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### Monumenta : A Biennial Exhibition of Outdoor Sculpture, Newport, Rhode Island, August 17 Through October 13, 1974

Sam Hunter

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**monumenta**





# monumenta

A Biennial Exhibition of Outdoor Sculpture

Newport, Rhode Island

Edited with an Introduction by Sam Hunter

Salve Regina University  
McKillop Library  
100 Ochre Point Ave.  
Newport, RI 02840-4192

August 17 through October 13, 1974

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The Monumenta catalogue and exhibition were the bases a graduate seminar devoted to contemporary sculpture at Princeton University in the spring of 1974.

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## Foreword

By W. A. Crimmins

*Nihil est in intellectu quod non fuerit prius in sensu*

I think that the great traditions of art start with the people, and monumental sculpture in public places is a good way of encouraging a vital sensibility which is the basis of understanding. I am dismayed by the vacuous platitude proposing that the prehistoric art in caves or in obscure places was created by beings from outer space. It insults the fantastic human achievement of those who established the roots of culture; who tried hard in a more barbarous age than our own to raise the heart and soul of man while their hands were still dirty with the toil of existence. Most of Monumenta's artists toil with their hands, and we can touch with ours the creative fruits of their labor. In the Plastic Age this is a rare and sensitive moment. For we judge a civilization not by wealth, size or power, but by the value placed upon the individual and the things of the mind and the soul.

I would like to thank the Newport County Arts Council and all our sponsors, but in particular Senator Erich A. O'D. Taylor, Dennis Murphy, Director of the Department of Natural Resources, R. I., William Sheehan and Roger Sattler of the Defense Department, Katherine U. Warren, President of the Preservation Society of Newport County, Stephen E. Ostrow, Director of the Museum of Art, Rhode Island School of Design, and Carter Brown, Director of the National Gallery.

There are countless other people whose interest and support have been invaluable in the realization of the exhibition MONUMENTA. While we are unable to name them all here, we would especially like to express our appreciation to Newport Mayor Humphrey J. Donnelly III, City Manager Cowles B. Mallory, George Howarth of the State Department of Natural Resources, Fire Chief William H. Connerton, The Preservation Society of Newport County, and the many members of the Newport community who have generously contributed their time and energy to the project.

Additionally we are grateful to Peter Allen, Michael Burton, Harry Di Zoglio, Xavier Fourcade of Fourcade, Droll Inc., New York, who represents the artist Tony Smith, Peter Guest, Ralph Gunning, Gary Hamer, Deirdre Henderson and Marc Koplik, Hugo Key & Son, Priscilla Leggett, Peckham Brothers, Peter Randall, Mr. and Mrs. William Reagan, William Reed, Frank Rosa, Jeff Schiff, Jay R. Schochet, Gerald and Nina Shapiro, John Silva of Kingston Turf, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph S. Sinclair, The Urban Design Group, Dr. and Mrs. Armand Versaci.





# Introduction

By Sam Hunter

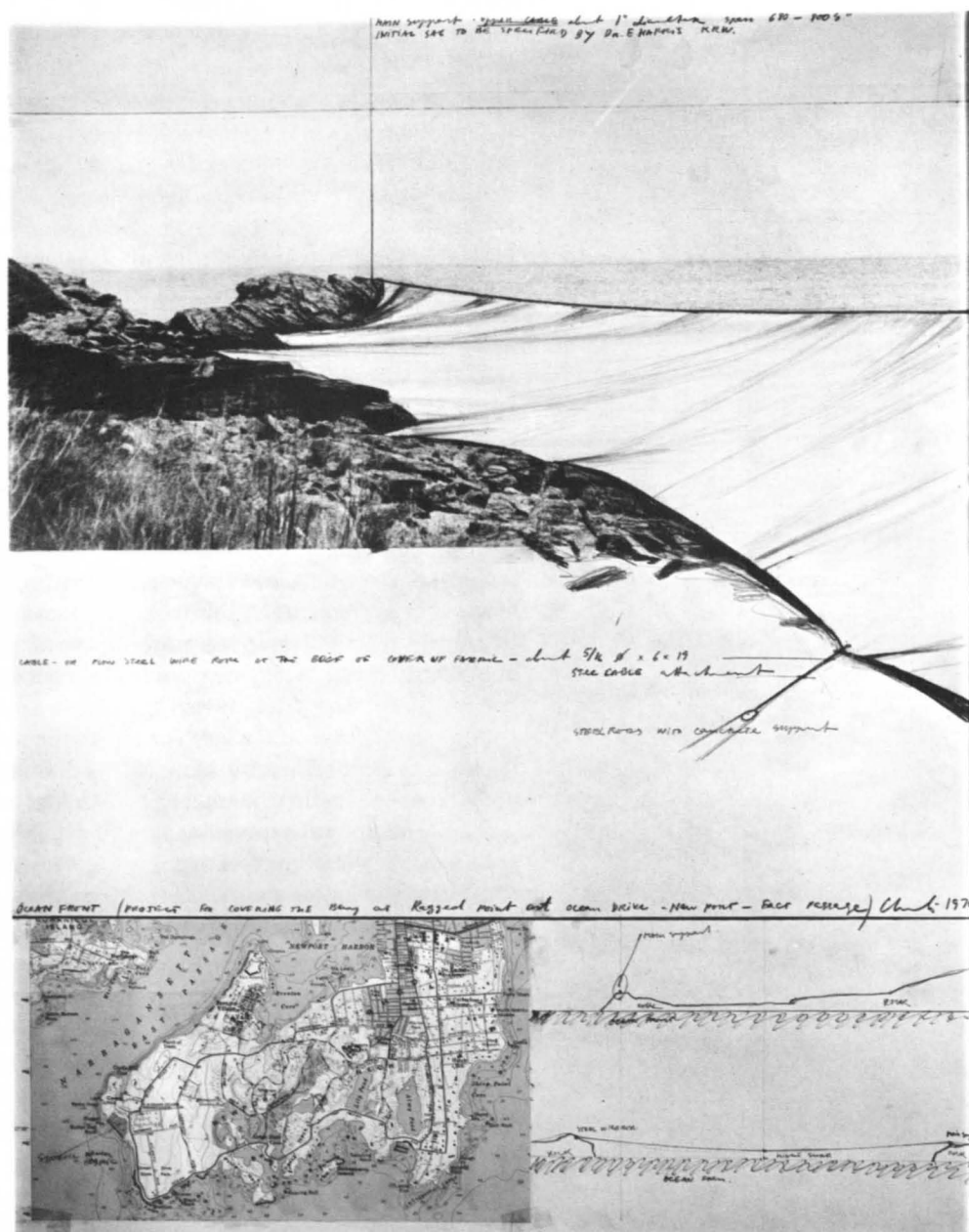
By any measure it takes some courage and a secure sense of civility for a tradition-steeped, historical center like Newport to sponsor a sizeable exhibition of monumental outdoor sculpture. Clearly, the show in question is not calculated to arouse public ire as some of the more radical contemporary manifestations of recent sculptural and other expressions have done, among them the last exhibition of Conceptual Art at the Documenta exhibition in Germany—the alliterative namesake for the Newport event. Nonetheless, in its own context the current exhibition poses a sufficient and provocative challenge to conventional taste.

Newport is quite properly celebrated both for its scenic beauty and for its unique ensemble of architectural monuments, the numerous colonial houses and great mansions which dot the landscape and provide visible testimony to a rich and enduring cultural heritage. The sense of an elegant past weighs heavily on the town, and its dedicated preservation groups have gone to considerable trouble to make the historic past accessible, and, in fact, to keep it slickly groomed. Thus, the bald confrontation between this noble repository of formal New England culture and fifty uncompromising, large-scale sculptures, stamped with the look of the industrial age, might be expected to generate certain environmental tensions. Still, the rivalry between tradition and “the tradition of the New,” in Harold Rosenberg’s apt phrase, can be as edifying as it might at first seem gratuitous and dissonant. America has always resourcefully made intellectual capital of disruptive change. And we all know how the past can stultify as well as release new energies, in the absence of some vital continuity of taste and change with the contemporary imagination.

In the end, the drama and dynamism of modern urban experience, qualities eloquently symbolized by these outsize, factory-made sculptures, count decisively in establishing the prerogatives of the present. Curiously, these very qualities do no real violence even to the most conservative standards of taste and judgment. The most pretentious scheme of civilized values must be flexible enough to entertain and absorb new esthetic truths, or go the way of the dinosaur in cultural history. Monumenta dramatizes the interaction of past and present in a dialogue of sculpture and natural or architectural site. Today’s authentic sculptural expression can be expected to illuminate and echo the architectural ambitions of a bygone age. The picturesque charms of Newport, with its inexhaustible variety of visual backgrounds, should help mitigate the brute power of the array of contemporary sculpture colossi.

The exhibition was conceived with two primary objectives in mind, to match sculpture and site, and to provide a balanced reading of large-scale sculpture today in a variety of mediums. The relatively small environmental landscape projects were limited in number because of budgetary considerations, and because the cultivated Newport terrain does not provide those limitless tracts of undeveloped land usually appropriated for vast Earthworks and similar enterprises.

It seemed fitting to give special attention to two American artists no longer living, whose impact on the art of the sixties was decisive: David Smith and Barnett Newman. Smith’s Cubi series are represented in the exhibition, and it was these stainless steel, geometricized totems which introduced a new formal rigor into contemporary sculpture, prophesying the Minimal Art of the early sixties. Despite their monolithic forms, the sculptures remain close to illusionistic concerns, too, evident in their wire-brushed surfaces and obvious preoccupation with light. Barnett Newman was one of our major painters, and an influential one, whose occasional sculptures became a literal realization of the ephemeral vertical bands of his paintings. The famous “Zips” are



divorced from the canvas surface and transformed into imposing hierarchical sculpture forms. The first primitive version of his *Here* series appeared astonishingly as early as 1950, consisting of wooden planks covered with rough plaster resourcefully set on a beat-up wooden box. This unlikely creation, now elegantly cast in bronze, predicted even more accurately than David Smith's forms, with their lingering anthropomorphism, the unitary, single-image sculptures of the sixties. It is tempting to view the succeeding versions of *Here* (whose title firmly underscores the artist's commitment to the living moment rather than to conventionalized abstraction) as little more than essentialized forms. Yet Newman's excerpted remarks in the catalogue remind us that he always invested geometric forms with spiritual content. One of his critics has pointed out that for Newman such quantities as measurement, proportion and shape only served to awaken ideas and feelings about God, man and destiny.

Aaron Siskind's photographic essay on Newport as an environment also establishes connections with the innovative artistic past. It was Siskind's friend Barnett Newman who introduced the photographer to the dealer Charles Egan in 1947, thus beginning for him a fertile and long-term association with the artists in that gallery of The New York School. With them Siskind shared an aversion for the picturesque subject, and a dominant interest in form. The critic Elaine de Kooning characterized his forms "as highly personal as any a painter could invent." Siskind's image sequence of Newport life pits the mobility of the street against his familiar, imperturbable wall and an isolated pilaster, half-buried in flaking plaster, timeless witnesses to the action which passes before them. The starkness of his architectural detail ties in with the austerities of much of the sculpture in the exhibition, and the contrapuntal activity of the passing show, captured on film, suggests the inescapable art-and-life equation.

Another important pioneer of the new sensibility was Tony Smith, who also was very much a member in good standing of the Abstract Expressionist community, though best known in the early years as a visionary architect and painter. He did not make his first modular steel sculptures until 1962, but their impassive physical bulk and romantic presence almost instantly erased the more frivolous illusionism of the recent past and decisively established new directions for three-dimensional construction. He shared with Newman a high disdain for prestigious historic art and sculptural monuments, preferring the colossal architectural schemes of the ancient past such as Macchu Picchu and the Pyramids as admired precedents. At some point the ruined grandeur of ancient civilizations with their awesome monuments made contact with the man-made structures of the industrial landscape, and a new monumental sculpture was born. Its improbable ancestors were divided between archaeology and such modern landmarks as gas or oil drums, water tanks, windowless buildings, concrete pillboxes, airport runways, highways and parking lots.

Albert Elsen has pointed out that public statuary in the nineteenth century was still conceived as an elevating experience designed to take the man in the street out of his petty thoughts with the shock of great ideas, usually by literally showing him the men and women who had thought of them. But by 1914, when Bourdelle showed his heroic *Dying Centaur*, the old humanist rhetoric and myths were so outdated that the sculptor could complain: "He is dying because no one believes in him." Today, public art can no longer celebrate heroes and historical events in recognizable form, for the necessary fund of common associations and mythology has disappeared. Public art acquires its current social meaning from acquisition and display in communal



situations. Curiously, fabricators and metal shops like Lippincott in North Haven, Connecticut, and Milgo in Brooklyn hastened this development by building large-scale outdoor sculpture in Cor-ten steel even before the demand for it existed. Now no shopping mall or municipal plaza is complete without them. Sculptors today think in expanded dimensions and covet public spaces in part from internal esthetic responses influenced by the large canvas and heroic scale of the Abstract Expressionists, and partly too because modern technology has provided them with new means.

Contemporary monumental art need not be restricted to object sculptures. Robert Morris, the late Robert Smithson and Carl Andre among others planned immense earth mounds, trenches and walls. In this exhibition, Christo's ocean front cove, covered by 14,000 square yards of polypropylene fabric and Fleischner's sod maze, 125 feet in diameter, are meant to be experienced as landscape rather than optically isolated as art objects. The mind-boggling grandiosity which these two projects only begin to hint at contains elements of irony as well as high seriousness. There is no limit to the potential scale of such esthetic appropriations of the world's surface, as Marcel Duchamp was perhaps the first to realize. It was he who boldly imagined the vast scale of conceptual monuments many years ago when he wrote the note: "Find inscription for Woolworth Building as a readymade." Increasingly, art is meant not only to be perceived by the eye but to be thought about, and the problematic status of the art object is evident in this exhibition.

Another rejuvenating factor in contemporary sculpture has been the variety of non-sculptural materials legitimized by the artist, hard and soft, ephemeral and permanent. Plastics, nylon sail cloth, earth itself, wire mesh, creosote-coated pilings as well as traditional bronze and the more up-to-date Cor-ten steel are all equally viable. De Kooning's bronze *Clamdigger* is a process record of esthetic decision-making, but the internal drama of "Action" painting and sculpture become actualized in the programmed actions of Christo's landscape project. Chance and time are incorporated in the flexible configurations assumed by the wind-activated, kinetic sculptures of George Rickey, Salvatore Romano, Anne Healy and Peter Gourfain. Robert Grovesnor crushed and split his log pilings with a bulldozer, and the visible result is a work of art, as esthetically unassuming as it is conceptually demanding. We have reached a point where the nature of the art experience itself is under siege, and astonishing new forms of dialogue between object and event, art and life dominate the art scene. All conventional guideposts are down, or at least they no longer prove very reassuring.

The intellectual challenge of radical art forms has meant more than a testing of established conventions, for it raises extremely difficult questions about the very way we regard artistic work and its ultimate value. However distracting such fundamental questions may be, they certainly stir us in their association with the unrepentant individualism and refreshing cultural non-conformism of the new artistic postures. The values of the artist today oppose the contemptible "team spirit" and the "faceless plastic men," to adopt Rebecca West's telling phrases, which accounted for the Watergate disaster and commented so pointedly on contemporary public morality. Behind the truancy and irony of vanguard sculpture today is an ethos we would do well to heed, for it supports authentic individual values and an inner-directed freedom of action. In this social context even the most accomplished conventional sculptural objects of the past must seem far less in tune with our contemporary moods of necessary if painful candor, and critical self-scrutiny.





# Scale in Contemporary Sculpture

By Hugh M. Davies and Sally E. Yard

Recent large scale sculpture is more vitally related to painting and architecture than to traditional figurative sculpture. The parameters of sculpture have been expanded. Just as the use of color in sculpture makes reference to painting, so an interest in spatial perception—movement through and around spaces and forms—has an affinity with architectural concerns. David Smith moved from painting to sculpture, his work climaxing in the late monumental painted Cubis and Gateways. Tony Smith began his career as an architect, working with Frank Lloyd Wright, and only turned to sculpture in 1962.

In sculpture the notion of monumentality has traditionally involved figurative work on an heroic scale (Praxiteles, Michelangelo, Rodin). This is not true of recent sculpture, which is related to non-gestural Abstract Expressionism in a pre-eminently formal way. The link is through abstraction and scale rather than the Expressionist content of the "Heroic Generation." The influence has come from artists like Still, Rothko and Newman rather than Pollock and de Kooning. Robert Murray has answered the question of the influence of Barnett Newman's painting on his sculpture thus:

*If there was any one thing I could say came directly from Barney it might be a desire on my part to have people experience a piece of sculpture the way I reacted to his large paintings. I have tried to get people involved with my pieces without being able to see all of them at once—to sense the nature of the piece by moving in and around it rather than looking at it.<sup>1</sup>*

This observation holds true for Newman's own sculpture. For example, *Zim Zum*, the Z's of the title hinting at the accordion zigzag of the forms, is a roofless passageway, to be traversed rather than observed. It is an architectural experience rather than an object.

Tony Smith's modular approach—in a large space lattice such as *Smoke*, alias *Smog*, *Smug*—is also architectural. Smith's infatuation with industrialism and its unique landscape stems from a midnight ride in the late 1940's along the then incomplete New Jersey Turnpike. The father of Minimalism, he led the movement to industrial fabrication, an approach suggestive of the repetitive serialization of pre-fabricated housing. David Smith, the precursor of almost all contemporary American sculpture, used industrial materials, yet his hand remained very much in evidence through the welding, burnishing and painting of his metal pieces.

However, with Tony Smith and many other sculptors of the sixties, the intention has been to conceal if not eliminate the artist's hand. Tony Smith works like an architect and turns his flat-black plywood mock-ups and blueprints over to a steel factory for fabrication of the finished works. In much the same way, Alexander Calder's work is assembled as a side-line by Carmen Segre Iron-works, the bulk of whose production is the manufacture of iron components for large-scale architectural construction.

The machinery required and the weight involved in the realization of sculptural projects with these materials, and at this scale, is beyond the means of the individual sculptor. To meet this need the traditional bronze foundry has been supplanted by sculpture "factories" such as Lippincott, Inc. in North Haven, Connecticut. At Lippincott, highly trained metal workers and heavy-duty forklifts and cranes are at the disposal of the sculptor to effect the transformation from blueprint to finished product.

There have always been structures which elude categorization as either sculpture or architecture, the Statue of Liberty and Eero Saarinen's St. Louis archway being prime examples. If one considers the Parisian tower of Eiffel

<sup>1</sup>"Around Barnett Newman," interviews by Jeanne Siegel, *Art News*, vol. 70, October 1971, p. 62.



and Nicholas Schoffer's proposed structure, the distinction is further obscured. Schoffer's large-scale cybernetic towers (the first of which was erected at the Park of St. Cloud in 1954) are considered sculptures, but they are in fact just as architectural as the work of the engineer-architect Eiffel. In the same city, the *Arc de Triomphe* reiterates the architecture-sculpture dichotomy, since it is a non-functioning archway as well as a monument to Napoleon and a memorial to the unknown French soldier. One of the most ambitious of contemporary sculptural projects is Alexander Liberman's entrance arch to the University of Pennsylvania (to be completed in 1976). Like the Brandenburg Gate and Michelangelo's Porta Pia, the finished work will act as a gateway. As architectural elements Breuer's entry to the Whitney Museum and Le Corbusier's entry to the monastery of *La Tourette* are vestigial reworkings of formerly functional fortifications which now serve on a purely formal level as sculptural appendages.

The architectural-sculptural distinction might finally be focused on an issue of functionalism. Claes Oldenburg, whose witty and ironic "monuments" and proposals for monuments raise many questions about monumentality and scale, has observed:

*Didn't Lewis Mumford say that there's no such thing as a monument in the modern world? The old symbol of the hero has disappeared. Also, architects face the problem that whatever is built today is expected to provide some practical civic service—a place to take the baby buggy. My proposals, in keeping with older traditions, do not provide such service.<sup>2</sup>*

Since the turn of the century an historical progression reveals first the opening up of the sculptural object (Cubism), the reconsideration of materials (Constructivism), and finally a dramatic increase in scale. Sculpture, which formerly occupied space, has grown to proportions which challenge and contain space. Lyman Kipp's *Hudson Bay*, like Henry Moore's fenestrated reclining figures, involves interpenetration. Kipp's piece invites perambulation; it is a post-and-lintel construction, without architectural utility. Because recent sculpture shares so many qualities with architecture, what finally may distinguish it as sculpture rather than architecture is that it is useless, except esthetically.

Alexander Liberman undoubtedly expresses the hope of many contemporary sculptors in his assertion that sculpture should coexist as an equal partner with architecture rather than serve as an adornment for extant buildings. David Smith was aware of the change and its ramifications when he stated, late in life: "Sculpture has changed as an accessory to architecture—that has been its liberation—and that has put its costs directly upon the sculptor and made him pay for his freedom."<sup>3</sup>

If man-made forms and the industrial landscape have been the inspiration for the post-Abstract Expressionist American sculpture, natural forms have been the inspiration for the post-war European sculptors represented in this exhibition. The *Collapsed Movement* of Pomodoro suggests an eroding process, the internal decay which sets in after a tree has been split by lightning. Barbara Hepworth's *River Form* alludes to the natural sculptural process of flowing water carving boulders in a river bed. Henry Moore's most recent reclining figures represent the culmination of several decades of work, evolving from the Surrealistic biomorphic bone shapes of Arp and Picasso. Over the last fifteen years Moore has assimilated the texture and form of time-worn rock, the grand scale of the cliffs at Etretat, and the gentle undulation of the rolling hills and moors of Yorkshire.

<sup>2</sup>"The Poetry of Scale," an interview with Paul Carroll, 1968 in Claes Oldenburg, *Proposals for Monuments and Buildings 1965-69*, Chicago: Big Table Publishing Company, 1969, p. 25.

<sup>3</sup>Cleve Gray, ed., *David Smith by David Smith*, New York: Holt, Rhinehart and Winston, 1968, p. 135.

In addition to the fabricated pieces of the so-called Minimalists, a work of one true American Expressionist has been included in the present exhibition. The hand of de Kooning is powerfully present in the *Clamdigger*, his first sculptural work conceived and executed in life-size scale. The tactility which characterizes his tortuous explorations on canvas has been carried into the third dimension in his sculptural work. By way of providing an historical setting for de Kooning's sculpture, Peter Schjeldahl underlines the artist's "virtual isolation from the context of recent avant-garde sculpture," observing that de Kooning has "leapfrogged an entire epoch; and, in effect, his nearest contemporary is Giacometti, and his nearest major precursor is Rodin."<sup>4</sup>

With Earthworks and environmental sculpture, scale is carried to its logical conclusion, in the interaction of the pieces with their surroundings. Natural forces are incorporated into the work. Wind is utilized by such artists as Peter Gourfain, Anne Healy, George Rickey and Sal Romano. Healy's *Hot Lips* and Gourfain's sail work luff and fill with air according to the fluctuations of the wind. Rickey's *Four Lines Oblique Gyratory-Rhombus* and Romano's large V-form tubes are mobilized by the wind.

While such familiar environmental works as Christo's *Valley Curtain* or Heizer's *Double Negative* are monumental undertakings, they are not monumental sculptures. Their relation to the environment nullifies the monumental potential of their scale. By incorporating the process of natural change, the artist assures the work of impermanence. A monument is usually conceived and executed as a non-functional, large-scale architectural structure. Solidity, permanence, and the non-architectural function of memorialization are the marks of monuments. They embody an aspiration to immortality, while pieces involving the environment embrace transience.

Monuments have traditionally been imposing and even awesome. As a public art they have been an elevating or literally elevated expression, celebrating the grandeur and aloofness of heroism. Recent public art aspires to a less pretentious posture, seeking to engage the viewer as much as to dazzle or uplift him. Bernard Rosenthal has remarked of *Alamo*, one of his painted Cor-ten steel cubes:

*I don't think there is any question that the reason the cube can take the open public spaces of Astor Place is its architectural scale. That makes the difference. . . . The human scale of my cube made public involvement possible. If it had been larger, it would have become an immovable monument. I want to stay within the human scale.*<sup>5</sup>

The critic Barbara Rose suggested in her article, "Blowup—the Problem of Scale in Sculpture," that size does not constitute scale or monumentality.<sup>6</sup> One of the great disappointments of the twentieth century has been Picasso's inability to maintain the power and presence of his painted portraits in monumental sculptural figuration. These works tend to look like what they are —disproportionately enlarged maquettes. In order to properly "visualize" proportions, many sculptors fabricate their works in large scale first in plywood, in the hopes of fabricating them in steel or another more permanent and appropriate material when a financial backer or potential purchaser comes forward. Clement Meadmore has said that Newman's sculpture seemed to him the most monumental of sculpture of the 1960's, because his works had "a feeling of scale which went beyond their actual size . . . *Broken Obelisk* was originally made taller so that Newman could decide the position of the break at the last minute even though he had made many different cardboard studies."<sup>7</sup> Scale is a matter of decisive relationships. It is a question of *presence*.

<sup>4</sup>Peter Schjeldahl, "De Kooning's Sculptures: Amplified Touch," *Art In America*, vol. 62, March-April 1974, pp. 59-60.

<sup>5</sup>Sam Hunter, interview with Rosenthal in *Rosenthal: Sculptures*, New York: M. Knoedler & Co., Inc., 1968, p. 18.

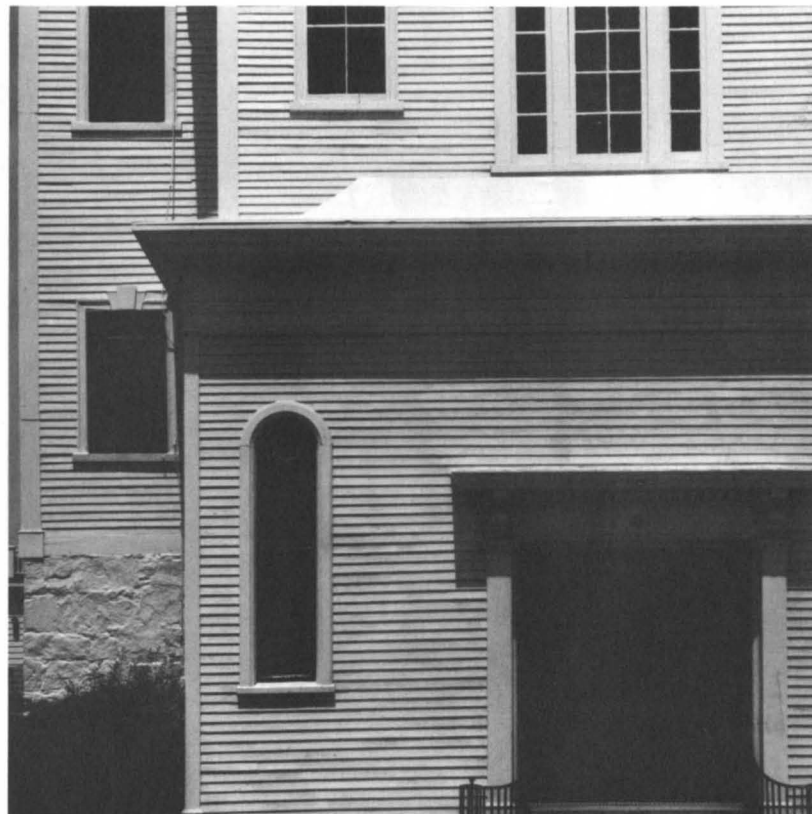
<sup>6</sup>Barbara Rose, "Blowup—the Problem of Scale in Sculpture," *Art in America*, vol. 56, July-August 1968, p. 86.

## Aaron Siskind

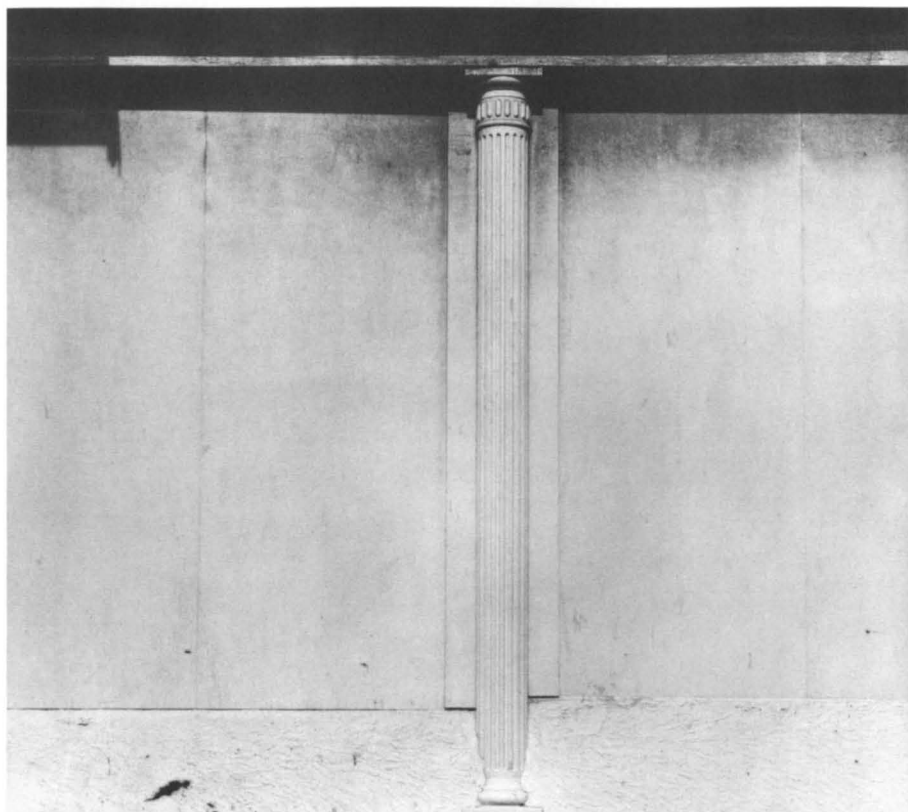
When I make a photograph I want it to be an altogether new object, complete and self-contained, whose basic condition is order—unlike the world of events and actions whose permanent condition is change and disorder.

The business of making a photograph may be said in simple terms to consist of three elements: the objective world (whose permanent condition is change and disorder), the sheet of paper on which the picture will be realized, and the experience which brings them together. First, and emphatically, I accept the flat plane of the picture surface as the primary frame of reference of the picture. The experience itself may be described as one of total absorption in the object. But the object serves only a personal need and the requirements of the picture. Thus, rocks are sculptured forms; a section of common decorative iron-work, springing rhythmic shapes; fragments of paper sticking to a wall, a conversation piece. And these forms, totems, masks, figures, shapes, images must finally take their place in the tonal field of the picture and strictly conform to their space environment. The object has entered the picture, in a sense; it has been photographed directly. But it is often unrecognizable; for it has been removed from its usual context, disassociated from its customary neighbors and forced into new relationships.

What is the subject matter of this apparently very personal world? It has been suggested that these shapes and images are underworld characters, the inhabitants of that vast common realm of memories that have gone down below the level of conscious control. It may be they are. The degree of emotional involvement and the amount of free association with the material being photographed would point in that direction. However, I must stress that my own interest is immediate and in the picture. What I am conscious of and what I feel is the picture I am making, the relation of that picture to others I have made and, more generally, its relation to others I have experienced.









## Barnett Newman

Excerpts from a statement by Barnett Newman made in 1967 which appeared in the book, *Revolution, Place and Symbol*, published by The Journal of the First International Congress on Religion, Architecture and the Visual Arts; editor, Rolfe Lanier Hunt.

... to my mind the basic issue of a work of art, whether it is architecture, painting or sculpture, is first and foremost for it to create a sense of place so that the artist and the beholder will know where they are.

Yesterday we heard a great deal of talk about the sacred and holy places, and secular places. It seems to me that the artist's concern is much more direct, because he is not concerned and doesn't think it's very important whether it is a sacred place. What matters to a true artist is that he distinguish between a place and no place at all, and the greater the work of art the greater will be this feeling. And this feeling is the fundamental spiritual dimension. If this doesn't happen, nothing else can happen.

The Jewish medieval notion of Makom is where God is. No matter what is said against the vocabulary of the present day aesthete or the present day theologian, it's only after man knows where he is that he can ask himself "who am I" and "where am I going?" And I think some places are more sacred than others, and that depends, it seems to me, on the quality of the work of art, on its uniqueness, on its rigor. It's not an issue of taste. It's not even an issue of style. But only in the issue of the highest sensibility.

... As for myself, I was asked in 1950 at the time of my first one-man show, what is my own aesthetic? What can I offer as guidelines to my work? I said then that my entire aesthetic can be found in the Passover service. At the Passover Seder which was also Jesus' last meal, the blessing is always made to distinguish between the profane and the sacred: "Blessed be thou, O Lord, who distinguishes between what is holy and what is not holy." And when the Passover falls on the Sabbath, the Jew is caught in a dilemma between the holiness of the festival and the holiness of the Sabbath, which is holier than any other festival except the Day of Atonement; and his blessing then becomes, "Blessed be thou, O Lord, who distinguishes between what is holy and what is holy."

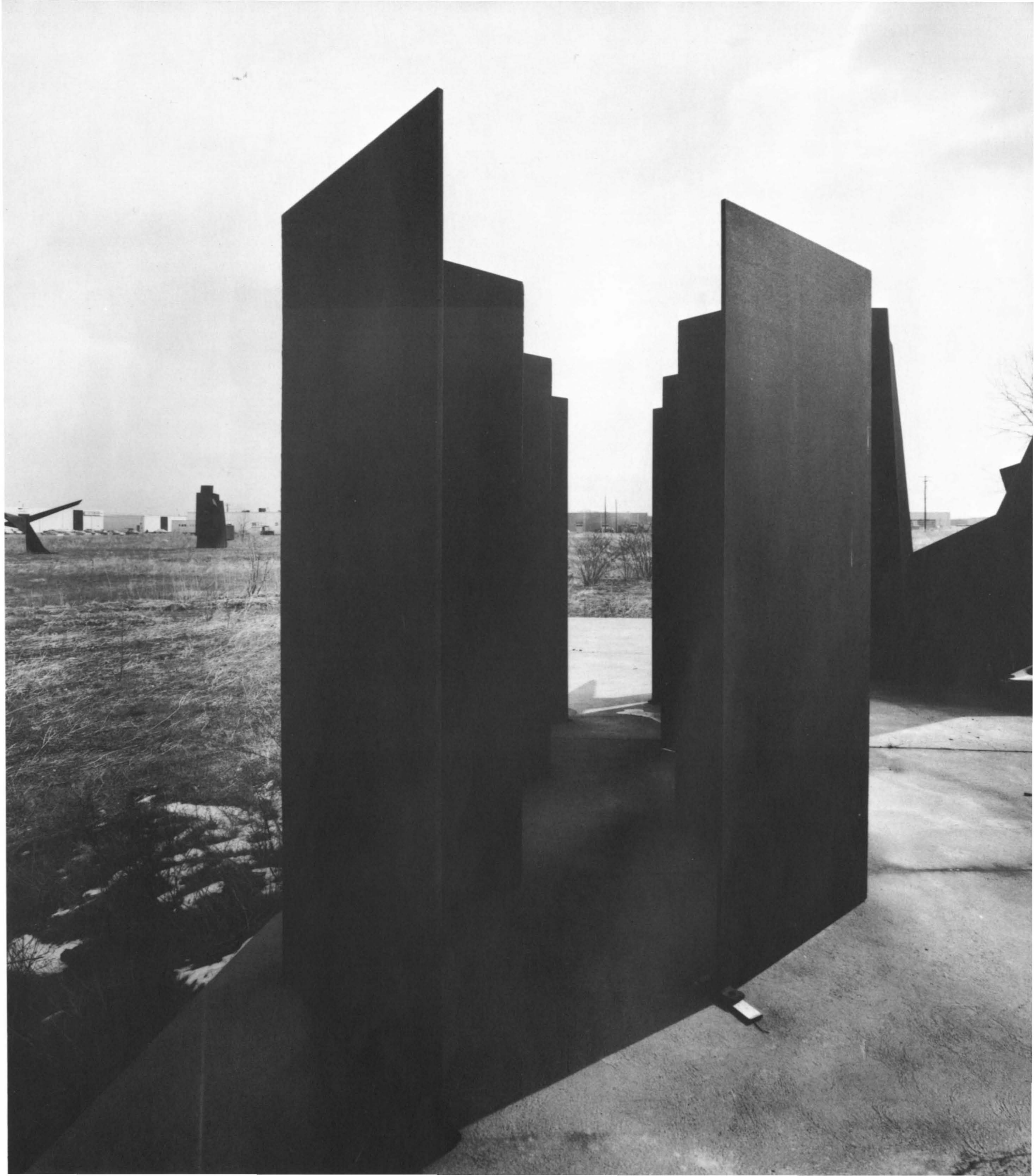
That's the problem, the artistic problem, and I think the true spiritual dimension.



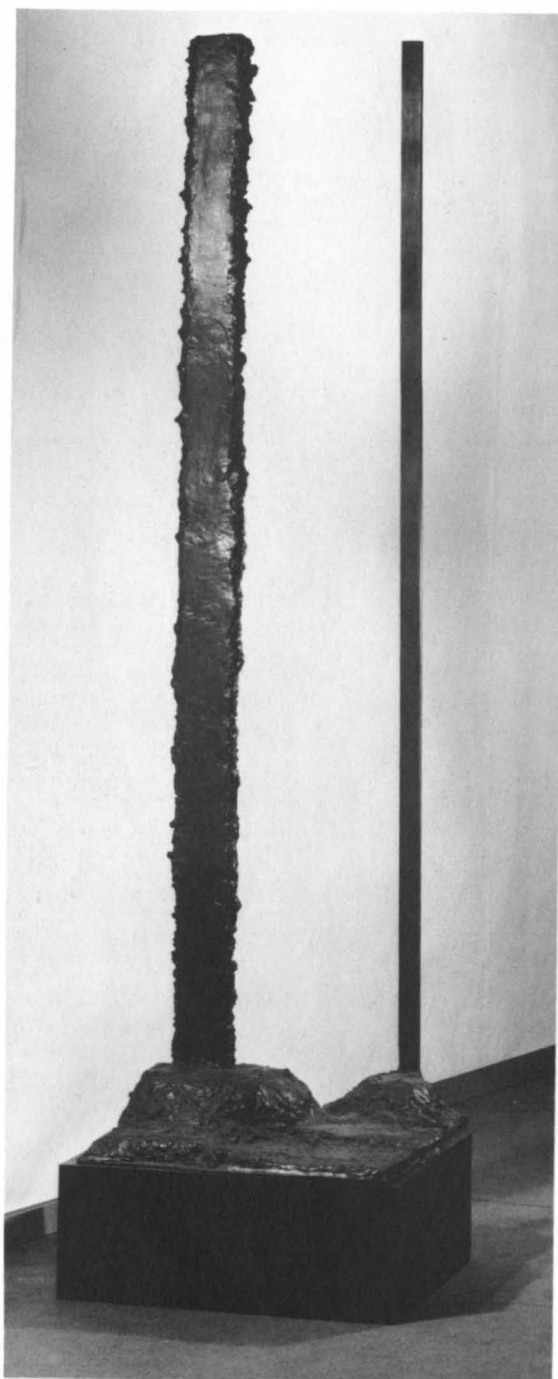
Barnett Newman working at Treitl-Gratz  
Long Island City, New York, 1965



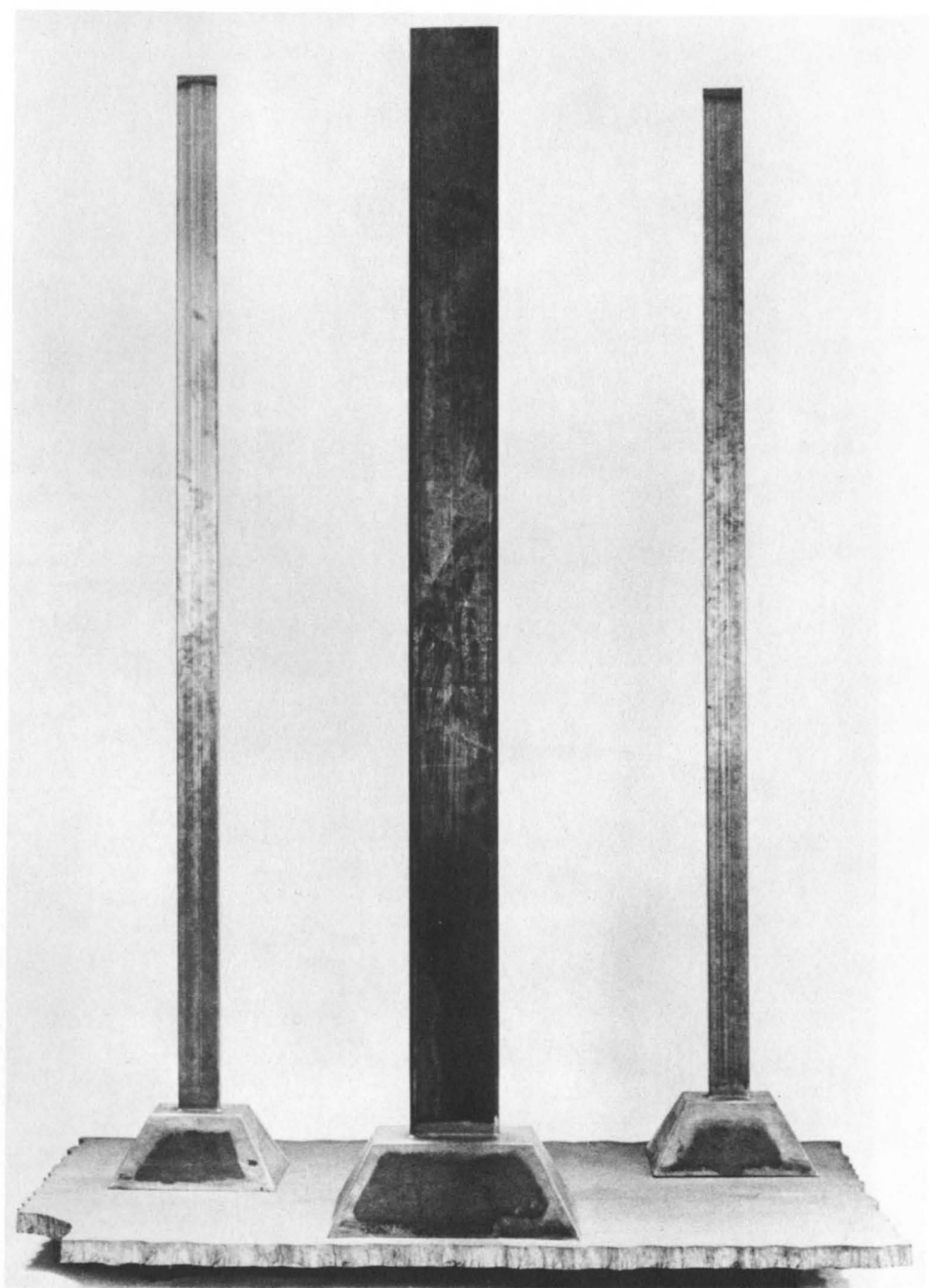








22 BARNETT NEWMAN *Here I (to Marcia)* 1950



*Here II* 1965



*Here III* 1966

## David Smith

*The Landscape*

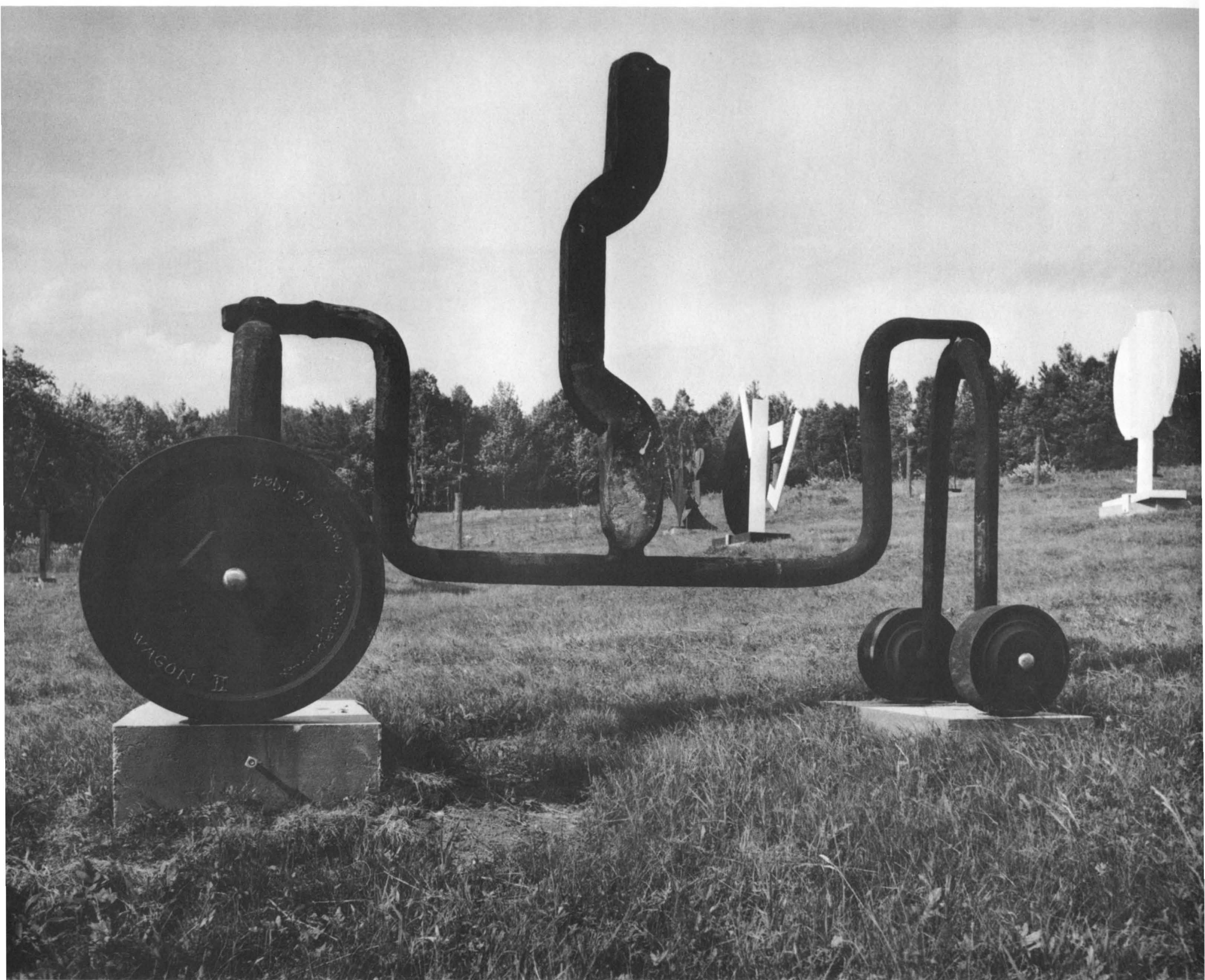


From *David Smith* by David Smith, edited by  
Cleve Gray, Holt, Rhinehart and Winston, Inc.,  
1968, p. 155.

I have never looked at a landscape without seeing  
other landscapes  
I have never seen a landscape without visions  
of things I desire and despise  
lower landscapes have crusts of heat—raw epidermis  
and the choke of vines  
the separate lines of salt errors—the monadnocks  
of fungus  
the balance of stone—with gestures to grow  
the lost posts of manmade boundaries—in moulten  
shade a petrified paperhanger who shot the duck  
a landscape is a still life of Chaldean history  
it has faces I do not know  
its mountains are always sobbing females  
it is bags of melons and prickly pears  
its woods are sawed to boards  
its black hills bristle with maiden fern  
its stones are Assyrian fragments  
it flows the bogside beauty of the river Liffey  
it is colored by Indiana gas green  
it is steeped in veritable indian yellow  
it is the place I've traveled to and never found  
it is somehow veiled to vision by pious bastards  
and the lord of Varu the nobleman from Gascogne  
in the distance it seems threatened by the destruction  
of gold  
The position for vision has undergone changes  
The canvas is a flat—a mile or two up—  
earth surface depth doesn't seem important—the importance  
becomes pattern—  
the importance of nature pattern in relation to man-made pattern  
from boundaries made by early work—relationship of work to area—  
the roadways the drainage—the untillable—  
How big a bite can a man take, can he manage more with machine—  
change areas lines overlaid—yet from the upper view the old lines of  
80 years ago still show—under soft snow the delicate lines of erosion—  
the force of wind and solidifying action in use  
the overlap—the dark openwater—the trapped snow—arrowheads—  
the hairy figures of moraine  
the crew-cut woodlands  
the once used form and force so soft and subtle  
at a distance oil storage tanks and their moats  
the 64 belly buttons for a hundred square miles

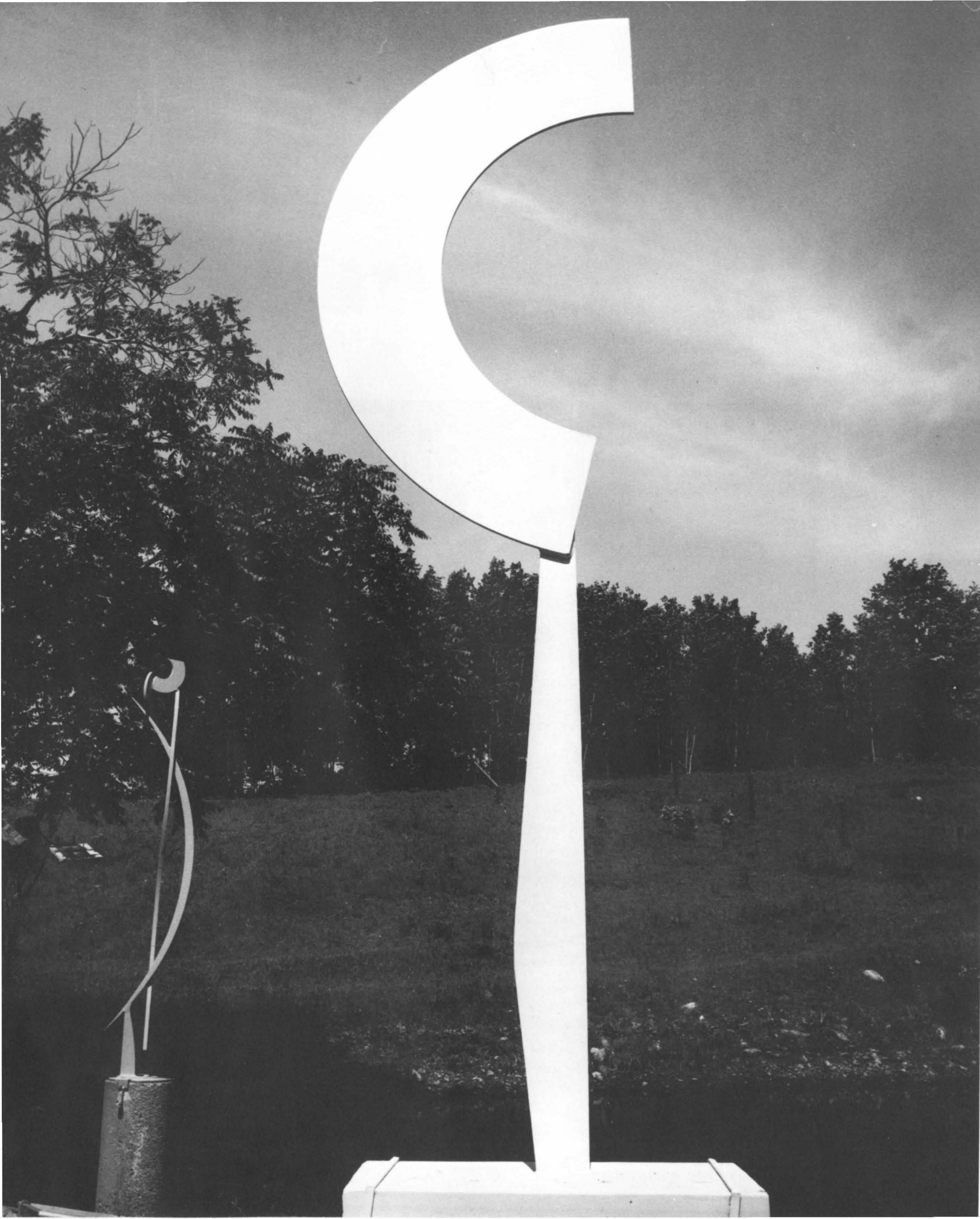








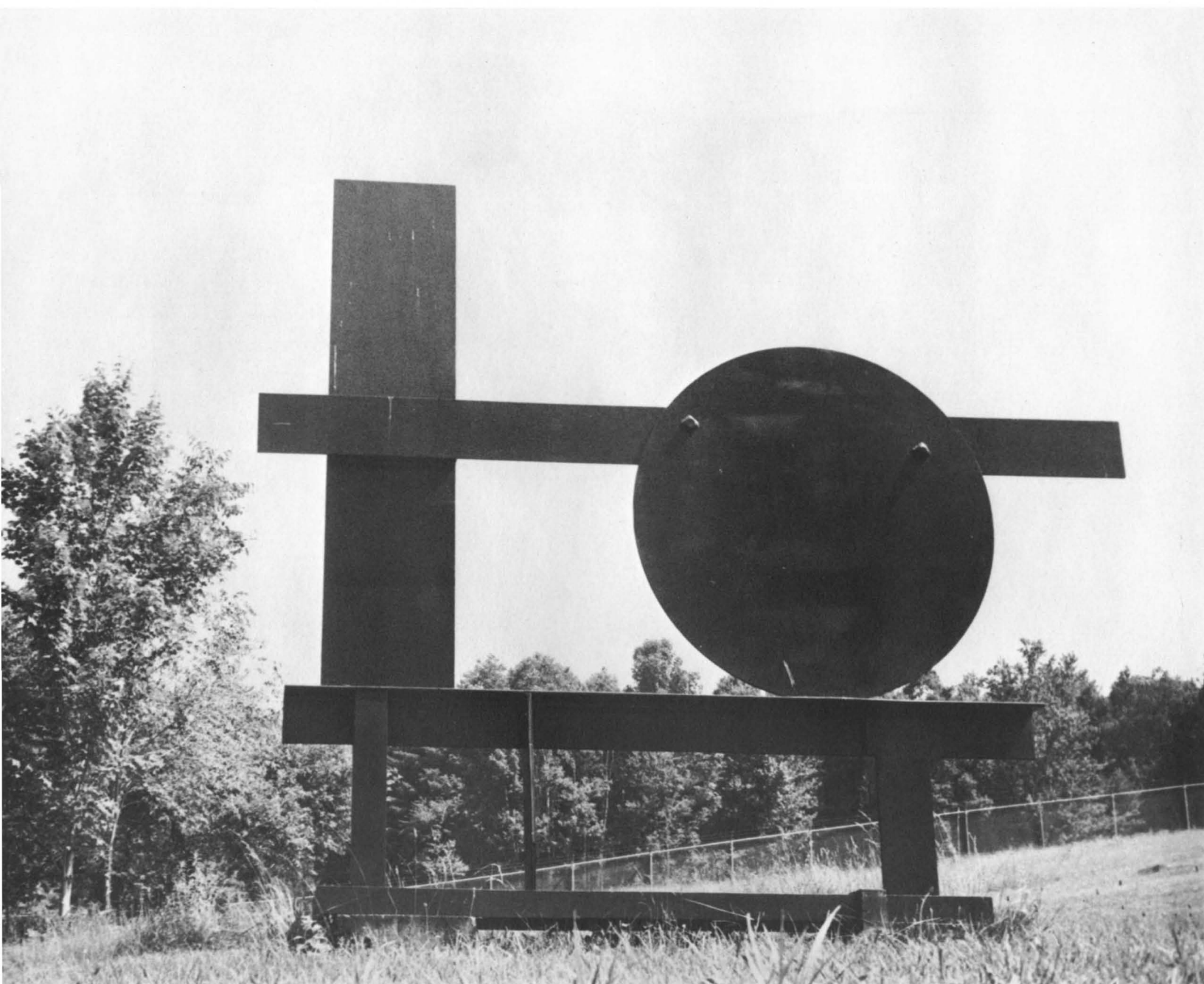






DAVID SMITH *Lunar Arc* 1961

*Zig V* 1961



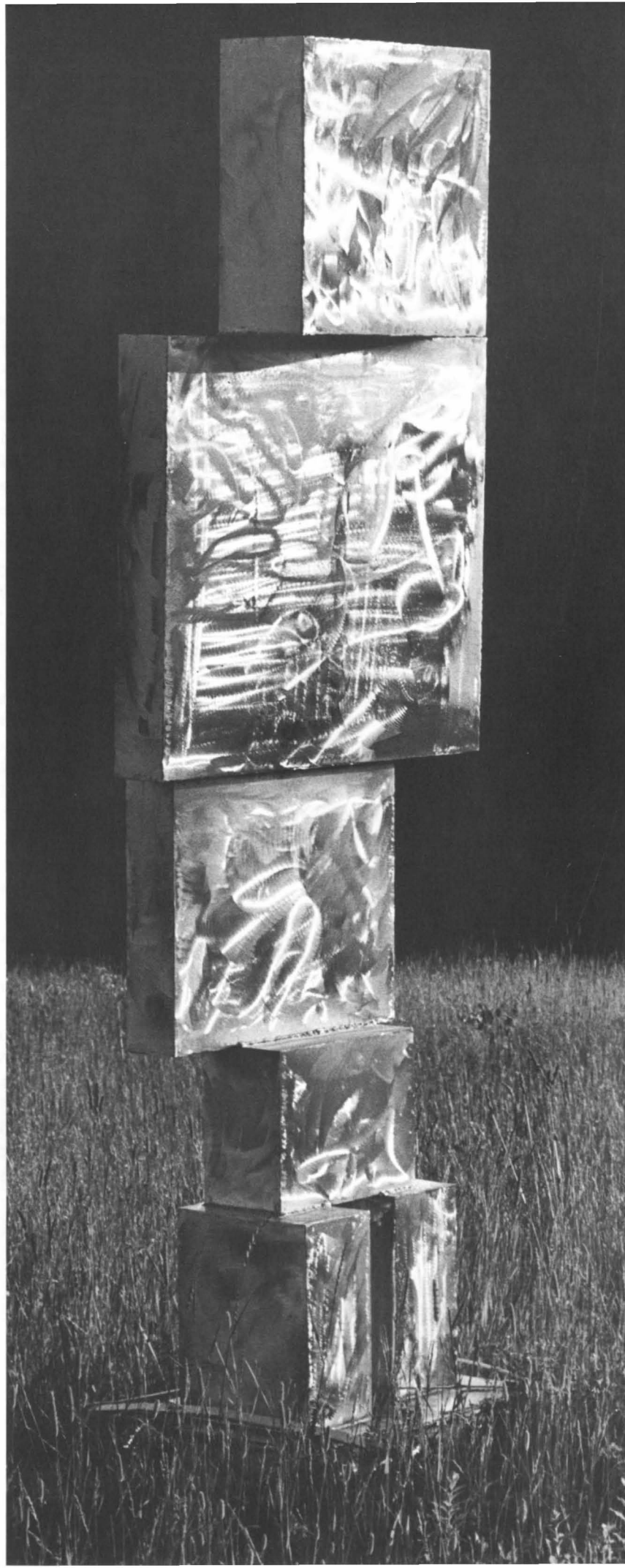




*Untitled* c. 1960







## Interview with Anne Healy

By Hugh M. Davies

H.D. The first thing I wanted to ask you was do you refer to your work as sculpture?

A.H. Yes, of course I do.

H.D. But, do you call it sail sculpture, or soft sculpture?

A.H. No, I just refer to it as sculpture. When I first started out I referred to it as sail sculpture, but I don't want to do that any more. I think I was trying to get the idea across that fabric was being used in a very kinetic way outdoors, and since I was doing the construction on the sail technique, I felt that that would help elucidate the whole idea.

H.D. Did your outdoor pieces come before the indoor pieces?

A.H. I had been working indoors with fabric, using fans. I wanted them to move. I began using the chiffon kind of veils, having the fans blow on them. I didn't like that because I found the noise of the fans disturbing. It was just a very artificial environment. It just didn't work for me. However, some of the sketches that I did in fabric with the fans were very nice, and they led to my doing the outdoor pieces. I had also done theater work, and designed sets. I like the scale of the sets in theater, which are usually about thirty feet high.

H.D. Do you mean backdrop curtains and that sort of thing?

A.H. Yes. I wanted to get away from that whole idea of the fans. And I had the building for it—a case of being in the right place at the right time.

H.D. Was that the building next door to the O.K. Harris Gallery on West Broadway?

A.H. Yes it was. I found it had a beautifully easy roof to work with. It had an abutment in front with a ledge on it, so you could crawl up there and it was about three feet wide. I put a steel strap over it to hang the fabric pieces from. I had a much smaller loft than my present studio, and I was working more or less on two tables and the floor. I really never knew what any of these pieces were going to look like until they went up. I did work everything out on graph paper, and I still do that for the cutting. In my studio today most of the time I can lay pieces out on the floor, and see exactly what I've got.

H.D. I suppose you've had enough experience now so that you can tell what they'll look like when they're hung free from the walls outside, even though you have no wind in here, obviously.

A.H. Basically they're hung outside in formal shapes and they are stayed with ropes so that they'll remain in those shapes. And it's all based on physics. Where your rope is attached to the ground, you're going to get a straight line, going up and down, and you're going to get angles. You can work all that out on paper. The difference occurs when the wind blows. You have movement and depending on how loose you make the ropes, you have more movement going in one direction or the other.

And because most of the pieces are in sections, they change constantly according to the wind currents which very often are different at the top of the building than they are at the bottom. The most fun is when you get a shifting wind. It doesn't happen very often and if the wind is very strong, the piece is going to be uniform. But there are times when the top element will be going in one direction and the bottom in another, and the middle section will just be changing shape. That is very three-dimensional, and very dramatic.

H.D. Have you been influenced by sailing vessels, and the way sails work?

A.H. Yes. Actually, I have done a fair amount of sailing, and my favorite part of the boat is in the point of the prow. I like to sit up there. First of all, it has nothing to do with the sails, because when you're sitting there you're absolutely by yourself and you can't even see the boat behind you. All you see is the movement, up and down. I also like to lie underneath the sails; they're very mesmerizing, they're very big, and they have this tremendous presence, and the sound is just so beautiful. When the wind hits the sail, it snaps. And then the sound slowly goes away again.

H.D. Was it a sailing experience then that led you to use cloth and wind to make sculpture?

A.H. Well, I had been working with cloth, and it was a very quiet day in the loft with the air rising from the heater. I was watching strings from a piece of fabric gently rising up and falling and spreading out and changing shape, because there was a certain amount of air current within the loft. I found it very beautiful. It was something that interested me to try to organize rather than impose myself on the experience, to use it but not to change it. That experience was very influential.

H.D. What were you doing before sail pieces? Were you a sculptor or a painter?

A.H. I was doing stage design and costumes. There's a certain mystery about the theater. Do you know a book by Robert Edmund Jones called *The Dramatic Imagination*? He goes into the idea of making things seem what they are not, because on stage you're dealing with very mundane elements, and yet when you put them all together they become something very mysterious and very magical. Similarly, you can never really quite put your finger on why all these rags and paintings, when you get up close, are very tawdry but from a distance everything comes together. That book influenced me in many ways.

H.D. And there is a sense of pageantry in the theater which you seem to embody in your pieces, too.

A.H. I've been criticized for being overly dramatic. Some members of the art world somehow feel that strong emotion has no place in art. I'm not saying that I'm dealing with strong emotion, but some of my pieces do relate to very primitive concerns. It's rather like having a psychological image in mind, almost like race consciousness. I've never quite got it straight in my mind. There's something about fabric, about the way it falls, its sensuousness, and what you do with these shapes that one can key into. In some pieces I think I've succeeded in conveying emotion of this kind. *Death's Door* is very much in that vein. It relates to many associations that I can just barely put my finger on—Egyptian tombs, the experience of going into caves and other things like that.

H.D. Do you prefer seeing your work in the studio rather than a gallery?

A.H. A gallery creates an artificial situation.

H.D. Do you prefer more informal situations?

A.H. I think my own and much other art works better that way. For example, I admire Carl Andre tremendously. I found his last show magnificent. I love the way he shifts space around; I noticed he puts his pieces next to a doorway. I was watching people come into his show, and he puts his floor pieces next to the doorway and to the right. Most people, when they walk into a space are going to go that way, and there's this damn piece on the floor. They get all upset, you know, they hop around, they're afraid to put their foot on it. But he doesn't care whether you walk on it or not. He is absolutely screwing up your head so far as the space goes, and he's doing it with slabs of metal on the floor. It's such a big statement, using a minimum amount of material but changing the whole conception of the room when you go in. I like Dan Flavin for the same reason. He changes the space and the colors of a room, and my color works that way, too.

H.D. Your work looks very good with buildings, with the severe flat planes of skyscrapers which act as a foil to the bright color and arbitrary nature of the fabric curves and shapes.

A.H. My husband described it as urban foilage.

H.D. Do you prefer city sites? Have you worked in rural settings at all?

A.H. I've only done one piece in a rural setting. I would like to do more.

H.D. Can you say why you have chosen your sites in Newport?

A.H. Well, one of them is actually a cove. The piece is strung between the rocks of the cove, with the water coming underneath it, and the light coming through it. I like the idea that when you see the piece, you're not going to see any of the structure. You're not going to see any of the ropes. It's just going to be there, floating, and it's going to be a surprise.

H.D. Do you want your work to be permanently in place, or do you think in terms of the idea of a banner in a parade, a special day, or a special event once the pieces are hanging? It occurs to me that if they are hung for a long time they would become soiled, and people would become used to them. They might tear and that sort of thing.

A.H. I don't really think that is an important consideration—the question how long something is going to last.

H.D. In a particular site, after a while it might be very reassuring to turn the corner and see your piece again, but after a few months you'd begin to take it for granted. It would become part of the city landscape.

A.H. I think the pieces should be taken in, not because they get dirty, but because I would like to change the space of the street and the space of the building. A street is rather like a stage, and I feel that the pieces I put out become a way of changing the setting for a play. That's part of their meaning, and I think it's important to do that with art.





# Interview with Louise Nevelson

By Sam Hunter

S.H. *Night Tree* in our exhibition is one of the recent metal collages you made with Lippincott. I wanted to ask you how you came to work in metal, and make things so different from your walls.

L.N. I think for one thing the material has something to do with it, the metal scrap that I found lying around at the Lippincott factory. I have been going up there for some time, when the metal workers are free to work with me directly. When I started, I was a little more timid. But then I began to understand their machinery, and have them cut pieces for me rather than work with what they had. I became more bold, as I worked with the men and realized they could cut out things for me in just a few minutes. So I began to make use of that. I like the last work I did there best. I always feel closer to my last work.

S.H. Another outdoor piece is the large one you have given the City of New York, installed at Ninety-Second Street and Park Avenue. Was that made by Lippincott?

L.N. Yes, and also in Cor-ten steel. But it could have been painted black rather than left as it is in rust-color. It will darken with time.

S.H. It actually looks like old mahogany wood in its present state.

L.N. The piece comes from a maquette of 1946, a fact you'll find inscribed under the piece. I am casting some of my earlier work, or rather enlarging them in Cor-ten. Still, I continue to relate most strongly to my last work. When I am working, I feel that I am living. That's where my "livingness" is, in work. Now, if my livingness is present there, I feel that I'm breathing. All my interest lies in that sense of things. Flowers are beautiful, animals are great, everything in the world is just fine, but it all exists outside of me. Only the work is inside. The work is where you breathe. I don't know that I would want to be on earth without it.

S.H. What happens to you when you are not working?

L.N. There was a period many years ago when I couldn't work, and I became physically ill. My blood was boiling, I suffered from back pains; that was in my twenties. So I went to Europe and began working again, and everything cleared up by itself. I believe that if I'd remained in that environment, I would have been crippled for life.

S.H. Moving from life to art, do you respond to artistic influence, the movements, personalities and perturbations of the art world?

L.N. I am certainly aware of all the arts because living in New York as I do makes that unavoidable, even though my house is like a fortress. My phone doesn't ring in this corner of the studio, and I probably am as isolated here as I could be in the country. But I do love New York, Soho and the whole art activity. The energies circulate around me. You also asked me about my awareness of movements. I have been sitting in New York and observing every new movement that came along. Every new experience and movement has added another facet to my awareness. And why not? I mean it's ridiculous to deny it, or to resist. Take Surrealism, which I actually found a little too literary for my taste. Yet it affected me. I like to call myself a structured Surrealist.

S.H. That is an interesting observation. Your work looks so formal, but it is charged with dream and mystery.

L.N. Speaking of mystery, do you know a million people have asked me why I use black. My answer is that I *don't* use black, but since they insist, that I think it's the most aristocratic color of all because it contains all. From the break of day, at every second the world is changing, the light is changing and nothing is static. At every second! We humans are simply not equipped to see that the world is in constant flux. And so the night comes on, and everything goes black. We ask why? Suddenly color seems only a mirage. So what we do is arrest the process. And we accept it. If you look at the darkness of my wall here, you'll find it contains the whole world. This particular one may not be the best example of my point. The older work would do better, work that uses nails. I liked the nails, you know. I call them my "drawing."

S.H. I always thought of the nails as accidents, or found objects.

L.N. For me they are forms. They become art, part of its totality. Now after all these years I find that I am working towards a time when people will have whole Nevelson rooms, as I do in my house.

S.H. Entire rooms?

L.N. Yes, total environments. Some of the people who have collected my work already have created rooms, although it may take some years to manage that. And why not?

S.H. So you view your work as environments rather than isolated museum objects.

L.N. Well, I like my work in museums, too. Why be limited? Look, I like apples, and I like pears, too. Agnes Martin I think is a great artist. But she can afford to move around a bit. Like Agnes I was getting too "pure," for want of a better word. And I really don't believe in that for me. For me there is no purity. I collect old things, you know, bits of wood, and finally on each of my pieces I put my stamp, a leg or an arm of furniture. I like to call that—and it may not be the right word, but I don't know a better one—sculpture mannerism, rather like architecture ornament.

S.H. I see them as personal conventions; you might say they identify you artistically.

L.N. But they must stand as art independently. A work doesn't have to be regimented.

S.H. I don't understand.

L.N. Let me explain. Downstairs in the garage I have one of my large walls, an enormous piece. When I came to finish it, I had some extra space left to work in. I always leave room for my "signature," for a plain table leg or a chair arm, a piece of whatever, because by doing that I take it all out of purism, you see. I like to remove things from their customary labels. We humans tend to regiment things. We say this is Queen Anne, and so forth. I prefer to take my art right out of that situation, so that you have to say, "This is a wall, that's what it is, and there are no labels attached."

S.H. How does that relate to movements and artistic atmosphere?

L.N. Well, we started on the premise that I am very much aware of all the things going on. But you see, I am taking the whole thing, in its entirety, Cubism, Surrealism, Constructivism, everything. And making a Mulligan stew. I put it all together, but when I get through absorbing, the work stands on its own. As you assimilate various things, you change them. You break tradition. It becomes another thing. When you break up a Sheridan chair, it becomes something else, because I can look at it virginally. I look at it and see the shadows this way and that way. More and more, especially in my last show, I have begun to think we mustn't be dominated by old stereotypes of art movements. I feel that I may be the one to take all these movements and tie them up in one bundle, like a bunch of asparagus!

S.H. How do you feel about yourself as a woman artist? Does that particular kind of consciousness make a difference?

L.N. Darling, I feel that I am totally feminine. Really I do. But I think somewhere I rejected the whole experience of family and husbands. I got married because at the time I didn't quite trust my beliefs in myself. I was married more than once, but found it too confining ultimately for my kind of living. Take these two houses I have here—nine floors, and I run up and down the stairs constantly, a million times, and think nothing of it. I don't find it difficult to run this place, but if I had a partner, I would feel handicapped. When I wanted to run, he would say, "wait!" I couldn't stand it, even with someone who had the best intentions. It takes so much of life away, and destroys my concentration. I want to live fully through my work. I want to live with great intensity. I want to be aware as much as possible of the livingness of life, so to speak. Under different circumstances there would be too many compromises. This way, although I do like to have people around, my life is totally mine. And nobody has a claim on me.

S.H. Has your new show given you a spur, or changed your anticipation of what might come next in your work?

L.N. The show is important, in freeing me. My next unfolding comes in entering a new area and task, of bringing together the experience of fifty-five years of work, which has all taken place in New York. Let me put it this way. Say I am taking a walk, walking up Mott Street. Every step I take is a new vision. When I get to the corner, I cross the street. I keep moving around, trying out new ideas. That's why I made the new collages in my show, to keep moving around.

S.H. Do you feel time is precious, too, in the same way you feel challenged to protect your privacy and concentration?

L.N. Yes, of course, but I don't feel pressed by time. I feel a sense of eternity in my work, and in the working process. I don't really give much thought to time.

S.H. Freedom seems a very powerful magnet in your sensibility, to satisfy your sense of self.

L.N. It's true that I have never been able to sell myself on anything that made me feel regimented. Even Johns and Cage, whom I admire deeply, always seemed too devoted to Duchamp. Now, I simply have never found anyone on earth that I wanted to worship. I simply don't have worship within me. That places one in a strange position. Recognition and respect for another talent are fine, but I stop there. I think John Cage is in a class by himself. I really do. The man is made of one cloth, and I respect him for it, but that doesn't mean I can worship him. What I have done with my life and art I claim as my own, and there's not any room for slave-like devotion to anyone, or anything.

S.H. Surely there were abstract artists like Stuart Davis who must have influenced you, when you were a neophyte.

L.N. It really wasn't any different then, because I knew what I would have to do. I recognized myself; I wouldn't have been so serious and dedicated if I didn't know what I was about. It probably had much to do with my birth, my upbringing, my environment—with everything, perhaps what I ate, how I looked at flowers. All of that entered into my awareness. Basically, I think the childhood environment stays with you. When I was four and a half my family came from Russia to Maine, to a very Wasp town! I still remember vividly my first impressions. And I remember London just before we got to Maine, the depots, the hard candies in different colors, which I thought were heaven! And my first sight of dolls that opened and shut their eyes. It all stays with you. I suppose I was hypersensitive, but those impressions of childhood are an artist's capital.

S.H. I would like to ask you to recount the beginnings of your sculpture in wood.

L.N. I associate the beginnings with World War II, when my son Mike was in the Merchant Marine. He had been away for months with no word of his whereabouts. I remember the period: it was not a hopeful one. I also couldn't get materials. Bronze and any metals, in fact, were impossible to lay hands on, and I had no idea how to go about welding, like David Smith and others. I hated the noise, the grimy surface. Welding didn't appeal to me at all, although I did admire Roszak, a brilliant man who worked that way. So I said to myself, "Now, you don't have money. There are no materials. Do you want to starve, or go on?" That helped clear my mind, and alert me to new possibilities. One day as I was leaving my studio on East Tenth Street, I saw a long box lying on the street; it was six inches wide and a few inches high. It had probably been a container for a carpet. Its dimensions fascinated me, so I grabbed it out of the gutter and took it up to my studio, where I began to work on it. That's how it all started, during the war years. But please remember that I hate the word "work." I don't know what else to use. I want you to understand that then and now I was not making anything for anybody. My "work" consists of revealing myself to myself. That's essentially what I am doing.

S.H. Did you think at the time that the public would take an interest in this new work, your war-time experiments with wood and found objects?

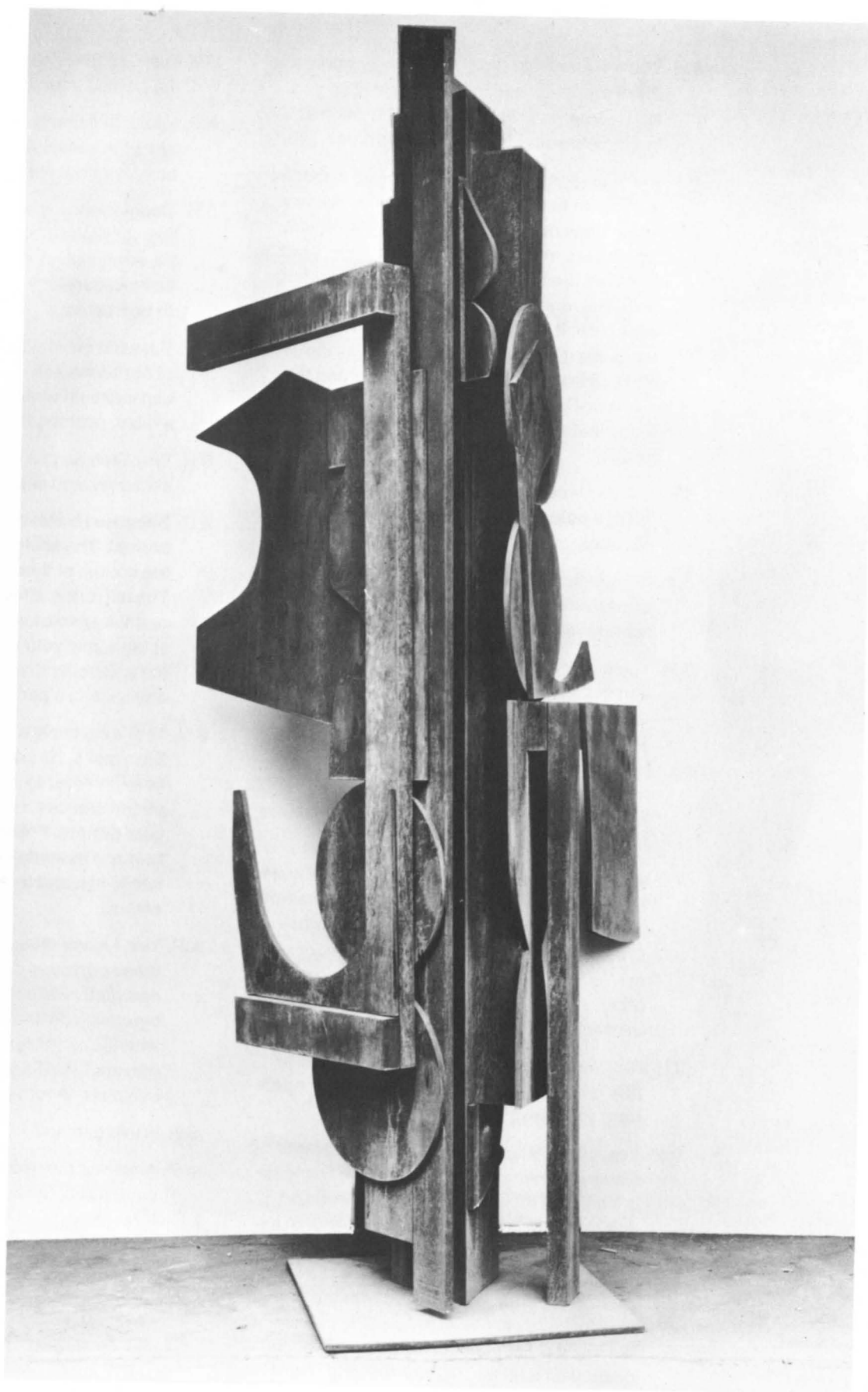
L.N. I once had a painter friend who came into my studio years ago, and after looking at the black pieces said: "Louise, if you add a little red here and a little white there, you know the public might go for it." And I said, "I don't have a public!" We started on the premise, in your question about finding myself, that there's an inside and outside motive.

S.H. Basically, yes.

L.N. In my studies I have found that Eastern thought teaches that you are the center of the universe. Like a moving picture camera, you project your world. The external world doesn't project you. Still, every individual that comes into my field of projection has the same rights I have—after all, I am his projection. Do you see that? So, you are alone with yourself in the end, sitting on your very own seat. Take gifts, for example. I love to give them, good gifts. I find it a pleasure. But if anyone comes along and asks me for something, they are putting me out of my activity. I don't want that at all. Then I give nothing, because the center hasn't moved for me. It was their idea, not mine.

S.H. I am intrigued how often you bring life into the discussion.

L.N. Well, what else is there, but life and my awareness. You know in the place where my awareness is, there I am totally my own person. You recall that you spoke earlier of Jasper Johns' targets, how abstract and yet personal they were. That is the interesting thing for an artist, and I feel it deeply: the more private you are, the more public you are, and vice versa.



LOUISE NEVELSON *Night Tree* 1971

# Interview with Arnaldo Pomodoro

by Sam Hunter

S.H. You are known for your columns, spheres and disks primarily, and in large scale. Can you tell me why you restrict yourself to such a limited repertory of geometric figures?

A.P. In the beginning, around 1959, I had a special feeling for the column. That was the moment when I was making *The Traveler's Column*, which became a symbolic work for me. I really believed then in scientific and technological progress, and the idea was embodied in the sculpture. It was the first time that the cosmonauts went into space, as you recall—the *Sputnik* era. I probably also had in mind the *Endless Column* of Brancusi. I thought I could investigate the column, and try to get beneath its skin.

S.H. Did you mean then to penetrate to the interior life of a column? That's a most interesting concept.

A.P. Not precisely. I wanted to find what is inside a form which seems so perfect and absolute, superficially.

S.H. You didn't accept Brancusi's pristine perfection, or his idealism. There's more of the contemporary realist in your position, it seems. The reason I bring Brancusi up is because an obvious relation to your work exists in those three elements at Tirgu Jiu, the park in Rumania: *The Endless Column*, *The Gate of the Kiss*, and *Table of Silence*.

A.P. My first columns of the sixties were five meters high, and their interior cuts in a way resembled the zigzag contours of Brancusi's *Endless Column*. But my erosions and flaws were essentially human proposals. The erosion, the bitten surfaces, were there because I wanted to investigate the energy inside of a form.

S.H. Did you find yourself otherwise affected by public events and emotions in your art, apart from space exploration?

A.P. Yes, as a matter of fact. When I was preparing a one-man show for my room at the Biennale in Venice, President Kennedy was killed. I dedicated the sculpture I was working on to him, because that was a particular moment of public pathos and heroism. But mostly I think these sculptures are involved with the drama of technological discovery, and its powers. We knew we could put man in a position to destroy himself and the entire world.

S.H. I see; so there has been a deeper public meaning behind your forms.

A.P. I think this drama of erosion, as I put it, captures the sense of foreboding, of a certain anxiety about the course of events.

S.H. Could you compare the defects and flaws in your purist sculptural forms with Tinguely's? He always gives one the feeling of machines that will certainly break down, that are not to be trusted.

A.P. But what I wanted to suggest is that the misuse of our technology could destroy mankind. Man can make ultimate war today just sitting at a table, pushing buttons.

S.H. Why then do you make your surfaces so sensuous and seductive?

A.P. Because I believe light reflections are important. The sculptures actually change during the course of the day, in sunshine and shade. The mirroring effects pick up the environment and the spectator. You can be reflected in a sphere, and your image distorted. That makes the sculpture alive, a part of you, of nature in any spot, in a park, garden, the city.

S.H. That's certainly a very different idea from Brancusi's. He polished his sculptures, I believe, in order to make them transcend local circumstances, rather like an icon set on a gold ground. Polishing removed the work from the everyday world. Your sculptures relate to life, and to its imperfection in the stream of time.

A.P. Yes. I never clean the insides of my sculpture, those corroded parts. I retain the rough-cast destructive effect. But the forms are ambiguous, you know. The other day in Chicago when I saw my large disk installed in front of a university building, it was just beautiful, as the sun passed across it.

S.H. A living thing?

A.P. And then the wind can move some of my sculptures; the angles and shapes change, too.

\*Excerpted and revised, from the exhibition catalogue, *Arnaldo Pomodoro*, by Sam Hunter, Rotonda di via Besano, Milan, June, 1974.



S.H. The wind can actually move your disks?

A.P. Yes, they are set on pins, you know. They move freely and easily with a little wind. I think this idea of change came from looking at the paintings of Jackson Pollock. One day you look at his paintings, and you have a feeling for nature; another day, there is another feeling, for his torment and struggle. The possibilities of reading the work are varied, inexhaustible. I was influenced by Pollock in the late fifties.

S.H. I would like to discuss your work in relation to architecture and the environment. You have often made statements about urban life and art, and I know you perceive your large sculptures in relation to the city, or to public spaces. As you have come to work in large scale, do you feel more like an architect yourself? Do you consider designing for public spaces with which the sculptures should harmonize? Or do you feel the sculptures have their own integrity, and can exist in any environment?

A.P. Since the beginning, I have had the problem, as an Italian, of seeing my work in a public perspective. Obviously, I am aware of the Renaissance, and the monumental public sculptures of the Renaissance masters. But, after the war, I thought we Italians really lost that sense of monumentality. It would be most interesting to work with the architects. I always thought that it would be possible to do something quite wonderful with them. But then I began to realize that Le Corbusier was clever enough as an artist himself to do what he wanted, sculpturally. I had a great respect for Wright, but from my first trip to America, I understood that Frank Lloyd Wright also really didn't need sculpture. Then I found he actually hated most abstract painting and sculpture. Mies van der Rohe and many others, superior architects, fantastic inventors, revolutionaries in architecture, turned away from the artist. And so I increasingly began to think of the integration of architecture and sculpture today as a fantasy. The best one can hope for is to make a sculpture in front of the architect's building, or to be given a special space. Some of the time that works, but more often it doesn't work at all.

S.H. Have you ever received any particularly ambitious or innovative proposals from architects?

A.P. Yes, recently I had an invitation from a group of architects to participate in a competition. In Urbino they needed a cemetery, because the existing one is too small. We began to discuss it.

S.H. What came out of the discussion?

A.P. I suggested we crack the hill of the cemetery grounds, rather like a sculpture of mine, but in effect, an "earth work." My idea was to create an environment, an opening in the hillside to the sky, with internal corridors and passages. I wanted the experience of the corridors to be intimate, to prepare oneself for concentration. You go to the cemetery not just to bring flowers for the deceased, but to meditate on life and to prepare yourself for death. Otherwise I don't see any reason for going to the cemetery. I was very happy to collaborate with these young architects on a project like this one, that involved not just a sculpture, or an ornament, but an entire environment, and a philosophical statement. But the ideas were too radical.

S.H. I suppose they offended people's sentiments, their moral feelings about death and incarceration. Collaboration with architects, in other words, is a matter of mutual understanding; the architect has to compromise, too, and then you have the obvious problem of the patron.

Yet many of your large sculptures today are presented in architectural drawings of plan, section, and elevation. I know that you have made large, beautiful collages of these projects, working them up in different ways, almost as if you were a Utopian city planner.

A.P. Yes, that's quite true.

S.H. Would it be fair to say that you're creating sculpture for an ideal space, as if in the context of an Alberti building or a Michelangelo piazza? In the absence of architects who can work with you more freely, you seem to fill the breach with your own visionary architectural environments.

A.P. I find that my largest sculptures look very well in many different places, actually. At the Berkeley Museum in California they were shown in the museum courtyard, on the campus, in competition with the trees and landscape. Then, in Pesaro, in that beautiful old square. And when the city of Milan invited me to have my show here, it was suggested that since the Duomo square is closed to traffic now, I might put a group of large sculptures there. But there the problem was different. The idea I had in mind, following a project of 1971, was a "collapsing movement" consisting of a broken arch of two columns, and other fragments. It was to be vast in scale, because of the competition of the square and the cathedral itself. But I was trying not to seem a megalomaniac.

S.H. Megalomaniac?

A.P. I had to consider the scale of the cathedral and the square. It is a fantastic problem to create a sculpture before the facade of the Milan Duomo. The verticality of the Gothic architecture ruled out a work of any great height. In fact, the sculpture group I projected in a sense constitutes a criticism, or even a "desecration" of that verticalism and the meaning of a religious building with its heavenward aspiration.

S.H. I noticed in one of your statements about that project you raised the question whether such a sculpture would be, in fact, sacrilegious.

A.P. Desecration was my word.

S.H. "The work," you wrote, "symbolizes our period of crisis. Confronting the Duomo, placed before the Cathedral and rising to the heavens, to the sky. Is this then a desecration?" Then you comment, "In a way it does seem to be; yes, art and literature have and should be critical and irreverent in the modern period, after Baudelaire." In other words, works of art do attack established institutions by their subversive nature.

A.P. But the possibilities are numerous, involving many other schemes of value, all equally appropriate to art. And I find myself involved primarily with the technical and critical aspects of my work. For example, I did not feel able to install one of my large Disks before the Duomo, because I thought it would appear like a religious ritual object. *The Collapsed Columns* seem better to capture our own time, which is so strange and so much in crisis.

S.H. In crisis?

A.P. I think artists have to confront this sense of crisis. I feel sometimes that people think my sculpture is mystical, but I do not. They see an allure in my work, a matter of surface and finish. But I see the breaks, the eroded portions, the potential of destruction which comes from our own time of violence and disenchantment.

S.H. Well, it does seem to me they all share one idea, at least, which is to reveal the flaw in perfection. Your columns are ruptured or split in some way, obviously imperfect, like man himself today. They have to do with a living situation, rather than with a falsely idealized dream.

A.P. I agree. But the question of monumentality interests me particularly. My project of the *Collapsed Columns* for the Duomo square was a monumental one, even by refusing to be so in a more conventional sense, as I tried to make clear in my statement. I create "abstract" monuments, in the modern manner, without base, pedestal or visible support. What can I find to criticize then in this monumentality, and why do I persist in the assertion that my works are in fact "anti"-monumental? Perhaps I am criticizing monumental immobility in traditional sculpture (which Rodin, however, does not make one feel). Perhaps I object to the reconstruction in sculpture of a personage or an event, to which I contrast the element of movement. But that is not enough of a criticism for me. I would be completely unsatisfied in my sense of urgency, or of expression, if I did not project in my works a clear opposition to the "museumified" spirit. Even sculpture in the street can be as if in a museum, embalmed, frozen, if one is oriented that way, instead of feeling oneself in the midst of life, communicating a sense of vitality and connection with life's movement and pulse.

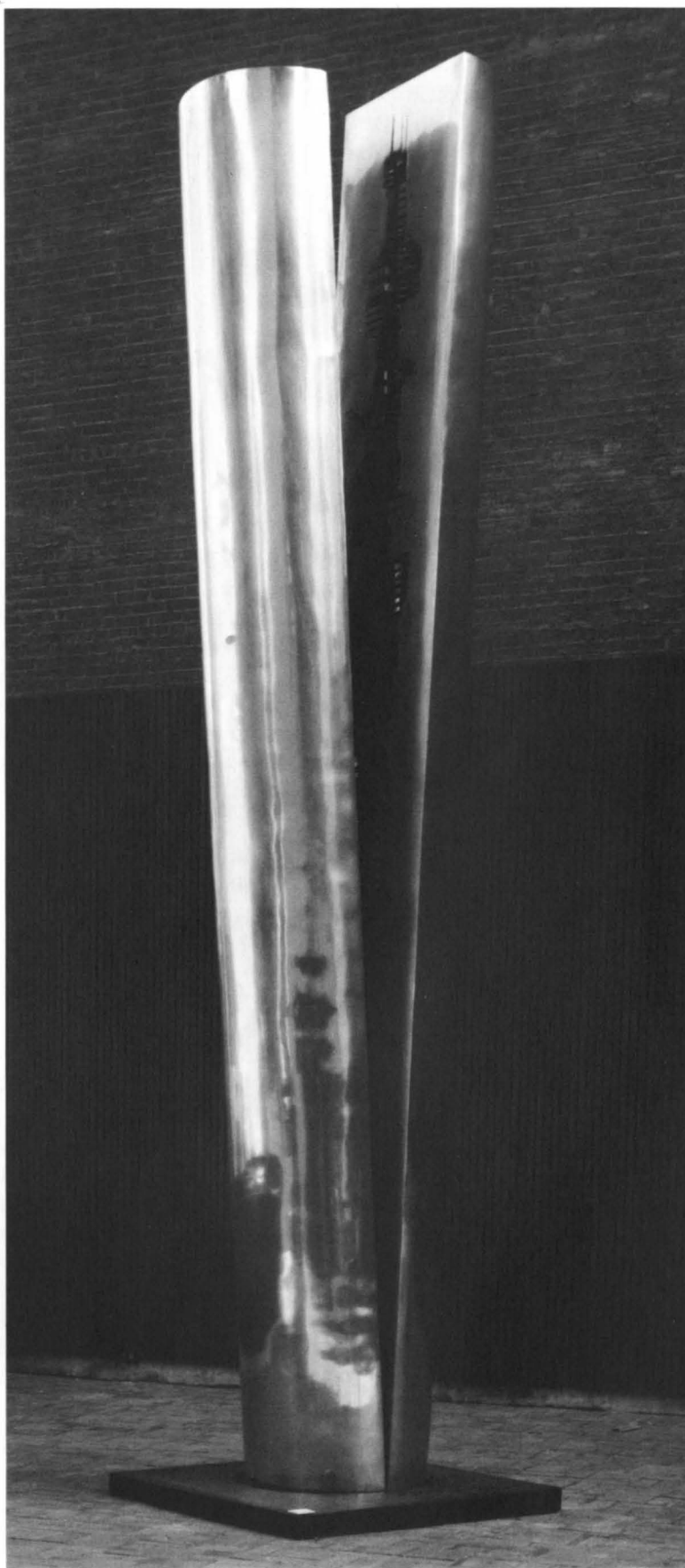
S.H. I was struck in your plans for that Duomo sculptural ensemble by the close resemblance of your forms to fallen columns and ruins, which one sees throughout Italy. Is there any significance to this aspect of the piece?

A.P. I don't know. How can one help but think of the crisis and destruction of ancient Rome, of empire, of imperial power, and connect that to modern experience?

S.H. Are you saying that the authority of the state is ephemeral, that it, too, will fade away?

A.P. For many years, the main problem that has preoccupied me is scale. Even when I have the opportunity to create an ideal situation for my sculpture, I still feel that I am only "dreaming," imagining something that is not actual. I can enjoy my sculptures in a park, in an ancient public square like Pesaro, or on a great university campus, as they were shown at Berkeley. I like to see people lean their bicycles on the sculptures, and pigeons come to rest, to see them humanized. I feel popular, plebian, at one with the world . . . But, then, when I travel out into our Italian suburbs and slums, where society has its ghettos and its factory-prisons, I not only feel despondent but in contradiction with myself and with my own art. I am wounded by this reality, and I have to reorder all my priorities. Then, the concept of "monumentality" and even sculptural beauty seem quite unrelated to life, or to reality.

In my work, then, I hope to strike a balance between absolute artistic quality, as in the museum experience, and a sense of being in the midst of life, part of its movement and its hope for change.



ARNALDO POMODORO *Collapsed Movement* 1970/71

## Statement by George Rickey

Looking back over the twenty-four years since I began seriously to compose with movement itself as my medium, I would say that my objectives have become clearer and simpler, though not necessarily easier to achieve. The shape of components has been reduced to a more austere geometry, while my view of the vocabulary and syntax of movement has been enormously extended. I have learned a great deal about material and about techniques for working it. I have moved my sculptures outdoors into the wind and have found Nature, both as power and as environment, to be a benign ally. This permitted much larger sculptures and the satisfaction (as well as the anxiety) of mounting large pieces in public places.

At the same time, I realized that to move deeper into what it is possible to make, to press at the frontier, a modest scale served me better. To complete large pieces, one must plan cautiously to avoid mistakes, improvisation must be excluded, one must become partly administrator, one must have helpers and big equipment, one must forego the luxury of solitude. Whereas to discover the possible, one must be able to waste time on mistakes and blind-alleys without wasting the time of others, to change one's mind in the middle, or to go in two directions at once, to toss away what is wrong in order to arrive at what will be right. One must have time not to be serious, to attempt the impossible, to look out of the window.

I have worked with linear elements for all of these twenty-four years, in the last twelve with tapered, slender blade-like forms balanced on knife edges. In the last five years I have also proceeded from moving planes to moving volumes. These volumes could be between surfaces as in cubes, tetrahedra or columns of planes, or within imaginary surfaces whose edges were indicated by moving lines. I have also varied the axes of rotation to arrive at conical, rather than linear, paths. I have at the same time continued to search through the possibilities of earlier themes; an old motif can sprout new branches; art historians separate periods in an artist's life, but the artist himself is free to overlap them.

In technique I am still learning new things, not so much from advanced technology as from experience. Much of what I do could have been done by the Romans, though much more slowly. I still envy the craft of a mediaeval armorer. I happily employ stainless steel and such standard, modern devices as shock-absorbers, self-aligning ball bearings, argon welding, and silicone grease. But

Excerpts from an untranslated preface for the George Rickey exhibition catalogue, Kestner-Gesellschaft, Hannover, Germany, July, 1973.

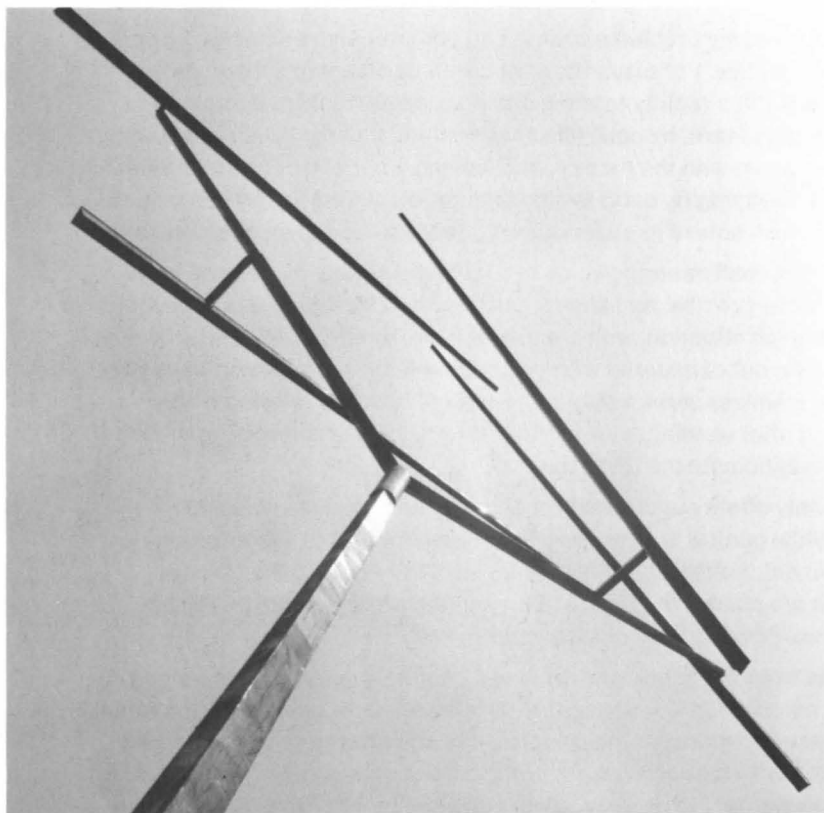


these do not solve my problems of time and posture. Also technology brings technical headaches. For example, after carefully cleaning spotwelds on stainless steel with a rapidly rotating stainless steel brush, rust appeared after rain. I had to learn, by controlled experiment, that the brush was turning too fast, heating up with the friction, and leaving a deposit of free iron where it had cleaned. Cleaning by hand avoided the problem; reducing the speed of the rotating brush solved it; observation: "stainless" is not an absolute term.

Other examples: ball bearings come in a fantastic variety of size and form, they are durable, precise, and cheap; but housings for them have to be made up specially for each situation, with equal precision, by a machinist, who is very, very expensive, out of material with compatible dimensions, sometimes very hard to find; stainless steel, a poor conductor of heat, is distorted wildly while cooling after welding; so one must always think of the cooling while one is heating, to anticipate the distortion.

Technique only offers means; control of the means requires skill and experience. While control is necessary for achievement, it is, nevertheless, *not* the achievement. Achievement is the fitness of the result to the purpose. These terms are elusive in relation to art and the artist may not be the best judge of them. What do I see as purpose?

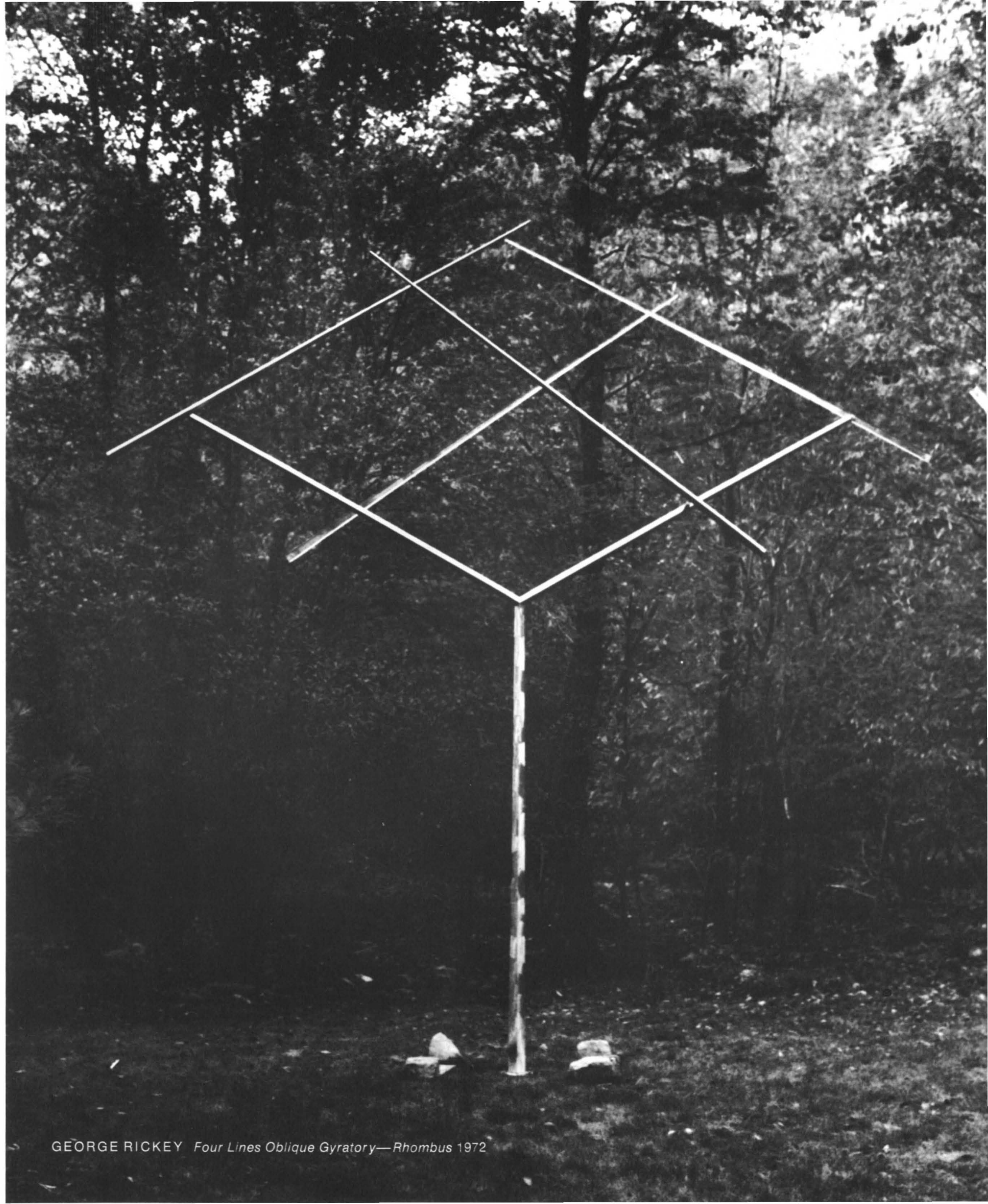
For me it has been the same for over twenty years: *to make movement as expressive as color or form (or content)* have been for others. For the initial impulse I have depended on the movement of air, indoors or out, never on motors, and only in four or five cases on the hand of the observer. I have wanted the movement to be slow, so that one has to wait for its development and to wonder for how long. I have wanted two or more discrete movements to establish not only a counterpoint but an additional component of unpredictability, of chance, within the limits of path and pattern. Nature supplies rules — of gravity, momentum, friction, moments of inertia, equilibrium, stored energy, pendulum behavior, but there is still, it seems, the possibility of infinitely diverse performance within the rules. I recognize that pursuit of such a purpose is hopelessly "untrendy," having nothing to do with pop-, op-, minimal-, earth-, body-, or conceptual art. Also it results in an *object*, which is sometimes also a commodity. But I have been hand-minded since childhood and I am devoted to making objects, whether they are commodities or not. For legitimacy, I cite my grandfather, a small-town clockmaker.



The pendulum appears in some form in almost every object I make. It is with the adjustments of the compound pendulum, the moments above and below the fulcrum, that I control the normal period of each moving part or group of parts. Even a ring, mounted a little off-center, turning on an almost vertical axis, is such a pendulum, and can be timed. I have learned a lot about this timing, not from books and calculations, but from frustration, observation, trial and error. I was once asked by a physicist if I had done the analysis of a compound pendulum. I never have, but I've observed the performance, and have learned some control of it. For example, in my *Oblique Lines*, the normal swinging period of the blades is adjusted to between twelve and eighteen seconds. The wind may drive them faster but their response is still related to this built-in time. The two blades never have the same period.

The square and the rectangle appear often. They provide surfaces easy to construct and to combine. As shapes, they have, for me, no significance. Right angles have a logical relation to the technology, as do  $60^\circ$  angles. Multiples of each can produce  $180^\circ$ , a straight line, so they can easily nest together. Such simple practicalities may contribute to a Constructivist esthetic, but in themselves they have no esthetic purpose. I would say the same of symmetry, which I see as only one of innumerable possible instances of an arrangement of two parts. Though it can be thought of as the least probable, symmetry is the most obvious and therefore the most impersonal (or the least willed) of choices. I have been interested in making symmetrical arrangements of squares and equilateral triangles, which the wind can blow into assymetry, and gravity can then reform . . .

I am sometimes asked what will come next? In retrospect I do not find that I have often done what I thought I was going to do, though each step now seems consistent with the previous one, and none of my excursions (even twenty years of painting, before I made sculpture) seems wasted. Several pieces . . . seem to me prototypes (especially the recent combinations of rectangles). But I have also in my mind extension of tetrahedra of lines upward into a column, large squares mounted on one corner at ground level with a simple subterranean shock absorber made of a paddle in water, horizontal columns comparable to my vertical ones, and a broad surface of undulating planes at ground level, like a pool. These already exist in early stages, at home, but I cannot guarantee that they will not be postponed still further by the sudden thought of some possibility I haven't dreamed yet.



GEORGE RICKEY *Four Lines Oblique Gyratory—Rhombus* 1972

# Interview with Tony Smith

By Hugh M. Davies and Sam Hunter

H.D. I can see how difficult it is to really appreciate a work like *Smug*, here in your backyard, unless you move around and through it. Photographs make it look smaller than it actually is.

T.S. There's a reason for that. The trees tend to diminish the scale of the piece because they are so large. The enormity of the trees makes it look small.

H.D. But you seem to like that kind of setting.

T.S. The piece that I like better than any other that I've ever done is *Moses at Princeton*. The reason is that the trees inside Prospect Gardens look a bit like my own trees. I have always placed my pieces among trees. Frankly, I don't like an architectural background for them because I feel that the sculptures are essentially angular in character. If they have the grid-like facades of most buildings behind them, they don't happen to sustain their own character. For example, my most recent piece installed in Pittsburgh, called *Light Up*, is quite angular, but with very large planes. The planes are so large that to some extent they wipe out the grid-character of the building. Its tactility is almost voided. This is the only time that has happened. In most cases when I've installed pieces against buildings which have strong horizontal and vertical elements, the angular character of the pieces has been wiped out, because of the strong surface of the building. In Pittsburgh, the fabric of the building looks rather lace-like and small compared to the sculpture.

H.D. How did you arrive at the title *Light Up* for the Pittsburgh sculpture?

T.S. I am often asked about my titles. Many of them come from James Joyce, and different writers with whom I was acquainted. In the case of *Light Up*, which was made for Westinghouse, I immediately associated Westinghouse with the lamp. I'm a dictionary bug. I own the thirteen-volume Oxford Dictionary, the two-volume condensed Oxford Dictionary. I've got all the dictionaries you can buy. I started to look up "incandescence," hoping to find a synonym which could serve as a title. The word which seemed closest to it was "corona." Later when I met the Westinghouse people I proposed "Corona." Someone immediately said "Smith Corona." Then someone else suggested "Corona Corona." Having smoked cigars all my life, I said "Light Up." And that was it. That's how the name came about.

H.D. Speaking of titles, isn't the name "Gracehoper" taken from *Finnegan's Wake*?

T.S. It comes from the central passage in *Finnegan's Wake* called the "onet"—corresponding to "ant"—and the "gracehoper." The onet represents the spatial orientation of the classical world, the Greek world. The gracehoper represents the modern world, of, say, Bergson and Einstein, the world of dynamics rather than statics. There was some sort of feud, or at least some contention, I believe, between Joyce and the writer Wyndham Lewis. Lewis had written a book called *Time and Western Man*. What Lewis did there was to attack time as opposed to space, space being the organizing factor of the practical world. By the way it's been said, and I believe possibly acknowledged that the idea for *Ulysses* came from a story by Lewis called *Cattleman's Spring Mate*. The title meant the First World War, that was his "spring mate!" But to get back to that chapter in *Finnegan's Wake*, the onet refers to the world of space just because the ant was the spatial organizer. Joyce ended the conceit with one of the most comical references to space and time that has ever existed. He said: "Your space is enormous, your extension sublime, but Holy Saint Martin, why can't you keep time?"



S.H. The piece we're actually showing in Newport is *Amaryllis*. That's at the Hartford Museum now.

T.S. Yes. Let me tell you how I started to do *Amaryllis*. Before I became involved with the Container Corporation of America. I made my modular components, with my own hands. It's very laborious to cut out all the flaps and tabs, and then glue them, and so I realized after I had made quite a few pieces that I was wasting a lot of time. I thought that I could make components which were made up of an octahedron and four tetrahedra, or something of that kind, and use existing modules in order to put the pieces together. I did two and started to put them together when I realized that I needed an extra tetrahedron to fill in the gap of a joint. But I found that I liked the piece just as it was. I had really set out to make a piece with dozens of components, and I liked the one that was made of just two, with that one extra tetrahedron. But when I saw it, it seemed so ungainly, so fundamentally awkward and not properly composed that it reminded me of an amaryllis which had been sent to me by a friend. I thought it was without any doubt a caricature of a plant. I found the bulb absolutely obscene, and then when this terribly monstrous plant came out of it, I thought it was even worse. When I did the sculpture *Amaryllis*, I had the sense that it looked so ungainly and unbalanced in a way, that it also seemed rather classical from one view, but then from the other view, it seemed just some kind of caricature of form. We're all born with a sense of rightness of form, and this seemed to be some kind of desecration of all that, just as the actual amaryllis plant seems to me a kind of orchid made out of wood or some terrible aberration of form. That's how the piece happened to remain as it is. In a way, it was really just that I was shocked by it. I've been shocked by other pieces that I've done.

S.H. In the *Moses* at Princeton the horns are very startling, but on the whole the work seems much gentler, a rather different concept.

T.S. Yes, I think that *Moses* is basically a more acceptable image. *Amaryllis* seems to me some kind of aberration of nature, and, to tell you the truth I was not only surprised but even frightened by it. And it took me a long time to get used to it, but I had already been through that with *Willy*.

S.H. Was it in the maquette stage that the sculpture became frightening, or was it when it was actually realized? Does it take scale to achieve the effects you describe, with the piece seeming monstrous to you?

T.S. I think that when I made *Amaryllis* in the model, I probably thought of it more as a toy, that it didn't really amount to anything. There wasn't anything to think about it. The only thing that concerned me was that it was finished. I felt that I didn't need to do anything more with it, but then when I made it with the four-foot plywood I was really quite taken aback by it. It took me a long time to realize that the piece had a lot of plastic qualities which I might now think of as related to Brancusi or something of that sort. I say that in all modesty; I'm not trying to write my own history, but I do think that after a while I began to see *Amaryllis* as a rather monumental modern image. I would say that there were three rather distinct stages. First, it seemed to me more or less toylike, and all I knew was that there was nothing more I could do with it. I felt that it had reached a certain state of finality or conclusion. Then, when it was actually built, I was quite terrified by it. I found it some kind of aberration. You know I have such a Hellenistic view of things that when I see something that strikes me as abortive, it terrifies me. That's how I thought of *Amaryllis*, but then, after a while I began to see that it had some kind of presence. The qualities which I thought so strange actually pulled themselves together into a kind of contemporary expression of form which although novel wasn't just frivolous. I now think of it as a somewhat formidable piece of sculpture.

H.D. I'm fascinated by the fact that you like the classical look of sculpture, and that anything that's ungainly upsets you, because a lot of your pieces have that quality.

T.S. I know, but I find that terribly disturbing. If they look neat and organized in the beginning, then I think they're all right. I don't know whether you know the piece called *Willy*, but for months after that was built I could never look at it. One day my friend the late Paul Feeley, a painter, came to see me. He already knew the steel pieces that were in my yard. He saw *Willy*, at a time when his daughter was studying drama at Sarah Lawrence, and she had played the role of the woman in Beckett's play *A Happy Day*. The entire stage for it was just an enormous sort of bed cover. She was there in the center of the stage with her purse, just doing her fingernails, and the whole thing was a monologue, her thoughts of the day. But there was one other character, although he never uttered any kind of intelligible sound. From time to time he would crawl around from the back of this bed which took up the entire stage; he would crawl around from behind it, and he had a happy day. He had a straw hat and a folded up newspaper in his pocket. The play was a monologue, except that he would come out from time to time, and just make noises. He never got up from his elbows, he just would crawl out. So I said to Paul Feeley that my piece was really about a creature who crawls but wasn't designed to crawl, which describes exactly the character in Beckett's play. And Feeley said, "Willy!" I happen to like Beckett very much.



TONY SMITH *Amaryllis* 1965



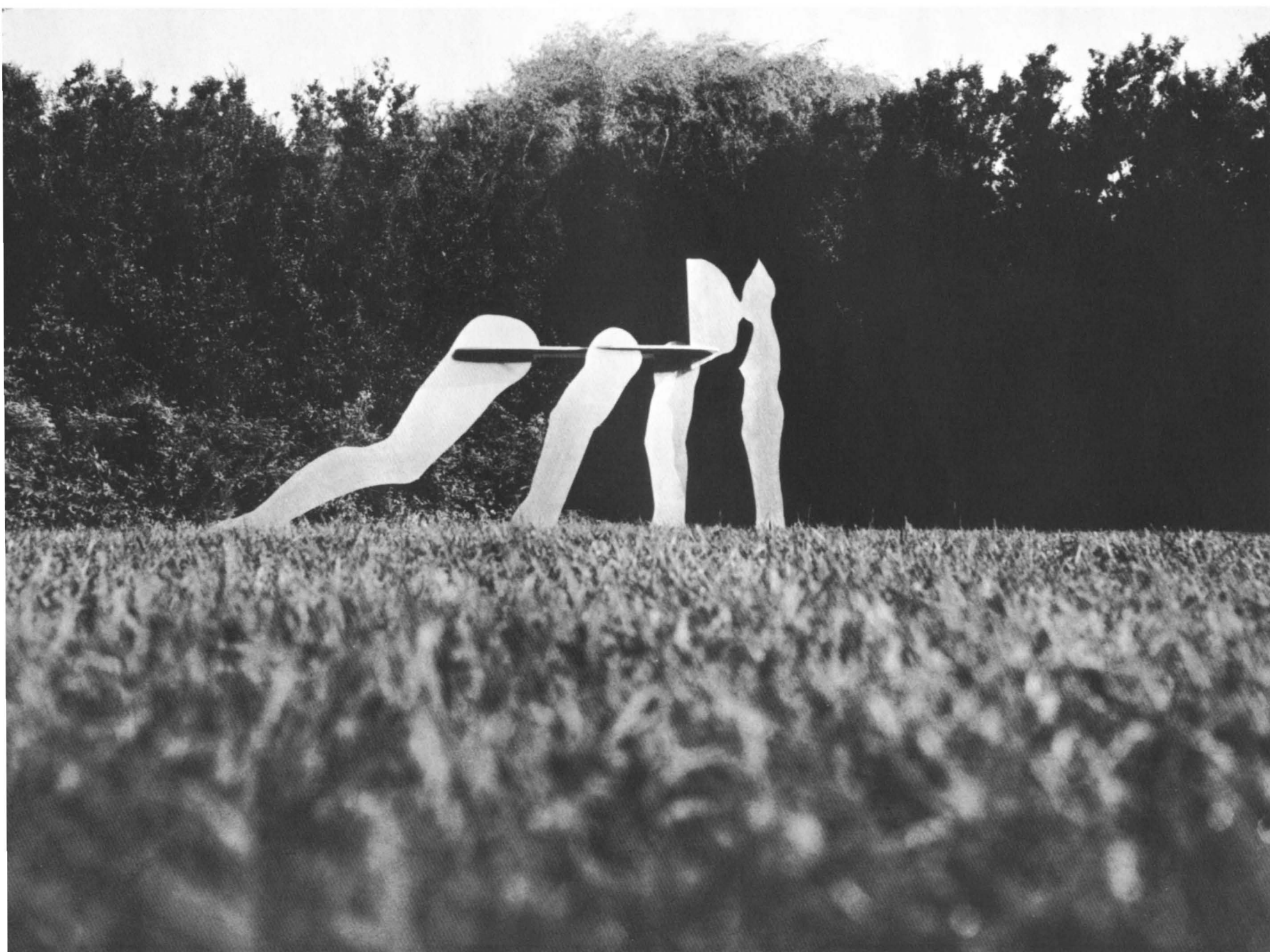
HENRY MOORE *Two Piece Reclining Figure No. 9* 1967

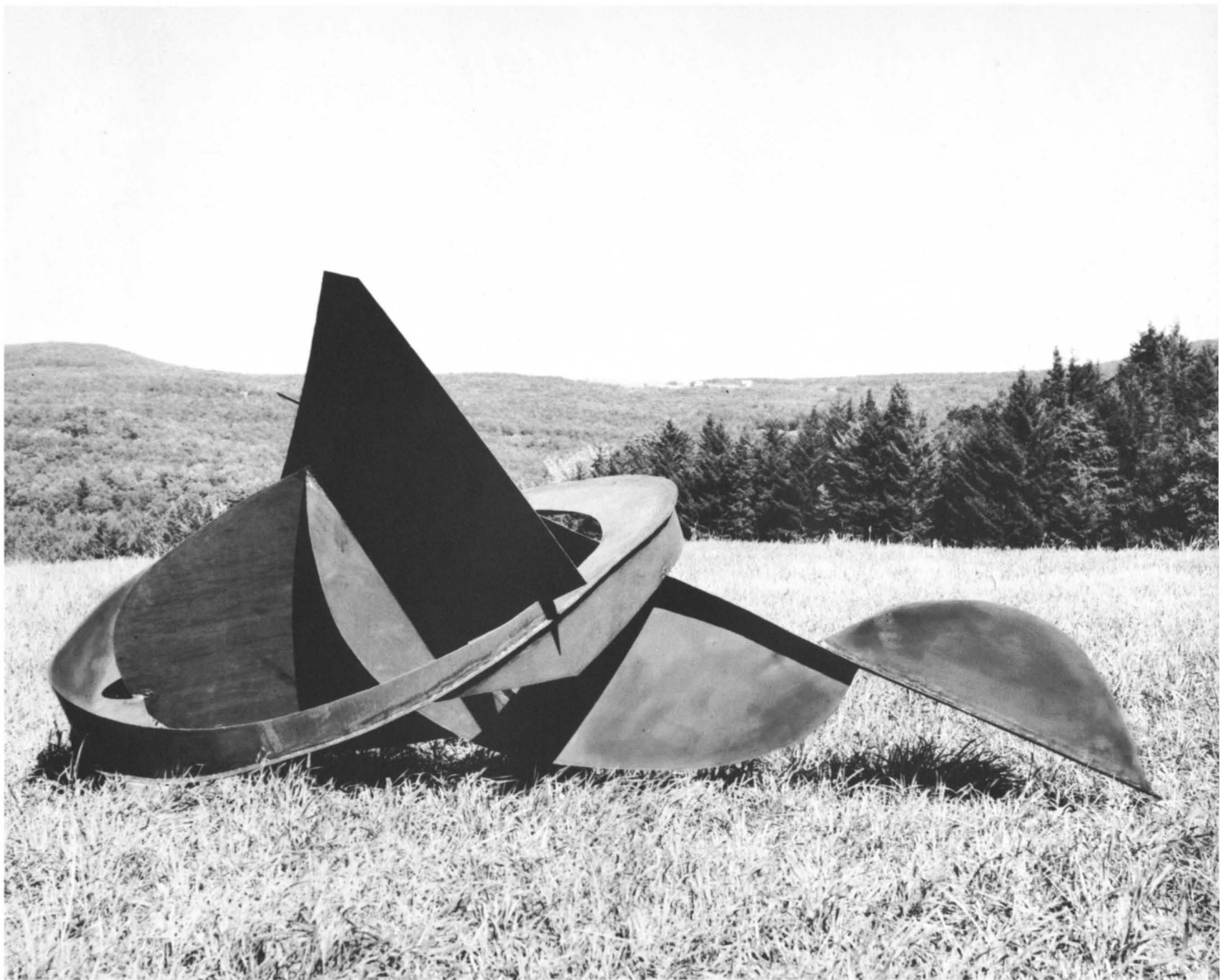


WILLEM DE KOONING *Clam Digger* 1972









HERBERT FERBER *Morgan II* 1971

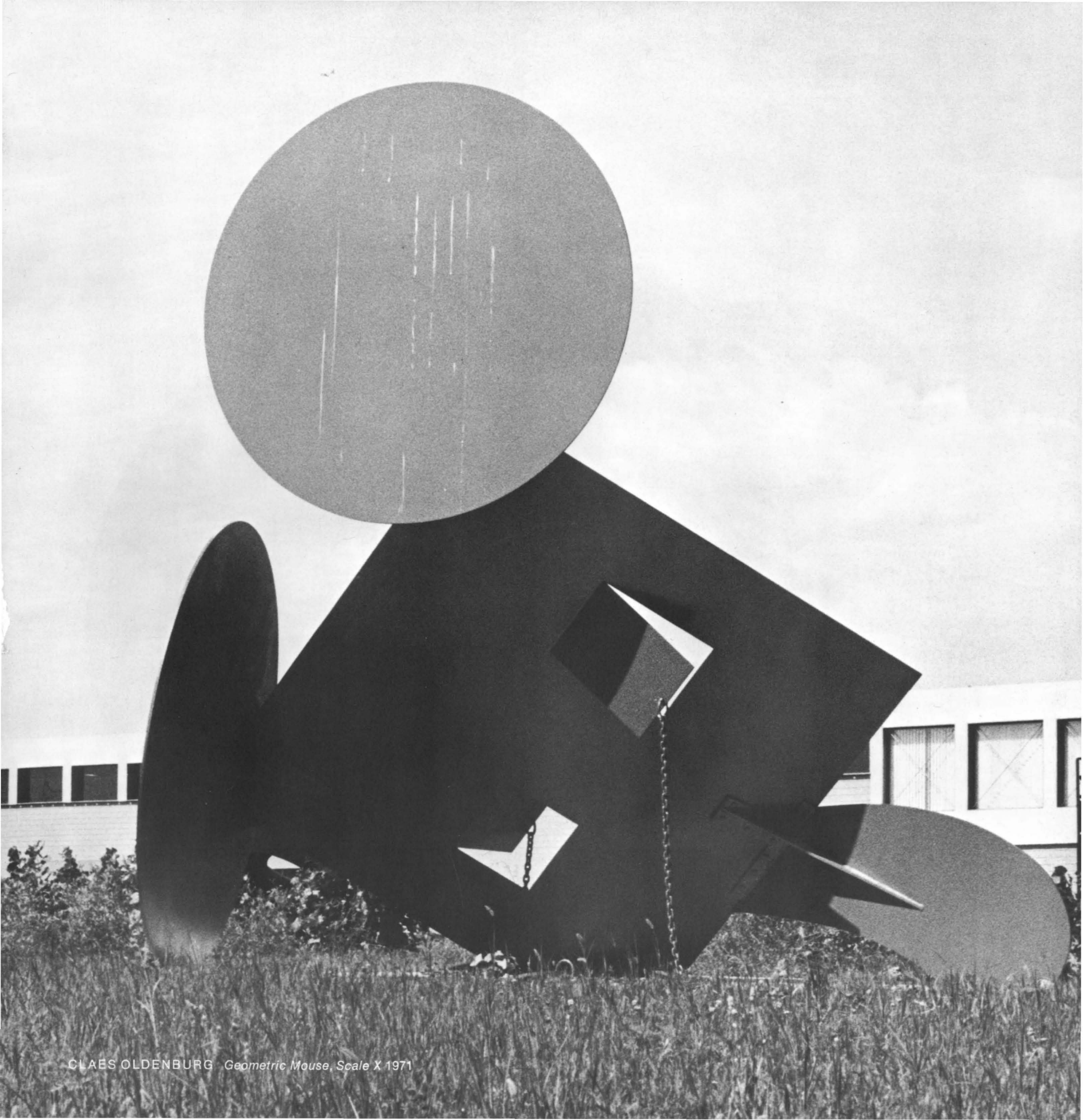




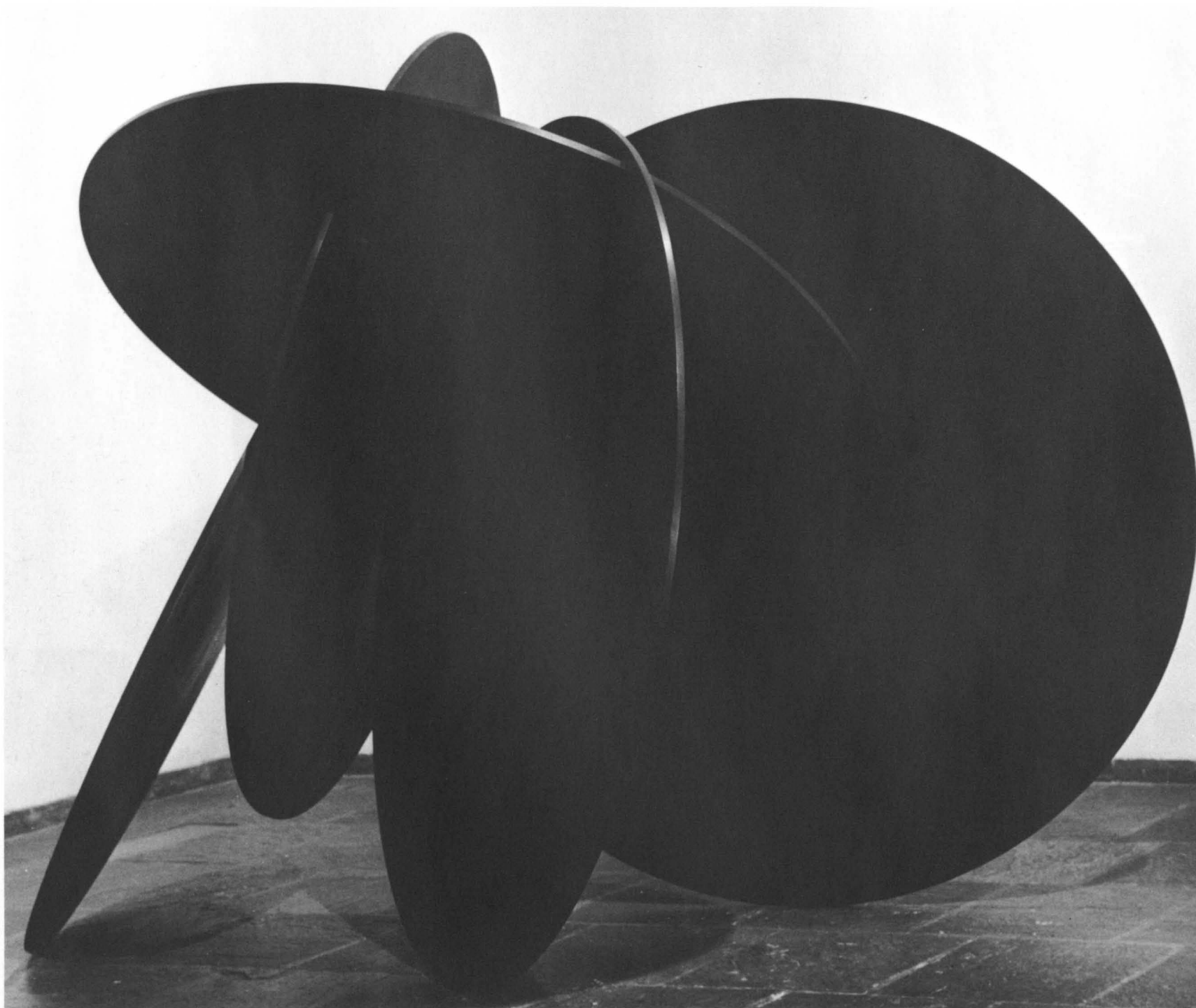




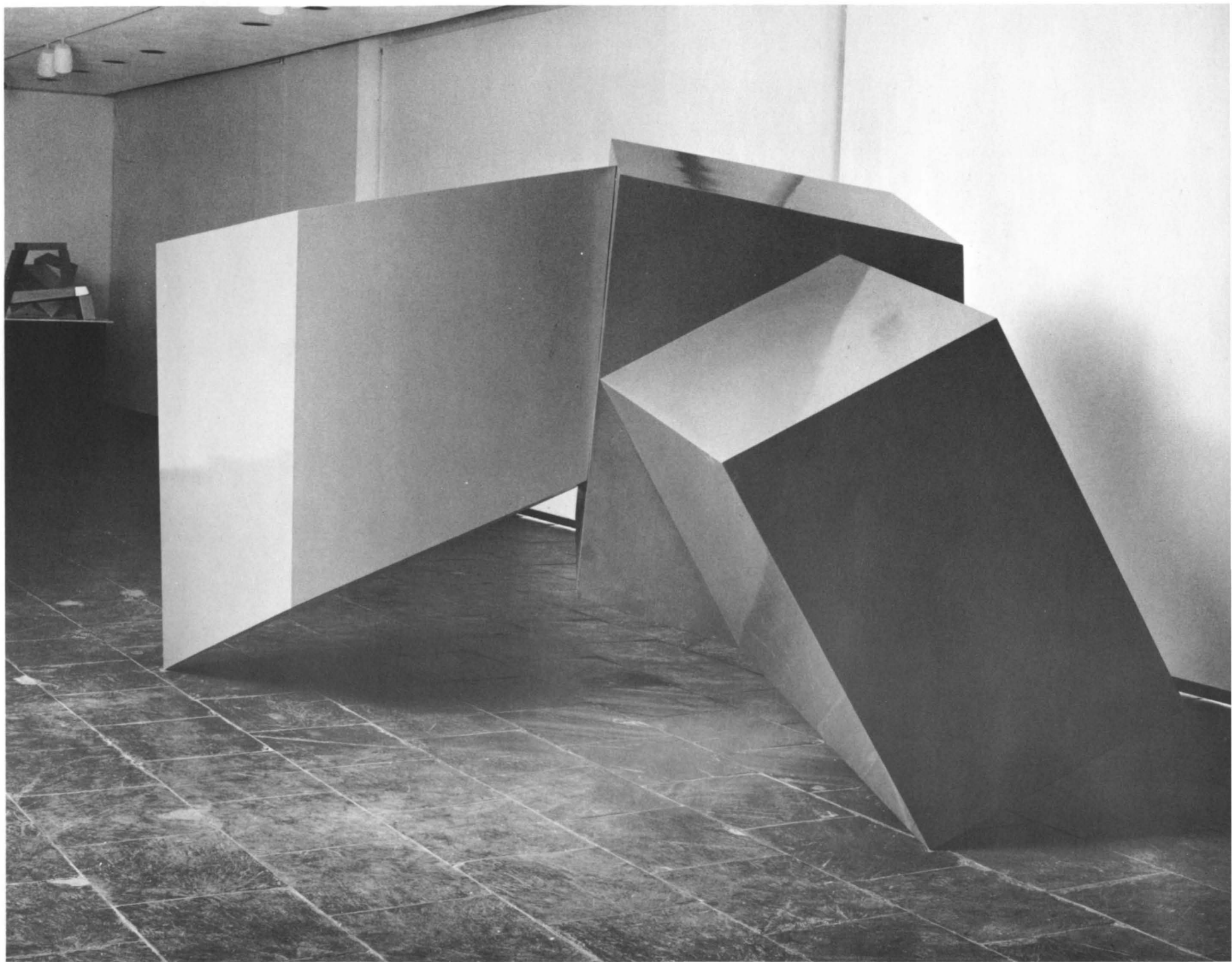




CLAES OLDENBURG *Geometric Mouse, Scale X* 1971





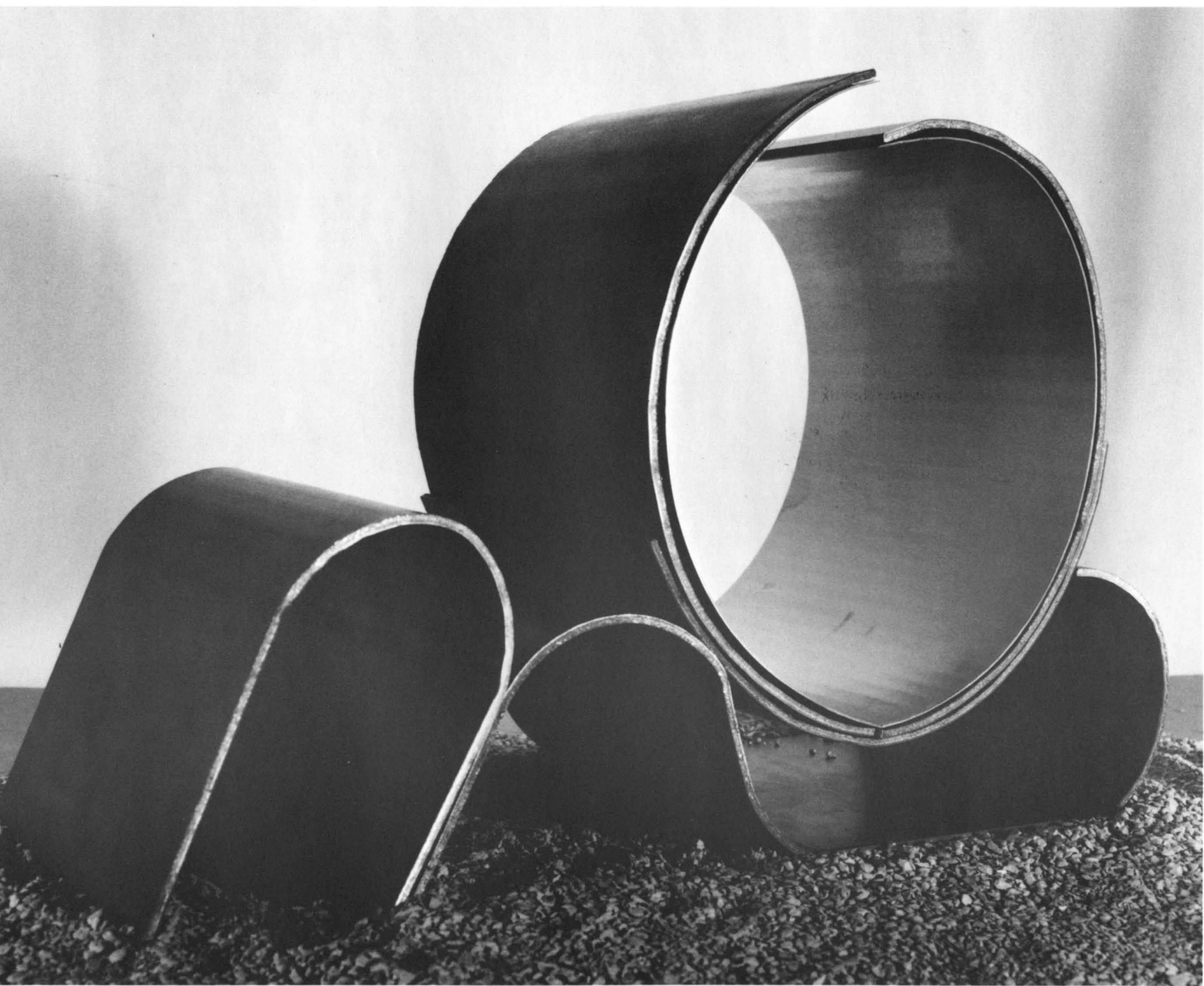


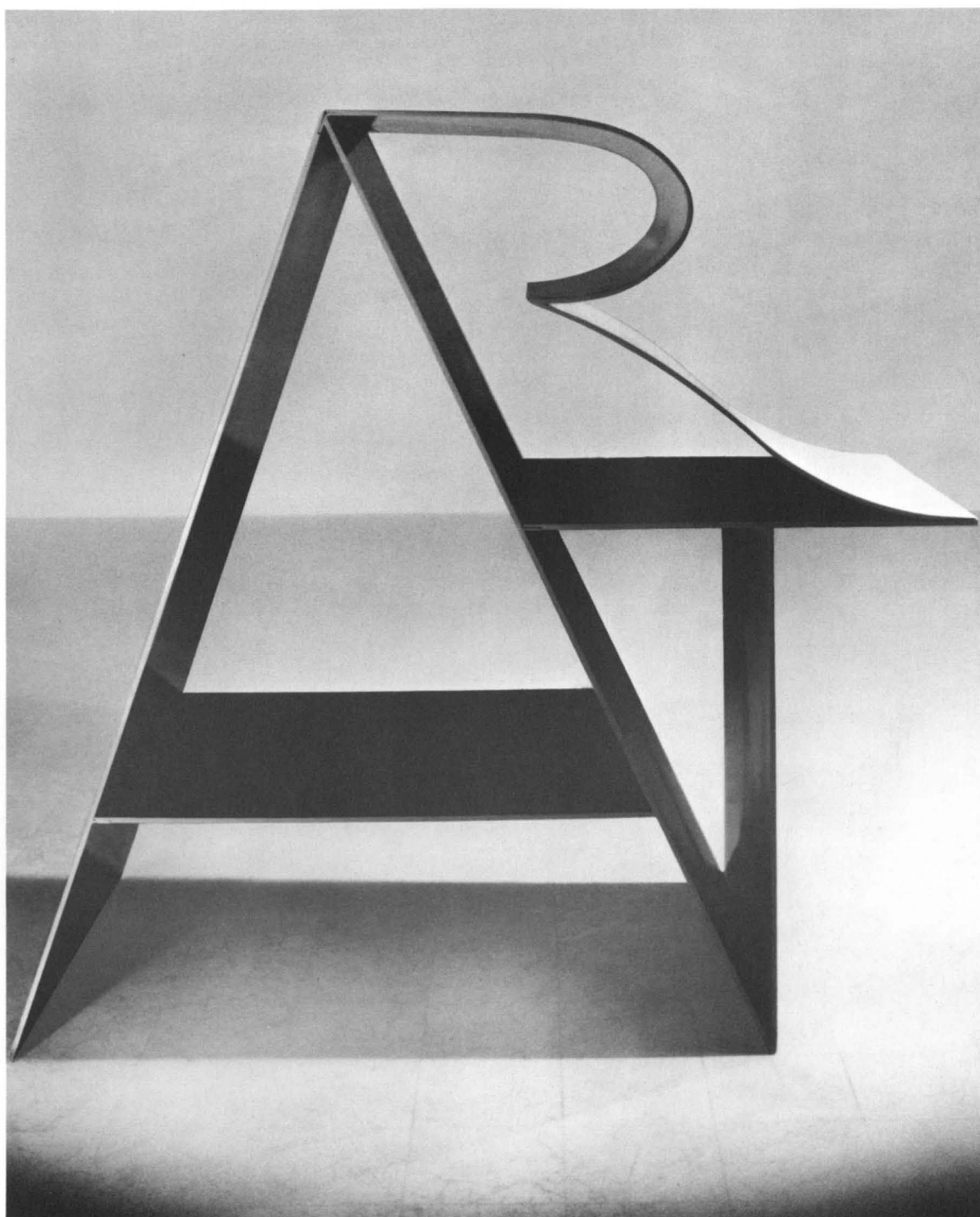
JAMES ROSATI *Untitled* 1963/70











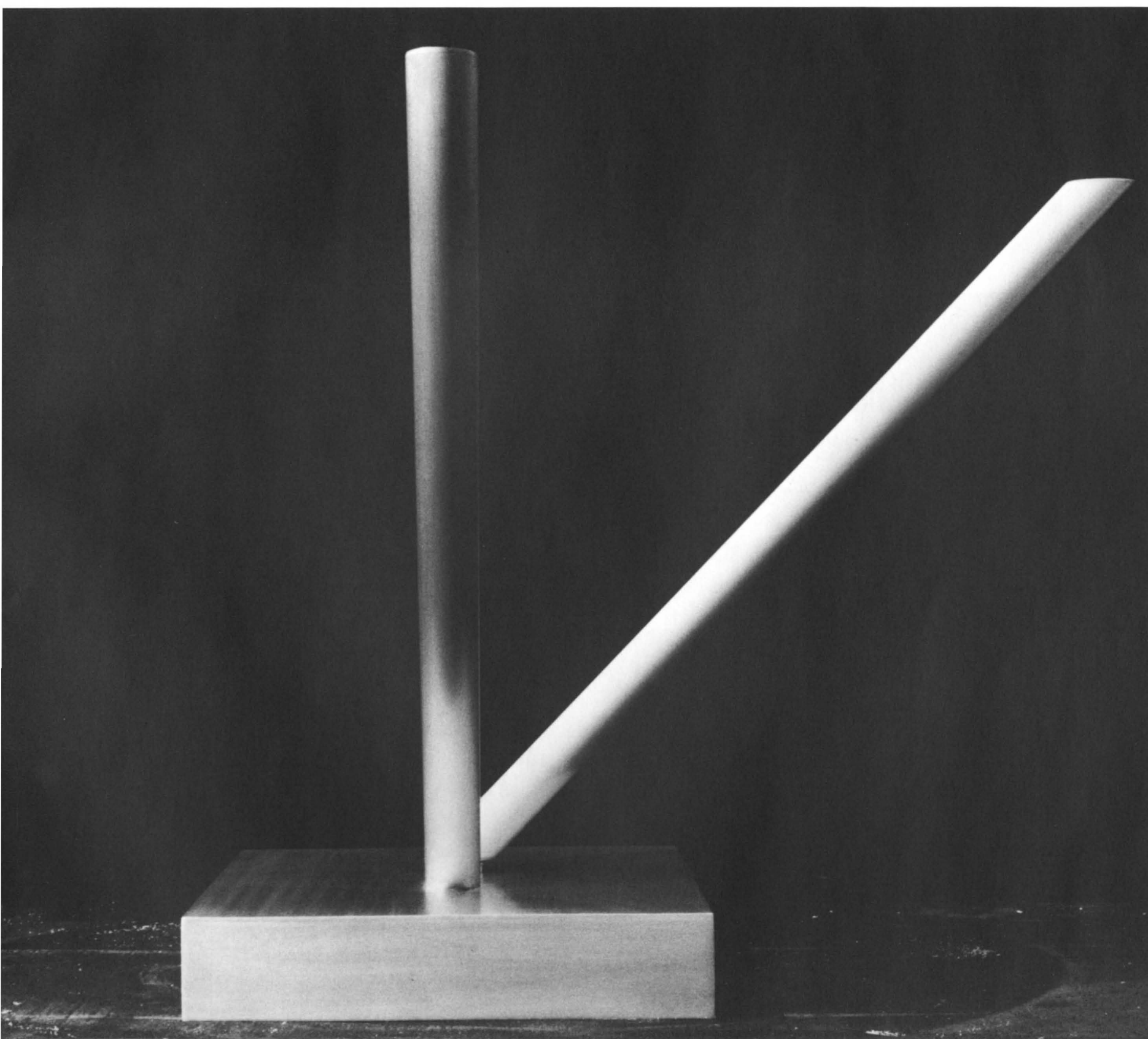
ROBERT INDIANA *Art* 1972

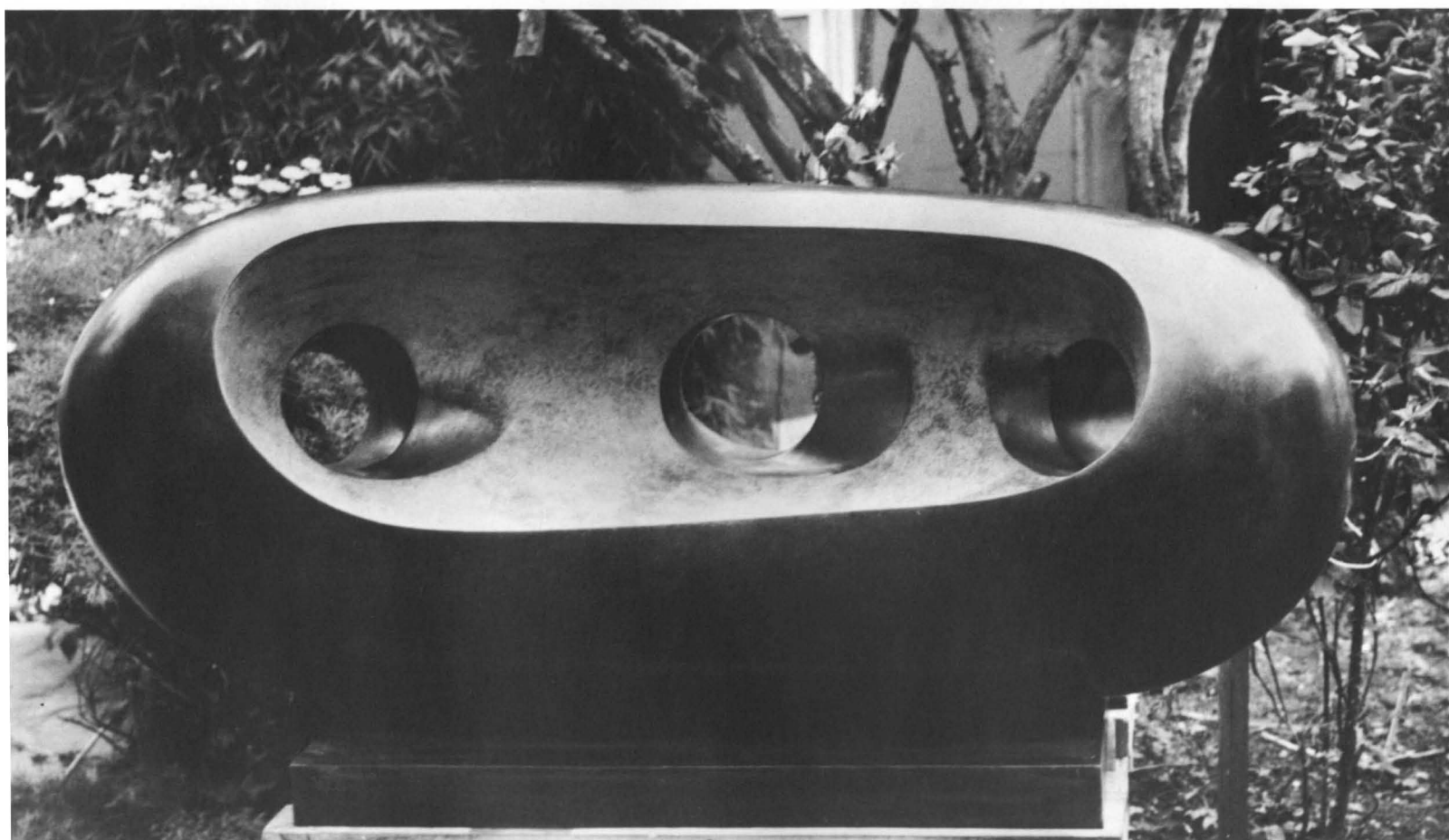








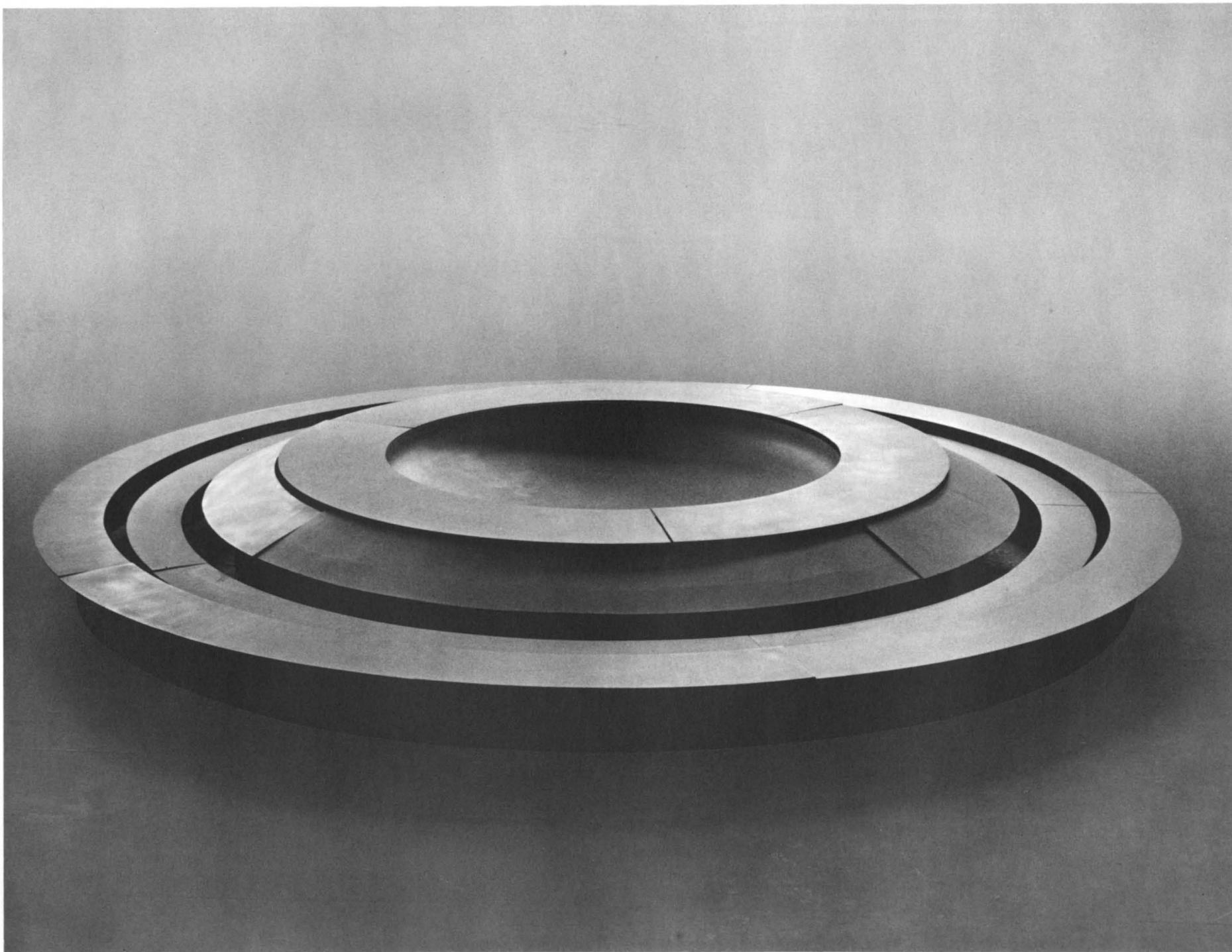


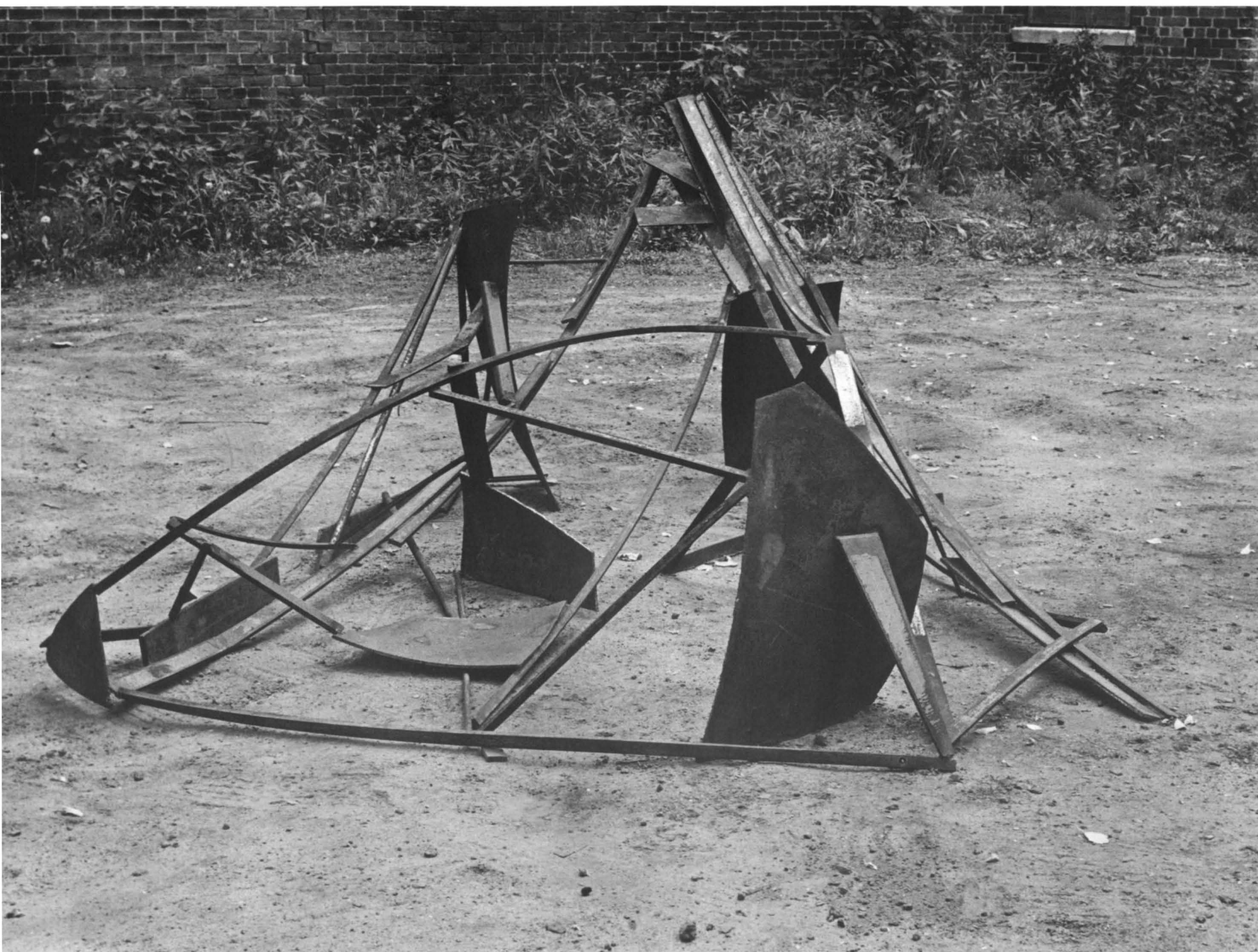




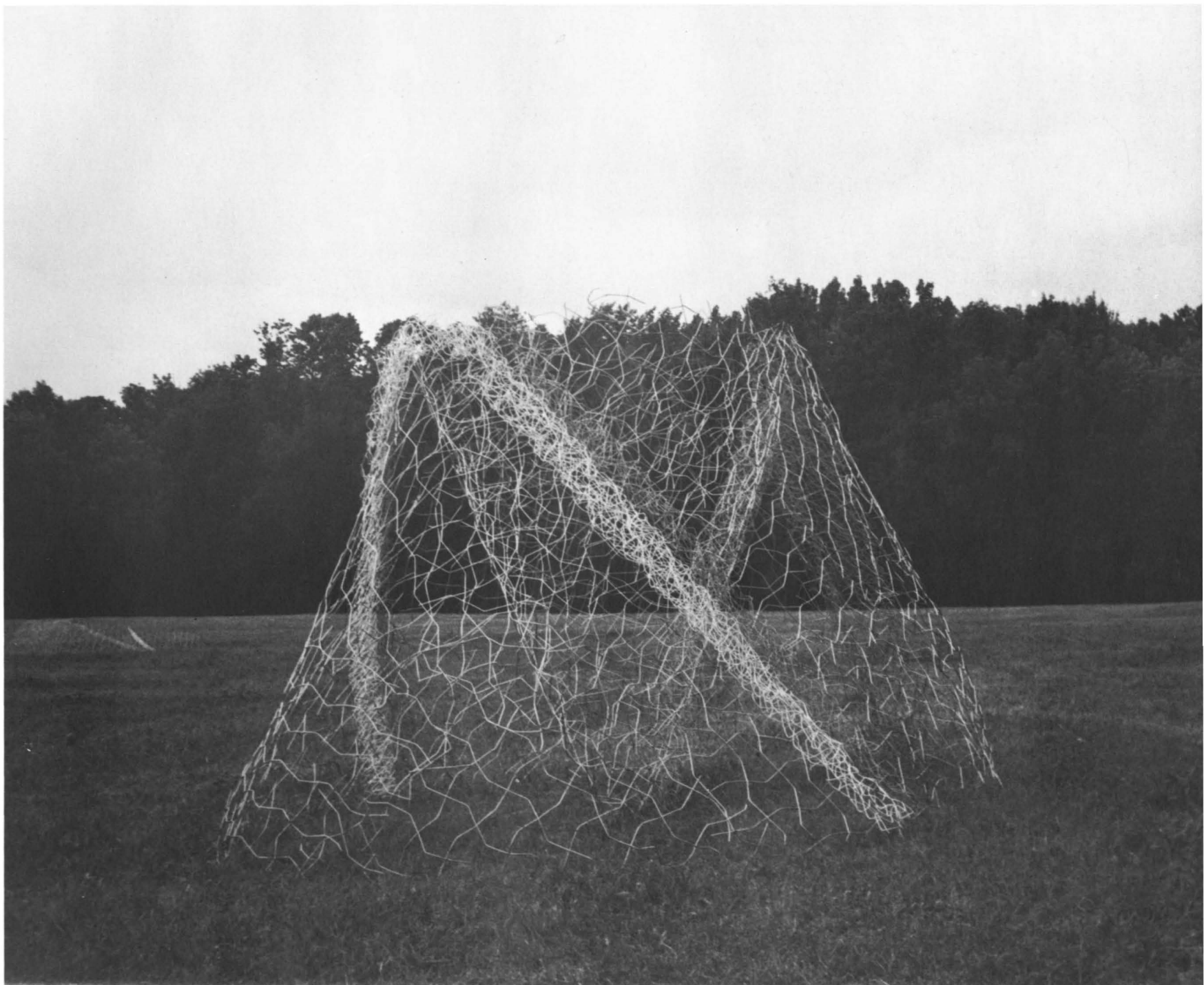


















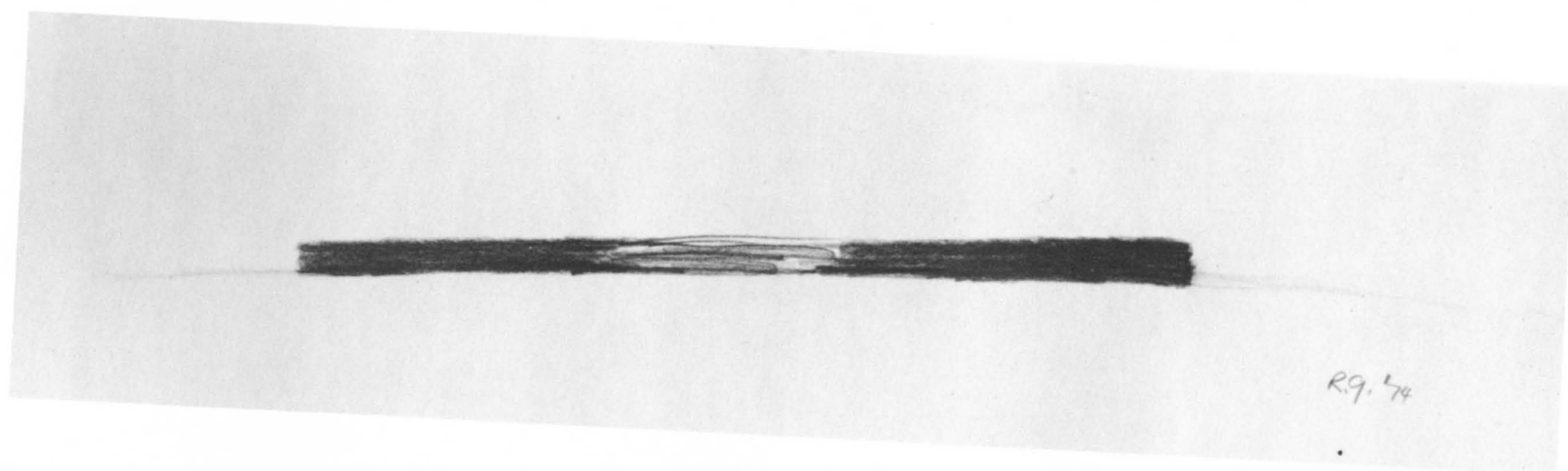


PETER GOURFAIN *Untitled* 1973

















HUGH TOWNLEY *Treehouse Dream* 1974

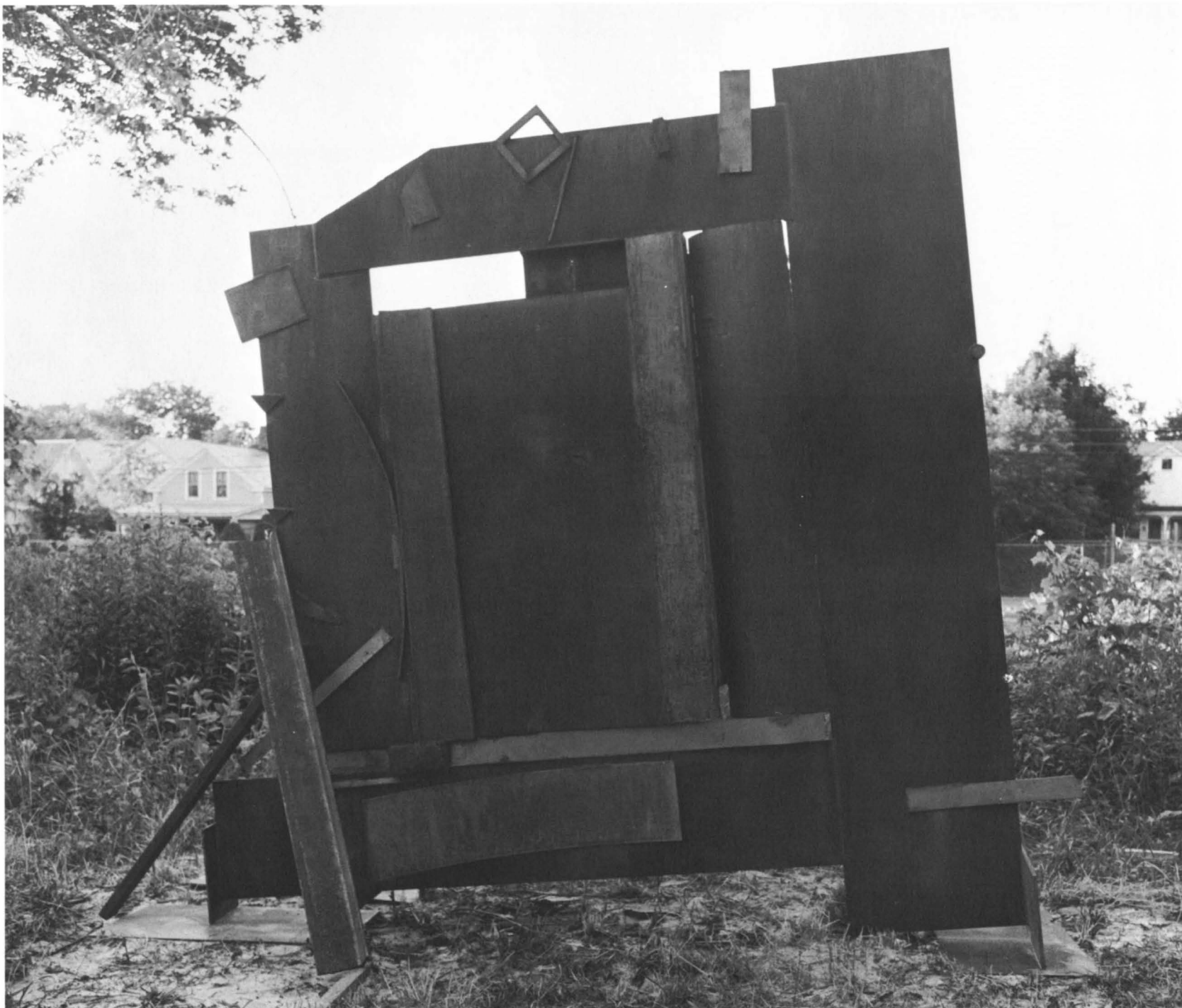
GEORGE SUGARMAN *Kite Castle* 1974





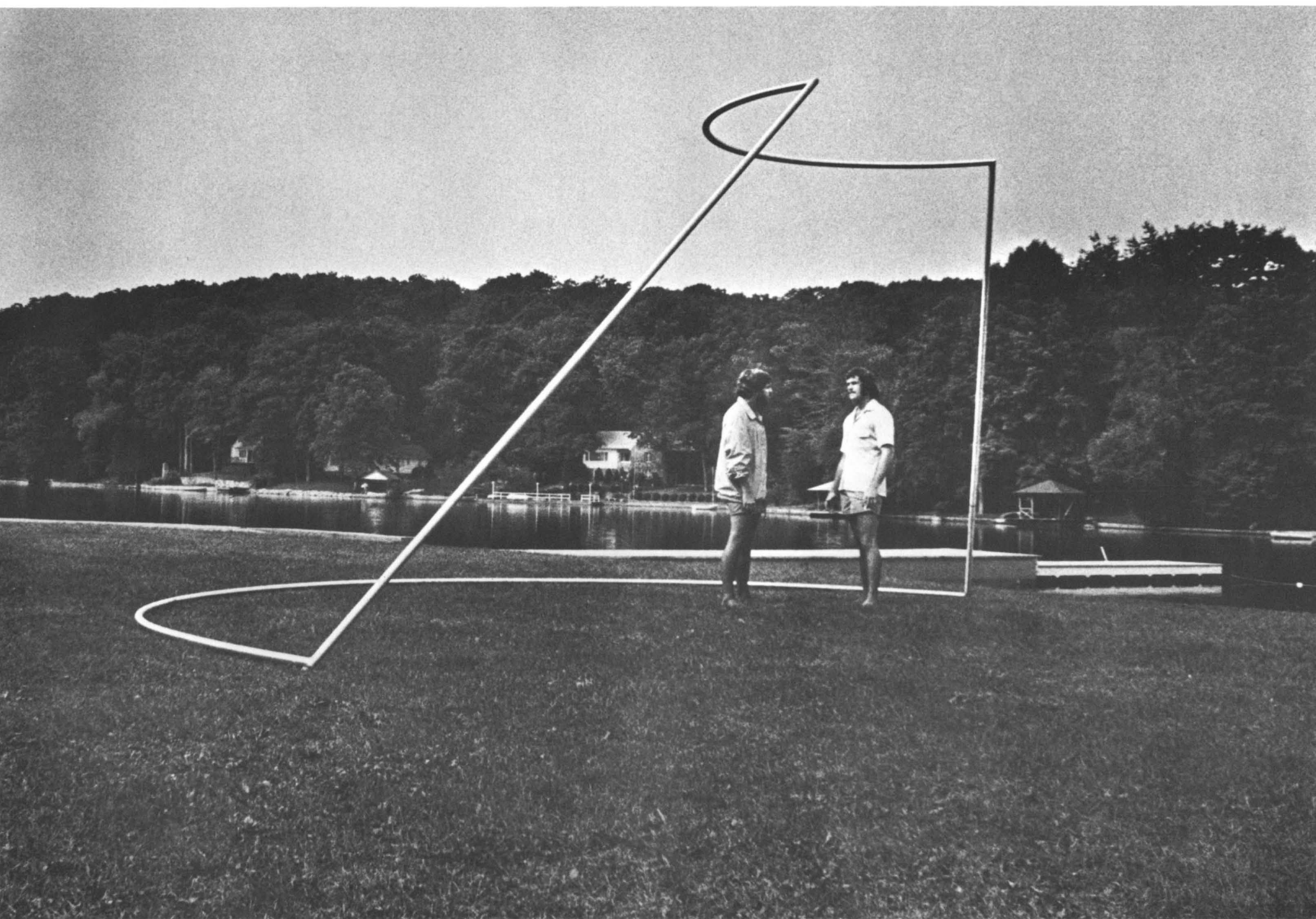
KAREL APPEL *Man with Flower* 1971

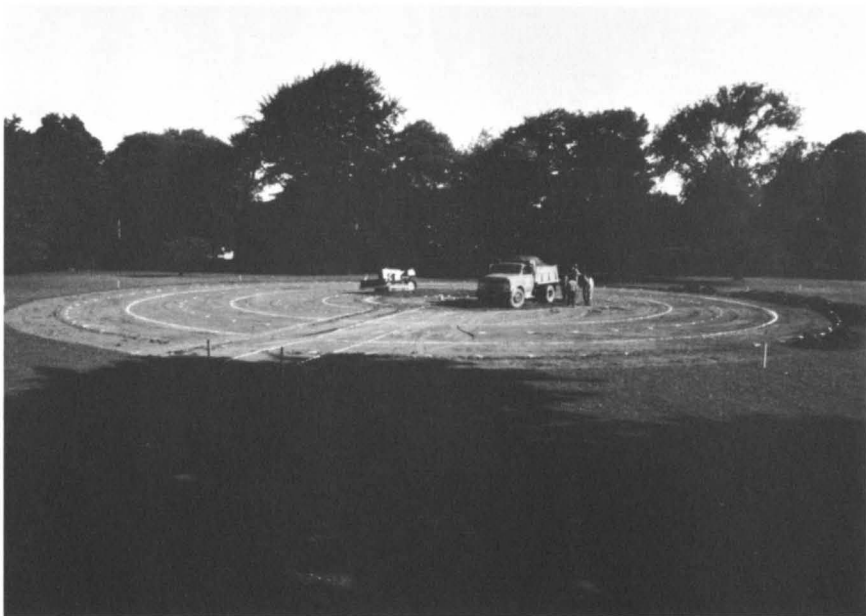




ANTHONY CARO *Vespers* 1974











# Catalogue of the Exhibition

All dimensions are given in inches and feet.  
Height precedes width, width precedes depth.

- KAREL APPEL
- 1 *Man with Flower* 1971  
Polychromed enamel and aluminum,  
98½ x 72 x 48 inches  
Lent by the Martha Jackson Gallery, New York

- ALEXANDER CALDER
- 2 *Lightening* 1970  
Sheet metal, painted red, 144 x 180 x 96 inches  
Lent by Perls Galleries, New York

- ANTHONY CARO
- 3 *Vespers* 1974  
Steel, 120 x 135 x 48 inches  
Lent by the André Emmerich Gallery,  
New York

- JOHN CHAMBERLAIN
- 4 *Viper's Bugloss* 1973  
Crushed aluminum foil with acrylic lacquer  
resin, 49 x 68 x 76 inches  
Lent by the Leo Castelli Gallery, New York

- CHRISTO
- 5 *Ocean Front Project for Covering the Cove at King's Beach, Newport, July, 1974\**  
White cardboard, fabric, charcoal, colored  
pencil and pencil, 28 x 22 inches  
Lent by the artist
- 6 *Ocean Front Project for Covering the Cove at King's Beach, Newport, July, 1974\**  
Charcoal on paper, 36 x 50 inches  
Lent by the artist

- WILLEM DE KOONING
- 7 *Clam Digger* 1972  
Bronze, 57½ inches high  
Lent by Fourcade, Droll Inc., New York

- KOSSO ELOUL
- 8 *Gomil* 1971  
Stainless steel, 132 x 38 x 30 inches  
Lent by Bruce Gitlin, Milgo Art Systems,  
Brooklyn, New York

- HERBERT FERBER
- 9 *Morgan II* 1971  
Cor-ten steel, 51 x 114 x 72 inches  
Lent by the André Emmerich Gallery,  
New York

- RICHARD FLEISCHNER
- 10 *Sod Maze* 1974  
Sod, 24 inches high, 120 feet wide  
Courtesy of Terry Dintenfass Inc., New York

- PETER GOURFAIN
- 11 *Untitled* 1973  
Sails and wood, 100 feet wide  
Courtesy of the Bykert Gallery, New York

- ROBERT GROSVENOR
- 12 *Untitled* 1974  
Wood, 35 x 2 x 2 feet  
Courtesy of the Paula Cooper Gallery,  
New York

- BROWER HATCHER
- 13 *Zic Zac* 1974  
Steel wire and vinyl paint, 72 x 108 x 96 inches  
Lent by the André Emmerich Gallery,  
New York

- ANNE HEALY
- 14 *Cathedral* 1974  
Nylon fabric and nylon rope, 35 x 16 x 7 feet  
Lent by the A. I. R. Gallery, New York
- 15 *Hot Lips* 1970  
Nylon fabric and stainless steel wire,  
38 x 10 x 7 feet  
Lent by the A. I. R. Gallery, New York

\*A drawing and a collage preliminary to the *Ocean Front Project for Covering the Cove at King's Beach, Newport, August, 1974*  
Width, 420 feet; depth, 320 feet  
14,800 square yards of woven polypropylene  
fabric floating on the ocean and attached inland  
to 40 anchors.

BARBARA HEPWORTH

- 16 *River Form (1965)* 1973  
Bronze, 35 x 74 x 33 inches  
Lent by the Marlborough Gallery, New York

ROBERT INDIANA

- 17 *Art* 1972  
Polychrome aluminum, 84 x 84 x 42 inches  
Lent by the Galerie Denise René Inc.,  
New York

LILA KATZEN

- 18 *Oracle* 1974  
Cor-ten steel and brushed stainless steel,  
120 x 204 x 72 inches  
Lent by the artist

WILLIAM KING

- 19 *The Truth* 1970  
Sheet aluminum, 73 x 42 x 144 inches  
Lent by Terry Dintenfass Inc., New York

LYMAN KIPP

- 20 *Hudson Bay* 1968  
Painted steel, 108 x 96 x 96 inches  
Lent by the artist

GEORGE KUEHN

- 21 *Untitled* 1972  
Painted steel, 96 x 300 x 96 inches  
Lent by the artist

ALEXANDER LIBERMAN

- 22 *Argo* 1974  
Painted steel, 15 x 31 x 36 feet  
Lent by the André Emmerich Gallery,  
New York

CLEMENT MEADMORE

- 23 *Around and About* 1971  
Cor-ten steel, 84 x 132 x 87 inches  
Lent by Mr. and Mrs. Saul P. Steinberg

HENRY MOORE

- 24 *Two Piece Reclining Figure No. 9* 1967  
Bronze, 98 x 52 inches  
Lent by the Marlborough Gallery, New York

ROBERT MURRAY

- 25 *Windhover* 1969  
Painted Cor-ten steel, 156 x 84 x 186 inches  
Lent by the artist and Lippincott Inc.,  
North Haven, Conn.

LOUISE NEVELSON

- 26 *Night Tree* 1971  
Cor-ten steel, 152 inches high  
Lent by The Pace Gallery, New York

BARNETT NEWMAN (1905-1970)

- 27 *Here I (to Marcia)* 1950  
Bronze, 107¼ inches high  
Lent by Annalee Newman
- 28 *Here II* 1965  
Cor-ten steel, 112 x 51 x 79 inches  
Lent by the Estate of the artist
- 29 *Here III* 1966  
Stainless steel and Cor-ten steel,  
125 x 23½ x 18½ inches  
Lent by the Estate of the artist
- 30 *Zim Zum* 1969  
Cor-ten steel, 96 x 180 x 78 inches  
Lent by the Estate of the artist

CLAES OLDENBURG

- 31 *Geometric Mouse, Scale X* 1971  
Painted Cor-ten steel, 216 x 208 x 130 inches  
Lent by the artist and Lippincott Inc.,  
North Haven, Conn.

JULES OLITSKI

- 32 *Chinese Casandra* 1973  
Cor-ten steel, sand blasted and oiled,  
18 inches high, 175 inches wide  
Lent by Knoedler Contemporary Art,  
Lawrence Rubin, New York

ARNALDO POMODORO

- 33 *Collapsed Movement* 1970/71  
Bronze, 205½ x 27½ inches  
Lent by the Marlborough Gallery, New York

GEORGE RICKEY

- 34 *Four Lines Oblique Gyrotory—Rhombus* 1972  
Stainless steel, 354 x 324 x 180 inches  
Lent by the artist

SALVATORE ROMANO

- 35 *45 Parallel* 1974  
Aluminum, steel and fiberglass, 22 x 45 feet  
Lent by the Max Hutchinson Gallery,  
New York

JAMES ROSATI

- 36 *Untitled* 1963/70  
Painted steel, 76 x 158 x 92 inches  
Lent by the Marlborough Gallery, New York

BERNARD ROSENTHAL

- 37 *Odyssey* 1974  
Painted aluminum plate, 78 x 198 x 90 inches  
Lent by Susan Morse Hilles

LUCAS SAMARAS

- 38 *Stiff Box #15* 1971  
Cor-ten steel, 67½ x 47 x 14 inches  
Lent by Mr. and Mrs. Paul Hoffman

DAVID SMITH (1906-1965)

- 39 *Cubi III* 1961  
Stainless steel, 95½ x 33 x 19 inches  
Lent by the Estate of the artist, courtesy of  
Knoedler Contemporary Art, Lawrence Rubin,  
New York
- 40 *Lunar Arc* 1961  
Rusted steel, 137 x 43 x 18 inches  
Lent by the Estate of the artist, courtesy of  
Knoedler Contemporary Art, Lawrence Rubin,  
New York
- 41 *Zig V* 1961  
Painted steel, 110 x 84 x 28 inches  
Lent by the Estate of the artist, courtesy of  
Knoedler Contemporary Art, Lawrence Rubin,  
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- 42 *Primo Plano III* 1962  
Steel, 124 x 144 x 18 inches  
Lent by the Estate of the artist, courtesy of  
Knoedler Contemporary Art, Lawrence Rubin,  
New York
- 43 *Voltri XVIII* 1962  
Steel, 42½ x 40 x 32½ inches  
Lent by the Estate of the artist, courtesy of  
Knoedler Contemporary Art, Lawrence Rubin,  
New York
- 44 *Windtotem* 1962  
Stainless steel, 178¼ x 74 x 30 inches  
Lent by the Estate of the artist, courtesy of  
Knoedler Contemporary Art, Lawrence Rubin,  
New York
- 45 *Circle and Box* 1963  
Steel, 120 x 32 x 22 inches  
Lent by the Estate of the artist, courtesy of  
Knoedler Contemporary Art, Lawrence Rubin,  
New York
- 46 *Oval Node I* 1963  
Steel, 95 x 82 x 18 inches  
Lent by the Estate of the artist, courtesy of  
Knoedler Contemporary Art, Lawrence Rubin,  
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- 47 *Wagon II* 1964  
Steel, 84 x 110 x 45 inches  
Lent by the Estate of the artist, courtesy of  
Knoedler Contemporary Art, Lawrence Rubin,  
New York
- 48 *Untitled* c. 1960  
Steel, 85½ x 68 x 27½ inches  
Lent by the Estate of the artist, courtesy of  
Knoedler Contemporary Art, Lawrence Rubin,  
New York

TONY SMITH

- 49 *Amaryllis* 1965  
Steel, 128 x 210 x 128 inches  
Collection of the Wadsworth Atheneum,  
Hartford, Conn., by exchange and with funds  
contributed by Joseph L. Shulman

GEORGE SUGARMAN

- 50 *Kite Castle* 1974  
Painted Cor-ten steel, 219 x 120 x 180 inches  
Lent by the artist and Lippincott Inc.,  
North Haven, Conn.

HUGH TOWNLEY

- 51 *Treehouse Dream* 1974  
Mixed woods, 17 feet high  
Lent by the artist

PAUL VON RINGELHEIM

- 52 *Perimeter* 1973  
Anodized aluminum, 120 x 300 x 180 inches  
Lent by O. K. Harris Works of Art, New York

ISAAC WITKIN

- 53 *Alnasco* 1974  
Steel, 120 x 111 x 132 inches  
Lent by the Marlborough Gallery, New York

JAMES WOLFE

- 54 *Sway* 1974  
Steel, 42 x 90 x 119 inches  
Lent by the André Emmerich Gallery,  
New York

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