high) which provides a tall, stratified reflection of the entrance, behind which is *Saddleback Mountain*, the namesake. The room, off square because of the passageway's disposition, is sliced diagonally by a line of light (from the mirror) which crosses the floor, climbs the

opposite corner seam, and traverses the ceiling back to its source.

The room is nominally white (painted so, and visitors are asked to remove their shoes), but the several perceptual experiences are anything but uniform or reduced: 1) from the entrance (ideally plain, but UCI requires a guestbook, attendant, and a sign about your shoes) you look down a long tunnel toward the bright landscape behind you; 2) from the juncture a quasi-Ganz field at first; 3) then, as your pupils dilate, an encompassing cubical space finely but hazily divided into planes of various, grainy grays; 4) to the left or right of the reflected light shaft, "environments" of differing darkneses and densities; and 5) from the far corner of the room, standing in the illuminated line, a glowing pillar at the mirror. Thus, the piece is both intimate and specific for the single visitor in his/her separate area of the work — a quality heretofore forcing Nordman to instruct about accessibility and length of stay; the time the work requires to "unfold" on you is unstructured (as the Pasadena piece was structured, like an airliner toilet with the *occupée* sign lighted) and personal. Moreover, *Saddleback Mountain* is practically publicly durable — a requisite if you're really moving toward anonymity and nonownership. I

saw it with my family and we were quiet but conversing, and satisfied; the guy ahead of us was solitary, reverent, and a little spaced; we were followed by four pubescent surfers who yelled a lot, but didn't damage the work and (I presume, because they stayed five minutes) received something from it.

Nordman's working method is osmotic and responsive, like the artist's, rather than linear and assertive, like the technician's:

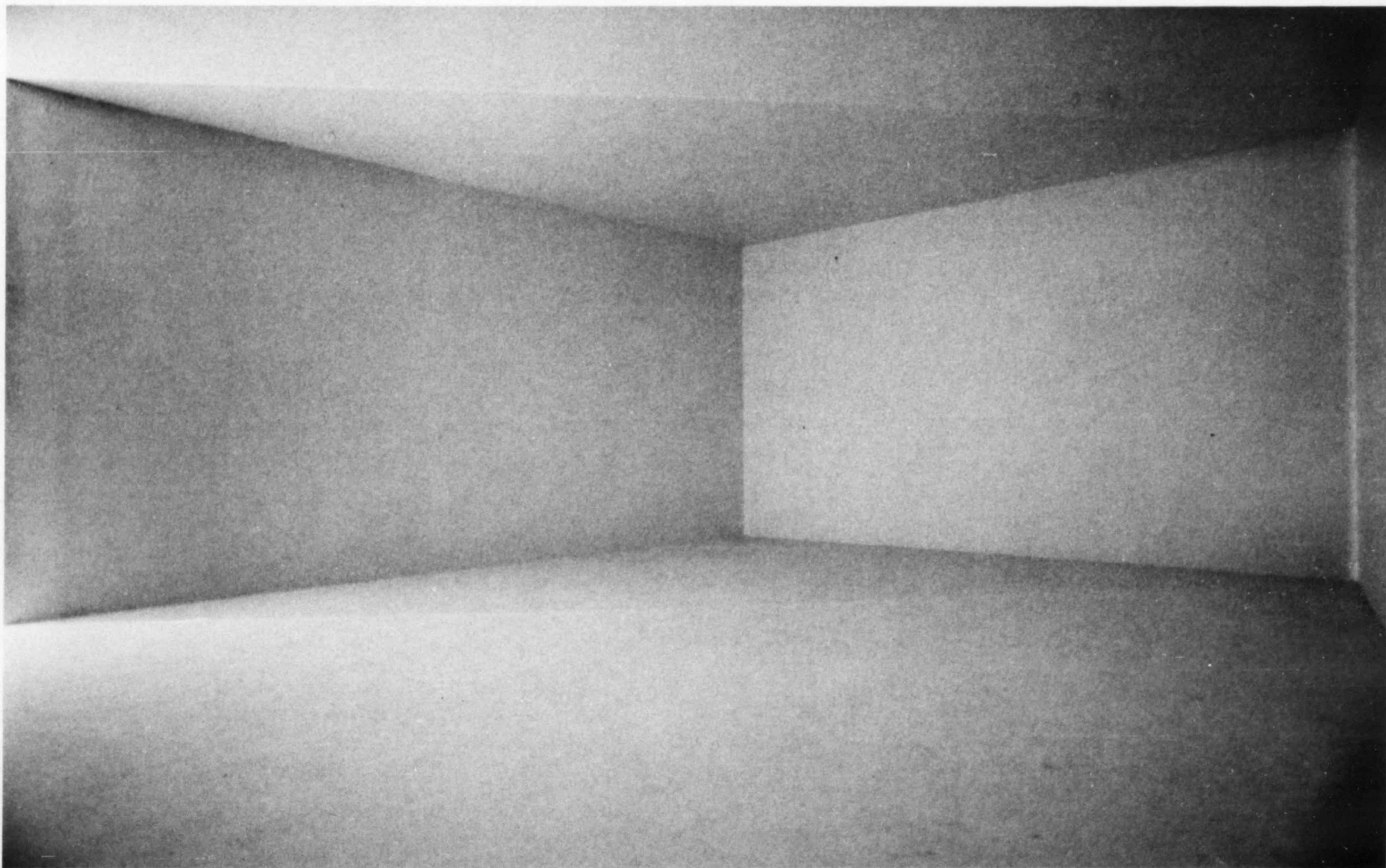
I usually will tend to stand still with a place for a while before I decide. Then it's just a matter of the floorplan and everything is finished. When I came out to Irvine to draw up the floorplan — it happened to be summer solstice when I started — I just walked around a lot. After a while the buildings seemed to recede and I began to see new animals, plants, the unspoiled parts of the landscape and the Saddleback Mountain. There were very few people.³

There was, however, a piece, *Negative Light Extensions*, at Newport Harbor Art Museum earlier in the year which goes further. An angularly concave dry-wall construction faces out, unannounced, on an alley behind the museum; as it scoops up/flings back the sun's rays differently as to time and date, it uses time not

only to clarify itself, but to metamorphize (but only through light, not physical change). Moreover, its "entrance," unlike *Saddleback Mountain*, is the public right-of-way. But as the alley is normally unpopulated, the viewer usually encounters the piece alone (because Nordman uses natural placement, not artifice, to keep the visitor trickle slowed), and by chance, eliminating most of the preconceptions of institutionalized (announced) art.

Although Maria Nordman is clearly related to her friends, Irwin (the senior theorist), and contemporaries like Michael Asher, Jim Turrell, Eric Orr, and (perhaps) Barbara Munger, she is very much her own artist. Perhaps, in the long run, such is the contribution of a West Coast art which began with the latent electricity in Larry Bell's boxes: an art which, without quoting scripture, without wearing its own dialectic as a badge of style, will get us out of history. Because, you see, an art like Nordman's is not the history of the demolished piece, but of those who've been there, and gone on. ■

1. You could say that part of the big-time print phenomenon of the '60s consisted of artists supplying, at considerable profit, representations of their own nonrepresentational work; Irwin, to his credit, never made a print.
2. Artist's notes.
3. Artist's statement in the catalogue of *Saddleback Mountain*, 1973.



Maria Nordman, *Saddleback Mountain*, 1973.

A
=

sind vor
die Wirk-
ung steht
e erhält,
verneint,
isse sich

Was ist **dada**?

Eine Kunst? Eine Philosophie? eine Politik?

Eine Feuerversicherung?

Oder: *Staatsreligion?*

ist **dada** wirkliche **ENERGIE?**

oder ist es  **Garnichts,** d. h.

CHÄGE

alles?

JOHN ELDERFIELD

A word was born, no one knows how.
— Tristan Tzara

“DADA”:

I

There is no stronger link between the respectable world of professional scholarship and the far more glamorous world of fictional intrigue than in the case of disputed inventions. What follows is concerned with the word “Dada,” with the conditions of its discovery, and with the kinds of meaning that were attached to it.

A disputed invention in Dada is unlikely to produce a definite solution. It is as well to say this from the start. Much of the evidence is either hearsay or circumstantial; the witnesses change their stories; and all of the suspects are only too keen to confess.

Perhaps the topic itself is not all that important to our understanding of the Dada movement. Hans Arp thought so. “Only imbeciles and Spanish professors can take an interest in dates,” he wrote on this very subject. “What interests us is the Dada spirit and we were all Dada before Dada came into existence.”¹ In Zürich itself, Hans Richter adds, “no one cared in the least how or by whom [the word “Dada”] had been invented.”² This is borne out by what remains from that period: the circumstances of the “invention” are

not mentioned at all in any known Zürich document.

But once the Zürich episode was ended, a very different picture begins to emerge. This word which “ne signifie rien” (as Tzara had put it)³ became meaningful after all, and did so because Dada itself came to signify many different things as the years passed. In France and in Germany, Tzara and Huelsenbeck, the two principal couriers of the Zürich word, each wished to affirm that his interpretation of Dada was consistent with its original meaning. Whoever had discovered “Dada,” it seemed, had title to the movement as well. In consequence, they “set out, a posteriori, to cut off

A

each other’s supplies of vital fluid even, as it were, in the womb.”⁴ The controversy still remains.

Now, the discovery of the word “Dada” did not make the original activities of the Cabaret Voltaire into a movement. It represents, rather, the first moment at which its members — or, at least, some of them — began to think of what they were doing in this light. The Cabaret Voltaire was founded on February 5, 1916, on the initiative of Hugo Ball and with the collaboration of Tristan Tzara, Marcel Janco, and Hans Arp. Richard Huelsenbeck, whom Ball had known in Germany since 1912, arrived approximately a week later, and these five, together with Ball’s mistress, Emmy Hennings, and some others, formed the core of the group. The Cabaret Voltaire lasted only a short period — until the end of June, 1916 — but just before it closed, the anthology *Cabaret Voltaire* was published on June 4. Ball was the

editor. His foreword to the volume, dated May 15, 1916, advertised a forthcoming journal, to be called *Dada*. This was the first appearance in print of the word “Dada,” and provides the starting point for our investigation. It was discovered somewhere in the preceding six weeks. But when? And by whom? And what does it mean, if anything?

Despite the many and contrasting statements by the Dadaists and their apologists, there are in fact two basic versions of what happened: one deriving from Tzara

CODE

and Arp (and supporting Tzara); the other from Huelsenbeck and Ball (and supporting Huelsenbeck). The Tzara-Arp version is better considered first since it was the one that became most common in Dada histories. As Dada itself declined, Parisian Surrealism most evidently extended its initiative. The plurality of immediately post-Dada histories are, therefore, French, and tend to rely on evidence close at hand.

II

In George Ribemont-Dessaignes’ “Histoire de dada,” there is directly quoted Arp’s famous and humorous deposition that dates the discovery of the word “Dada” — by Tzara — to “February 8 1916, at six o’clock in



Marcel Janco, *Tristan Tzara*, 1916.



Richard Huelsenbeck, *Ludwig Meidner*, 1918, drawing.

circle, initiated when Tzara arrived from Zürich at the end of 1919 and made contact with what is usually called the *Littérature* group (led by Breton) and with Francis Picabia (who from November of 1919 published in Paris his review 391). By 1921, however, when Arp's statement was made, Paris Dada was beginning to break at the seams. Both Breton and Picabia were questioning Tzara's importance to Zürich Dada as a way of discrediting him in Paris. And their way of doing this was to say that Tzara had nothing to do with the discovery of Dada, movement or word. Rumors were circulating in Paris that it was, in fact,

SAINTS ?

Arp who had discovered the word. It seems more than likely, therefore, that Arp's deposition was made at the instigation of Tzara who was wishing to recover his prestige.⁷ Much later (in 1949), Arp confessed that it should be evident from its fantastic tone that his public declaration had been a Dada joke.⁸ Moreover, he put his name (with those of Duchamp, Ernst, Hausmann, Huelsenbeck, and Richter) to a document, prepared by Huelsenbeck, confirming Huelsenbeck's claim that he and Hugo Ball were the ones who had discovered "Dada."⁹ Tzara replied by saying that "except for Arp, how can the other signatories testify that description given by Huelsenbeck . . . since they were not in Zürich in 1916?" and that "Arp has forgotten his

contradictory declaration."¹⁰ In the end, they all withdrew their signatures leaving Huelsenbeck and Tzara alone in their opposition.

Given his almost frantic insistence upon his own authorship, it is then surprising that Tzara's *Chronique Zurichoise, 1915-1919* (published in 1920),¹¹ a series of dated entries covering the Zürich period, says on this point only: "A word was born no one knows how. . . ." This in an entry headed "1916. June" noting the appearance of *Cabaret Voltaire* which, we remember, advertised *Dada* (the journal) for the first time. But Tzara's first dated mention of "Dada" in the chronicle is in an entry for February 26, 1916. Headed "HUELSENBECK ARRIVES [in Zürich]," it states "DADA! latest novelty!!!" That Tzara chose the word at the time of Huelsenbeck's arrival is suggested by Georges Hugnet in his "L'Ésprit dada dans le peinture." He writes: "Tristan Tzara gave a name to this delicious malaise: Dada," and then describes the circumstances:

. . . On February 8, 1916, a paper-knife was pointed at a page in a French dictionary opened at random, and a home was found for the manifestation of the new spirit — Dada. And a Dada celebration was arranged for Richard Huelsenbeck, a German writer who had just come from Berlin.¹²

But according to Tzara, Huelsenbeck did not arrive in Zürich until the 26th. So clearly Hugnet's date derives from the Arp version of the story. And, just as clearly, the dictionary part coincides with Huelsenbeck's own account.

In "Dada Lives,"¹³ 1936, Huelsenbeck's most detailed description of the discovery of "Dada," he wrote that they needed a slogan to affirm group solidarity and as the title for a proposed publication. He was, he

FOR

the afternoon: I was present with my twelve children when Tzara for the first time uttered this word which filled us with justified enthusiasm. This occurred at the Café de la Terrasse in Zürich and I was wearing a brioche in my left nostril. . . .⁵ Arp's account, widely repeated elsewhere,⁶ was originally published in Paris in September, 1921, in the journal *Dada Intirol* on the basis of a statement which Arp had read out to André Breton, Max Ernst, and Tzara when they were holidaying in the Tirol in the summer of that year. This assembly formed an important part of the Paris Dada

KARAWANE

jolifanto bambla ô falli bambla

grossiga m'pfa habla horem

égiga goramen

higo bloiko russula huju

hollaka hollala

anlogo bung

blago bung

blago bung

bosso fataka

ü üü ü

schampa wulla wussa ólobo

hej tatta gôrem

eschige zunbada

wulubu ssubudu ulaw ssubudu

tumba ba- umf

kusagauma

ba - umf

said, with Hugo Ball in Ball's room in a Zürich tenement flat. This is what supposedly occurred:

Besides his wife, I was the only person present. We were discussing the question of a name for our idea, we needed a slogan which might epitomize for a larger public the whole complex of our direction. This was all the more necessary since we were about to launch a publication in which all of us wanted to set forth our ideas about the new art. . . .

Hugo Ball sat in an armchair holding a German-French dictionary on his knees. He was busy with the preliminary work for a long book in which he wanted to show the deleterious changes German civilization has undergone as a result of Luther's influence. Consequently, he was studying countless German and French books on history.

I was standing behind Ball looking into the dictionary. Ball's finger pointed to the first letter of each word descending the page. Suddenly I cried halt. I was struck by a word I had never heard before, the word dada.

"Dada," Ball read, and added: "It is a children's word meaning hobby-horse." At that moment I understood what advantages the word held for us.

"Let's take the word dada," I said. "It's just made for our purpose. The child's first sound expresses the primitiveness, the beginning at zero, the new in our art. We could not find a better word." Emmy Hennings . . . too, thought that Dada was an excellent word. "Then we'll take Dada as the slogan for our new artistic direction," said Ball. That was the hour of the birth of Dadaism. The following day we told our friends, Tristan Tzara, Marcel Janco and Hans Arp what we had found and decided on. They were enthusiastic about the word Dada.

And so it happened that it was I who pronounced the word Dada for the first time . . . it is perhaps important to re-state the authorship of Dada since today Dadaism assumes once more a very special importance. My idea of Dada was always different from that of Tristan Tzara who, after the dissolution of the Cabaret Voltaire, founded and became the leader of Dadaism in Paris.

This is worth quoting at such length for the rare detail it possesses. No other version presents the same amount of specific incident. It was written, however, some 20 years after the events it describes. Is it to be believed?

The last quoted paragraph shows just how partisan was Huelsenbeck's intent in recounting the story, and just how ideological his motive. He is thinking of the situation in Germany in 1936 and of his political-revolutionary interpretation of Dadaism. He goes on to particularize this, saying that Tzara's transformation of Dada into an artistic movement was opposite to his own — and, he says, original — interpretation of the word. And yet, he has himself talking of "new art," and his wish to set forth his ideas on it. Although Huelsenbeck's political understanding of Dada does have its origins in his Zürich period, it was only fully defined after he moved back to Berlin. But if his interpretation of "Dada" is a matter of considerable hindsight, what of the conditions of the discovery?

In 1916 Ball was beginning to research post-Lutheran history for his book, *Zur Kritik der deutschen Intelligenz*.¹⁴ Moreover, he would, as a German national, be looking at French entries in his dictionary.

(1917)
Hugo Ball

"Dada" would not have appeared in the entries on the German side, nor would other than a French entry produce the definition "hobby-horse" which Huelsenbeck notes. Moreover, we have seen from other evidence that the Cabaret Voltaire members were consciously searching for a name for "a publication . . . to set forth our ideas about the new art." Further, although Huelsenbeck's claims are in principle as partisan as Tzara's they have some kind of contemporary backing, which Tzara's do not have, namely Hugo Ball's diaries.¹⁵

Let us first note that Ball makes no mention of "Dada" around the 8th of February (Arp's date for Tzara's discovery). He has Huelsenbeck arriving in Zürich on the 11th. If "a Dada celebration" was arranged for Huelsenbeck's arrival (as Hugnet claims) it is strange that Ball does not mention it by this name. If Huelsenbeck arrived not on the 11th, but on the 26th, as Tzara claims, and it was then that Dada was the "latest novelty," why is it that in his diary entry for that very same day Ball talks of the cabaret being "about to come apart at the seams?" Hardly the moment for group solidarity. If Ball's diaries are to be believed, such solidarity was not evident for another two months.

In a diary entry for April 11th, Ball notes: "There are plans for a 'Voltaire Society' and an international exhibition. The proceeds of the soirées will go towards an anthology to be published soon." Although he was at that time opposed to turning the Cabaret Voltaire, his "whim," into "an artistic school" (and recorded Huelsenbeck's opposition as well), it seems inconceivable that he would have used the phrase "Voltaire Society" had "Dada" existed on that date. April 11th, rather, is surely the approximate date by which the idea of a group name, to be used also for a publication title, was aired. A week later (April 18th), Ball wrote: "Tzara keeps on worrying about the periodical. My proposal to call it Dada is accepted."

"My proposal": is this the same as my invention? Given the loudness of Huelsenbeck's claims, most commentators have preferred to think not. Further, an explanation for Ball's role as middleman would tie in the possibility that Huelsenbeck felt a proposal from Ball would be better accepted by Tzara, with whom his own relations had never been ideal. Thus, a collaborative Ball-Huelsenbeck discovery somewhere in the week April 11th to 17th seems a reasonable conclusion. But there is one more piece of evidence to consider which supports Ball's individual claim to the discovery, and which suggests that the word "Dada" may have actually had a specific meaning.

III

Our next question, therefore, is this: Is there anything to suggest that when the word "Dada" was first chosen it was taken to mean anything? Huelsenbeck, we remember, after saying it was important "to re-state the authorship of Dada," claimed that his interpretation of the word was *always* different than that of Tzara. Further, no sooner had the word "Dada" been discovered than instead of bonding and solidifying the group it broke it apart. Was there, in fact, immediate disagreement as to what "Dada" meant?

On April 18, 1916, it was agreed that the new

periodical should be called *Dada*. The anthology *Cabaret Voltaire* was then in preparation, Ball having taken time away from the cabaret to do the editing. It appeared on June 4, 1916, and was the first publication of the Zürich group: the first time, that is, the activities of the Cabaret Voltaire were presented to a wider audience than that which attended the soirées. It advertised the forthcoming periodical, *Dada*. On July 14, the group presented a lecture and recitation evening at the Waag Hall in Zürich. (The Cabaret Voltaire had closed at the end of June.) This was the first properly public event in Zürich *Dada*. Ball read a manifesto.¹⁶ It was, he said, "a thinly disguised break with friends. They felt so too. Has the first manifesto of a newly founded cause ever been known to refute the cause itself to its supporters' face? And yet this is what happened" (6.VIII.1916). Ball, in fact, was opposed to *Dada* going public, to it becoming a "cause" at all. As the Cabaret Voltaire closed down, Ball left Zürich for the village of Vira-Magadino in the Swiss countryside and severed — at least for the moment — his links with *Dada*. While he was away, Tzara took on the initiative. It was through Tzara's efforts that *Dada* became a cause. In August, Ball learned that Tzara had initiated a publishing program under the *Dada* imprint. First to appear was Tzara's own *La première aventure céleste de Monsieur Antipyrine*. "The celestial adventure for me," Ball noted, ". . . is apathy" (4.VIII.1916). In October, however, there were urgent letters from Tzara, Arp, and Janco begging him to return to Zürich. His presence was "urgently desired" (3.X.1916). A few days later he learned the cause of the trouble. Huelsenbeck wrote to him: "I decided weeks ago to return to Germany."

Vivent les concubines et les concubistes. Tous les membres du Mouvement DADA sont présidents.

Huelsenbeck was suffering from a stomach complaint. "Perhaps the punishment," he said, "for the *Dada* hubris that you now think you have recognized. I too have always been greatly opposed to this art" (6.X.1916).

It is evident what had happened. Ball had been the initiator and the leader of the Cabaret Voltaire. His leaving had brought on a crisis between the interpretations of Tzara and Huelsenbeck as to how *Dada* should be developed. Tzara's "art" interpretation had won the day. Once *Dada* had a name the original Zürich group began to dissolve. If by *Dada*, then, we mean the *Dada* Movement, Tzara's claim to its paternity is incontestable. It was he who created the movement, and it was his keen sense of publicity which fostered it. If, however, we see the Cabaret Voltaire as also part of *Dada*, we need to acknowledge Ball's leadership in 1916, and his close affiliation with Huelsenbeck. For them, *Dada* was not an art movement at all, but an attitude. For Tzara, the word which "ne signifie rien" was no more than a convenient slogan for the movement he was creating. Huelsenbeck and Ball, however, do seem to imply that the word itself tells something about the nature of their attitude. Ball describes what "Dada" means in each of the languages of the *Dadaists*: "Dada is Yes, Yes in Roumanian, rocking-horse and hobby-horse in French. For Germans, it is a sign of foolish naiveté, joy in procreation and preoccupation with the baby carriage" (18.IV.1916). The "infantile" meaning became the most popular one. According to Arp, the Zürich group wanted "an international word free from any political or partisan color, and even from any exact meaning."¹⁷ Huelsenbeck came across the word "Dada," whose



Hugo Ball, Zurich, 1918.



Emmy Hennings, Munich, 1913.

childishness seemed to meet all the requirements. Huelsenbeck himself talked of "Dada" as "the child's first sound," but for him it was not "childishness" itself but the fact that: "the child's first sound expresses the primitiveness, the beginning at zero, the new in our art."¹⁸

"Primitiveness" was an important feature of Cabaret Voltaire activity. Janco's stylized masks; the interest in child and African art; the so-called Negro chants and sound poems: all speak of an obsession with the "uncivilized" arts. Especially relevant here are the poems. The word "Dada" was discovered at the very same time that Ball was preparing his sound poems for their Cabaret Voltaire première. These were not abstract (nonsignifying) poems as is sometimes claimed, but a poetry of meanings: pseudomagical incantations deriving most immediately from Wassily Kandinsky's concept of the "inner sound" (*innerer Klang*) of words.¹⁹ Kandinsky (whom Ball had known in Munich) had talked in *Über das Geistige in der Kunst* of the *innerer Klang* which "partly (perhaps mainly) corresponds to the object for which the word serves as a name." By this he meant that there were spiritual archetypes for

all objects in the world, that objects have an outer and an inner effect upon us, and that the *Klang* is the expression of the inner archetype. This notion of a two-part system of inner meaning hidden by an outer form from which it can be freed by spiritual exercise is, of course, a commonplace in the history of mysticism. Kandinsky was interested in "mystical books and lives of the saints." Ball was too. Arriving in Switzerland in 1915, he immersed himself in mysticism (as well as in political theory): studies which eventually produced a "fantastic" novel (*Tenderenda der Phantast*)²⁰ and *Byzantinisches Christentum*,²¹ a study of three early saints (Johannes Klimax, Dionysius the Areopagite, and Simon Stylites). The sound poems he was preparing in the spring of 1916 were close in spirit to Catholic chants. He talked of the "power" of words and of their possession of an "innermost alchemy" (24.VI.1916). "We have loaded the word with strengths and energies," he wrote, "that helped us to rediscover the evangelical concept of the 'word' (logos) as a magical complex image" (18.VI.1916). Given, then, Ball's obsession with the potency of words and with the power of their meanings, it seems

inconceivable that he would have lightly accepted as a group title a word which "ne signifie rien."

Huelsenbeck confirms that a "nonsense" interpretation of the word "Dada" was not what they intended:

To be sure, the choice of the word Dada in the Cabaret Voltaire was selective-metaphysical, predetermined by all the idea-energies with which it was now acting upon the world — but no one had thought of Dada as babies' prattle.²²

That is to say, it was not so much an infantile word as a primitive one: "The child's first sound expresses the primitiveness, the beginning at zero. . . ." Its archetypal implication was a part of its attraction. But was there another one? "All living art," Ball wrote, "will be irrational, primitive and complex; it will speak a secret language and will leave behind documents not of edification but of paradox" (25.XI.1915). What we have considered is certainly paradoxical; but does "Dada" itself "speak a secret language?"

In Munich, Ball had coauthored poems with a young German writer called Hans Leybold.²³ They had signed

these works "Ha Hu Baley": a simple kind of code using similar and repeated forms. On March 29, 1916, Ball signed a letter "Da Da."²⁴ This was, of course, around two weeks after the word "Dada" had been discovered; but the two-syllable division seems interesting. Could it have been that the word sparked off for Ball a special kind of association when he and Huelsenbeck alighted upon it in the dictionary? "Dadaism . . . was really my creation," Ball wrote on July 23, 1920. He could, however, have been meaning the idea. Far more interesting is a diary entry from around a year later:

When I came across the word "Dada" I was called upon twice by Dionysius. D.A. — D.A. (H[uelseneb]k wrote about this mystical birth; I did too in earlier notes. At that time I was interested in the alchemy of letters and words) (18.VI.1921).

"D.A.," of course, is Dionysius the Areopagite, one of the three subjects of Ball's *Byzantinisches Christentum*. Is Ball's diary entry no more than hindsight fantasizing in the light of his more developed interest in early Christian theology, or had he, in fact, five years earlier, made this connection? Had he seen in "Dada" a double echo of the sixth-century neo-Platonist who was to obsess him in his later life? For Ball, Dionysius' lesson was of an ascetic rebellion against a demonic and dissolute world — escaping (and reforming) this world in a new "mystical birth." This is also Ball's own understanding of Dada. He was, as he says, "at that time . . . interested in the alchemy of letters and words." Beyond that, however, the issue is unlikely to be decided.²⁵ But it would be strange indeed if hidden in the alchemy of letters that denotes the most scurrilous of modern movements lies a saint who dreamed of a hierarchy of angels. ■

1. *Dada Intirol Au Grandair Der Sängerkrieg*, Paris, 1921.
2. Hans Richter, *Dada: Art and Anti-Art*, New York, 1965, p. 31.
3. "Dada manifeste 1918," in his *Sept manifestes dada*, Paris, 1924.
4. Hans Richter, *Dada: Art and Anti-art*, p. 32.
5. *La Nouvelle Revue Française*, XXXVI, 213, June, 1931, p. 868, quoting from *Dada Intirol*, 1921.
6. For examples see William Rubin's account of the evidence in his *Dada, Surrealism and Their Heritage*, New York, 1968, pp. 189-190. A slightly different version appears in his *Dada and Surrealist Art*, New York, 1969, p. 64.
7. Ribemont-Dessaignes thinks so. According to his account, once Arp was outside the room where his statement was made he issued a disclaimer, saying he had found himself "under an obligation to make this declaration" but it was indeed he himself who had chosen the word (*Déjà Jadis*, Paris, 1958, p. 12). This, however, is hearsay, for Ribemont-Dessaignes was not among those in the Tirol. His informant was presumably Breton, of those present the one most anxious to discredit Tzara. But whether Ribemont-Dessaignes' report is authentic, and whether Breton's — if it was his — is genuine are matters not easily decided.
8. There are further complications. If Arp did repudiate his statement as soon as it was made, why did it appear in print that autumn? There may be an explanation. While the group was meeting in the Tirol, Picabia published in July, 1921, a supplement to his magazine 391 called *Le Pilhaou-Thibaou*, and there wrote that he, Picabia, together with Marcel Duchamp had "invented" Dada, and that Huelsenbeck was as likely to have chosen the word itself as was Tzara. In Arp's printed statement are mentioned the "imbeciles and Spanish professors" who are the only ones interested in dates. Is this a dig at Picabia, who was Spanish? And was Arp's statement directed not principally against Breton (after all, he apparently had told Breton it was untrue) but against Picabia, who was continuing to attack Tzara's claims to the invention. Is this why it appeared in print after the disclaimer had been made? It seems likely, for in a tract Picabia distributed at the Paris Salon d'Automne of 1921 — and dealing mainly with his attitudes to Arp — he had ironically referred to himself as "an imbecilic Spanish professor."
9. Robert Motherwell, ed., *The Dada Painters and Poets*, New York, 1951, p. xxxi.
10. The document was Huelsenbeck's *Dada Manifesto*, 1949, published as a separate pamphlet in Motherwell. For details of the controversy see Motherwell, p. xxx.
11. Letter of 26.IX.1949, in Motherwell, p. xxxi.
12. In Richard Huelsenbeck, ed., *Dada Almanach*, Berlin, 1920, pp. 10-29. A "Chronique Zurich" also appeared in *Dada*, 4-5 ("Anthologie Dada"), Zürich, May 15, 1919.
13. Originally published in *Cahiers d'Art*, VII, 1932, IX, 1934, and widely



Arp, Richter, and Tzara in Zurich, 1918.

reprinted. See Motherwell, pp. 126-127.

- Another version of the invention linking "Dada" to a specific cabaret performance is worth noting here. In a diary entry for February 7, 1916, Hugo Ball notes the première at the Cabaret Voltaire of a singer he calls "Madame Leconte." In 1920, Huelsenbeck wrote that "the word Dada was accidentally discovered by Hugo Ball and myself in a German-French dictionary, as we were looking for a name for Madame le Roy, the chanteuse at our cabaret" (*En Avant Dada*, 1920, in Motherwell, p. 24). Presumably "Leconte" and "le Roy" are one and the same. (A recent article by Huelsenbeck in *Studio International*, January, 1972, has her name as Lurois, but since the article is based on a lecture, the spelling may be a transcription error.) Since she began working at the cabaret on February 7, had Tzara mentioned her in his claims to have discovered "Dada" the day after — or had Arp mentioned her in his deposition — things would be a lot clearer. But she does not appear in any of the versions supporting Tzara — and, in fact, disappears from Huelsenbeck's later accounts, when he insists that "Dada" was intended for the Dadaists alone. Of course, if "Dada" had been chosen for this enigmatic lady Huelsenbeck could not have had anything to do with it since the earliest date given for his arrival in Zürich is the 11th. Perhaps this is why she so conveniently disappears. To further complicate matters, however, Ball has a variant date for her Cabaret Voltaire première: the very first performance of the 5th (Preface to *Cabaret Voltaire*, dated May 15, 1916). We are forced to conclude that the Leconte-le Roy story is probably a red herring.
13. *Transition*, 25, Fall 1936, pp. 77-80.
 14. Bern, 1919.
 15. *Die Flucht aus der Zeit*, Munich & Leipzig, 1927. Further references to Ball's diaries are given by date of entry. An English translation of the *Flucht* will be published next year by Viking Press, New York.
 16. The first complete version of the manifesto is printed in the Viking Press edition of the *Flucht*.
 17. Quoted in Gabrielle Buffet-Picabia, "Some Memories of Pre-Dada: Picabia and Duchamp," in Motherwell, p. 265.
 18. See note 13.
 19. See Sixten Ringbom, *The Sounding Cosmos, A study in the spiritualism of Kandinsky and the genesis of abstract painting*, Åbo, 1970, pp. 118-119, 152-153.
 20. Posthumously published, Zürich, 1967.
 21. Munich, 1923.
 22. Huelsenbeck, *En Avant Dada*, in Motherwell, p. 31.
 23. They appeared in *Die Aktion* in March, May, June, and August, 1914.
 24. Hugo Ball, *Briefe 1911-1927*, Einsiedeln, 1957, pp. 52-53. The letter is simply dated "Zürich, 29th" but on internal evidence the editor of the *Briefe* (Annemarie Schutt-Hennings) presumes a date in March, 1916.
 25. We do not know, for example, when Ball was first interested in "D.A." He began systematic study for *Byzantinisches Christentum* in 1919, but is likely to have known about its subjects earlier, if not from childhood, at least from his renewed interests in mysticism from 1915. For a linguistic study of "Dada," but one which suggests no meanings: Jean-Claude Chevalier, "Dada, étude linguistique de la fonction d'un terme qui 'ne signifie rien,'" *Cahiers Dada Surrealisme*, 1, September, 1966. It may also be relevant that *être sur son dada* means to indulge in one's hobby.

Direktion r. hausmann
Steglitz zimmermann
strasse 34

DER dada

50 Pfg.



— O A D G D A T T S A 6

18,305

dadadegie

hausmann - baader



3/ 3333/3333

5,0

13 : 7 -- 1,85714285

60
40
50
10
30
20
60
40

Ach

3,14159

כשר



5.9.2.18.3.4.7.10.11.6



Jahr 1 des Weltfriedens. Avis dada

Hirsch Kupfer schwächer. Wird Deutschland verhungern? Dann muß es unterzeichnen. Fesche junge Dame, zweiundvierziger Figur für Hermann Loeb. Wenn Deutschland nicht unterzeichnet, so wird es wahrscheinlich unterzeichnen. Am Markt der Einheitswerte überwiegen die Kursrückgänge. Wenn aber Deutschland unterzeichnet, so ist es wahrscheinlich, daß es unterzeichnet um nicht zu unterzeichnen. Amorsäle, Achtuhr-abendblattmitbrausendeshimmels. Von Viktorhahn. Loyd George meint, daß es möglich wäre, daß Clémenceau der Ansicht ist, daß Wilson glaubt, Deutschland müsse unterzeichnen, weil es nicht unterzeichnen nicht wird können. Infolgedessen erklärt der club dada sich für die absolute Preßfreiheit, da die Presse das Kulturinstrument ist, ohne das man nie erfahren würde, daß Deutschland endgültig nicht unterzeichnet, blos um zu unterzeichnen. (Club dada, Abt. für Preßfreiheit, soweit die guten Sitten es erlauben.)

Die neue Zeit beginnt mit dem Todesjahr des Oberdada

Ad 1

Mitwirkende: Baader,
Hausmann, Huelsenbeck,
Tristan Tzara.

The first issue of Dada, published in Berlin in 1919.

Art-Language

The Journal of conceptual art

Edited by Terry Atkinson, David Bainbridge,
Michael Baldwin, Harold Hurrell

Contents

Introduction		1
Sentences on conceptual art	Sol LeWitt	11
Poem-schema	Dan Graham	14
Statements	Lawrence Weiner	17
Notes on M1 (1)	David Bainbridge	19
Notes on M1	Michael Baldwin	23
Notes on M1 (2)	David Bainbridge	30

Art-Language is published three times a year
Price 75p UK, \$2.50 USA All rights reserved
Printed in Great Britain

Art-Language

Edited by Terry Atkinson, David Bainbridge,
Michael Baldwin, Harold Hurrell
American Editor Joseph Kosuth

CONTENTS

Introductory Note by the American Editor	Joseph Kosuth	1
Three from May 23rd, 1969.	David Bainbridge	5
Notes on Marat	Frederic Barthelme	8
Plans and Procedures	Stephen McKenna	11
Dialogue	Michael Baldwin	14
Moto-Spiritale	Ian Burn	22
	Robert Brown-David Hiron	23
From an Art & Language Point of View	Terry Atkinson	25
Concerning Interpretation of the Bainbridge/Hurrell Models	Terry Atkinson	61
Notes on Atkinson's 'Concerning Interpretation of the Bainbridge/Hurrell Models'	Harold Hurrell	72
Sculptures and Devices	Harold Hurrell	74
Conceptual Art: Category & Action	Michael Thompson	77
Notes on Genealogies	Mel Ramsden	84

Art-Language is published three times a year by
Art & Language Press 26 West End, Chipping Norton, Oxon.,
England, to which address all mss and letters should be sent.
Price 12s.6d. UK, \$2.50 USA All rights reserved
Reprinted 1972 by W. H. Sharpe (Publishers) Ltd., 24-27 Cambridge Street, Coventry

Art-Language

Edited by Terry Atkinson, David Bainbridge,
Michael Baldwin, Harold Hurrell
American Editor Joseph Kosuth

CONTENTS

Proceedings Society for Theoretical Art and Analyses	Ian Burn	
	Roger Cutforth	
	Mel Ramsden	1
Art Enquiry (2)	Mel Ramsden	4
(i) Concerning Some Theories and their Worlds	Graham J. Howard	7
(ii) Mona Lisa	Graham J. Howard	9
Marshal McLuhan and the Behavioral Sciences	B. Bihari	11
A Preliminary Proposal for the Directing of Perception	Mel Ramsden	29
General Note: M. Baldwin		30
(i) Atkinson and Meaninglessness		30
(ii) Preface		30
(iii) Dead Issues		31

Art-Language is published three times a year by
Art & Language Press, 26 West End, Chipping Norton, Oxon.,
England, to which address all mss and letters should be sent.
Price 12s.6d. UK, \$2.50 USA All rights reserved
Reprinted 1972 by W. H. Sharpe (Publishers) Ltd., 24-27 Cambridge Street, Coventry

Art-Language

CONTENTS

Theory, Knowledge and Hermeneutics	Stuart Knight	1
Revelation and Art	Graham Howard	6
Actuality and Potentiality	Graham Howard	16
Accessibility and Conceivability	Graham Howard	23
Art Teaching	Terry Atkinson Michael Baldwin	25
La Pensée Avec Images	Terry Atkinson Michael Baldwin	51

Price 75p UK, \$2.50 USA All rights reserved

TERRY SMITH

For more than a year various writers in this magazine, and others, have referred to the Art & Language group of artists. Their remarks add up to a sorry list of misunderstandings, distortions, and hasty judgments, interspersed with occasional expressions of tentative and somewhat puzzled sympathy, that typify the reception of Art & Language work in this country. Part of the reason follows from the nature of Art & Language work itself: its modes of address and most of what it has to say are not only new and unfamiliar, but new and unfamiliar in ways which are themselves foreign to the art audience here.

Thus, it becomes important to give an accounting of the Art & Language point of view — or, more accurately, of my understanding of it. I should say immediately that I acquired my conception during the past year, as I moved from observing Art & Language (A&L) as an art critic to active participation in the A&L inquiry.

Approaching A&L from within the framework of beliefs and expectations current in the art world, one might feel that here are a group of artists making destructive, extraordinary, often contradictory and, perhaps, deceitful claims for their work. How can their typewritten essays be considered visual art? Why is their writing style so obscure? Are they trying to do philosophy of language or are they parodying philosophers? How does their work fit in with other Conceptual art? Are they simply artists taking on the roles of art critics and art theorists? Do they really believe that they can "clean up" the theoretical confusions rife in art discourse so that we all might be able to make "theoretically more sound" art at some future time?

These questions can be easily countered in the rhetorical, polemical style typical of art-world debate. And some of A&L's replies to criticism have been of this order. But it interests me more to propose a description of the A&L point of view alternative to those these questions presuppose. To begin doing so, I need to outline reasons why A&L seems so pertinent.

My openness to A&L started from the broad view I took of the current state of art. It seemed to me that the condition of art was — as it remains — disastrous.

ART AND ART AND LANGUAGE

And not because of the announcement of the "death of painting" on every corner; nor because a systematic style had failed to succeed Minimalism; and finally, nor because of some kind of "failure of sensibility" that had mysteriously afflicted all the practicing artists of the world. Rather, insofar as these and other fears had any sense at all, they were symptoms of a deeper shift from certain fundamental conceptions of what it is to make art, to be an artist, and to understand art. It seemed imperative to determine what these conceptions were, how they related to one another, how they functioned in other contexts, and how they so thoroughly informed

the making of art. Furthermore it seemed obvious that trying to create yet more art objects ("thinking in paint") or conjuring up still more ingenious art-critical theories, was to do no more than to desperately strive to "save the theory." Yet much Conceptual or "Art-as-Idea" art of the past few years willfully compounds this problem-set by using it as material for art. Most recent criticism has shown itself inadequate precisely because it refuses to surrender the self-imposed limitation that it dance attendance on what the artists do. (A critic can always wait, saying: "There are hundreds of thousands of artists out there, all dedicated to producing the best art they can — how can I say that some of them, at some future time, won't come up with the goods?") Artists can only partially take this option; finally, an artist has to act through an art-making situation, or give up entirely.)

As the necessary tools were not to be found in current art and art-critical practices, it seemed natural to turn to that aspect of philosophy which addressed itself to the expression of concepts in language. It was equally natural to turn to the philosophy of science because this is a field of inquiry consumed in controversy — what it is to do science and what it is to do the philosophy of science. These controversies might, perhaps, throw some light on those debilitating the art world. It became clear to me that the making of art entailed the holding of a set of theories about art (to which T. S. Kuhn's notion of paradigm seems only an approximate analogy¹), theory-sets constituted by notions of what the world is like.

A formalist artist and critic, insofar as his beliefs are consistent, holds intuitionist ideas of the immanent properties of things, "empirical" attitudes to the experientiality of his products, and a theory of autonomy guiding the self-definitional nature of his artworks as well as their place in an immanently developing history and future of art in general. Other artists have assumptions which cluster around a romantic subjectivism, adding another version of autonomy which aims to secure the uniqueness of themselves and their products, along with a "special" status for their insights within the society at large. Still other artists emphasize theories that artworks are essentially physical objects with a necessarily material character, and believe that sacred among the rituals of producing artworks is the activity of making

("manipulating stuff," "displaying processes"). Obviously, these notions are held with varying degrees of self-consciousness, are rarely systematized beyond random "right intuitions," and appear in many interwoven and differently emphasized guises. But, nonetheless, in my view they amount to the overall theoretical framework within which all art activity is conducted; they individually constitute "deep" concepts of art for those who hold them, generating the different points of view which we see operating during controversies; and, most importantly, they are in the artworks, governing their form and content.

It hardly matters to any artist that the theories constituting these theory-sets are being shown in philosophy to be seriously flawed. "Good art from bad theory" is a slogan which can be decked out with many illustrious names. My point is that the negative side of this half-truth has recently come into play: as the structural power of these theory-sets becomes more overt, their inherent inadequacies become unavoidable, with the result that they foreclose on activity derived from them.

The key cause of art's misfortune is that, through the past decade, each one of these theory-sets, having initially clustered together to form open concepts of art for those who employed them, have become progressively more closed, fixed, overdetermined through continual usage and ever more refined self-definition. They no longer have the generative power of "essentially contested concepts": all too clear criteria for their "proper" use has been developed.²

The paucity of invention and the puerility of talk in the current art world is a direct result of this situation. Basic beliefs, fundamental features of one's concept of art, stand revealed as anomalies within a whole too easily grasped, or ungraspable. Superficial changes, in "style" for example, become trivial when the foundations are shaking.

A glance through some of the better-known A&L essays will reveal that a critique of this sort (although not as wide-ranging and total) was being developed during the later 1960s, and continues.³ The A&L critique includes a notion perhaps more disturbing than any which I have offered so far: that the anomalous features of the various concepts of art are incorrigible in principle. The suggestion here is that none of the concepts capture anything *natural* to the practice of art because nothing is natural to that practice — rather, they are merely *conventions* adopted by artists as if they were natural. None of them are essential, they are all expendable, all relative to time and place. It is this, rather than any distaste for "objects" per se, which limits any application to the visual arts of Victor Burgin's suggestion to architects:

Perhaps it is time for a moratorium on *things* — a temporary withdrawal from real objects during which the object analogue formed in consciousness may be examined as the origin of a new generating system (*Architectural Design*, August, 1970).

The situation won't be righted by stepping back in order to get one's "theoretical support structure" into good shape, and then returning to the fray ready to make fundamentally the same kind of art, albeit in some sense "improved." Nor will it be righted by dropping the anomalies, or even by heightening them as the rule of practice. It may well be that, in the long run, it will not be righted at all. Or, if you want to employ analogies from Kuhn's paradigms in science, while it might be possible to show that art has recently shifted *from* one paradigm (or set of paradigms), it cannot be shown that a new paradigm has developed for artists to shift to.⁴

In these circumstances, A&L hardly appears from the wings on a white charger waving the banner of its own activity as an alternative form of art — nor, indeed, as an alternative to art. What, then, does A&L see itself to be doing? A simple formula answer to this question is not available; nor should we expect it to be. Like any human activity, A&L's is complex and many-sided; it has also been subject to change — constantly on surface levels, occasionally in radical depth. As I see it, the first radical change arose out of the instincts and practices of mid-'60s Conceptual art to a distinctively A&L set of intentions: *to construct a complex methodology for nonspecialist critical discourse which would function in the "interstices" between some of the concepts and procedures raised thus far within specialisms such as art, philosophy, sociology, etc.* The approaches used were, for example, relativism, "theory-trying," recursivity, and falsification. This first shift began late 1968, early 1969, and is symbolized by the founding of the journal *Art-Language*. The current point of view differs as a result of responding to the difficulties, accumulating during the last three years, involved in realizing such a program. The concern now is focused more on *exploring the logical, linguistic, and psychological sets which appear to be problematic in considering the possibility of a program such as the initial one* — including, of course, consideration of its potential impossibility. It is, as a 1971 memo puts it, "a body of discourse that literally just searches; out of that "search" for what is necessary there is a form of skepticism in modality arrived at (or not) in this way."

Perhaps the above concedes too much to the impulse of any "team performer" to display a united external front. Like any other group activity, dissent rather than consensus is internally typical — all notions, including (perhaps especially) those

about the A&L point of view, are essentially contested concepts within A&L discussions.⁵ The proper use of concepts involves endless dispute about their proper use. This should start to indicate that the inquiry as a whole is not systematic, that it does not study objects in the world external to it and capable of providing "objective" adequacy criteria. It accepts no empirical tests for its sentences, no analytic axioms. Its criteria and modalities are discovered in process, generated by the "search," and are all, in principle, regarded as ad hoc. A&L's frequent use of material from established disciplines is heuristic — no obligations are necessarily felt to the material's previous context of use.

A key characteristic of A&L work is its conversational thrust. The current focal concern is with the implications of various proposals for mapping the semantics and the ideologies of the intersubjective exchange which constitute these conversations. Charles Harrison's essay "Mapping and Filing," and Atkinson/Baldwin's "The Index" give clear accounts of some such proposals (*The New Art*, Hayward Gallery, London, August–September, 1972, pp. 14–19). Of more intensive concern is the idiolectic dictionary currently being compiled by various English members of A&L, and the "Annotations," an exchange of written and verbal commentary, currently being pursued by A&L members in New York.⁶

I cannot summarize this work, but I can give a partial impression of the character of some of the conversations by citing excerpts from notes sent to me in relation to writing this essay:

[Early] A&L seemed concerned to discuss, in conversation, the problem of the fundamentality of language (or language-dependent items), in relation to propositional attitudes instantiated in contexts of criticism . . . [There was a] programmatic concern with the reductions suggested particularly in "ordinary language" linguistic philosophy and in the philosophy of science . . . [This did not mean] theory-trying, [nor did it] entail a reference-class, e.g. "field of study" . . . One wasn't trying to provide an epistemology as aesthetics, or vice-versa . . . There was the strain of not seeing the discourse at the opposite end of the cultural continuum from, e.g., the discourse of the scientific community.

Our position at one stage may have been that of a category analysis of languages. A metaphysical revision of the language at a Sellars sort of level. This, one suspects, was the surface of something more basic, from an ideological point of view. The requirements of a theory of art seemed in some basic way related to those of a theory of language (or a theory of the possibility of language). We believed that, except in some ideologically remote ways, a theory of this kind was a purely descriptive device. A hermeneutic aspect to the work, engaged with the idea of *theoria*, and thus to some extent prescriptive/prospective. . . .

The present state of the art might be said to be concerned with dealing with the problem of our context, the kinds of entailments that might exist in our social system, the network of our interpersonal relations — manifest in interactions, certain representative types of interactions regarded as central to the understanding of ideological, political and moral matters . . . [However] one can't assume that the discourse functions in only one way, even though one might want to point to some primary functions, or note that specializations occur. . . . One breaks with traditional philosophy's assumption that discourse functions in a restricted number of ways and always serves the same purpose, i.e., to do something like convey thoughts.

One is not dealing with out-and-out epistemology. Rather, the development of a semantics adequate to dealing with problems — that one's situation is problematical is a basic tenet. Our activity might have to function in terms of a massive *indexicality*, aphoristically. This would require epistemic organisation, revision etc. Considering sets of interrelated items may lead to progress towards finding out what instrumentalities our teleological priorities commit us to.

Much of the activity has been involved in self-description; indeed, a form of "self-description-trying." A basis might be: if we describe whatever it is we are doing, how does that description alter what we are doing? There are of course no neutral descriptions, any description is relative to one point of view. Slogans: (i) "Analytic" 1969–70, (ii) "Theory-trying" 1971–72, (iii) "Talking to each other" 1972–73. (There was a sense in each of these of finding out what that particular description committed us to.) But our work doesn't state an ideology, it shows one (or several).

[We] are concerned with pragmatics. That is, with problems, not idealist "good ideas" (like the past six years of *Konzept Kunst*), nor with realist "things in the world" (stuff like art objects). The latter enter into the A&L problematic but only in a secondary way . . . Giving primacy to problems links with our ideology, not our ontology. Thus (citing Hintikka correcting Quine in *Reference and Modality*, p. 153) we have to distinguish between what we are committed to in the sense that we believe it to exist in the world or in some other possible world, and what we are committed to as part of our ways of dealing with the world conceptually, as part of our conceptual

system. The former constitute our ontology, the latter our "ideology."

The current interest in A&L that turns on problems of intersubjectivity within the conversations is of little interest to at least two members: Joseph Kosuth and David Bainbridge. They would also, perhaps, find my formulation of the A&L point of view not merely inadequately descriptive of the thrust of their work, but also incapable of including their work. However, their anomalousness to the current range of A&L self-descriptions hardly rules them out of A&L altogether (although Bainbridge, as a matter of fact, recently chose to leave the group), for part of the dynamic of the group depends on the diversity of outlook of its members.

Nor is the concern with intersubjectivity a retreat into the hermetic. All members of A&L accept the obligation to publicness:

... we are not simply concerned with the simplistic idea of solving some of the problems of inter-subjectivity. There is the priority of making public — demonstrating the publicity of — the difficulties of talking to one another. The public paradigm and the repudiation of "private languages" is basic and central as a methodological thesis of the Art & Language Institute (*The Art & Language Institute, Suggestions for a Map*, Documenta 5, Kassel, 1972).

The hoped-for public is something like "the general (intelligent) reading public" — a reality to at least certain publishers. In practice, however, the immediate audience for A&L work lies in the art world. And most of the controversy surrounding A&L arises from its deliberate refusal to satisfy the requirements which this audience, including fellow artists, demands of any art. It is here that a series of crucial problems arises.

Obviously, given the nature of the A&L inquiry, such demands are unrealistic and impossible. When members of A&L review the work of other artists, it is usually in an effort to define oneself by contrast, to see what it is that one refuses to do. But there is also an implicit (sometimes explicit) attempt to change the ideologies of other artists. The tensions which occur in this situation, it appears, result from the incommensurability of the A&L point of view with the formalist, romantic, materialist theory-sets discussed above. For most of the debate the parties "talk through" each other, even at those rare moments when they might seem to be agreeing. The A&L inquiry does not differ from, say, the formalist theory-set in the same way that, say, Einstein's physics differed from Newton's. The latter seem to have some bases in common, making comparison possible (although if Kuhn is right, only seemingly, because both "paradigms" construe these bases differently and both are of sufficient magnitude to determine what such bases of comparison would be). There is no common measure between A&L and formalism because A&L is not a "deep" concept of art, nor are the theories about art which it examines and proposes definitive of it. What happens, rather, is that members of A&L address themselves to theoretical questions current in art-world debate from a point of view developed within an inquiry which, as I've shown, ranges far beyond art questions.

This dialogue takes some very odd forms. Rational argument is threatened by the fact that what counts as "rational" is determined by one's point of view, one's commitment. The available forms of exchange seem to be either the exertion of various psychological pressures, or the elaboration of one's point of view until the other party, for reasons best known to himself, finally concedes its viability. More drastically, there is a sense in which it is impossible to fully understand a particular point of view without adopting it. This has been my experience with the A&L point of view, and it remains the cause of acute frustration to sympathetic critics of A&L. It follows that external conceptions of A&L cannot but be *misconceptions*. And that, as they say, would seem to be that.⁸

But the discussion won't close itself down so easily. What seems, from my point of view, to be a misconception may well satisfy you as being accurate from your point of view. That is, if we both give up the prospect of persuading each other, we might still be able to refine our differing points of view by further discussion. Yet I am unwilling to settle for so little rationality. Having offered so far an outline of my own views of the present state of art, and a general account of what I take to be the A&L point of view, I want now to give some reasons why I consider the many versions of A&L currently abroad in the art world to be mistaken, incomplete, or irrelevant. While full understanding of another's point of view is impossible externally, it is possible to understand more or less adequately the notion that there is an A&L point of view in art contexts, and that it has certain characteristic assumptions and modes of operation. To believe that "Art & Language" is an art movement would be

a misunderstanding of this sort.

There is a further basic cause of the current misconceptions of A&L. The outline of the A&L point of view introduced here will be unrecognizable to many people because it does not seem to encompass the A&L work they know. It might be asked: Why have I said little of the essays in early issues of *Art-Language*? What of the many exhibitions in galleries in England, Europe and, less often, in New York? What of the "early work" of Atkinson, Baldwin, Burn, Kosuth, Ramsden etc., so much a part of Conceptual art in the mid- and late 1960s? These questions perhaps occur because of a failure to notice the shifts in intuitions as to possibilities for inquiry that happened within A&L first in late 1968, early 1969, and again during 1971 and 1972. These shifts were to the point of view upon which I have concentrated so far; they were from an A&L which might be better known.

There is in A&L self-conceptions (or should be) no underplaying that the first glimpses of a possible inquiry of some interest were formed in the crucible of British philosophy of language and the mid-1960s immediate post-Minimal art context. There are no apologies for this not having been a "clean and easy birth." Nor is there any current feeling of obligation to past failures, or successes. For the ongoing A&L discourse the import of one's history is only its usefulness for the ongoingness of that discourse as of now; however, this is by definition no answer to those external to A&L. So let's see what answers can be given.

A&L is visual art in the forms of writing/words/text/book.

This view is based on two mistaken assumptions: that A&L's typical mode of presentation is typed words on sheets of paper arranged along a gallery wall, and that this mode is somehow essential to the "meaning" of the essays so presented. The truth is that articles in journals, lectures, seminars, and above all conversations, are the typical presentational modes of A&L work, and that while gallery displays are "baggage" unavoidable in the art context within which A&L *partially* operates, they are incidental to what is being said in the essays etc. To persist in the belief that this criticism of A&L counts is to fail to see past the fallacy that innovation in art takes place primarily (if not essentially) in terms of morphological change. Some have even used this contention in an effort to reduce the whole A&L enterprise to an avant-gardist ploy of questioning the nature of art by (trivial) innovations in the use of materials.⁹ This is as mistaken antipathetically as the odd idea of "book as artwork" is mistaken sympathetically in relation to A&L.¹⁰

A slightly more sophisticated misconception along these lines is to regard A&L essays as post-Duchampian Readymades, as qualifying "as art" under the McLuhanesque rubric of "art is whatever you can get away with in the art context." Where this idea does have some bearing, the situation was quite the reverse — one of the first ideas to surprise Atkinson, Bainbridge, Baldwin, and Hurrell in 1966-67 was the question: what is implied when an artwork is taken out of the art context and placed in one where it doesn't function as art? It should be obvious that there are many, much easier ways of doing the simple thing of controversially locating something in the art context than the kind and depth of work that typifies A&L.

When the "irreducible visuality" of visual art is raised against A&L and other nonconforming art, what is perhaps nascent is a rallying to the gates against barbarous threats to the integrity of the category "art." But if the concept of art is consensually an open one, we can't demand that all candidates first qualify under such closed concepts as "painting," "sculpture," etc. So it is at least contentious that "visuality" is a necessary (not to say sufficient) condition of something's being art.

Others might want to argue, not from necessary qualities (properties), but from definitional cases. That is, visual art should properly approximate its indisputable artworks, literary art its exemplary instances, and so on. Synthetic or hybrid forms are permissible, on this view, but they are importantly components of already constituted categories. In this light A&L becomes hybrid visual art, literature, philosophy, etc.

As Wartofsky has noted, when we are caught in a categorical ambiguity, we have three possible courses of action: to resolve the ambiguity by incorporating the problematic case into our habitual canon; to revise our canon radically, perhaps to the point of replacing it; or to leave the ambiguity unresolved and manipulate very different and perhaps mutually exclusive canons at will or as the occasion demands. He calls these options "conservative," "radical," and "opportunistic" respectively. It should be clear by now that the first and second are not readily available with regard to A&L. As he goes on to say:

Anti-art, non-art, end-of-art are claims not so much against art, but against the category within which art is framed; that is, they are not so much demands for an end to categorization, as for an end to a specific categorization, and for a recategorization.¹¹

A&L members are not indifferent to the incessant recategorizing epidemic in art talk, but it is hard to imagine just what a recategorization which included A&L would be like. So, at most, A&L has an "opportunist" position on this question.

The "art" in A&L writings lies in the style in which they are written.

This is an extension of the above misconception — a shift from how the work is displayed to the manner in which it is written/spoken, while still avoiding what is said. To Lippard "... words, thoughts, tortuous systems are their material" (*Six Years*, New York, 1973, p. 151), while Collins ridicules what he calls "Joycean prose" and "intellectual collaging" (*Artforum*, May, 1973), as if A&L members willfully sought out recondite philosophical exotica, rendered it meaningless, then presented their lists according to some hermetic principle — or (dreadful thought!) according to no esthetic principles at all.

Collins' criticisms are reminiscent of the famous misdescription "explosion in a shingle mill," as applied by Julian Street to Duchamp's *Nude Descending a Staircase* and by Howard Devree to Pollock's method (*New York Times*, March 25, 1945); all three utterly failed to grasp the ordering principles operative in the work. Insofar as there are similarities in the manners in which A&L texts are written, it is simply because the authors are, in the first instance, trying to communicate with each other — they are in constant and close conversation, share many of the same attitudes, read many of the same books, etc. One of these attitudes is an ambivalent skepticism toward all "given" forms and methodologies, as well as one's own. So it is hardly surprising that the clarity of expression which follows from even relative certainty as to one's aims and traditions is absent. The obligation to publicness does not extend to adopting the "style" of appearing more certain than one is of what one is saying — as scientists, for example, tend to do.¹² A&L conversations do cover complex, difficult, often intractable subjects — surely no one wants to claim that broad public comprehensibility is the measure of the validity of any statement, in art contexts or out.

The question really is this simple. While one can hardly avoid dealing with the "aesthetics" of one's mode of presentation, to regard such "noise" as the "message" of the whole of an A&L information display is myopic distortion. It is really to demand that a quality of "artness," susceptible of "esthetic contemplation," must be central to any situation which claims to have a bearing on art. This is not an argument, but an exhortation to A&L members to subscribe to a notion of the autonomy of art which they have frequently attacked. This fallacy compromises Bruce Boice's more sympathetic complaint: "Their sentences tend more towards being models for questions of theories of meaning (as Russell's syntactically correct but meaningless sentence is such a model) than being sentences capable of setting forth and examining any such theories" (*Artforum*, March, 1973, p. 86).

A&L in relation to philosophy.

For example, Boice sees A&L's "basic aims" as "presenting some sort of philosophical analysis of art theories and art questions in general." While this was an early aim, it is now an incidental one. Lippard worries about not having feedback on A&L "from the linguistic philosophers they emulate," and amusingly characterizes A&L members as inhabiting "a land of Quine and Roses" (*Six Years*, p. 263, p. 151). Others are less polite: bad philosophy, comic philosophy, half-dressed estheticians, artists disporting themselves in foreign fields, irresponsibly ignorant of the rules, etc.

The A&L inquiry is not, has never been, nor ever claimed to have been, a philosophy of any sort. This is not to say that it is independent of philosophical inquiry, but simply to expose the crudity of the sequence: A studying B, and A making use of B, makes A a form of B. Any map of A&L reading over the past six years would have to take Russell, Austin, Wittgenstein, Carnap, Tarski, Quine, Husserl, Frege, Kierkegaard, Kuhn, Feyerabend, Chomsky, Fodor and Katz, Martin, Hintikka, Apostel and others as major landmarks. But, while A&L members often do use the methodological rules employed by these and other philosophers, they see no reason to slavishly follow the ways these philosophers use the rules, simply because their aims are different. Likewise, they do not feel confined to what most philosophers take to be the *proper scope* of philosophical inquiry. Indeed, the philosophers used by A&L members are often those who are deeply questioning received rules and definitions of "proper scope." Philosophy compromised by assumptions of

autonomy is of little interest. One instinct that has persisted from the beginning of A&L has been an urge towards a nonspecialized openness of inquiry. Just this openness is crucial to its reason for being.

A&L as a form of Conceptual art.

There is no doubt that A&L emerged in the mid- and later 1960s from many of the same impulses as other post-Minimal, "Conceptual" art. The first issue of *Art-Language* (May, 1969) bore the flyer 'The journal of conceptual art' (subsequently dropped), contained Sol LeWitt's "Sentences on conceptual art," a "Poem-Schema" by Dan Graham, Lawrence Weiner's "Statements," as well as an introduction by Terry Atkinson in which he suggested that "an art form can evolve by taking as a point of initial inquiry the language-use of the art society," language-use in "both plastic art itself and its support languages." He devoted most of the essay to speculating about what would be involved in proposing the essay he was writing for candidature as an artwork.

That artists should want, as an aspect of their activity as artists, to inquire into the language of art discourse and into language itself, were impulses crucial to the genesis of A&L but not unique to Atkinson et al. at this time. More definitive was their coming to see such inquiry as central and, eventually, as exclusive of "normal" art practices and attitudes because the newly acquired vantage point made it inescapably obvious that "normal" art was so contradictory, compromised, and anomalous that any return to it was impossible. The steps toward this vantage point were no more free from compromise, contradiction, and anomaly than any other post-Minimal art in that confused time. But they were steps which eventually led out of at least that set of confusions.

A version of the crudest notion of Conceptual art, the use of "ideas" as a new material, informed the presentation of pieces of linguistic analysis as art in such works as Atkinson/Baldwin's *French Army and Hot/Cold*, 1967, Kosuth's *Second Investigation*, 1968, Ramsden's *Six Negatives*, 1968. The regarding of "support" discussions of such art as art is assumed in, for example, Burn's "Read Premiss" for *Six Negatives*, 1969, Atkinson et al., *Lecher System*, 1970, Bainbridge's *Notes on M1*, 1969. But after this we see the growth of something qualitatively different from these mere "extensions" of normal art practice — we see the growth of the A&L point of view such as I've described, an activity constituting itself as inquiry uncircumscribed by even covert demands that it bear some relation, however indirect, to "art theories and art questions." Of course, the inquiry may have such a bearing and often does, but such a bearing was no longer definitive nor was it claimed to be an adequate justification of it.

Therefore, developed A&L is different not just in degree but in kind from its "Conceptual art" origins. Its basic aims, and its methodologies, differ radically from those of Conceptual art — indeed, of any recognized art. No matter how diverse and seemingly new its aspect, all post-Minimal, Conceptual art subsists under one or other, or some combination of, those formalist, romantic, or materialist theory-sets which I discussed near the beginning of this essay. Committed as they are to one or another of these theory-sets, critics have failed to see this distinction of kind, and tend to see it as a difference of degree, with the early work foremost in their minds.¹³ Like most of the other misconceptions we have reviewed, this is a natural mistake in the context of the hostility, wariness and/or indifference which surrounds A&L. ■

1. T. S. Kuhn, *The Structure of Scientific Revolutions*, Cambridge, 1962, and Chicago, 1970 (the latter has an important postscript).
2. See W. B. Gallie, "Essentially Contested Concepts," *Proceedings of the Aristotelian Society*, 1955-56, pp. 167-98; and M. Weitz, "Open Concepts," *Revue Internationale de Philosophie*, Vol. 99/100, 1972, pp. 86-110.
3. For example, T. Atkinson, "From an Art & Language Point of View," *Art-Language*, February, 1970, pp. 25-60; J. Kosuth, "Art After Philosophy," *Studio International*, October, November, December, 1969; P. Pilkington and D. Rushton, *Concerning the Paradigm of Art*, Editions Bischofberger, Zurich, 1970, and *Analytical Art*, no. 1, July, 1971.
4. Point made by T. Atkinson and M. Baldwin, "Some post-war American work and Art & Language: ideological responsiveness," *Studio International*, April, 1972.
5. See E. Goffman, *The Presentation of Self in Everyday Life*, New York, 1959, chap. 2.
6. In England: Terry Atkinson, Michael Baldwin, Charles Harrison, Graham Howard, Harold Hurrell, Phillip Pilkington, David Rushton. In New York: Ian Burn, Michael Corris, Preston Heller, Joseph Kosuth, Michael Krugman, Andrew Menard, Mel Ramsden, Terry Smith.
7. Respectively, Baldwin, Burn, Ramsden; all early 1973.
8. These remarks attempt to deal with comments made by Lynda Morris after an early version of this essay was given in a lecture to the Royal College of Art, London, June 7, 1973. They are based on Wittgenstein, e.g. *Lectures and Conversations on Aesthetics, Psychology and Religious Belief*, ed. C. Barrett, Oxford, 1966; T. S. Kuhn, *The Structure of Scientific Revolutions*; P. K. Feyerabend, "Against Method: Outline of an Anarchistic Theory of Knowledge," *Minnesota Studies in the Philosophy of Science*, 1970, IV; essays by Popper, Masterman, Feyerabend, Lakatos and Kuhn in I. Lakatos and A. Musgrave, eds., *Criticism and the Growth of Knowledge*, Cambridge, 1970; and others. See important objections by R. Trigg, *Reason and Commitment*, Cambridge, 1973.
9. For example, J. Collins, "Things and Theories," *Artforum*, May, 1973.
10. G. Celant, *Book As Artwork*, Nigel Greenwood Inc., London, 1973.
11. "Art, Action and Ambiguity," forthcoming, *The Manist*, April, 1974. The idea of "opportunism" in this sort of context is extensively explored in I. Burn and M. Ramsden, *A Dithering Device*, Nova Scotia School of Art and Design, 1973.
12. See J. Ziman, *Public Knowledge: The Social Dimension of Science*, Cambridge, 1968, especially chap. 3.
13. For example, L. Borden, *Artforum*, June, 1972; M. Kozloff, *Artforum*, September, 1972; C. Ratcliff, *Art International*, November, 1972.



Victor Burgin, *Photopath*, 1969, photographic prints, 3' x 63'.

ROELOF LOUW

Victor Burgin's concern with the relation between our use of language and the perception of objects can be traced to his early projects. These consist of written instructions for the use of physical media as simple analogies (or signs) for types of mental acts, and their application to physical situations. In *Photopath*, 1969, for example, an area of floorboards was photographed and printed to full size. The prints were then placed over the area they depicted and stapled down. This congruence between the photographic image and the floorboards it covered suggested that the image had somehow been slipped between our direct perception of the object, in this sense, the presence of the image. Both drew attention to the floorboards below and also confined what was attended to: it forced one to reflect on their visible appearance as well as the fact that this act of attention excluded the experience of any other qualities they might possess. In Burgin's later work, this use of physical media was substituted for by the more viable form of natural language. One of the practical reasons for this change was that it enabled him to explore the structure of more complex perceptions.

It is through this capacity we have to direct our perceptions that the subjective style of Burgin's work may be defined. In these terms, any act of perception is also seen as discriminative, as presenting a distinct context within which the immediate experience of an object is encountered. In Burgin's linguistic projects these acts of perception are presented in the form of

VICTOR BURGIN: LANGUAGE AND PERCEPTION

performative utterances (e.g., look at the sky).¹ In his use of these utterances, however, they are completely framed in universal terms (e.g., any object directly known to you at the present moment toward which any bodily act is directed). As Russell has pointed out, universal terms in denoting nothing in particular seem to exist as timeless entities apart from the contingent world. In this form these performative utterances can be seen to function as pure ideas without content, or, as Burgin has put it, open categories that can be used to enclose (or articulate) our perception of particular objects. From these individual acts of perception more complex perceptions are then constructed. In his early structures (those that concern our perception of simple physical objects) the conditions for isolating an external event are used as the basis for ordering further acts of perception. From this starting point, a succession of perceptual acts are then connected (or interwoven) to form a distinct perceptual attitude toward the world.

In their general form, Burgin's perceptual constructs make it possible to map our experience of any object or event. They display the connections that can subsist between different acts of perception and how these connections can determine the meaning we ascribe to our experience of objects. A useful analogy in revealing how these connections operate is Saussure's description of language as a system of pure values: any complex of signs is seen as a "state of affairs" in which their value (or meaning) is determined by the relations they contract with the signs around them.² (To illustrate this notion of language as a system of values, it is compared to a game of chess in which the rearrangement or elimination of any single term also modifies the values of all the other terms.) In the same way, the significance (or meaning) of any act of perception may be seen to be determined by how it is connected to other perceptions or ideas.

A straightforward reading of Burgin's projects will show some of the ways in which these connections can determine the perceptual meaning we ascribe to objects. First, they bring to light the misconception that the description of the physical properties of an object can be neutral, or that these properties simply add up to an accumulative representation of an object. What Burgin's perceptual structures make evident is precisely how our emphasis or choice of these facts can also present widely different perceptual attitudes toward the world. (While this may seem obvious enough, it must surely account for the different kinds of significance that are imputed to formal changes in art like Minimalism.) Further, his structures show how individual perceptions can be defined through their connection with ideas (or mental concepts). Consider, for example, the definition of a form of emotional conduct. In a simplistic sense, it might be defined by linking it to an external object. Even supposing the external circumstances of an emotion can be defined, it is unlikely to be particularly revealing; for between an emotion and its purported object there is likely to be a complex of qualifying ideas that equally determine the nature of such a response. If this condition is accepted and as Burgin's structures show, a form of emotional conduct might be more appropriately defined through its relation to an ideology.

To understand the area of cognition in art Burgin's

approach clarifies, it is important to consider its epistemic function and limits. By this, I mean its practical use in relation to our understanding of works of art as well as cultural objects. At one extreme this brings into focus the traditional concern of artists with physical objects. It is obviously impossible to consider such activity in any comprehensive form, but at the risk of oversimplification, some general observations should serve to show how they involve each other. Roughly described from a modernist standpoint, painting and sculpture can be seen as a concern with the ordering or the expression of our felt responses in relation to sense objects. In an abstract sense, this involves as well the giving of form to particular modalities of feeling. It has been validly argued that the presentation of such phenomena is unique to these art forms, and also involves the experience of the most immediate circumstances of our lives. Within some context of intention, it seems unlikely that this area of concern could be pursued in anything but an empirical manner. Accepting this state of affairs, it should also be evident that *how* we form these intentions (whether they are made explicit as a form of language within an artwork or not), and how we direct our perceptions in relation to physical objects, is largely dependent on our use of conventional concepts from natural language. By presenting a method which virtually reverses the way we visually employ these concepts to structure our perceptions of physical phenomena, Burgin's work brings into serious focus how we ascribe perceptual meaning to such objects (even though their development is empirical and intuitive). But over and above this concern with the descriptive use of language, the symbolic value or extrinsic significance we ascribe to forms of art is determined by the way they relate to social ideologies. As Burgin emphasizes, the intersubjective attitudes or norms of conduct which have become institutionalized are involved. The strange paradox about these norms of conduct is that unlike scientific laws, their use provides no guarantee they are understood. It is quite possible to act according to them, or even to violently oppose them, while remaining unaware as to how they operate or are formed.³ By dealing with these norms of conduct as perceptual constructs, and not as logical or theoretical problems which have been rejected by linguistic philosophers as senseless,⁴ Burgin has extended the instrumentality of his work as a means for decoding how they operate, and how they involve our decisions to act.

Significantly, the form of Burgin's constructs show that in practice normative concepts have little to do with ideals about truth and falsity. If this appears to lead one back to the apparent arbitrariness idealists want to surmount, it is because there seems to be some confusion about how such concepts function. As already suggested, this confusion arises mainly from the attempt to establish their meaning in simple veridical terms. When approached in this form, the meaning of such concepts readily collapses into questions about their veracity or significance as subjective assertions that have no basis in the world of fact. Burgin's constructs, on the other hand, return one to the idea that normative decisions are governed by the pragmatic choices that people decide to make in conducting

themselves within a certain context, but with a difference. The form of his constructs makes it possible to establish how the meaning of such concepts becomes specific through the perceptions or ideas that surround them. In this form it becomes possible to consider the value of any normative decision not through any direct or vertical identity it has with a concrete fact, but through its contingent relations with other corroborating ideas that may include our perception of concrete facts.

In the work *IV. 2.*, 1972, a conception of social conduct (mores) together with its recognizable limits is identified. If one now moves to the extrapolations in section VIII, the types of relevant feelings (bodily sensations, emotions, moods) that might be experienced are documented. If one next traces their possible origin (section IX) by going backward, they will be seen to be defined by their connection with acts performed by oneself or others (sections VI, V) that have been recalled or evinced through the evidence provided by the forms of perception (section IV), and that are categorized by the restrictive concepts provided (section III), that define types of conduct, behavior or actions (section II) within the given context of social conduct (section I). While if one traces them forward through section IX, they are further framed by manifestations of moral behavior and/or personal propensities (section X) that are directed by these types of feeling; and by the observable inner states of others (section XI) and the conflicts that may result between personal and interpersonal acts (section XVI). From this they are also framed by the projected courses of action or considerations that might follow with respect to the original social state of affairs (sections XVII-XX). From this simplified description which bypasses the complexity and subtlety of Burgin's work, some idea of how intimately the meaning of any single concept is bound up with that of every other concept should become evident.⁵

Burgin has suggested "that following long obsessions with evolutions in autonomous art, we might profitably contemplate its devolution." In a period where fine art seems to be directed by the wholesale formation of dogma, and public self-assertion, his work offers the welcome possibility of overhauling our understanding of its processes and function. ■

1. Sentences that are closer in form to exclamations or commands than statements.

2. "The first thing that strikes us when we study the facts of language is that their succession in time does not exist insofar as the speaker is concerned. He is confronted with a state." Ferdinand de Saussure, *Course in General Linguistics*, New York, 1959. (One of the important aspects of Burgin's work is the inclusive way it deals with time, memory, etc.). My intention here is not to become involved in theoretical arguments, but simply to point out certain problems of meaning.

3. One of the functions of Readymades has been to create a condition of alienation within art which draws attention to its hidden conventions. But its strategic function is usually negative and in that sense limited; it seldom leaves us any the wiser about how or why they were formed.

4. Fascist assertions, for example, usually operate by reducing the meaning of a form of conduct to an isolated condition, and then acclaiming its absolute necessity for us. There is no way of refuting such assertions on logical grounds, so that one is left in the untenable position of either conforming to them, or of opposing them because their virtue has been misunderstood. However, if a form of conduct is approached as a perceptual construct, then at least its meaning can be shown to be limited or empty, etc.

5. Selected publications of Burgin's are: "Situational Aesthetics," *Studio International*, October, 1969; "Thanks for the Memory," *Architectural Design*, August, 1970; "Rules of Thumb," *Studio International*, May, 1971; Marginal Note and an interview with Ann Seymour, *The New Art Exhibition Catalogue*, Hayward Gallery, London, September, 1972. Also, a book, *Work and a Commentary*, published by Latimer Press (scheduled for December, 1973), which includes an important definition of art in terms of its use in relation to other disciplines.

I Norms of behaviour supported by informal, unorganised, yet more or less uniform social pressures; *mores*; and not norms of behaviour supported by formal, organised, and uniform social sanctions, systems of penalties; laws.

II Types of conduct, of behaviour, of action; *act-types*; and not particular instances of conduct, of behaviour; of action; acts.

III 1 All members of II which in accord with I it is not permitted not to perform; those which are *obligatory*

2 All members of II which in accord with I it is not permitted to perform; those which are *forbidden*

3 All members of II which in accord with I it is both permitted to perform and permitted not to perform; those which are *indifferent*

IV 1 The faculty by which you conceive of things which you know to exist externally to and independently of yourself but yet which are not directly present to your senses; imagination

2 A past event, having been directly known to you and having involved acts of a person other than yourself

3 The recollection of 2 through the agency of 1

4 The attempt to recover by mental effort the whole of what you believe to be the case in respect of 2 through agencies other than 1 and beyond what has been made directly available to you; the integration of known facts with intuitive suppositions as to what is the case

V 1 Any acts performed by you within the context of IV 2 which exemplify a member of III 1

2 Any acts performed by you within the context of IV 2 which exemplify a member of III 2

3 Any acts performed by you within the context of IV 2 which exemplify a member of III 3

VI All acts directly known to you within the context of IV 2 performed by a person other than yourself

VII 1 Any members of VI which exemplify a member of III 1

2 Any members of VI which exemplify a member of III 2

3 Any members of VI which exemplify a member of III 3

VIII 1.1 The perception by manual or by any other form of bodily contact of an attribute of a physical object; the perception by tactile, integumental, contact, of an external physical object

1.2 A localised bodily sensation, contiguous to, and apparently caused by, contact with a physical object

2.1 A bodily sensation, localised or generalised, experienced independently of contact with a physical object; a visceral, muscular, or integumental sensation having no apparent external cause

2.2 A more or less agitated mental state; an emotion

2.3 A pervasive and undifferentiated mental state; an overall quality of consciousness accompanying, but considered apart from, an identifiable perception or thought; a mood

IX 1 Any member of VIII accompanying, or elicited by, your recollection of any members of V or of VII

2 Any member of VIII which you recollect as having accompanied, or been elicited by, your performance of any members of V or of VII

X 1 Any members of IX which you consider to be the manifestation of a moral attitude towards a member of V or of VII

2 Any members of IX which you consider to be the manifestation of a personal propensity

LUCY R. LIPPARD

Her materials are plywood, pine, rope, brick, twine, nails, lathing, and trees. From them she makes compact objects, natural and easy in their physicality; unpretentious, but formally intelligent in their use of a tension between material and process, process and result. Their immediate impact comes from their scale, quite different from that of much current sculpture because it is so inherent, seems to depend so little on the space in which they are placed. Winsor's sculptures evoke the outdoors, not pictorially so much as by their tensile strength and crude vitality. Yet the process by which they are made is an obsessive, time-consuming one. The natural materials are bound and confined rather than gestural. The nature evoked is Northern in its rawness and rigidity, perhaps reflecting the artist's childhood on the bleak coast of Newfoundland, which "has been made barren both by civilization, when farmers cleared the land, and by nature, the wind and the sea." She admits to a "romantic, nostalgic connection" with the place. "It's the scale that has interested me. Most places diminish in scale when you go back to them as an adult. This one didn't at all. New York is the only place I've lived since Newfoundland that has that same sense of scale and dealing with the environment."

Winsor lists her central concerns as "repetition, weightiness, density, and the unaltered natural state of materials." I would have added scale, obsessiveness, time, nature, and a visceral body reaction verging on the sensual. Coming into her first one-woman show at Paula Cooper in October, 1973, where ten pieces lay or leaned or stood about in that vast and pristine space, one's first sensation was of dislocation. The scale of the sculpture is both immense and intimate. For instance, *plywood square*, in which no plywood is visible because it has been wrapped in rough twine until it has become a rounded and angular bundle with a surface bound into a cross-shape; first it looks little, then when you think of it as little, it suddenly looks huge for something that's little, and you realize it's big. Actually, it's just medium size (4' x 4').

The same goes for *bound square*, whose intimacy originates, I think, in an endearing awkwardness engendered by the fat wrapped corners, then de-emphasized by the lean barked trees which seem particularly straight and solid between the rounded corners. Or maybe they are fragile, since they've been bandaged into an "unnatural" form (the square is very rarely found in nature); nature in traction, nature only temporarily tamed. Winsor often refers to "muscle" when she talks about her work, not just the muscle it takes to make the pieces and haul them around, but the muscle which is the kinesthetic property of wound and bound forms, of the energy it takes to make a piece so simple and still so full of an almost frightening presence, mitigated but not lessened by a humorous gawkiness.

Repetition in Winsor's work refers not to form, but to process; that is, to the repetition of single-unit materials which finally make up a unified, single form after being subjected to the process of repeatedly unraveling, then the process of repeatedly binding or the process of repeatedly nailing into wood or the process of re-

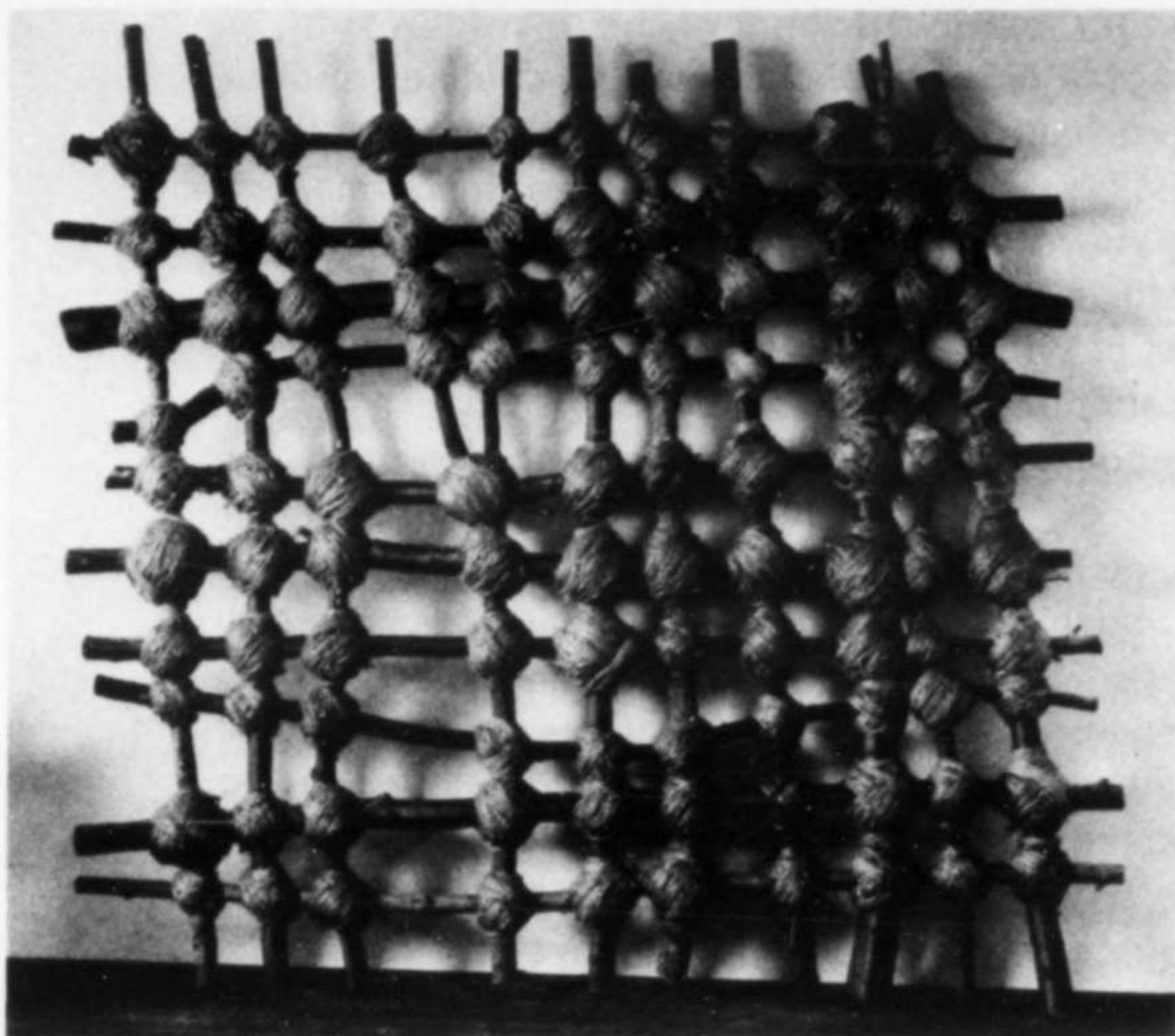


Jackie Winsor, *untitled*, 1972, near Richmond, Virginia, trees and rope, 8' x 8' x 9'.

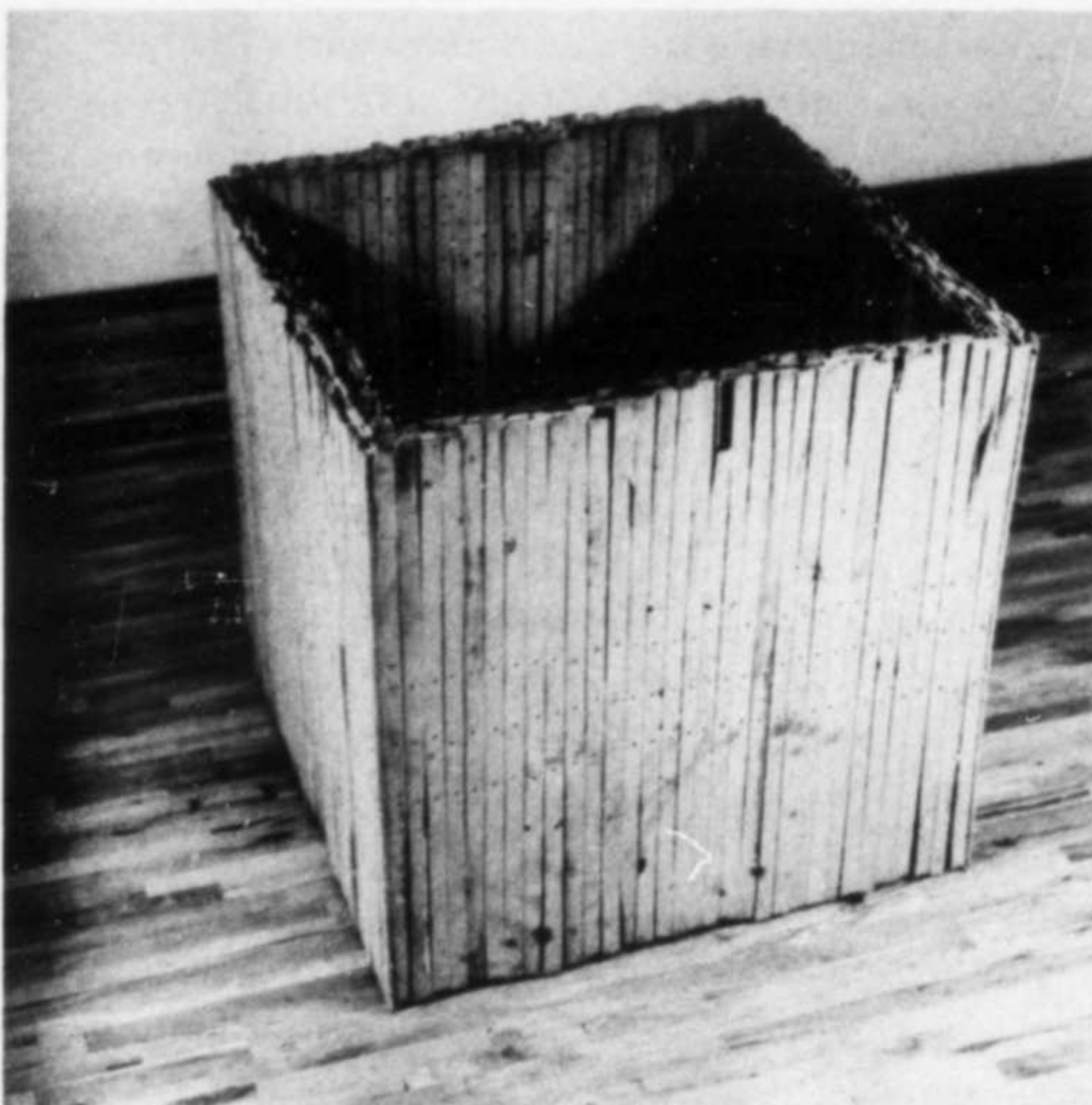
peatedly sticking bricks in cement or the process of repeatedly gouging out tracks in plywood. Winsor's materials are often recalcitrant; there is an obsessive quality in the way she has to wrestle with them — remnants of a puritan work ethic, perhaps. For me, the circular rope pieces have less inherent tension because rope does coil naturally (though not around itself). On the other hand, straight or almost straight lines, grids, or squares made from trees, heavy three-dimensional structures made from layers of slender lathing, a coiled piece made of flat inflexible lathing, a central trough gouged unnecessarily from a square of ten sheets of 3/4" plywood — these imply a process which contradicts the basic "naturalness" of the materials. Therein lies the "art," since "process" per se was exhausted on a simplistic level some time ago. And some of the sculpture's large scale derives from that kinesthetic sense of how long it took to wrap the bound pieces and how independent the materials are. Energy surrounds and enlarges its fields. While weight and density are obviously important, the hidden elements are more provocative. *Nail piece*, for instance, nine 7' planks dotted with nails on each face of each plank, is a physical embodiment of aggression, as is the newest work, the gouged or hacked and gradually recessed laminated plywood square, where, however, each gouge mark is plain to see and feel. In *nail piece*, Winsor was "interested in a feeling of concealed energy. I like the fact that each layer has tons of nails in it that can't be seen." It also has an autobiographical core. When she was around nine, her father planned a house and while he was away at work her mother built it. At one point, "my father gave me an enormous bag of nails and left, saying to nail them down to keep the wood in place. I did. . . and I used the whole bag of nails to do it. The part he told me to nail down needed about a pound of nails. I think I put in about 12 pounds. My father had a fit because I'd used up all his nails. They made such a fuss about it that it left quite an impression on me." (As did the role model her mother provided for an active female.)

The basic order, or geometry, in Winsor's work is always thwarted by action or by nature, by the materials' or the process' inclinations toward their own identities. Many women artists working with geometry and obsessive repetition (at its extreme, fragmentation), have come into their own by using a rectilinear framework primarily to contradict it, or within which to perpetrate mysterious rituals of process or emotive content. There is a certain pleasure in proving oneself against perfection, or the order that runs the world, despoiling neat edges and angles with "homemade" or natural procedures that relate back to the body and personal experience. Winsor's *bound grid*, for example, is a grid, but since the lines are saplings, they are not straight; their natural origins are further stressed by the fact that one of them forks in the center, so that there are 10 poles at the bottom of the piece and 11 at the top, complicating the bound intersections and effectively altering the "real grid." The ball-like bindings, in turn, despite their lumpy and irregular shapes (some are smaller than others) return a kind of order to the piece by implication; they are "all wrapped up," complete.*

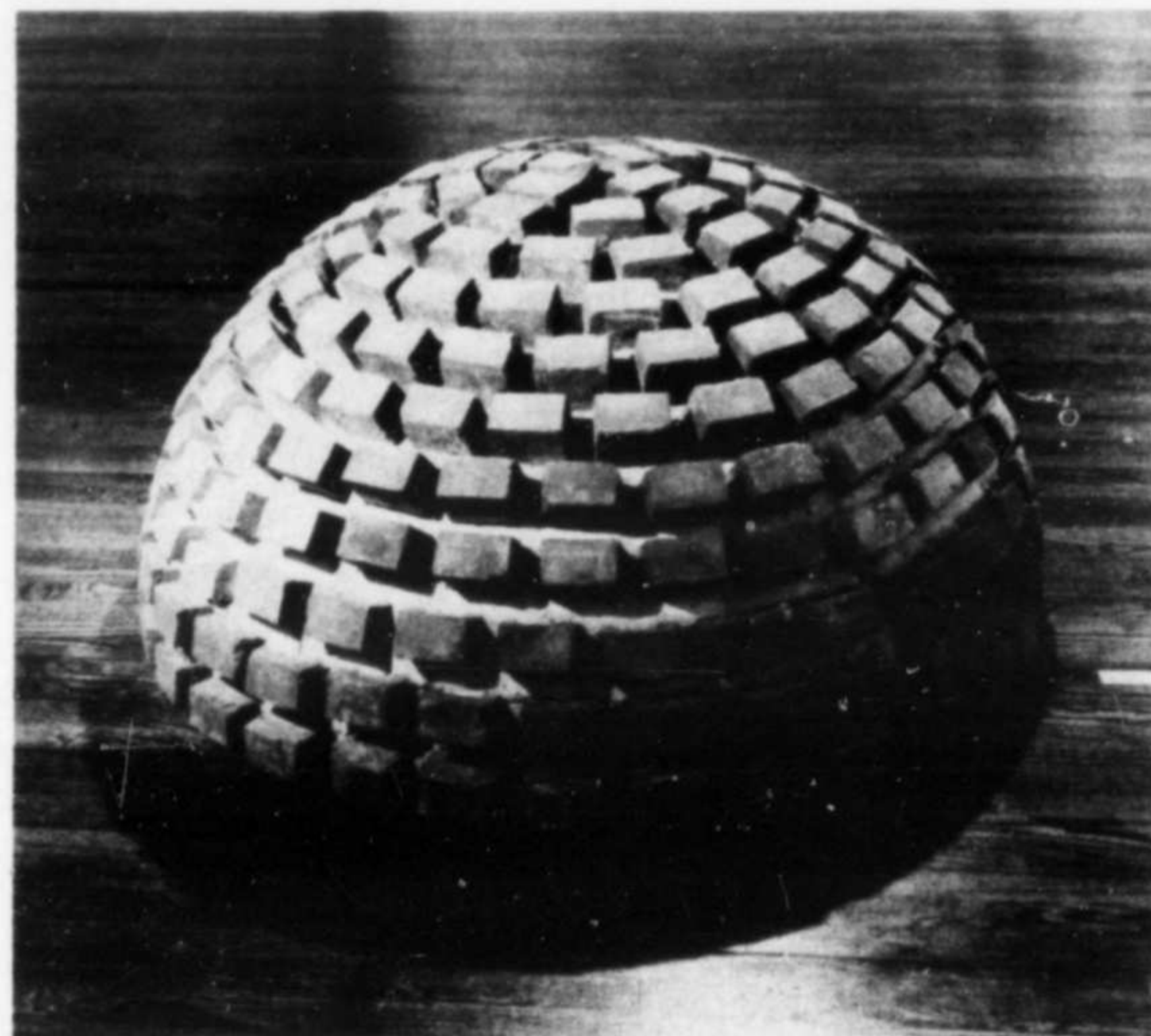
The "twine" Winsor used is actually hemp, unwound



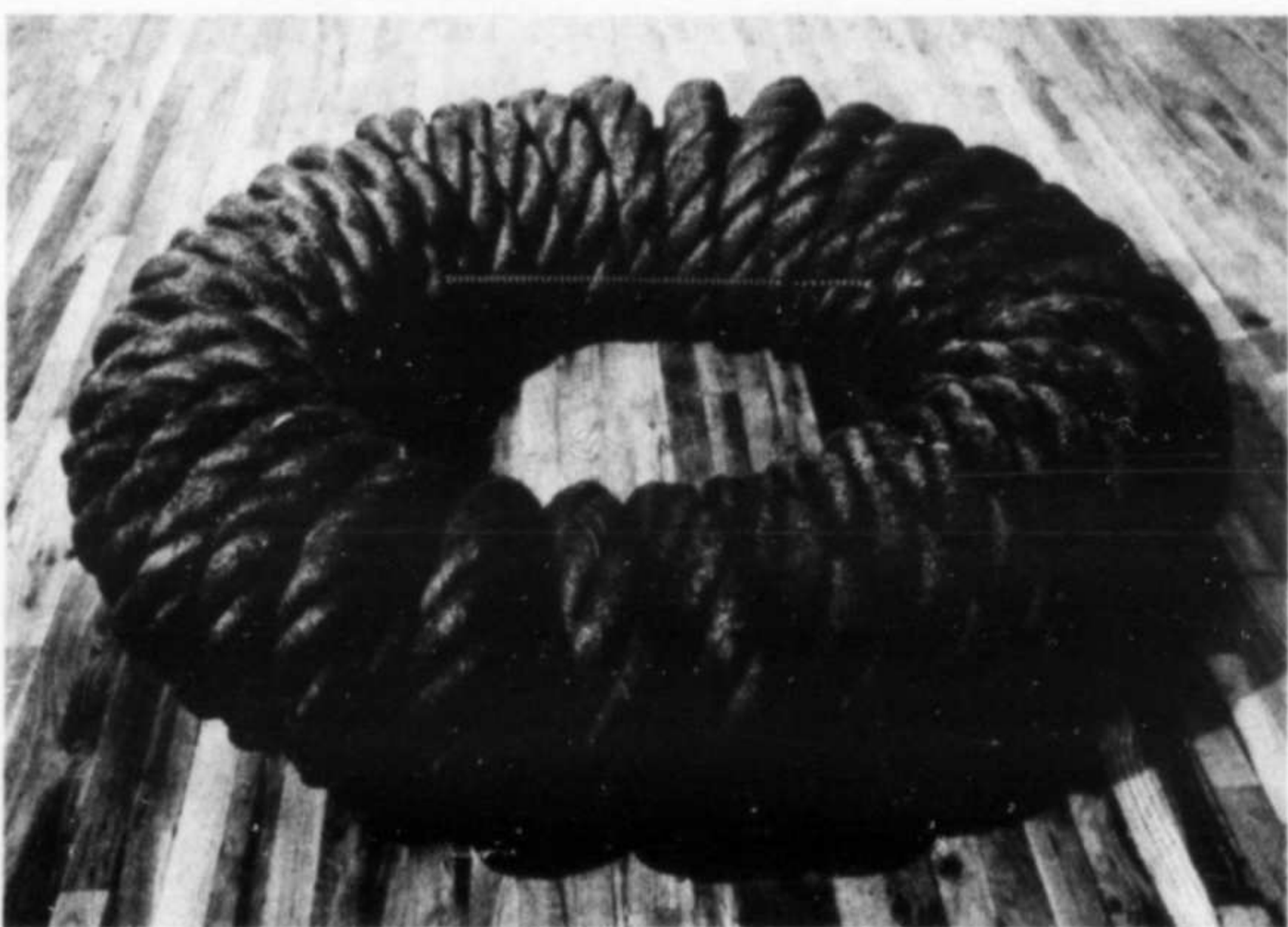
Jackie Winsor, *bound grid*, 1971-72, wood and hemp, 72'' x 72'' x 6''.



Jackie Winsor, *fence piece*, 1970, wood and nails, 49'' x 49'' x 49''.

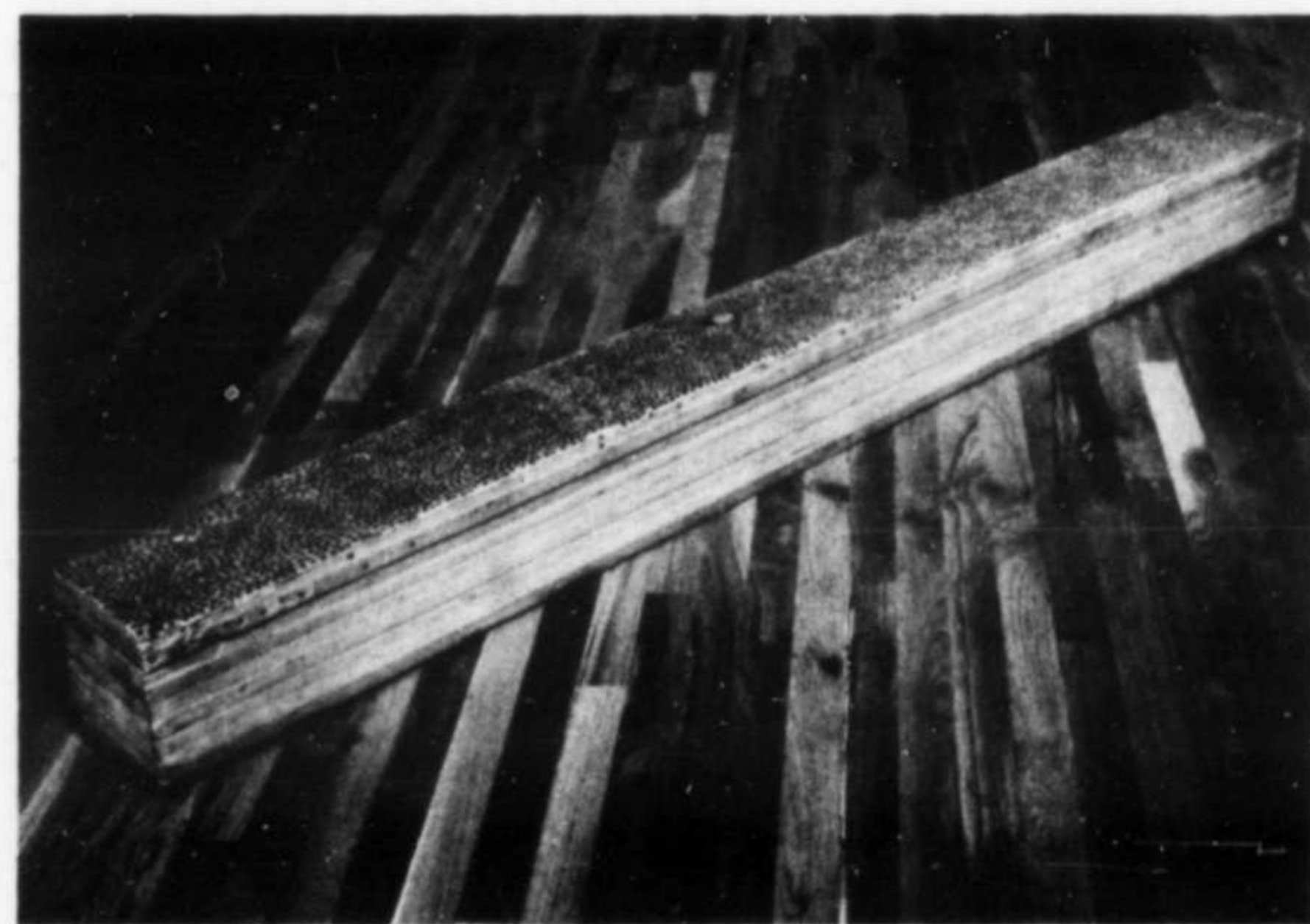


Jackie Winsor, *brick dome*, 1971, cement and bricks, 44'' x 52'' (diameter).

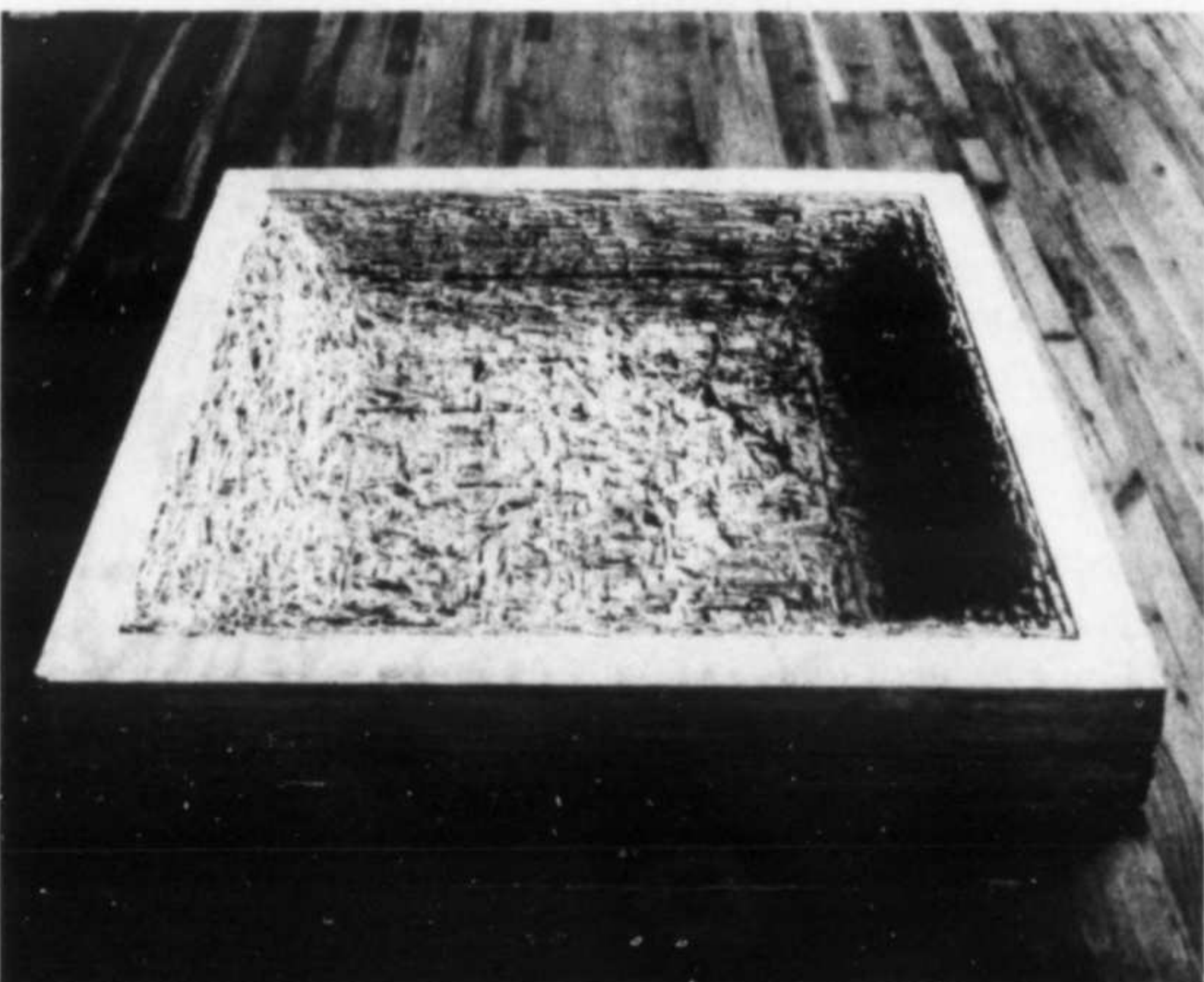


Jackie Winsor, *double bound circle*, 1971, hemp, 16'' x 61''.

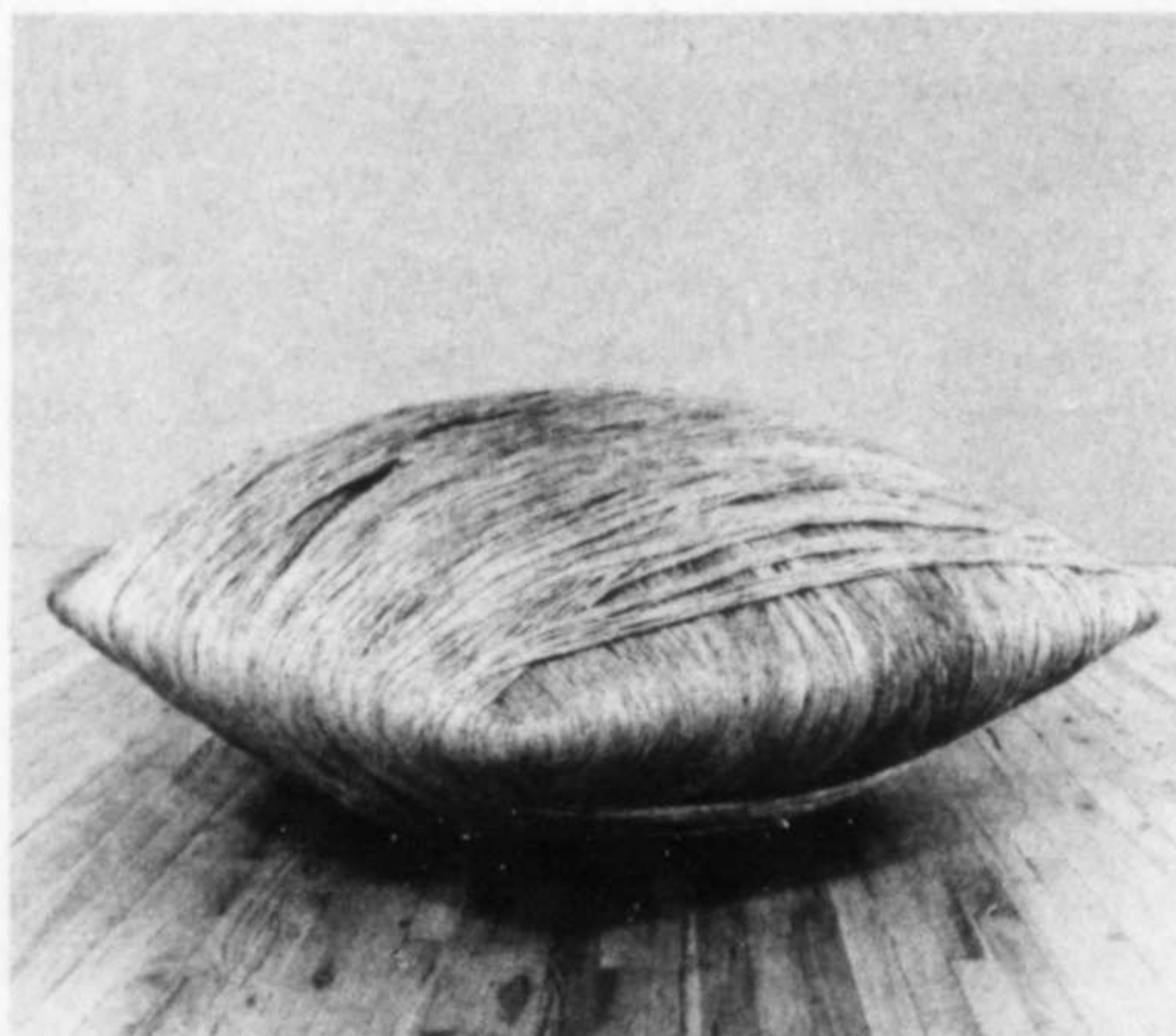
JACKIE WINSOR



Jackie Winsor, *nail piece*, 1970, wood and nails, 7'' x 82'' x 8''.



Jackie Winsor, *laminated plywood*, 1973, laminated plywood, 7½'' x 48'' x 48''.



Jackie Winsor, *plywood square*, 1973, plywood and hemp, 25'' x 53'' x 53''.



Jackie Winsor, *four corners*, 1972, wood and hemp, 27'' x 48'' x 48''. (Allen Memorial Art Museum, Oberlin, Ohio.)

in bunches from much larger rope, then knotted together, a laborious process which takes on a ritual quality in itself (I once helped unwind some, and can attest to the primitive, spinning-wheel monotony of the task). When I first saw Winsor's work early in 1968, this quality was centered in the image, which was fetishistic. She was working with latex and resin, and the unwound rope she used was fine, like hair. The larger pieces related to body scale, pieces knee-high, waist-high, etc. Then she began working with old, used rope, first covered with resin so it stood up by itself, then less posed, in coils, and rope wound around rope. Then she got hold of some huge rope with which she worked for several years. "I could barely move it, but just dragging it around the studio made it appeal to me much more than the thinner rope." She was pleased when a delivery man came in and saw *double circle*, "gave it a tremendous kick and it didn't budge. . . . He seemed to understand its physical bruteness right away."

The sensuous, even sexual, properties of a heavy, languid, but willful line also inspired Winsor's only performance piece, executed in 20 minutes at 112 Greene Street, June 29, 1971. A quarter of a ton of 4" rope was hauled up from one floor to another, through a hole, by a "long, lean male"; below was a "soft, rounded female" who was feeding it up to him. Then the action reversed and the rope was lowered onto the curled-up female until it covered her completely. "What I wanted to bring out was the kinesthetic relationship between the muscularity of the performers and the muscularity of the rope and the changing quality of the rope as it was being moved. The scale and weight of the rope forced the performers to conform to its properties rather than the other way around."

The performance could be seen from only one of two floors at a time, with the other half suggested. This hermetic aspect appears frequently in Winsor's work. In *brick dome*, the bricks are stuck into the cement lengthwise, so only half of them make up the prickly surface, the other half providing a buried core of weight. *Fence piece*, a pen made of seven layers of lathing nailed inside and out, hides its contained space; you can't enter it and you can just see into it. *Four corners* almost succeeds in hiding the square of logs which is its armature, because the corners have been bulbously gigantized by hemp wrapping to the point where the corners are really all there is — a contradiction of the square by an oppressively organic repetition. She has also planned an outdoor piece which echoes the performance, as well as Newfoundland's underground rock and often domed vegetable cellars. It is to be a brick tower above ground leading



Jackie Winsor, *30 to 1 bound trees*, 1971, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

to water below ground. "The inside would be accessible only by climbing up the chimney and the bottom half of the outside would be completely inaccessible — underground." As Liza Béar remarked, "The viewer would have to become physically involved to really experience the piece," which applies to other works of Winsor's, though in a sensuous mental rather than strenuous physical fashion.

"Indoors the size of a piece is somewhere between your own body and the scale of the room the piece is made in. And what was good outdoors was that I was much smaller than the surrounding space; that changed the relationship between myself and the environment. . . . The outdoor pieces are so specific." The two Winsor has been able to execute (two more are planned for Princeton and Fredonia this year) also imply hidden function. *30 to 1 bound trees*, made in a "very scrawny kind of area" in Nova Scotia in 1971, were giant bundles of somewhat stunted white birch trees bound singly and then rebound together. If one were to run across them accidentally, they might seem to be some local method of storing wood or winter fodder, some practical problem unknown but efficiently solved. The largest of the Nova Scotia tree series is centered around a live tree. "Otherwise how would this structure that's 20' high and 5' across stand up with the wind blowing over the top of the quarry? It would blow over. They all stabilize each other. As I was making the piece, I got more and more concerned with the fact that the live tree was being nestled inside . . . I saw the live tree as the pivotal part of that work."

In May, 1972, deep in the lush southern woods outside Richmond, Virginia, with the help of students, Winsor made a spindly "shelter" or high platform of saplings bound close together with unwound rope. Here again, if one came upon the piece it might seem to have been built for an extra-esthetic purpose. Esthetically, however, its relationship to its environment was highly succinct — at once so close to nature, in that the raw materials surrounded the structure made from others like them, and so far from it, in that some of those small trees had been cut down and tied together to make a clearly person-made place. More than most artists' (especially those who just plunk an indoor sculpture down in a plaza or field), Winsor's outdoor work is so finely attuned to its natural surroundings that making sculpture outdoors becomes, in turn, a natural process. ■

*See the series of photographs of this piece in process, published in *Avalanche*, no. 4, spring, 1972, accompanying an interview with Winsor by Liza Béar, from which most of the quotations in this article have been taken; others come from conversations between the artist and the author.

Thomas Pynchon's novel, *Gravity's Rainbow*, declares an ambition to make physics become metaphysics; Douglas Huebler's work relates to Pynchon's in a vital respect, which is that Huebler seems to want to make the "sociological" achieve an analogous transcendence. By this I mean that Huebler wants to make ways of documenting events stand for a larger paradigm, one that can contain enough of the conditions of experience in the real world to stand as a sort of model for ordinary language itself. In Huebler, sociology — events in the real world — becomes a sort of phenomenological linguistics — language in the real world. This happens via a procedure which in Huebler's recent work, of which *Duration Piece #7*, 1973, is a useful example, employs a metonymical structure to present an event in the real world, and, by doing so, illustrates the incompleteness — reflexiveness — of ordinary perceptual experience in a way that is newly clear. Huebler's work is about the "deconstruction" of the familiar.

Metonyms are alternates, in a relationship which is dialectic in that they imply one another, as black implies white. In James Boone's elegant example, a fork stands in metonymical relationship to a knife — while a sword relates to a knife metaphorically. One is tempted to say that, in traditionalist terms, Huebler seems long on metonym but short on metaphor. But there are good reasons why this should be so, as I shall try to suggest here.

Like all of Huebler's recent work, *Duration Piece #7* is based on the metonym "constant/ variable." He gets an incredible range of conceptual diversity out of this continuum, and it is that range which, for me, confirms his importance. *Duration Piece #7* involves photographs of the Trevi Fountain (which is in Rome) taken at 30-second intervals, "in order to document specific changes in the relationship between two aspects of the water falling from the rocks in one area at the base of the Fountain of Trevi." In this piece,

camera's movements to the regularity with which shots are made, the regulation of the camera — the immutable temporal order of the photographic documentation — is also paired with the immutability of the fountain as an object, while pictorial emphasis in each shot is seen to depend on the spontaneous and unpredictable behavior of the people caught in the camera's space.

The water itself is the subject of this piece because it's the water which provides the key to one's experience of the document as a whole. From shot to shot, the changes between the two cascades are tiny, and physically determined in a way that's characteristic of the whole work. In that, they represent a continuous process subject to specifiable — and constant — restraint, and remind one that the space available to the camera is both as fixed and as variable as the fountain's supply of water. This pairing of — in effect — pictorial order with the water's flow, responds to the pairing of the fountain's permanence as an object with the temporal regulation of the camera. Together, I think, these two pairs describe what happens in this piece: "deconstruction" achieved through the integration of documentary process with that which is documented.

Of his work, Huebler has said — in Ursula Meyer's *Conceptual Art* (New York, 1972, p. 137) — that "Because [his] work is beyond direct perceptual experience, awareness of the work depends on a system of documentation. . . . This documentation takes the form of photographs, maps, drawings, and descriptive language."

This interest in phenomena whose significance is latent but not fully apparent to direct perception is one that Huebler shares with artists as diverse as Mel Bochner and Joel Shapiro. If it isn't possible not to misconstrue Bochner's *Axiom of Indifference* without being aware of its terminological origins (it wasn't for me, anyway), then it's also clear that Huebler's claim for the intrinsic necessity of documentation in his work is made very succinctly in the effect that the 30-second interval between the shots in *Duration Piece #7* has on one's experience of the piece. If we didn't know that the interval was there the work would have a different meaning for us.

It seems worthwhile to ask why that should be so.

equivalence between documentary procedure and that which is documented, in an attempt to locate both in the (linguistic) context whence their meaning — "reality" — is commonly derived. If you like, Huebler seeks to make his work internalize the conundrum posited by Lévi-Strauss, that man lives through myth, but myth also lives through man.

That Huebler's use of metonym must take a different form in response to different situations — and should, therefore, be thought of as methodical rather than formulaic — can be seen if one compares *Duration Piece #107* with the one I've just been talking about, *Duration Piece #7*. In *Duration Piece #107* there is no physical constant comparable to that provided by the Trevi Fountain, and, consequently, the camera isn't used in the same arbitrarily constant way.

To make *Duration Piece #107* Huebler went to Regent Street (London) and made a series of pairs of photographs. First he'd photograph a mannequin in a store window, and then the first person he saw — on turning away from the window — who was of the same sex as that represented by the mannequin. Here, there is no temporal constant comparable to that provided by the 30-second interval, and I think it's reasonable to say that that's because no image recurs — as the Trevi Fountain does — from photograph to photograph. Instead, in *Duration Piece #107*, the idea of a constant is entirely tied to procedure, where procedure is opportunist — which is to say, a matter of tactics. I suppose one might say that from *Duration Piece #7* to *Duration Piece #107* Huebler moves from an a priori constant to one that's a posteriori. And as one looks at the pairs that result, of harassed housewives and decaying men made contiguous with — literally — sex symbols, one begins to grasp some of the point of Huebler's preoccupation with metonym to the exclusion of metaphor. The point would be that metaphor is suggestive of an imposed meaning, is an affair of interpretation, and, in effect, of prescriptive value. Huebler's work relates to that philosophical enterprise which wants to talk about "value-neutral" propositions, to avoid associative meaning in pursuit of a descriptive mode that might not be — ideologically — compromised by inherited attitudes to language. Such a concern — represented in art criticism most

DOUGLAS HUEBLER'S RECENT WORK

which is rigorously controlled temporally but is spatially — compositionally — mutable, it is — I think — important that each part of the equation implies the condition of the other to some extent. The water moves but the rocks are static. The camera clicks at regular intervals but is free to move about, as long as it retains the two cascades of water within its field of vision. We are aware that the Trevi Fountain is a fixture while the people in front of it move in and out of the frame, and are situated, too, by the positioning of the camera. A complex series of pairings occurs across the continuum of "constant/ variable" oppositions proposed by both the camera and its subject. Besides the fact that water seems to be in a relationship to the rocks that's similar to that of the

I think it would mean that the scope of the reflexiveness — the interaction — between camera and subject would be eroded or reduced in the absence of a regular interval, because there would then be no temporal corollary in the process of documentation for the permanence of the fountain. Huebler seems to be interested in what I take to be a central formulation — almost a paradox — of ordinary language philosophy: that while we are bound to experience ourselves as constants in a world of variables, we're at the same time aware that our own sensibility is itself materially conditioned by events outside ourselves. We bring meaning to things, but things bring to us the shape not only of their own meaning but of meaning itself. Huebler's use of metonym is one that tries to achieve an

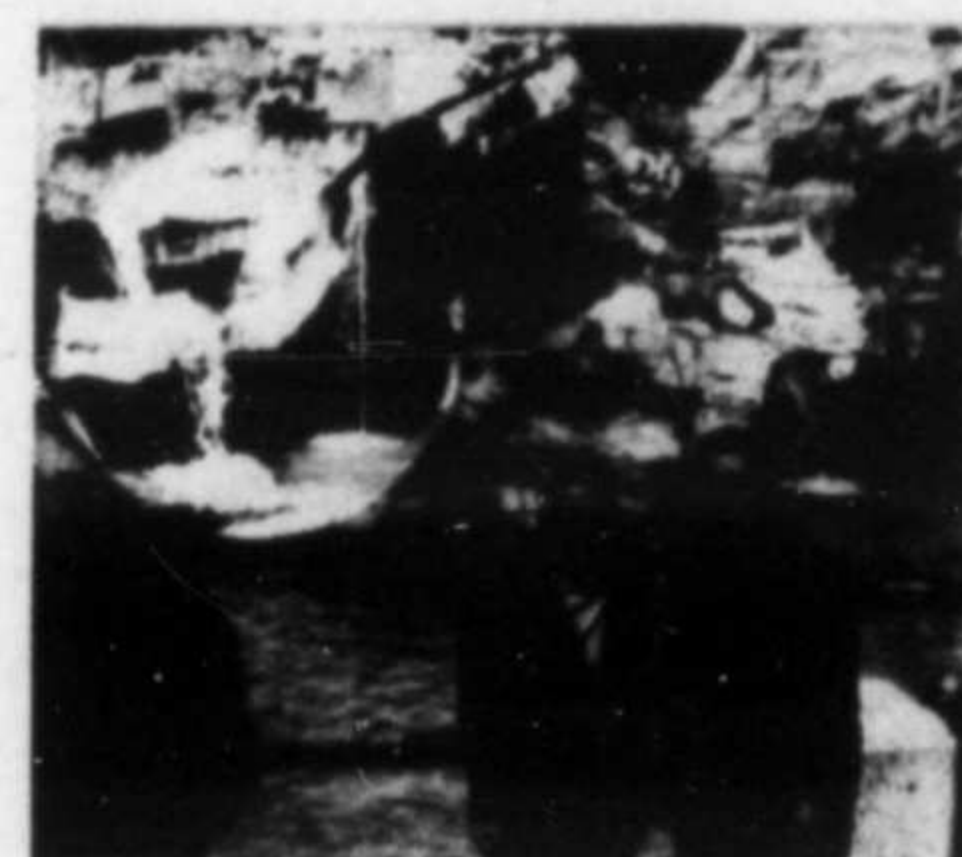
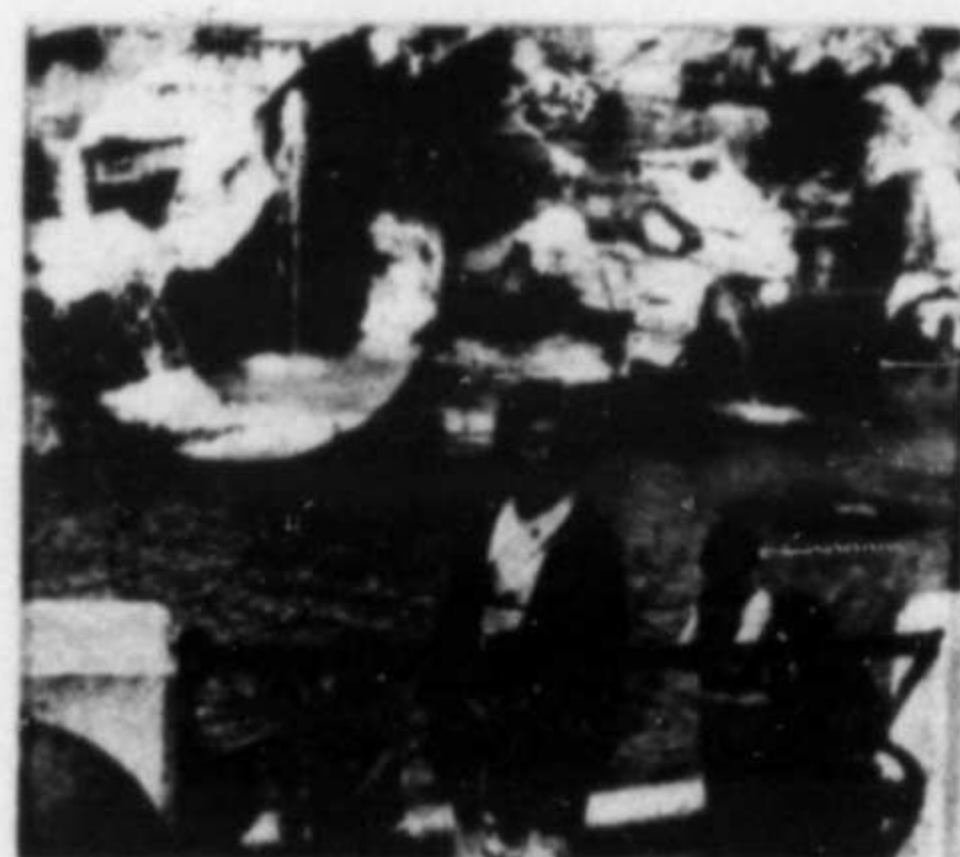
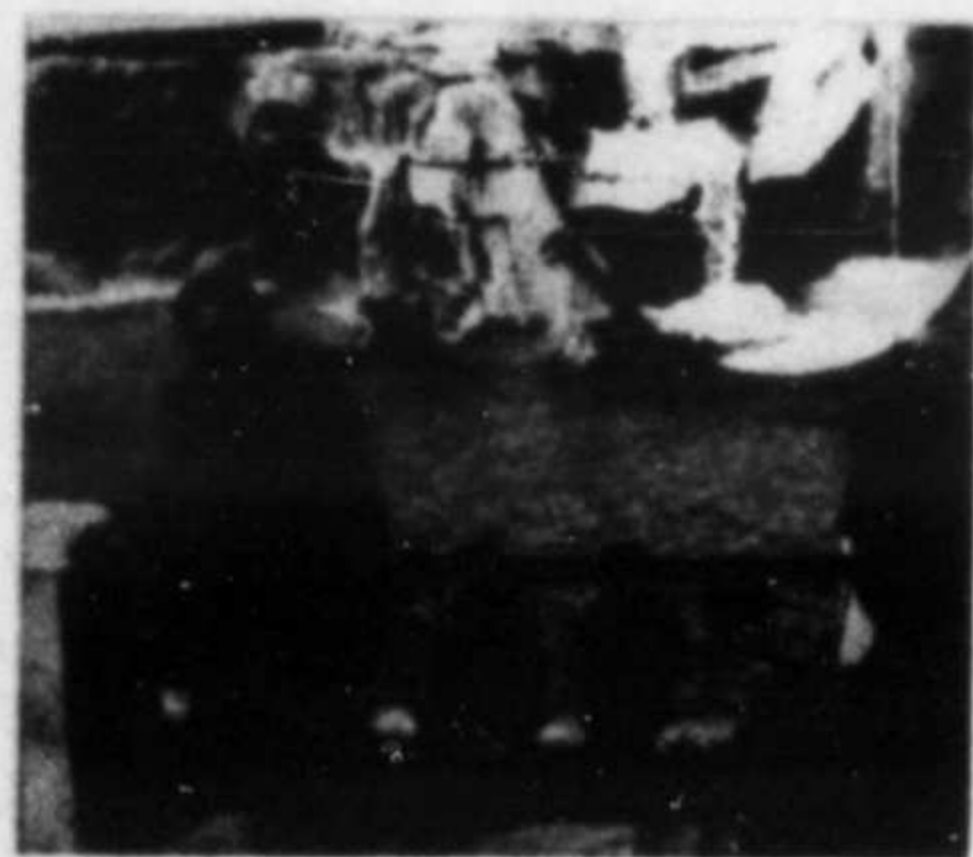
ambitiously (and hence most problematically) by the writing of Bruce Boice — is ultimately a reformist one. This is because it aims less at unpacking the notion of intuited judgment than at heightening consciousness of the materialist context — the options — within which intuition operates. Since intuition is by definition not measurable, we're obliged to stick with its manifestations in the physical world in the course of describing the implications of our own modes of response. The aim of Huebler's best work (and I haven't mentioned here that work of his which never seems to leave the plane of the sociological, like the book *Duration Piece #8*, which seems to me to consist entirely of the sort of in-groupy star fucking that characterizes the work of an artist like Arman) is to

find a way of documenting in which the act of documentation preserves and accounts for the partial accessibility of that which is documented. That is to say, the — or one — aim of this work is to make the concept of an event register the shape of the event itself, while retaining the arbitrary connection between signifier and signified which makes the documentation

function as a sign in the first place. Whether or not it's conceivable that a concept can be as manipulable, as impartial, and as comprehensive as an event, is, of course, another matter. To try to make it so, however, stands as a very high ambition, one that offers a paradigmatic intent that would make it possible to describe the continuity from the private space of an

individual psychology to the public space of the rest of the world — and, as from physics to metaphysics so, eventually, from sociology to ideology — in terms that can locate experience elsewhere than in dichotomy. Ultimately, Huebler's work is about the subject matter of dialectical materialism itself: the equivalence, in history, of the perceiver and the perceived. ■

Douglas Huebler, *Duration Piece #7*, 1973, statements and 14 photographs, 32" x 39"



CAROLYN KINDER CARR

When, in 1963 at the age of twenty-six, Jaime Davidovich emigrated from Argentina to the United States, he brought with him his most recent paintings, a series of small landscapes. These sought to evoke the unending terrain of the Pampas, to realize within a vocabulary of limited means an image of unlimited implications.

Although Davidovich's work has changed during the last ten years in terms of materials, scale, and space, what has remained constant is his interest in confronting the environment, and his desire to illuminate the inherent physical and metaphysical properties of this environment with a minimum manipulation of the pictorial materials.

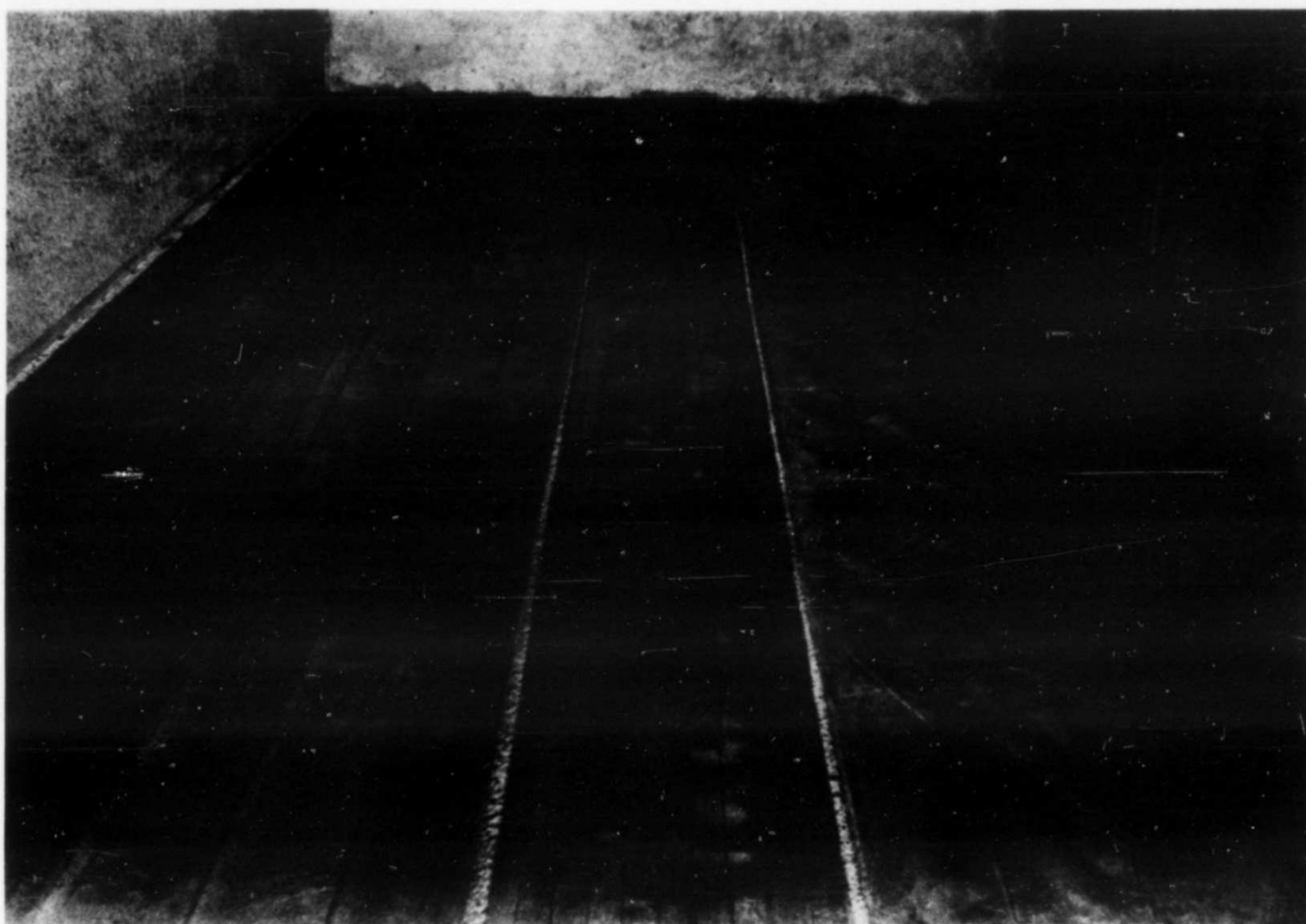
The major transformation in Davidovich's work occurred in 1967 when he began to seek ways to dissolve the discordant object/background relationship in his paintings.

Davidovich's initial solution to this problem was to continue to work on a stretched canvas which he then removed from the stretchers and placed directly on the wall. While the merging of the canvas and the wall surface pleased him, the jarring note suggested by the pushpins, together with the need to cope with the sheer weight of the canvas, ultimately led Davidovich to the use of industrial tapes in various colors, materials, and sizes.

The earliest piece which Davidovich exhibited using tape was in 1971 in a group show sponsored by the Cleveland chapter of E.A.T. at Lake Erie College in Painesville. In this spacious campus gallery, Davidovich was given a 15' x 35' wall. He covered it with alternating horizontal strips of white cloth tape, white paper tape, and canvas painted with white acrylic in sizes varying from 4" to 15". Without destroying the architectural entity, Davidovich was able to develop a composition based on the rhythmic repetition of the lines and planes of the joined and banded materials and to present a surface that was modulated by the shifting play of colors and light which emerged from the differences inherent in the materials. Like the perception of the Pampas, limited only by the physical limitations of the eye, the imagery of the wall at Lake Erie implied a potentially endless statement, inhibited only by the arbitrary dimensions of the format.

Davidovich had his first one-man show in February, 1971, in Cleveland, the city in which he has lived since 1967 when he left New York. The exhibition at John Carroll University gave Davidovich the opportunity to create a total environment with his tapes. The beige burlap, which was on the walls of the gallery, was augmented by a play of Scotch 5" green cloth tapes and burlap stripes painted by Davidovich. These areas of color were used to delineate features of the room such as windows, alcoves, and beams, and to establish a pictorial harmony within the room by providing the environmental composition with various counterbalancing shapes.

The John Carroll room was followed by a tape and wall project of January, 1973, as part of a group show with five other young regional artists, at the Akron Art Institute. Davidovich covered the entire 10' x 60' wall of the gallery with a single material, a 4" clear vinyl



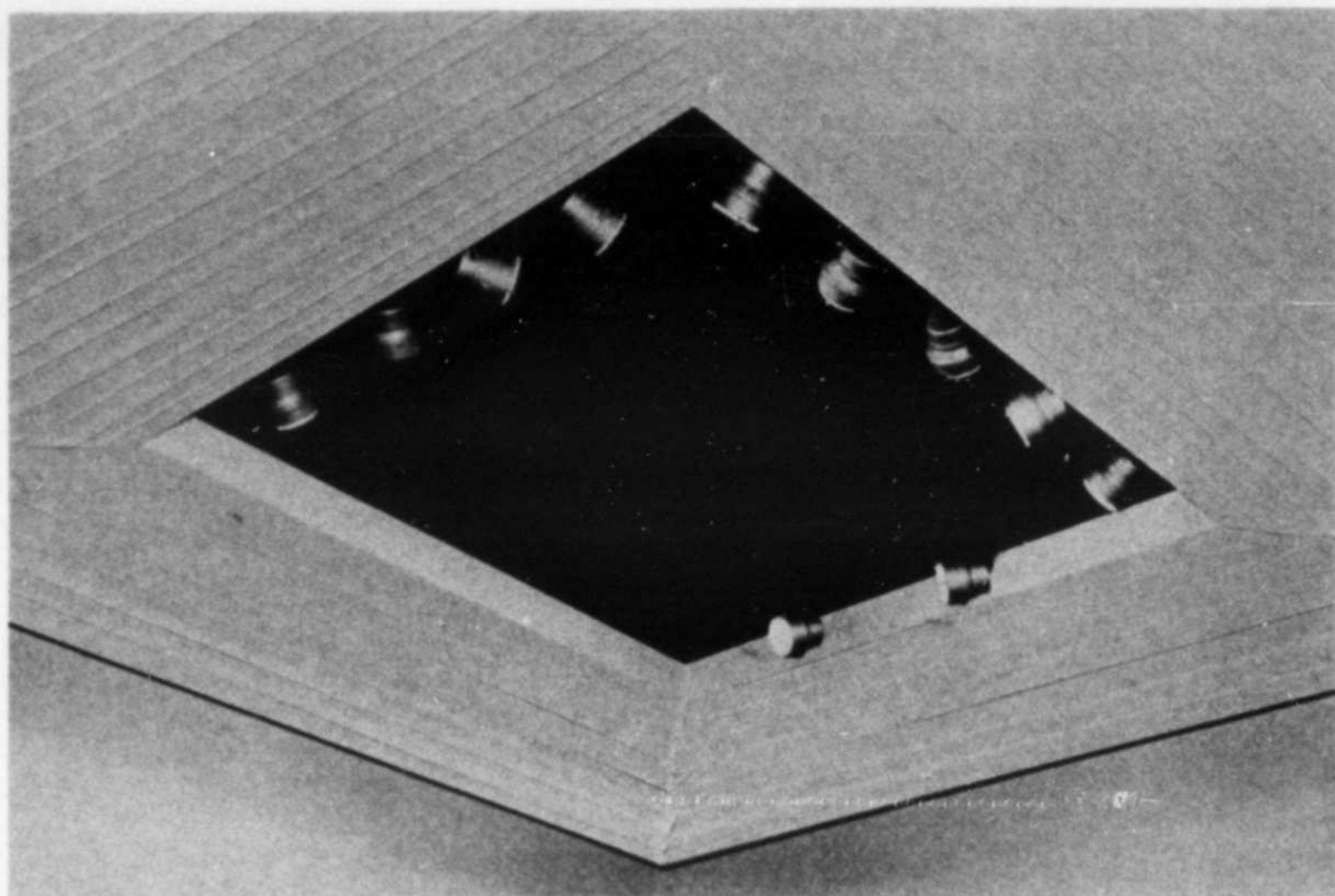
Jaime Davidovich, *Untitled*, 1973, microfoam and cloth tape, 15' x 37'.

tape. Letting his composition emerge from the indigenous properties of the material, Davidovich created a field, literally constructed in an additive manner, which appeared to subdivide the wall into a series of vertical grids. These modules not only decentralized the picture surface and created a pattern of line and plane across the surface of the image, but also provided a geometric foundation for the randomly placed, amorphously shaped patterns of air bubbles which appear in the process of applying the vinyl tape. From these chance visual incidences came a sense of the physical space that projected forth from the surface plane. The shallow cast shadows enhanced the illusion of spatial dimension.

In November of 1971, again participating in an E.A.T. exhibition, Davidovich used alternating stripes of yellow and white 10" paper tapes to delineate the winding staircase space which led to the Fine Arts Gallery at John Carroll University. Davidovich was able to imply an experience comparable to the endlessness of a conveyor belt, while accentuating the jagged geometry of the stairs.

In May, 1972, Davidovich did his first outdoor piece, a commission for the New Gallery in Cleveland. On Belleflower Road, in the heart of the Case Western Reserve University campus, is a two-block-long sidewalk which extends from the New Gallery to the Cleveland Museum of Art. On this walk the artist suggested a series of "Stations" which followed the existing organization of the walk. He divided his composition into two parts. On one section he covered the incised areas between the blocks of cement with a 1" white cloth tape to emphasize the negative

JAIME DAVIDOVICH

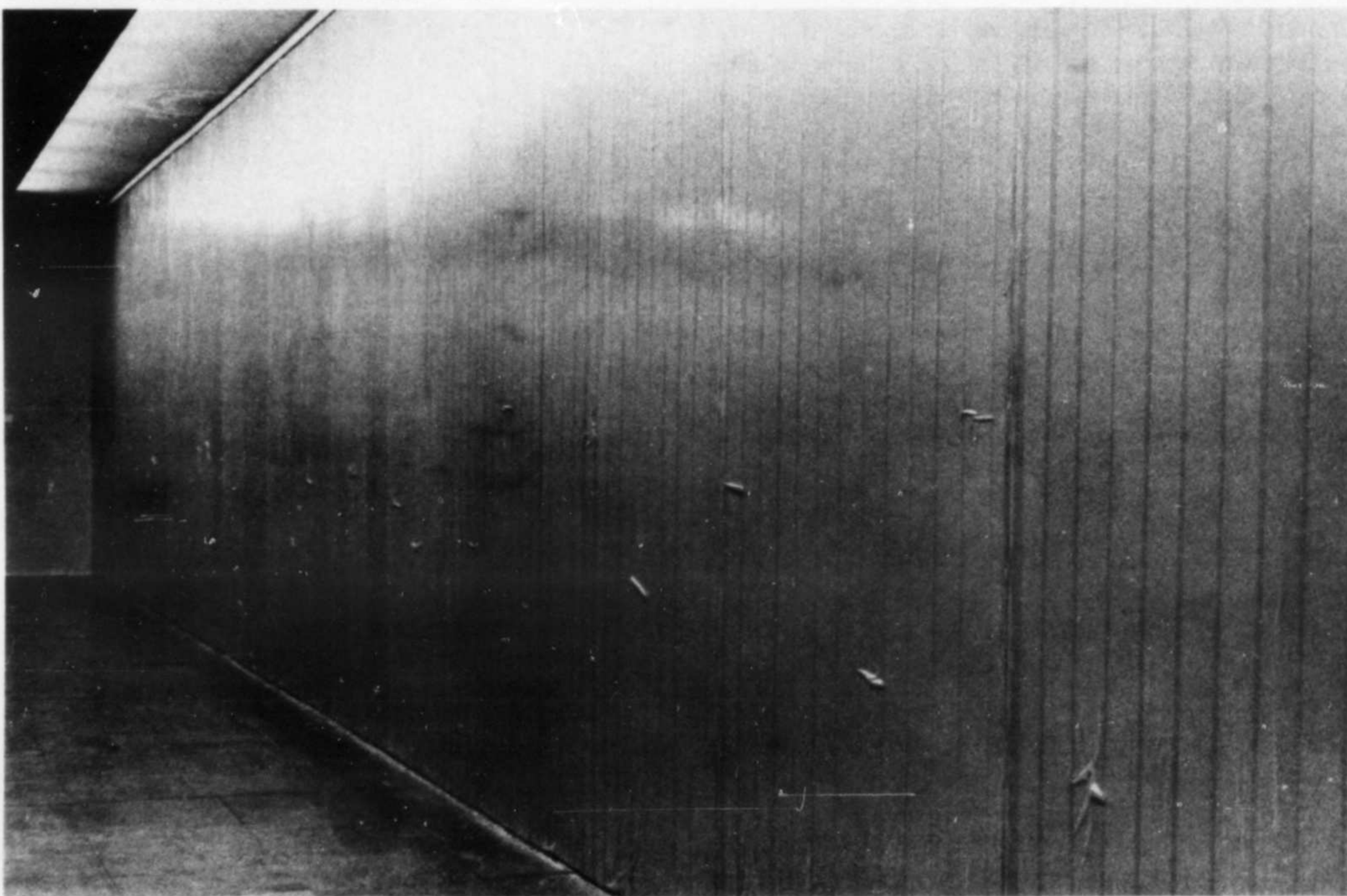


Jaime Davidovich, *Ceiling Project*, 1973, cloth tape.

space. On the other section, he used a 15" white paper tape cut at each seam line to emphasize the positive space of the walk. The work lasted approximately a year, during which time the pristine geometry and color underwent constant change from human use and the weather.

In the 1973 Whitney Biennial, Davidovich's penchant for exploring the possibilities of wasted space, and more importantly, space where the viewer does not expect art to be found, led him to work with the museum's staircase well, a space 40' high, 18' wide, and 5' deep. Here Davidovich applied 5" cloth tapes

Jaime Davidovich, *Untitled*, 1973, clear vinyl tape, 10' x 60'.



to three panels of microfoam, a packing material which he had stained brownish gray with dirt. The narrow interstices between the separate panels of microfoam permitted the textured wall of the architecture to become an integral part of the work. By choosing to place his idea in this particular space, Davidovich was able to program the nature of the spectator's relationship to his work. Unlike most art, which is perceived as a total unit upon entering the gallery space, the unique nature of the stairwell inhibits one from encountering the whole work at once from a static location. One encounters the piece as part of a journey which one is literally forced to make, moving first closer to the object and then being compelled to delete it from one's visual frame of reference, only to reencounter it from yet another perspective on a different landing. The quiet harmony of the long vertical lines, the knowledge of pictorial continuity is physically broken, while a contrapuntal tension arises from the sense of anticipation and past experience.

The Whitney project was followed by another stair piece done in May, 1973, for the New Gallery. However, unlike the Whitney project which dealt primarily with the implications of the mass of the wall surface, the piece at the New Gallery was concerned with the articulation of a hollow core of light-filled space. In this 35' x 5' space, an area in which the object could be perceived continuously and on both sides, Davidovich placed 2" cloth tapes sprayed gray on the translucent microfoam backing at 1" intervals. The relationship between the tape and the microfoam was based on a reversal of the proportional relationship established by the positive mass of the banister poles and the negative space between them.

Bathed by the natural light from the three levels of bay windows behind this curtain of tape, the intensity of contrasts between the transparent areas of backing and the gray, opaque tape established an image constantly in flux depending on the quality of light. At night, lit by artificial light, the piece took on yet another dimension, one which underscored the experience of the soaring height of the object.

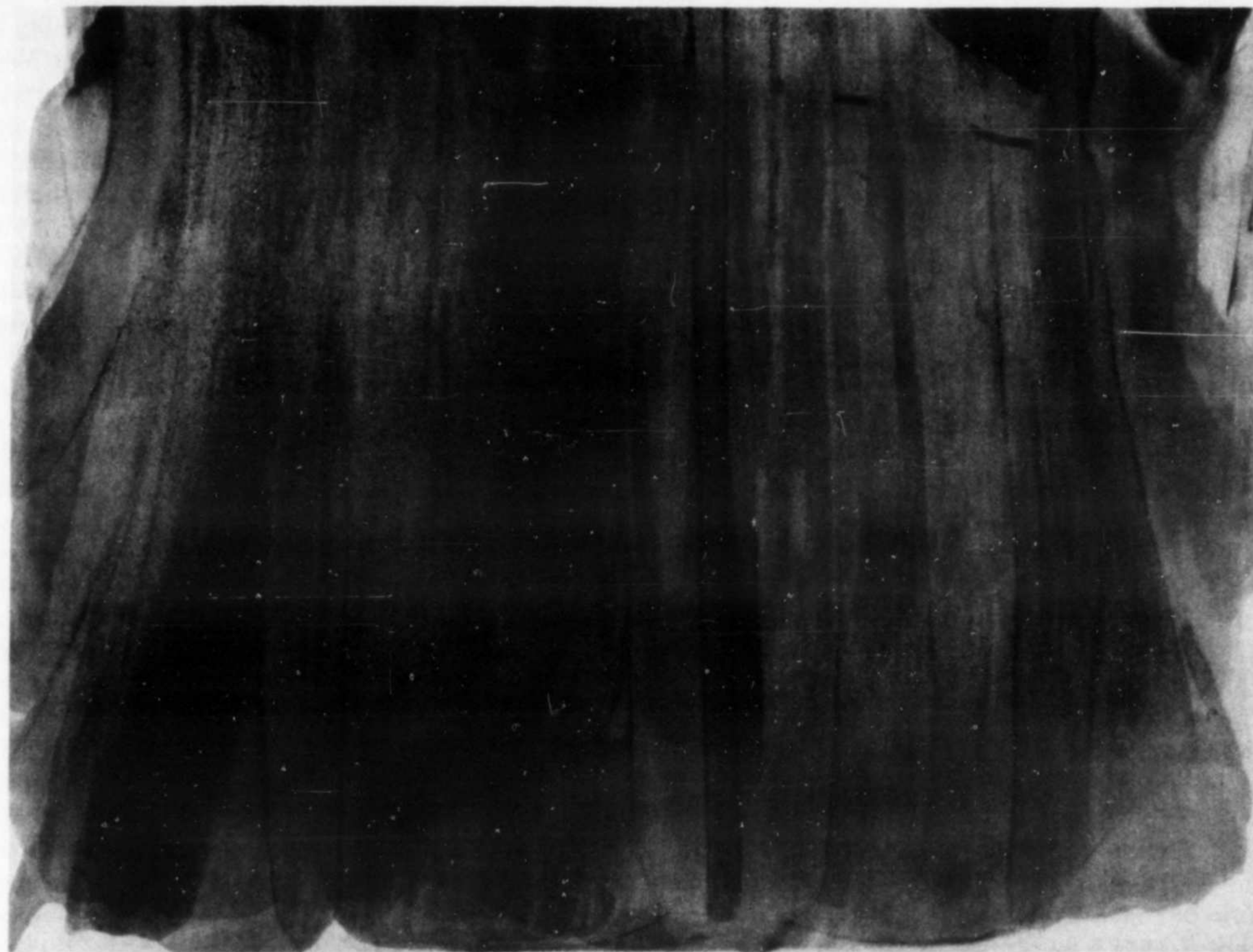
Each of Davidovich's pieces is done for a unique space. They cannot be duplicated in another area as their shape and content are determined by the particular conditions of the environment Davidovich seeks to articulate. For this reason his piece, originally planned for the September, 1973, group show at the Bykert Gallery in New York, remained in the photographic stage. Initially, Davidovich had planned to use yellow cloth tapes to visually enunciate what he saw as a "shaped canvas," the dropped ceiling which held the gallery lights. Conceived when the room was empty, the presence of paintings on the lateral walls destroyed that sense of contemplation which Davidovich had originally sought.

Having chosen a space in or on which he wishes to work, Davidovich proceeds by making a series of photographs and drawings. Davidovich's second step is to augment these drawings and photographs with tapes. We see a highly developed three-dimensional image on what we know to be a two-dimensional surface. Conversely, we can feel the three-dimensional form of the tape, but it is employed to reiterate the two-dimensional planometric character of the rigid geometric shape. ■

BOOKS



Paul Jenkins, *Call to Hounds*, 1962, o/c 77½" x 59".



Morris Louis, *Salient*, 1954, synthetic polymer on canvas, 74½" x 99½".

FROM WOLS TO VEILS

Paul Jenkins, Albert Elsen. New York: Harry N. Abrams, 1973, 284 pages, 56 colorplates, 115 black-and-white illustrations, \$35.00.

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

This monograph opens, after a few grainy *Avalanche*-type photographs of the artist at work, with a sententious note by the author, Albert Elsen. "In writing about a living artist, the historian must remind himself that he should ask questions such as those we would like to have had answered by artists of the past, before the recording of art history." This laudable intention of satisfying the curiosity of future generations is taken by Elsen as an occasion for boldly extrapolating a different breed of art historian than we know. His future reader seems to be one who will want to know that "in 1959, the writings of Kant and Goethe came to Jenkins' attention." Presumably Elsen sees this as a contact of great minds. However, suppose that the historian of 2001 is not above the quibbles of today's historians, and that he

asks: which painting by Morris Louis did Jenkins borrow in 1957, and what were the consequences? Here is Elsen's account. He records that Greenberg showed Jenkins canvases of 1954 by Louis, as opposed to his expressionistic canvases of 1955-56, and quotes Jenkins that he

was convinced that Louis was a dark horse with a new luminous vision. Hoping to encourage Louis to return to the "unique presence" which I saw in these earlier works, I borrowed a rolled Veil as a gesture of conviction and admiration. I never did unroll it at the St. Mark's apartment studio, though, because there had been a recent fire there.

This point of contact between assiduous Jenkins and poor old Louis is interesting. What effect, Elsen's future reader might ask, did this rolled-up painting have? According to Elsen, "Louis and Jenkins seem to come together in spirit even more than form" and points out, correctly I think, that Jenkins' early work derived more from Wols than from Louis. However, Elsen points out elsewhere that Jenkins "was increasingly drawn to sustained translucency of color, which in turn influenced his feelings about an oil medium." This occurred in 1959, the year in which Jenkins noticed Kant and Goethe, and two years after the loan of the Louis. It seems likely that Louis was instrumental in Jenkins' move away from Wols, but this connection is not made much of by Elsen; indeed he smudges it over. In the early '60s Greenberg told me that he lent the paint-

ing to Jenkins in the hope of cleaning up Jenkins' painting technique, encouraging him to take the shine out of his glazes and to let the ground show through more. This is pretty much what happened to Jenkins' painting between 1957 and 1959 so perhaps the favor he did Louis was returned. At any rate, Greenberg was satisfied and wrote in 1959 that Jenkins was "one of the most individual painters of his time." Elsen quotes Jenkins as saying that "Wols had a kind of veil in his little watercolors and in his oil paintings. The veils in my paintings came from this source in Paris, not out of Washington color painters." Actually it is not an either/or situation. First Jenkins was influenced by Wols, in 1953-54; then he was influenced by Louis, 1956-57, as the scale of his pictures got bigger and as his surface became simpler, a process that culminated in 1960 with his total conversion to acrylics. Another question the future historian might ask is: which picture was it? Though Elsen is the art historian here, not me, he does not give this information, so I will: it was a painting at the time untitled but now called *Salient*, 1954 (collection William S. Rubin).

I would have thought that detail of this kind is precisely what future art history will be made of, unless the profession shows startling change. What is really happening, I think, is that Elsen is writing an obsequious plug for a friend. His remarks about method suggest that he is self-conscious about his suspension of the usual evidentiary standards. Indeed, there is a kind of flattery and self-deception implicit in the relationship of artist and author which surfaces in the "Biographical

Outline," where it is recorded that in 1962 Jenkins "meets Albert Elsen at the Rodin Museum, Paris." The point here is that Elsen's arrival in the art world was a notable study of Rodin's *Gates of Hell*. Where were their meetings when Jenkins was in the United States: at the Rodin Museum, Philadelphia?

The problem is that it is very difficult to behave like an art historian while collaborating with a living artist. The artist as the originator of the whole work has one idea of it, whereas a writer coming from outside has another. Jenkins laid this book out but several early pictures, one of which Elsen discusses at length, *Thisbe's Wall*, are not reproduced and a new work, *Phenomena Himalaya*, which Elsen nominates as a possible masterpiece, is reproduced on the back of the dust jacket but not within the book itself (and it is captioned *Phenomena Himalayan*). An art historian can (1) establish an authentic canon, which does not arise in the case of a living artist's easily verifiable paintings and (2) study the historical context. An example of context in this sense is Jenkins' relation to Louis, which, as we have seen, Elsen evades. He relies on the word of the artist without testing what he is told against other data, which is not a secure base to work from.

Barbara Rose, John Coplans, and Andrew Forge, who have written other books in this series of Abrams monographs, seem to have run into related difficulties. Rose's book on Frankenthaler is highly responsive to the art, and gives new information taken directly from the artist, but Frankenthaler gets isolated from the real world of contacts, influences, and parallels. Coplans' study of Kelly is weakened by the fact that the dates given for the early work are those supplied by the artist, not by the author. Forge's text on Rauschenberg was obliterated by being printed over grainy photographs, a decision of the artist's. Frankenthaler's isolation assumes the form of eminence; Kelly's dates give him various priorities; and Rauschenberg's erased Forge text turns the book into a work of art like his own *Erased de Kooning Drawing*. In different degrees and in different ways, these cases demonstrate artist infiltration or domination of the text. Elsen is unusual in that he seems to welcome the passive role the artist has assigned him. For example, he recounts that "when he was 16 Jenkins had an unforgettable experience that must have conditioned his thinking about using light in the quest for unaccountable occurrences to confirm his awareness of a divine presence." Then he quotes Jenkins: "One time I witnessed a Fata Morgana when I was visiting my mother in Ohio." Thus the Fata Morgana, "a mirage, esp. one of the kind seen in the Strait of Messina" (*Random House Dictionary*, unabridged), seen c. 1939 predates all merely artistic influence and confers total originality on all Jenkins' work, or is supposed to.

At the end of the '50s Jenkins' art changed considerably. Forms are still the outcome of the behavior of liquids, but they are often lighter, more sleek, and continuous. Elsen would have it that the change lies in nature or in Jenkins' psyche, but *Salient* is the real cause. For instance, photographs of icebergs are scattered through the book and one of them shares a double-page spread with *Phenomena Jacob's Pillow*, 1961. It is true that the painting looks like the ice-

berg, but so does *Salient*, which means that *Jacob's Pillow* also looks like *Salient*. Areas of bare but not raw canvas are left visible in the later work, surrounding or threading through color that is matte rather than enameled. Clarity of contour and the cleanness of unrevised paint characterize the work, so that Jenkins can say of it: "it always looks as though it just happened." This is similar to Frankenthaler's idea that "a really good picture looks as if it's all happened at once . . . it looks as if it were born in a minute."¹ Elsen twice likens simpler pieces by Jenkins to Ellsworth Kelly, but this is right off the point. What is needed is a comparison of Jenkins with Frankenthaler and Friedel Dzubas, both of whom poured paint contemporaneously.

I remember being told that when Sidney Janis was working on his book *Abstract and Surrealist Art in America*, 1944, most artists hoped to be classified as Surrealist rather than abstract. The prestige of Surrealism has waned considerably since then, and this poses a problem for Elsen who does not want anything to interrupt his continual flattery of Jenkins. He points out that Jenkins appreciated the Surrealists' confidence in the unconscious mind, but rejects them as largely literary and finds their interest in the absurd antithetical to Jenkins' solemnity (my word). What Elsen does not mention, because it would neither please the artist nor advance the work, is decalomania, one of the automatic techniques of Surrealism. Invented in 1936 by Dominguez (and used occasionally by Breton and Tanguy), it consists of pressing paper onto ink or paint to obtain unexpected runnels where the paint is wet and textured patches where it is sticky. It produces effects which, as Rubin observes in *Dada and Surrealist Art*, suggest "exotic flora, mineral deposits, spongy growth" and these words are, coincidentally, a good description of Jenkins' grottoes. The elaborate flow and coalescence of liquid paint in Jenkins' work between 1953 and 1955 are evocative of the great cavities of the body, underground caves, and galactic clouds and arms. The interchange of the intimately subcutaneous and the astronomically remote is, of course, similar to the microcosm-macrocosm iconography of late Surrealists, such as Masson (*Anatomy of My Universe*) and Matta (*Psychological Morphology*).

Technical virtuosity and a picturesque imagery characterize Jenkins' art. He works at a distance from his paintings, shielded by adroit procedures from the autographic revelations of gestural painting. There is no sign of the hand in terms of pressure or direction of stroke, so the paintings become detached and ornate images of flux. H. W. Janson, in a discussion of "The 'Image Made by Chance' in Renaissance Thought" paraphrased Alberti's definition of artists as "people with a special predisposition to discover chance images, to find incipient resemblances in random shapes."² Janson adds Vasari's account of Piero di Cosimo's use of clouds and marked walls to suggest imagery and Leonardo's prescription for producing a landscape by contemplating chance marks on walls. The idea is picked up in the 18th century by Alexander (Blot-Master) Cozens and, of course, the line from Cozens, via Victor Hugo's drawings to Surrealist automatism is familiar. Jenkins' work depends on this traditional link between fantastic landscape and im-

provisatory technique. Hence the resemblance of his canvases to imperial and cyclic paintings by Thomas Cole or John Martin. Jenkins strives for the infernal, the luxurious, or the catastrophic.

Jenkins divided his time between New York and Paris in the '50s (like Norman Bluhm, Sam Francis, and Joan Mitchell) and in Paris was influenced by Michel Tapié. As writer and dealer Tapié set up a movement, *Art Autre*, intended to be ruthlessly modern in content and improvisational in style. Jenkins published a book of his fragmentary texts in English.³ What was congenial in Tapié was his interest in art styles as the signs of new worlds. He considered painting as a form of landscape, of inner or outer space, as exemplified by Wols, Mathieu, Fautrier, and Michaux (who appears three times in Elsen's text as Michaud). The visceral and cosmic analogies of decalcomanic traces, as well as the aerial burns of fumage, were taken out of graphic scale and into the larger domain of painting by Tapié and his artists. The evocation of new worlds and imagined spaces links late Surrealism and Tapié's blend of Surrealism and Tachism. Jean Dubuffet, discussing the anatomy-universe analogy in the work of Alfonso Ossorio, observed that materials "skillfully directed . . . are capable of reproducing, on their scale, all the mechanism of the creation of worlds."⁴ Instead of discussing Jenkins in such a context, however, Elsen has another reputation-enhancing theory, supplied by the artist himself. Jenkins read Jung's *Psychology and Alchemy* in 1953. For Elsen this is another meeting of great minds, but this too can be viewed as another example of the links between Jenkins and romantic Surrealism. From the '30s alchemy was under continual discussion by the Surrealists, but Elsen pays no attention to all this and keeps the field down to Jung and Jenkins. He quotes Jung on the alchemist's view of water and then adds: "To this day Jenkins uses water to correct 'errors' made during the process of his painting with acrylics." So what?

The elevated but nebulous style of this book can be shown by a quotation on the subject of *grisaille*.

The new mysteries sought through gray cause the artist to refer to Goya. "You know that painting in the Louvre by Goya of a woman standing straight on. There's a silver gray in that painting that I always used to go and look at. And it had dignity, it had violence, it had arrogance, it had many things for me. And I think that maybe what I am trying to do is approach that Goya gray or that Goya silver."

What does this mean except that Jenkins sounds like a man who wants to be photographed with a celebrity. It is time for a moratorium on the use of Goya's name; it is continually used to promote, flatter, and aggrandize later and lesser artists. Another example of the immodest self-reference is one last quotation from the artist. "The wing span motif which appears constantly in my work is to me what the square is to Albers. . . ."

1. Helen Frankenthaler, Interview with David Sylvester, BBC, London, 1961.
2. H.W. Janson, "The 'Image Made by Chance' in Renaissance Thought," in *Essays in Honor of Erwin Panofsky*, ed. Millard Meiss, New York, 1961; reprinted in *Sixteen Studies* by H. W. Janson, New York, 1974.
3. Paul and Esther Jenkins, eds., *Observations of . . . Michel Tapié*, New York, Wittenborn Inc., 1956. For an early statement of his position, see Michel Tapié, *Un Art Autre*, Paris, Gabriel-Giraud et fils, 1952.
4. Jean Dubuffet, *Peintures Initiatiques d'Alfonso Ossorio*, Paris, 1951.

REVIEWS

GEORGE BRECHT, Onnasch Gallery; EVE SONNEMAN, PAUL MOGENSON, LUCIO POZZI, Bykert Gallery downtown; HOWARD BUCHWALD, Nancy Hoffman Gallery; FRANK STELLA, Knoedler Contemporary Art; AD DEKKERS, Rosa Esman Gallery; ROBERT MOSKOWITZ, Nancy Hoffman Gallery; KEN GREENLEAF, Tibor de Nagy Gallery; MARTIN CHIRINO, Grace Borgenicht Gallery; ARMAN, John Gibson Gallery:

GEORGE BRECHT is an artist whose special capacity is to extend the bounds of the iconographic. Brecht, who was involved in the Happenings of the 1950s — with Kaprow, Dine, and the others — is at his best when he establishes a milieu that seems slightly anachronistic in its imagery. Brecht approaches the post-Hiroshima world through icons that seem lodged in the age of Surrealism rather than of Pop, in the age when the bowler (derby) hat still stood for both the clown and the capitalist. That age was the one that saw the end of European domination, in the arts as elsewhere.

One is inclined to think of Cornell when confronted with Brecht, because some of Brecht's most intriguing work consists of collections — juxtapositions — of tiny objects. But Brecht's concern is less with Cornell's world of private fantasy than with the potential that historical detritus and trivia have for turning an individual psychology into a marker for the time in which the individual lives. Brecht's work isn't quite what it seems. Above all, it seems to me that the Edwardian rubbish that Brecht likes to use is meant to have — does have — a strictly contemporary relevance. Or, if contemporary seems a bit strong, a relevance to the recent past, which denies the timeless quality that tends to accrue to nostalgia stimulation of this sort.

This erosion of timelessness is facilitated by the interpolation of new materials among the old and by a reference to a kind of situationalism that is — or seems to be — generically very recent in origin. A table full of cards, each bearing bits of information printed on but torn from another context (usually a context dependent on reproduction, such as advertising, technical drawing, map-making, etc.), turns out to be — indeed — a card table, on which one can play

a game of semiological juxtaposition — provided one can think up some rules. Brecht's work, like the work of many others in the present and the recent past, seems to invite a kind of participation that it doesn't actually permit.

This, I think, is what the nostalgia material is all about. A white cane and an orange are placed on a chair. This arrangement might suggest that, via the human accouterments which represent clothing as the orange — organic and entropic — implies flesh (a body), one is meant to "project" oneself into the space of the chair. But this is complicated by the fact that no one carries a cane anymore, so that one ends up shut out of the chair's space by a symbolism that is, nowadays, idiosyncratic rather than general.

When idiosyncrasy seems to be at work one is, I think, entitled to play hunt the archetype. If we're shut out from the chair by the orange and cane — as we shouldn't be if it were a chair by, for instance, Bruce Nauman — we are bound (more likely) to ask what the orange and cane are for. And if they can't stand for anyone, then one supposes it probable that they — and, by association, the hat — stand for someone, or a particular sort of person. And apart from Charlie Chaplin and Winston Churchill — the juxtaposition of Churchill with a white cane sets a delightfully

refreshing tone for thinking about the Second World War — they seem to stand for George Brecht, and Brecht's view of the artist.

The show, which is a retrospective (1957-73), provides ample evidence that Brecht is fond of this kind of hat. There's a piece in the show that documents the travels of one from England to Germany (another instance of the conditional sort of relationship that Brecht has with current art thinking). The hat isn't purely idiosyncratic though, despite Brecht's personal affection for (of) it. Nor is it archetypal in any broad or vague sense. Its archetypal significance is, as I've suggested, precise. It links Brecht with the age of Magritte, and in that stands as a link with the art — or antiart — of the pre-American dominated avant-garde; connects Brecht with art history — bourgeois culture — while putting art history in its place.

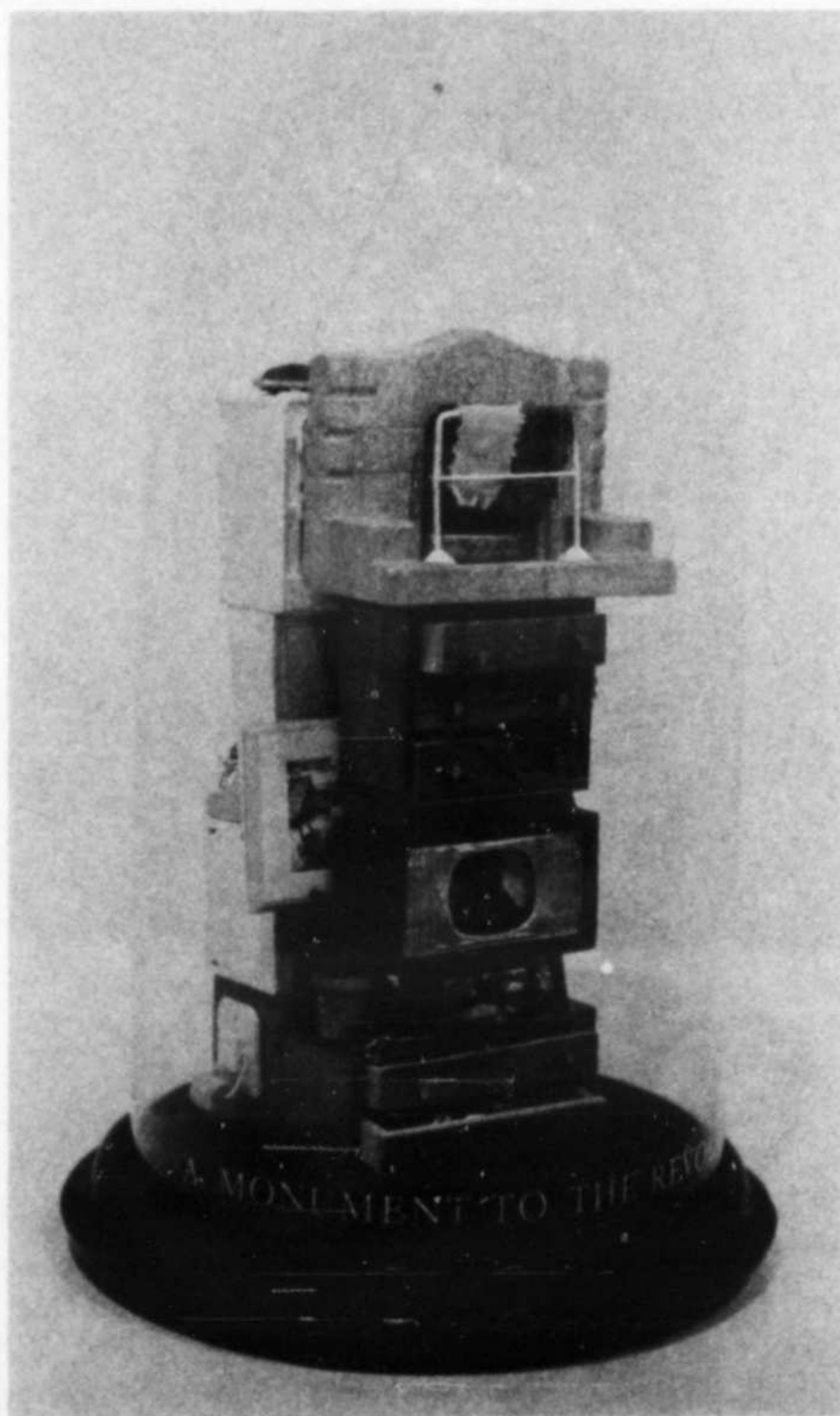
The white cane — like a magician's wand, and a Fred Astaire prop, as well as the badge of the blind — appears self-explanatory, given the implications of the hat.

Brecht's is an art of irony, as an art concerned to manipulate anachronism in the context of the immediate present must be. For this reason — and no doubt because of my own personal inclinations too — I think *Monument to the Revolution* (1970) is one of his most

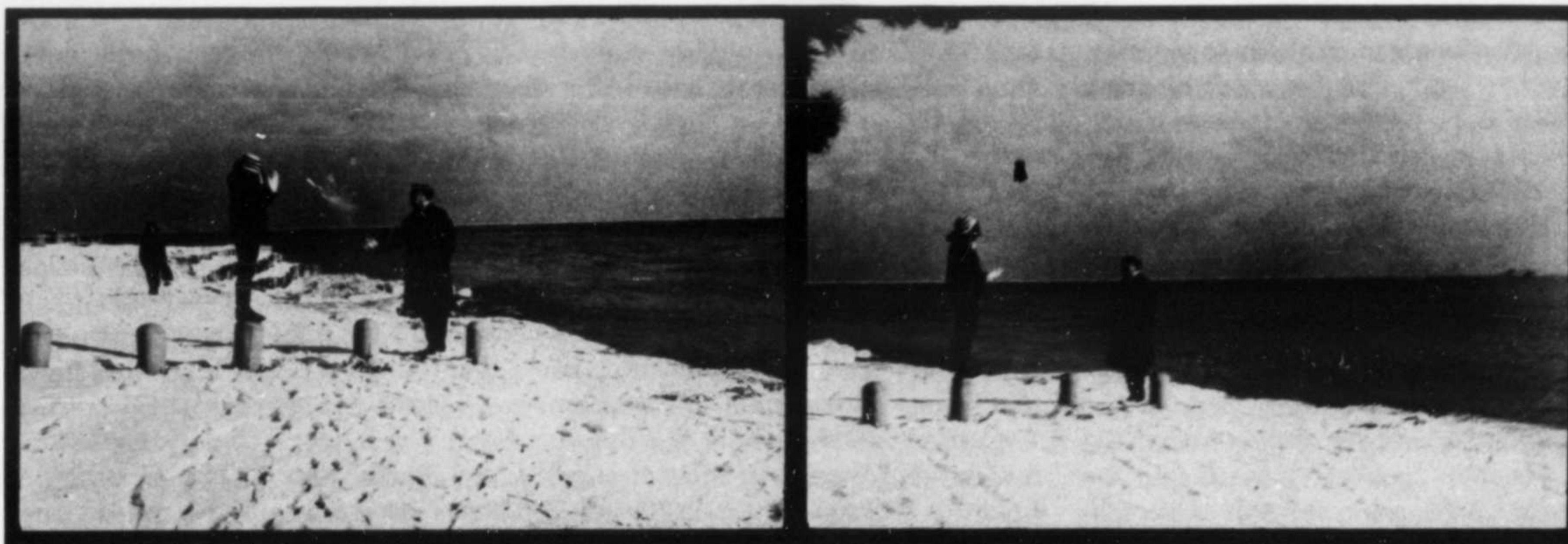
far-reaching works. It consists of a bell jar containing a tower made of doll's-house furniture. Our grannies used to keep stuffed birds in jars like these because a bell jar will maintain a vacuum indefinitely. A more apt comment on the thinking of the left would be hard to find, and I don't mean just the thinking of the activist left. One thinks too of Roland Barthes, announcing comfortably from his professorial chair that he's a Marxist in thought but not in practice. An art of irony is an art of complication, and Brecht seems to find an echo in a letter that James Joyce wrote to Harriet Weaver: ". . . It is a bewildering business. Complication to the right of me, complication to the left of me, complex on the page before me, perplex in the pen beside me, duplex in the meandering eyes of me, stuplex in the face that reads me. And from time to time I lie back and listen to my hair growing white. . . ."

The kind of "first, second" sequence that Douglas Huebler uses in *Duration Piece #7* is basic to EVA SONNEMAN's work, which consists of pairs of photographs. These are taken in the same place — although not from the same position in that place — and then printed simultaneously. From one frame to the next an enormous variety of changes occur, in the action caught by the camera, in its field of vision, and also — as in *Family Portrait, Chicago*, 1969 — in the physical quality (the focus and light) of the photography itself. Sonnemman's way of working is highly intuitive, there is no set time between shots, and each shot is an intrinsically adequate entity, an act of acute observation. For Sonnemman, intuition seems to require the provision of a compensatory response between the second shot and the first. In *Family Portrait, Chicago* a figure leaves the frame between the first and the second shot and, as if in response, part of a tree appears. This allows Sonnemman to maintain the compositional emphasis posited in the first print while relocating the third unit — the other two being the central figures — from the background to the front of the picture, and from the beach to the sky.

The imposition of simultaneity that's engendered by printing the photographs together might, I think, be understood to mean that the two prints which make up each work relate to the whole of which they are parts in a way that's like the relationship of the events depicted to the place in which they occur. In this, Sonnemman seems to have some affinities with another aspect of Huebler's work, that which has to do with making the form of



George Brecht, *Monument to the Revolution*, 1970, m/m, 18 1/2" x 8 1/4".



Eve Sonneman, *Family Portrait, Chicago, 1969.*

documentation respond to the character of what is documented, and with the more general idea — by Barthes out of Saussure — that metonymic sequence requires the condition of simultaneity for its complete appreciation. What is involved in this is a theory of narrative, of the mutual accessibility of conditions — “inside/outside,” “beginning/end” — that otherwise cancel one another out. At the moment this — perhaps essentially literary — notion seems to provide the motivation for an incredibly wide spectrum of artistic endeavor — in the work, for example, of artists as different as Richard Nonas and Daniel Buren, and of writers as divergent as Rudolph Wurlitzer and Adrienne Rich — and this contributes to the interest provoked by Sonneman’s work. Which is not to say that her photographs can’t stand on their own. On the contrary, it is to say that their strength is such that they can stand comparison with the most ambitious art of the time.

Of the two artists showing with Sonneman, PAUL MOGENSEN and LUCIO POZZI, I find Pozzi the more interesting. Mogenson’s are one-color paintings, horizontally striated and made up of separate units. Drawing is thus identified with physical division, while each unit relates to the others within its striation through an arithmetical progression of which it is itself a part. That Mogenson is concerned with a pictorial order that’s physically accumulative more than it’s about the subdivision of a rectangle is attested to by the irregularity of format that is caused by the mutual independence of the horizontal progressions which make up the work.

Mogenson’s work should, I think, be more exciting than it is. His concern with line as a physical division — as opposed to an exclusively “optical” con-

vention — relates him to the recent painting of Jake Berthot as well as to that of Howard Buchwald (which is discussed below), as does the relatively small size of his work. Mogenson’s use of only one color, in that it signifies the exclusion of pictorial space, also suggests comparison with the painting of Robert Morris — made in the early ‘60s — that was recently exhibited at the Castelli Gallery. The trouble is that Mogenson appears to do nothing that goes beyond — qualifies or transforms — the work which he brings to mind. But perhaps there’s something there I’m not able to see. Given the aura of authoritativeness which surrounds his work, that seems quite likely.

Lucio Pozzi’s piece, *Four and Eight*, 1973, takes up a space 42 feet long and — not counting the eight-inch separation of the panels from the floor — eight feet high. This is something of a new departure for Pozzi, whose work has previously tended to be smaller. *Four and Eight* is made up of four eight-foot-square stretched canvases, between each of which there’s a gap of 24 inches with, at either end of the group, a 12-inch gap before the wall meets a corner.

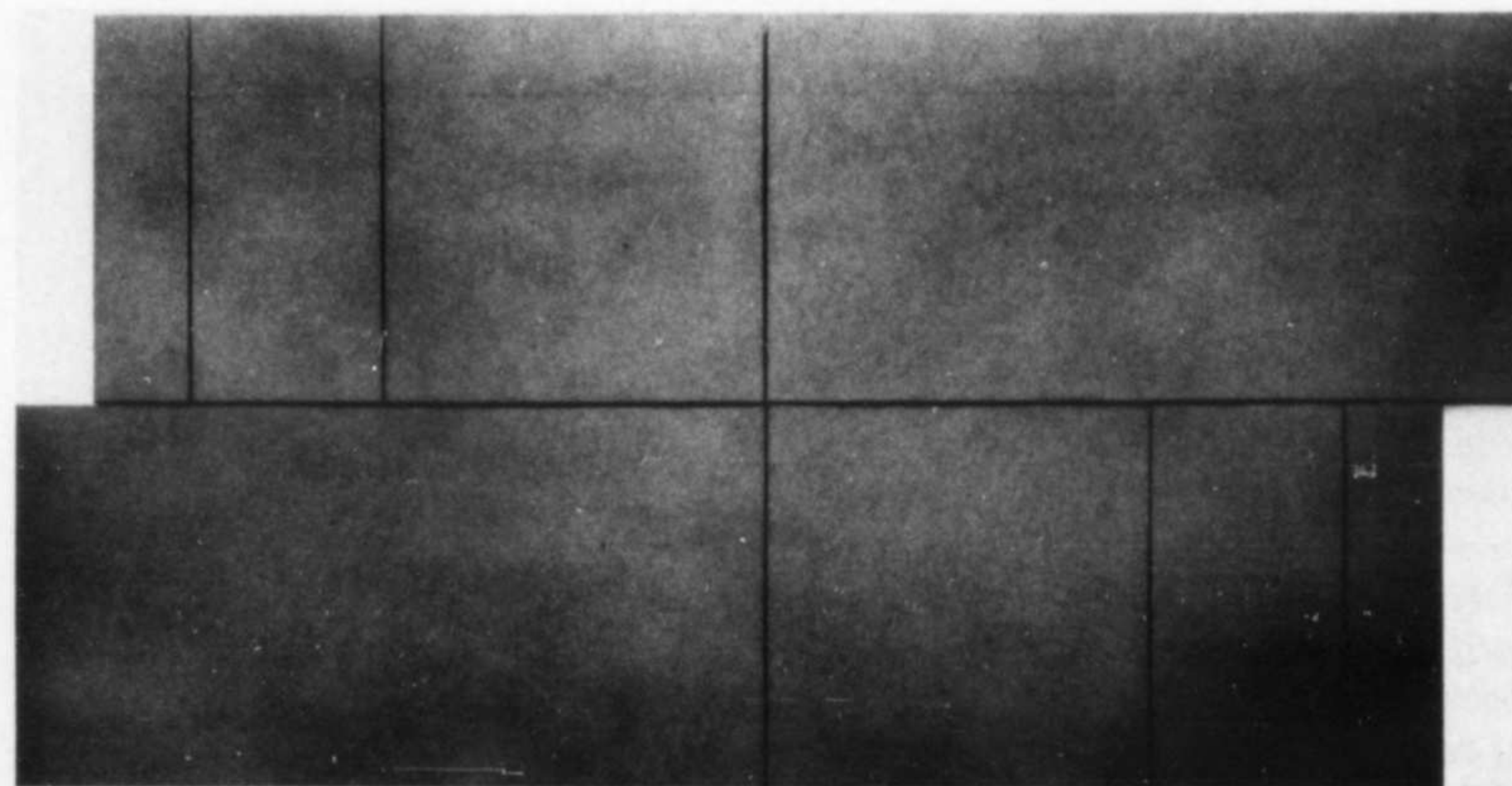
Pozzi’s work is about seemingly minute differences. Each of the paintings that comprise this group has eight coats of paint, put on with a brush and then washed off — more and more selectively as the work proceeds. Basically, all the coats of paint come out of the same bucket, but the color is changed — added to — during the passage from the first to the last coat. As Pozzi himself says — in *Data*, summer, 1973 — “The colour red is like a constant around which I work with bluer or yellower or whiter reds.” In *Four and Eight* Pozzi put a short length of masking tape on each canvas after the third coat of paint had dried, within the square but

close to the edge, which the tape parallels. These were not removed until after the last coat of paint, with the result that they make part of the surface available in an earlier state. (In this they are reminiscent of the bottom edge of Marden’s *Olive Grove* paintings, where there’s a similar exposure of an earlier stage in the painting’s evolution.) Because they draw attention to themselves as a part of the painting that’s lighter and less saturated than the rest of the surface, these taped areas serve as directional markers within and across the canvas and, by extension, across and through the space occupied by the four panels as a group.

Pozzi, in choosing to make his paintings part of a physical situation in the way that he has, manages to address the most crucial of the possible issues connected with thinking of paintings as objects. Painting, for Pozzi, seems to be the production of objects of a certain sort — as opposed to, for example, “images” or “tensions” of a certain sort. There is as much visual incident on the

sides of these canvases as on the front, and it’s this as much as anything that ensures their continuity with the wall — and, as a consequence of that, with the space of the viewer. As he makes the space of his painting continuous with real space Pozzi draws one’s attention to another feature of what is an essentially literalist argument. That in becoming objects in the world paintings become more rather than less discrete and unique. Seen in terms of color as an exclusively “optical” signifier the differences between these canvases are (to let a single pun slip through the net) minimal. In material emphasis and distribution, however, they differ a great deal, and because of this it’s in material terms too that one comes to see the pictorial cohesion of the four together. *Four and Eight* forces mobility on the viewer; one must move back to see the work as a whole, and get very close up to observe the differences between each canvas. In this, the work is a paradigm for any literalist enterprise: the liberation of the viewer from the fixed position required by the pictorialism of the Renaissance, the liberation of painting from an “ideal” space separate from that of the physical world.

HOWARD BUCHWALD is also concerned with painting as a thing in the world, as, in his own words, an object to be looked at. His new paintings — all made very recently — are small in contrast to the piece he exhibited in the Whitney Annual a couple of years ago, but are similarly involved with an achieved equilibrium between “opticality” and objectness. I find the new paintings much more successful than the larger, earlier work, which involved a large orange field surrounded by squares of varying size. My take on that was that not enough seemed to happen in the



Paul Mogensen, *Untitled, 1968, acrylic on canvas, 48'' x 96''.*

ARTFORUM

today's most influential and innovative
art magazine

**Use this postage-free envelope
to subscribe... or to renew
your current subscription.
And to give gift
subscriptions to friends.**

155 ALLEN BOULEVARD
FARMINGDALE, N.Y. 11735

ARTFORUM

Postage will be paid by

NO POSTAGE STAMP NECESSARY IF MAILED IN THE UNITED STATES

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL

FIRST CLASS
PERMIT NO. 253
FARMINGDALE, N.Y.

ARTFORUM

Subscribe—or renew your current subscription NOW. And give ARTFORUM to friends at a special money-saving gift rate.

1 year (10 issues) \$22.⁵⁰*
Your own or first gift subscription

Only \$17.50 each for additional gift subscriptions!

Newstand Cost: \$30.00

Enter my subscription

Extend or renew my current subscription

YOUR NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP _____

274
Send gift subscription to:

B

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP _____

SEND GIFT CARD SIGNED _____

Send gift subscription to:

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

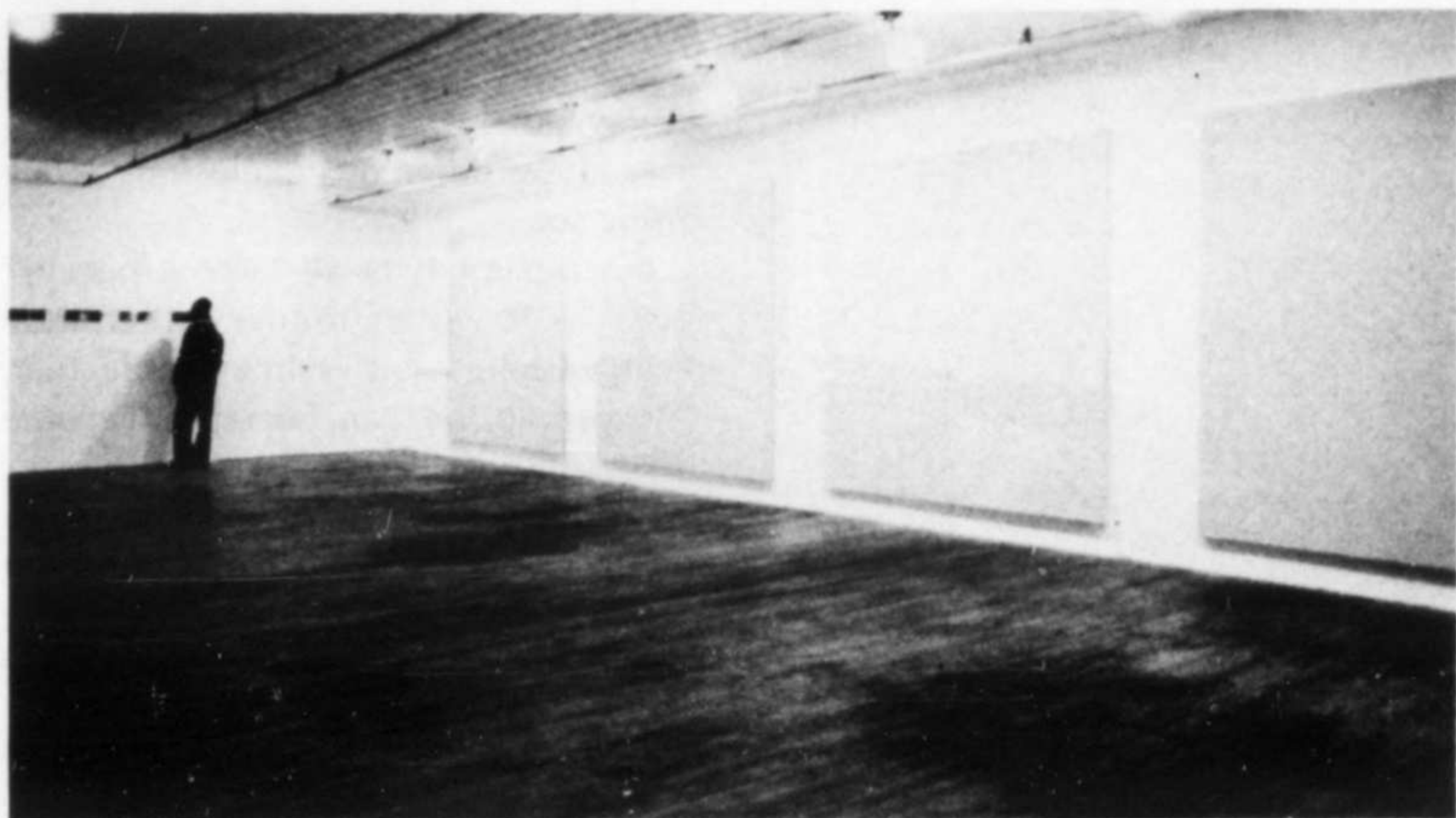
ZIP _____

SEND GIFT CARD SIGNED _____

Attach list for additional gifts

PAYMENT ENCLOSED FOR \$ _____ Bill me

BRINGS AN EXTRA ISSUE FREE — RECEIVE 11 ISSUES INSTEAD OF 10 - SAVE \$2.25.
OUTSIDE U.S. AND CANADA ADD 3.00 PER YEAR FOR POSTAGE.



Lucio Pozzi, *Four and Eight*, 1973, acrylic on canvas, 8' x 42' (4 panels).

middle of the painting that could respond to the activity on the perimeter. And the color of the field — while in tension with the space outside the painting because of this — seemed, on account of the property that orange has to “advance,” to bleed out the color of the surrounding squares.

The new paintings — made, as before, with oil paint — seem more resolved. But they also raise slightly different questions. Buchwald draws attention to the painting as an object, now as before, by “cutting in” to the surface — using stretchers which are built so that in places there’s a gap where there might otherwise be a line. In the earlier painting, the small squares were separated in this way on their sides that ran at right angles to whatever edge of the canvas they happened to occupy. Now, these gaps tend to divide the smaller areas of the canvas among themselves, or to occur at one or more of the corners of the painting as a short diagonal. Because these paintings are small, the cuts or gaps play a much larger part in them than they did in the earlier piece, where the squares have a tendency to register as blocks and seem — in part — to be about bringing some reminder of the carved frame into the work, making the frame function as part of the object instead of as a transitional zone between the space of the painting and the space of the world.

The cuts now seem to have a more direct relationship to the color of the work. Since they now extend a long way into the painting — relatively speaking — the part the cuts play in determining color relationships appears to be much greater. Buchwald paints on stretched canvas, which means that for him color must follow drawing absolutely, since the cuts are established before he begins to put color down. He changes the color

a lot in the process of making the work; what ends up as blue may have begun at the opposite end of the spectrum, and to know this is to see his paintings in terms of a violent alternation of the mutable and the immutable. Beyond this — which is akin to the feeling of suppressed gesture communicated by Brice Marden’s work — one comes to understand, I think, that what Buchwald is concerned with is a question of proportion.

What is manipulated in these new paintings is the balance between the painting as an “optical” phenomenon and the painting as a thing — between the material and the dematerialized — and what’s extraordinary about that is that this balance is conceived in terms which can be expressed within the work rather than *around* it. Buchwald attempts to relocate the question of proportion within the space of the painting, rather than in a situational set of tensions that involve real — “exterior” — space (the sort of solution offered in the recent work of Doug Sanderson). Internal proportions are the stuff that classicism’s made of, and Buchwald’s interest in them therefore becomes — because of his emphasis on the objectness of the stretcher — an attempt to transform one vocabulary of painting by placing it in dialectical opposition to an awareness it had always sought to undermine. To do this within the surface of the work — within a planar, conceptual, “optically” accessible space — is to suggest that the reliance on the edge of the stretcher (the area where the space becomes an object) that characterized the painting of the ‘60s is no longer a necessity even though it may remain an option. Or, rather, perhaps one should say that Buchwald’s cuts suggest a way back into painting’s space for a sensibility that’s spent more

than a decade straddling the perimeter.

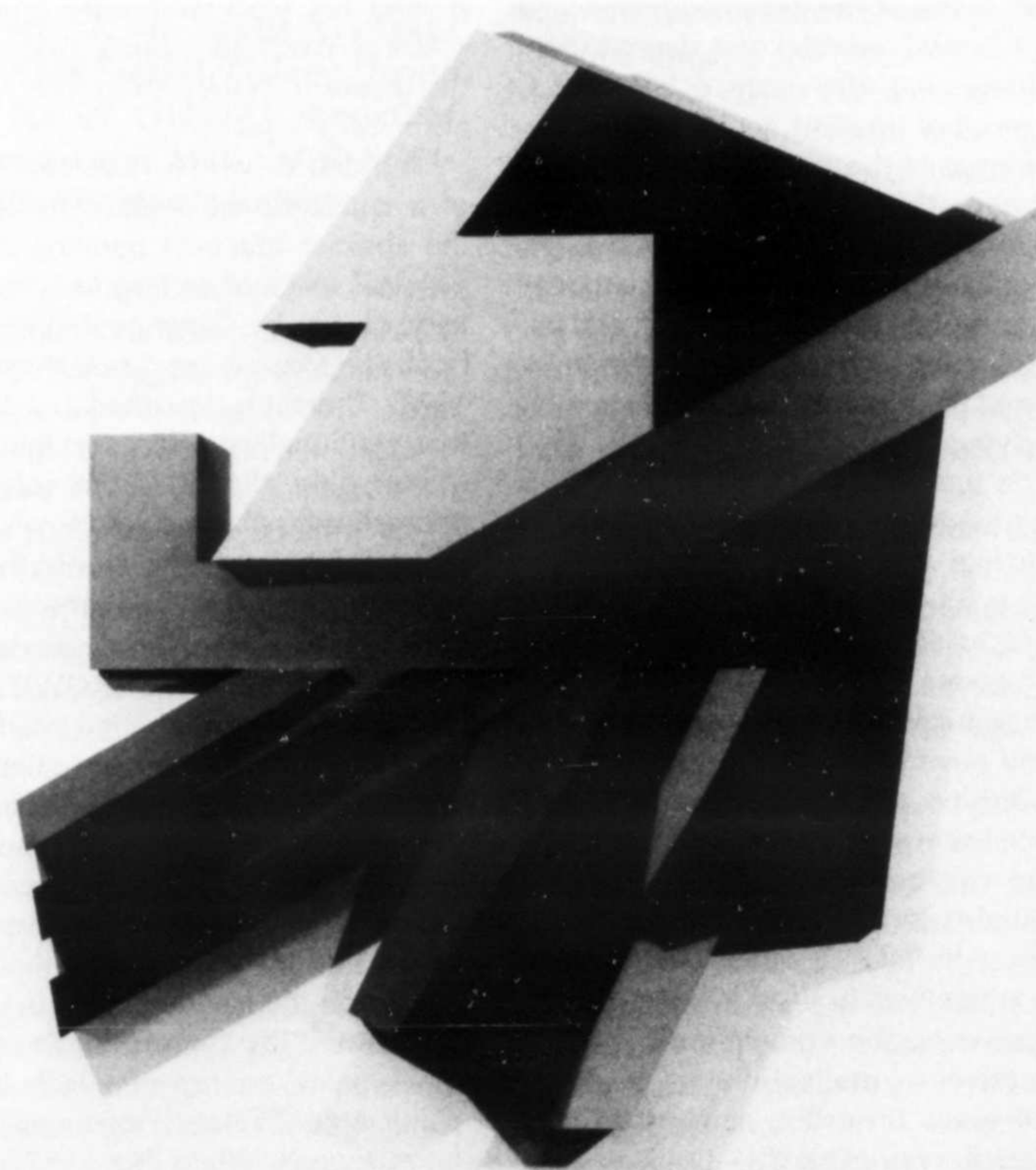
FRANK STELLA continues to make paintings that involve a literal equivalent for modernism’s shallow pictorial space. As with his other work of the last couple of years, the new paintings employ a variety of materials, in particular masonite, cardboard, felt, and wood.

To begin with the support, I find it intriguing that during the period in which he’s been making his work in this way, Stella has consistently inserted three layers of corrugated cardboard between the stretcher bars and the surface. The sort of alternation between hard and soft that occurs across the front of these pieces is built into them at the start. Stella’s work has always had to do with the material condition of painting, which is why I bring this up. I mean that Stella has always been ambivalent not only about whether one should perceive painting as an object or an abstraction, but also about the status of painting as a cultural object. Stella, for example, has never used oil paint, and this has always — I think — been understood to be a deliberate choice. (Outside of the period when he couldn’t afford to.) His protractor paintings used a type of paint that caused the dread word “kitsch” to be muttered in some quarters, and the more recent ones seem committed to

using the colors that are customarily associated with store-bought felt.

Joseph Masheck, in a definitive review of Stella’s last show (*Artforum*, April, 1973) drew attention to the tendency of his recent work to resemble “the polite radicalism of 1930s abstraction.” The new paintings go even further in this direction. To an extent, the format has been simplified — planes tend not to be broken up within themselves — and the reliance on the vertical axiality that was formerly the case with some of the paintings is now typical of all of them. Even more than previously, these paintings bear a resemblance to the Art Déco-meets-Constructivism look of old cinemas. But unlike the brass sculpture of Roy Lichtenstein which they momentarily suggest, Stella’s paintings don’t remain in the ambience they conjure up.

Conjuring it up in order to overcome it does of course seem to be the point. Stella suggests the tawdry as a means by which to communicate an idea about painting that is, in a sense, the opposite of the automatic access provided by oil paint. Now, Stella’s work suggests, to get at Velázquez through the medium of metallic paint would be too easy. A more insistent banality must be made to intercede between the painting and its viewer, because co-presence with Stella’s art



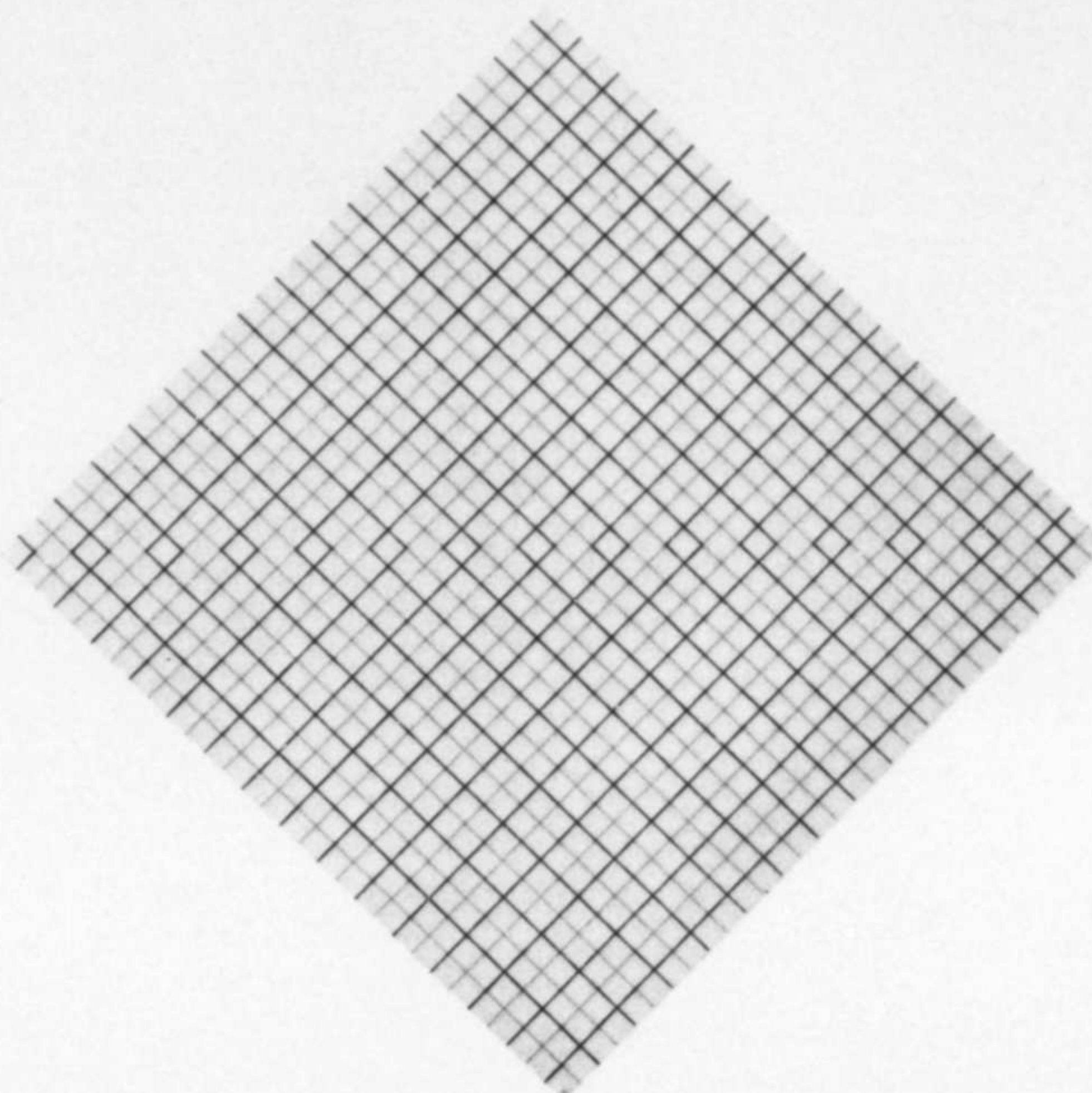
Frank Stella, *Ostropol III*, 1973, m/m, tilted relief, 103" x 87".

must involve an ever more comprehensive introspection about the assumptions and potentialities of pictorialism. Stella's enterprise is increasingly revealed as an explicitly moral one, and his identity as an artist consists therefore in the scope of his unparalleled ambivalence.

AD DEKKERS' work — in common with Buchwald's and Stella's — sets out to make pictorial space literal. And that's as far as any similarity between his work and that of the other two goes. Dekkers is Dutch, and, according to the catalogue of his show, has from the first (1960) endeavored to literalize the space of painting as that is represented — exclusively — by the work of Mondrian. Furthermore, Dekkers is interested in Mondrian sans Mondrian's color.

The catalogue relates Dekkers' work — which is either white or, in the case of the drawings, translucent — to a painting Mondrian made in 1918, *Lo-sangique with Grey Lines*. Dekkers takes from Mondrian the grid's capacity to vibrate. He is concerned to contrast that capacity with line that's present as a physical signifier, either line that's engraved — *Relief with 18 Sawn Grooves*, 1965 — or line that's drawn on both sides of a sheet of paper. The drawings are, for me, the most interesting of Dekkers' work. In them he suspends the paper between two penciled grids made up of line whose thickness doesn't seem arbitrary, but may instead be read as the result of strictures set up by the overall format of the piece, which is a way of saying that it's in the drawings that Dekkers seems closest to Mondrian. The paper causes the lines on its back to read as grayer than those on the front, and this brings about a convergence of the physical and the "optical" which is extremely satisfying.

For the rest, Dekkers' work suffers from the tendency of this kind of art to look like a model of something rather than a thing in itself, and he has, in fact, spent a lot of time collaborating with architects. In his search for a "non-hierarchical grid" — something one might have thought was always readily available — Dekkers seems to have made some pieces that would relate him, if he can be related to any American artist of major importance, to Sol LeWitt's work of the late '60s. But where LeWitt's work involved, at least to some degree, questioning the conventional — presumptive — malleability of architectural space (in order, perhaps, to neutralize it more explicitly), Dekkers' does not. Instead, Dekkers persists in pro-



Ad Dekkers, *Untitled*, 1973, ink on paper laminated in plastic, 23 3/4" x 23 3/4".

ceeding as if the continuity between architectural and pictorial space that was an assumption of the Renaissance had never been called into question, as if no serious dislocation between the two had ever been proposed. That, I think, is why his work is finally unable to address itself to issues that are of the present rather than the — art-historical — past.

The idea to which I've just referred, of a conventional continuum between the abstract space of painting and the physical space of architecture, is articulated briefly by Grégoire Müller in his book *The New Avant-Garde* (New York, 1972). There it is described as a concept that traditionally displaces sculpture, and Müller hints that it is this traditional "homelessness" of sculpture which accounts for its present position as the main stimulus within the visual arts.

This continuum is an underlying premise in ROBERT MOSKOWITZ' work as it is in Dekkers', although in a different way. Moskowitz begins his paintings by drawing a perspectival space that's then either (1) rendered vague by the use of close-valued, atmospheric color, the whole space of the painting then being reactivated by little dabs of thick paint that sit on the surface, or (2) is virtually obliterated by — predominantly — black paint, on top of which he then paints a small image. An example of the latter type is *White Hat*, 1973. These paintings seem to be about flatness as a

property that can bury an illusion of depth, but which can retain, as they do that, an ambiguous spatiality wherein an isolated form — or, in the case of the dabs, forms — can still "float" freely. Such a spatiality is what Moskowitz unquestionably provides and, one cannot help but ask, so what? It seems such an easy enterprise.

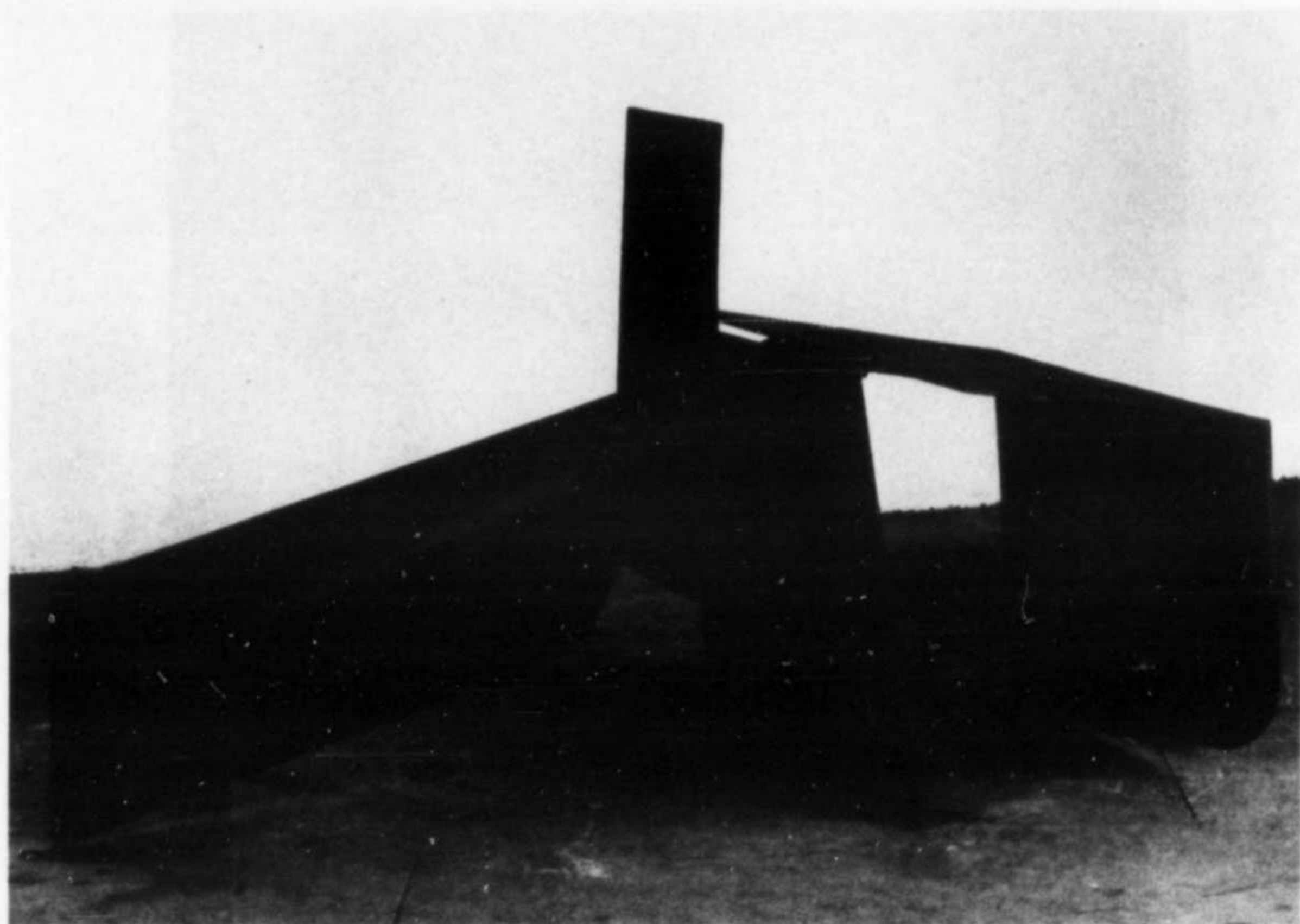
KEN GREENLEAF, like Michael Steiner, is one of a large number of artists for whom art history seems to stop in the mid-'60s. Or, if that's not the right way to put it, for whom Anthony Caro's example — a modernist, pictorial elimination of real space — remains a viable option for sculpture in the 1970s. I have suggested elsewhere that it doesn't, and that Caro's own most recent work tells us why (*Artforum*, September, 1973). Briefly, I feel that the sort of sculpture now made by Greenleaf and the others turns out, after the articulate ambivalence achieved by Caro in his work of the mid-'60s, to be entirely about self-enclosure. It is my opinion that this represents a retreat from a more ambitious view of sculpture developed, at the same time as Caro's, by Andre, Judd, Serra, and Smithson.

One can see why Carovian art should get a good press from a writer like Kenneth Baker, who seems to take Stanley Cavell very seriously indeed. Cavell says that co-presence with a work of art is very like co-presence with a person. Both works of art and people are "discrete" — intact, self-sufficient — entities,

which seem to "intend" meaning in a related way. There is a sense in which one couldn't disagree with this, but one may draw different conclusions while doing so.

If sculpture is at all "like a person" then — to go to Krauss rather than Wittgenstein — it is imaginable that, like people, art can become alienated with rather than from its class. Greenleaf's work is successful in what it seeks to do. His sculpture is more directly allusive to the figure than Caro's, and involves a more equal distribution of horizontal and vertical tensions because of that. The work proposes an entirely abstract manipulation of the space it occupies, achieved through a Cubist rhetoric of angled planes. The system is self-sufficient in a way that involves drawing one's attention away from the material emphasis of the steel — in the course of one's contemplation of the planes — so that the space of the sculpture, too, may be detached from our own. Unfortunately, the effect that this has on one in a time educated by the American sculpture of the — later — '60s is to make Greenleaf's work look discrete in another sense, which is to say self-effacing — tasteful — and, thereby, ornamental. Greenleaf's work, and that of the artists to whom he asks to be compared, undertakes the manipulation of a vocabulary irrevocably undermined by the work of — in particular — Robert Smithson. Geoffrey Hartman, in *Beyond Formalism* (New Haven, 1970, p. 160), says that "If we insert [Weekend] into a history of the concept of form, we would have to say that, for Godard, form was less important than its violation." And one could adapt this remark to fit Smithson virtually by direct substitution. Greenleaf, on the other hand, is concerned to maintain an idea of formal resolution which has now acquired the look not of a universal but a particular, a social myth that employs a language of illusionism — a class of thought that looks increasingly like the thought of a class.

If Greenleaf suggests the reasons why Caro's art tends to read as "powerful but compromised" in the context of the present situation, MARTIN CHIRINO draws attention to the problems involved in maintaining David Smith's view of sculpture. Or, rather, not to a manipulation of materials and imagery which is related to his — and gains respectability, generic identity, from that — but now seems to be historically inappropriate. Greenleaf's sculpture suggests an uncertainty, typical of Caro, about whether



Ken Greenleaf, *Specksynder*, 1973, welded steel, 42" x 51" x 70".

the work belongs inside or out of doors. Chirino, like Smith, demands an outdoor site for his work. But this isn't, as it is in Smith's work, a demand contingent on the scale of the art and its insistent materiality. Smith's work involves a kind of massiveness that seems cramped in an enclosed space, Chirino's an insistent virility that seems intolerable indoors but which might — like the ebullience of a football player — be easier to take outside. *Landscape Mediterranea I*, 1973 — which is nine inches high — points to the corruption that can overcome a technique after two decades. Made out of forged steel, its uncanny resemblance to a pair of bull's horns reinforces the air of *machismo* suggested — now — by that method of fabrication. Unresponsive to the concerns of contemporary sculpture, it reminds one of nothing so much as being punched in the chest by a very small man while in an uncomfortably restricted space.

Whatever my problems with the work of Greenleaf and Chirino, I am in no doubt that they're serious and sensitive in what they do. But if there ever was a time when ARMAN could be taken seriously it's certainly not now, which perhaps explains why he's recently exhibited not once but twice.

Arman likes to collect garbage, and then package it. Sometimes he casts it into a lump and sometimes he shuts it up in a plastic box. His career is bracketed, in fact, by *Bourgeois Trash, Economy Size*, 1960 — why, by the way, is it bourgeois trash? Proles and aristocrats surely have as much use for Tampax and toothpaste as the class in between — and a recent piece in which

the garbage of five artists is preserved in tall plastic display cases. A. J. Weberman — who is, after all, an expert on garbage exploitation — commented to me that Arman doesn't manipulate his garbage enough. I'd say he manipulates it too much. A few years ago Arman's agent, Sam Greene, approached the New York City Parks Department with the idea of installing six-foot-high containers in Central Park. These were to be filled with leaves and dog shit and so on, collected by the boy scouts or some such group, and would constitute a work by Arman. The idea was allowed to slip into limbo when someone pointed out that such a piece would (literally) stink. I suspect that a search for clean garbage was initiated and that the artists' garbage piece is the result.

Another thing Arman likes to do is to destroy musical instruments. This is understandable, because the instruments he tears apart tend to be the anthropomorphic ones from the string section — he's especially fond of the cello — and these, as well as being sexy, also serve to establish a link with the iconography of "high culture" that makes his treatment of them seem that much more, well, devilish I suppose. Downtown, Arman showed a piece in which a cello was destroyed in a variety of ways, slicing, burning, etc. This was more systematic than his usual, looser, method of destruction. Both kinds suggest — to me — nothing so much as those parties flappers used to have that would end with everyone smashing the most valuable china he could get his hands on.

— JEREMY GILBERT-ROLFE



Arman, *The End of Romanticism*, 1973, 5½' x 4'.

CHRISTIAN BOLTANSKI, Son-nabend Gallery; MARIO MERZ, John Weber Gallery; POWER BOOTHE, A.M. Sachs Gallery; LEON POLK SMITH, Galerie Denise René; JULES OLITSKI, Knoedler Contemporary Art; JACK SON-ENBERG, Fischbach Gallery:

CHRISTIAN BOLTANSKI is French. This, his first New York solo exhibition, dealt with his life, his previous art and exhibitions, with the lives of others, and also with the lack of distinction between any of these things, if only for the reason that they all, by virtue of being exhibited together at this time, became Boltanski's most recent work. The contents of a number of vitrines reflect this kind of mixture. A random sampling includes: a book in which the adult Boltanski reconstructs scenes from his childhood; pieces of clay which represent 11 attempts to reconstruct a compass he used as a child; things labeled "Hair of Christian Boltanski in a white piece of cloth (sent to sixty people, October, 1969)" and "15 of 900 sugar cubes chiseled by Christian Boltanski, March-June 1971" as well as letters to European museum directors proposing an exhibition of the belongings of a given individual and catalogues of the resulting exhibitions. The vitrines dis-

play representative examples of Boltanski's activities to date, presenting a jumble of life, art, fact, fabrication, and reconstruction. In what Boltanski calls an effort to "preserve the moments of life" he obsessively covers the same territory again and again, uncovering new material with each trip, putting as much into his past as he pulls out of it. For example, a book titled *10 Photographic Portraits of Christian Boltanski 1946-1964* actually contains photographs of ten different boys of different ages taken on a single afternoon in a park. Each is identified as Boltanski at a specific age and date. The reconstruction is specifically false; however it projects a sense of reality for it does trace the process of growing up. This piece is simultaneously autobiographical and anonymous; these strangers unknowingly become a part of Boltanski's life story by being incorporated into his art and vice versa.

Boltanski also exhibited three photograph pieces: "The 27 articles of clothing belonging to Christophe F. in 1972," part of the photograph album of Family D, and over 400 pictures of criminals and their victims (precrime shots, since, as the pictures indicate, most criminals know their victims and are usually related to them) gathered from a detective magazine. Last of all, Boltanski exhibited the contents of some anonymous New

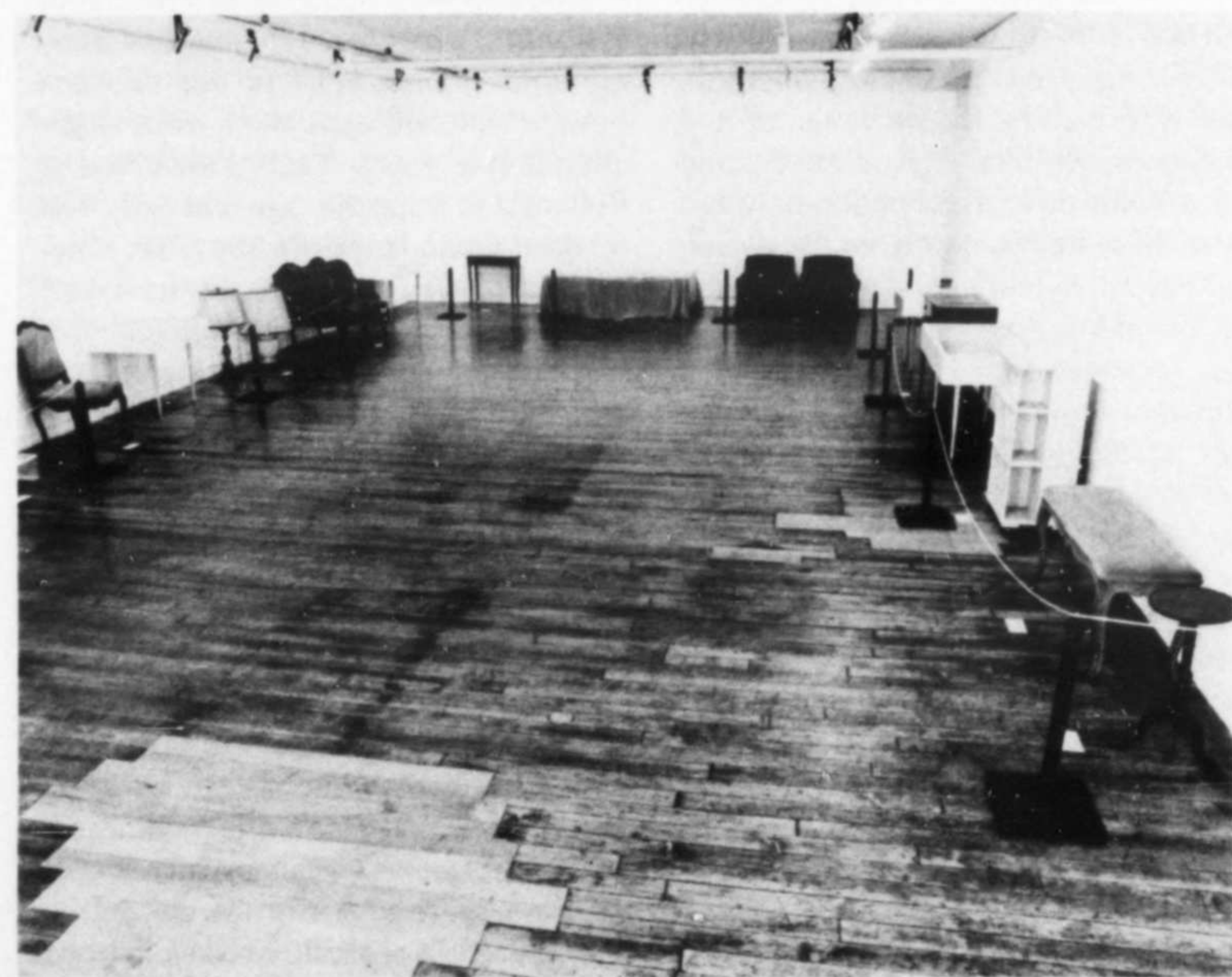
Yorker's apartment, a continuous row of labeled furniture and vitrines cordoned off along the gallery walls.

The most recent work, for all its obsessive accumulations, involves an admirable degree of recycling; Boltanski is making no new objects; he is just borrowing or photographing extant ones. It is an interest which is more curatorial or archeological than esthetic. It is clear that anything can become an artifact, can be interesting or evocative, a vehicle for information about an unknown person or place. Of course, the inverse of this realization and part of the obsessiveness is the suspicion that curators are as crazy as artists. Boltanski states it better when he writes: "I think that all human activity is stupid. Artistic activity is also stupid but you can see it more clearly." Boltanski's artistic activity is to present human activity. The sense of this deliberate and conscious decision is, like the obsessiveness, the only aspect which can be taken as a conscious esthetic position. Otherwise the work is casual, banal, and virtually without esthetic or visual impact. Simply, it conveys the accumulations which result from the living of human life. There is possibly some psychological or literary impact involved. The various accumulations of photographs and belongings are recognizably poignant; you realize all the things and images in your own life: how much you accumulate, how much you forget and how similar it all is to what other people keep or forget. Ultimately the work is almost invisible — any impact it has is private and literary; like many novels, it is mov-

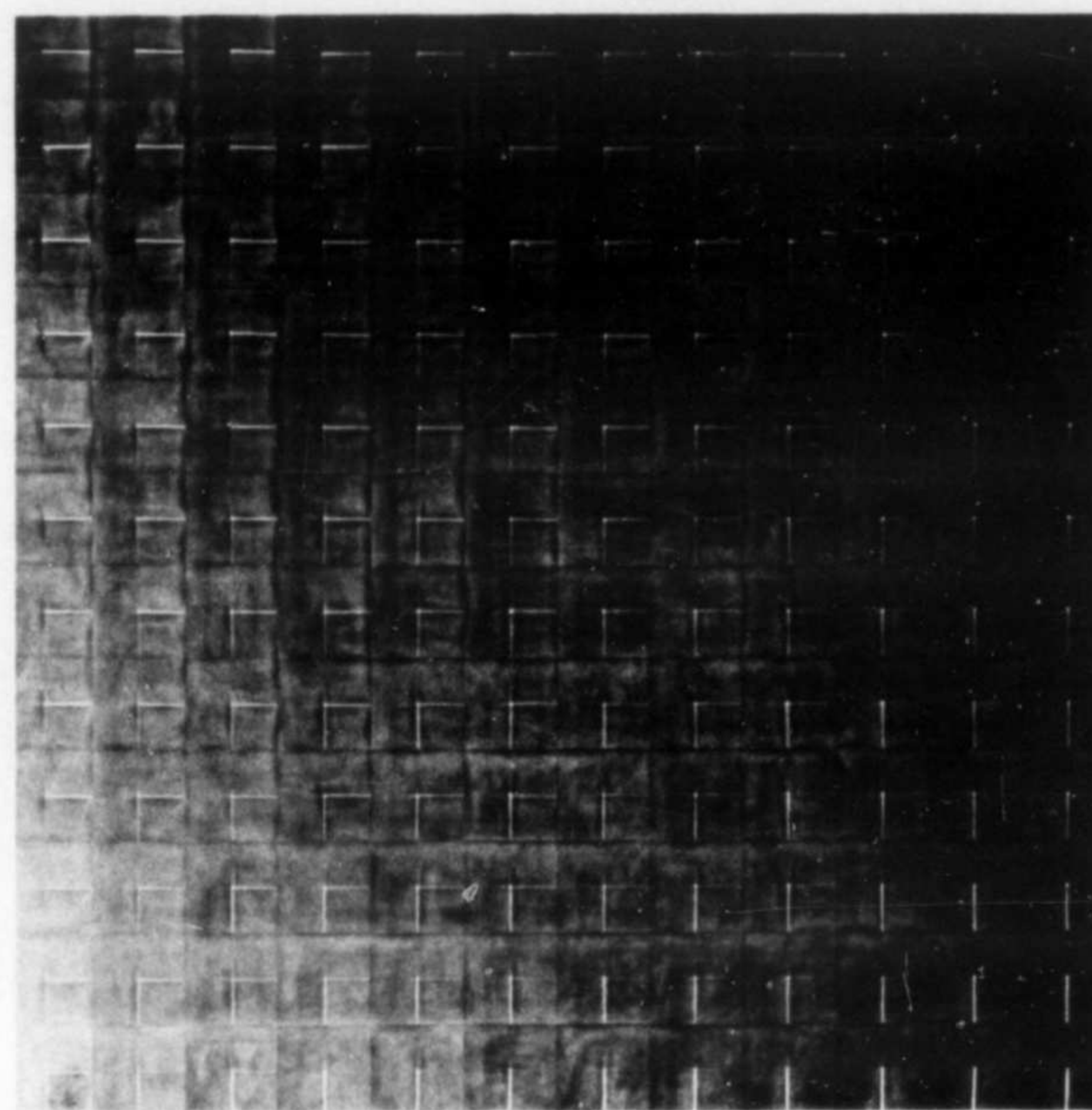
ing and disturbing to the extent that we see, or don't see at all, our own lives in it. The impact is fleeting, obliterated by the banality of both the work and of the insights it offers. We have all seen our lives in similar but more profound ways; real novels are better, even if the idea of unwritten, plotless literature is entertaining.

For several years MARIO MERZ has used the Fibonacci mathematical progression in his art. The work is fairly opaque without a general understanding of the progression, which involves adding a certain unit to its predecessor in order to derive its successor. Since nothing precedes the first unit, it is added to zero and the second unit is therefore equal to the first; the third is the sum of the first two, the fourth the sum of the second and third, and so on. Merz begins with 1 and so the progressions goes 1, 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 13, 21, 34. This is as far as he takes it for this exhibition. (For the last Guggenheim International, he spiraled it all the way up the interior in neon numbers to 1597.) The sum of the progression up to 34 is 88 and the exhibition is announced with the statement: "It is as possible to have a space with tables for 88 people as it is possible to have space with tables for no one." The progression occurs repeatedly and mysteriously in nature, in such things as the birth rate of rabbits, the numbers of petals on flowers, etc. This fact is, of course, basic to Merz' choice and to the content of his work.

For this particular exhibition, Merz constructed tables in different sizes to accommodate 88 people grouped accord-



Christian Boltanski, Installation view, 1973.



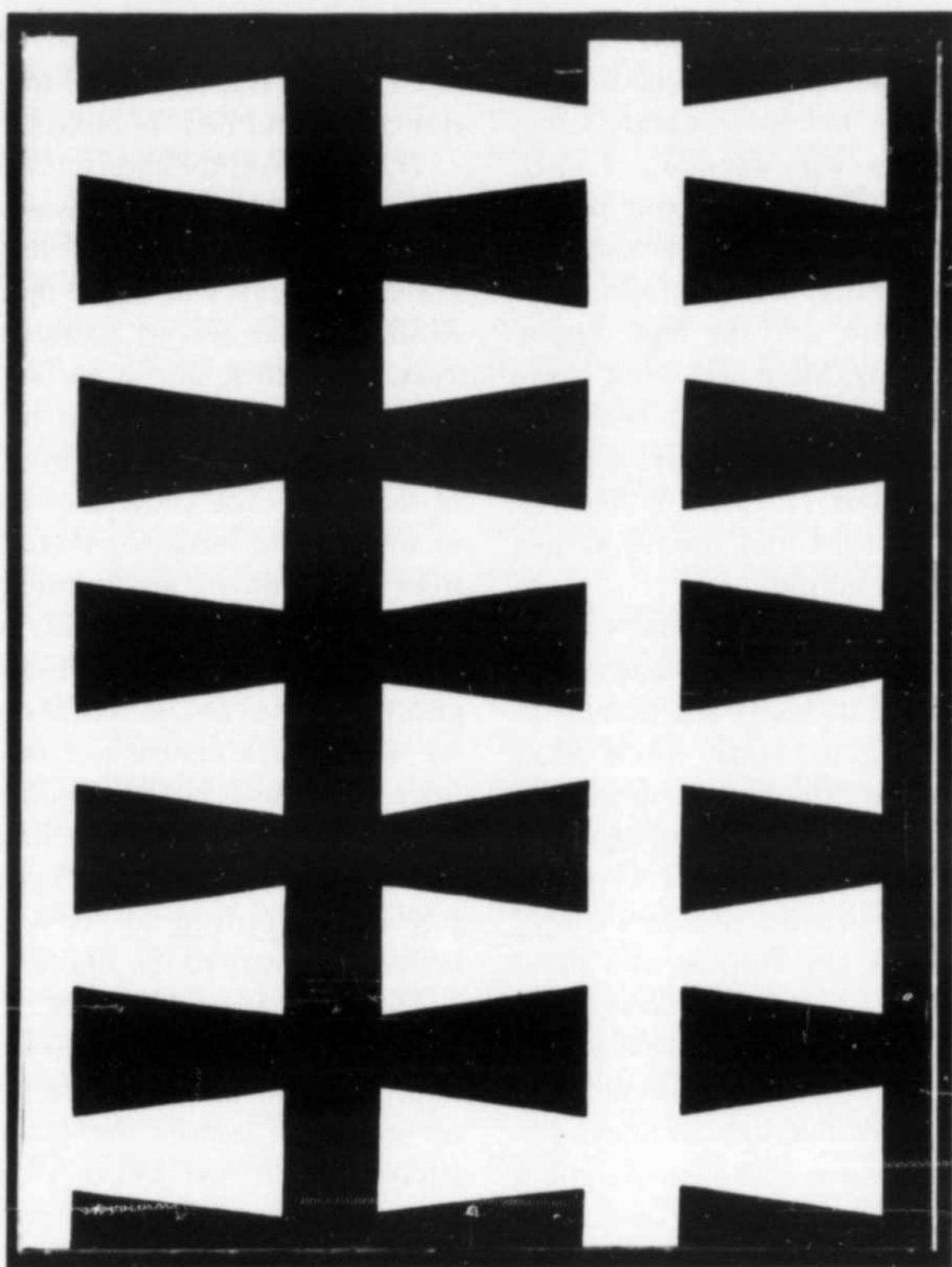
Power Boothe, *Transference*, 1973, acrylic on canvas, 72" x 72".

ing to the Fibonacci progression. The tables are all 13" high with a neon number on one corner of each indicating the number of people it should seat. The tables don't come in sizes tailored exactly to the progression, particularly since the measurement that matters is the outer perimeter, where people sit. Merz has decided that two feet of table edge will accommodate one person. The first four tables, for the groups of 1, 1, 2, and 3 people respectively, are all the same size, two feet square (and would actually seat 4 each). The group of 5 must settle for a table for 6, 8 for 8, 13 for 14, 21 for 22, and 34 for 34. The numbers themselves, as well as the absent people they represent remain quite exact, and, ironically, equally abstract, suggesting that numbers and people are more intrinsic to the general state of things than tables. The congruity of the numbers and people remains constant; their relationship to the perimeter (number of places) of each table is somewhat inconstant, as I have indicated. But the relationship of the numbers and people to the areas of the tables becomes increasingly distorted and finally gets completely out of hand. This can all be explained by pointing out that the amount of unused space at a 6-place table occupied by 5 people is vastly less than the amount at a 22-place table occupied by 21 people or a 34-place table occupied by 34 people (which is actually "full" in terms of people). The size of the tables spirals upward; the population density at their edges remains constant while their interiors become increasingly deserted. What began as an amusingly

appropriate method of seating people becomes hilarious as the table size out-progresses the progression. The table through its geometric nature subverts the natural sequence, but also remains its most visible and obtrusive ramification. I liked the look of the piece; the tables were low which kept them somewhat hypothetical, and also made their top areas quite visible; they did not fill space as much as they raised and divided the plane of the floor.

The complexity and humor of Merz' work is interesting. It attempts to combine human content and mathematics with a definite spatial situation, making it simultaneously abstract and anthropomorphic.

Like much contemporary painting, POWER BOOTHE's work involves a precise, systematic method resulting in a total accumulation which is more or less evocative and mysterious. This aspect relates his to the painting of Robert Irwin, Ad Reinhardt, Agnes Martin, and Brice Marden. Boothe's use of the grid increases his relation to the last two. Another common aspect involves a definite sense of time, a slowness with which the paintings reveal themselves to the viewer. In Boothe's case what finally emerges is not only the visual complexity of the work, but also the changes which take place square by square and row by row that are partially responsible for it. Instead of an accumulation of repeating parts, we look at an accumulation of parts which are, in fact, different, and we are forced to get into the painting in order to understand the progression and logic of the differences. The progression used is



Leon Polk Smith, *Black-White Repeat*, 1953, acrylic on canvas, 51" x 38".

superficially tonal; in each painting there is a shift from pale gray, through deepening shades of gray to dark black. Several of the paintings also involve a shift of elements (lines or dots) within each square or each row, although as often this shift is only an illusion, since the tonal change makes these elements more or less visible. This is the case in *Transference*, where the horizontal line of a right angle is visible in the top squares of the painting while the vertical line is visible in the bottom ones; each square contains both lines but because of the tonal sequence they are unevenly emphasized or obliterated. There actually are two movements going on in *Moon*, where each square has a black dot at its center around which rotates a white dot, shifting one position with each horizontal row. The top-to-bottom, row-by-row progression from black to pale gray further complicates this rotation: the white dots are prominent at the top, the black are prominent at the bottom and both are moderately visible in the middle.

The paintings, like their titles, evoke the movement of light and time, and also the process by which they are made. It seems as if Boothe has taken the idea of slowing down perception and made it literal. The most elaborate paintings become illustrative, and ultimately dissi-

pate their own mystery — in some cases the light seems to actually pass through the painting. In *Hours* the rotation of a line around the center dot of each square results in a flurry of movement in the lower corner of the painting which is almost cinematic. The simpler paintings are better and basically slower because they are more single. On another level, they are faster because they are not weighed down by the fastidiousness of Boothe's technique or the convolutions of his ideas. The weaker paintings are overelaborate in their systems and laborious in their making — the result is at once too conceptual and too decorative. The better paintings are more straightforward; they avoid these two weaknesses by going between them. Boothe still has to proceed beyond his sources. The watercolors, like the simplest paintings, are clear and swift.

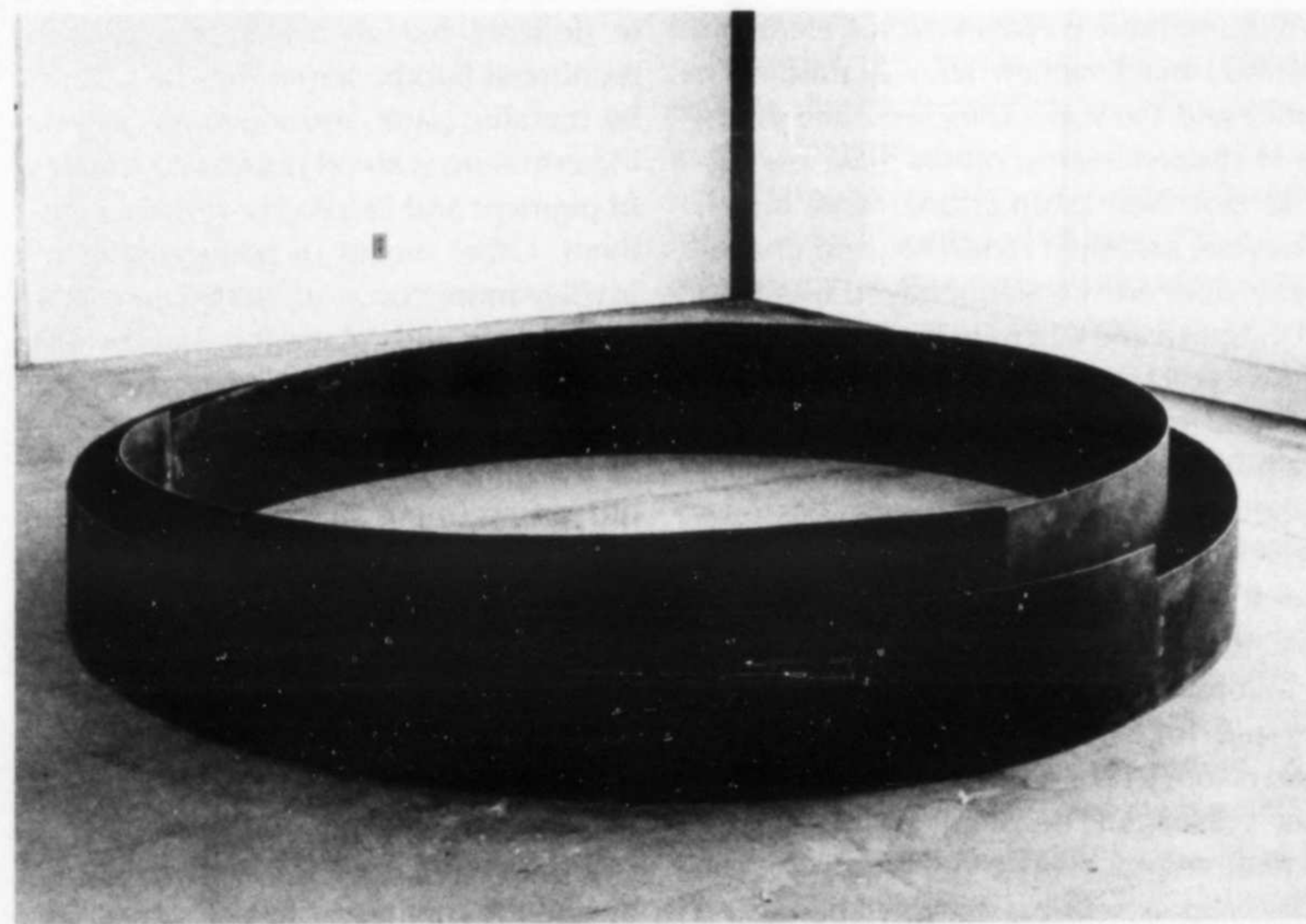
LEON POLK SMITH's recent exhibition of some 24 paintings spanned more than a quarter-century. The work has been consistently abstract and geometric, although it has run a gamut of styles. It is difficult for me to know how accurately this exhibition represents Smith's achievement, but taken at face value it seems very uneven. Some of the earliest work is best, particularly *Black-White Repeat* which dates from 1953, but is

similar to *Red-Black* from 1946-47. Together they establish Smith's interest in combining shapes so they are equally and ambiguously positive and negative. However, others from the same period seem obviously derived from Mondrian and Klee and result in a very precious geometry. Smith's paintings from the late '50s are austere now and must have seemed more so then. This work and that done in the '60s is, at its best, similar to but not quite as critical as Kelly's. When it veers away from extreme simplicity, it suggests Youngerman and Feeley. Smith's shapes remain truer to their Constructivist sources than Kelly's, and when they do become more organic they always retain a certain fussiness. Smith never lets his line become as smooth or unencumbered as Kelly's, nor are his relationships of figure and ground often as daring. In many of the recent paintings, the color is shrill and the configurations complicated. A constellation from 1971 is an irregular group of small round-cornered canvases on which a portion of a circle is painted in different colors. I find the most recent work rather weak; it is as if the uninteresting ideas Smith has had all along have finally overcome the interesting ones. The good paintings suggest that it might have been a better exhibition.

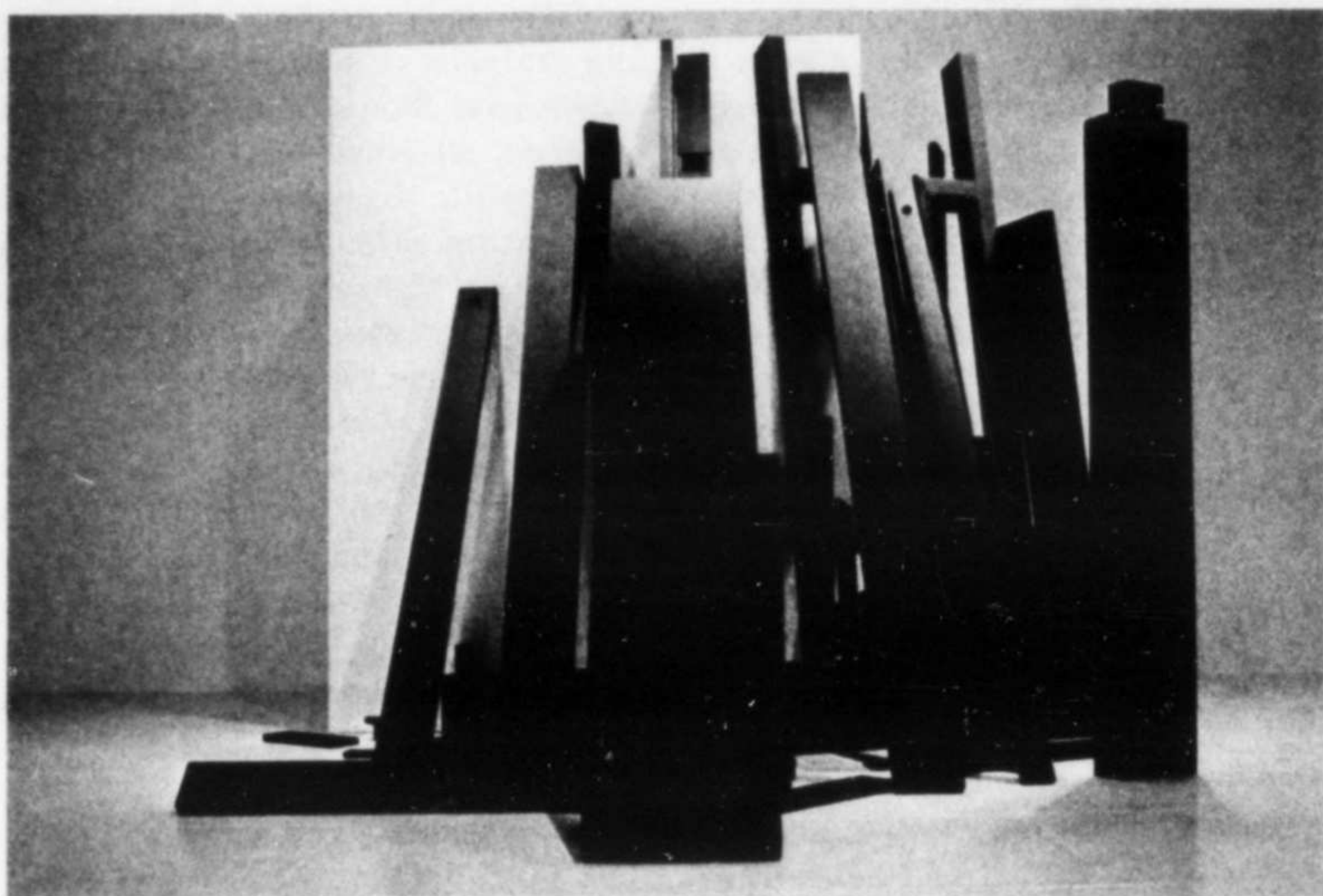
According to Hilton Kramer, JULES OLITSKI, the sculptor, "belongs to the new wave of sculptors who concentrate their attention on low-lying forms that hug the floor beneath our feet." The idea of announcing anything like a "new wave" is bad enough; when it concerns an idea which has appeared in a lot of strong and disparate work for the past ten

years, it is ludicrous. The artists responsible are very visible; most visible are Andre, Judd, Morris, Serra, and a number of others. I like Kramer's writing and respect him in many ways, but his *N.Y. Times* review of Olitski's recent sculpture reflects a consistent failure to recognize or understand the significant American sculpture of the last decade.

Olitski's earlier sculpture, like his two-dimensional work, was spray-painted. The work has improved; he is now using other sculptors' ideas. The four pieces in this exhibition are variations on the theme of low-lying concentric circles, the most frequent variation being changes in the levels and tilts of the circles. The weakest piece is a relatively high circular form with a slightly smaller one beneath it which functions like a base, and another circle and opening inside. It suggests a large, abstract planter. Two others are closer to the ground: in one the concentric circles make parallel shifts in height while in the other the shifts are opposed. In both, the several circles are thick, broad-topped forms which suggest the curving welded shapes of Ferber and Lipton. The steel in each piece has a different surface which self-consciously suggests the patinas of older sculpture. The best piece in the exhibition consists of two concentric circles of sheets of steel. It is a weak replica of a piece almost identical in size which Don Judd did for the Guggenheim International almost three years ago, and also suggests less specifically pieces done by Morris and Serra. Olitski probably did not see the Judd, which was also reproduced in this magazine, but the similarity is too close and too instructive to pass un-



Jules Olitski, *Redemption Secret*, 1973, mild steel, 17½" x 113".



Jack Sonenberg, Installation view, 1973.

noticed. The differences are, of course, also great. The main point of the Judd piece was that the top edge of the inside circle was level while the top edge of the outside circle paralleled the Guggenheim's ramp. The circles also referred to the Guggenheim's spiral, although Judd has also done similar concentric squares and circles on slopes outdoors. The piece reflects a clear specific idea and a profoundly different attitude toward sculpture developed by Judd and other artists during the '60s. The Olitski piece involves none of this thinking although it superficially attempts the attitude. It is on level ground; the circles' heights vary arbitrarily and artistically; it is just another piece of sculpture. The title of this work is *Redemption Secret*.

JACK SONENBERG's work consists of innumerable canvas-covered elements painted black which lean against each other and the wall. They are often tall L- or H-shaped beams; others have less legible notches, projections, and holes. They are arranged randomly and chaotically and are consequently difficult to distinguish and suggestive of some vague function. That these elements are made of painted canvas is not immediately discernible, but is partially responsible for a peculiar elegance and weightlessness which the work has. The three pieces, each occupying an entire wall of Fischbach's totally white gallery, take up a lot of space; they seem to be waiting to be put together, like an unassembled Nevelson, with a similar silence and somber presence. The piling suggests Serra and other process-derived arrangements. The work is serious; its size, chaos, and blackness are impressive. But there is

something very decorative about this work; after Nevelson and Serra it seems light and frothy, like Boucher must seem after Rubens, or Olitski after Judd.

—ROBERTA SMITH

FRANK BOWLING, Center for Inter-American Relations; TURKU TRAJAN, Zabriskie Gallery; GENE DAVIS, Fischbach Gallery uptown and downtown; HANS RICHTER, Betty Parsons and Denise René Galleries:

FRANK BOWLING showed ten paintings from this year, some of them very large. He deals in juicy coloristic delectation; rich stained hues soak into expanses of canvas, settling the pigment in delicate but vivid deposits. Masked rectilinear bands, sometimes heightened by metallic paint, introduce an organizing armature without repressing the flow of pigment and its velvety residue across them. Other means of paint application involve more conventionally Expressionist dripping and splattering, but the fluid play of paint against and across the taped bands is more to the point. It is a virtue of Bowling's art that the processes employed, staining in particular, do not evoke a consciousness of temporality that is of the essence in Abstract Expressionism. Instead the painting seems to have been effected all at once. And this extends also to the assertion of the plane: great inflected plateaus of color avoid retiring into the metaphorical space of color, hanging instead in tight extrusions or like the thinnest slices of stones.

Bowling's combination of atmospheric

density with flatness and softly rectangular design relates back through Rothko toward Whistler. In contemporary terms he has affinities with Bannard, Poons, and Olitski: in the lovely pale purple *Silver Fish . . . For Susan* they reverberate in the tonality, the pastellike resiliency of texture, and the high degree of edge sensitivity. More and more, however, the specter of Whistler seems to be making itself felt nowadays, even in selections of color. . . . Was it Whistler or Wilde who said that mauve is just red trying to be purple?

The division of a horizontal canvas by a longitudinal band midway down cannot but tend to break the picture in half — an organization once academically called "double composition" and one that too heavily implicates a landscape horizon. One way to avoid this is to have instead two main divisions that break the surface into three unequal bands, as in *For Josephine . . . New Life*. But then a new question can arise in that the proportional relations of the various bands become an unexpectedly Constructivist matter of weighing and balancing the widths. The most complex work, 20'-long *Kiai*, comes to grips with both issues by introducing vertical taped bands at more irregular intervals across the field; these intersect with two continuous horizontals — one rather neatly masked, the other fairly swamped by paint and now but an edge or line — only by implication. Thus we get an organizing principle without heavy implications of subordinating structure, like a lifting dancer whose presence is only partly felt.

For the direct, unrelenting cut of a more or less white band from one edge of a painting to the other Barnett Newman is, of course, of the greatest importance, even though Bowling rotates the cut to a horizontal position. Bowling differs from Newman, however, both in the softness of his surface, and in his flaglike shift of color from one side of the dividing line to the other. When Bowling's bands become full or fragmentary rectangular shapes in analogy with the format of the canvas itself and its stretcher — as in *Silver Fish . . . For Susan* and *For JJ . . . New Life* — the device is if anything more like British Constructivism (J. C. Stephenson, for example) than American modernist painting. Similarly, the tendency for painted bands to strum actively as forms, and even to actually consist of major and minor strands, is similar to a use to which line was put by Victor Pasmore. Bowling's own too English earlier work doesn't interest me in the least,

but these new works are lovely as hell. *The Weather is Clement* has the coloristic directness and heat of Nolde's poppies.

TURKU TRAJAN's art is not the kind of thing I expect to like, but I was pleasantly surprised. Trajan's (1887-1959) idiosyncratic sculpture was contemporary with Abstract Expressionist painting in New York. As with Ryder in earlier painting, one deduces a reclusive turn of mind and an impatient ignorance of the properties of materials. The sculptures here, some of them quite large — *Pietà* measures over five feet — are made of Keen's Cement, an all too crumbly substance that takes on added overtones of melancholy from the coexistence of ephemerality with massiveness — like Ryder's thick and heavy, but fractured paint. The analogy is all the more pressing because of the importance of Trajan's polychrome painting, applied in its own pasty, bakerylike way to the figures.

That Trajan was so interested in sculptural figuration is not in itself problematic. For one thing, in most if not all of sculptural history the posing of the human form has been a pressingly abstract matter. Also, it is highly questionable whether any other sculptor of Abstract Expressionist times ever achieved anything more genuinely abstract than this: so much of the more apparently abstract sculpture of that period is quite dependently representational in its relation to painting devices of the time. Furthermore, the painting part seems to have had a high priority for Trajan, not just in the covering of shapes — which is remarkably intertwined with the sculpting process for him anyway — but also in his natural gravitation toward relief. In *Icarus*, for instance, the figure is embraced by a plaquelike frame that serves both pictorial and sculptural functions. Trajan, one feels, would never just draw with a stylus and call it sculpture, the way Nakian did in his terra cottas; the bulginess of Trajan's forms is if anything closer to Nakian's solid sculptures of the '40s.

Skyscraper, 1932-40 — and the design on paper for it as well — is a tall standing female nude with her arms bent in reciprocal right angles over her head. In a sense this is altogether traditional, for the figure can be read even more easily as a classicizing "personification" of the skyscraper idea than as a plastic abstraction deduced from it. That too, however — as in the general problem of the posing of the nude in sculpture — has abstract propensities. Many traditional personifications are, in fact, quasi-abstract configurations connected by

submerged semantic relations with the things they conceptualize. Nevertheless, Trajan does come to expressive grips with the skyscraper and not just as an idea. More than a simple sign for a concept ("Miss Skyscraper"), his figure evidences as much empathic thinking, in a sculptural way, as some Actors' Studio exercise in which a 1950s actor would actually play the role of such a building.

In another case, *Lusty Jeanette and the Strong-Necked Steed of Adonis*, c. 1950, it is also satisfying to see both the finished sculpture and a design for it. It is true that there is a certain redundancy in seeing a drawing in which a three-dimensional modern work is planned and virtually embodied, but Trajan's work manages to handle even more incongruous attitudes with aplomb — painting and sculpting, representation and form — so we look at the drawings with real curiosity. Besides, there is an energy in them that seems to come from the excited potential resolution of some cluster of sculptural ideas.

There is some irony in the fact that primitivistic or self-taught artists are likely to be more closely bound to tradition than trained members of an organized avant-garde. Recourse to the figure is the case in point. Yet in the end where something comes from doesn't matter as much as where it goes, and Trajan's bulgy, doughy, polychromed figures manage to achieve an entirely self-sufficient articulateness.

GENE DAVIS' show of recent paintings filled both the uptown and downtown Fischbach galleries. That in itself I am beginning to notice as an issue. There is a certain 57th-Street imperialism in many of these colossal, uptown and downtown shows, at the expense of the Soho ideal. This is not just a question of price and marketing, but, less visibly, it is a matter of access to exhibitions for new artists and of a bearish withdrawal of confidence from unfamiliar art in general. Perhaps this became apparent to me at this point because of problems that have always bothered me in Gene Davis' own art.

I can't stand tedium, and Davis strikes me as one of the most tedious artists in the world. Confronting a Davis I find myself following Ruskin and William Morris into moral and esthetic distinctions between labor and decent work. Isn't a main function of art to give practical insight into what life might be like beyond alienation? Davis' art looks mighty industrial too; in fact it looks milled, as though it's being turned out by the yard and bolt. It isn't, of course, being

made by machine; it's all being done "by hand," inch by inch. But it is not machines we are against but servitude, and voluntary servitude is a perverse subversion of art as liberty at work.

What Davis seems content to go on year after year supplying is X hours' work or X amount of anxiety and pain in exchange for Y number of dollars; the profit is Z. The people who buy and sell art have no right to a man's life and spirit in that way: it is bad enough that they get away with it in everyday life. One satisfaction for me in lyrical painting is that there at least the work seems initially pleasurable.

In any event, these feelings, which for me attach to each of Davis' multistripe pictures on its own, have by now come oppressively to hover over his output as a whole. The paintings obviously don't all look the same, but they do look enough the same to make the act of distinguishing them uncomfortable. We have by now been so swamped by stripe pictures that we almost feel in the midst of one super-work in which the individual canvases themselves are but compulsively repeated stripes. It is not impossible that some relief is in sight. In this show there

were a few canvases — big ones too — in which the almost penal grill loosens up and wide, nearly airy, bands of canvas separate lines that are even permitted to take on some human irregularity.

The career of HANS RICHTER is so long and distinguished that if we think of him as a filmmaker, a historian of Dada, and then remember his own work as a Dadaist, we still may not acknowledge his present-day activity. Two exhibitions of Richter's work ran in late November: one of earlier work, at Denise René, and the other of recent work, across the street at Betty Parsons.

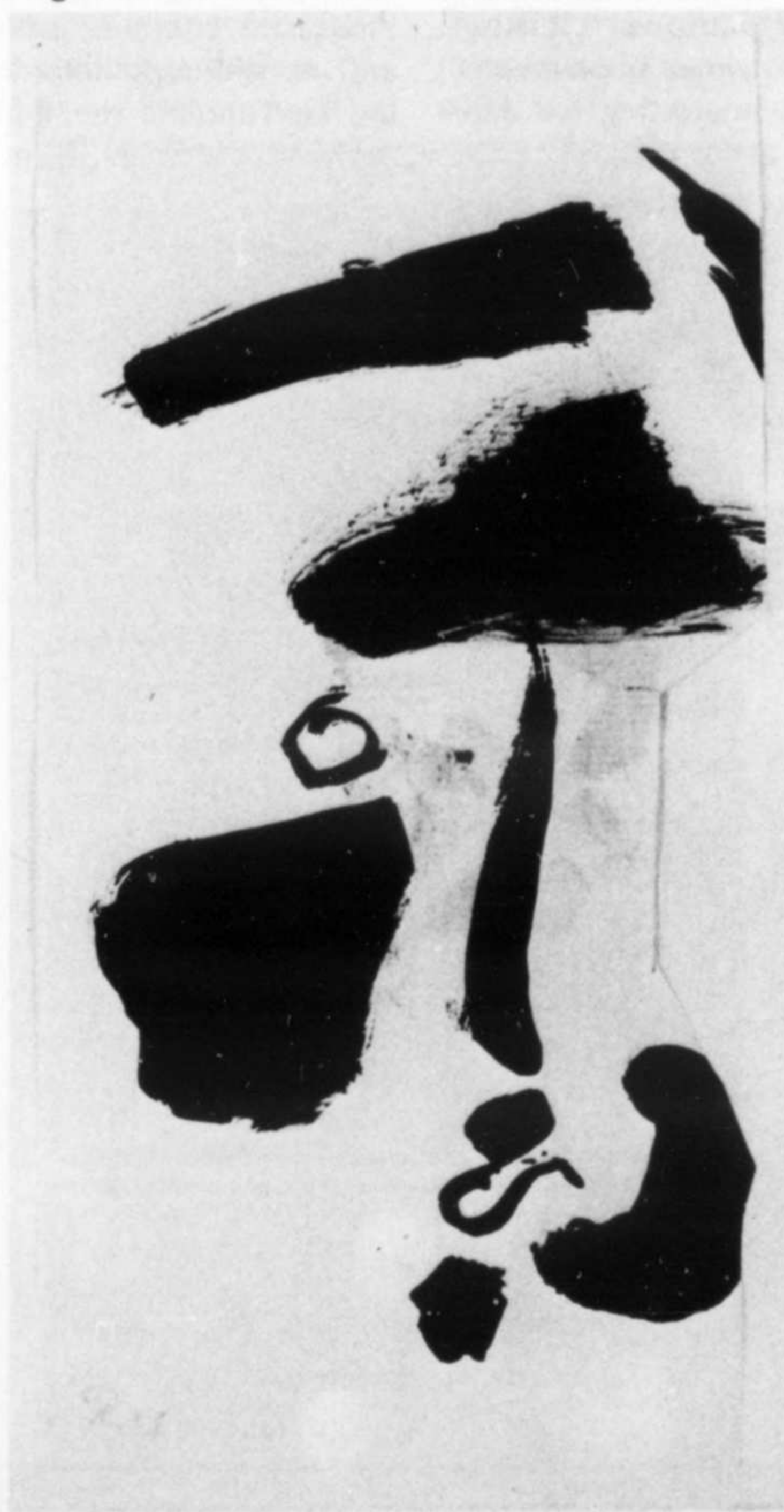
Richter is one of the ranking draftsmen of his time, his crayon *Abstraction* of 1919 (illus. in his *Dada; Art and Anti-Art*) being one of the outstanding drawings of this century. The Denise René show included a large array of the Dada portraits, in which the negative patches of white paper assert themselves as equal in activity to the black patches of india ink. They are as elegant as they are direct. In the portrait of *Tristan Tzara*, 1917, for instance, the black areas float as freely as in a chance-determined Arp abstraction, yet they are at the same time locked into most sensitive formal relations. Tzara's

monocle asks to be compared with the S-curve of his lip, yet the monocle relates as much to the angular edges of the cheek which, in turn, relates to the patches that seem to represent the crown and visor of a cap, and so on.

There were a number of significant pre-Dada pieces at Denise René, including a somewhat Braque-like painting from 1915 called *Workers*, solid, massive and — a quality pushed even further in a later work in the same show — socially pertinent. But among the early productions a painting of the Kurfürstendamm in Berlin, *Ku'damm*, 1911-14, was particularly noteworthy. This beautiful view of the tree-shaded street manages to combine the urgency of Berlin Expressionism with an altogether cool foliate lushness. Most such works from his earlier years were destroyed when the Nazi barbarians, concerned for the purity of German *Kultur*, raided Richter's studio.

Invasion poses some interesting questions. When Peggy Guggenheim exhibited it at her gallery, Art of This Century, the newspaper cuttings had, for practical reasons, not all been attached — there was too much difference in color between ones that had been used and others which had been kept unexposed to light. But Peggy Guggenheim wanted it without the texts anyway, presumably because it would be more "abstract." Similarly, the early Russian letter- and word-paintings have been attractive to modernists while later, agitprop art is supposed to contaminate art with life. Is it too much to say that one reason why Richter's scrolls are so important is that in the face of the events iconified here, Picasso offers nothing of equal rank? That Picasso's apolitical speak-no-evil villa painting of the 1940s is also so often esthetically disappointing tends to point in that direction.

Unfortunately, many of Richter's latest reliefs, which appeared at Betty Parsons, are in a more innocent way disappointing. Cardboard or sheet metal is cut into bowed, planar forms combined in a cluster more or less centered against a too inactive background and within a conventional frame. The use of sheet metal in its virgin state has a certain contemporary interest, but for that very reason there is disappointment in its reduction to a question merely of color and not of the elemental qualities of the materials, of which color is but a residual symptom. In a different way, one feels that the burr left by cutting shears, both on metal and on board, has not been taken into artistic account. Also, the compositions can be



Hans Richter, *Tristan Tzara*, 1917, india ink, 18 1/2" x 5 1/2".

too simply clusterlike, which evokes still-life painting in a conventionally pictorial way. These difficulties are pointed up by the contrasting success of a charming little *Relief* from 1968, of silver and copper on celluloid. Less hieratically disposed, it has a more overall artfulness largely responsible for the fact that the celluloid seems as actively substantial — and as pearly to light — as the silver. It has a jewellike aspect, but even that is not inappropriate to its diminutive size.

In the mid-1940s Richter produced several historical collages dealing with heroic themes of the Second World War. They constitute perhaps the most significant exercise in straight, celebratory history painting in modern times, *Guernica* — only ironically a history painting — not excepted. These works were conceived as unframed scrolls, permitting them to deal in a progressive and surprisingly expository way with the sequential unfolding of events. Three were executed: *Victory in the East (Stalingrad)*, 1943–44; *Invasion*, 1944–45; and *Liberation of Paris*, 1944–45. And a fourth, dealing with Guadalcanal, was begun. By those years Richter was busiest as a filmmaker. The scrolls have an obvious affinity with cinema, not only with the concept of pictorial succession in time but also with the curled, unrolling reel of film itself. Today they may even call to mind the sequence in *Sunday, Bloody Sunday* where the unfurled segment of the Torah actually takes over and becomes the screen while we hear words sung in a language we cannot understand and see the letters of that language as a pattern of strokes. At any rate, lettering as meaning-laden and as formally detached was similarly important to Richter's intent in the scrolls, which all unroll horizontally except for *Liberation of Paris*. In that instance, the scroll reads vertically to differentiate between events.

Invasion in the Denise René show tended to provoke some worthwhile speculations. Onto an entirely abstract ground, which has an expressive relation to the historical events from D Day to the German surrender, actual newspaper headlines and clippings are affixed. One is elated by these real fragments of events, their heroic scale ranging from the grandeur of the invasion to the photo of the surrender signatures, under which Richter's own appears.

The reliefs are most disappointing when they suggest stretched canvas as a backdrop and most rewarding when they play sculpturally with the materials. No wonder why when Richter uses corrugated cardboard it is more exciting to see

a narrow strip of it set on edge, as in the late relief *Title at T*, than when it acquiesces to a background plane, as in *Dymo 101*, 1973, and other works in that series. The most promise seems to lie in the direction of working with the plastic and structural properties of the materials rather than in restricting them to paperlike overlap and pileup.

There certainly are a lot of reliefs from the last couple of years, and that deserves mention in itself. Richter was born in 1888, and has produced a lot of art since then. That it is still emerging is testimony not only to his vitality but to his continuing dialectic of chance and order, of reality and form, of transience and permanence. He is less a living legend than a modern hero.

—JOSEPH MASHECK

LILIANA PORTER, Hundred Acres Gallery; RICHARD ARTSCHWAGER, Castelli Gallery uptown; GILBERT AND GEORGE, Sonnabend Gallery downtown:

As yet more evidence of artists' increasing willingness to cross ideological lines within single shows, LILIANA PORTER's wall drawings, photographs, and prints are as interesting for their category breaking as for their reticence.

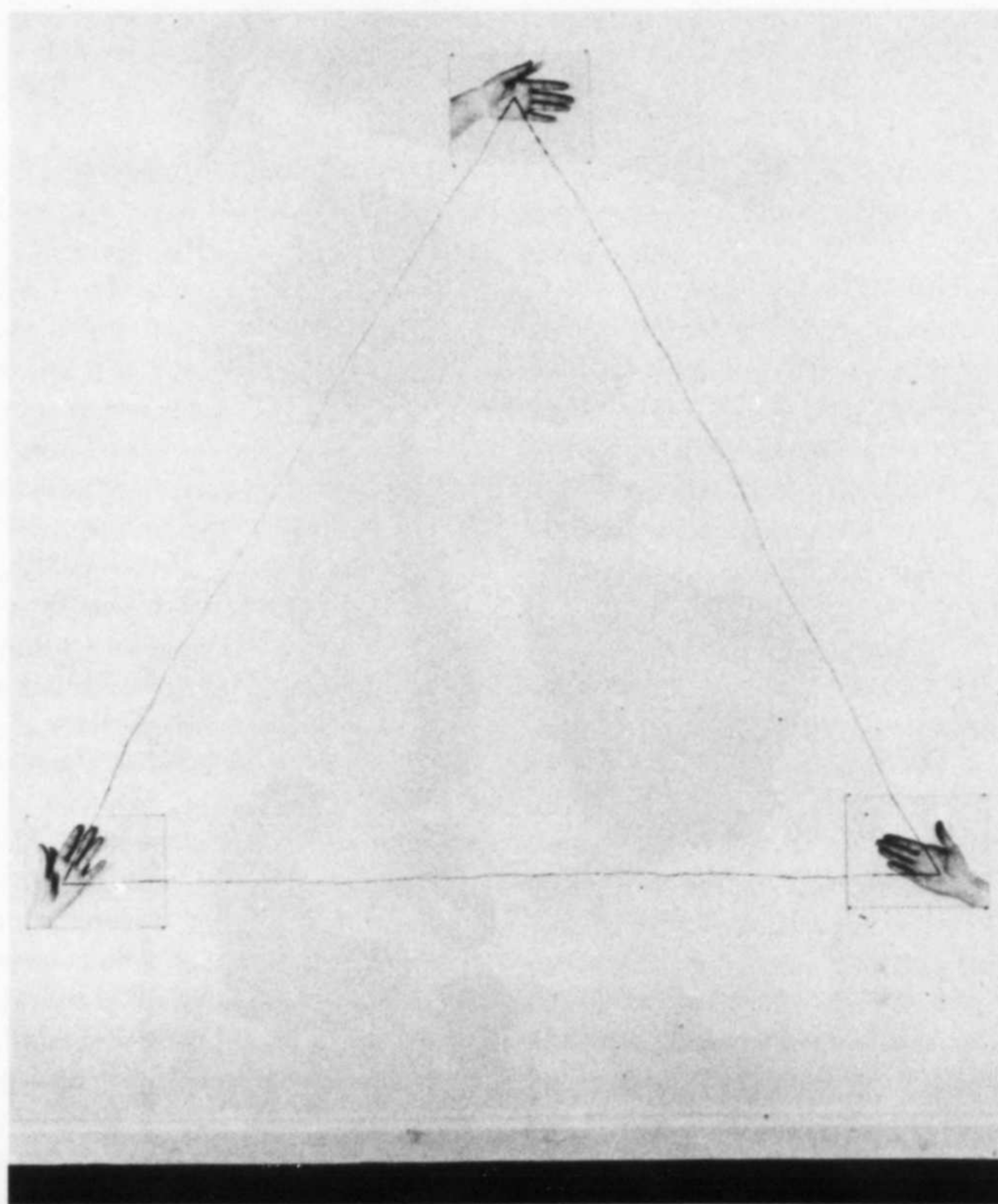
Porter's work not only jumps the barrier normally taken for granted between figuration and abstraction, but she does it convincingly. It's really a question of ideology. For if ideology in a broad sense is "the widest range of meanings present in a society," on a narrower level it refers to the beliefs peculiar to one social group. Throughout the '60s the dominant ideology of the group known as American artists was a narrow one. Figuration or abstraction, art or life were typical of the either/or imperatives of the day. Contrary to this my pluralist position is one which recognizes the strength of art with and without reference as well as the possibility of both positions coexisting peacefully. This is why I defend Porter.

The first work encountered in the gallery sets the dualist tone of the show. You're led into the gallery downstairs, by a pencil line drawn directly on the wall, running for several feet, meeting, and then crossing an 8" x 10" photograph. The photograph shows a finger with a line running across it, and, in fact, matches the line on the wall. You have a real and a photographed line with the introduction of a hand. Porter doesn't fudge on ideas. It's clearly a hybrid between those old enemies anthropomorphic and nonanthropomorphic elements — the hand and the line. It looks like a mix between a simple LeWitt wall drawing

and the conceptual documentation of a Huebler. Yet, unlike LeWitt who chooses essentially reference-free imagery, or Huebler who chooses reference-laden imagery, Porter — in line with artists like Baldessari — accepts both "art and culture." Her drawn line picks up on a rich vein of art reference and her photographed hand on a rich vein of cultural reference. What's interesting is although I can talk about the line and hand as separate, Porter by actually having the line drawn over the hand doesn't allow ideational separations like this. She also continues a traditional obsession artists have had for using hands. Ignoring the Dürer humanist reportage aspect, Porter follows Johns' intellectual use of the hands as a device. The hand as a referential device signals that man is about but not a particular man. If the face is more of a particular, the hand tends to be a universal.

Most of Porter's work deals in different ways with the relation of hands to marks. In one of a series of six untitled photoaquatints — which might be called "Adventures of a Small Square" — a square about 1" across is drawn first on its own, then in different positions on a hand. It's drawn across one finger, two fingers, and parts of the hand. Sometimes the square is cradled protectively in the palm, other times it overlaps onto the surface around the hand. Another interesting and similar work — again untitled — is "hand triangle," a wall drawing with photographs. A pencil triangle drawn directly on the wall, about six feet high, has a photograph pinned over each of its corners. Again the line looks as though it continues onto the photographs, but this time each of the drawn corners ends on the palm of a hand. Wobbling from corner to corner, the freehand line contrasts with the photographed line within its glossy surface and hard edges. Again you could say a lot about it. The idea of one system which is closed — the triangle — being interrupted by another system — the hands — is interesting but the situation turns in on itself because the interruptions are incorporated into the closed system by being drawn on. At what point do the hands become part of the system?

Although most of Porter's work is of hands with both drawn and painted marks, she also humorously enters the world of direct psychological reference: the face. In one piece, I presume a self-portrait, a hand rests on the side of the face with the jaw line drawn across the fingers as though the hand were invisible.



Liliana Porter, *Untitled (hand triangle)*, 1973, photographs and pencil.

And in one of the least abstract pieces, most referential to a world of associations, she shows a photograph of herself and a man with a single square actually drawn across the surface of the two faces temporarily joining them together. Drawn, I suppose, with grease pencil, half the square is on the man's face, half on hers. If they stepped apart they'd have half a square each. It sounds outrageously trite. In fact it's very effective. You're caught between the simplicity of the idea with its "united we stand, divided we fall" implications and the actual photograph itself. In any case, nothing could be sadder than half a square. Also it's just nice to trace the outline of one of the most purist formal devices — the square — as it runs its bumpy path over cheeks, foreheads, etc. Liliana Porter's willingness to make art gestures like this alongside other more purist ventures is what's significant to me.

I was surprised to learn that RICHARD ARTSCHWAGER had been making — in one form or another — acrylic on cellotex paintings of the kind he's showing now since 1964. Surprising, because although over the last five or six years I'd seen his different sculpture and Conceptual work, I'd never realized he'd been painting as well all along. And unusual paintings they are, looking so much like drawings it's hard to believe they're painted. All are interiors or parts of interiors, some fairly large and most divided into sections. A curious feature is why the views are sliced into sections. For the slicing looks deliberately arbitrary. *Interior (West)*, for example, is sliced horizontally across the middle; and *Interior (Southeast)* is progressively sliced into three with the largest slab at the top and the smallest at the bottom. Although this arbitrary — and sometimes serial — framing device is accentuated by the addition of a super glossy chrome frame around each section, it's not so much this which is unusual as is the surface of each painting. All are painted on cellotex, an industrial material with a decorative textured surface, and it's the paint on this surface making them look like charcoal drawings of great age. Cellotex with its repeat small circular whirl surface is, in any case, a funny mix of geometry and accident. The circular swirls go in lines across the surface with each swirl slightly raised like the frozen relief center of a miniature whirlpool. Artschwager uses this preformed and funky surface as a base for all the paintings. It's instant texture. Whatever imagery's on top is unavoidably and interestingly altered by the texture of the

cellotex. It's ironic because Artschwager, on the one hand, deliberately accepts a situation over which he has little control, and then he works with imagery over which he has a great deal of control. It's a little like the idea of working on nonvirgin canvas as a dislocation device to defuse the ego of the painter. Artschwager adds a nonhumanist twist by turning to an industrial process for assistance.

Exactly how Artschwager makes each painting I don't know. It looks like he rubs the paint into the surface in clearly defined areas, which may even be stenciled, as the seats look in *Interior (West)*. The paint then sticks only to the raised surface of each swirl. Although all the interiors are rather opulent with decorative rugs, wide windows onto idyllic vistas, and candlesticks on the wall, this painting process anesthetizes them. In other words, it defuses them as particular interiors. They look a bit like a cross between the surface of Monet's last *Water Lilies* and the imagery of middle-period Vuillard; even these references are denied by the way Artschwager divides up the painting, which is definitely post-Minimal.

I said I was surprised by how long he'd been doing these cellotex paintings, because I wanted to use Artschwager as

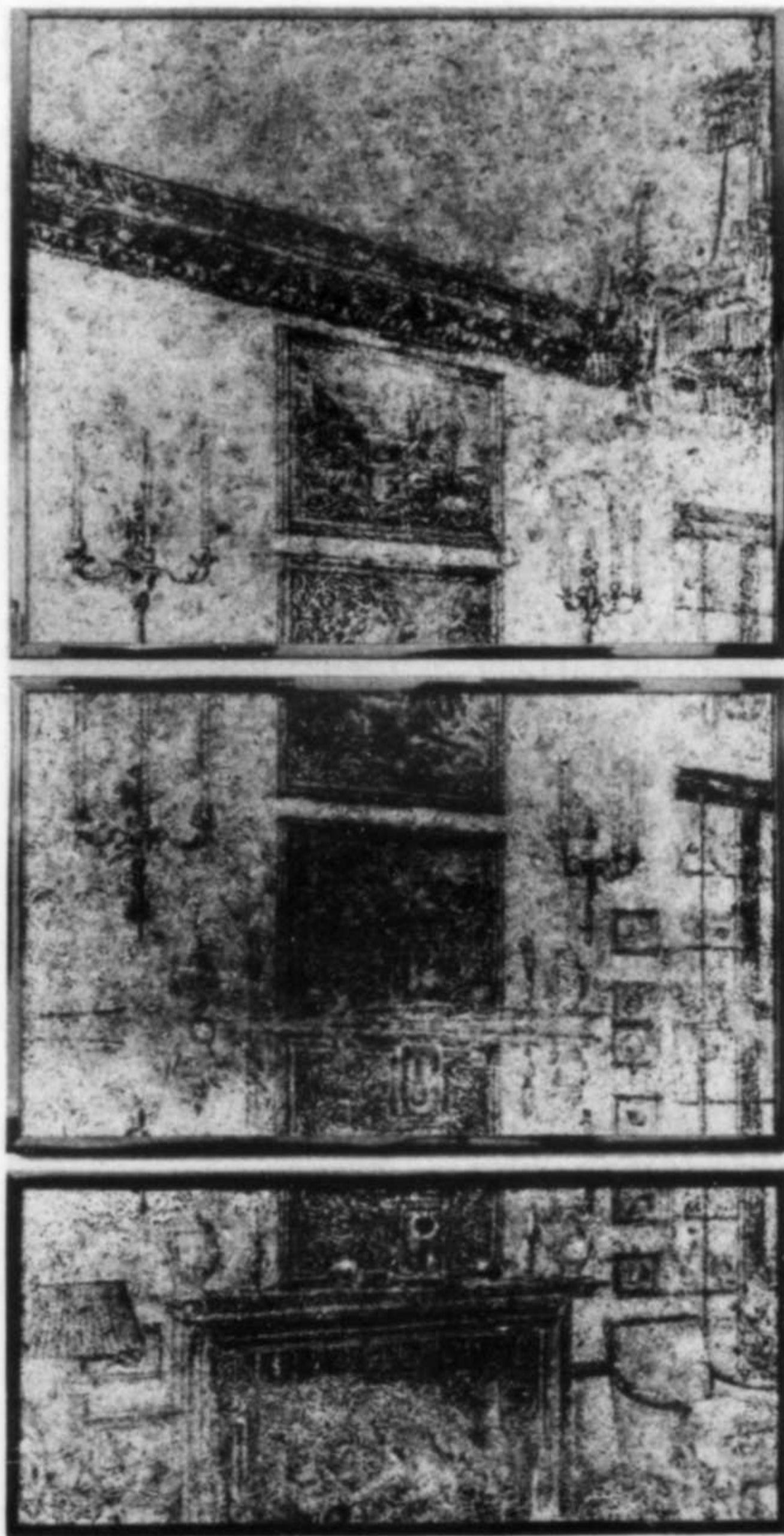
another example of pluralism and thought these paintings were different from his other work. However, Artschwager is a pluralist anyway. He's been in and at the edge of very different movements since 1962. He could fit happily into either a Pop, Minimalist, Conceptual, or straight painting bag. If he does have an obsession though it's with surface, something which only came clear with this show. Whatever Artschwager's done, from his untitled stained wooden frame of 1962 that pre-dates Minimalism by years, the concern with surface is always there. Wittily alternating between abstract and figurative imagery, painting, and sculpture as well as mixes of these in no way detracts from this. Formica and cellotex he could claim his own. Surface, however, has not been an end in itself but a way of posing questions about the nature of objects.

A few years ago I saw one of Artschwager's Blips stenciled on the wire grill of an elevator in Soho, and it strikes me now as a clue to Artschwager's interest in the very particular kind of surface in the Interiors. At the time an open mesh grill seemed a strange place to spray. The Blip was stenciled with white spray onto black wires, giving an outlined pattern where each strand of wire was

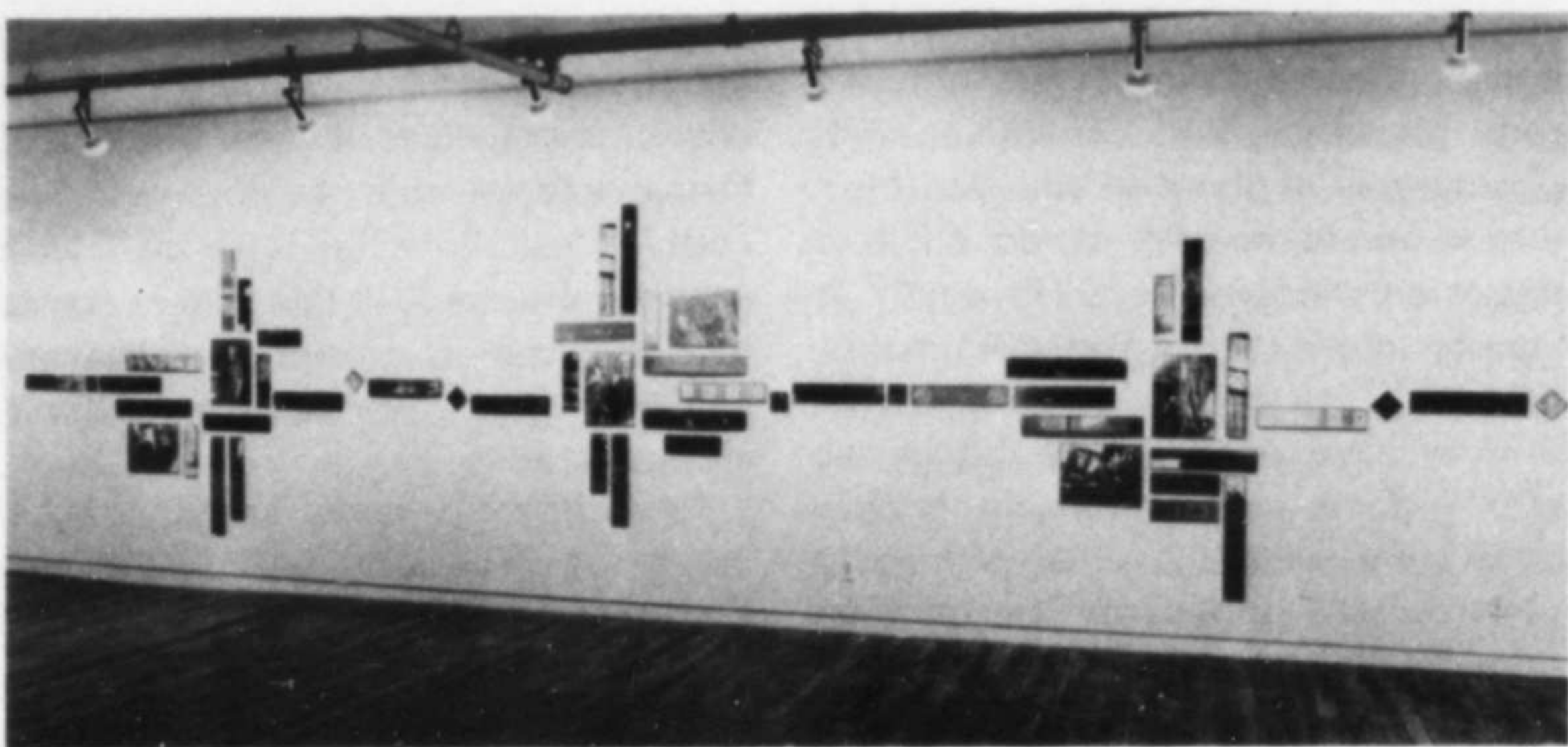
highlighted by the paint, especially where it met the edge of the stencil. Although the context has changed, it's the same kind of formal interest with the Interiors. The cellotex parallels the wire grill as a preformed surface, in that it only comes to life when its raised surfaces are marked. Artschwager has been remarkably consistent.

Consistency is hardly an issue, but if you're to take GILBERT AND GEORGE at their word their latest show is a lot of rubbish. Calling their new work "Modern Rubbish" is typical of their ambivalent stance which, on the one hand, mocks the art system and yet, on the other, profits by being taken seriously by it. Using Gilbert and George's language, I would say as a preface to my comments their work has never kept me awake at night breathless with a love of art waiting to see their next move. Sociologically, however, their position is not without interest. For in an art world bent on creating a mythic smokescreen around the making, promoting, and selling of art objects, they succeed while accepting all this in still making fun of the situation. My kind of fun is not in their vaudeville and nostalgic areas, but I recognize people have different needs. Culturally another country's nostalgia is more acceptable than your own, and for this reason alone Gilbert and George's photographic mementos of English pub life may have a particular significance for the inveterate pub-crawler.

Being less than lukewarm about Gilbert and George's actual artworks — as opposed to their performances — I was pleasantly surprised to find aspects of this work interesting. Before I could do this, however, I had to get past the tedium of multiple self-portraits of Gilbert and George dressed in what used to pass in a less critical era for anonymous elegance, standing in Pinocchio poses, and wearing expressions normally associated with the stunned or the insane. Once I could get used to seeing these endless portraits merely as design elements — made easier in "Modern Rubbish" by the fact most of the photographs are deliberately out-of-focus, and once I ignored the banality of titles like *Rather Sporty*, *The Secret Drinker*, and *To Her Majesty* which are just too close to the worst aspects of hangover Edwardian life to be funny, there was a certain outrageousness to the layout of the work, showing a healthy disregard for the whole history of Western art. The mix of referential images with nonreferential shapes of the display forms Gilbert and George used were just nutty enough to be



Richard Artschwager, *Interior (Southeast)*, 1973, acrylic on cellotex, 99½" x 51½", (three panels).



Gilbert and George, *London Fog*, 1973, 53-part photo piece, 35' long.

interesting. Combining photographs of themselves with bar interiors and scumbling them with devices borrowed from the early history of photography like blurred focus, vignettes, and photograms, Gilbert and George combine them with outlandish arrangements of photographs, some occupying whole walls. One, for example called *London Fog* is about 35' long. Sometimes these arrangements, each made up of a number of different scale and shape photographs, are abstract, as in *The Secret Drinker* with its three huge crosses formed by photographs edge to edge of Gilbert and then George alternating with suitably secret bar interiors; other times they're trivially figurative as with *The Glass*, with its photographs nodding in the direction of Victorian kitsch, forming just that — a glass. Other arrangements are harder to place, but look like basic design exercises gone mad. *Autumn Ferns* with its hand-scale slablike portraits of Gilbert and George framed by photogrammed ferns is like this. It looks like an optical painting whose elements have decided to leave the canvas and instead move rapidly across the wall. *London Fog* by contrast has a stained-glass Art Déco look to it. What's interesting is by approaching academic object-making — and these objects in many senses are as conventional as you can get — from a different tack, Gilbert and George have come up with interesting visual phenomena. Their problem is even if the work is interesting it's always compromised by the necessity to be camp. And their kind of camp is not only a very parochial one, but it severely limits the life-span of the works.

Gilbert and George, however, are not really as interesting for their artworks as for their celebrity status. And celebrities, as Daniel Boorstin in his *The Image*

points out, are well known for being well known. Celebrities are not plagued by the quality but the visibility problem. It doesn't matter what they do as long as it's known. And it's a tautological tactic Gilbert and George have carried off with remarkable skill. What they've done is parlayed a self-image which they've made easily identifiable, infinitely repeatable into a saleable commodity. I don't think it's rampant narcissism, but a calculated extension on their part of the "Don't-worry-about-the-art-send-me-the-artist" syndrome. Gilbert and George, it must be remembered, made their break in the late '60s at the height of Minimalism — an essentially personality-starved movement. They also plugged into the mailing tactic of Conceptual art with their "Art For All" mailing strategy — used initially so successfully by Seth Siegelaub — and in so doing temporarily bypassed the gallery system. For me this is their significance. Significant also is their use of their name as an advertising slogan, like the airline ads "Fly Linda" or "Fly Barbara" where, apart from sexual overtones, a person is a surrogate for a plane. As the title "Gilbert and George" is a similar surrogate perhaps I'm being unreasonable even mentioning their art objects.

— JAMES COLLINS

JUNE LEAF, Terry Dintenfass Gallery; ROSEMARIE CASTORO, Syracuse University, Lubin House; ROBERT ROHM, O.K. Harris Works of Art; RAY RING, Ward-Nasse Gallery; DON CELENDER, JOHN FAWCETT, O.K. Harris Works of Art:

JUNE LEAF is basically a Chicago

artist. This is not to say that she works out of Chicago, for in the late '50s she left there for New York. Many of the Second City's more prominent talents have sought more open pastures, among them Oldenburg, Indiana, Chamberlain, Golub, and Westermann. But since the time of her departure Leaf never completely sloughed off Chicago's provincialism — Golub's expressionism, Albright's magic realism, and Rosofsky's grotesque imagery still inform her work. Ironically, her main influence, and theirs for that matter, came from trends in past European art rather than from a regionalistic style drawing upon indigenous midwestern sources. Additionally, it is a curious fact that Chicago artists have, in large part, ignored current art, preferring to make statements which in their proud ignorance they take to be highly personal and individualized — but which are really derivative.

June Leaf's recent show comes as a somewhat expected change. She leaves her dioramic boxes and stuffed Grooms-like figures for autobiographical statements that read with the immediacy embodied in the execution itself. The paint is sloppily applied to ripped, wrinkled, and stained paper. Taken together the drawings present disparate clues that infer a complex iconography, one less refined than her expressionistic style. Subjects range from portraits of scientists and the photographer Robert Frank, to decrepit creatures escaping the pernicious exploding contraptions of mad scientists. In *Scientist II* she crudely printed the words "To create life out of

life!! that's what I want to do!!" At first these appear as the intellectual credo of the artist herself, but they apply as well to the situation proposed in the drawing — the mad scientist's thoughts hovering above his head as in a fanciful cartoon. Franz Schulze, the author of *Fantastic Images: Chicago Art Since 1945*, referred to her work as "phantasmagoric expressionism," a term easily applicable to much of Chicago's still active pseudo-Surrealistic school.

ROSEMARIE CASTORO's work takes on an autonomy drawn both materially and thematically from her earlier development. In 1970-71 Castoro worked on environmentally scaled panels covered with charcoal hatchings. In 1971-72 she exhibited large flat graphite "broom-strokes." More recently she has been concerned with what she calls "exoskeletal auras" — usually figures or their outlines (radiating auras) in crowd situations, for example groups at an exhibition opening or units marching in a parade. In her current show she again deals with people; however, the forms are no longer figural representations of people but rather they are *about* people. More precisely these "suspensions," as she prefers to call them, deal with the life cycles of people — as she indicates in the titles: *Growing*, *Tunnel* (the passage of life?), and *Burial*.

In an accompanying log, Castoro suggests various sexual connotations in her work. She writes, "I extended my animus (to penetrate) into reality and released suspended crotches/double penises/legs, into three interdependent groups; all



June Leaf, *Scientist II*, 1973, m/m, 22" x 30".



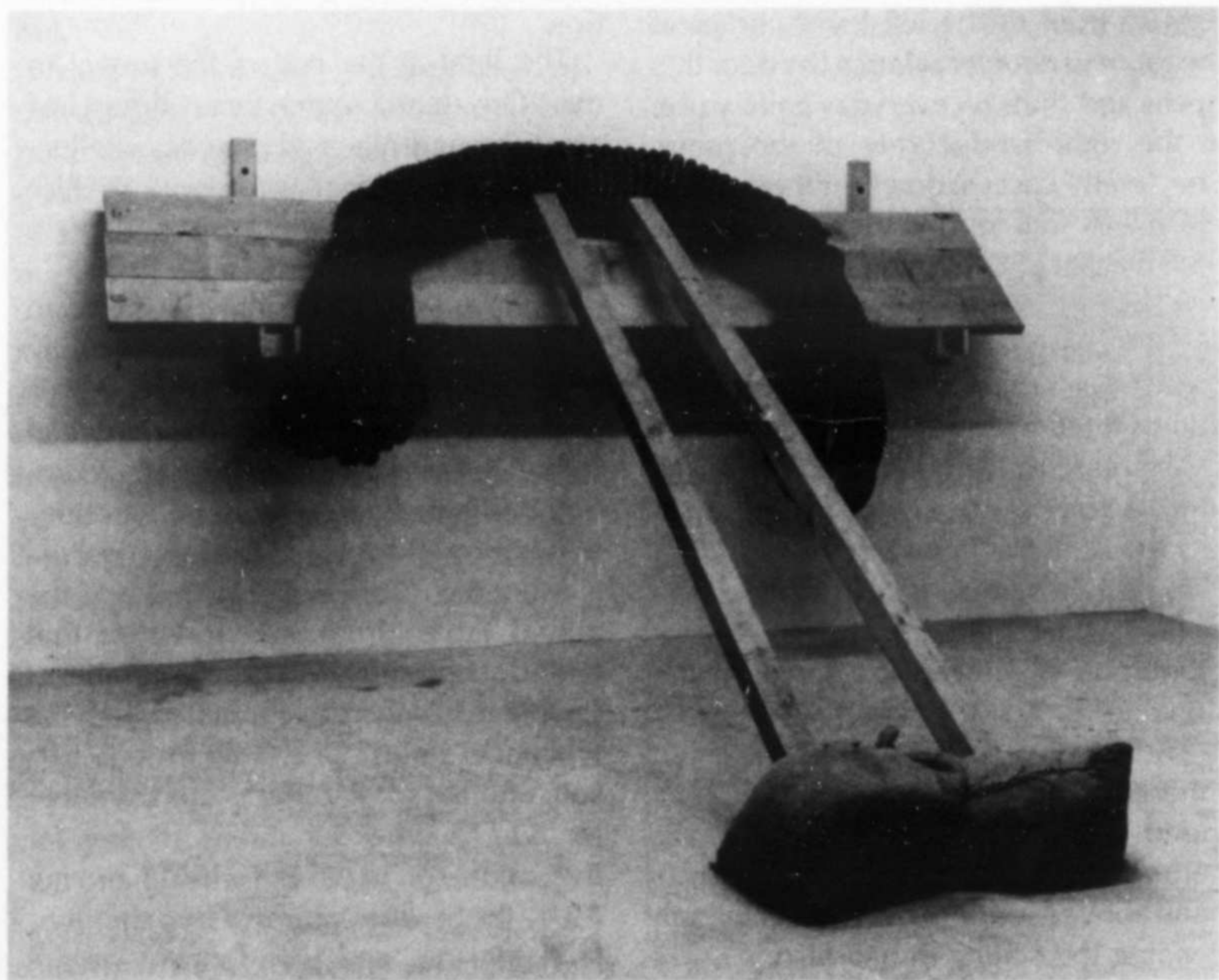
Rosemarie Castoro, *Growing*, 1973, m/m, 9' x 20' x 6'.

having qualities of each other in their anima (crotches), animus (penises) and the differentiated sex" (1973). References to human genitalia are certainly apparent in the forms themselves, but perhaps in order to deal with her work we must realize that primarily it is *about* art, and the process involved in its making.

She understands her plastic materials in the sense that the traditional marble sculptor knew his stone. What is really on exhibition is the product of her bending, pushing, breaking, plastering, varnishing, and other process-oriented manipulation of materials. Her current sculpture visually derives from the serial forms of Eva Hesse and certain anthropological investigations of Nancy Graves, although conceptually Castoro

differs from them by her choice of a possibly more introspective approach to material.

ROBERT ROHM's recent show of sculpture veers away from the theatricality of his exhibition in this same gallery last year. In the earlier show he transformed the space into what appeared to be a dormant construction site dimly lit by mechanic's safety lamps. He must have sensed this to be a situation dangerous in its seductiveness, just as earlier he feared that his rope grids resembled the net-draped walls of a "seafood restaurant" (*Artforum*, April, 1970). The current sculptures deal with problems explored in the earlier work with cut rope grids and drooping latex — one that engages the wall as a support system.



Robert Rohm, *Untitled*, 1973, wood and rope, 6'1½" x 11' x 10'.

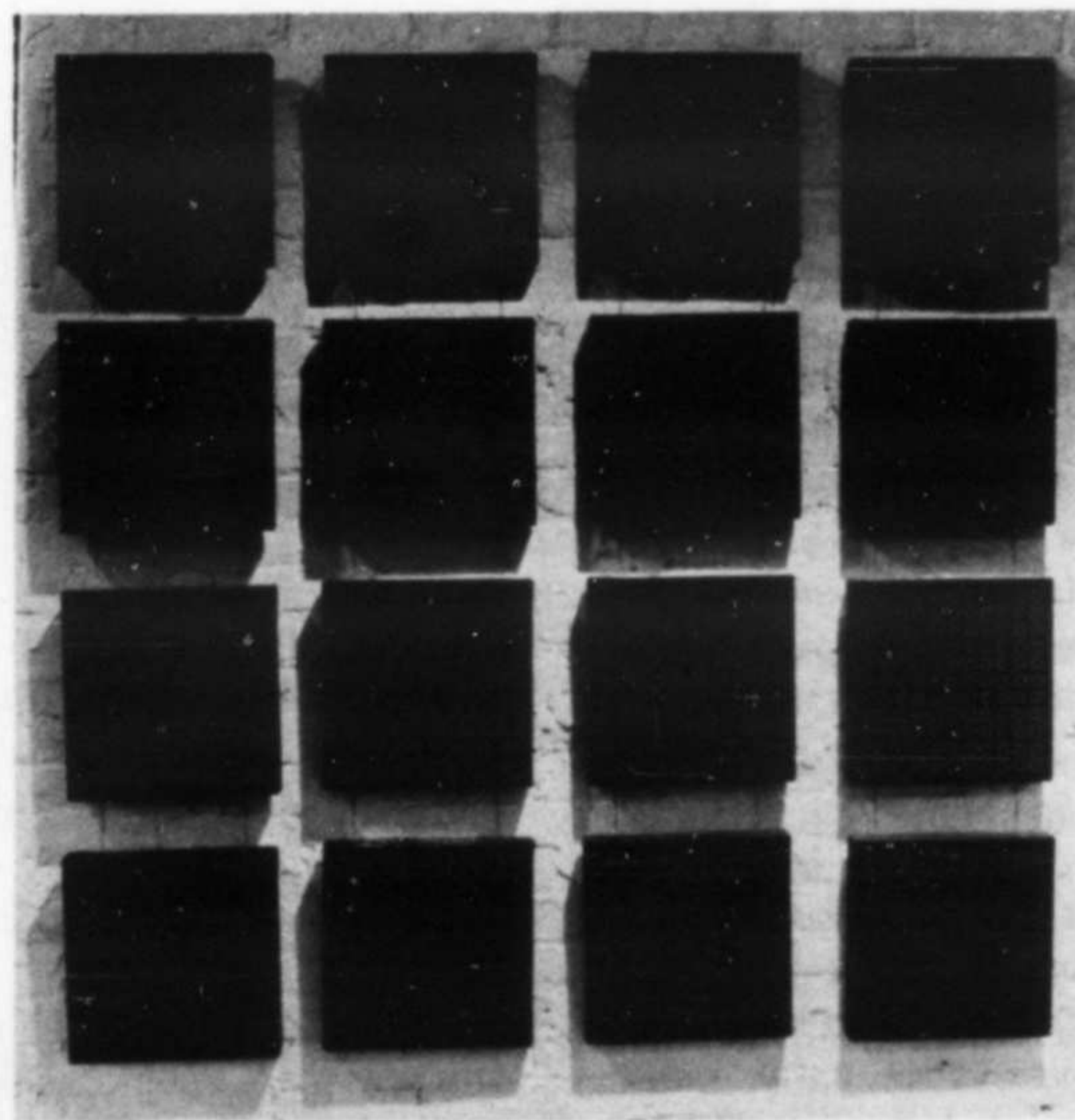
Now, the size and weight of the rope actually dictate the construction of its wooden support. It is as though Rohm selected massive sections of wound rope and simply constructed a scaffolding system against the wall to present the rope off the floor. This elaborate support system is, therefore, the sculptural base, something more than the resting surface for the sculpture; it is the sculpture. Even the sandbags anchoring the 4" x 4" posts in place serve functionally in sparing the polished gallery floor from damage, but, other than this obvious practical purpose the sandbags take part in the visual esthetic. Even in the stained manila rope pieces the thickness varied proportionately to the total dimensions of the work, picayune concerns Rohm can never quite abandon. The supports are so meticulously constructed that an attempt is made to place each nail precisely over precalculated markings. Such petty visual interests seem negligible in a basically conceptual presentation.

To Rohm's credit, the sculpture, although ideologically strongly dependent on post-Minimal investigations by Jackie Winsor, Alan Saret, and Mark de Suvero, still evolves directly from his own early experiments in this area.

John Dewey, in *Art as Experience*, contends that anyone can enjoy flowers, but in order to truly appreciate them one must first be committed to understanding something about their complex nature, and eventually one can go on to enjoy an "esthetic experience." Similarly, when I first saw RAY RING's paintings I felt compelled to decipher what appeared to be an extremely logical design in order to more clearly "appreciate" what I saw.

Most of the paintings in the exhibition consisted of small panels in which an abstract proposition was stated and then methodically carried through all its possible variations. This proposition took the shape of various small colored circles — I prefer calling them "rings" because of the irresistible allusion to the artist's name. In the earlier works these rings varied only coloristically from panel to panel, but in the more recent spiraled paintings they differ also in their measured placement along the spiral line. In an untitled work from 1972-73 centerpoints are charted out on a rigid grid formation on each separate square panel. Small concentric rings drawn from these centerpoints subtly change in hue as they progress, both vertically and horizontally, across the surface of each panel and across the surface of all the panels as a whole. This process continues until all permutations are exhaustively illustrated, or until, as in the case of the spiral variations, space is used up on the circular canvas.

When confronted with the early stripe paintings of Frank Stella we were immediately struck with the force of their simple logic — the reflection of the canvas edge by parallel, equal-sized, repetitive bands. We lose this feeling of immediacy with Ring because of the overwhelming complexity of the design. The results are paintings that depend on the gimmickry of optical illusions and the manufactured look of a Vasarely. Ring's works become increasingly more successful as he lessens the number of variables and deals with a design pattern that one can more easily figure out, and as Dewey would conclude — "appreciate."



Ray Ring, *Untitled*, 1972-73, acrylic on canvas, 4½' x 4½'.

DON CELENDER's art is an entertainment. It takes the form of a one-man letter-writing campaign whereby Celender, in the name of a newly instituted art movement, contacts high officials in various organizations asking that they each execute a preposterous proposal. The proposals are written with an ingenious literary wit, eliciting responses ranging from sympathetic interest to outright anger. For example, as part of his *Political Art Movement* he sent a letter to Lawrence O'Brien, chairman of the National Democratic Party, asking that he "Train the orangutans at the Oregon Primate Center to master the abstract expressionism style of painting," and then to "supply them with art materials for the making of signs and banners for the 1972 National Democratic Convention." The repartee, from a special assistant to the chairman, expressed interest in the proposal but decided that the idea was precluded by a previous commitment to the "chimpanzees at the Miami Zoo who have apparently mastered Miro." Other responses took all forms from new proposals directed back to Celender for execution to vehement replies requesting that he please stop cluttering up the mail.

In 1971 Celender issued a series of *Baseball Art Ball Cards*, where the heads of various managers and players on baseball cards are replaced with a photo of an artist, art critic, or dealer. Among others we have Duchamp as the Cards manager, Warhol as Yanks outfielder, and Ivan Karp as the Dodgers manager. In a similar series called *Art Ball Playing Cards* we have Stella as the Chiefs running back, Noland as Packers cornerback, and Barbara Rose as the Jets wide receiver.

In Celender's recent show he presented pages taken from the 1974 edition of *Olympics of Art*, where he places humorous superlative classifications on diverse aspects of the current art scene. These factitious "olympic awards" are the academy awards of the art world. Although I would be inclined to agree with most of Celender's decisions, my votes certainly would not have gone to the winners of the "Least Known Genius Artist — Gregory Gillespie," to the "Dullest Critic — Michael Fried," to the "Worst Dressed Critic — Max Kozloff," or to the "Most Predictable Art Journal — *Artforum*." In the case of the latter, just the fact my review finds itself on these pages does away with such a restricting classification.

JOHN FAWCETT similarly employs humor in his work, but its manifestation

is more subtle than Celender's. Fawcett's dream world deals with the cartoon as imagery in fine art — an old problem. Pop artists employed elements of popular culture in part to satirize American consumerism. Cartoonlike imagery remains idiomatic to much contemporary painting, as is exemplified by the recent "Extraordinary Realities" exhibition at the Whitney Museum. Fawcett's iconography is more accurately described as a fetish — he has been drawing "Moose Mouse" and "Darn-old-Dock" from "the tender age of five," long preceding Oldenburg's Mickey Mouse fantasy that culminates in the Documenta *Mouse Museum*. The underlying point is Fawcett's satirical allusion to the Disney fortune and a people mesmerized into its support by that cute little rodent that so many young Americans grew up with.

The recent paintings suggest problems of optical perception, in this case one's perception of the flaccid pages of a comic book. The characters are stretched out of shape and are so distorted as to suggest either that we are viewing them from an acute angle, as the anamorphically distorted skull in Holbein's painting of the *French Ambassadors*, or that we are viewing the characters as they would appear in reflection off an irregularly curved circus mirror. We then have a case where we are presented with the synthesized results of a long series of transpositions; beginning with the mouse, to the mouse with humanlike characteristics in cartoon, to the comic book page, to the distorted mirror image of this page, to fine art on the surface of a canvas, and finally to us. How should we react? I laughed.

—FRANCIS NAUMANN

ROBERT IRWIN, The Pace Gallery; MARIO MERZ, The John Weber Gallery; HELEN FRANKENTHALER, André Emmerich Gallery uptown:

ROBERT IRWIN's show consisted of a 55'-long (the length of the gallery) approximately 6'-high "barricade" or semi-wall if you will (3/5 the height of the gallery — all measurements are approximate) that divided the gallery space in half. It was painted white as is the gallery, and was devoid of any inherent trace or image of reality other than its entrenchment as wall-barricade in this space.

No title or forewarning was given that this was "it." People walked in, people walked out — a shame because the

piece and we were capable, through an extreme investment, of generating a great deal of interest. I said, "the piece and we were capable," since the artist alone was surely capable of merely generating a wall.

Robert Irwin seemed in this piece to be more interested in humiliating the public (as he would have noticed could he have seen the effect of this piece on the viewers) than in informing us that in positing and positioning this wall it had set up a mysterious relationship to the viewer and to the room.

I suppose that this kind of "mute," "radical" attitude confirms his avant-gardism.

There seems to be a boredom that is extrapolated onto Irwin's confrontation with his art and his audience. The salvaging of this kind of relationship is rendered more difficult — sometimes impossible — by ipseity that ignores anyone or anything. Witness Irwin: "What I am doing is trying to find out more about what it is that I sense. When I am interested in that direct (temporary) social contribution, I will confront the questions of 'How do I communicate?' . . . My question is 'How do I now order my thoughts for myself?'" (*Arts*, September/October, 1972).

Well, when one is intent on seeing art survive, even artists can't get in the way.

Irwin's "barricade" was lit from both sides (from the ceiling) by three sets of three lights (from "behind") and by one set of four and two sets of three (from the "front") — more on this notion of behind and front later on. The "extra" light in front lit the left-hand corner of the room to counterbalance the door that opens and shuts (in everyday gallery use) at the right-hand corner of the room. The "wall" cast shadows on the walls of the gallery that formed triangles with the floor and "wall" by which one could measure the floor in a proportion of approximately four to five whereas the "wall" was approximately in a proportion of three to five to the ceiling.

This *nonphysical triangle* (three) generated a four to five proportion on a rectangular floor (four perimeters), 3-4-4.

The *physical rectangle* (four perimeters of the "wall") generated a three to five proportion by means of a three-dimensional form, 4-3-3.

The essence of opposition seemed inherent in this piece. The piece divided the floor and, surprisingly, the ceiling in half by casting a shadowband above itself onto the ceiling, thereby dividing the ceiling in half also.

One's reaction after the ingestion of

this information might be condensed in these lines from *Ulysses*, "I am the boy That can enjoy Invisibility."

Determined to adopt this piece, since it had just been left standing there by its maker, I asked to be permitted to "see" the other side. My request was put through "channels" and I was granted access to the other side. I gained my way through storerooms, offices, and corridors not part of the gallery proper and I entered the other side and saw the "wall" as the same, but my thinking about it had changed. This side was enclosed (except for the door by which I entered). The other side was open to elevators, spiral stairwell, air conditioner vents, air shafts, noise etc. This side strangely enough, was quieter and untouched by the environs of the gallery. As I approached the "wall" I saw less of the other side and heard more of the other side. As I retreated from the "wall" I saw more of the other side and heard less of the other side — inverse ratios.

The main problem with this piece was that it was all about "seeing" and "thinking," to the loss of any real emotional involvement with it or to it. An extreme amount of investment was necessary, and the heartfelt dividends were minimal. The piece therefore was just one step from involving us completely. Maybe a title or a statement might have done it. As it was, the piece belonged to anyone who wanted it for as long as it was up. The sole reason for this exegesis is to convince anyone who has seen it that after all there was something there other than a wall, despite an insipid presentation.

The light at the end of the tunnel in this "Odyssean" search for an almost lost presence and place of esthetic, intellectual, and emotional value was MARIO MERZ' show that the artist has again based on the Fibonacci series.

Many, on seeing this show, were blind to or amused at the simplicity and clarity of such a presentation of Fibonacci's mysterious discovery and Merz' fiducial romance with it. I was visually comforted, mentally seduced, and emotionally informed by Merz' presentation.

Merz did a series of drawings and the actual tables from the drawings that would accommodate a certain number of people in numbers extrapolated from the Fibonacci series. One table for one person, another for another person, another for two, another for three, another for five, and so on to 88. But why 88 and not 89 as the series requires? Here the mystery, tension, and wonderment began. Merz' modification of the series brought

to light the fact that he does not merely translate the series, but counters it and changes it to suit his own secret system.

One found that on careful examination the tables were set in a spiral formation so that our walking around them in order would produce a spiral path that is similar to the one that the series generates in nature.

Mario is no mere Conceptualist. His work is not dependent on a detailed exegesis, though certainly one can be posited. All that might be needed is provided unobtrusively, soberly, and beautifully. How one can be sober when one's adopted artistic gesture is one of nature's most powerful gestures (the order, path, and series to infinite growth and speed) is Merz' secret.

There is a just balance in his use of visual cues, which owing to his understatement, leads us to seek information and consequently to an inquiry into his semisecretive pathos.

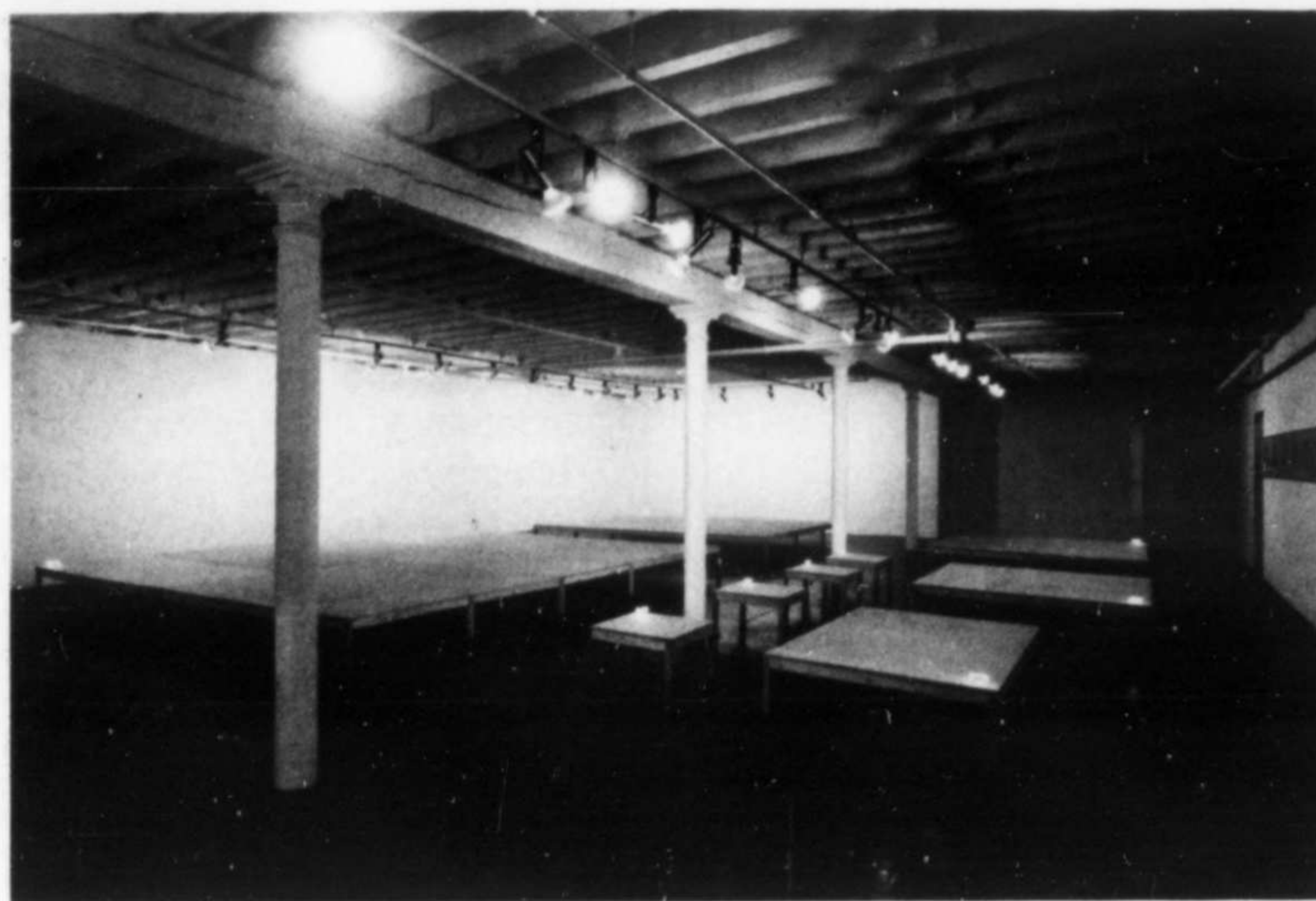
Objecthood, conception and passion are fine; and accordingly remain fine and slender threads from which to anchor art, when separately employed. A much more strongly and efficiently moored "vessel" would result from the braiding of at least these three aspects.

The work was complete therefore, when we invested (clothed, surrounded ourselves with) and investigated (searched into) it. To investigate physically (as the Latin root for investigate suggests — *in-vestigare*: to track, from *vestigium*; a track, a foot-track) is something that many viewers at the gallery did not do. They walked into the gallery (not into the piece) and walked out.

Merz' use of tables within the columned gallery becomes an almost symbolic means of telling us that this is a place and a situation for a feast; a place of feeding. The meat of this matter was our own coparticipation in and investigation of the offerings. Were more artists to consider these aspects of a work simultaneously, they would save us and themselves a lot of time and fruitless effort in searching for what is not there. As artists we must search more deeply into our own whys and wherefores before we ask anyone else to.

*She had a gorgeous, simply gorgeous, time.
And look at the lovely shell she brought.
In quintessential triviality for years in
this fleshcase a shesoul dwelt.*
James Joyce, *Ulysses*

HELEN FRANKENTHALER's new show was about an art — no, paintings



Mario Merz, Installation view, 1973.

— of visual opulence, of rich, extravagant, and beautiful color. It was about the fluidity of her solutions — no, emulsions — that stick to the eye like honey. By virtue of their viscosity they coat and bind themselves to the eye. They preserve and pervert our perception of the essential "shesoul" which still lies somewhere within the artist since they were not to be seen in the paintings. Our eyes and seeing are caught in a hybrid rigor mortis — in the joined acts of looking and drooling. We do not, perhaps cannot, go beyond this conjunction to sense the core and power that justifies the act of painting. In other words, these paintings are about render-

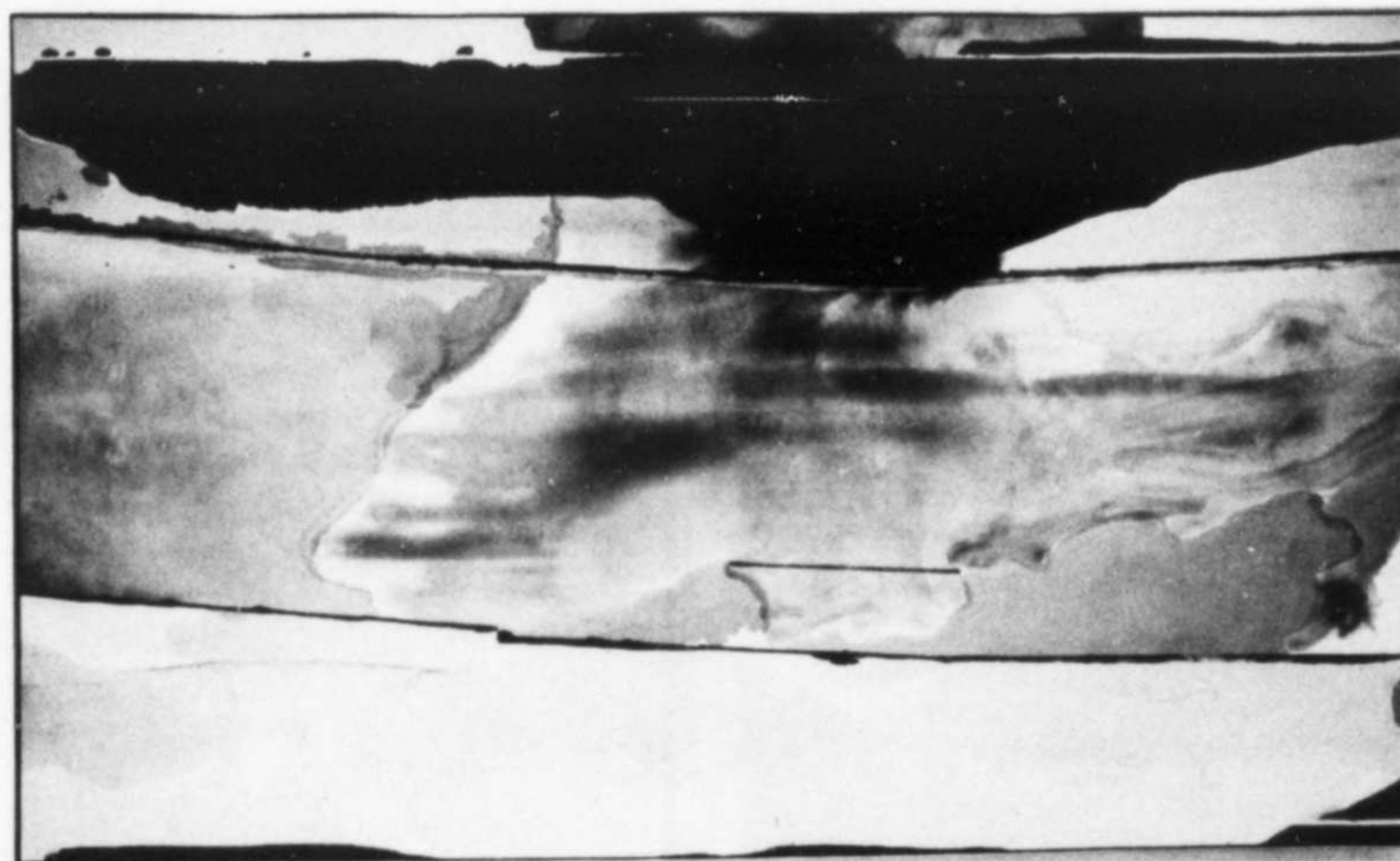
ing us heartless and mindless.

We are not instruments of vision (anatomic). We exist in realms other than the sensual-physical. We inter/correlate.

A shell, as defined in the Oxford English Dictionary, is;

The hard outside covering of an animal or a fruit, etc. . . . The outer covering of a seed . . . The hard covering or house of a snail . . . An empty or hollow thing, mere externality without substance, *content or meaning* [*italics mine*].

Frankenthaler's paintings epitomize the lexicographic prophets' definitions. They are encased so that we cannot



Helen Frankenthaler, *Hybrid Vigor*, 1973, acrylic on canvas, 103" x 172½".

know the thing or things that infuse them with life other than the decorative paint stuff poured and brushed over them. They are anesthetized. They await an inevitable turn in the historical death cycle for all such painting.

These "shells" might cover a seed, or a fruit, that in turn might bear more fruit or grow, were they to be broken. Then again, there may be nothing there at all. "Taste embalms the knowledge which otherwise cannot preserve itself" (Disraeli).

— JOSÉ MATOS

"Photographers in 19th century Italy," Robert Schoelkopf Gallery:

Three gondolas with nine Americans in each, their bleached-out eyes retouched with tiny black dots for pupils, the tableau spliced onto a backdrop of the Ducal Palace so that the gondoliers' heads are ghostlike, is offered by Paolo Salviati, Photographer, and entitled *Venezia* in gold letters on a black border. A nude is seen six times over, one time with her left index finger curled against a plump cheek like Ingres' Countess d'Haussonville, another time covering herself daintily like a Venus Surprised. Then there are market scenes, crowds at St. Peter's, and Monuments, Monuments: the Bronze Horses, the Colosseum, the sturdy Arch of Titus with little clumps of shrubbery thrusting out from the cornice. Sometimes, an interesting and incongruous effect: Francis Frith would like his view of Florence to magnify the Cathedral, I suppose, but, instead, his finicky lens pulls our eyes across slanted roofs, open shutters, bushes in gardens, sheets drawn over open doors against the heat.

There's Art History, too: a sepia print of the bronze doors of the Florence Baptistery which may needle recollections of crisp voices and gestures in dimmed art-history rooms. But put it on a lectern and take out a magnifying glass, and this print by the Alinari brothers will still let you discover the owls and fruit on the outer door post.

The most effective work in the show may be the view of a winding road sliced by a long, dark shadow, with a crumbled aqueduct far off, and, nearby, a wooden fence lighted so that it looks like three white threads. The rest of the exhibition is unremarkable, except for a tiny "photoglyph" by Fox Talbot of a ruined amphitheater in Naples with four gentlemen in suits — English suits, I would think.

— CARL BALDWIN

cirrus gallery

O'SHEA
RECENT SCULPTURE

S.A. DAVIS
NEW WORKS

CIRRUS EDITIONS • 708 N. MANHATTAN PL.
LOS ANGELES, CA 90038 • (213) 462-1157

Independent Study Program

Art History / Museum Studies / Painting & Sculpture

For Details:
Independent Study Program
Whitney Museum of American Art
945 Madison Avenue, New York 10021
Telephone: (212) 249-4350

philadelphia
BFA, MFA, M Ed Painting,
Sculpture, Printmaking
Photography, Graphic
Design, Ceramics and Glass,
Weaving, Metals, Art
Education

rome, italy
Junior or Graduate year or
semester abroad and special
six-week summer session
Write for Philadelphia or
Rome catalogs: Box 2910
Philadelphia, Pa. 19126

**TYLER
SCHOOL
OF
ART**

**TEMPLE
UNIVERSITY**

SKOWHEGAN

SCHOOL OF PAINTING & SCULPTURE
SKOWHEGAN, MAINE, JUNE 23 - AUG. 24

FACULTY:
LELAND BELL
ALDO CASANOVA
JANET FISH
JOHN MOORE
HERBERT SCHIFFRIN

VISITING ARTISTS:
ANN ARNOLD
JENNIFER BARTLETT
EDWARD CLARK
ALAN D'ARCANGELO
ELIOT PORTER
FAIRFIELD PORTER
GEORGE RICKEY

For free booklet: Write Joan Franzen, Student Director
329 East 68th Street, New York, N.Y. 10021 Tel. (212) 861-9270

LEWIS BALTZ

photographs

JANUARY 30 THRU FEBRUARY 16

Jefferson place gallery

2000 P STREET NORTHWEST WASHINGTON DC 20036 (202) 293-1655

Independent Study Program

Art History / Museum Studies / Painting & Sculpture

For Details:

Independent Study Program
Whitney Museum of American Art
945 Madison Avenue, New York 10021
Telephone: (212) 249-4350

Philadelphia
BFA, MFA, M Ed Painting,
Sculpture, Printmaking
Photography, Graphic
Design, Ceramics and Glass,
Weaving, Metals, Art
Education

**TYLER
SCHOOL
OF
ART**

Rome, Italy
Junior or Graduate year or
semester abroad and special
six-week summer session
Write for Philadelphia or
Rome catalogs: Box 2910
Philadelphia, Pa. 19126

**TEMPLE
UNIVERSITY**

SKOWHEGAN

SCHOOL OF PAINTING & SCULPTURE
SKOWHEGAN, MAINE, JUNE 23 - AUG. 24

FACULTY:

L'ELAND BELL
ALDO CASANOVA
JANET FISH
JOHN MOORE
HERBERT SCHIFFRIN

VISITING ARTISTS:

ANN ARNOLD
JENNIFER BARTLETT
EDWARD CLARK
ALAN D'ARCANGELO
ELIOT PORTER
FAIRFIELD PORTER
GEORGE RICKEY

For free booklet, write Joan Franzen, Student Director,
329 East 68th Street, New York, N.Y. 10021 Tel. (212) 861-9270

LEWIS BALTZ

photographs

JANUARY 30 THRU FEBRUARY 16

Jefferson place gallery

2000 P STREET NORTHWEST WASHINGTON DC 20036 (202) 293-1655

N.Y. Studio School
8 West 8 Street,
New York, NY 10011
(212) 673-6466

Summer Sessions

Paris

July 1—August 28, 1981

Elaine de Kooning
George Spaventa
third faculty to

New York

June 10—August 1, 1981

Peter Agosti
Steve Slom
third faculty

GALERIA JUANA MORO

Villanueva, 7—Madrid 1

Telephone 225

Bechtold	Gabino	Quintero
Bonifacio	Gran	Rivera
Bru	Guerrero	Rueda
Burguillos	Julio L. Hernandez	Saez
Caballero	Carmen Laffon	Saura
Canogar	Millares	Sempere
Chillida	Molezun	Serrano
Chirino	Mompo	Suarez
Crovello	Lucio Muñoz	Tapies
Dmitrienko	Palazuelo	Victoria
Farreras	Paluzzi	Zobel
Juana Frances	Quetglas	

ART STUDENTS LEAGUE OF NEW YORK

215 West 57th Street
New York City
Circle 7-4

A.M., P.M. and Eve. classes in Painting, Drawing, Sculpture, Illustration, Graphics, Lettering & Calligraphy, Murals. Registration by the Saturday classes. Write for catalog. Director, Stewart Klonis. Licensed prescribed courses only by the N.Y. State Education Department

Instructors:

Barbara Adrian	Robert B. Hale
Lawrence Alloway*	Agnes Hart
Tore Asplund	Nathaniel Kaz
Rudolf Baranik	Steven Kidd
Will Barnet	E. Raymond Kinstler
Robert Brackman	Gabriel Laderman
Mario Cooper	Edward Laning
Ben Cunningham	Hughie Lee-Smith
Gregory D'Alessio	David A. Leffel
Jose de Creft	Julian Levi
Robert De Lamonica	Kay Lewis
Bruce Dorfman	Norman Lewis
Jack Faragasso	Andrew Lukach
Marshall Grasier	Vincent Malta
Peter Golfinopoulos	David Stone Martin
Daniel Greene	Knox Martin
John Groth	Earl Mayan

Frank Mason
Seong Moy
Martin D. Oberst
Anthony Palumbo
Robert Philipp
Michael Ponce
Gustav Rehberg
Lucia Salemme
Howard Sanden
Robert Emil Schickel
Richard L. Seyffert
Sidney Simon
Theodoros Stamatiadis
Isaac Soyer
Vaclav Vytlačil

*Lecturer
Founded 1875

N.Y. Studio School
8 West 8 Street,
New York, NY 10011
(212) 673-6466

Summer Sessions

Paris

July 1—August 28, 1974

Elaine de Kooning
George Spaventa
third faculty to be announced

New York

June 10—August 2, 1974

Peter Agostini
Steve Sloman
third faculty to be announced

GALERIA JUANA MORDO

Villanueva, 7—Madrid 1

Telephone 225 1172

Bechtold	Gabino	Quintero
Bonifacio	Gran	Rivera
Bru	Guerrero	Rueda
Burguillos	Julio L. Hernandez	Saez
Caballero	Carmen Laffon	Saura
Canogar	Millares	Sempere
Chillida	Molezun	Serrano
Chirino	Mompo	Suarez
Crovello	Lucio Muñoz	Tapies
Dmitrienko	Palazuelo	Victoria
Farreras	Paluzzi	Zobel
Juana Frances	Quetglas	



**RICHARD
DUNLAP**



**MILES
VARNER**

RUTH S. SCHAFFNER GALLERY
8406 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles

**ART
STUDENTS
LEAGUE**
OF NEW YORK

215 West 57th Street
New York City 10019
Circle 7-4510

A.M., P.M. and Eve. classes in Painting, Drawing, Sculpture, Illustration, Graphics, Lettering & Calligraphy, Murals. Registration by the Month. Saturday classes. Write for catalog. Director, Stewart Klonis. Licensed for prescribed courses only by the N.Y. State Education Department.

Instructors:

Barbara Adrian	Robert B. Hale	Frank Mason
Lawrence Alloway*	Agnes Hart	Seong Moy
Tore Asplund	Nathaniel Kaz	Martin D. Oberstein
Rudolf Baranik	Steven Kidd	Anthony Palumbo
Will Barnet	E. Raymond Kinstler	Robert Philipp
Robert Brackman	Gabriel Laderman	Michael Ponce de Leon
Mario Cooper	Edward Laning	Gustav Rehberger
Ben Cunningham	Hughie Lee-Smith	Lucia Salemmé
Gregory D'Alessio	David A. Leffell	Howard Sanden
Jose de Creft	Julian Levi	Robert Emil Schulz
Robert De Lamonica	Kay Lewis	Richard L. Seyffert
Bruce Dorfman	Norman Lewis	Sidney Simon
Jack Faragasso	Andrew Lukach	Theodoros Stamos
Marshall Grasier	Vincent Malta	Isaac Soyer
Peter Golfinopoulos	David Stone Martin	Vaclav Vytlačil
Daniel Greene	Knox Martin	
John Groth	Earl Mayan	

*Lecturer
Founded 1875

**Study
at
The
Professional
Art
School**

**Academy of
Art College**

625 Sutter Street, San Francisco
Ca. 94102 / tel. (415) 673-4200
Free Catalog

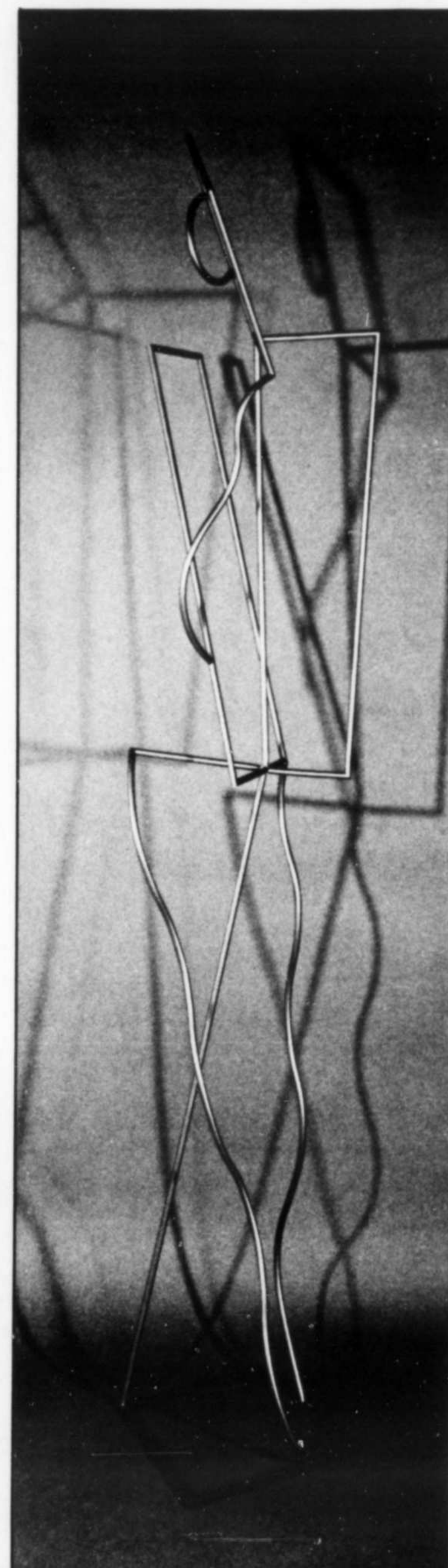
Degree & Diploma Courses in
Advertising / Design / Fashion
Filmmaking / Illustration / Painting
Photography / Printmaking / Sculpture
Counseling / Veteran approved

**MODRIS
RAMANS**

Steel Sculpture

**WHITNEY MUSEUM
ART RESOURCES CENTER**

185 Cherry Street NYC
Feb 19 to Mar 1

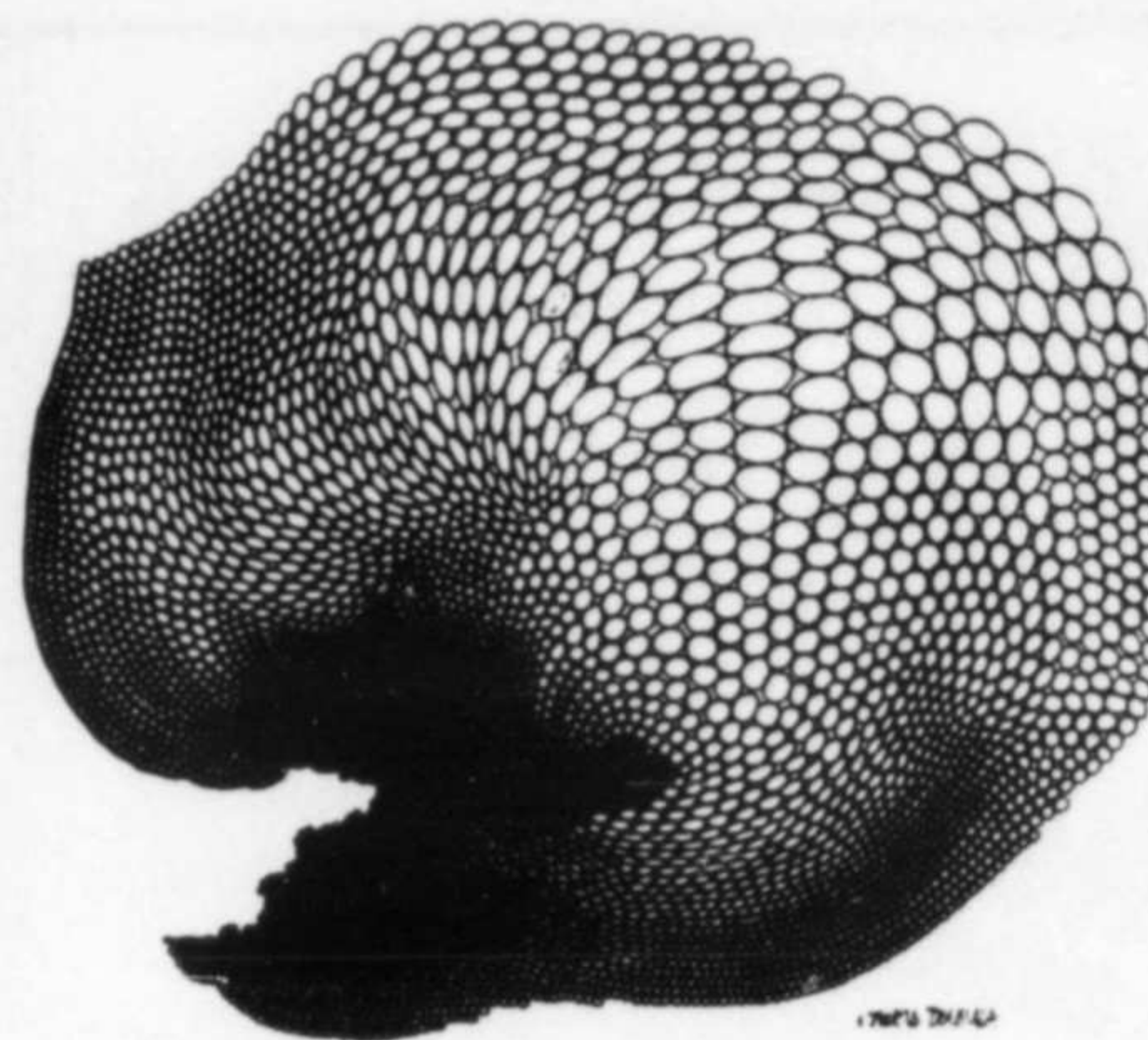


RUTH WEISBERG

DRAWINGS INTAGLIOS LITHOGRAPHS

FEBRUARY 1-20, 1974

LANTERN GALLERY, 301 North Main St., Ann Arbor, Michigan



angela
delaura

the **touchstone** gallery
37 east 4th nyc, wed - sat 11-5
barbara hirschl, director

COGGESHALL
TO FEBRUARY 16

HEDDA STERNE
FEBRUARY 19 - MARCH 9

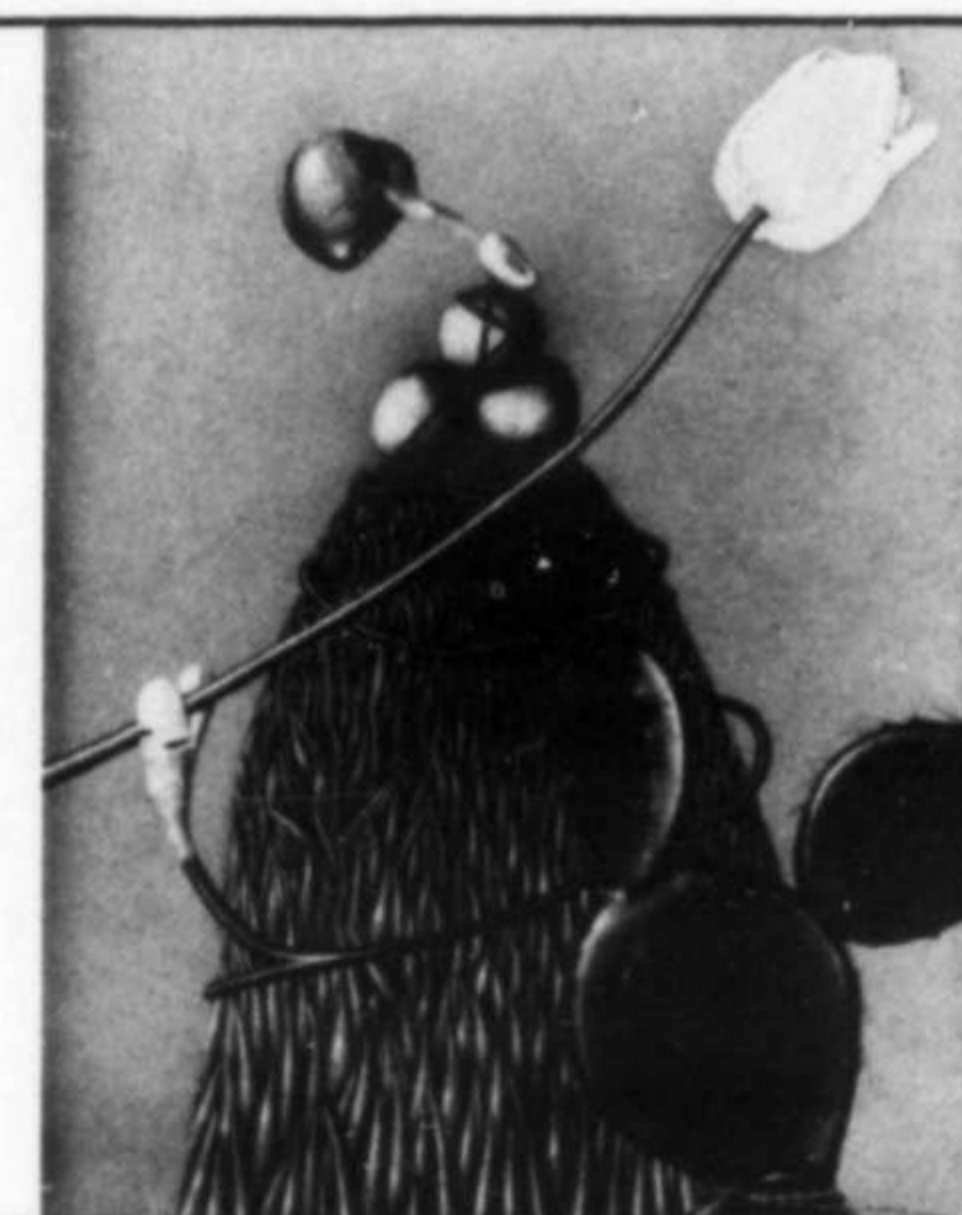
RICHARD TUTTLE
MARCH 12 - MARCH 30

BETTY PARSONS 24 W 57

Kathy Calderwood

feb 19-mar 9

Allan Stone
48 E. 86 St. NYC



CFAHLEN

HENRI 2 WASHINGTON D.C.

FEBRUARY 9 - MARCH 6

**THE
GREENBERG GALLERY**
7526 FORSYTH BLVD.
ST. LOUIS, MO. 63105
(314) 862-1640

WALDMAN

OPENING FEBRUARY 10, 1974

THE NEW COMARA GALLERY

447 SOUTH LA CIENEGA BLVD
LOS ANGELES, CA. 90048.
PHONE (213) 275 8344

GALA GALLERY

CHEMECHE

NEW WORKS

FEB 10 — MAR 7

2333 BISCAYNE BLVD MIAMI FLA 33137

SAM FRANCIS

NOVEMBER 14-NOVEMBER 20

BRUCE NAUMAN

DECEMBER 6-DECEMBER 29

JOHN ALTOON

JANUARY 8-JANUARY 26

TONY DE LAP

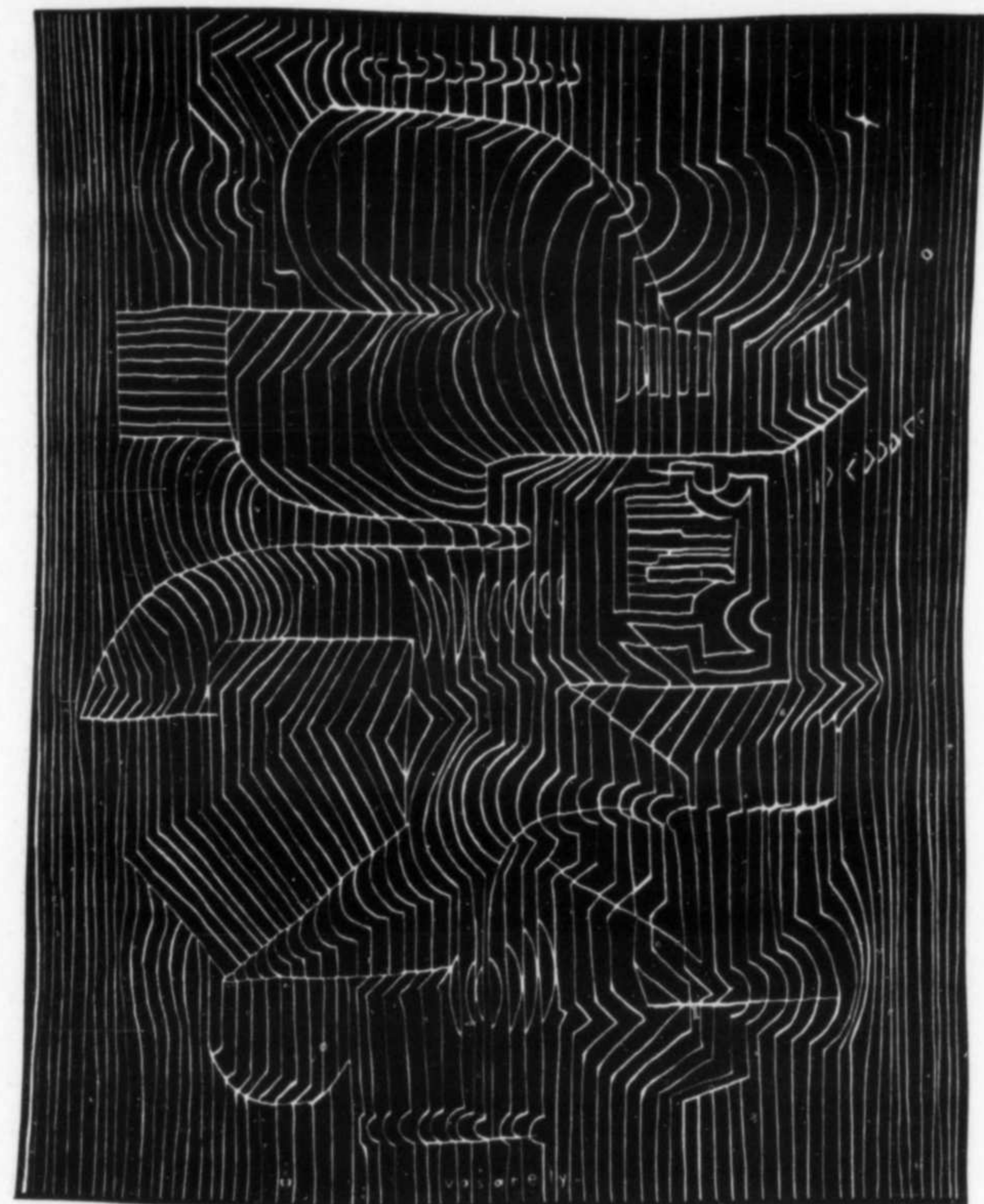
JANUARY 29-FEBRUARY 16

CHARLES ARNOLD I

FEBRUARY 19-MARCH 9

NICHOLAS WILDER GALLERY

8225½ SANTA MONICA BLVD.
LOS ANGELES 90046



Gordium by Vasarely 1955. 108 x 87 inches

**aubusson
tapestries**

**albers · arp
s. delaunay · herbin
kandinsky · le corbusier
taeuber-arp · vasarely**

**denise rené · new york
6 west 57 · 765-1330**

R.B. KITAJ

Recent paintings February 2-23

Marlborough

40 West 57th Street New York 10019
LONDON • ROME • ZURICH • MONTREAL • TORONTO • TOKYO



Kenneth Anger and Michael Powell, 1973. Oil on canvas. 96 x 60 inches