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March 12, 1979

Alanna

Brooklyn Bridge – Tina Girouard
Fiorsa diary
Lew
Andre
Reineking
Mathu
Bark
Burkhardt
Korman
Hughstun
Brewer
Nonas Glass

In transcript progress
~~Adams~~

80th Percent – Alanna

10 Bleecker Sheet – Alanna
Holt
Reineking
Donnsborough statement
Abish statement
Boothe
Grosvenor
Hughstun

Nonas

Coney Island – Alanna
Nughstun
Grosvenor

Clocktower – Shapiro
(solo) Shea statement Bishop
"Kirili " Nonas
Grosvenor
Rinke
Andre
Benglis statement
Saret "
Handrechs "

Alanna

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THE INSTITUTE FOR ART AND URBAN RESOURCES, INC.

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PROGRAMS:

ONGOING PROGRAMS: 1976 - PRESENT

PROJECT STUDIOS ONE (P.S. 1) (cont'd.)

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V O L U M E T W O

THE INSTITUTE FOR ART AND URBAN RESOURCES, INC.

Ongoing Programs: 1976 - Present: Project Studios One (P.S. 1) (cont'd.)

-Special Projects
-Architecture Program
-Dance Program
-Fashion Program
-Film Program
-Performance Program
-Photography Program
-Poetry/Literature Program
-Sound Program
-Video Program
-National Studio Workspace Program
-International Studio Workspace Program
-Permanent Collection

Ongoing Programs: 1973 - Present: The Clocktower

-Exhibitions

Past Programs of The Institute for Art and Urban Resources, Inc:

-1971: The Brooklyn Bridge Event
-1972: 10 Bleecker Street/Bowery Warehouse
-1972: 80th Precinct Building, Brooklyn
-1974-75: The Idea Warehouse

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SPECIAL PROJECTS PROGRAM

An important and unique part of P.S. 1's exhibition schedule is the Special Projects Program. Twenty former classrooms provide 8,000 square feet of relatively raw space for the development and exhibition of experimental installations. During each of the three two-month long exhibition periods, artists or curators are awarded special Project Rooms for the development of a particular project. The Special Projects Program has been oriented toward providing space for emerging, not yet recognized artists, as well as encouraging large-scale installations which are generally difficult to present within the temporal, spatial, and monetary context of traditional museums and galleries. The Institute hopes to encourage experimental artistic creation by offering an established framework for installation art and simultaneously increasing public awareness of the medium.

Artists are invited to submit proposals and are selected by the Institute for Art and Urban Resources

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curatorial staff (with the advice of an outside panel). Once chosen for a special project, artists are free to exhibit whatever and however they choose in their designated area. This provides a unique freedom for artists. Where many museums and galleries select specific work for shows, in the Special Project Program the Institute only selects the artist. Over the years this approach has proven quite successful, producing an abundance of interesting and exciting new work.

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PROJECT STUDIOS ONE (P.S. 1) SPECIAL PROJECTS PROGRAM

1977-83

Artists Included:

Jacki Apple
Laurie Anderson
Rosemarie Castoro
Myrel Chernick
Terry Fox
Jenny Holzer
Aäin Kirili
Stuart Sherman
Alan Shields
Kit Barnes
Lauren Ewing
Frank Gehry
Harmony Hammond
Gary Kuehn
Mitchell Kriegman
Bill Anastasi
Nancy Holt
Kent Floeter
Sylvia Sleigh
Lewis Stein
Stephen Soreff
Mary Ann Unger
Ameriga Verzichelli
Spider Webb
Joyce Kozloff
Susan Wiel
Alan Young
Gary Bower
Barry Gerson
Ron Gorchov
Mel Kendrick
Hannah Wilke
Vito Acconci
Jack Goldstein
Mimi Smith
Raquel Rabinovitch

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Bruce Chao
David Diao
Alice Adams
Avital Oz
Russell Maltz
John Fekner
Tony Moore
Billy Sullivan
Sylvia Kolbowski
Addison Parks
Catherine Porter-Scully
Lee Sherry
Hanne Tierney
R.M. Fisher
Salvatore Scarpitta
Roger Mayer
Maria Movelladel Signore
Ion Bitzan
Lawrence Weiner
Morgan Thomas
Milo Reice
Todd Keller
Tseng Kwong Chi

Bill Taggart
Alice Aycock
Joseph Kosuth
Lucio Pozzi
Brenda Miller
Joy Walker
Frances Hynes
Porfirio DiDonna
Christo
Scott Davis
Keiji Uematsu
Carla Liss
Arch Connelly
Kiki Smith
Paul Wong
Stephen Antonakos
Joseph Nechvatal
Tom Shelton
Filippo De Sambuy
Cosimo Di Leo Ricatto
Barry Le Va
Bonnie Sherk
Don Leicht

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ART PRESS
Volume 2 Number 3
May-June (Summer) 1982

thinking based upon a specific number of givens. Hence, the suggestion in the title of "possibilities," and as Le Va himself has stated, this piece represents perhaps a mock-up, a calculation of only one of the ways in which these elements may be applied to a given space.

Le Va's thinking is like that of the alchemist. His formula is assembled from a chart of compounds here – wooden ovoids, beams, and coal dust filled balls. The objects are laid out, stacked, balanced to form uprights, creating within this space the effect of a progression of wave-like sensations. We are caught in the spell of the turn of the roulette, and mesmerized by the motion created by the gliding shapes and forms that direct our vision in and around the spatial parameters of the room.

Le Va's preoccupation is with kinetics, or at least the possibilities of movement in relatively static forms. He projects the viewer through the field of his vision; we are both in and on the sculpture simultaneously, and he directs the tempo, rhythm, and tone of those movements with cues given by the formal properties of the multiple elements. As if creating what might be read as a multidimensional Kandinsky, Le Va maps out a synchronic chant, augmented here by the mysteries of the spherical shapes that add an inexplicable magic to the very logic of the floor structures. *Gyroscope* succeeds because of its admixture of chance and reason as a protean scheme.
– *Michael R. Klein*

Forrest Bess
Whitney Museum of American Art (New York)

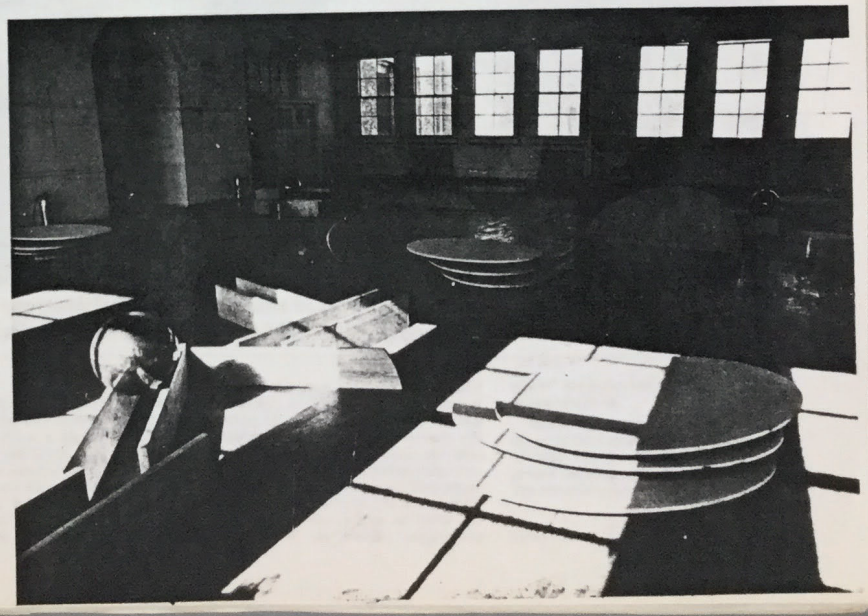
Forrest Bess received little recognition during his lifetime, yet a concentration of his work from 1946 through 1967 proves Bess to be of special relevance to the art of today. Refreshingly direct and honest, it is a body of work both personal and universal in meaning.

The paintings are small and have an object-like quality which draws the viewer in and creates an intimacy with the work. The paint has been thickly layered, in some cases modeled, in others scratched away exposing the canvas. Colors range from somber reds and browns to the vibrating yellow and green combination of *The Penetrator*.

The gestural nature of the drawing in works such as *No. 31*, a pelvic configuration surrounded by numerous animal forms, is reminiscent of primitive cave paintings. The ritual aspect of the work is further emphasized by the systematic use of symbols.

Drawing his imagery from dreams, Bess built up a personal iconography with vague sexual references. He attempted to articulate his obsessive concerns and theories on sexuality through his work. The strength of his work, however, lies not in its literal translation, but in the ability of the imagery to evoke a universal response.
– *Jacquelyn H. Roth*

Barry Le Va: Gyroscope Roulette: Sketching a Possibility, *1982, mixed media installation, 60 by 45 feet.*



New York

Barry Le Va
P.S. 1 (Long Island City)

Barry Le Va's new installation for P.S. 1 is a triumph. Through this single piece, entitled *Gyroscope Roulette: Sketching the Possibilities*, 1982, which fills an otherwise moribund gymnasium, Le Va has coordinated a selection of fragmented elements, plastic spheres, particle board, and 2 x 12's into a geometric landscape that seeks not to define the existing space nor to be defined by it, but to expose his field of

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The New York Times

ARTS AND LEISURE

Section 2

Sunday, February 24, 1980

CRITIC'S VIEW

JOHN RUSSELL

Art in Unexpected Places

It is the law of life in this country that if you don't like it where you are you get up and go someplace else. The option in question is lifelong. It applies to the boy who is too bright for his local school, and it also applies to the senior citizen who no longer has reason to be anywhere in particular. In Europe, moving house is regarded as a sign of instability. In America it stands for vitality, initiative and self-renewal.

So much is this taken for granted in American life that Americans have never felt the need to give it a name. But in the art world, and over the last 10 years or so, it has come to take a particular form, and that form has been given a particular name. People speak of "the alternative space" for art and for artists. By this they mean something that was badly needed but had never before been so neatly defined.

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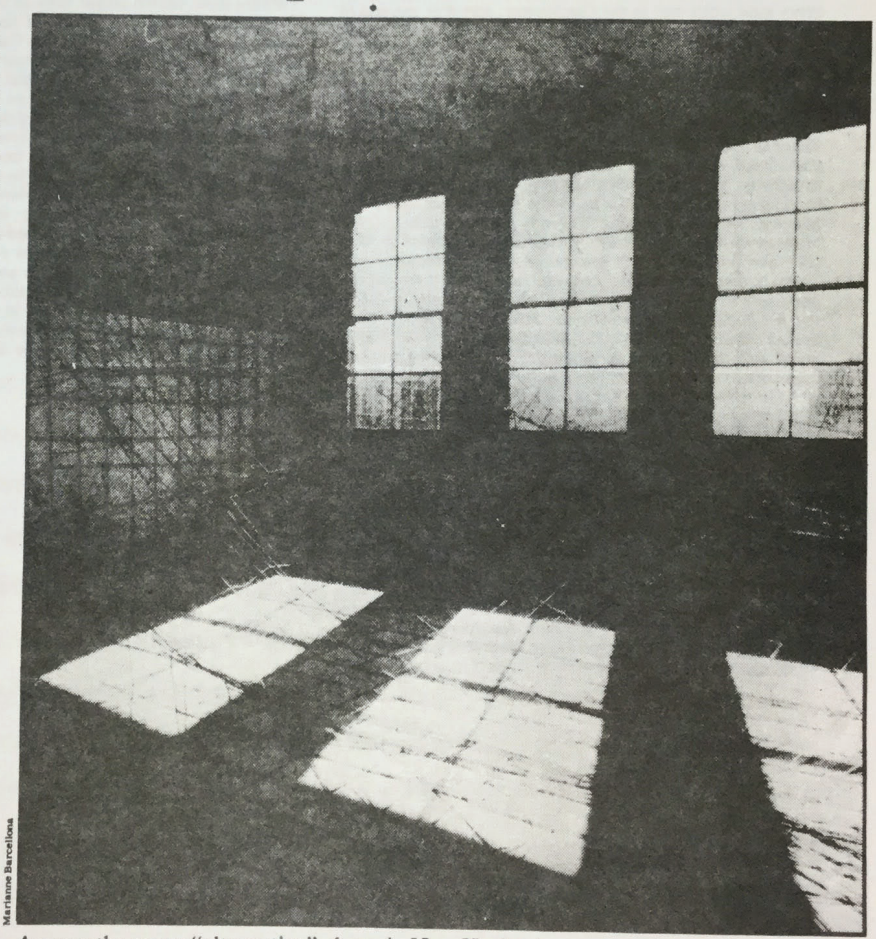
The alternative space is here to stay. It can be many things: where the artist lives, where he makes his work, where he shows his work. It can also be where he leaves his work behind him forever. What these places have in common is that they are not where tradition placed art, and placed the artist, before World War II. The house is not a house, the studio is not a studio, the gallery is not a gallery. And the reason for this is not necessarily that artists dislike or disdain the traditional house, studio or gallery. It is more likely to be that these things are either out of reach or out of style, and that the alternative space has turned into the imperative space.

This is a worldwide phenomenon. Europe is full of cities which, if not destroyed during World War II, were predicated on industrial systems that are now obsolete. Every such city has its alternative spaces, and it wasn't long before artists got around to using them. In Kassel, Germany, where World War II left some particularly spectacular ruins, the international exhibition called "Documenta" has been held for many years in beat-up buildings of great distinction in which only minimal reconstruction work has been undertaken. In London in the 1960's artists by the score found working spaces in a huge deserted warehouse building on the river Thames called St. Katherine's Dock. In Vienna, some of the best artists in town have working spaces on the perimeter of a track where trotting horses go flying by seven mornings a week. Even in Moscow, and even in Leningrad, the alternative space is a way of life.

In New York City the alternative space has as its most conspicuous representative the formerly derelict school building called P.S.1, which stands at 46-01 21st Street in Long Island City. P.S.1 is a gigantic building, executed in red brick in a style miscalled "Romanesque" by its admirers. It was put into approximate shape by the Institute for Art and Urban Resources. As of now and through April 6 it has on view a survey of Afro-American abstraction, curated by April Kingsley; a series of special project rooms in which a total of 19 artists (some of them very good indeed) will take part; a multi-disciplinary program, and a series of Sunday video presentations. P.S.1 is open on Thursdays through Sundays from 1 P.M. to 6 P.M. and anyone who wants to know the meaning of the words "alternative space" need look no further for freshman orientation.

Within Manhattan itself the Clocktower at 108 Leonard Street, just south of Canal, has the structural oddity that marks the authentic alternative space. The elevator gives out some way from

Continued on Page 27



Marianne Barcellona

Among the many "alternative" places in New York where art works are displayed is P.S. 1, formerly a derelict school. Above, an environmental work by Brenda Miller.

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CRITIC'S VIEW

Art in Unexpected Places

Continued from Page 1

the top, the distant hum of municipal activity dies into the distance, and the clock tower itself might have prompted Ibsen's Master Builder to one of his more somber outbursts. But the experience is one with real heft behind it, work of every kind looks well in the Clocktower, and if at the end of your tour you can make it up the spiral staircase at the top you will be rewarded with some of the world's finer metropolitan views.

There are many other alternative spaces in Manhattan. There is, for instance, the building at 105 Hudson Street in which Helene Winer and others have been active since 1972. There is the Association of Artist-Run Galleries, which in SoHo itself includes the Amos Eno, the Phoenix, the Westbroadway, the Prince Street and the Ward-Nasse galleries, to mention only a few. There is the Kitchen for Video and Music at 59 Wooster Street. There is Marcia Tucker's New Museum at 65 Fifth Avenue, which since it opened in May 1977 has lived up to its somewhat presumptuous name. There is a veteran artists' cooperative at 55 Mercer Street, and there are also cooperatives of women artists: notably, the A.I.R. Gallery at 97 Wooster Street and SoHo 20 at 99 Spring Street. There are other galleries, and other spaces of a less well-defined sort, in which art can be shown quite independently of the market place as it is generally conceived.

There is, indeed, a larger sense in which the whole of Manhattan can be considered as one huge alternative space in which one or two conventional spaces find a grudging acceptance. Doubtless there are in Manhattan one or two surviving studio houses in the old grand sense, but real artists are more likely to be found living in a disused button factory, or in a savings bank in which the tellers have long ago said their last "And how would you like your money ?" There are still some grand dealers' galleries in the European style, with buttoned velvet sofas, rubber plants all over the lobby, security men bulging at the door and eleven millionaires on hold in the inner office. If what you are after is an Old Master painting or a newly discovered bust which just might be by Bernini, you may well feel that older art needs older ways and is not seen at its best in an automobile showroom that went out of business around the time when the Ford Motor Company thought up the Edsel.

• • •

But the art of our own time is another matter. New York has been used to the alternative space ever since the Armory Show of 1913. And ever since Alfred Stieglitz opened his little gallery at 291 Fifth Avenue, well before 1914, New Yorkers have known better than to be taken in by outward show when it comes to the art of their own time. When it comes to dealing in living art, Leo Castelli by universal consent has no equal. But he has never found it necessary to have an inner office in which to box himself away with favored clients. (He has his own ways of dealing with a bore, but ducking out of sight is not one of them.)

Besides, it is not only art that benefits by the alternative space in New York. We no longer find it odd that very good theater can sometimes be found in churches. Some of the best chamber music to be heard downtown has been at the Paula Cooper Gallery in Wooster Street. Merce Cunningham and his dance company happen to be at the City Center Theater this week, but those who regard Cunningham as creativity personified are used to seeing him and his company everywhere but in a conventional theater. And what is our threatened free Shakespeare in Central Park, and our threatened free concerts by the New York Philharmonic all over the city in summer, if not the use of alternative space on an exceptional scale?

• • •

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ARCHITECTURE PROGRAM

The Institute has always been concerned with the mutually influential relationship between architecture and visual arts. In the Architecture Program at P.S. 1 individuals or teams of architects are given the opportunity to present, in an exhibition format, their experiments with space. The object of the program is to promote experimental and creative architectural designs beyond the confines of conventional, commercial constructions. Although many artists are creating work in the realm of "non-functional architecture" (i.e. model building etc.) it is the Institute's policy in the multi-disciplinary program to show only professionals in the specific field. While "non-functional architecture" has appeared in the special project rooms, the architecture program has had shows only by practicing professionals. However, these architects sometimes choose to present their work in photographs, as models, architectural sculpture or as drawings which establishes a distinctive link between professional architects and the tools of other visual artists.

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MULTI-DISCIPLINARY PROGRAM AT
P.S. 1: ARCHITECTURE

December 3, 1978 - January 21, 1979

DIANA AGREST AND MARIO GANDELSONAS, curated by Lindsey Stamm Shapiro

April 22 - June 10, 1979

MELVIN CHARNEY, curated by Lindsey Stamm Shapiro

April 27 - June 15, 1980

BERNARD TSCHUMI

ROBERT MANGURIAN AND CRAIG HODGETSS, curated by Lindsey Stamm Shapiro

September 28 - November 9, 1980

LARS LERUP, curated by Lindsey Stamm Shapiro

December 7, 1980 - January 25, 1981

RED ROOF, curated by Lindsey Stamm Shapiro

April 26 - June 14, 1981

COY HOWARD, curated by Lindsey Stamm Shapiro

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April 4 - May 30, 1982

MARC BLANE, curated by Ronald Lynch

KEVIN WALZ, curated by Ronald Lynch

January 16 - March 13, 1983

ARCHITECTURE OF THE '60's, curated by Andrew MacNair

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DANCE PROGRAM

P.S. 1 serves a unique function within the dance community by offering choreographers the opportunity to create and present work within an organized thematic festival each spring. Multi-disciplinary and collaborative in nature, the projects often involve dancers working with visual artists and composers. An added attraction of the dance program is P.S. 1's 4,500 square foot auditorium. Unobstructed by pillars, with 25 foot high ceilings, wood floors, and twenty large windows, it is one of the largest such spaces in New York City. The auditorium is ideal for performances in the Spring and rehearsal in the Summer (when P.S. 1 is closed to the public). Weekend performances generally attract audiences of 400 people and are reviewed by major dance critics. Although a new program, dance at P.S. 1 is recognized by New York City's large and diverse dance community.

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MULTI-DISCIPLINARY PROGRAM AT
P.S. 1: DANCE

December 3, 1978 - January 21, 1979

HARRY'S DANCE COMPANY, directed by Senta Driver, with sculpture by Carol Parker

May 9 - 10, 1981

DANCETEXTFLASH FESTIVAL, curated by Jane Comfort, William Dunas, Marjorie Gamso and Tim Miller, with:

Elena Alexander
Sally Bowden
Johanna Boyce
Jane Comfort
Blondell Cummings
Charles Dennis
William Dunas
Kathy Duncan
Marjorie Gamso
Kenneth King
Danny Lepkoff
Carolyn Lord
Cindy Lubar
Tim Miller
Lix Pasquale
Wendy Perron
Jim Self
Christina Svane
Nancy Tops

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May 8, 9, 15, 16, 1982

PARANARRATIVE FESTIVAL, curated by Jane Comfort, William Dunas, and Marjorie Gamso, with:

John Bernd	Johanna Boyce
Yoshiko Chuma	Jane Comfort
Blondell Cummings	Charles Dennis
William Dunas	Kathy Duncan
Margaret Fisher	Marjorie Gamso
Pooh Kaye	Kenneth King
Danny Lepkoff	Tim Miller
Wendy Perron	Marta Renzi
Susan Salinger	Christina Svane
Dianne Torr	Stephanie Woodward

April 23, 24, 30, May 1, 7, 8, 14, 15, 21, 22, June 4, 1983

DANCE ENVIRONMENTS, Co-curators: Barry Laine and Judy Padow

Jeff McMahon with Lucy Hemmendinger

Vicki Shick with Naomi Dickerson

Pooh Kaye with Catherine Kearnan

Jane Goldberg with Fred Wilson

Leslie-Jane Pessemier with Mark Kloth and Eric Valinsky

John Bernd with Beth Lapides

Risa Jaroslow with John Burris and Cathy Weis

Elizabeth Streb with Danita Geltner

Ishmael Houston-Jones

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Lisa Nelson

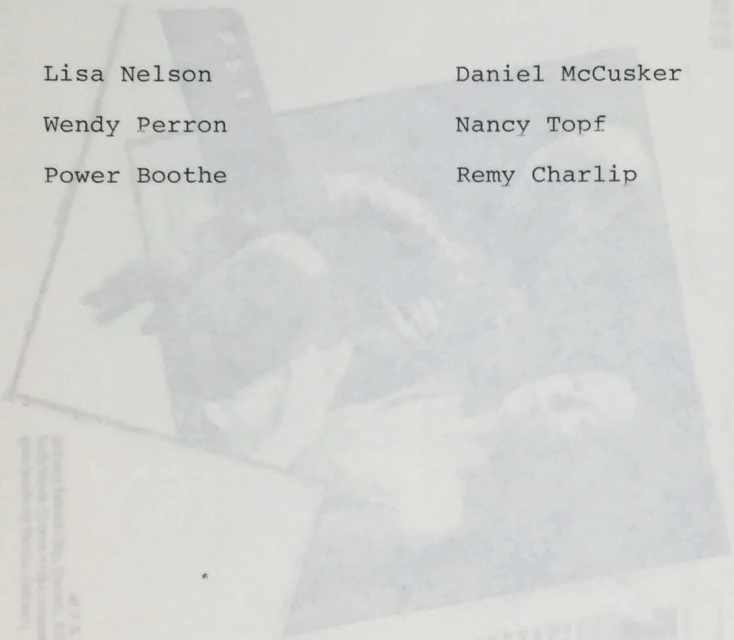
Wendy Perron

Power Boothe

Daniel McCusker

Nancy Topf

Remy Charlip



The Weekend
The New York Times
New Arts Flourish in New Spaces

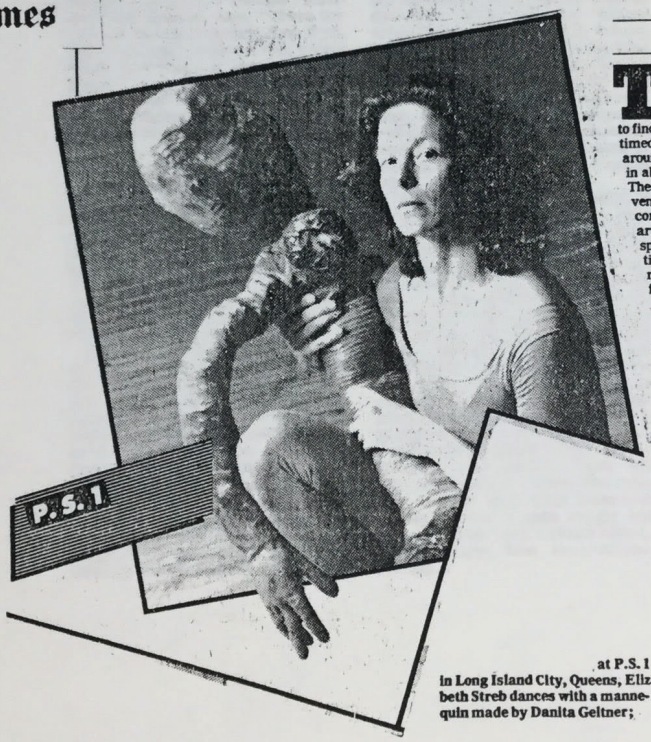
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THE NEW YORK TIMES, FRIDAY, MAY 6, 1983

Weekend
The New York Times

New Arts Flourish in New Spaces



at P.S. 1 in Long Island City, Queens, Elizabeth Streb dances with a mannequin made by Danita Geltner;

By JENNIFER DUNNING

THERE was once a time when you went to galleries for paintings, to theaters for plays and to concert halls for music. But now it's possible to find all of those under one roof in the multimedia arts centers that have sprung up around New York over the last decade or so in abandoned schools and industrial sites. These places are almost defiantly unconventional in appearance, full of surprising corners and shapes, places where new art can be born and perhaps develop. A spring weekend may be one of the best times to explore them, since the surrounding neighborhoods also tend to be full of interest.

Many of these spaces were founded with a vision, often one of providing work and exhibition room and technical assistance to new or neglected artists. They added art forms as they developed, in a process analogous to the performance art many of them present. Performance art — most often the act of its creator alone — got its start with the Futurists early in the 20th century, and is now in one of its periodic revivals. Performance Art is the essence of the multimedia approach. Incorporating any number of media, it is "like a painting or a piece of sculpture that extends out from the static into something that moves," as Robert Browning, director of the Alternative Museum in TriBeCa, puts it. "It is the visual art moving off the wall and into the arena."

The biggest and most exuberantly wide-ranging of these centers is the seven-year-old P.S. 1 at 46-01 21st Street in Long Island City, Queens, a five-minute walk from 45th Road, Court House Square, on the IRT's No. 7 line. It is run by the Institute for Art and Urban Resources, which started life as an organization devoted to salvaging unused spaces throughout the city for artists' studios and exhibitions.

There are 33 studios at P.S. 1, as well as a big first-floor exhibition center, a floorful of "special project" rooms and a huge, airy auditorium on the third or top floor. (P.S. 1 is open Thursdays through Sundays from 1 to 6 P.M. Admission to this weekend's dance performance is $4.) Information: 784-2084.)

P.S. 1 regularly presents art in multiple forms, and offers work space to many of their practitioners. This weekend two art forms will come together in a program in the center's "Dance Environments" series of collaborative events by choreographers and visual artists, with Barry Laine and Judy Padow as curators. Seven artists — the choreographers John Bernd, Elizabeth Streb and Risa Jaroslow and the visual artists Beth Lapides, Danita Geltner, John Burns and Cathy Weis — will be represented in performances that start at 3 P.M. tomorrow and Sunday. You can hardly visit the center for only one

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Spaces Where New Arts Flourish

Continued From Page C1

event. Doors along the hallway outside the auditorium open onto studios the size of ballrooms and broom closets, which will be open to visitors tomorrow from 1 to 4 P.M. The special projects may be seen in a similar variety of rooms one flight below, and Keith Sonnier is the subject of a show in the big, first-floor exhibition center.

"That's one of the most exciting things about P.S. 1," Thomas Finkelpearl, its director, says. "There are all these little audiences in New York. Here, one little audience sees everything. And that's a purpose of the place."

But it's also impossible not to feel a sense of adventure, exploring this remarkable building. It is a former public school — the center's name refers to that previous existence and also stands for "Project Studios One" — which was built in 1888 and was abandoned in the 1960's, when the residential neighborhood became heavily industrial. There are telltale signs of its past in odd-scale fixtures and admonitory signs. Some rooms are a luminous expanse of white, others a color weave of flaking paint and exposed structural materials.

Walk into one room, and you might tumble into a magical environment like Robert Younger's "Nidification," two huge, lighted archetypal structures that make the space seem intimate and that invite all kinds of interpretive private fantasies. In another room, an artist sits oblivious to onlookers, patching together a universe out of colorful debris. Up in the auditorium, dancers touch, circle, crawl through and wreck the objects in whose world they move, then pack them up and walk away, while beyond the room's big windows a squat landscape beckons, peopled by distant billboards and water towers in a silence punctuated by a far-off train whistle.

In Downtown Brooklyn

The Downtown Cultural Center of the Brooklyn Arts and Culture Association, at 111 Willoughby Street, which opened in 1978, has something of the rakish charm of P.S. 1. That charm is owed in part to the center's adventurous policies and in part to the brightly decorated little two-story former school building in which it is housed, in the center of bustling, heterogenous downtown Brooklyn. Vivid murals are everywhere, and two important stops on a tour should be the women's restroom, for Susan Share's freewheeling wall paintings, and at the Matisselike panel in the front hallway, created by children of the Brooklyn Friends School.

"We're here to expose Brooklyn to the arts and the Brooklyn arts community to the public," Greta Gunderson, director of the center, says. This weekend, it will be possible to see "London-New York: Artists View the City," a new exhibition of work by British and American artists that is part of the "Britain Salutes New York" festival, and "Dem Bums: Brooklynites Remember," a salute to the Brooklyn Dodgers, which opens tonight at 6 with a show of Dodger memorabilia and an 8 o'clock celebrity-night tribute to the late Gil Hodges.

In the theater space upstairs, Susie Schneider and Danitra Vance will offer an evening of comedy and cabaret tomorrow at 8. (The Downtown Cultural Center is open tonight and tomorrow from 1 to 8. Cabaret tickets, $4; exhibitions, free. Reservations: 596-2222.)

Louis Abrons Center

The granddaddy of all multidisciplinary centers is the Henry Street Settlement, which was founded in 1893 as a wide-ranging social-service institution for immigrants on the Lower East Side. One of those services was making the arts accessible, through performances and classes in theater, the visual arts and dance.

This weekend, it will be possible to see the visual arts and theater at the settlement's appealingly functional Louis Abrons Arts for Living Center, 466 Grand Street on the corner of Pitt Street. This weekend, the work of Hispanic artists will be on view in the center's gallery spaces in "Portraits of People, Places and Things," part of an exchange exhibition with El Grupo Morivivi, a collective in East Harlem.

The Abrons Center is also the home of the New Federal Theater, which is presenting Nicholas Biel's "Wilderness of Shur," a play about Jews and blacks working together just after the Civil War, in the pretty Harry DeJur Henry Street Playhouse tonight through Sunday at 7:30 P.M. "Trio," three one-act plays by Bill Harris, will be performed at the second of the center's three theater spaces, tonight through Sunday at 7:30 P.M. (Galleries open Tuesday through Saturday, 1 to 6 P.M. Admission, free. Play tickets are $5 (Theater Development Fund vouchers accepted). Information: 598-0400.)

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In fact, bipedalism helped create natural selection for brain development: tool use and linguistics followed afoot. Paleoanthropology has thus given a perfect rationale to people who imagine a more fundamental truth to be found in movement and distrust language as deceptive and baroque. On the other hand, we can learn to "read" the rhetoric of movement, too, opening a question as to which form of expression tells the more vivid — or excruciating — stories. "Dance/Text," a recent two-day festival of 18 choreographers at P.S. 1 in Queens, was a chance to look at the problems of associating words with bodies in space — and to experience at least a few temporary solutions.

Post-modern dance has always included the spoken word, but "Dance/Text" was a particularly timely event, given the larger resurgence of cultural interest in the expressivity and content of language, especially in the visual arts and music. In dance, words have appeared as the body's metaphysical supplement, spurred by the motive that has inspired most changes in urban art — boredom with genre — and a typically urban definition of human beings: "bodies that use language," as Kenneth Burke put it. Kenneth King is a major figure in all this, and he was in P.S. 1's cavernous third-floor gallery, a prancing sci-fi cartoon generating spontaneous thought balloons for his own kinesthetic philosophy.

But the more common strategy was one that is in some ways easier to handle: language (taped prose) as a parallel rhythmic event, suggesting both movement and meaning. Marjorie Gamso and Scott Caywood's *Hotel Macbeth* celebrated dance's ineffability using the words of William Shakespeare — "life's but a walking shadow," etc. — and Gamso's own repetitive taped comments, on the same curiously Beckettian theme. Christina Svane danced a quiet eulogy to the late Michael Bloomfield's taped rap about the Chicago music scene, and created her own kind of spacious, empty-hearted blues.

Language often served as pure sound, an audio ambience for the audience's shifting attention: Nancy Topf's *One Day*, starring six delightfully rambunctious little girls, used a repetitive piano score by Topf and overlapping tapes of parataxic kids' stories: "and then . . . and then. . . ." The texts in Wendy Perron's *A Sstoryry: Impossible to Tell* were also difficult to follow, but they were intelligent and direct and made you want to pay attention. Watching dancer Harry Sheppard — one of the best improvisers around — I completely lost the thread of Perron's videotaped narratives; in a linguistic culture, we may tend to shop for our primary meanings in words, but we also like to go with the most immediate thing happening.

Most of the work was abstract and non-representational, acknowledging that "when you say cart, a cart has already come through your mouth," as Zeno the Stoic had it. When you say cart and you bother to bring a cart onstage, you're probably doing theater. The best of the dance/theater hybrids was Blondell Cummings' *Chicken Soup — A Work-in-Progress Dedicated to the Families in Atlanta*, which found a vivid balance between abstract, emotional movement studies and common sense texts by Grace Paley, Pat Steir and *The Settlement Cookbook*. Cummings' work was politically ennobling, made me think of the main critique of language in the '60s theater, which wanted to abolish the word because of its function as an agent of social manipulation. Duncan's humorless vision of human cooperation involved 10 people quietly ordering each other around — "Mindy, walk around the block. John, take a break." Just like Moonie day camp.

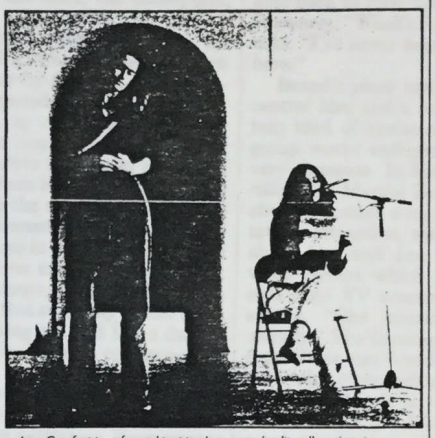
Most choreographers took a less positivist view of language's potential for instruction, and played with structural analogies: a weak example would be Carolyn Lord's cutesy low-budget comedy *May Day Group Images*, in which she balanced and said "budget," fell and said "wages," spiraled and said "prices." Repetition was another common device, often taken to excess. On the other hand, Jim Self used three repeated words to preface the three sections of *Vocabulary Lessons, Part II: Goose on a Sidewalk*. The words were "hey," "one" and "goose."

American poets from Whitman to Williams and Olson and beyond have been predisposed to finding holistic connections between words and movement, but few people here seemed concerned with poetry, period. Charles Dennis struggled to maintain the self-image of a small-time Lower East Side hustler shifting in his "exercise mode"; Danny Lepkoff literally lay on his back and said "ah" for most of his half hour. Kenneth King, in his improvised dance/talk, pointed out that language is a function of the left hemisphere of the brain, and visual-spatial concepts of the right.

The big problem I find with talking dancers is that it's often not clear either why they're talking or why they're dancing. Sign language is a formalist solution to the problem. Jane Comfort used a text as literal choreography, deaf-signing Gertrude Stein and the traditional hymn, "Amazing Grace." Wendy Perron invented her own signing system for two sections of *Sstoryry*, and they were as legible and beautiful as Comfort's codified vocabulary.

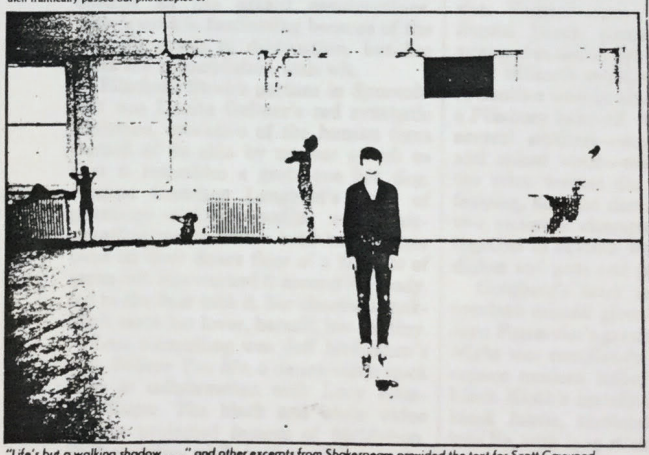
An example of a more open and exacerbated synergy was Tim Miller's *postwar*, which began with Miller, wordless and vulnerable, listening to a hilarious taped conversation he'd had with his mother that morning — Mother's Day. He then frantically passed out photocopies of his birth certificate; a taped voice announced "the end of the Second World War," and Miller spray-painted "Tim" on his chest. A second man entered with a lawn mower as Miller ran desperately around the space, explaining its possible organization as a performance arena.

Postwar worked. Yet oddly, the most successful performance was the most simple and conventional: Johanna Boyce, in *Only Connect . . .*, balanced, rolled and articulated her hands as she told a moving story of a friend, Ricardo, who is now missing in El Salvador, interpolated with the story of her brother's crippling accident and subsequent death. Ricardo wanted to use his degree in electrical engineering against the State; Boyce decided at the same time to become a choreographer. Her dancing was an unspoken yet equally articulate story; you didn't know which "language" she needed to use the most. •



Jane Comfort transformed text to choreography, literally, using sign language: she presented Sign Story *(seen here in rehearsal) and Marjorie Gamso read the accompanying text*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NATHANIEL TILESTON



"Life's but a walking shadow . . ." and other excerpts from Shakespeare provided the text for Scott Caywood (pictured) and Marjorie Gamso's Hotel Macbeth

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Voice June 7, 1983

Visual Fitness

By Amanda Smith

DANCE ENVIRONMENTS/CHOREOGRAPHERS AND VISUAL ARTISTS COLLABORATE. At Institute for Art and Urban Resources at P.S. 1, 784-2084 (April 23 to June).

The most satisfying pieces to emerge from the first three programs of P.S. 1's "Dance Environment" series—collaborations between choreographers and visual artists—were, by and large, by choreographers dancing solo in some relation to the visual artists' work. I suspect the success had to do with focus and control: the fewer the dancers, the less theatrical elements there were to organize in a space that's not really rigged for total theatrical control—the vaguely cavernous white auditorium with its bleacher seats, its black plastic window shades, and its primitive lighting. Despite the seemingly unwieldy space, solos can work well here, but the success of a piece, of course, depends on the quality of the work, the conception, the rendering.

Vicki Shick's *Liquid Frame* was set amid Naomi Dickerson's green wooden structure of four-by-fours, in an arrangement that suggested the bare bones of a house's frame; to one side two pillars evoked a front door, a gate. In a disjunctive, fluid style influenced by Trisha Brown, with whom Shick now works, she danced through the rooms of Dickerson's house, her movement full of odd, delicate weight shifts. Late in the dance, she sat on the single platform in the set, put one leg up, peeled an orange, and sang along with a pop love song that suddenly welled up in the silence, looking not just like a dancer on a rehearsal break, but a contemporary muse.

In quite another mood was Pooh Kaye's *The River Sticks*. While Shick is a gently glamorous performer, Kaye creates the world of a compulsive, violent, primitive child—a female wild child. Catherine Kernan's design consisted of long strips of lathing, precariously balanced to create tepees, and here and there in the space small arches stood like the ribs of a calf. Kaye began with sticks of lathing, raising them into the air, crashing them to the floor until they splintered apart, and then moved on to eventually destroy all the extant constructions. Kaye's work is fascinating because of the way she revels in destruction, but her tasks are accomplished with wit.

Elizabeth Streb's partner in *Spaceobject* was Danita Geltner's red synthetic sculpture, evocative of the human form burned of its skin by nuclear attack so that it resembles a grotesque hot dog. Against Gretchen Langheld's score of gruntings and foreboding electronic-sounding music, Streb held her partner close on their dance floor of a triangle of green felt. She worked it around her body, fell to the floor with it, her closeness making it seem her lover, herself, her destiny.

Less compelling was Jeff McMahon's solo, *Believe You Me*, a dance/video work done in collaboration with Lucy Hemmendinger. The black and white video screens projected images of McMahon, often running, while he danced live in the space—but the work as a whole seemed long-winded and slightly tedious.

Of the group pieces, the most successful was John Bernd's *Little America*, which took its title from a Wyoming gas station/motel/coffee shop. Three men danced and talked in the space while Beth Lapides bathed them in projections of cars, stick figures, crayoning. Their movement was loose-limbed, legs and arms swinging wide, here and there a leap or a propulsion into off balance, their movement set to Arthur Russell's sitar-sounding music. Bernd heartily mimicked an evangelist, and all the men told stories of encounters with other men and women on the road. The most touching, and the last, was Bernd's—stopping once by a quonset hut with two gas tanks on a dirt road somewhere in Little America, with the dogs asleep on the porch, Bernd was greeted by a young man who asked if he'd ever been to New York, Los Angeles, San Francisco; "What's it like there?" the man asks. "I've never been anywhere else but here."

Bernd's piece had the advantage of a central idea and a controlling eye, a certain kind of statement made, but other group works suffered the lack of those very elements. In Risa Jaroslow's *Guerrilla War*, Martha Roth did a monologue about a woman, a car, sexuality, confrontation, attraction, while Jaroslow moved about her, and Jon Burris handheld a video camera which projected their images onto TV screens. Best item: Roth saying, "She exorcised and dressed warmly." The dancing in Jaroslow's *Duet from Home* was overshadowed by Catherine Weis's video (edited by Jaroslow) of a middle-aged man in a Greek fisherman's hat—maybe a cab driver—at the wheel of a car, laughing, singing, rolling his eyes, telling stories. We never heard his voice on the silent video, but the vitality in his face overwhelmed the movement in the darkened space. Likewise, Weis's video of elderly women at toilette, the flesh sagging sadly from their arms, dominated the group dancing in *Shuttle*.

While the emphasis was on postmodernist choreographers, two other genres were included in the collaborative series. Tapper Jane Goldberg's *Found Sound* began promisingly—Goldberg wrapped in tinfoil, lying on a ramp, part of Fred Wilson's multileveled set, speaking to another woman about preparations for a Pillsbury bake-off. Although there were several surfaces—wood, plastic, metal, and miked wood—neither Goldberg nor the other woman did any real sustained tapping, and the dance deteriorated into two eccentric characters being eccentric together in obvious ways—slinging about dishes and pots and pans.

Goldberg's work seemed largely improvised around given props, but Leslie-Jane Pessemier's group piece, *Behind the Night* was completely rendered in a European modern ballet style. Set against Mark Kloth's installation of transparent black fabric, stretched and suspended into Vs, with long sticks between the ceiling and the fabric—a lovely tension between the manmade and the natural—the dance actually took its cue from Eric Valinsky's angst-ridden piano score. Pessemeir's choreography was full of risings and falls, of writhings, of people who hold their ears painfully, of highly stylized dancing. Pessemeir was sitting behind me, and I barely squelched the urge to turn to her and beg, "*Please* don't look at any more Glen Tetley." ■

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DANCE FESTIVAL AT P.S. 1

By SUSAN REITER

Dance Environments, the series currently being presented at P.S. 1 in Long Island City, was created to encourage collaboration between choreographers and visual artists. Extending through six weekends, it offers work by choreographers ranging from post-moderns to representatives of the tap dance and ballet worlds.

The variety and the cross-fertilization between distinct art forms are in keeping with P.S. 1's mission. The former public school, abandoned in the 1960s and reopened in its current incarnation in 1976, has made its numerous ample spaces available to artists and performers and seems to encourage imaginative and innovative projects.

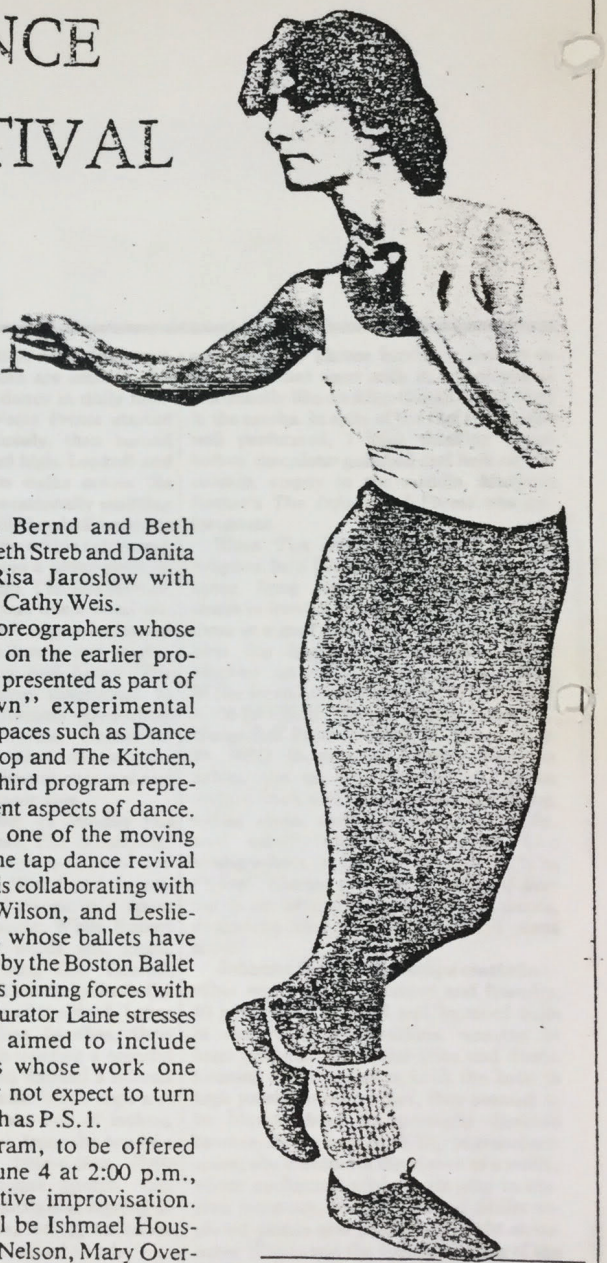
Dance has been featured every now and then, as performers have been drawn to the expansive rooms and the experimentation which P.S. 1 inspires. Senta Driver presented a collaboration with sculptor Carol Parker there in 1979, and last year a series entitled "Paranarrative Dance" generated lively discussions and arguments as to whether such an identifiable form did indeed exist and, if so, just what it all means.

The "Dance Environments" series was conceived by the art center, and the task of planning the programs was assigned to co-curators Barry Laine and Judy Padow. The choreographers all received commissions to create collaborative works; the visual artists were either selected by the choreographers or suggested by the curators. The aim of the series, according to Laine, is that "the pieces should somehow reflect an interaction between the two art forms."

The series began April 23 with a program shared by three choreographers: Jeff McMahon, Vicki Shick, and Pooh Kaye, whose collaborating visual artists were Luch Hemmendinger, Naomi Dickerson, and Catherine Kearman. A second program included collaborations between John Bernd and Beth Lapides, Elizabeth Streb and Danita Geltner, and Risa Jaroslow with John Burris and Cathy Weis.

While the choreographers whose work appeared on the earlier programs are often presented as part of the "downtown" experimental dance scene at spaces such as Dance Theater Workshop and The Kitchen, the two on the third program represent very different aspects of dance. Jane Goldberg, one of the moving forces behind the tap dance revival of recent years, is collaborating with sculptor Fred Wilson, and Leslie-Jane Pessemier, whose ballets have been performed by the Boston Ballet and Joffrey II, is joining forces with Eric Valinsky. Curator Laine stresses that the series aimed to include choreographers whose work one would normally not expect to turn up in a space such as P.S. 1.

A final program, to be offered on Saturday, June 4 at 2:00 p.m., will be a collective improvisation. The dancers will be Ishmael Houston-Jones, Lisa Nelson, Mary Overlie, Wendy Perron, and Daniel McCusker. The collaborating visual artists will be Remy Charlip, Powers Boothe, and Barry Ledoux. For this program, Laine explains, "the focus is to expose the collaborative process. The interaction will happen on the spot."



Curator Judy Padow.

P.S. 1 is located at 46-01 21st Street in Long Island City. Information on the series can be obtained by calling 784-2084.

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The Village Voice, June 8, 1982

ParaReview

By Sally R. Sommer

PARANARRATIVE DANCE FESTIVAL. At P. S. 1 (May 8 to 16). Works by Susan Salinger, Marta Renzi, Danny Lepkoff, Margaret Fisher, Jane Comfort, Marjorie Gamso, Tim Miller, Johanna Boyce.

"ParaNarrative" is some word. I don't know what it means, but I've got a ballpark definition taken from the press release put out by P.S. 1. Apparently, choreographers who work paraNarratively are "rethinking the referential import of movement and gesture." There you have it, and it sounds like dance to me. The festival was a grab-bag of dance and text, and much of it was quite wonderful. It ran for two consecutive weekends, and out of 20 choreographers I saw eight.

Susan Salinger's *Untitled* was splendidly messy, very much like events of the '60s. The entire floor of the performing space was covered in plastic drop cloths—and for good reason. While two men carried around a huge blank white canvas, two readers ploughed through bad porn ("his hot member in a dark nest of hair") or essays on grammar and linguistics. Valiant readers, they continued onwards, in spite of the fact that a group of happy people threw custard-like paint at them. Hot pink and cool blue color covered everything, splatted satisfyingly, forcing the performers to slip and slide across the colorful pools like slow-motion skaters.

After a long cleanup, Marta Renzi's *For the Love of Working* (excerpt) began, and the opening quartet was a casual and sensual interplay of everyday gesture and dance for two couples. When she's on target, Renzi sets up dancerly and virtuosic moves (like a quick turn and long reach with the arm) which she transforms into everyday gesture by bringing the hand close in for examination of a fingernail, perhaps. The transitions are smooth and creamy, a treasure of dance in daily life.

Danny Lepkoff's *Voice Prints* started turgidly and pretentiously, then turned itself around and ended high. Lepkoff and Carol Swann did slow walks across the floor for a long time, occasionally emitting prolonged howls. Finally Lepkoff began to move fast, and in one incredible maneuver, practically levitated from a prone position on his back to a high flip. The last section, created by Polare Levine, was a vocal trio of crazed sounds, a scat improvisation of sneezes, coughs, hums, howls, and singing that was extraordinary and funny. The audience switched from disinterest to fascination as the performers cranked up their sound, accompanying themselves with strained gestures—the kind you make midscream just as the breath runs out and you get forced up on your toes.

The second weekend on Sunday was terrific. Margaret Fisher, Tim Miller, and Johanna Boyce's pieces were unusual and exciting. Fisher's *The Shot* fused American sign language and dance in a spare work of rare visual beauty. While Robert Ashley's mesmerizing words and music slipped around the ears, Sue Yabroff, Fisher, and Margaret Ransom spoke in the elegant silent language of the deaf. Lying on tiny clear plexiglass benches, their heads towards us, each wearing a colorful hat, Fisher and Ransom flanked a minute table on its side, set with black cups and saucers. The illusion was one of looking down on a coffee *klatch* from the top of a very high building. Tête-a-tête, their hands wove in eloquent speech. Sue Yabroff knelt on her plexiglass, signing in larger looping gestures, letting us in on that quiet world of visualized words.

Jane Comfort moves with the grace of a cat—but I found *Three Excerpts from Stereoptical Dept.* uninventive. Sometimes it was very neat and precise with each word or phrase having a gesture or sequence that went with it, sometimes it was exactly like an Afro-Cuban dance class in the samba. In spite of the fact that it was well performed, I kept thinking about hollow chocolate: polished and lush on the outside, empty in the middle. Marjorie Gamso's *The Infatuated Forest* was unfortunate.

Then Tim Miller and Barry (in the program he's BARRY) exploded into the space, flung open the windows, threw chairs in front of themselves and leapt over them in a mad race across the floor. Grabbing the huge rolling catwalk, Miller climbed up while Barry pushed, then Miller tossed out green fliers: "IDENTITY A MYSTERY: Youth 'Stops Growing,' Hangs Self From Tree" (*L.A. Times*, Mar. 28, 1975). Barry hung a swing from the ceiling, got on, and pumped up. Miller dodged back and forth around the swing, telling about childhood attempts to fly, and adult skydiving. Over the loudspeakers, a continuing loop of "I'm Flying!" blasted out. Miller's *Cost of Living* is an exhilarating wild-assed dance, dangerous and furiously funny. I want more.

Johanna Boyce's *Kinescope* created another world entirely. Grave and friendly, 10 performers skipped and bounced balls in elaborate configurations, weaving in huge patterns or smaller trios and duets. Leaning and swaying to hook the balls in high passes to each other, they seemed to be blown about by precisely directed breezes. Boyce has the ability to transform space; she transports the viewer to a reality where enchanted adolescents play in utopian harmony. Both Boyce and Miller explored games and play within tight structures. Theirs was the most satisfying of the performances I saw, capturing the exacting narrative, or, perhaps, paraNarrative, of childhood fantasy in intelligent dancing. ■

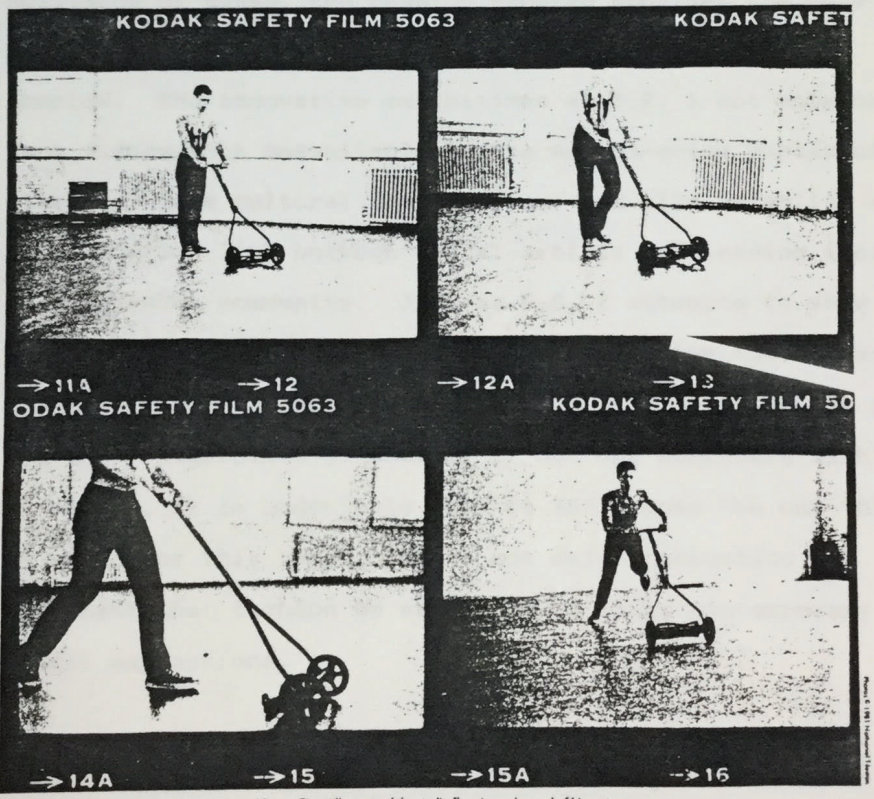
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TALK'S BODY

BY ROBERT COE

The reason we're smart and use language is because we move on two feet. A recent discovery of 3.5-million-year-old footprints in Tanzania indicates that our ancestors were fully upright eons before their brains got big.



After he announced the end of the Second World War, Tim Miller mowed the studio floor in a rehearsal of his postwar

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FASHION PROGRAM

In the fall of 1980, the Institute inaugurated an exhibition program of contemporary fashion designers. Organized by Hollywood Di Russo, the Fashion Program provides the only non-commericial showcase for living fashion designers in America. The innovative exhibitions at P.S. 1 not only present information unavailable to the museum-going public of other New York cultural institutions, but also establish a communication link between visual artists and leading innovators of the design community. Just as P.S. 1 attempts to show the correspondences between the arts by encouraging inter-disciplinary and multi-media endeavors, the fashion program is unique and unusual. Regardless of whether or not one considers fashion to be art, it is undeniable that it influences the way that we see. For this reason, it is not only interesting but important that fashion be seen next to other contemporary visual expressions.

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MULTI-DISCIPLINARY PROGRAM
AT P.S. 1: FASHION

September 28 - November 9, 1980
RONALD KOLODZIE, curated by Hollywood DiRusso

December 7 - January 15, 1980
JULIO, curated by Hollywood DiRusso

February 15 - April 5, 1981
ADRIAN SCOTT, curated by Hollywood DiRusso

October 17 - December 14, 1981
HOMER LAYNES' COLLECTION OF CHARLES JAMES' FASHIONS,
curated by Hollywood DiRusso

January 17 - March 14, 1982
WILLIE SMITH: "ART AS DAMAGED GOODS", curated by Hollywood DiRusso

April 4 - May 30, 1982
CATHY HARDWICK, MICHELE LAMY, CORINNE GUIBERT, REGINA
KRAVITZ and WILLIE SMITH, curated by Hollywood DiRusso, in
collaboration with the dancers in PARANARRATIVE FESTIVAL

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Fashion Under Glass

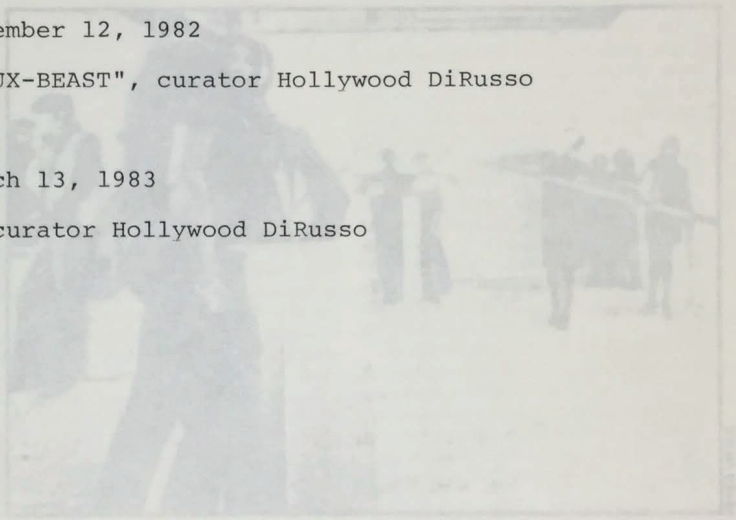
Clothes' New Role as Museum Pieces

October 17 - December 12, 1982

LLOYD ALLEN: "FAUX-BEAST", curator Hollywood DiRusso

January 16 - March 13, 1983

BETSEY JOHNSON, curator Hollywood DiRusso



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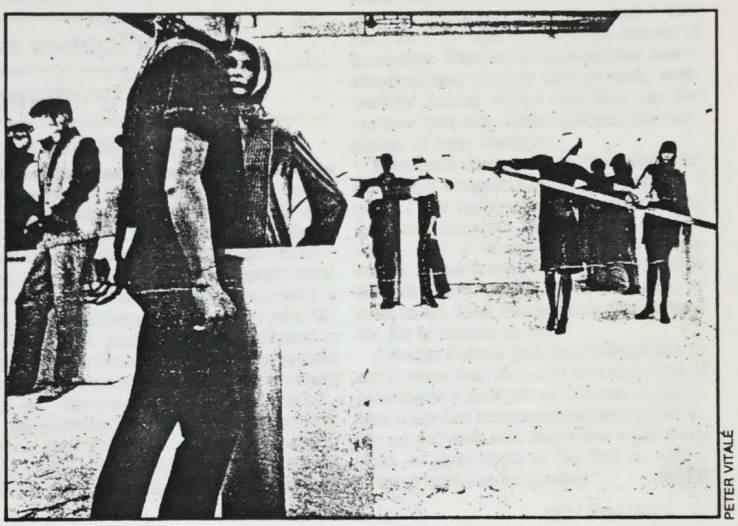
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"GENTLEMEN'S QUARTERLY," JANUARY 1981

PETER CARLSEN/SENIOR EDITOR

Fashion Under Glass

Clothes' New Role as Museum Pieces



PETER VITALE

Can a woman from Devine, Texas, find happiness as curator of the fashion program at a burgeoning center for alternate art—in Long Island City, New York? Well, if her name is Hollywood DiRusso and she's the offspring of a circus rubber lady and a race-car driver who lived in 35 states before settling in Devine, she probably can. Actually, DiRusso's family background may well be the reason behind her incredible mental and vocal agility. She seldom stops talking, speaking the kind of smart and funny dialogue the *other* Hollywood used to write into scripts about the fashion world, but which we'd thought was long gone from the real Seventh Avenue—if, indeed, it ever actually existed. And DiRusso is not only very much alive, but is out to give Diana Vreeland and the rest of the gang at the Metropolitan Museum of Art's Costume Institute a run for their money as New York's only fashion museum.

"Now, listen heah," says Hollywood DiRusso in her Sun Belt-inflected drawl, "the Metropolitan is for couture. Here's the setup: I was asked to be curator—and I didn't even know how to spell the word—of the fashion program at P.S. [Public School] 1, the Institute for Art and Urban Resources, which, as you know, is the alternate-space museum in Long Island City. It began as a place for artists to create as well as show their work, but has now expanded to include programs in architecture, photography, fashion and other disciplines. It's become a series of minimuseums." DiRusso delivered all that information to us in a rapid-fire monologue that sounded as if she were hyphenating her words. "Anyway, Alanna Heiss and Steve Reichert asked me to be curator for the first year, after which I'll hand over the reins to someone else—reluctantly, though. I mean, I was scared and not sure I wanted to do it at first, now I'm *hooked!*"

DiRusso's first problem was recognition, and it still is, somewhat. "When I first began calling around, people said, 'P.S. what? Your cat is dead.' Y'see, Mrs. Vreeland has all those little socialites working for her, since she's always flying off to Russia or Vienna. Not that any of those girls ever burn their bosoms over a typewriter. Not that I mind, 'cause, as I said before, we're a different kind of institution. What I'm out to do is let everyone know that investment dressing begins at a really modest level. I want everyone out there who's ever dressed from the Salvation Army, their attic or their best friend's 'I-was-going-to-throw-this-in-the-trash,-then-I-thought-of-you' generosity to know that there's a place where they can see their ingenuity on display. More than that, I want some of those socialites looking down from couture heaven in their stilettos and charmeuse to say, 'There really was a fashion alternative, and I never knew it.' I also want to prove that you *can* buy something wearable that approaches art for under $1000."

Accordingly, we might all intone Hooray for Hollywood! She's mounted the first of four exhibitions scheduled for this winter, a retrospective on the work of fashion designer Ronald Kolodzie *(above)*. It's three rooms of wonderfully evocative drawings, photographs and clothes, ranging from Kolodzie's childhood sketches of carnival costumes in San Antonio, where he grew up, through to the brilliant series of styles for men and women that he began designing in the late Sixties and early Seventies, which still look fresh, original and intelligent. But more of that later; Hollywood DiRusso is clamoring to be heard again.

"I want this museum to let everyone know that we're judged by our cover and that's O.K. I also want to show the work of *living* designers and prove that what's being made and worn today is as evocative as anything from the age of the Hapsburgs, or any other burg. I think every sane designer today realizes that he's working within the bounds of the practical, and that most of us work for a living. While we may want a few fabulous investments—such as a Kieselstein-Cord belt or Maud Frizon pumps—the point is really that we need well-thought-out purchasing. We all have less money, so I want the museum to help by showing that it's worth thinking carefully about what you buy. I don't want us to be the fashion 'B' unit in New York, either; we're going to be an 'A' production. I want funding, which we have zero of, right now. I think department stores would be crazy not to help us out. After all, if they're asking us to spend $5000 just for a few little nothings to get through the season, they can't expect us to set fire to our wardrobes once a year. So, they should encourage the promotion of fashion as an art form.

"So here we are in Long Island City, trying to tell people that they don't have to experience fashion at $500 a night, as they do at the Metropolitan Museum's big opening charity bashes. We're offering it for $1.20, the price of a roundtrip on the subway!" DiRusso isn't really as aggressively egalitarian as she sounds. She's willing to admit the fashion world is also filled with glamour, hype and dazzle.

▶▶▶

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Fashion's quicksilver nature also fascinates Hollywood DiRusso. "I love the phoenix quality of it all. Just because you die twice in the fashion business doesn't mean you can't come back again. I believe there's room for everyone in the big firmament of fame. We have a lot of neglected talent right here in this country. That's one of the areas I want to explore. Also, the idea of fashion making us feel things: important or silly, handsome or sexy. I mean, don't you love it? Oh, we're opening up so much in the Eighties. We're training our eyes to be more yielding, our hearts to be more receptive."

But wait a minute. We're fascinated, Hollywood, but we're also getting a little off the track. We're talking about P.S. 1 and the first of four fashion exhibitions, remember? "Ri-i-g-g-h-h-t," says DiRusso. "Let's talk about Ronald Kolodzie. Just consider the man's innovations. He was doing baggy trousers with tapered ankles years ago. He was doing jumpsuits. He was doing little collars when everyone else was designing them long enough to extend from here to Puerto Rico. And he was doing clothes that were wearable by both men and women, easily and naturally, without any fuss or fanfare. He makes clothes that are so logical and beautiful you can turn them inside out . . . still wear them . . . or you can throw them onto a wall, and you've got art! He can design clothes that change me from a very straight-looking woman into a hot person! Ronald taught me how to simply pile on clothes, using my body like a suitcase and wearing what I couldn't carry. Layering? Nobody did it better than Ronald. And all of it not only remains contemporary, but wearable. Who else should I start with?"

Coming up next on the agenda at P.S. 1 is Julio. "His concepts are grander than Ronald's, but I love him 'cause he got all the chic ladies into one-size-fits-all, and we used to think that only Sears Roebuck ladies would dress that way! Then I'm having Adrian Scott do something really wonderful: a multimedia show including a three-hour videotaped interview with the late couture designer Charles James at the Chelsea Hotel. We'll have real people talk about their clothes, and laugh about it all, too. We'll make fashion *real* at last."

"What's being made today is as evocative as anything from the Hapsburgs"

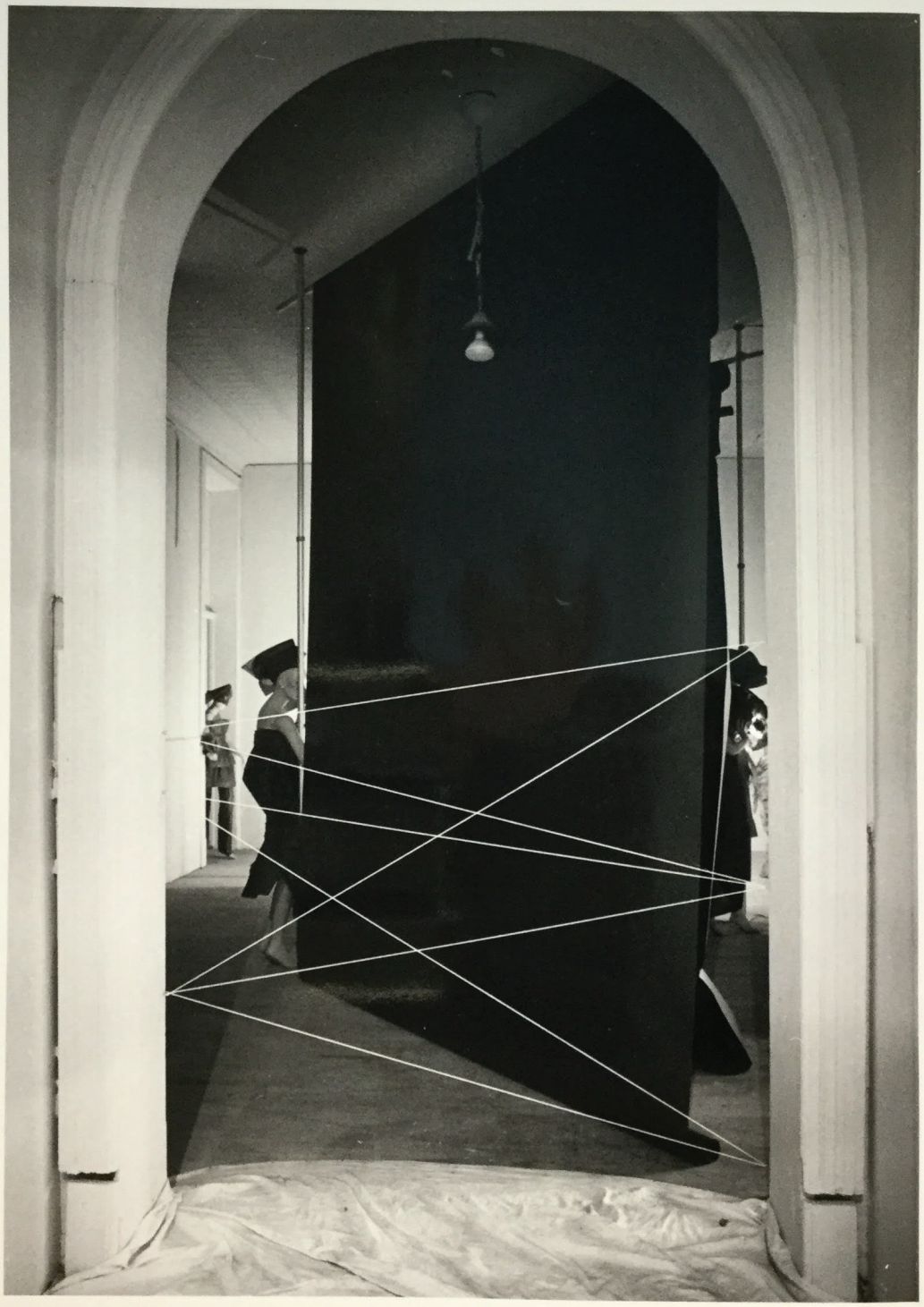
Meanwhile, flamboyant Hollywood DiRusso persuaded the usually reticent Ronald Kolodzie into mounting P.S. 1's premiere fashion exhibition. What's remarkable about the clothes on display in three lofty and beautiful rooms, with installations by Philip Haight (which had to be rounded up from Kolodzie's clients since he keeps almost nothing of his copious output), is the unity of taste and crispness of execution. Without a doubt, the show reveals Kolodzie as a major force in American fashion. Yet, he's generally been neglected by the press as well as those who aren't cognizant of fashion. DiRusso believes that's because the designer either has too much integrity, is too shy, or both, to "romance" the press, but it also has a lot to do with the deftness and wit of his clothes. They aren't ostentatious, headline-grabbing clothes: they're easy, wonderfully logical styles that sum up the mood of their era, while clarifying the sensibility of their designer.

Kolodzie's comments on the exhibition are highly revealing of his personality: "I guess I was really interested in exposing my inner thoughts to people. I wanted them—and I wanted myself—to see where I'd been and where I am. I never thought of my clothes as avant-garde or even as art. I just thought of it all as what I do. It's as simple as that."

Clearly, Ronald Kolodzie's sensibility is much more than that, and he's fortunate to have found a Hollywood DiRusso to galvanize his rather easygoing self into presenting an exciting and important exhibition. And, as Hollywood is the first to admit, "This is only the beginning." GQ

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Julio

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FILM PROGRAM

Initiated in 1978, the Film Program at P.S. 1 presents weekend film screenings of as many as 20 films, as well as large scale, long term installations of independent filmmaker's recent work. Film Installations are not shown in a theater with rows of seats. Instead, they are presented as environmental films which in one way or another utilize the real space they occupy. Instead of simply creating an illusion with their film, these artists create a total environment. This is in obvious contrast to movie houses, and is unique among New York cultural institutions. Since January 1983, Fred Riedel, Curator at Anthology Film Archives, has organized thematic and chronological surveys of work by independent filmmakers. These programs provide a diversity that is unique in New York film circles.

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MULTI-DISCIPLINARY PROGRAM
AT P.S. 1: FILM

December 3, 1978 - January 21, 1979
SCOTT B AND BETH B, Super-8 Films

April 22 - June 10, 1979
BOGDAN MYNC, Film/sound installation

September 30 - November 18, 1979
SUNDAY FILM PRESENTATIONS, curated by Leandro Katz, with:
BART ROBBETT

December 9, 1979- January 27, 1980
DARA BIRNBAUM, curated by Leandro Katz

February 17 - April 6, 1980
BILL LUNDBERG, curated by Leandro Katz

September 28 - November 9, 1980
BENNI EFRAT, curated by Leandro Katz

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December 7, 1980 - January 25, 1981

ROGER WELCH, curated by Leandro Katz

February 15 - April 5, 1980

MORGAN FISHER, curated by Leandro Katz

April 26 - June 14, 1981

ANITA THATCHER, curated by Leandro Katz

October 17 - December 14, 1981

BARRY GERSON, curated by Leandro Katz

January 17 - March 14, 1982

JON RUBIN, curated by Leandro Katz

April 4 - May 30, 1982

DEBORAH WHITMAN, curated by Leandro Katz

May 30 - 31, 1982

LEANDRO KATZ and RICHARD LANDRY

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October 17 - December 12, 1982

KEN KOBLAND: "THE ROOM IS A METAPHOR...", curator Leandro Katz

Winter 1983

FILMS OF THE SIXTIES, curator Fred Riedel, assisted by Rita V. Sirignano

April 10 - June 5, 1983

REBECCA GARRETT AND LYNE LAPOINTE, curator Martha Fleming

April 16 and 17, 1983

FILMS OF KEITH SONNIER, curator Bob Harris

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Barry Gerson
Film Program P.S. 1
Artforum February 1982
by Jeanne Silverthorne

BARRY GERSON, P.S.1; MICHELLE STUART, P.S.1:

BARRY GERSON

Arteries can harden and get clogged. Not Barry Gerson's *Arteries*, though—meaning in this installation of film and sculpture is so fluid as to make the work virtually hemophilic: at the least poke it leaks out all over the place. That "arterial" may denote "a channel with many branches," according to Webster, seems appropriate. When puzzling out the implications of the work, the viewer is faced with so many choices of indeterminate outcome that it's possible to lose all sense of direction and end up going in circles, like the blood in the body human, which stars in this spectacle. Could that be the point?

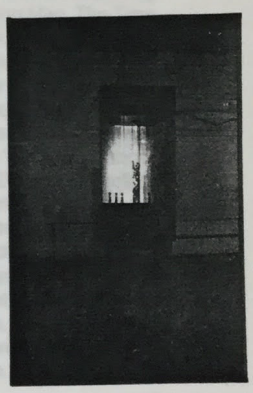
Two structures stand in a darkened room. Both are painted black. One is a narrow, high box without a front panel, on legs; the other is triangular, like the corner of a room, also on legs. Inside the first unit, on its back wall, runs a film showing red liquid pumping through tubes. Onto one of the two interior walls of the second construction is projected a series of slides, close-ups of a brick wall (cells under a microscope?), each picture only slightly different from the next. These follow each other in rapid, occasionally arhythmic, unending succession. To the front of the triangular container is a clear tube with styrofoam chips (corpuscles? platelets?) kept in motion apparently by a blast of air (does Gerson know that "artery" once referred to the windpipe?). The same sort of clear tube divides the front of the rectangular container, but here the styrofoam chips in it are mainly motionless, clinging to the sides. In the triangular piece a thin, red, solid Plexiglas tube runs diagonally from front to back, while the rectangular box contains six corked test tubes of red liquid.

An anatomy of the possibilities: on the simplest level, these are just shifting views of, or a dissection of, arteries—enlarged, as samples, *in situ*, etc. The bricks, however, by virtue of the minor distinctions between slides, seem to move back and forth in space, to pulsate like a living entity—the heart, the transformer station for the blood? But if so, where do we take this identification?

To take another tack, this back-and-forth movement, which is accentuated by the depth of the triangular "theater" in which it takes place and by the recession of the diagonal red tube, is opposed to the up-and-down motion of the blood in the film, which emphasizes the predominant verticality of the rectangular theater. This box is shallower than its triangular companion, and its arrangement of tubes is rigidly symmetrical. Here we move into "art" issues of frontality vs. perspective, depth. If you add to this a further implication of the bricks—arteries in the body suggest arteries in the city—then there's the glimmer of an idea about the man-made being a metaphor for the organic, about cultural enterprises—art and architecture—being based on the patterns of the body.

An alternative scenario: the city is decomposing (those bricks are not in the best of repair). The city (inorganic now) comes to replace nature, but is just as "red in tooth and claw" as Tennyson called the latter. Is it a kind of slumbering sci-fi creature, ready to wreak revenge?

Or, an art pun—arteries are conduits; the medium is the message? Better yet, an answer to Marcel Duchamp's *Anemic Cinema*, i.e., this is a full-blooded cinema. It takes the circularity of Duchamp's wheel and anagrams literally, as circulation. (By the way, Duchamp's cinema was concerned with the question of frontality versus depth as well: one understands that the words exist on a flat surface, yet one views them in or through an illusionistic depth.) Perhaps



Barry Gerson, *Arteries*, 1981, mixed media, installation view.

Gerson is making an argument that art is not an argument, a proposition, that it may be what thinking may not—circular. A Duchampian principle.

Whether all or none of the above, the playful inconclusiveness of the piece makes it as entertaining and as frustrating as a science fair organized by the Dead-End Kids on a Guggenheim grant. It looks like the real thing, but as for reliable information . . .

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The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
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ROGER WELCH is best known for works in which he uses photography or film to examine how images shape our perceptions of the world. *Drive In*, a film and sculpture installation curated by Leandro Katz, focused on the myths that surround popular film. A 18-by 6-foot model of a Rolls Royce, made of twigs and branches tied together, faced a screen—a sheet draped across two large sticks—that stood in a corner of the room. Onto this screen Welch projected a continuous stream of movie shorts: theater announcements, junk food advertisements and previews for six films from the mid-1950s. The installation included all the elements commonly associated with drive-ins. Well, almost all—Welch's hollow automobile had no back seat. Though this omission was disappointing to some of us it was clearly deliberate. A dreamlike tableau, *Drive In* suggests the many ways we mythologize cultural history and personal experience.

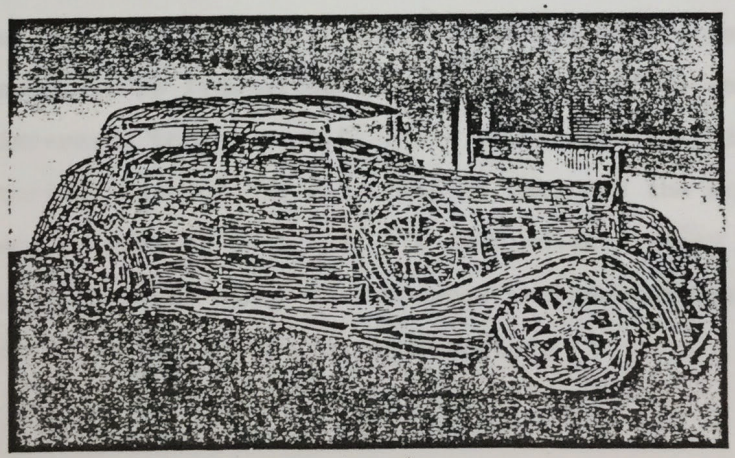
As Welch sees it, drive-in theaters are no longer an essential part of our social life—those who choose to go in the '80s do so primarily out of nostalgia. To emphasize this, Welch imbued his theater with the aura of a shrine. His Rolls Royce, stripped of its metallic glitter and reinterpreted as a primitive wooden form, exuded a totemic presence. Standing in near darkness, this ghostly ruin was lit only by light reflected off the screen and by a spotlight which cast eerie shadows on the gallery floor. An empty hull, Welch's "car" was given the attention of a cult object.

Welch chose to reconstruct a Phantom III Rolls, a model manufactured during the '40s. Featured in the movie *The Yellow Rolls Royce*, the Phantom III became the symbol of wealth and luxury in the '50s. The fantasies surrounding it are compounded by the fantasies advanced in the film previews shown on the screen. The preview for *Shane*, a movie as rustic as Welch's sculpted automobile, brought home with full force how important a role nostalgia plays in the popular imagination of Americans.

Welch showed other trailers including *The Incredible Shrinking Man*, *The Time Machine* and *Invaders from Mars*, sagas of modern day pioneers who conquered time, space and biology just as Shane conquered the West. The only one that focused on "everyday life" was *This Happy Feeling*, a '50s sitcom about a suburban woman (Debbie Reynolds) pursued by wealthy and attractive men, but determined "not to let sex into her life until she was ready."

Welch's film collage seemed like a time—and immediately thereafter the film loop began again, announcing the Intermission. Welch refers to this as "deferred gratification fantasy."

Art In America
April 23- May 17, 1980



Roger Welch, *Drive In*, 1980, film and sculpture installation, view of model of Rolls Royce, twigs and branches bound with twine and glue, 18 × 6 × 6'.

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PERFORMANCE PROGRAM

Throughout its history, The Institute has presented performances in all of its many locations. From the 80th Precinct to the Idea Warehouse to The Clocktower and P.S. 1, there has been abundant music, theatrical pieces and performance art. As in the Sound Program, the Performance Program features art that has been somewhat overlooked by other cultural institutions even when collaborative art is acknowledged as an important medium in contemporary creative activity. In 1981, The Institute organized a performance festival designed to exhibit the variety of work encompassed in the term performance art. On four consecutive Sunday afternoons, a total of eighty performance groups from diverse backgrounds, regions and interests took over P.S. 1's 4,500 square foot auditorium. Many of the performances included the multi-media approach that P.S. 1's multi-disciplinary program is based upon. Performances included mixtures of film, slides, music, and theater.

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MULTI-DISCIPLINARY PROGRAM
AT P.S. 1: PERFORMANCE

1977-1978

PERFORMERS IN RESIDENCE:

Jacki Apple	Margaretha Ashberg
Guy de Cointet	Bob Wilhite
Jean Dupuy	Tina Girouard
Dan Graham	Peter Grass
Phil Harmonic	William Hellermann
Joan Jonas	Jill Kroesen
Richard Landry	Bruce McClean
Jim Neu	James Pomeroy
Martha Wilson	Stephanie Woodard

January 22 - February 25, 1978

THE PROSCENIUM: THE STAGED WORKS OF IDA APPLEBROOG, MANNY FARBER AND PATRICIA PATTERSON

January 7, 1979

ERERHARD BLUM, Solo Musical Performance

April 22, 1979

APPLE BRASS QUINTET with:

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Dave Braynard — Marshall Farr

Clifford Haynes — Robert Land

Russell Rizner

May 6, 13, 20, 27, 1979

FLASH THEATER

February 1980

GEOFFREY HENDRICKS and group

October 7 - November 18, 1979

SUNDAY PERFORMANCE SERIES with:

John Gebson	Tom Jenkins
Bob Wilhite	Jim Pomeroy
Richard Dunlap	Yoshi Wada
Arthur Stidfole	Phil Niblock
Jill Kroesen	Joseph Celli
Richard Teitelbaum	Disband
Alain Middleton	"Blue"
Gene Tyranny	Bob and Gail Bates
Joseph Kubera	Yasunao Tone
Tony Conrad	Tom Johnson
Lawrence Kucharz	Nick Collins
Joel Chadave	Roger Meyers

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Laurie Spiegel	Peter Gordon
Scott Johnson	Frankie Mann

April 27, 1980

QUEENS SYMPHONY BRASS QUARTET

April 4, 1982

OPENING PERFORMANCES

Tseng Kwong Chi	Emery Clark and Denise Vallon
Pi-De-Boi	Sqat Theater
TODT	Gina Wendkos and George Dudley

April 11 - May 2, 1982

PERFORMANCES, curated by Ann Magnuson

Church of the Subgenius	Joe Hannon
Jill Kroesen	Krononauts
Gerald Little	Linda Montano
Ann Magnuson	Reverand David Meyer
Andy Rees	Kenny Scharf
March Shaiman	Ammo
Eric Bogosian	John Dynell
Vincent Vito Gallo	Michael Holeman
Ginny King	William Fleet Lively
John Sex	Theodora Skipitares

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Strange Party	Chi Chi Valente
Miss Ming Vauze	Tracey Berg
Lizzie Mercier Decloux	Charles Dennis
Delia Doherty	Kai Eric
Mitchelll Kriegman	Tom Murrin
Michael Peppe	Wendy Wild
Hannah Wilke	Paul Zaloom
Zev	Ilona Granet
Fran Lebowitz	Toby MacLennan
Our Lady of Bayside	Kazimir Passion
Marty Watt	and others

May 29 - 30, 1982

BUSTER SIMPSON

May 1982

SERIOUS FUN, performances on Sunday evenings at Danceteria, curated by Jim Fouratt

October 17, 1982

ANDY REES "WEBELOS", with George F. Wise and Lisa Altomare

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January 16 - March 10, 1983

MULTIMEDIA PERFORMANCES OF THE '60's, curators William Hellerman and Ronald Lynch

Maryanne Amacher	Alison Knowles
John Ashberry	Joseph Kubera
Robert Ashley	Jackson Maclow
Milton Babbitt	Anthony Martin
Earle Brown	Pauline Oliveros
John Cage	James Penney
Philip Corner	Ed Sanders
Alvin Curran	Carolee Schneemann
Morton Feldman	Ramon Sender
Simone Forti	Elaine Summers
Malcolm Goldstein	Ann Waldman
William Hellerman	Christian and Wolff
Dick Higgins	

June 5, 1983

HELTER-SKELTER, Curator John Howell with new works by:

Diane Torr	Christian Marclay
Kinematic	John Malpede
Eric Bogosian	

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VILLAGE VOICE FEB. 9, 1983

Music To Play By

By Sally Banes

MESSAGE RECEIVED ... PROCEED ACCORDINGLY. A music performance by David Van Tieghem. Part of the Lovely Music Live series at Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st Street (January 20-21).

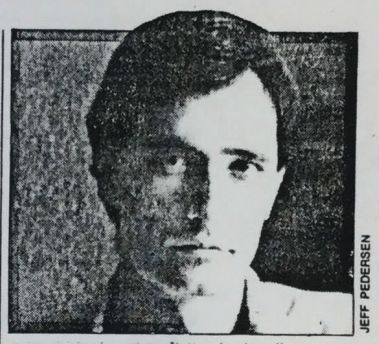
PERFORMANCES FROM THE 1960s. P.S. 1, 46-01 21st Street, Long Island City, 784-2084 (January 30).

For David Van Tieghem, making music is "playing" in both senses. Van Tieghem is a percussionist who turns every conceivable object into an instrument to be played; he coaxes sounds from things with a childlike spirit of delighted discovery. In fact, *Message Received ... Proceed Accordingly* is part of Van Tieghem's series (ongoing since 1977) called *A Man and His Toys. Message Received* ... was an hour and a half of pure pleasure, given form by a vague narrative based on science fiction film clichés. The narrative disappeared during virtuoso rhythmic digressions—the fragmentation became part of the pleasure, an overtone of mystery.

The evening began with the screening of a videotape, *Ear to the Ground*, by John Sanborn and Kit Fitzgerald, which featured Van Tieghem roaming the city and, with his drumsticks and his rangy pace, turning the urban landscape into a one-man percussion orchestra. He beat the bars of metal fences, sounded glass panes and concrete pavement, stopped in a phone booth to make the telephone ring in time to the beat. When the tape ended, Van Tieghem stepped onto the stage, dressed in white overalls, to begin an odyssey that traced a path among the multifarious things piled on long tables on the stage. He whirled bull-roarers, played bowls of various materials, set toys walking and whirring, talked and joined himself on tape creating audio illusions. And he danced. Van Tieghem can use his feet and his lanky body as effectively as any instrument. He parodied a Spanish dance, quoted Fred Astaire's famous firecracker dance, and did a little breakdown on plastic bubblewrap. Loping along the floor, he did a perfect imitation of an ape and then, as *Thus Spake Zarathustra* thundered over the speakers, created a new gloss on *2001* as he discovered—and gradually mastered—a pair of drumsticks.

Although Van Tieghem's inspiration is the child's polymorphous perverse pleasure in sounds, shapes, and textures of all kinds, his performance was anything but primitive. Commanding the proscenium stage at this uptown theater, he reveled in a sophisticated, high-tech riot of huge speakers and Las Vegas lights. Part of his humor comes from the incongruity of the childlike antics in such an adult setting. Part of it comes from his impeccable timing, and yet another part comes from the constant stream of surprising objects set into play. And mixed with that wit is a confident, generous presence that shares with the audience an expansive sense of wonder, and—new for Van Tieghem—the elusive suggestion of a coherent story-line.

The past few years have seen a flurry of reconstructions of dances and performances from the recent past. Maybe it's the acute historical consciousness of the current generation of spectators, critics, and even artists; maybe it's the conservatism of the times that has brought so many best hits back from the past. I'm glad all the reconstructions are happening even though they can lack the evanescence and vitality crucial to the time arts. I was especially glad to see



JEFF PEDERSEN

David Van Tieghem

PERFORMANCE

performances at P.S. 1, curated by William Hellermann, which made me think a thing or two about the '60s. They were also, many of them, impressive performances in their own rights.

People talk about performance art as having moved from the art world to the music world over the past decade. Yet the P.S. 1 reconstructions showed a long-standing emphasis on sound that ranged from Malcolm Goldstein's thoughtful interpretations (on violin) of pieces by John Cage, Philip Corner, James Tenney, Christian Wolff, and himself, to John Giorno's chanted poetry, to Simone Forti's dance that is an accompaniment to music by La Monte Young. Ed Sanders, one of the memorable Fugs, sang his earliest composition—William Blake's "Song" set to a humble tune—and one of the Fugs' notorious songs, "My Baby Done Left Me (And I Feel Like Homemade Shit)." He also performed some more recent songs of his own, including a protest against nuclear reactors and a moving plea against getting burned out—"Nolti in Spiritu Combueri," as it translates into Latin.

Almost all the pieces also incorporated the body in a way that reminded me how physical the arts were in the '60s. Carolee Schneemann's *Noise Bodies* (originally performed with James Tenney, here with Bruce McPherson) was part fight, part loveplay between a man and a woman decked out with metal and ceramic attachments. As they "attacked" each other with sticks, they played music. The process didn't turn them into disembodied musical instruments though, but amplified their physicality, and sexuality. Corner's *Pulse* dictated a musical tempo set by the performer taking his pulse (Goldstein explained that since he had a fever that day, the piece would be exceptionally fast), and Cage's *Solo for Violin I* called for grunts, breaths, and other sounds produced by the musician's body, besides those made on the violin. Sanders played his songs on two homemade instruments, one of them a synthesizer that involved passing the fingers through beams cast by flashlight bulbs to create musical notes. Giorno's "Suicide Sutra" involved the audience in a physical experience of being uptight. And Simone Forti's two dances, *Rollers* and *Accompaniment to LaMonte's "2 sounds" and LaMonte's "2 sounds"* were simple but profound experiences of the body in action. In the first, six volunteers from the audience pulled the two performers (Forti and David Appel), who sat in two wooden carts, around the space. They seemed almost like small vulnerable animals as they were pulled to and fro, their chants expressing mounting anxiety as the pullers whipped them around the space. In *Accompaniment* ..., Forti stands in a rope loop, wound and suspended from the ceiling and slowly revolves until the loop hangs straight; Young's piece is composed of the scraping of ashtrays across a mirror, amplified. It was remarkable in its understatement. Forti's concentration is like no one else's. As she turned in a slow-motion pirouette and finally, just stood there in air, listening to the cre[illegible]g sounds, her silent there-ness becam[illegible]diant. ■

[illegible] Phil Glass performance
at the Idea Warehouse,
22 Reade Street

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The New York Times

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1975

Music: 'In Twelve Parts'

Philip Glass Sums Up Complex Idiom of His Work in Last Section

By JOHN ROCKWELL

When Philip Glass, the composer, first presented his "Music in Twelve Parts" last June at Town Hall, he did it in a six-hour marathon. It was an impressive, even overwhelming event, but by necessity it didn't allow one much opportunity to dwell on the individual parts.

So this month, Mr. Glass has been offering the piece broken down into four parts to a Sunday afternoon, with an intermission after the first two parts in each concert (he is also recording the work). Yesterday afternoon Mr. Glass got around to the last of the four parts—the newest and most complex music in the score. (The series, which is given in a large, newly renovated loft space called the Idea Warehouse, at 22 Reade Street, will end next Sunday at 3 P.M. with a performance of Mr. Glass's earlier "Music with Changing Parts.")

The composer is a leading member of what has been called the hypnotic or trance school of new American music, in that his works have tended to be harmonically static and built up by the linkage of short, repeatable melodic and rhythmic modules.

But anybody who listened to this recent music would be hard put to dismiss it as simplistic. Mr. Glass has summed up his whole idiom in these final four parts, and the result is breath-taking: scurrying, demonic runs in parallel motion in Part 9; developmentally shifting, rhythmically intricate overlappings in Part 10; steady, dreamlike unprepared modulations in Part 11, and counterpointed materials with an extraordinary use of chromaticism in Part 12.

•

Mr. Glass is hardly content to rest on past accomplishments: He is restlessly evolving his style and enriching its content so that Part 12 seems almost more like a beginning than an end.

The ensemble of electric keyboards, winds and female voice consisted of Mr. Glass, Michael Riesman, Richard Landry, Jon Gibson, Richard Peck and Joan La Barbara. They performed superbly, after a little roughness at the start of Part 9. The large crowd stood and cheered at the end.

New York Times article
on Phil Glass performance
at the Idea Warehouse,
22 Reade Street

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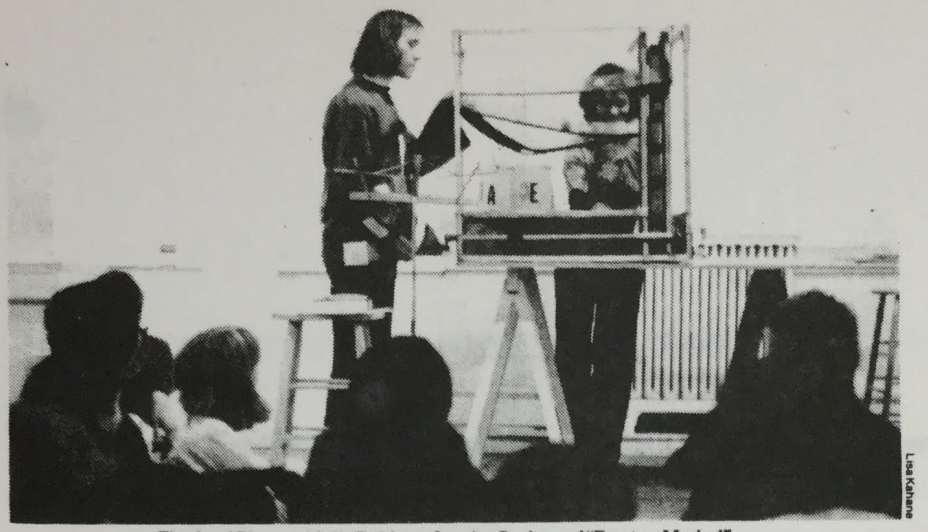
SOHO NEWS

Thursday, April 1, 1976

CONCEPTS IN PERFORMANCE

Performance Diary

PETER FRANK



Lisa Kahane

Eberhard Blum and Sally Rubin performing Duchamps' "Erratum Musical"

March 7—A week's respite, and then up to the Clocktower for an evening of poems, declarations, manifestations by the grandDadas of the whole damn thing. The Dada Soiree was organized by Eberhard Blum, the German-born flautist of the Center for the Creative and Performing Arts at the University of Buffalo. Blum's work in presenting the sound poetry of the Dadaists (especially the German ones—fair enough bias, as they were the ones who took sound poetry the farthest) has brought this fascinating and provocative material to otherwise ignorant American (and otherwise not-so-ignorant European) audiences. Blum gave himself responsibility for the sound poetry on this evening's program, including works by Raoul Hausmann, Hugo Ball, and Kurt Schwitters, while Sally Rubin declaimed statements by Ball, Man Ray, Richard Huelsenbeck, and the Dada collective which issued the manifesto "Dada Excites Everything" in Paris in 1921. "Dada doesn't catch flies," this manifesto warned, "Dada is never right." Even more fun was Huelsenbeck's "Invest in Dada," an invitation in both religious and financial terms to make an "eternal investment" that couldn't possibly go wrong. (And it hasn't.)

Blum gave an explosive rendition of Hausmann's "kp'erioum" and aptly musical interpretations of Schwitters' "Gedicht 25" (a number poem), "the real disuda of the nightmare" (full of breathed vowels, dissonant consonants, and other "natural sounds" loosened from verbal coherence), and the Sonate in Urlauten, one of the landmarks of sound poetry. Schwitters conceived the Ursonate, as the name implies, as a musical work utilizing verbal material. Indeed, it has four movements, marked "rondo," "largo," et al., and, in Blum's rapid-fire but sensitive performance, its motoric rhythms and sweet melodies become obvious. Give it a B+; you can dance to it. On second though, make that an A. Blum erred, I think, in giving a similarly musical interpretation to the two Ball poems; Ball's early (1916) works were not sound poetry as such, but poems in an ersatz primitive language—ersatz both in origin and in signification, but essentially linguistic just the same. Blum should have read these poems dramatically, not chanted them loudly.

The evening's highlights, besides the Huelsenbeck declaration and the electrifying Ursonate (which really ought to be recorded!), were the Marcel Duchamp pieces. Two of these were nonsense paragraphs written in English while Duchamp was in New York studying the language. The other was "Erratum musical," the composition Duchamp derived from his masterpiece, "The bride stripped bare by her bachelors, even." In fact, Duchamps did not derive the music from the artwork so much as he devised the aleatory method of composition from it, leaving the music itself to be different each time according to the whims of fate. Blum employed a conveyor belt with marked balls to determine the notational order of "Erratum musical," whose plaintive monody he played on a simple electric keyboard, halfway between a telegraph key and a toy piano.

Of course, the Dada Soiree could not possibly have been an evening of anarchistic provocation: what shocked and maddened exactly sixty years ago has been absorbed thoroughly into our sensibilities. What the Soiree served to do was demonstrate the specific forms and methods by which the Dadaists helped blow the whole art game wide open, and to encourage an examination of their work in terms of work itself. None of these people, after all, was just crapping around, no matter how anti-Art they pretended or tried to be.

THE SOHO WEEKLY NEWS

SOHO WEEKLY NEWS article about the DADA Soiree held at the Clocktower 108 Leonard St., NYC, March 7&8, 1976

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PHOTOGRAPHY PROGRAM

The Photography Program primarily exhibits group shows in the Photography Room on P.S. 1's third floor. The program was initiated in 1979 and has been curated by Carol Squiers since 1980. An editor at Modern Photography and a critic for Artforum and Interview, Ms. Squiers has curated exhibitions and lectured on photography at museums throughout North America. Along with group theme shows, Ms. Squiers has put together several exhibitions which examine the role of photographs as they appear in the mass media. With extensive explanatory material, she has examined both "How photographs mean, as well as what they mean" as Abigail Solomon-Godean said in Art in America (March, 1981). This sort of examination would not be possible at a commercial gallery or at a traditional museum since Squiers' interest is not in the photograph as art but in art as a social tool. Thus P.S. 1 presents a program that is unique and educational.

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MULTI-DISCIPLINARY PROGRAM AT P.S. 1: PHOTOGRAPHY

February 14 - March 19, 1977

SUBJECT...TO CHANGE with: Hank Beck, Walter Rosenblum, David Freund and Eve Sonneman

December 3 - January 21, 1979

Arnold Kramer, INTERIOR VIEWS, 1977

April 22 - June 10, 1979

JUDY LINN, Curator: Sam Wagstaff

December 9, 1979 - January 27, 1980

BILL ARNOLD, Curator: Sam Wagstaff

February 17 - April 6, 1980

RICK DINGUS, Curator: Sam Wagstaff

April 27 - June 15, 1980

JOEL-PETER WITKIN, Curator: Sam Wagstaff

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September 28 - November 9, 1980

ASSEMBLED IMAGES: MARY FREY AND SUSAN SHAW

Curator: Carol Squiers

December 7, 1980 - January 25, 1981

BARBARA KRUGER Curator: Carol Squires

February 15 - April 5, 1981

WOMEN OF DISTINCTION: PHOTOGRAPHS FROM MAGAZINES

1930 - 1980 Curator: Carol Squiers

April 26 - June 14, 1981

COUCHES, DIAMONDS & PIE, Curator: Carol Squiers

With: Mark Cohen, James Collins, Jimmy De Sana, Robert Mapplethorpe, Sheila Metzner, Duane Michals, Nan Goldin, Jan Groover, Brian Hagiwara, James Leach, Marcus Leatherdale, Sherrie Levine, Kenneth McGowan, Frank Majore, Joe Maloney, Beverly Parker, Richard Prince, Don Rodan, Susan Shaw, Cindy Sherman, Laurie Simmonds, Eve Sonneman, William Wegman and Roger Welch.

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October 17 - December 14, 1981

IN AND OUT OF POWER: PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE NEW YORK TIMES, Curator: Carol Squiers.

SELECTED SITUATIONS Curator: Carol Squiers

With: Ingrid Dinter, Jerry Gordon, Daniel Faust and Christine Osinski

MEN Curator: Carol Squiers

October 17 - December 12, 1982

ALL GOD'S CHILDREN, Curator: Carol Squiers

January 16 - March 10, 1983

MAKING NEWS: BLACK AMERICANS IN THE '60'S, Curator: Carol Squiers

April 10 - June 5, 1983

MULTIPLE CHOICE: BARBARA KRUGER, LOUISE LAWLER, RICHARD PRINCE AND MARK TANSEY, Curator: Carol Squiers

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Artforum, September, 1983

"Multiple Choice"

One of the most thoughtful and inherently polemical series of photography exhibitions recently has been conducted at P.S.1 by Carol Squiers,who has avoided current squabbling over fine art, media, and artist-employed photography to direct attention toward its use.This is a curatorial practice,then, that conceives of photography discursively–as a medium operating throughout disparate,often intersecting circles within society–so as to focus on the textual,contextual,and rhetorical strategies uniting these separate spheres."Multiple Choice"extended this stance to reveal certain critical junctures between esthetic and social issues underlying appropriated imagery.

The idea here was to ask four artists (Barbara Kruger, Louise Lawler, Richard Prince, and Mark Tansey) who use media or other photographic sources to select and arrange one group of images apiece. In this manner Squiers abrogated her conventional curatorial prerogative, returning it to the artists in a critical comment on the way curatorial decisions at once legislate and institutionalize individual choice. But the artists, in their selections, performed a similar operation on society, indicating the existence of a "curatorial" stance within the range of representations at large. For if their selections can be seen as clues to the collecting habits that inform their appropriative strategies, showing the range of devices and types of images brought to bear in the work itself, they are also reflections on those paradoxically imposed "choices" confronting individuals within "mediacratic" consumer society.All the images display repetitions of types, of rhetorical modes, and of generalized visual effects that point toward the mechanisms of power masquerading in the supposedly neutral field of imagistic multiplicity. They imply that we are rarely "free to choose," but are exercising institutionalized options, making choices emanating from elsewhere.

Hence each selection suggests a critical position toward both esthetic and social production. Tansey's contribution, for example, is an extended sequence of black and white images, all taken from '40s and '50s magazines, that figure situations involving window frames, shades, gates, prison bars, and other two-dimensional, gridded surfaces, along with photographs treating modes of making and covering surfaces. The substance for a future "History of Modernist Painting," Tansey's images imply reflection both on the reduced metaphors underlying esthetic discourse and on the restrained range of the social situations that provide their primary reference. Prince's *File 29*, 1978, contains a veritable "edition" of advertisements collected from different magazines that present situations of hallucinating similarity. In each, smiling single figures or family groups are conjoined with products and placed in parallel poses so as to convey the exaggerated yet pointedly limited rhetoric that supports consumer suasion, programming individual choice. The manner in which meanings are imposed and altered according to context is evident in Lawler's arrangements of photographs of paintings and sculptures, in which the different readings resulting from the artist's curatorial decisions serve as analogues to the varying determinations of value placed on objects as they circulate within society. And Kruger's assemblage of 15 commercial magazine covers, all dating from March 1983, plays on those graphic modes by which stereotypical images are rendered as choices for consumption, thus reinforcing constructed meanings and roles. Concealed within curator Squiers' simple "choice," then, is a series of echoing analogues to the delegation of authority within society.

- Kate Linker

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"IN & OUT OF POWER"
Photographs from The New
Times, curated by Carol Squiers
Art in America
March 1982

Photography Program
P.S. 1
Show Dates: Fall 1981

"In and Out of Power" at P.S. 1

In the 20 years that have elapsed since Roland Barthes published the important essay in which he mapped the semiological terrain of the press photograph ("The Photographic Message"), few critics, scholars or curators have seen fit to expand upon, modify or even refute Barthes's examination of what he termed the denotational and connotational levels of photographic meaning. To a certain extent, this apparent neglect, if not indifference, has been determined by the very nature of the interest and assumptions which underlie most current photographic activity. The motive force animating even wildly dissimilar photography exhibitions is often esthetic; alternative approaches that focus on issues of use, instrumentality and meaning are rare. Moreover, inquiries into the semiotics of photography, when they are undertaken at all, are more likely to take the form of texts than exhibitions.

Carol Squiers's curatorial projects are thus somewhat exceptional. Squiers's recent show at P.S. 1, titled "In and Out of Power: Photographs from *The New York Times*," shared with her previous "Notable Women" a conviction that photography in the mass media has immensely greater social, cultural and political impact than do photographs on museum or gallery walls and, as such, merit serious scrutiny. The goal of this scrutiny is to foster in the viewer critical acts of decipherment, decoding, deconstruction. To this end, she displayed the *Times* photographs in tearsheet form, uncaptioned, unmatted and unframed.

"In and Out of Power" consisted of two parts: the first contained every photograph which appeared under the masthead on page one of the *Times* (excluding head shots) from Feb. 18, 1981 through May 20, 1981; the second was made up of two selected groupings of *Times* photos under the thematic headings "Women" and "Death, Violence & Other People." Accompanying the exhibition was a list of the original captions and photo credits as well as Squiers's statement of intent.

In "The Photographic Message" Barthes asked how the news photo could be at once "objective" and "invested," natural and cultural. His recognition that the press photo is, moreover, "an object that has been worked on, chosen, constructed, treated according to professional, aesthetic, or ideological norms which are so many factors of connotation," suggested to him that "it is through an understanding of the mode of imbrication of denoted and connoted messages that it may one day be possible to reply to that question." Squiers seems to have taken her cue from Barthes's inquiry; isolating these press photos, she is attempting to determine—at least tentatively—what the modes of imbrication might be, how they function, what meanings they yield.

To the degree that the press photo not only requires a caption, but is in fact completed by it, captionless news photos reveal only a limited portion of the meaning they are intended to convey. With the passage of time added to the inherently ephemeral quality of press photography, photos of buildings destroyed by fire, or of the little boy whose get-well letter was read by Reagan in his post-assasination-attempt speech, run the risk of appearing as so many meaningless scraps of newsprint. But Squiers is concerned to extract the aggregate meanings of these photos, the elusive and powerful level of connoted meaning.

While I don't agree with her identifications in all instances, or even her emphases (the depiction of Reagan and his staff, for example, seems to be more about purveying a reassuring image of joviality and affability than about their identity as "rational, dignified, hard-working, important individuals"), what made this exhibition so interesting is that it raises important questions about photography as an agent of political and cultural transmission. Identifying one of the connotive elements of the *Times* press photo as its "informational" style based on "the propriety of distance," middle-range camera angles, and conventional framing and cropping devices, Squiers demonstrates that the choice of certain formal strategies buttresses the press photo's illusory status as an objective, factual document. And because she is equally concerned with the press photo as a purveyor of culture (as is the *Times* itself) she is keenly aware of mechanisms of sexual and cultural stereotyping; hence the rubrics "Women" and "Others" in the second part of the exhibition. Squiers's approach to photography is at once totally ingenuous ("Why publish such boring pictures?") and deeply alert to hidden agendas ("They in fact communicate a very specific and insistent world view"). By asking how photographs mean, as well as what they mean, she is exploring a tract few photography specialists feel is worth their attention. —*Abigail Solomon-Godeau*

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New York

"In and Out of Power: Photographs from the New York Times," P.S. 1; FORREST BESS, Whitney Museum of American Art; ALEXANDER LIBERMAN, André Emmerich:

"In and Out of Power"

Throughout the past year Carol Squiers, curator of photography exhibitions at P.S. 1, has been attempting an interesting if sometimes maddening discourse on photography and its uses, without resorting to the restraints imposed by a written text. She has been using a room at P.S. 1 to stage exhibitions of the work of career photographers and of artists who use photography, interspersed with idiosyncratic selections of pictures from the mass media—mostly advertising and news. The resultant interplay of images and devices, freed from the formalities of an academic essay, has been fruitful, allowing for some surprising connections and disconnections. Yet the project has been maddening at times precisely because of this lack of form. We are often left with the impression that not enough thought has gone into any given presentation. As a result the whole enterprise lacks a sense that conclusions can be drawn, and that is both its strength and its weakness—for in refusing authority it allows for a more active participation on the part of the viewer.

This exhibition of photographs from the pages of the *New York Times*, collected during a four-month period last spring, provided a strange, discontinuous narrative given more sense by its context than by anything else. Quite a lot happened during those four months, or almost happened: there were the attempted assassinations of president and pope, an attempted coup in Spain, a flare-up in Northern Ireland, a near-revolution in Poland, a near-abortive space launching here. And of course a great deal of political to-ing and fro-ing in Washington and New York. A lot of activity, yet few of the pictures reflect this drama—a soldier waves his pistol at the Spanish parliament, some Irishmen overturn a truck, and of course there is Reagan's puzzled dismay as the bullet strikes. Mostly the pictures are of small groups of men, important men, smiling and looking serious, always looking important. As Squiers observes in her press release, these pictures all have a reserve about them that is supposed to cue their viewers to the seriousness of current events, and to let them understand that serious people are taking care of things. All the shots are medium to long in range; all are informative rather than sensationalist; and all are of public scenes, except on the rare occasion that a woman or child is allowed to be the center of attention to underscore the gravity of a situation (grieving widow, worried wife, bewildered son).

What also becomes apparent in these front-page pictures is the refusal of public figures to meet the individual gaze of the camera. Intimate pictures, pictures of family and friends, usually establish that gaze as a sign of shared emotion, and it is that sign that is appropriated in advertising and in pornography when the producer wants to establish that something is especially for you, and only you. Politicians are rarely bashful about using that same sign of intimacy when campaigning, so why not when recorded in the pursuit of their daily business? Can it be that they share a secret shame with those accused we see being led to and from court huddling under overcoats? Or have they learned the actor's trick of appearing more "natural" if ignoring the camera? But they are clearly not ignoring the camera—rather, they are ostentatiously posing for it, but avoiding eye contact. Squiers offers no analysis of this convention, merely a chance to observe it, but that in itself is a service few other photography critics are willing to provide. We still seem easily mystified by photography, and continued exposure to its variety is the only cure for that.

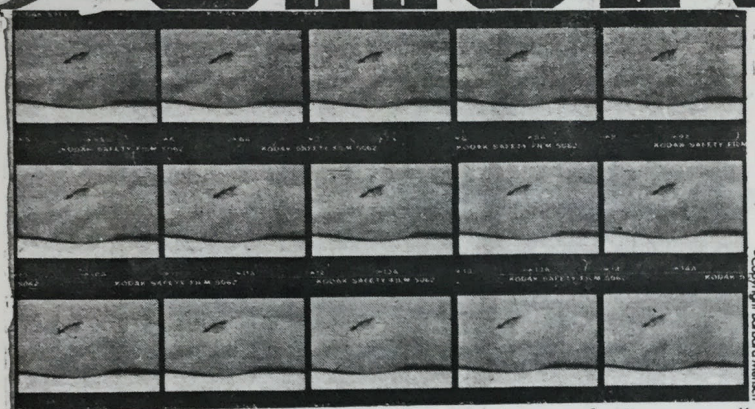
ARTFORUM January 1982
"IN & OUT OF POWER" Curated by Carol Squiers
October 18-December 13, 1981

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WEEKLY SOHO NEWS

Oct. 26-Nov. 1, 1978



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Barbara Mensch — photo-series of "Twelve Views of a Pregnancy"

Interdisciplinary Program
Photography 10/1-11/19 '78

I keep on hoping that I'll stumble across an exhibition in which diversity is a major concern. So I was overjoyed when I saw the display of photographs by Barbara Mensch that was on view at PS.1 last ...k. Mensch is a young (27-year-old) ...st who worked primarily as an illustrator until a year and a half ago, when she decided to use the camera as her medium of expression. Mensch's early training outside of the field of photography was evident to me as soon as I saw her imagery; in her working methods and approaches, she is refreshingly free of the prejudices, postures and constraints that govern most photographers' and curators' vision of the medium. To Mensch, the camera is a tool, a means to an end — and every photograph is simply one expressive aspect of a "conceptual" project. This attitude has allowed her to be extremely flexible in her use of the medium — and it has also allowed her to be eclectic in her curatorship when she presented her past year's work to the public.

The exhibition at PS.1 consisted of three installations. Two of them, "Twelve Views of a Pregnancy," and "Twenty-Four Hours Before Death," were completed projects; one, "Location, Sonoma Grove," was a work-in-progress. (As Mensch put it: "I wanted to show birth, death and what happens in between.")

"Twelve Views" is composed of 11 black-and-white contact sheets (presented as 11 single photo-series) that document ...cessive stages of the pregnancy of a ...d, and one "straight" photograph of the father and the result: twins. The pregnant woman is shown lying on a white surface, and is seen from mid-thigh to the waist. Each frame within the individual photo-series was recorded at regular intervals (or "pulses," as Mensch calls them) of one second.

Seen together, the photographs work on several different levels. First and foremost, the images document the body changes that occur during pregnancy (in fact, in some of the later pictures it is possible to discern the child's movement within the womb). But the "abstraction" of the torso also works to create an undulating formal design that sometimes metamorphosizes into a symbolic landscape. And the ebb and flow of the forms and spaces captures the rhythm of pregnancy, and allows the viewer to recreate the photographer's experience of ongoing time.

The pregnancy series was exhibited on the walls of PS.1; the spectator participated in the "birth" as she or he walked past the photographs. The 5 "straight" black-and-white, 11"x14" photographs of Mensch's mother dying in a hospital bed, however, were displayed on a table at the end of the gallery. The time element remains an intrinsic part of the series: Mensch's father enters and leaves the pictures, the mother's pained expression changes, and then we see her dead in the final, double-exposed print. But the shift in the placement of the images drastically altered the viewer's relationship to the photographs; I was forced to look downward at the prints, to view them closely, almost intimately. The proximity of the photographs to my own space, my own body, did not allow me to see the images as distant, detached, "out there"; they became, literally, a part of my own experience, and were much more disturbing because of that.

Back to the walls for the third project, "Location: Sonoma Grove," which consisted of seven Cibachrome prints with quoted texts underneath that document the lifestyles of the "hippies" who have banded together in a northern California trailer park community. Mensch's pictures of the people, the trailers, the abandoned cars and the living spaces of Sonoma Grove show us a style of life that both clashes and converges with "The American Way." The first image, for instance, depicts a grassy field bordered by mountains, a raised platform, "furnished" with tables, benches, chairs, flower boxes and (get this) a painted plaster stork sits in the middle of this open vista. But the illusion of peace and freedom created by the scene becomes ironic when the viewer reads the underlying text: "We had a newspaper . . . we had two anarchists . . . we fought with our management, Creative Properties, Inc. . . . There's a lot of political struggles in the Grove."

Throughout the series, Mensch plays on our romantic notions of alternative lifestyles, and allows the colorful reflective surface of the cibachrome prints to counterpoint the all-too-familiar sounding aims and statements of community residents.

Needless to say, Mensch's three projects on view — and I'll reiterate that they were all done within the past year — were very different in structure, mood and meaning. Yet each installation had its own internal logic, its own artistic integrity — its own individualized consistency; each one worked as a self-contained statement, not only about the subject matter, but also about the ways in which imagery can be used in various contexts. And the interplay of these diverse modes made the exhibition an exciting as well as a challenging one. Mensch made demands on me: I was not asked to simply "look at" images, I was forced to "experience" them — intellectually, spatially and viscerally — and to constantly grapple with their implications. And that was wonderful, because it's too easy to get lazy looking at most of the exhibitions that are on the walls in this city.

Unfortunately, this is the kind of energizing experience that I've come to expect only from "alternative" exhibition spaces like PS.1. It should come as a surprise to no one that Mensch has had difficulties with most established curators when she's shown them her work. To them, the diversity of her production signifies artistic indecision; "Come back," they tell her, "when you've found a mature style." Well, I personally find her "lack of style" most refreshing, and if maturity means monotony, we've got plenty of that already. Institutional curators should begin to take their cues from younger artists like Barbara Mensch who revel in the breadth and the flexibility of their creativity. If we had more exhibitions like this one to look at, we would undoubtedly have more open-minded and responsive artists. And we would also be allowing the viewing public to see just how rich, and how complex, artistic expression can be.

Shelley Rice

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POETRY/LITERATURE PROGRAM

P.S. 1's multi-disciplinary program includes not only the visual arts but poetry and literature as well. From 1977-1982, a distinguished panel of writers, teachers and critics has chosen writers to present their work in readings. The selected writers and poets are given freedom to perform and produce written material for publication and are encouraged to work in collaboration with sound and visual artists. Past results have been highly original and have given poets and writers an opportunity to present work which previously has received little public exposure. In a time when artists are not in touch with recent developments in poetry and poets do not know much about the visual arts, it is very important that programs like this continue to attempt to bridge this twentieth century cultural gap.

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MULTI-DISCIPLINARY PROGRAM AT P.S. 1: POETRY

December 3, 1978 - January 21, 1979

KENNETH DIEFIK, Curator: David Shapiro

MICHAEL ROBBINS, Poetery Room Installation

Curator: David Shapiro

April 22 - June 10, 1979

JACKSON MacLOW

December 9, 1979 - January 27, 1980

BRAD GOOCH and FRANK MOORE, Curator: Steven Hamilton

February 17 - April 6, 1980

ALICE NOTLEY, Curator: Steven Hamilton

April 27 - June 15, 1980

JAINE MANRIQUE ARDILA, Curator: Steven Hamilton

September 28 - November 9, 1980

BARBARA GUEST, Curator: Ann Lauterbach

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December 7, 1980 - January 25, 1981

MAX BLAGG and KEN TISA, Curator: Ann Lauterbach

February 15 - April 5, 1981

MICHAEL BROWNSTEIN and PETER SCHJELDAHL,
Curator: Ann Lauterbach

April 16 - June 14, 1981

CARTER RATCLIFF and MARJORIE WELISH, Curator:
Ann Lauterbach

Sunday, May 23, 1982

POETERY READING, Curators: John Ashberry, Klaus Kertess, James Sherry and Martha Wilson
With: Bruce Andrews, Charles Bernstein, Gerrit Henry, Cookie Mueller, Lynne Tillman, Burt Barr, Didi Dubelyew, Helina Hughes, David Rattry

April 10 - June 5, 1983

POETRY READINGS, curators: Robert Creeley, Carolee Schneemann, Jame s Sherry and Jackson Maclow with:
Alan Davies, John Daley, Eileen Myles, Patricia Jones, Spencer Holst, Ann Lauterbach, Armand Schwerner, and Diane Ward and David Weinstein (Second floor closet installation)

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SUNDAY, MAY 23, 1982

POETRY at PS1

DIDI DUBELYEW	1:30
DAVID RATTRY	2:00
BURT BARK	2:30
HELINA HUGHES	3:00
CHARLES BERNSTEIN	3:30
LYNNE TILLMAN	4:00
BRUCE ANDREWS	4:30
GERRIT HENRY	5:00
COOKIE MUELLER	5:30

The Institute for Art and Urban Resources, Inc., P.S.1, is located at 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. DIRECTIONS: By subway: Flushing No. 7 to Hunters Point, E or F lines to 23rd/Ely Ave., GG line to Van Alst; By car: Midtown Tunnel to 21st and Van Alst. For further info call: (212) 784-2084.

This program is partially funded by the New York State Council on the Arts.

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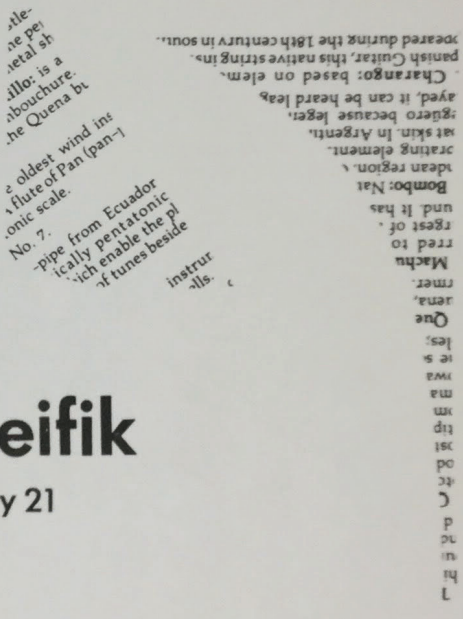
THREE POETS
THREE ROOMS

ROOMS BY THREE POETS

RM.203, OLD WING, P.S.1

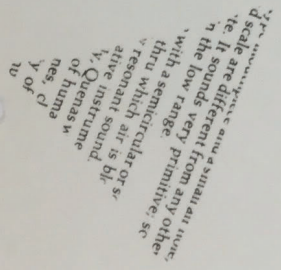
David Shapiro

October 1 - November 17



Kenneth Deifik

December 3 - January 21



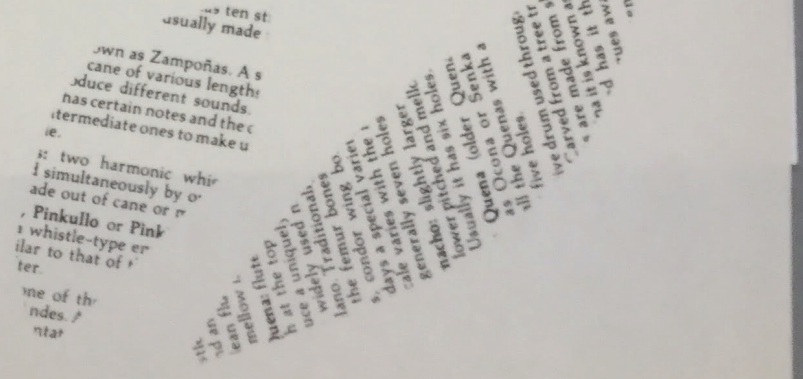
P.S. 1 (Project Studios One)
46-01 21st STreet, Long Island City, Queens, NY. 11101, Telephone 233-1096. Hours: Thursday through Sunday, 1-6 p.m.

Car: Midtown Tunnel, exit just past toll booth. (21st Street and Van Alst.) Continue five blocks on 21st Street.

Subway: #7 Flushing line at Times Square or Grand Central to Hunters Point; E or F train to 23rd Street/Ely Avenue. Two stops from 5th Avenue Museum of Modern Art.

Stephen Paul Miller

February 11 - April 1



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POETRY READING

P.S.1

MICHAEL BROWNSTEIN & PETER SCHJELDAHL
Selected by Ann Lauterbach

Sunday, February 15, 1981, 3 p.m., rm. 203

The Institute for Art and Urban Resources, Inc. (P.S.1)
46-01 21st St., L.I.C., NY 11101
(212) 784-2084

This event is partially sponsored by the New York State Council on the Arts Literature Program.

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SOUND PROGRAM

"Sound Art" is a rarely exhibited yet increasingly recognized art form. P.S. 1's Sound/Music Program gives these artists the consistent opportunity to show their work. Complete environments are created which incorporate composed sound and music and provide public exposure to this avant-garde art. This program examines the overlap between music, sound, and the visual arts. While "Sound Art" is hard to classify, P.S. 1's interdisciplinary program welcomes work that defies the norms.

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MULTI-DISCIPLINARY PROGRAM AT P.S. 1: SOUND

November 14 - December 5, 1976

ROBERT BARRY, PORTRAIT

April 22, 1979

SAM SCHOENBAUM Radio U R 1 2

December 9, 1979 - January 27, 1980

JULIE WACHTEL, Curator: Peter Frank

February 17 - April 6, 1980

MARILYN BELFORD, Curator: Peter Frank

September 28 - November 9, 1980

NICHOLAS COLLINS, NICHES, Curator: William Hellermann

December 7, 1980 - January 25, 1981

KEN FRIEDMAN, Curator: William Hellerman

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February 15 - April 5, 1981

ROBERT MORAN, Curator: William Hellermann

April 26 - June 14, 1981

ALISON KNOWLES, Curator: William Hellermann

October 17 - December 14, 1981

MICHELE STUART, CORRESPONDENCES, Curator: Leandro Katz

January 17 - March 4, 1982

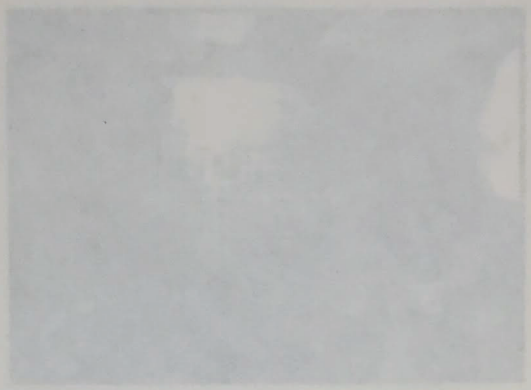
ALAN SCARRITT, Curator: William Hellermann

April 4 - May 30, 1982

SOUND CORRIDOR, Curator: William Hellermann, With: Sara Garden Armstrong, Bill and Mary Buchen, Nicholas Collins, William Hellermann, Ron Kuvila, Anthony Martin, Jill Scott and Hannah Wilke

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October 17 - December 12, 1982

NINA YANKOWITZ " HELL'S BREATH", Curator: William Hellermann

January 16 - March 13, 1983

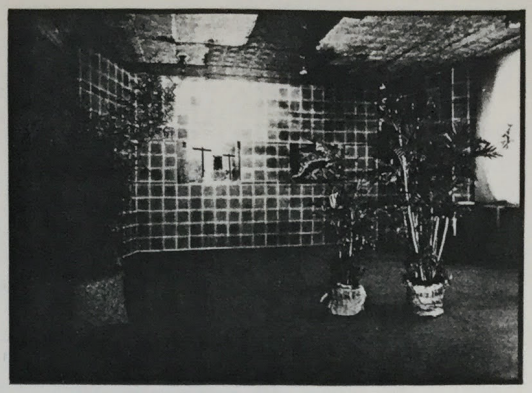
OLVIND FAHLSTROM, Curator: William Hellermann

April 10 - June 5, 1983

BILL AND MARY BUCHAN, Curator, William Hellermann

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Michelle Stuart, *Correspondences*, 1981, mixed media, installation view.

Michelle Stuart
Sound Program at P.S. 1
Curated by Leandro Katz
Artforum, February 1982
by Jeanne Silverthorne

MICHELLE STUART

For all of those who shuddered every time Ramar stepped out of the clearing around his house and into the jungle, Michelle Stuart's *Correspondences* is reassuring armchair exploration—of the Yucatan rather than Africa, however. Palms and bamboos are contained in burlap bags and silver-painted baskets; the potentially hackle-raising chatter of monkeys, insects, and parrots is defused by the soothing voice of a narrator and the lull of flutey, Mayan music. The lights are low, and, while sitting on the chairs provided, you face a wall of what appear to be terra-cotta tiles inset with two images: on your left, a photograph of two dark crosses flanking a barred window in a weathered wooden siding; on your right, a relief carving of an animalistic figure. This installation has all of the advantages of a cloister (retreat, safety, and religious atmosphere) and none of the claustrophobia. If you think that art should have a cutting edge this may not suit, but it's hard to turn down the ingratiating hospitality of a setup like this. Stuart is on record as a member of the party of hope; her ambition has always been to convert negative spaces and experiences into positive, communal ones.

After its restorative powers, the most pleasing aspect of the environment is its *trompe l'oeil* effects. Those are not real terra-cotta tiles, for instance; they're not even a pasteboard reproduction (a second guess). They're squares of Stuart's trademark, muslin-mounted paper rubbed with earth (no doubt from the Yucatan; although we're told only that the dirt is from a "site," it would be pointless and totally opposed to her ethic for Stuart to fudge it). Nor is the relief carving more than an enlarged photograph. Both function as documents, but first as illusions, and this may be the first time illusionism has played so important a part in Stuart's presentation. What's becoming apparent over the years is her medium's ability to take on protective coloring. First hailed as minimalist drawings, then as perfect process pieces, later adapted to sites at Artpark, her soil-sample papers now turn to theater.

The other shift that seems new for Stuart is the move from documentarian to historian, and a rather revisionist historian at that. The narrative that cuts in and out of the jungle sounds and music is a retelling of Fernandez de Cordoba's 16th-century exploration of the Yucatan peninsula. The Spanish side of the story is told in diary form. The Mayan point of view is expressed in a mystical fusion of symbol and metaphor; whether or not from an actual contemporary source, as the Spanish rendering seems to be, it sounds often obtuse but authentic—at least in relation to the third strand of the script, which is Stuart's own commentary. This too attempts mythopoesis, but some of it comes out bad poetry: "The traveler, then . . . is the sailor . . . he embodies the dreamer beneath the white eye of night . . . the sea's horizon is the awesome edge of the unproven beyond," and so on. Even D.H. Lawrence had trouble pulling off his expert mumbo jumbo in *The Plumed Serpent*, and he had a lot more space to develop the ambiguities and subtleties of his attitude toward the "primitive" than Stuart does.

But she doesn't oversimplify, either. Far from the current attitude of condemnation of colonialism, Stuart's position is that "when the explorer goes toward the indigene . . . the intruder is the lover searching for the beloved," and "it is the loveless falsifiers of history . . . the record-keepers envious of the voyage . . . dreading death on the other side of the glass, who condemn the contradictions of the caravan." Some of those contradictions are noted, but briefly—human sacrifice on the one hand, "gold and the cross" on the other. Xenophobia on both sides seems justified, but "correspondence" wins out. This is an intensely romantic view of culture which can also be read as an apologia for the appropriations of art, at which point it verges—rather interestingly, given the habitually modest demeanor of Stuart's work—on hubris.

—JEANNE SILVERTHORNE

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VIDEO PROGRAM

P.S. 1's Video Program, under the direction of Curator Bob Harris, now has two exhibition spaces permanently designed for new video work. As the P.S. 1 visitors walk down the hall toward the main exhibition center, they are confronted by a recessed video screen which displays one channel presentations. In 1982, the Video Installation Room was opened to provide long term exhibition space for artists who incorporated video into total environments. For example, in the Institute's Fall 1982 exhibition, the Corridor Gallery showed a series of tapes concentrating on animal imagery. Meanwhile down the hall in the video gallery there was an installation comprised of a complex set and a video monitor showing scenes that were shot within that environment. These two approaches to video, environmental and pictorial, though extremely different are both important manifestations of the art form and consequently merit separate attention. Few institutions have consistently shown these two types of video.

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MULTI-DISCIPLINARY PROGRAM AT
P.S. 1: VIDEO

March 10 - 20, 1977

SUSAN WEIL AND SYLVIA WHITMAN

December 3, 1978 - January 21, 1979

VIDEO, curated by Shigeko Kubota, with:

Al Robbins	Norie Sato
Sally Shapiro	Charlotte Warren

April 28, 1979

Kevin Boyle, SHE CALLED ME ON THE TELEPHONE, video installation

September 30 - November 11, 1979

SUNDAY VIDEO PRESENTATION, curated by Robert Harris, with

Liz Phillips	Peter Frank
Kenneth Greenberg	Michael Strasser
Charlemagne Palestine	Joan Logue
Charlie Morrow	Nam June Paik
Peter D'Agostino	

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December 9, 1979 - January 20, 1980

SUNDAY VIDEO PRESENTATION, curated by Robert Harris, with:

Tony Ramos	Martine Barrat
Taka Iimura	Rii Kanzaki and Francis Lee
Kip Hanrahan	Japanese Video Artists

February 17 - March 30, 1980

SUNDAY VIDEO PRESENTATION, curated by Robert Harris, with:

Amy Greenfield	Vito Acconci
Davidson Gigliotti	Robert Polidori

April 27 - May 11, 1980

SUNDAY VIDEO PRESENTATION, Canadian Video curated by Peggy Gale, with:

General Idea	Robert Jamon
Tom Sherman	Susan Britton
Elizabeth Chitty	Noel Harding
Piette Falrdeau	Nancy Nicol
Clive Robertson	Lisa Steele

September 28 - November 9, 1980

LANDSCAPE IN VIDEO, curated by Robert Harris, with:

Davidson Gigliotti	Frank Gillette
Al Robbins	Ira Schneider
Bill Viola	

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December 7, 1980 - January 25, 1981

DAN GRAHAM, curated by Robert Harris

February 15, 1981

SKIP BLUMBERG, curated by Robert Harris

February 22, 1981

VIDEO FROM ZAGREB, YUGOSLAVIA, with SANJA IVEKOVIC and DALIBOR MARTINIS

March 1, 1981

CALIFORNIA VIDEO, curated by Kathy Huffman, with:

Max Almy
Dan Boord
Ante Bozanick
John Caldwell
Alba Cane
Tony Labat
Tony Oursler
Patti Podesto
Nina Salerno
Ilene Segalove
Starr Sutherland
Bruce and Norman Yonemoto
Helen Demichiel
Pier Marton
Jan Peacock
Joes Rees/Target Video

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April 26 - June 14, 1981

FUNNY VIDEO TAPES, curated by Robert Harris, with:

Louis Grenier	Tony Oursler
Tony Muscatello	Davidson Gigliotti
Ilene Segalove	Michael Smith
Laurie Anderson	Jean Dupuy
Julia Heyward	Jim Lecesne
Tim Maul	

October 17 - December 14, 1981

KATHERINE IKAM, curated by Robert Harris

January 17 - March 4, 1982

JOAN JONAS, curated by Robert Harris

April 4 - May 31, 1982

BILL BRAND, curated by Robert Harris

JAMES BYRNE, curated by Robert Harris

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October 17 - December 12, 1982

ANIMAL MAGNETISM, curator Robert Harris, with

Skip Blumberg	Rii Kanzaki
Jon Borofsky	Tomiyo Sasaki
Simone Forti	Neil Zusman
Kirk Heflin	
Tony Oursler "A Scene"	

January 16 - March 13, 1983

VIDEO OF THE '60's, curator: Robert Harris, with:

Lyn Blumenthal	Les Levine
Nancy Holt and Robert Smithson	
NASA Space Program	Bruce Nauman
Alan Kaprow	Nam June Paik
Otto Piene	James Seawright
Eric Siegal	John Reilly
Videofreex	Thomas Tadlock
WGBH	Aldo Tambelini
Jud Yalkut	

April 10- June 5, 1983

KEITH SONNIER, curator Robert Harris

HANS BREDER, curator Robert Harris

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NATIONAL WORKSPACE PROGRAM

Since the founding of the Institute for Art and Urban Resources, the studio workspace program has been a fundamental part of its activities. This program awards low-cost, non-living studio space to approximately twenty American artists for a minimum of one and a maximum of two years. Studios, available both at the Clocktower and P.S. 1, provide a creative working atmosphere as well as the opportunity to present works in informal exhibitions. Three times every year artists are encouraged to open their studios during P.S. 1 openings, when 3,000 - 5,000 visitors pass through the building.

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NATIONAL STUDIO PROGRAM

Selection Procedures, Fees

The selection procedure for The National Studio Program at The Institute for Art and Urban Resources, Inc. begins in March, when advertisements are placed in the Village Voice throughout the month announcing that applications are available for the upcoming year's program. Copies of these advertisements are also sent to arts organizations around the country, to post and disperse the information. Applications are accepted throughout the month of April.

An adjunct staff of two people is then hired to receive, record and process all incoming applications. The adjunct staff not only processes the applications, but makes sure that each one is in order and includes the required supplementary materials: five slides, a resume, and at least two letters of recommendation. All out-of-state artists are also contacted to ascertain their willingness to move to New York if they are selected into the program.

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Two panels then meet to select the artists. The first panel, comprised of the curatorial and executive staff at The Institute selects 50 artists who they feel would benefit and are most appropriate for the nature of the program. The second panel makes their selection out of these fifty. Also present in a non-voting capacity are Alanna Heiss, President and Executive Director of The Institute for Art and Urban Resources, and Ronald Lynch, Program Director, as well as the two staff members who initially processed the applications. Each voting panelist received a $50.00 honorarium from The Institute.

From the panelists' selections, a priority list is set up from all the tallies, i.e., the artists with the highest scores are contacted first. Each artist is contacted by telephone or telegram. After notification, the artist is then interviewed by the executive staff and allocated a studio space which seems most condusive to their needs (i.e., those working with large scale

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sculpture are given a studio on the first floor, painters those studios with the best light conditions, etc.). If an artist selected does not choose to participate in the program, the next person on the list is contacted. The program begins on July 1.

Participating artists make rental contributions ranging from $60 to $120 per month depending on studio size. The sizes range from 300-800 square feet. The Institute will not waive the fees or provide scholarships, however some out-of-state artists are co-sponsored by their home states and The Institute. In this case the state covers the rental contribution, and the artist is provided with an apartment and a living stipend.

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NATIONAL STUDIO ARTISTS AT P.S. 1 AND THE CLOCKTOWER

List of Participants: 1976-1983

Takayuki Amana

Leonard Brillinger

Phyllis Bilick

Allen Bertoldi

Leslie Bohnenkamp

Steve and Eugenie Alexander

Betty Ann Felderman

Jacqueline Freedman

John Fekner

Ed Flood

Claudia Di Monte

Cherly Heyman

Eric Holzman

Frances Hybes

Gianfranco Gorgoni

Louis Kunsch

Dennis Ledar

Katy Martin

Richard Havin

Don Leicht

Rudolph Montanez

Ellen Phelan

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Martin Puryear

Robert Rakita

Massimo Piericci

Frank Olt

Angrees Saville

Karen Shaw

Richard Tobias

Richard van Buren

Toon Verhoef

Randy Williams

Jerilea Tempel

Sue Weil

Rochelle Wyner

Jeane Weber

Rae Berolzheimer

Douglas Braswell

Marina Cappelletto

Francis Charters

Nathalie Dymnicki

Darrell Ellis

James Wentzy

Martin Johnson

Winthrop Knowlton

Lesle Lahlezar

Andrew Lyght

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Edward Mayer

Tadeuz Myslowsko

Bucky Schwartz

Kit-Yin Snyder

Richard Thatcher

Miyomo Vemura

Pat Walsh

Tony Thompson

Candida Alvarez

Lynda Benglis

Ron Edson

Cham Hendon

Brigid Kennedy

Peter Fend

Stephany Blyn

Eugene Brodsky

Len Bellinger

Efrain de Jesus

Louisa Filippon

Jane Couch

Carol de Pasquale

Louise Forgione

Terry Dui

Kristin Gerber

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James Christopher Holl

Bernd Jensen and Hilmar Bergen

Dianne Leder

Johannes Leinhart

Babette Mangolte

Steven Pollack

Massimo Piericci

Martin Rosz

Esti Sxhur

Tony Thompson

Mimi Weisbord

Stephen McKeown

Craig Southard

Brian Withers

Sandy Skogland

A. Lynn Forgach

Peter Frank

Cynthia Coulter

George Bennet

Liza Bear

Michael Bidlo

Michael Byron

Rafael Colon Morales

Houston Conwill

Jody Culkin

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Dan George

Andras Halasz

Janet Olivia Henry

Brant Kingman

Mark Kloth

William Kopp

Pierre Louaver

Maureen A. Lynch

Samuel Messer

Tyrone Mitchell

Nicholas Mufarrej

Gerald Nichols

Gustavo C. Ojeda

Janet Philbad

Jean Promutico

Charles Rachlin

Layne Redmond

Christy Rupp

Sara Ruth

Anita Saghbazarian

Rebecca Sangster

Kenny Scharf

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BEST BETS

Dena L. Shottenkirk

Jennifer Q. Smith

Athena Tacha

Deborah Whitman

Gerry Morehead

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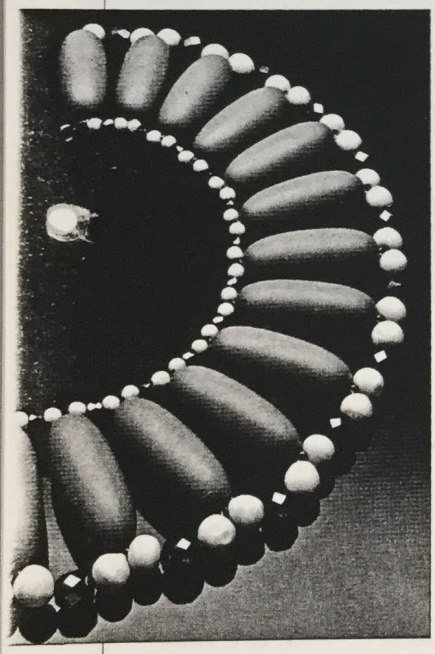
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BEST BETS

The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do in this best of all possible cities.

By Nancy McKeon and Corky Pollan



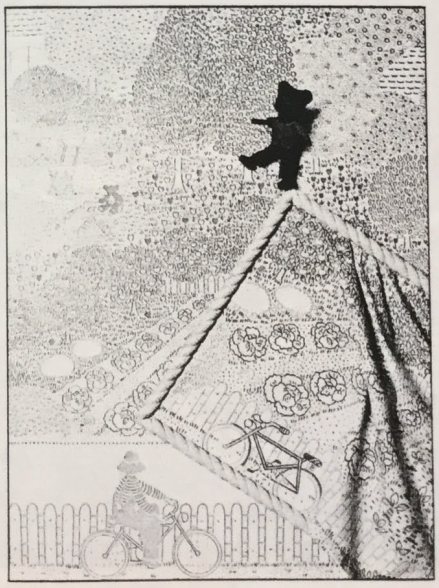


Great Neck

What happens when you bring an Art Deco sensibility to high-tech materials? Well, if you're Marion Sandra Mishkin, you get Marlowe Ltd. jewelry of bold elegance. Marion combines creamy bone beads, smooth acrylic rods, and the steely glow of faceted hematite crystals into a dramatic collar to show off summer's bare shoulders.
COLLAR/*Around $200/Bloomingdale's (Cul de Sac) and Henri Bendel*

Esprit Décor: The Little Prints

Bébé won't wear out his guardian angel if he has these winsome teddy bears and bicycling farm boys to watch over him while he sleeps. The French wallpaper company Point Virgule also has chubby *moutons* to count and four tiny prints—flowers, waves, dots, and dashes (all are $15.95 per roll, double rolls only). Borders ($32.95 per 21-yard-long roll) can be bicycles or sheep and go with any of the small prints. Fabric (farm and small prints only) is $19.95 per 58-inch-wide yard—great for curtains.
JANOVIC PLAZA/*Third Avenue and 67th Street/772-1400*



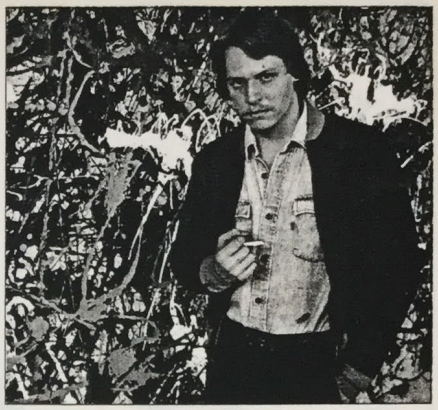
Photographs: top, Ted Hardin; center left, Corinne Colen; bottom, Tobi Seftel.

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Loo Story



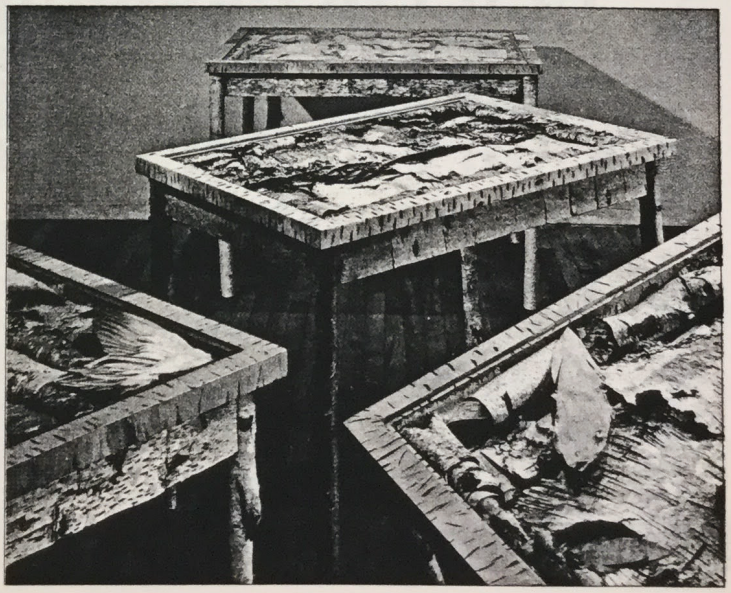
The night in 1949 when Jackson Pollock unveiled his *Mural* at Peggy Guggenheim's Beekman Place townhouse has become an art "moment" not because of the painting but because Pollock is rumored to have relieved himself in Guggenheim's fireplace during the party that followed. True or not, the incident has become part of the Pollock apocrypha, and every second-generation Abstract Expressionist claims to have witnessed the event. But now *everyone* can witness it. In his studio at P.S.1, painter Mike Bidlo (above) has constructed *Jack the Dripper at Peg's Place*, an environmental piece that reconstitutes the evening's legendary activity. When Bidlo first showed the work, it was a performance piece, complete with a naked model portraying Pollock (yes, apparently the painter stripped first). But we must content ourselves with a clothed mannequin ("Naked dummies just don't make it," says Bidlo). Bidlo's obsession with Pollock has led him to produce, almost drip for drip, *Convergence* and other Pollock works (currently on view at the Hal Bromm, Monique Knowlton, and Gracie Mansion galleries; prices start at $1,200, for a three-foot-by-five-foot canvas). But *Peg's Place* was certainly his crowning achievement. Now the 29-year-old painter wants to sell the set, presumably to some well-heeled collector with a spare room to furnish. Fifteen thousand dollars will grab the whole thing—right down to most of the bric-a-brac (not including the stuffed armadillo), the original works of art, and the portraits of Peggy Guggenheim. For those with less than fifteen thou but at least the price of a subway token, the room is on view Thursday through Sunday 1 to 6 P.M., until June 5.

P.S.1 (INSTITUTE FOR ART & URBAN RESOURCES)/*46-01 21st Street, Long Island City/784-2084*
MIKE BIDLO/ *564-6918*

Left in the Birch

Michele Doner's startling birch-tree tables are a paradox. They begin when she finds a dead tree and end as an homage to nature that won't ever die. The legs of these breakfast-size tables are the sturdy tree trunks themselves, the knobby sawed-limb stumps and papery flecks left intact, or witty trompe l'oeil counterfeits. The frame for the table is a paraphrase of the table's very birchness: cartoony bark markings on fir. But the sculptor's real statement is made within the tabletop. There, under the glass, she lovingly arranges rolls of birch paper, twigs, even the wings of birds she's found lying in the forest. "My work is all about decay and regeneration. Life and death are everywhere in nature," says Doner. "I'm comfortable with both of them." In this case, so are we.

MICHELE DONER/*$1,500 and up/Call 334-9056 11 a.m. to 5 p.m.*



Photographs: top, Ted Hardin; bottom, Wolfgang Hoyt/ESTO.

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NEWSDAY

'PS 1' Gives Artists a Place to Grow



Newsday/Naomi Lasdon

Jennifer Smith of Manhattan with her work at PS 1 in Long Island City

By Michael Arena 7/26/81

Long Island City—Trucks rumble outside, paint peels overhead, but in the second-floor hallway of the old school building on 21st Street, you can hear music from a radio behind a painted classroom door.

This is where Jennifer Q. Smith is perfecting her art.

She is 29 years old, and for next year she will be designing costumes in the old classroom that is now converted to her studio workshop.

Dozens of artists from across the country and around the world are renting space in studios along the dimly lit hallways of the building known as PS 1 along with Ms. Smith, who was born in Jamaica and lives in Manhattan.

A thriving museum and studio operated by the Institute for Art and Urban Resources in the heart of an industrial neighborhood, PS 1 offers artists who are high on motivation and innovation and low on funds a chance to work in low-cost studios. Monthly rentals are about $80.

And there is lots of space: three floors of studios, several refurbished exhibit areas and an auditorium. "Before this, I worked out of a small room in my apartment," said Ms. Smith, who has made costumes for commercials and has taught art in public schools. "After a while you don't hear the trucks outside."

The building, four stories of red brick with touches of Renaissance and Romanesque architecture built nearly 100 years ago at 46-01 21st St., was abandoned by the city in 1963. It was vacant for a decade and slated for demolition when the Institute agreed to take it over, leasing the building from the city and spending $150,000 for renovation.

PS 1 is just a five-minute subway ride from Manhattan, but Alanna Heiss, the president of the institute, said it offers "breathing room from the pressures and institutions in Manhattan."

"We want to ask questions of the artist and the audience," she said. "It's more than just something on a wall. We hope that when people come here they are forced to re-evaluate many things about art."

The facility's exhibition season starts in October with 30 shows planned, including some works that incorporate sections of the building as part of the art work, Ms. Heiss said. For example, "Sky Space Structural Cut," which is expected to be completed in the fall by California artist James Turrell, exposes a top-floor room to the sky.

Many artists whose works appear in PS 1 exhibits have been chosen from among hundreds of applicants to participate in the institute's one-year program by a selection committee of critics, museum curators and artists.

Some PS 1 alumni have moved into the neighborhood, which has often been identified as having a potential for construction of luxury apartment buildings along the East River waterfront. But the neighborhood remains a mix of factories alongside aging frame houses and small apartment buildings.

The neighborhood has hidden benefits for the artists who live there, Ms. Heiss said. "It's a fantastic advantage being located in the middle of a neighborhood with industrial ambiance," she said. Supplies, like wood, glass, paper and piping can be purchased nearby.

"And many craftsmen who live or work in the neighborhood often share what they know with our artists. It's an informal interaction."

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tation. Fully outfitted to serve as an actual chapel (one of Conwill's brothers is a Catholic priest, and the artist invited him to celebrate a mass on the premises), the work was both a chamber meant to house sacred activity and a ritual manifestation of the artist's beliefs, esthetic preoccupations and cultural heritage.

Conwill's installation transformed one of the classrooms that now function as viewing spaces at P.S. 1, bathing the ceiling, walls, and floor in a painted whirlpool of hot-colored, rhythmic design that swirled over the chapel's furniture as well. Six benches and

prominent feature of both these cultures is their syncretic approach to Christianity, the association reinforces the chapel's blend of European and African esthetic traits. At the same time, the work's ritual character reflected the artist's upbringing (he was raised a Catholic) and his creative goals. His previous work frequently involved enactment of personally designed rituals and relied upon a symbolic vocabulary that freely mixed African, Asian and Native American religious iconography.

Initially creating pictographic scrolls of cast Rhoplex and latex, Conwill

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Houston Conwill: *Easter Shout*, 1981, room installation; at P.S. 1

moved on to fully three-dimensional objects two years ago—wrapping a cylindrical core with a scroll to create a "time capsule," which he placed inside earth-covered, cabinet-like boxes, whose compartments also at times contained small "juju bags." (These rubbery pouches, studded with tiny multi-colored nodules, were filled with a variety of substances that the artist believes to have magical properties.) Last fall, Conwill excavated a 9-by-9-by-9-foot area outside Atlanta's Third Floor Gallery and installed time capsules and juju bags in all but nine of the 49 niches he'd carved in the subterranean chamber's walls. With *Easter Shout*, he has, in a sense, risen from the depths, giving us a work that is both earthly and celestial in its invocation of New World culture's heterogeneous secular and sacred history.

—*Judith Wilson*

Art in America, October 1981

Houston Conwill at P.S. 1

Houston Conwill's *Easter Shout* was both a room and a symbolic representation. Fully outfitted to serve as an actual chapel (one of Conwill's brothers is a Catholic priest, and the artist invited him to celebrate a mass on the premises), the work was both a chamber meant to house sacred activity and a ritual manifestation of the artist's beliefs, esthetic preoccupations and cultural heritage.

Conwill's installation transformed one of the classrooms that now function as viewing spaces at P.S. 1, bathing the ceiling, walls, and floor in a painted whirlpool of hot-colored, rhythmic design that swirled over the chapel's furniture as well. Six benches and an austere altar resembling a parson's table were placed in the room. A long-handled fan, of the kind favored by Afro-American churchgoers (and, one suspects, derived from African fan types), rested on each bench. The altar, which sat on a dais, was furnished with the necessary implements for a Roman Catholic mass—candles, chalice, a loaf of bread, and cruets of water and wine. And, in keeping with Catholic practice during the Easter season, a potted lily sat behind the altar, while the air was redolent with the unmistakable odor of frankincense.

With the exception of the paper fans, all of the objects in the room were characteristic of modern, European-derived Christian ceremony. And the act of creating this sanctuary interior recalls Western art's long tradition of church decoration. But by coating the space with zigzagging ribbons of red, green, yellow, and gold paint, Conwill gave his chapel a decidedly non-Western face. The installation seemed to fulfill the promise of its name by synesthetic means: the chromatic brilliance of the room was like an optical scream. A throbbing dance of "loud" colors, it evoked the sound of a black congregation joined in a form of exultant song called "shouting."

The visual sources of Conwill's decorative style are Caribbean and Afro-Brazilian vernacular design. Since a prominent feature of both these cultures is their syncretic approach to Christianity, the association reinforces the chapel's blend of European and African esthetic traits. At the same time, the work's ritual character reflected the artist's upbringing (he was raised a Catholic) and his creative goals. His previous work frequently involved enactment of personally designed rituals and relied upon a symbolic vocabulary that freely mixed African, Asian and Native American religious iconography.

Initially creating pictographic scrolls of cast Rhoplex and latex, Conwill

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THE NEW YORK TIMES - Sunday, January 21, 1979

Artists Put Down Roots in L.I. City

By DEE WEDEMEYER

It may come as a surprise to the occupants of the Mayflower Ice Cream factory in Queens, but to Betty-Ann Felderman the building is "too Vermeer." Bloomingdale's in Manhattan may have become famous for its fashionable dry goods, but in Long Island City its water towers are what Mrs. Felderman has put on canvas and now she has her eye on a red Silvercup sign.

Mrs. Felderman is an artist, one of a small but increasing number who are renting studio space, and in some cases living space, in Long Island City. She draws inspiration from the industrial landscape, but she and the other artists have come to this mostly industrial community primarily in search of what artists in other places have been seeking for centuries: inexpensive space and good light.

For many years there have been a few artists scattered about Long Island City. Isamu Noguchi has had a sculpture studio in Long Island City since 1961 and has also lived there for 10 years. Roy Gussow moved his home and studio from Manhattan in 1964 and Jose de Rivera has rented a studio from Mr. Gussow for more than a decade.

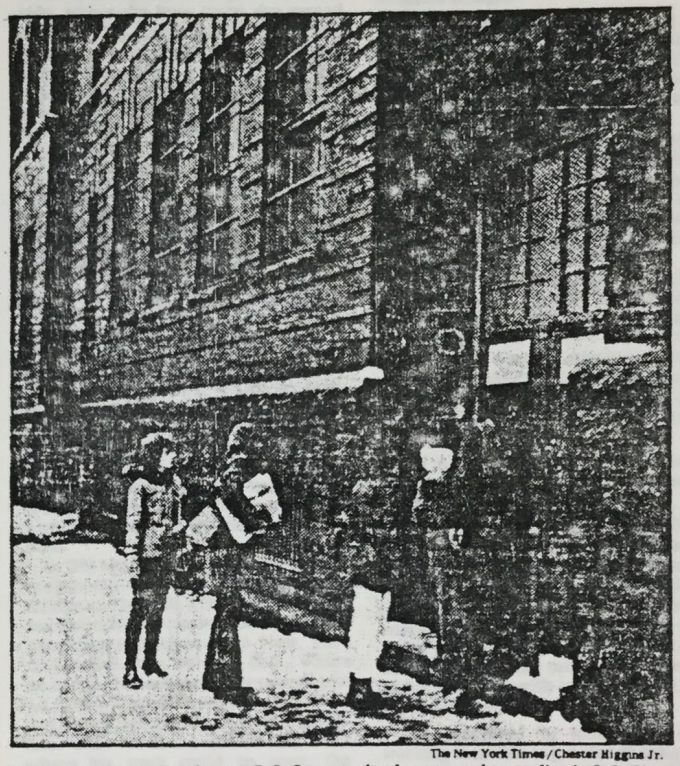
But lately more have made the move, encouraged by increasing rents in SoHo and TriBeCa and by the opening in 1976 of Project Studios One at 46-01 21st Street. P.S. One, as it is known, is a large red-brick public school, closed since 1963, which was converted to studio and exhibition space by the Institute for Art and Urban Resources, an organization that plans exhibits and helps artists find work space.

Last year Mrs. Felderman and others whose leases expired at P.S. One rented space nearby at 10-27 46th Avenue in a furniture factory and opened Independent Studios One, I.S. One. Another P.S One alumnus, a sculptor, has leased space next door to I.S. One.

But there are others who predate either P.S. One or I.S. One. A quick check of artists with a Long Island City zip code on a mailing list of the Queens Museum turned up Daniel Mehlman, a potter living and working on Jackson Avenue in a storefront formerly occupied by, among others, a dog grooming establishment, and Marsha Liberty, a sculptor and painter, living and working in a former social club on Vernon Boulevard.

Long Island City, roughly defined, runs from the East River south to Newtown Creek on the Brooklyn border, east to Sunnyside, and north, including Ravenswood, to parts of Astoria. Zoning provides for heavy and light industrial uses, a substantial portion designated for residential use and many preexisting residential structures, which stand beside industrial structures.

Anyone anticipating a stampede for conversion to a SoHo type community will probably get a lot of opposition, from artists, among others, who want to see rents kept accessible and believe artists have been priced out of other areas once boutiques and restaurants move in.



The New York Times / Chester Higgins Jr.

Visitors on way to art show at P.S. One, a school converted to studios in L.I. City

According to Sandy Zuckerbrot, president of Sholom & Zuckerbrot Realty, Long Island City industrial real estate brokers, about four years ago rents were down to $1 a square foot in some parts of the area. Now, he said, they are up to $1.50 to $2 a square foot for lofts and $2 to $2.50 for one-story buildings. Vacancies are dwindling, he said, and even some new construction is planned. He believes there is room for artists, but not a major residential conversion movement.

Widespread residential conversions would require radical zoning changes, he said, and there is sympathy for keeping space available for industrial purposes because of the jobs this type of operation creates. Also, many of the existing buildings are low-rise, even shed-type structures, less suitable for SoHo-style conversions, he said, and there are still residential buildings available not requiring conversion.

"There are a group of people, artists and architects who have moved here very quietly without telling everybody what they are doing," said Mr. Zuckerbrot. "They are not looking to build another SoHo."

Paul C. Rennert, a managing partner of Rennert Diana & Co., another Long Island City-based real estate agency, said that space was tight and that while there were buildings suitable for studios, they were either cheap and rundown or too expensive for a struggling artist. For example, he said, there is a three-level, 13,500-square-foot former health clinic, diagonally across the street from P.S. One, but the asking price is $250,000.

On the other hand, Richard Maltz, president of Greiner-Maltz Co. Inc., the firm that sold Noguchi both his buildings, said that in the last six months he had sold sculptors two one-story buildings between the Queensboro Bridge and Vernon Boulevard.

"I was just trying to think of a great name for that neighborhood," said Mr. Maltz. "How about 'the artistic triangle?' or 'the artistic trapezoid?' That's closer to the shape."

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A boutique is about as popular with some of these artists as a glue factory would be in Scarsdale, but artists almost inevitably confer a fashionable quality to an area. Dinners have been held at a local diner and V.I.P.'s such as Joan Mondale, wife of the Vice President, have visited the P.S. One. But the industrial-artist mix is not as radical as some might think.

"It's a natural blend," said Jack I. Nahoum, vice president of Van Alst Hardware and Supply Company, a store with many industrial accounts that has happily been supplying sculptors with such products as wheel grinders.

"Unlike a lot of people who come into a hardware store, they are very well-versed in their mediums," he said.

At P.S. One, subsidized rents range from $30 to $80 a month for approximately 300 to 800 square feet of space. About half the classrooms are studios leased to artists for one year, but the other half as well as the basement, attic, courtyard, and roof are awarded for shorter periods for development of a specific project. So far the institute, which recently moved executive offices to P.S. One, says about 2,000 artists have shown their work at the studios, not counting the 470 in a current show of postcard-size art.

Artists at P.S. One open their studios to the public Thursday through Sunday from 1 to 6 P.M. and often concerts or performances are held in the galleries.

One recent snowy Sunday, visitors filed through the building's entrance foyer, which had been made into an environmental piece with gold industrial leaf by Zadik Zadikian. Paint on most of the hallways is worn and peeling but there are many signs of repairs. Many studio doors still bear the original classroom numbers. The sounds of a John Cage vocal work resounded in the halls.

In one gallery Irene Young, an art teacher at the Dalton School in Manhattan, explained that her piece, four huge boxes in which a visitor could stand, could not have been built without the space. In her five-room apartment she had built one of the six-foot by six-foot by seven-foot boxes.

"My daughter was going crazy wanting me to rip it down a long time ago," said Mrs. Young.

Over at I.S. One, where the studios were open to the public for the first time, Karen Shaw explained her theory of words and numbers, as visitors moved among her works, which included a box of tiny books mounted with pins on cotton, her way of noting the closeness of etymology (the study of words) and entomology (the study of insects.)

"They look like butterflies when they are open," said Mrs. Shaw.

Frances Hynes, who painted Bayside, where she lives, until she rented studios in P.S. One and then in I.S. One, said that working in Long Island City had influenced her. For one thing, she has a view of Manhattan and has begun working on cityscapes, painting skyscrapers in pastel-colored oils.

Eight of the I.S. One artists had been working out of homes in Queens or Long Island before, but some also gave up more expensive studios in Manhattan. The 10,000 square feet of space was rented for $12,000 annually and cost about $14,000 to divide into studios.

"There aren't too many coffeehouses you can fall into," said Stephanie Brody Lederman, comparing the area to SoHo. "It's also very close to Manhattan. If you are doing things at galleries or at museums, it's on the way, or if someone wants to come see you, you just tell them it's two subway stops past the Museum of Modern Art."

If there is one person for whom all this activity must be heart-warming, it is Roy Gussow, a sculptor known for his abstract work in polished stainless steel.

In 1964 Mr. Gussow drew a circle on a map in the vicinity of the Queensboro Bridge and sent his wife, Mary, to scout for space. The Gussows and their three daughters moved back to New York City in 1982 from Raleigh, N.C., where he had been teaching. They moved into an Upper West Side apartment and he had a studio downtown on Seventh Avenue. Once he had a Manhattan base where his work could be seen, the Grace Borgenicht gallery, being in Manhattan was less essential.

Two things, he said, could not be underestimated when trying to find space for a sculptor: the noise made at work and the need for access. The Gussows considered a loft in SoHo but the thought of getting a 10-foot work out of a fifth-floor loft was prohibitive.

It took two months but Mrs. Gussow found their present home and studio — with several out-buildings and sheds — for $32,000. The property required about $15,000 in work immediately. He tore down an entire building to make a garden, he said, causing considerable curiousity among neighbors who wanted to know whether he was going to put up a parking lot. A garden was not much more believable, he said.

"Finally, I found the terminology which was accepted," said Mr. Gussow. "It is a display yard for my sculpture. That's what they accepted. As a matter of fact that's what Internal Revenue accepts."

Today the garden is a showplace of his sculpture as well as his earlier occupation as a landscape architect. There are huge trees and a recirculating pool and fountain he built from the concrete floor of a shed he tore down.

The studio, about 2,400 square feet, could be any metalworker's shop with its large, electric metal cutting and polishing equipment, were it not for the small models and a collection of shells and other natural forms he once used to teach relationships of shapes.

Upstairs, Jose de Rivera rents 1,500 square feet. He and Mr. Gussow have borrowed a bolt or two from each other, but generally Mr. Gussow holds to the maxim about never borrowing or lending. One neighbor did borrow an acetylene torch and a half-bag of cement, apparently a Long Island City version of a cup of sugar.

The living room is full of museum quality works and of Mr. Gussow's smaller works, plus work by others, including sculpture by Ilya Bolotowsky.

After he completes his latest work, for a commission of about $50,000 from Reading, Pa., he plans to install solar hot-water heat, possibly a windmill energy creater and glass doors in the living room leading onto a deck. On the deck, he plans a hot tub and a gazebo in which he can sit with Igor, a macaw, on his shoulder and drink martinis.

"The potential for ideal living and working facilities is greater in Long Island City than in Manhattan," said Mr. Gussow. "To own a garden is a way of life. The physical and visual quality of our immediate environment is very conducive to work and to happiness."

He has put down a taproot — a granite-topped table that has its base imbedded in three feet of concrete in the garden.

"A tree develops a taproot when it has been planted long enough," he said. "Once it develops a taproot that tree can't be moved or it will die. But a taproot is also a frame of mind. I'm not traveling anywhere."

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INTERNATIONAL WORKSPACE

Since 1977, The Institute for Art and Urban Resources, Inc. has worked with foreign governments to obtain workspace for professional artists from around the world. Each artist participating in this program is partially subsidized by his or her home country and maintains a studio space at P.S. 1 or the Clocktower for approximately one year. This program enables artists from Australia, Canada, Denmark, France, Germany, The Netherlands, Spain and Sweden to participate in New York City's vital art world. The value of this program lies not only in the exposure it gives to foreign artists but also in the ways that their presence enriches the New York art world. International Studio Artists at The Institute for Art and Urban Resources come into contact with their American counterparts in a mutually beneficial interchange of ideas. Over the years the international studio artists have proven to be among the most active in making P.S. 1 and the Clocktower into vital communities instead of merely places to create and exhibit art.

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Italy, Norway, Germany, England, France as well as in New York. This international interest stems from The Institute's unique experimental approach of presenting contemporary art.

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INTERNATIONAL STUDIO ARTISTS AT P.S. 1

List of Participants 1977 - 83:

Monica Baumgartl - Dusseldorf

Wolfman Erber - Berlin

Pieter Holstein - Netherlands

Peter Monnig - Dusseldorf

Claude Rutault - France

Carla Stelwig - Framce

Ulrich Baehr - Berlin

Ansuya Blom - Netherlands

Christian Bonnefoi - France

Heinz Breloh - Cologne

Catherina Cosin - Berlin

Josef Erben - Berlin

Nicholas Fedorenko - France

Frank Goebbels - Dusseldorf

Siggi Gudmundson - Netherlands

Till Hausmann - Dusseldorf

John Hall - Canada

Jaspar Halfmann - Berlin

Stephen Huber - Munich

Wolf Kahlen - Berlin

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Imre Kocsis - Berlin

Alf Linder - Sweden

George Legrady - Canada

Inge Mahn - Dusseldorf

Wolfgang Mahn - Dusseldorf

Anne and Patrick Poirier - France

John Roeland - Netherlands

Jorge Texidor - Spain

Isolde Warren - Dusseldorf

Andreaus Bruning - Dusseldorf

Karl Bethke - Berlin

Chema Cobo - Spain

Lars Englund - Sweden

Dale Franks - Australia

Krien Geizen - Munich

Toni Grand - France

Ralf Johannes - Cologne

Wendy Knox-Leet- Canada

Theo Kuypers - Netherlands

Annette Messager - France

Richard Monnier - France

Tonie Roos - Sweden

Michael Schafer - Munich

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Isolde Wawrin - Dusseldorf

Lenke Rothman - Sweden

Thomas Bernstein -

Kees de Goode - Netherlands

Max Book - Sweden

Gregor Curten - Cologne

Roland Flexner - France

Birgit and Wilhelm Hein - Berlin

Lazlo Lakner - Berlin

Michael Kramer - Berlin

Klaus Jung - Dusseldorf

Toby MacLennan - Canada

Peter Pick - Cologne

Birgitta Rohrbach - Dusseldorf

Gerd Rohling - Berlin

Gunther Thorn - Dusseldorf

Louis Chacalles - France

Bernard Frieze - France

Rolf Hanson - Sweden

John Dunkley-Smith - Australia

Barbara Harnish - Berlin

Francois Martin - France

Julius - Berlin

Klaus Schmitt - Dusseldorf

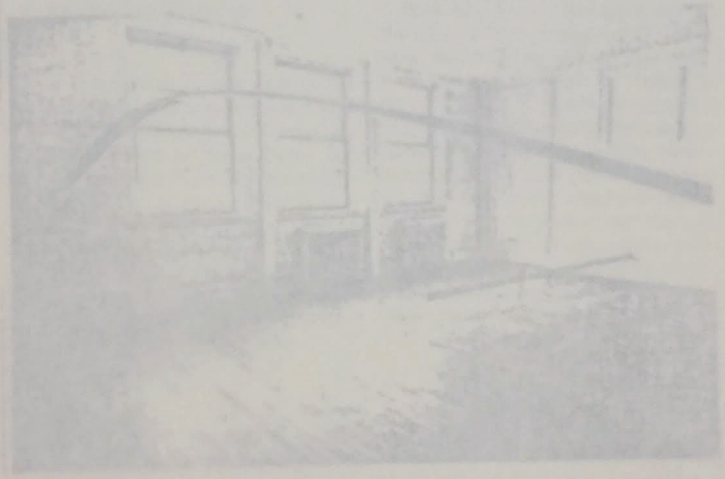
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The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
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Ter Hell - Berlin

Barbara Quandt - Berlin

Hank Bisch - Netherlands



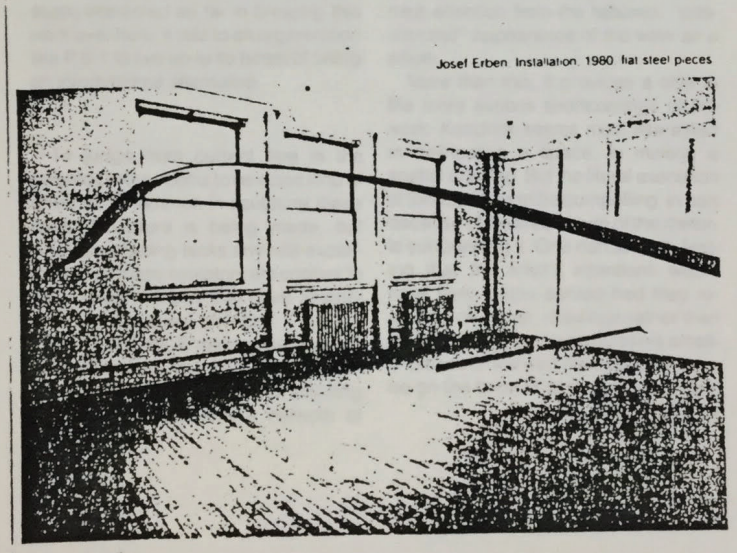
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The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
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IMRE KOSCIS and JOSEF ERBEN, P.S. 1; MEL KENDRICK, John Weber Gallery:

The International Studio Program at P.S.1 seems to attract artists working within a similar vein, a Germanic minimalism that always seems to be painted matte black. There have been exceptions (Pieter Holstein is a memorable one) but on the whole,selection seems to favor sculptors with a bent for installation work, either of the sort which requires construction within the studio or, more often, the introduction of some heavy object into the room, supposedly to alter our perception of the space. The current visitors, IMRE KOSCIS and JOSEF ERBEN, both from West Germany, made use of the latter option.

Koscis had a group of thin wedges standing out from the floor at acute angles, supported only at their bases so that they appeared to remain standing by the strength of faith alone. Each wedge was painted an opaque, matte black to give the installation a suitably expressionistic tone. In contrast to the crumbling walls and pitted floors of the



Josef Erben. Installation. 1980. flat steel pieces

Artforum, December 1980

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still-undeveloped wing of P.S.1, the work looked machine-slick.

Erben's work was also deep black in a white room, and equally "tricky" as an engineering feat. A long thin wand projected from the wall, waving slowly in the turbulence caused by passing viewers. Across its path a similar piece of metal was jammed between the walls of the room so that it was forced into a curve. Again the intent seems to have been to create a brooding, despairing sense of loss, but all that was really projected was a sense of ennui because one sensed that these things had already been seen and understood.

We have recently been able to see some newer, more interesting work by young artists out of Italy, and reading the European magazines one gets the impression that there is equally interesting work being done in Northern Europe. Since few of the major galleries seem interested so far in bringing this work over here, it falls to an organization like P.S.1 to live up to its boast of being an international alternative.

To judge from current fare in the galleries there seems to be some kind of crisis of confidence in sculpture these days. Sculpture is being made, but what is surfacing lacks any real excitement. Too many sculptors are content to work away at ideas that have already received adequate attention.

MEL KENDRICK makes use of a rhetoric of structure, building spatial frameworks from a counterpoint of rhyming shapes. Each piece is a network of chunky wooden beams tied together by prominently displayed bolts and colored in what can only be described as painterly fashion. The application of paint is obviously crucial to Kendrick, something to be worried over. He wants to do it, but fears his work may then be contaminated with the dread taint of illusionism. To counter this, and still indulge his painterly bent, he sands down his surfaces to expose their underlying structure.

The bowing of some of these struts gives the work a hint of movement, of contained tension, but the geometric base of the work is ultimately static. As a result it remains predictable and in the end it is only the artist's contrary painterly impulses that insinuate a certain interest. The rubbed-down, exposed look, revealing layers of paint with the wood itself showing underneath, adds an expressive dimension that serves to distract attention from the labored, "constructed" appearance of the work as a whole.

More than this, it provides a clue to the more serious shortcomings of the work. Kendrick seems most interested in delineating a space, in making a spatial drawing. But the literal execution of this idea fails to be compelling, in part because of the tired nature of the rhetoric surrounding it. One cannot help feeling that the artist's intentions would have been better served had they remained on paper; drawings rather than sculpture. In placing some of his smaller pieces on the wall, Kendrick seems to be on the brink of acknowledging this.

—THOMAS LAWSON

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PERMANENT COLLECTION

While P.S. 1's reputation has been made primarily through its temporary exhibitions, its Permanent Collection is unique and interesting. Instead of collecting painting and sculpture that can be bought and sold as many institutions do, the Institute's philosophy has led to a collection that consists primarily of installation art.

Rooms, walls and niches house permanent works throughout the building. In 1978, leading California artists were commissioned to create new work designed for permanent installation within specific sites at P.S. 1. The project focused on work by artists who address issues of light and visual perception. With completion of the West/East installations, the Institute will not only have added important works to its permanent collection, but also provided a rare opportunity for artists, scholars and the general public to view the important work of this genre.

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PERMANENT COLLECTION

Akirachiwaki, "Untitled," 1979. Acrylic on Plaster.
Outdoor Roof Ceiling, North Wing

Allen Bertoldi, "Concrete for the Children," 1979. Concrete.
Courtyard

Josef Erben, "Sculpture P.S. 1 Courtyard," 1980. Steel.
Courtyard

Jasper Halfmann, "Manhattan Transfer," 1980. Steel and Aluminum.
Roof, North Wing

Jene Highstein, "Untitled," 1980. Steel.
Courtyard

Robert Irwin, "Security Stairwell," 1981. Wire Mesh and Glass.
Entrance and all floors, South Wing.

Eric Orr, "Nothing Special," 1980.
Attic, South Wing

Tony Rosenthal, "Untitled," 1980. Steel.
Courtyard

Alan Saret, "Wall-Cave Aperature," 1976.
Third Floor, North Wing

Richard Serra, "Untitled," 1976. Hot Rolled Steel.
Roof, North Wing

Richard Thatcher, "Censored Information," 1981. Plexiglass,
Neon, Aluminum, Steel, 16mm film.
All Floors, North Wing

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DeWain Valentine, "Cantenary Light Reconstructed," 1981.
Third Floor, South Wing

Merrill Wagner, "Burgundy Landing," 1978. Colored Tape.
Third Floor, North Wing

Zadik Zadikian, "P.S. 1 Entrance," 1976. Gold foil.
Front Entrance

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PROGRAMS:

ONGOING PROGRAMS: 1973 - PRESENT

THE CLOCKTOWER

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1973 - PRESENT, THE CLOCKTOWER, LOWER MANHATTAN

The Clocktower in Lower Manhattan has become a permanent workspace and exhibition center for The Institute for Art and Urban Resourses. Located on the top floor and clocktower of a landmark Sanford White Building, the unusual exhibition facility is designed for in-depth one person and small group exhibitions. In contrast to some of the deliberately unfinished galleries at P.S. 1, the Clocktower offers two completely finished galleries with plenty of natural light and an exhilarating view of Manhattan. These qualities have made the Clocktower one of the most sought after exhibition spaces in New York City.

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THE CLOCKTOWER

1973: Joel Shapiro, Richard Tuttle, James Bishop, Charles Ross, Richard Nonas

1974: Alan Saret, Klaus Rinke, DISCUSSIONS: WORKS/WORDS, Geoffrey Hendricks, C. Bryan Hunt, Steve Gianakos

1975: ARTISTS MAKE TOYS, Eleanor Antin, COLLECTORS OF THE 70's, PART I: Dorothy and Herbert Vogel, Robert Janz, COLLECTORS OF THE 70's PART II: John Kaldor and Stanley Marsh, Michael McClard, Dale Henry, COLLECTORS OF THE 70's PART III: Milton Brutten and Helen Herrick, COLLECTORS OF THE 70's PART IV: A Selection From the Sohm Archive: The Fluxus Section

1976: Colette, Eleanor Antin, POETRY PROJECT, Robert Grosvenor, Marjorie Strider, DADA SOIREE, Michael Asher, Judith Shea, COLLECTORS OF THE 70's: PART V: Dr. Giuseppe Panza Di Biumo, Carl Andre, Alain Kirili, David Rabinowitch, Malcolm Morley, Lynn Hershman, Bob Yasuda

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1977: Carol Kreeger Davidson, COLLECTORS OF THE 70's: David Ross, Emmanuel Periere, Tom Rose, Robert Moskowitz, Vito Acconci, Claudia Schwalb

1978: James Carpenter, Ann Norton, Richard Artschwager, Italo Scanga, Gianfranco Gorgoni, Joanne Fridley, Judith Murray, Alan Scarritt, Tina Girouard, Keith Sonnier

1979: Marcia Hafif, Charlemagne Palestine, Jo Baer and Bruce Robbins, NEW WAVE PAINTING, Jan Yoors, Tobert Petersen, Suzanne Harris, Joan Thorne, Jennifer Bartlett, Frederick Spratt, Merrill Wagner, Sean Scully

1980: Ellen Phelen, Dimitry Merrinoff, Royden Rabinowitch, Glenda Hydler, Michelangelo Pistoletto, Jack Roth, John Gillan, FILM AS INSTALLATION, Brian O'Neill, MATERIAL MATTERS, Curated by Edward Albee, UNE IDEE EN L'AIR, POSTPURITANISM

1981: Monika Baumgartl and David Seidner, Leandro Katz, Ted Stamm, L'HEURE ENTRE CHIEN ET LOUP, Deborah Turbeville with Geoffrey Leather, Doug Sanderson, DESIGN BY CIRCUMSTANCE, CRIMINAL PROCEEDINGS, Denise Green, Wyn Knowlton, Clyde Connell

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1982: OLD WORLD/NEW WORKS, Alexis Smith, Larry Fuente, Marcus Leatherdale, Gerry Morehead

ICEBREAKERS, FILM AS INSTALLATION II, Frank Moore

1983: XENOPHILIA: INTERNATIONAL STUDIO ARTISTS, HABITATS, curator Robert Littman, FILM AS INSTALLATION, curator Leandro Katz, Frank Moore

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Weekend

The New York Times

FRIDAY, MARCH 18, 1983

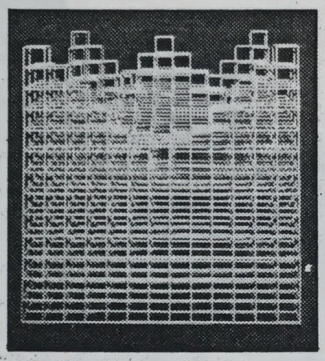
Art: 'Habitats,' a Show By 21 at the Clocktower

By GRACE GLUECK

"THE region where a plant or animal normally grows or lives" is the definition given by one respectable word source, the New World Dictionary of the American Language, for "habitat," or, more tersely, "the place where a person or thing is ordinarily found." A much looser interpretation is made by "Habitats," the current show at the Clocktower, 108 Leonard Street (through April 9). Here the word has been stretched to fit the work of 21 artists and architects exploring "the concepts of volume, enclosures, interiors and fantasy."

Right away, we're off in all directions. The ambitious hodgepodge assembled by Robert Littman, director of New York University's Grey Art Gallery, ranges from a pristine, open cubic structure by Sol LeWitt to a wearable torso "cage" of rattan and bamboo by a fashion designer, Issey Miyake. Mixing models by the architects Frank Gehry and John Hejduk, a proposal for a street sculpture by Mary Miss, panels of an etched-glass screen by Patsy Norvell and one of Thomas Lanigan-Schmidt's kitschy "shrines" of tinsel and Baggies, the show is a free-for-all, low on organizing principle. There are, for example, some artists patently missing who work in this vein, among them Alice Aycock, Scott Burton and Alice Adams. But why grumble? Scattershot though it is, the show has enough good material to carry it.

The architects here — Mr. Gehry and Mr. Hejduk — are known for their leanings toward the sculptural, though they contribute only modest proposals for quirky houses. Then there are sculptors who incline toward the architectural — including Mr. LeWitt, Siah Armajani, Richard Artschwager (more on him later), Jackie Ferrara, Gavrilo Fonseca, Cletus Johnson, Mary Miss and Charles Simonds. Among their work, the standouts are Mr. Johnson's "Beauregard," a shallow wall model of a grandly columned theater lobby invaded by two crocodiles; Mr. Simonds's "Tower and Wells," paying homage to an ancient culture through a tabletop archeological structure of tiny red clay bricks, and Miss Ferrara's "Wall Yard," a tiny, elegantly wrought wooden platform whose geometric motifs are repeated in a wall at right angles to it.



"13/7," painted wood, by Sol LeWitt at the Clocktower

But Mary Miss is badly represented by a photograph of her model for a large-scale sculpture proposed for 42d Street between Ninth and 10th Avenues, with no explanation of its siting or intent. And three prints by Richard Artschwager barely begin to suggest his funny ways with furniture in the round. As for the talented Mr. Armajani, perhaps his wee model for a set of four offices that resemble outdoor beach cabanas was the only thing available, since he's having a show of his own elsewhere. Still, however, buried within this exhibition is the potential for one of more depth and cohesion, confined to sculptors and architects who cross over into one another's disciplines.

Among works of freer association to the theme, Marc Balet's very theatrical fantasy piece, "The Room Above the Pool," deserves special mention. It tells the tale of a man who has fallen to his death in a swimming pool from a house perched high above it, with the pool and the house on a cliff ingeniously depicted in a single structure of miniature scale. A small piece of text outlines the bitter story, and in three accompanying photographs, the structure is blown up to operatic proportions. It's a real stopper. A selection of Sandy Skoglund's cleverly photographed tableaux of people in rooms beset by invasions of goldfish, cats and wire hangers makes another arresting entry.

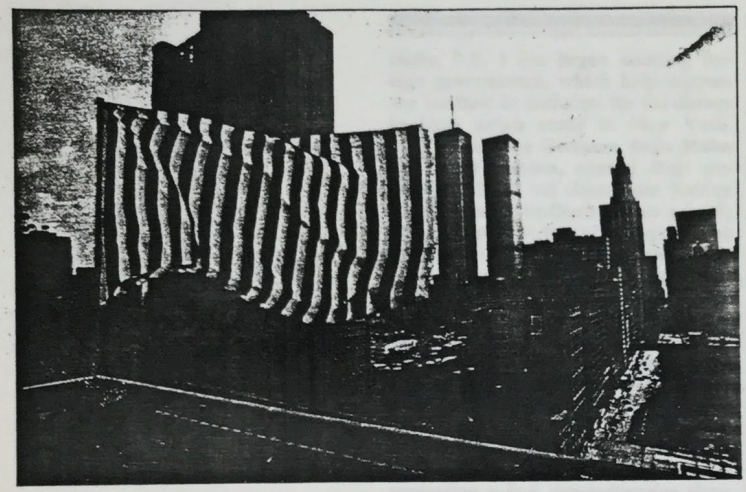
To help make this show as browsable as Bloomingdale's, there are also the talents of Marianne van Lent, Bruce Monteith, David Deutsch, Barbara Kasten, Raphael Ferrer and Michael Hurson. The Clocktower, a creature of the not-for-profit Institute for Art and Urban Resources, which also runs P.S. 1 in Queens, is open Wednesdays through Fridays from 1 to 6 P.M. and Saturdays from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

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Art / Kay Larson

THE GOOD, THE BAD, AND THE YOUNG



Une Idée en l'Air: *Daniel Buren's* Around the Clock, *at the Clocktower.*

"DON'T IT ALWAYS SEEM TO GO," crooned Joni Mitchell ungrammatically, "that you don't know what you've got till it's gone." Mitchell was singing about "parking-lot-itis," or the itch to bury green, growing things under a puritan cloak of concrete. Parking-lot-itis takes many forms. Fully a month before the new president, wielding economic scimitars, arrives in the White House, parking-lot-itis has appeared in a series of New York *Times* editorials begging for a return to "quality" in arts funding—a prejudicial euphemism that can signify the intention to pave over those green stems of contemporary art too thorny for mass consumption. "Quality" often means less for the so-called marginal institutions and more for the biggies; it means feeding the Picassos of yesterday at the expense of the Picassos of tomorrow. But what if "you don't know what you've got till it's gone"?

We take the pre-eminence of American art for granted. Just as Frenchmen in the twenties must have assumed that Paris would always be the capital of world art, Americans in the eighties are convinced that the boom of the past two decades will continue, eternal and inevitable. But that boom depends on artists, whose invention feeds "quality" and makes it possible.

New York has over a dozen working research-and-development factories like the Institute of Art and Urban Resources, which leases a condemned red brick school building in Long Island City (P.S. 1) and the top floor of a city-owned office building at the corner of Leonard and Broadway (the Clocktower). (*The New Yorker* calls them "experimental outposts," without realizing how close is the frontier.) Each of those alternative spaces came into being through private initiative and hard work; each still exists because it got seed money from the National Endowment for the Arts, enabling it to raise the rest of its funds elsewhere without facing financial ruin with every new budget. Undercutting that support could cripple or destroy the process by which American art has become foremost in the world.

The Institute for Art and Urban Resources, admittedly, is sometimes given to flyaway gestures. One flies now, on top of the Clocktower—a "lightweight" set of striped flags by one of France's best-known (and to my mind overvalued) contemporary artists, **Daniel Buren.** But Buren is also a symbol to the French of the possibility of "making it" internationally. Without alternative spaces, and with the government funneling most of its money into state museums such as the elephantine Beaubourg, young French artists have few places to show. Buren's flags are left over from "Une Idée en l'Air," an exhibition selected in France by artist Philippe Cazal, paid for by the French Ministry of Culture, and brought to New York to appear in the city's alternative spaces. The artists of "Une Idée" were mostly young, unshown, and clever. Like Buren, they tended to make airy (but not unintelligent) gestures: At the Clocktower, for instance, a triple line of photographs documented the week that strangers slept, one at a time, in artist Sophie Calle's bed; the simple (even simpleminded) proposition turned out to be a fascinating revelation of each sleeper's passive character. Not great art, perhaps, but good art headed somewhere.

P.S. 1 is a warehouse of the good, the bad, and the inexplicable. Its lightweight gestures (call them R&D) are usually balanced by such solid shows as **Christo**'s casual tour de force in the old auditorium, its floor now covered with wheaty-colored fabrics, its windows sealed with translucent brown paper, so that the room seems filled with a spicy, beige-gold stew of soft, thick light. Equally stunning in its own way is Californian **Eric Orr**'s conversion of an upstairs room into a padded cell (like a monk's cell) lit only by a small square skylight that at maximum intensity allows the bare equivalent of starlight into a perceptually ambiguous room. **Jim Turrell,** who recently had an indoor retrospective at the Whitney, is cutting the ceiling off another upstairs room to make a work that opens onto the sky, much like the project he is building in a volcanic crater in Arizona. Turrell and Orr anticipate a major show of West Coast perceptual artists slated for early summer. Where else but P.S. 1? What museum could allow them to cut up the ceiling?

Under its founder-director, Alanna

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Heiss, P.S. 1 has begun courting foreign governments, which help support the institute in exchange for the chance to have artists study in New York. This month two Germans, **Inge Mahn** and **Wolf Kahlen,** opened their studios in P.S. 1's old classrooms. Kahlen is of the analytic-Duchampian school; his photographs, taken in sequence so the central image grows progressively more distant from reality, refer to the illusory nature of photographic truth. Mahn's nouveau-symbolist stage set seems to have arrived from another planet: A bubbling white fountain and white chairs frame an unsatisfyingly vague white figure thrusting a candle from under a flag-draped couch—theatrics, yes, but what else?

Not to be typecast, P.S. 1 is also presenting a fine, comprehensive show called **Watercolors,** but don't go expecting posies and sunsets. A muscular taste, flexed by eight guest curators, exercises itself here. Administrator Jack Boulton's selections—by William Allen, Barbara Novak, Alan Saret, Richard Tuttle—all float their subjects within a sea of bare, creamy paper, as though to prove that drawing is now secondary to thought. Martha Beck picked a few posies (Thomas Lo Cicero's aggressive tropical flowers) and swans (William Garbe's remarkable calligraphic, Orientalized birds), but work tends to be as tough as Nancy Spero's caustic depictions of phrases from Artaud or Robert Kushner's Matissean study *Cupids Doing Laundry*. Nobody needs to pull any punches here, and nobody does. "Watercolors" is as rich as a box of bonbons, and as various. While no one would want to see the great archival museums founder, some of us have to think of the future. (The Clocktower, 108 Leonard Street; P.S. 1, 46-01 21st Street, Long Island City; all shows through January 27.)

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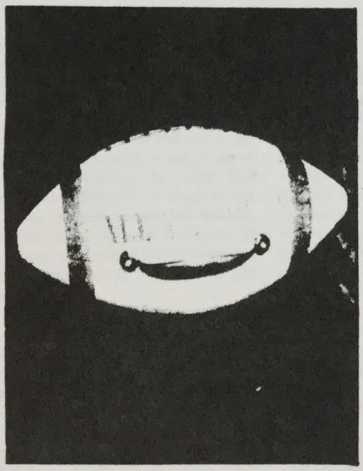
VOICE CENTERFOLD

741-0010 ext. 328
Jan. 2—Jan. 8

Editor: Alexandra Anderson
The VOICE Rates New York: 0 V VV VVV VVVV

ARTISTS' PLAYTHINGS

ARTISTS MAKE TOYS: The Clocktower has been running exhibits and events for two years. Their four shows each year have been innovative and imaginative; their utilization of the deserted space at the top of the tower on Leonard Street has brought new life to a relatively overlooked part of the city. Now, their most ambitious project yet: over 60 artists were asked to make toys for child, adult or animal. The results are in and you won't find anything like them at F.A.O. Schwartz, either. Max Neuhaus presents underwater music in a bathtub—a scaled-down exercise which reflects his continuing fascination with underwater sound, usually occurring in huge swimming pools. Mark de Suervero's "Auto Tire Swing" is the definitive expression of the activity. Joe Zucker, in sympathy with all that fumbling that earned you contempt from your more co-ordinated peers, gives you a football with a handle. Marjorie Strider's "Small House with Foam" is an artist's version of imagined disaster, while George Sugarman's small, primary colored "Whale" cavorts on a shelf. James Crashaw has come up with the most startling stuffed animal, a six-foot-long "Alligator Dressed in Leather Jacket." It smiles. Laurie Anderson's musical pillow plays when you hold it to you ear. Jeff Lew made a set of drawers stuffed with paper, for children to scatter everywhere, obviously. Charles Ginnever's "Tightrope One Foot Off the Ground" will comfort all who suffer from acrophobia. The exhibition opens New Year's Day, with a bar (50¢ for drinks) and many of the contributors around it to celebrate. Bob Kushner, who is remembered fondly for his "nude fashion show," will close the show with a new fashion show of hats. Models will descend (carefully) the spiral, iron staircase from the clocktower, wearing hats made from odds and ends which might overwhelm Seventh Avenue once and for all. Their precarious arrival will be accompanied by the best from "Muzak" and a running commentary by the artist. Go on down and play. **(ARTISTS MAKE TOYS, The Clock Tower, 108 Leonard Street, 233-1096, Jan. 1 thru Jan. 25, open house, New Year's Day from 3 p.m. to 5 p.m. Kushner performance, Jan. 25, reservations should be made for this one.) (AA)** VVVV



photographs by Nancy Dubin

Football by Joe Zucker



Drawing by Tom Johnson

Hat by Bob Kushner

The Village Voice article on the CLOCKTOWER exhibition, "Artists Make Toys"

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has found a *plein air* working method that amounts to a virtual collaboration with the elements.

An individual work is made up of two or (usually) more panels of the same height, fastened together at the sides, forming a (usually) horizontal rectangle [illegible]ated by the vertical lines where th[illegible]anels join. (The ten works in the show range from 44 by 40 to 72 by 140 inches.) In a number of the works a slot has been cut in one of the panels, or across the division between two of them, most often on a diagonal, and from this incision a roughly rectangular metal cutout has been hung, providing a sense of movement and counterpoint. Sometimes these cutout pieces are oxidized copper, a rather startling turquoise color against the more muted background.

In one piece, *Triple Threat* (45 by 93½ inches) these cutout elements hang vertically, three in a row on an equal number of panels. This arrangement gives them something of the aspect of windows, and provides a hint of representation amid what is basically an abstract enterprise.

However there is a definitely representational image in the largest and most impressive piece in the exhibition, *Looking It Over*. The image is a duck (painted in oil), which seems to be "flying" in the upper right corner of the extreme right-hand panel (of six). Since the duck is painted in the Chinese manner and the work is composed of panels, the general effect resembles that of an Oriental screen; the resolute abstraction of the rest of the [illegible]sition, however, countermands a[illegible]ndency to see in it a recognizable landscape. At first glance this device of the duck seems a humorous and perhaps gratuitous touch, but it ends (for me) by being more intriguing and enigmatic than funny.

Metals, of course, are generally the province of sculptors, but, even though Joseph does not in the least disguise his materials, there is no mistaking his work for sculpture. He has taken metal and imposed on it a thoroughly painterly sensibility. —*Tony Towle*

Biala at Gruenebaum

Biala (she goes by her last name only), an American painter who has lived in France for over 25 years, paints landscapes and interiors in a deft, sensuous style rooted in Post-Impressionist color and composition. Both European and American places provide her with subjects for paintings which, in their rigorous frontality, simplification of forms and disposition of horizontals and verticals, bring both Hopper and Avery to mind without in the least appearing to derive from them.

Biala's distinctive command of tone gives both her indoor and outdoor subjects a potent luminousness. Glaucous [illegible]moky tints fill the pictures with an [illegible]diffused light (that, on closer inspection, reveals glazed and scumbled layers of countless contrasting brushstrokes). In *Cap Ferrat* (1980) we look through a sand-colored window frame into a limitless space of pale white and pink sky and Mediterranean sea, accented only by a pair of tall green cypresses and thin wispy boats. Biala often constructs her landscapes in two panels, so that a panorama may be implied at the same time that the single viewpoint and modest scale of easel painting are retained. In *Cape Cod Landscape* (1980-81), a road in the left panel recedes toward the horizon, while the cindery greens and blues of the ocean in the right panel keep the picture plane close to the viewer's own space.



Biala: *Interior with Rosine*, 1979, oil on canvas, 51 by 63¾ inches; at Gruenebaum.



Nathan Slate Joseph: *Looking It Over*, 1981, pigment on steel, 72 by 140 inches; at Louis K. Meisel.

For all the immediacy of her handling, Biala has a sophisticated spatial imagination that seems devoid of theoretical or philosophical motives; instead, it operates in her painting simply as a requirement of sensibility. For instance, an interesting but quite unforced ambiguity between landscape and interior exists in *Low Tide, Provincetown* (1980). Here, in front of the left of two windows that look out upon the sea, sits a blue chair which seems to belong to both the "outside" porch, seen through the window, and the corresponding "inside" space, which happens to be an absolutely flat olive-gray surface. As in so many of Matisse's paintings, the question of what counts as naturalistic space is raised here, only to be absorbed by the intensity—actually the abstractness—of the painting's color relationships.

This quality is particularly characteristic of Biala's interiors, which, despite the real virtues of her landscapes, comprise her best work. Biala is not really a romantic: the traditional "infiniteness" of landscape interests her far less than the set limits of the interior, perhaps because the latter offers the opportunity to work out many varied formal relationships within the informal geometry of walls, windows, furniture, and light and shadows. By placing the figure of a woman next to a tall, light-filled window in the equally tall, light-filled *Interior Peapack* (1980-81), she creates contrast and movement between the foreground and middleground of the picture, making its shallow space resonate with violets, blues and greens. A similar kind of contrast and movement occurs in *Brown Interior with Rosine*. In this painting, the glowing red and green tints of a brown wall light up, on the right, a woman sitting at a table in front of a white window with a tree, and, on the left, a slender, angled passageway. Our eye is drawn towards this passageway, only to be pulled back across the painting's lower horizontal plane by the green and red patches of a rug. Here, the classic, contemplative subject of a figure in an interior becomes the occasion for a kind of sustained curiosity about forms, and a demanding exploration of the tensions between them.

Considering Biala's long residence in France as well as her evident devotion to métier, it's extremely tempting to regard her, at 77, as the inheritor and torchbearer of the tradition of virtuoso elegance in French painting. Such a characterization, however, is not really on the mark. Biala's great strength is that she paints with an unpretentious and unself-flattering hand that, stopping short of seductive finish, arrives over and over again at purity and freshness. —*Elizabeth Frank*

Group Show at Chinese Chance

What could be the possible basis for an exhibition that included (among others) the work of Carl Andre, John Baldessari, David Budd, John Chamberlain, Dan Christiansen, Clement Greenberg(!), Willem de Kooning, Marisol, Malcolm Morley, Kenneth Noland, Jules Olitski, Robert Rauschenberg, Larry Rivers, James Rosenquist, Julian Schnabel, William Wegman and Larry Zox?

The answer is that they and the other 14 artists in this show are patrons of Chinese Chance, a bar and restaurant located in Manhattan at One University Place. Richard Sanders, with his partners Mickey Ruskin (of Max's Kansas City fame) and Vahagn Hovannesian, thought to celebrate their establishment's third anniversary with an exhibition of one work each by 30 of their artist/customers. (As a matter of fact, selection was a problem; the original idea had been to rent a much larger space to accommodate works from *all* the artists they knew, some 170!) The result was an opening party (Oct. 19th) for their regular customers, which, with its generous supply of good food, open bar and party spirit, put all but the most lavish museum openings to shame.

Several of the works in the show are owned by the bar's proprietors (the de Kooning and the Rauschenberg, for example); other pieces were selected by the artists themselves. The show was hung primarily by Michael Steiner, with plenty of advice from several other artists and the owners. The result was a perfectly credible job, considering the kind of anthology situation usually encountered at a Whitney Biennial.

Their only mistake, logistical rather than esthetic, was to put Neil Williams's mixed-medium piece near the door, which was being opened on the average of once a minute, creating a draft which caused the two acetate sheets (attached by staples only at the top) to flap dangerously in the breeze. Williams coolly produced a stapler and tacked the acetate to safety—under the bemused eye of the private guard at the door. (One can imagine the reaction of a museum guard in a similar situation.)

The rest of this first room contained

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a "Camel" painting by Rivers, a large colored drawing by Marisol, a work by Larry Bell, and a word "painting" by Larry Weiner on the mirror over the bar. One wall of the main dining room was cohesively formalist: Olitski, Saito, Darryl Hughto, Steiner, Zox and Larry Poons. The facing wall had works by Rauschenberg, Dorothea Rockburne, Richard Artschwager, Noland, Chamberlain, Wegman and Benno Friedman, as well as a figure drawing by Clement Greenberg, dated "c. 1938." Forrest Myers was represented by a wall-hung colored light sculpture, and the two end walls had Christiansen paired with Schnabel, and de Kooning with Morley.

The range of styles in the small back dining room was so eclectic that the video games didn't really seem out of place: a lush red oil by David Budd; a painting on metal by Nathan Joseph; a color lithograph by Rosenquist; "A Four Color Sentence"—those words in neon by Joseph Kosuth; and a photograph/word drawing/collage by Baldessari.

The Carl Andre was reportedly somewhere underfoot; as at any successful opening, the increasing crowd made it progressively more difficult to see the art, and finally impossible. However, many of the works are still on display at Chinese Chance. And in fact, although this evening was a special event, there is always interesting art by serious artists to be seen there. —*Tony Towle*

Barry LeDoux at the Clocktower

Face it: lead has a bad reputation. It carries psychological associations of sluggishness and burden, and, like asbestos, radiates a toxic aura. As a sculptural medium, lead is debased (or ignored) because it is simply too heavy to reasonably cast any fair-sized piece in, although it is commonly the material used by the souvenir industry to cast countless miniature Eiffel Towers and Golden Gate Bridges. In addition to lead's notorious literary and industrial company, it does not possess the qualities ascribed to the more precious metals, especially that of patina: a bar of pig iron might leave the foundry shiny as mercury but within a week it grows dingy, matte, as though a dulling fungus inhabits its surface.

Its very anti-preciosity (and cheapness) made lead attractive to numerous sculptors in the late '60s and early '70s, artists interested in its peculiar virtues of ductility (even when cast, lead is soft, and in sheet form it can be easily cut) and density. Richard Serra made lead the object lesson of his disseminars in process art, Bill Bollinger treated the molten material like paint in an Abstract Expressionist's arena—melting it down, pouring it into sand. Barry LeDoux, heir to the revisionist appraisal of lead, makes sculpture using it in all its positive connotations. For him, lead is weightless and weighty, and his approach to the material is a rediscovery of its possibilities.

Because lead is very porous, it absorbs paint in an arresting way, something well-known to tchotchke purveyors, but largely ignored by artists until LeDoux's recent Clocktower exhibition. Part schmatta-cutter, part souvenir-exporter, and part concrete poet, Le Doux is an anti-alchemist who turns dross into dress suits. W[illegible] message. His lead ensembles—[illegible] style of Jawaharlal Nehru or perhaps a surfer's wet suit—have stenciled messages emblazoned on their surfaces in living, fluorescent color. Instead of seams, the suit parts are stitched with rivets. Instead of sartorial detail, the outfits are detailed by the sentences and sentence fragments on sleeves, lapels, trouserlegs.

LeDoux's suits recall the "poem-painting" collaborations of Guillaume Apollinaire and Sonia Delaunay—raiment painted and worn by the latter, with stanzas of the former's poetry embroidered thereon. The poem-paintings were pretty radical in their day, with all their resonance of poetry in locomotion and paintings to be worn, not to speak of the joint authorship of a work of art. Where the Apollinaire/Delaunay product exuded vitality and an unexpected usefulness, Le Doux's lead suits have a curious negation of these two qualities: they're unvital because they're lead (although they make an anti-gravity virtue out of their leadenness), and they're theoretically usable but who would wear a lead suit? Like certain products of modern industrial culture, these LeDoux suits have a built-in obsolescence. In his transformation of materials, LeDoux proves himself consummate, almost visio[illegible] But while he dissolves the old p[illegible] "As funny as a lead balloon," into thin air with his anti-alchemical sleight-of-hand, the content of his work has a curious nihilism, or—dare I say it?—leadenness. —*Carrie Rickey*



Barry LeDoux: *Two Songs for Dowland*, 1981, paper rivets, copper, zinc, newspaper, fluorescent pigment, stencil; lifesize. At the Clocktower.



Edward Kienholz and Nancy Reddin Kienholz: *Deep Purple Rage*, 1981, assemblage; at L.A. Louver.

Vera Klement at CDS Gallery

The works of Chicagoan Vera Klement (who emigrated, as a child, from wartime Poland) evince, on the one hand, an old-world penchant for precisionist, "well-made" and intrinsically metaphysical painting. Yet Klement's first solo show in New York also points up, more sharply and incontrovertibly than ever before, her debt to the material gesturalism of American Abstract Expressionism. Alongside her signatory and strangely impassive chalice-shaped forms and visionary passages of horizontally-ruled pigment, she has now introduced turbulent regions of impetous and vividly multi-colored brushwork. Klement's handling, however, of these eruptive regions is both guarded and rather chillingly detached; nor is the incorporation, in any one composition, of her brand-new vocabulary of slanty, wriggling strokes by any means complete. Klement, has, instead, turned to the compartmentalizing device o[illegible] diptych, which also serves as [illegible] guard against any drop in her work's uncommon empyrean clarity and control. While this two-part structure jeopardizes the unity of her pieces, it un-

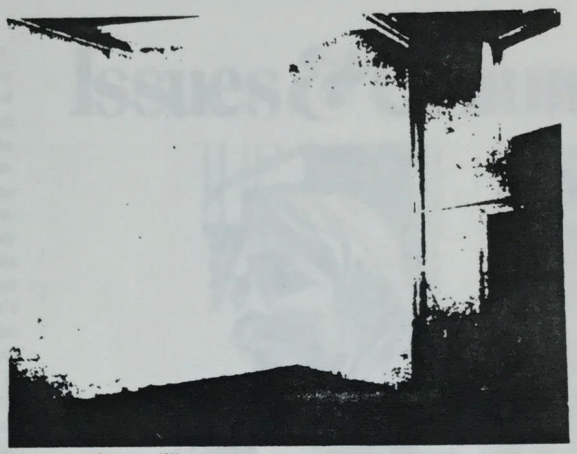
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ARTFORUM
JUNE, 1973

ARTFORUM review of Joel Shapiro exhibition at The CLOCKTOWER, the exhibition/performance center of the Institute for Art and Urban Resources.

JOEL SHAPIRO, The Clocktower;



Joel Shapiro: installation view, 1973.

An exhibition of sculpture by JOEL SHAPIRO initiated the use of a new space donated by the City of New York to the Institute for Art and Urban Resources. This organization, directed by Alanna Heiss, was responsible for three exhibitions last spring in the warehouse at 10 Bleecker Street and the large group show under the Brooklyn Bridge two years ago. The space this time is the clocktower atop a 13-story municipal building at 108 Leonard Street in downtown Manhattan; it will serve for the exhibition of work by contemporary artists for at least a year. The Clocktower is reached via elevator, stairs, a long hallway, and more stairs. It has impressive proportions of about 30' x 30' x 30', white brick walls, a gray cement floor and a metal spiral staircase which leads to a small second level. This nearly cubic space is exciting in itself and could easily obscure art, but it particularly suits the experience of Shapiro's three pieces of sculpture.

The first piece is a small bridge of milled cast iron (measuring 3½" x 22½" x 3"), placed on the floor of the larger, lower space and therefore visible from a variety of points: close-up, across the room, or from the staircase. This solitary iron bridge succeeds one of balsa wood, part of a four-unit piece which also included a bronze bird, a basswood boat and a balsa wood coffin and which was seen in the "Small Series" exhibition at the Paula Cooper Gallery earlier this season. While the fragility of this earlier piece tended to make one feel clumsy and somewhat threatening, the more recent work is totally imperishable and sufficient. The change in material and scale is extreme. The bridge has a dense solidity which causes it to lock heavily onto the floor yet remain very distinct and visible. Part of its sufficiency results from weight and scale; it looks distant rather than small. In establishing this distance, the bridge literally puts a lot of ground between itself and the viewer, asserting its own presence, that of the empty and surrounding area, and that of the solidly horizontal place on which it rests. In some ways this is almost illusionistic, except that the source of the assertion is so apparent in the physical singleness, weight, and scale of the milled iron.

On the second level, at the top of the spiral staircase, is a small balsa wood ladder, 11" tall and leaning against the wall. The bridge is light and linear, not consistently visible but very visible at close range and particularly when seen from the side. There is, again, the sense that one is unusually large, towering dangerously above the ladder. This and its shifting visibility make the perception of the ladder, of one's body in relation to it and of the plane which both occupy slightly disorienting and precarious. The ladder functions as an inverse of the bridge. Their contrast and tension is in itself interesting.

The third piece of sculpture in the exhibition consists of two roughly modeled birds cast in bronze and placed on a shelf, also on the second level of the Clocktower. The birds are to be held, one in each hand. They are not interchangeable; one fits the left, the other the right. Their heads are turned in a way which suggests broken necks but which also fills the crooks between the thumb and forefinger of each hand. Holding the birds involves a visual and physical experience of bilateralness, of weight (and horizontality as one's hands are pulled downward), of the strength and space of one's grasp. These two small objects make any pair of hands literally and completely full. The solidity and denseness of the bridge is also present here; the equilibrium disturbed by the ladder is stabilized.

The visual and physical experience of these pieces reflects Shapiro's continuing concerns with the nature and weight of material, and the symmetry and forming ability of humans. The ladder and bridge reflect these concerns as specific, formed objects and also as images signifying structures which people use and use symmetrically (in walking or climbing). The image of the held birds suggests that they were crushed, a suggestion subordinated to the sense of their weight and indestructability. In each case, the imagery is balanced by the abstraction implicit in work which clarifies our perception of space, scale, and materials. Taken abstractly, Shapiro's facilitates the experience of one's verticality and symmetry, particularly as it opposes the horizontality and symmetry of the work, of the perspective established in the angle between eye and floor level, and of the change in perspective which results from physical movement across the horizontal.

Shapiro's sculpture is complex; it has several levels of meaning and experience. These three pieces clarify each other and much of his previous work. They benefit from their combination and their placement in the Clocktower. But they would be good anywhere; their relatedness reflects the coherence of Shapiro's diverse work.

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Art in America
NOVEMBER-DECEMBER 1973

Issues & Commentary



Alternative Spaces—Soho Style

Lew, a pioneer of the free-space concept, has been joined in the past three years by Alanna Heiss, a tiny, stylish bundle of energy who founded the Institute for Art and Urban Resources which runs the Clocktower at 108 Leonard Street. The Institute is a private non-profit organization that relentlessly tracks down space in industrial lofts, warehouses, vacant lots, any place an artist can show his work. Artists are then scheduled into vacant spaces on a short-term basis. Part of Ms. Heiss's inspiration came from the example of "The Space" warehouse run by Bridget Riley and Peter Sedgely on St. Catherine's Dock in London some years ago. The Clocktower space, at the top of a dingy thirteen-story former life insurance building, is exhilarating and versatile—a tranquil white cube frequently drenched in sunlight from high windows. It has provided interesting problems for such artists as Joel Shapiro, Richard Tuttle and James Bishop. The interaction between the artist and an unusual space encourages inventive "solutions" that the commercial gallery space hardly offers. All this is highly appropriate for seventies art, which adapts a casual attitude to the provisional spaces that tend to be its informal arena. In the summer of 1971, for instance, the circular ramps over the Brooklyn Bridge's condemned cobblestone pier provided an extraordinary setting for a mixed bag of occurrences set up by Ms. Heiss: art by Carl Andre and Sol Lewitt; Lee Breuer's Mabou Mines Company; Rudy Burckhardt's films; and a "demolition" banquet of roast pig hosted by the indefatigable Gordon Matta.

The Clocktower, which is planning an unusual group show in the spring with each artist having the space for a few days, has been funded by the National Endowment for the Arts. It also receives donations from several commercial galleries. "They realize the importance of more showing spaces," says Ms. Heiss. "After all," she adds, "the commercial gallery is the real patron of the arts." The Clocktower's board includes Lawrence Alloway, John Hightower, and that artist of legendary generosity, Bob Rauschenberg.

Art In America article on The CLOCKTOWER, exhibition and performance center of the Institute for Art and Urban Resources.

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Art/Thomas B. Hess

PRIVATE FACES IN PUBLIC PLACES

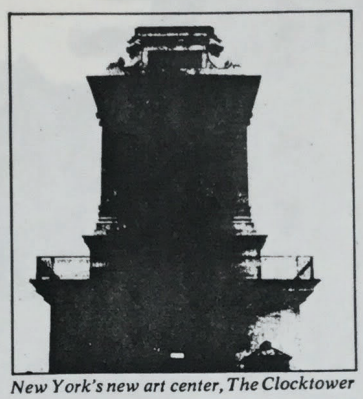
"...My vote for the most perfect show of the season is in an old clock-tower, like a Roman villa, perched on a 13-story building . . ."

Painting and sculpture always have been part of everyday life in Europe; public art is something kids play ball next to; it's what you see on your way to work. In America, on the other hand, public art usually is confined to formal, grandiose contexts and turned into symbols of political and economic power. It celebrates the triumphs of the Grand Army of the Republic or Robert Moses and is sited to dominate, to overpower. It's no wonder that most Americans think art is a hoax—they can tell that what they see from the corners of their eyes is part and parcel of a big sell.

This is one of the reasons why the new project of the Institute for Art & Urban Resources is exemplary—an exhibition space in **The Clocktower** of the old N.Y. Life Insurance Building, now a municipal beehive, at 108 Leonard Street. It is a public space that for once is intimate, calm, suitable for "concentrating attention when looking at art," in the words of the Institute's executive director, Alanna Heiss.

The tower itself is a stately pleasure cube decreed from McKim, Mead & White around 1912 by the directors of N.Y. Life. Above the thirteenth story, it affords two levels of walls with high ceilings—white-washed, luminous spaces that brim with trembling, saline, New York Harbor light. The masonry is as heavy as an Imperial Roman villa's, and a sense of entering a classic past persists on terraces and balconies that open off the tower to panoramas of city domes, volutes, pergolas, entablatures, cupolas—downtown architecture above 150 feet is a crazy Vitruvian fantasy.

On May 31, The Clocktower opens its third exhibition—of paintings by **James Bishop** (through 6/23), and I can think of no better choice for this lovely space than Bishop's lucid, quiet, ardent images, which look simple, but which repay "concentrated attention" with an expression as intense as it is difficult to verbalize. Stemming directly from sources in the purist sector of Abstract-Expressionism (Newman, Rothko), Bishop divides his time between New York and Paris, and while his art is distinctly American in accent, its grammar parses into binary oppositions



New York's new art center, The Clocktower

strongly reminiscent of the Parisian Structuralists' dialectic.

The paintings are square; a bit over life size (6½ feet). Half of each square is vertically divided into other rectangles which nest in the canvas either on top (like windows or cupboard doors) or at the bottom (like an architectural landscape). This balanced, rational system of directly related small and larger parts is unified and divided—it is a lock in which all the tumblers are exposed. The divisions run along major axes (halves, quarters, etc.), marked by bands of a fixed width (four inches), but all measurements are approximate, hand-made by eye; the tolerances are of a carpenter's rather than a machinist's bench. The appearance of facture—testimony of a moving hand—is plain on the surfaces; the paint seems brushed and delicately manipulated. Close examination, however, reveals that there are no brushmarks; colors have been poured and wiped into position, settling about where the artist wanted them through a more "natural" process than strokes—like sand settles along the margins of a country road. The colors, at first, look planned and forced; color is the primary effect in Bishop, and his strong hues within wholistic compositions suggest an all-out 1960s impact. The 1960s punch, however, is never delivered. Upon study, Bishop's colors become increasingly elusive. At The Clocktower, yellows predominate, but in nameless hues, more like blooms than chemicals—the skin of an untouched apricot or plum. He achieves this by coating opaque yellows over darker hues (e.g., red-brown) or lighter ones (e.g., off-white), in a radical dislocation of the old masters' glazing procedures. At the edges they slide almost imperceptibly into drawing with light-on-dark or dark-on-light.

For a Structuralist analysis, Bishop's binaries could include: dark/light color; activated/smooth surface; exact/approximate division; painted/drawn line; flat/overlapping planes; attitudes that are intellectual/sensual; radical/traditional; American/European. But such an examination—however deeply it leads the spectator into the work, and however much light it throws on its nuances—ends by twisting back to the work itself, to its own precarious syntheses and interlocking actions.

The independent nature of Bishop's paintings, their contemplative, sophisticated quality, nicely fits The Clocktower's tough masonry and elegant proportions. I would vote this the most perfect show of the season.

(108 Leonard Street, between Broadway and Lafayette, is equidistant from the City Hall and Lafayette subway stops. Hours: Thur-Sun, 1:00-6:00.)

NEW YORK MAGAZINE article on The CLOCKTOWER, the exhibition/performance center of the Institute for Art and Urban Resources.

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Recycled Space for Artists

The Institute for Art and Urban Resources brings the newest art to some of New York's oldest places.

by Alex Ward

The portrait of the starving artist working alone in his cramped, unheated garret may be as romantic as ever, but in reality artists, starving or not, are nowadays lucky to find a garret that's available, especially in large metropolitan areas like New York. A few years ago there was SoHo, with its spacious lofts, and before that, Greenwich Village. But trendiness has overtaken both areas, and artists, unable to meet the soaring costs, have been squeezed out. That's where Alanna Heiss comes in.

Heiss is the founder, president, and executive director of the Institute for Art and Urban Resources, whose principal purpose it is to find unused municipal space and then convince the New York City bureaucracy that artists should be allowed to use it. Heiss is young, energetic, determined, and diplomatic, so the fact that the institute she heads has been highly successful should come as no surprise. At present, it has exhibition and studio space for artists in three locations in lower Manhattan, including the Clocktower, a city landmark on Leonard Street. But its showcase is P.S. 1, a huge, red-brick Romanesque Revival schoolhouse in Long Island City, Queens, just across the East River. Built in the 1890s and shut down by the city in 1963, P.S. 1's main function for years was to keep neighborhood vandals amused. Since the summer of 1976, however, it has been a thriving arts complex whose exhibitions have become a regular stop for the city's art crowd, and which provides studio space, at minimal monthly fees, for some 35 artists.

The roots of the Institute for Art and Urban Resources go back to the early '70s when Heiss, recently returned to the United States after several years abroad and eager to organize art shows, discovered just how difficult a task that was. "I talked to curators at large museums, and began to find out how little flexibility they have," she recalls. "Exhibitions have to be planned years in advance; and because museum space is limited, it's almost impossible for lesser-known artists to get their work in. I wanted to do shows in a simple, immediate, spontaneous way."

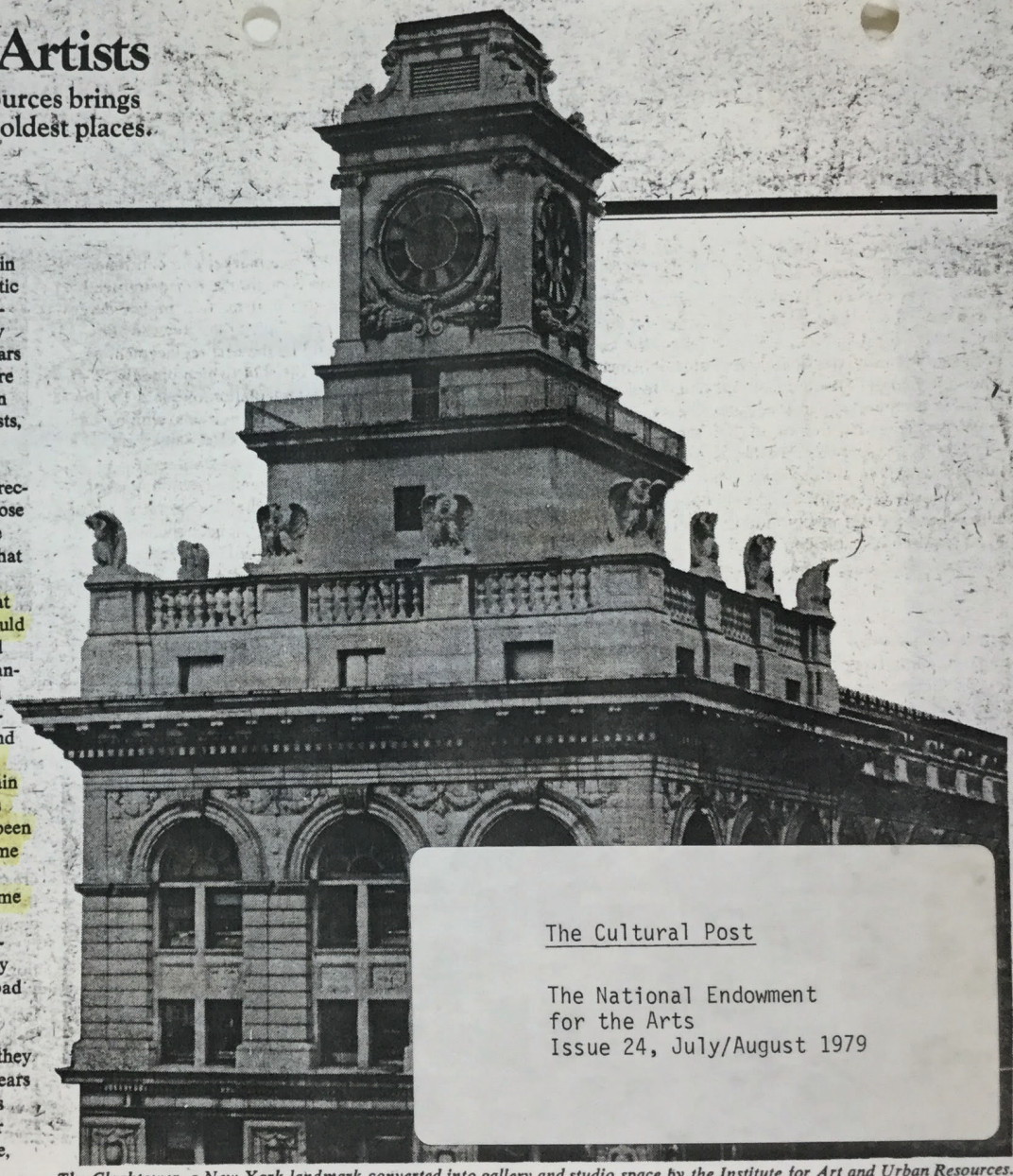


photo: Thomas Struth

The Clocktower, a New York landmark converted into gallery and studio space by the Institute for Art and Urban Resources.

The Cultural Post

The National Endowment
for the Arts
Issue 24, July/August 1979

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PROGRAMS:

PAST PROGRAMS OF

THE INSTITUTE FOR ART AND URBAN RESOURCES, INC.

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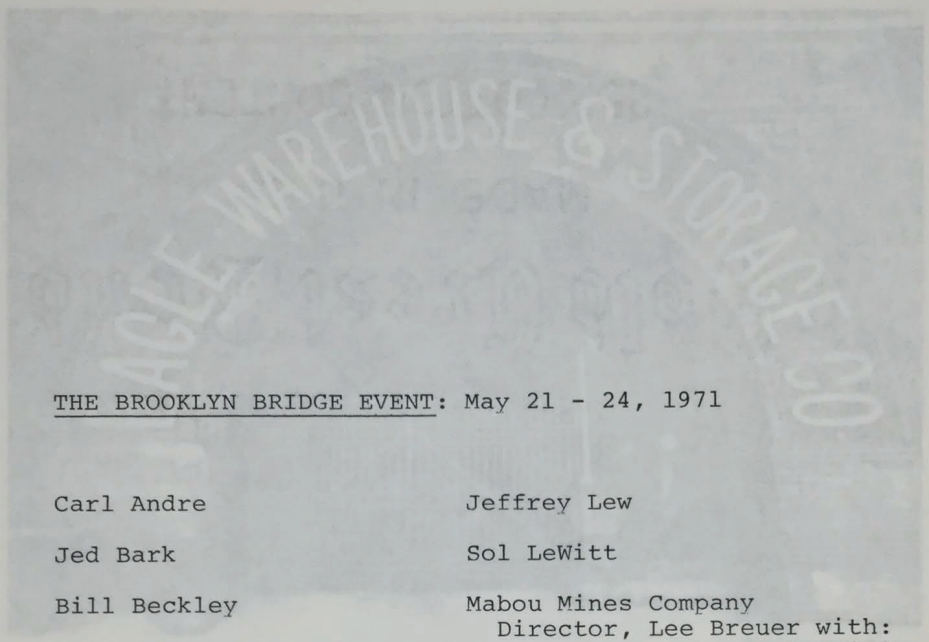
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1971: THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE EVENT

In 1971 an old pier beneath the Brooklyn Bridge was cleaned up and used for a series of outdoor events. Important monumental sculpture and outdoor theater performances were featured in a three day festival. Many of the names from the attached list of participants have gone on to make international reputations since the event. As one of the Institute's early endeavors, the Brooklyn Bridge event stands as an example of the experimental nature which still characterizes Institute activities. In addition, this event set a precedent and today the site is consistently used by multi-national groups for cultural festivals.

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THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE EVENT: May 21 - 24, 1971

Carl Andre

Jed Bark

Bill Beckley

Bill Bolinger

Rudy Burckhardt

Dieter Froese

Tina Girouard

Philip Glass with:
Steve Chambers
Jon Gibson
Richard Landry
Arthur Murphy
Robert Prado

Anne Healy

Jene Highstein

Jeffrey Lew

Sol LeWitt

Mabou Mines Company
Director, Lee Breuer with:
Dawn Gray, JoAnne Akalaitis,
Ruth Maleczech

Gordon Matta Clark

Richard Nonas

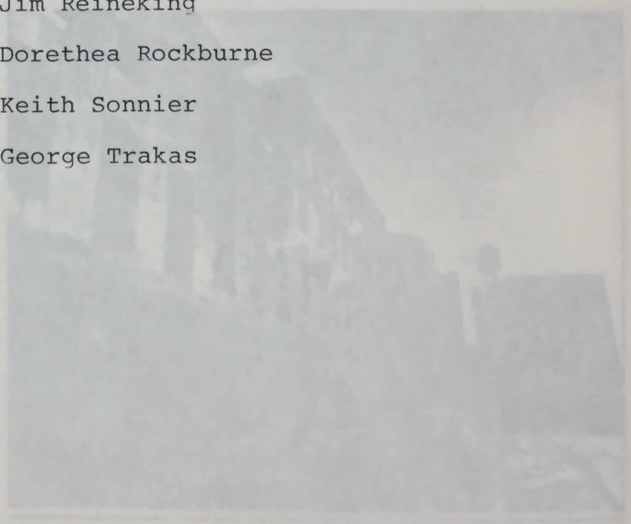
Dennis Oppenheim

Jim Reineking

Dorethea Rockburne

Keith Sonnier

George Trakas



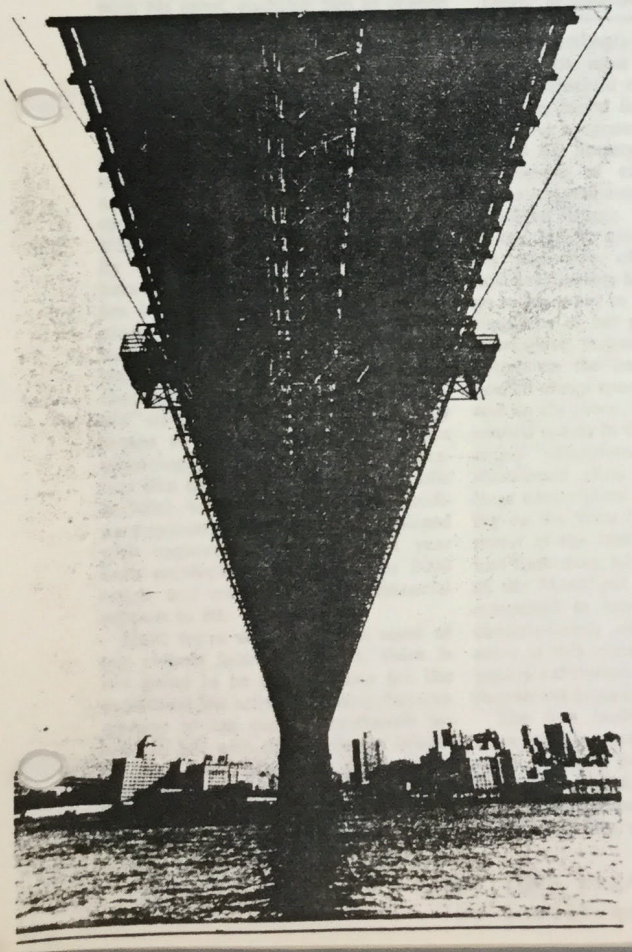
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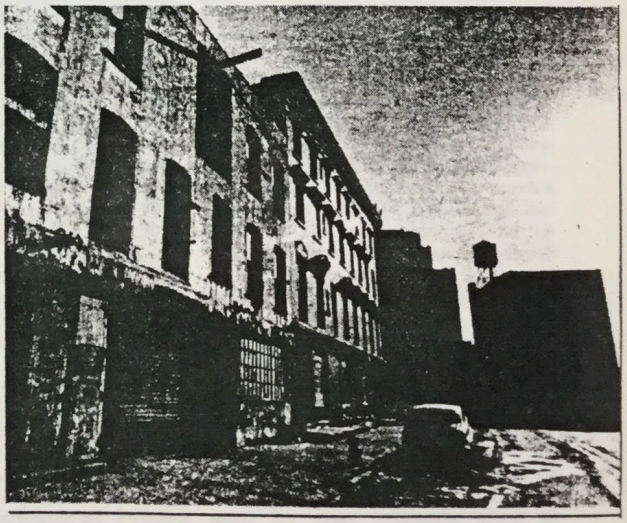
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Voice: Fred W. McDarrah

LIFE UNDER THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE (see below)





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Art/Barbara Rose

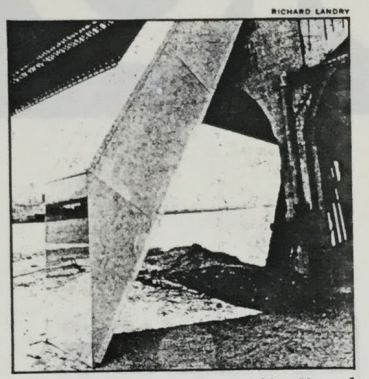
MORE ABOUT THE CARE AND FEEDING OF ARTISTS

"...The imaginative Workspace project hopes to get room for art exhibitions and studios in little-used areas of the city..."

On my desk there is a mammoth file marked PATRONAGE. It contains the reams of mimeographed material I receive reporting on the various agencies, bureaus and foundations (public and private) that fund the arts. A few years ago when I started accumulating material on the subject, state and Federal subsidies were negligible, and Guggenheim Foundation grants to artists affected so few that they hardly counted in terms of the total picture. The first big shot in the arm was the National Endowment's direct grants to individual artists. Those I know who received these grants desperately needed money for materials. Sculptor Mark di Suvero, for example, was able to buy a crane with his grant, enabling him to change the scale of his works and increase his production significantly.

Now, however, there has been a general shift in emphasis. Most public money for the arts is going to the "new" arts of video and film, to underwriting museum shows, and to community art projects, rather than to ambitious individual artists struggling to make painting and sculpture in New York. Those artists who were surviving by teaching are in a double squeeze because schools have less money and are letting staff go without hiring replacements. The competition for grants looks like an exercise in social Darwinism, with natural selection favoring those who keep up with the "evolutionary" trends that try to outstrip ordinary means of making art with the latest technological gadgetry. An organization like CAPS (Creative Artists Public Service), which continues to serve ordinary painters and sculptors, is besieged with requests it can't fill. Last year CAPS received applications from 2000 artists and was able to give financial support to 89.

Until we're willing to turn some of our swords into plowshares, there is not going to be much money for the individual fine artist. Assuming they can manage to eat and buy materials we are still left with the problems: Where do they live? Where do they work? Where do they exhibit? These are pretty basic questions, and neither government nor private agencies have come up with startlingly innovative solutions.



Jene Highstein's "Chute for Looking Up and Down" in Brooklyn Bridge show, 1971.

By far the most imaginative solution is the brainchild of a hard-driving, diminutive, blond fireball named Alanna Heiss. As program director of the Municipal Art Society, Ms. Heiss initiated a program of exhibitions beginning with a series of outdoor events under the Brooklyn Bridge. Because she wanted to use public spaces, she learned the ins and outs of city politics, and now has that rare knowledge of whom to go to for what in New York City. The simplicity of her plan, which is called Workspace, is breathtaking. Ms. Heiss noted, on the one hand, that artists needed cheap space to work and show, and on the other, that there were many unused spaces in the city—unused lofts, empty dilapidated public buildings, abandoned slum buildings, and the huge empty piers that sit slowly decaying on the West Side. As executive director of the Institute for Art and Urban Resources, which is under the aegis of the Municipal Art Society, she has attempted to convince landlords, city commissioners and realtors to allow some of this space to be used for temporary exhibitions and to lease it on a permanent basis to artists for studio use.

The first building Workspace has taken over is a ramshackle loft building at 10 Bleecker Street, owned by Mrs. Oliver W. Bivins, who cooperated in this initial project in the hope that other landlords might follow her example. The two top floors are now huge studios, renting at $150 a month, and the ground floor was recently used for three exhibitions of contemporary sculpture. "After all," says Ms. Heiss, "not everyone leaves the city in the summer, and it's nice to have something to see."

Ms. Heiss's latest plan is to persuade realtors to let artists exhibit in office buildings that have unoccupied space. She is also hoping to co-sponsor, with the International Longshoremen's Association, an art event on a downtown pier. I am particularly concerned about the use of these piers since I was involved with the city's ill-fated pier project in 1970. That project, which attempted to get art exhibitions and cultural events out on the piers, was blocked by the I.L.A. Since then I have found out some interesting facts regarding the piers and their use. For example, did you know the piers were used as artists' studios during the WPA? They are ideal studios—huge, light-filled, free of interior partitions. The more I read about the WPA art project, the more I realize how much ground artists have *lost* since then.

Ms. Heiss is attempting to regain some of that lost ground. To use what already exists, to bring costs down to a level where artists can actually participate in the life of the city, to mix functions, to reclaim dead neighborhoods—these would seem to be exemplary goals. Yet she is having trouble funding her pilot projects. I find her proposals the most practical and refreshing I have come across for extending art into the environment and giving experimental artists the chance to work in unconventional situations which are more compatible with their *art povera* esthetic and downtown audience than the official institutional context of uptown museums.

I wish those who hold the purse-strings would listen to Ms. Heiss. One great incentive would be the partial remission or adjustment of real estate taxes for those properties given or rented at low cost to artists. Workspace is a practical, feasible solution to the genuine, if uncomfortable, relationship between art and real estate. ■

50 NEW YORK
8/28/72

NEW YORK MAGAZINE article on the WORKSPACE program of The Institute for Art and Urban Resources.

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the village VOICE

● Thursday, February 22, 1973

The Coming Place

by Sally Helgesen

Now that Rauschenberg's party for the princess has sealed SoHo's fate as de rigueur for globe-trotting socialites who can dig their caviar off paper plates; now that so many downtown loft-livers seem to be sideburned stockbrokers and party-throwing young bureaucrats living high off Lindsay administration glamor and fiscal fat; now that it's easy to spend $20,000 for space on Prince Street, without the improvements of course—what's a working artist to do?

Evidence indicates that the next migration will be to downtown Brooklyn and vicinity, and that those urban shock troops, the artists who blockbust in an upwards direction, are even now massing their strength for an invasion of the shores across the East River. Of course artists have always lived in Brooklyn, drawn there by the museum, Pratt, and comparatively low rents for big space, but a recent series of unrelated happenings will probably assure central Brooklyn's position as The Coming Place.

Fulton Ferry, for instance, is a 50-acre backwater wedged in around the Brooklyn Bridge. Many of the buildings are historic, the view of Manhattan is spectacular, and there's a lot of vacant space the city wants to put to good use. A good sprinkling of artists live there now, some illegally a la early SoHo, most legally in non-conforming buildings (those designated as residential before the present commercial zoning regulations). Residential rents are low, but in order to encourage new residents to move in and upgrade the area, the city needs to change the zoning.

Another Brooklyn boon is the workspace program, seeded by the Municipal Art Society, and headed by Alanna Heiss, whose idea is to lease vacated industrial buildings slated for demolition and rent them to artists at cost. Since it would be useless to make improvements in buildings acquired on such a short-term basis, the lofts would be rented only as working studios, at prices so low that most artists could afford to maintain them in addition to their own apartments.

An HDA urban renewal project in Brooklyn currently has about 200 commercial buildings on its condemned list and Alanna is trying to get the agency to lease some of those that are structurally sound to Workspace, emphasizing the "caretaker" role the occupying artists would play. She has succeeded in renting out three floors of studios in an old police station in Crown Heights—the space just wasn't being used by the gradually vacating police, and the building would probably have been tinned up if she hadn't leased the space to artists.

Something like this is good for everybody involved; the artists benefit and so do the landlord and neighborhood, since occupants prevent the building from being vandalized. Wouldn't it have been great if the old Sixth Precinct building on Charles Street could have been put to such a use instead of being left to rot?

And so the quest for more space is leading artists to settle in the true badlands of downtown Brooklyn. Artists really are the city's shock troops it seems, venturing into impossibly down-and-out areas before anyone else ever hears about them and upgrading them until they become so chic the original inhabitants can no longer afford the rent. This is unfortunate, but it's the way of all neighborhoods; they're either coming up or going down, old residents are leaving while new ones are coming in. And for those determined shock troopers who can afford the original investment, there are plenty of get-rich-quick possibilities in that latest and most talked about sideline of artistic endeavor, real estate speculation.

THE VILLAGE VOICE article on the WORKSPACE program of the Institute for Art and Urban Resources

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1972: 10 BLEECKER STREET / BOWERY WAREHOUSE

The workspace program, formulated at Bleecker Street, sough out and allocated previously unused, low-cost studio space. Abandoned and partially burned warehouses were salvaged for artists' studios, exhibitions and performances. Critic Barbara Rose wrote that the workspace program "is a practical and refreshing solution for extending art into environment and gives artists a chance to work in unconventional situations." ("More about the Care and Feeding of Artists," New York Magazine, September, 1972).

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10 BLEECKER STREET/BOWERY WAREHOUSE: 1972

Richard Nonas: ENCLOSURES: May 13 - 27

FIVE SCULPTORS: June 10 - 24
Cecile Abish
Bill Bolinger
Peter Gourfain
Robert Grosvenor
Jene Highstein

RECENT WORK: July 15
Power Boothe
Peter Downsbrough
Nancy Holt
Clark Murray
Jim Reineking

BLEECKER STREET CONCERTS: 1973

January 12, 20, 28:
Philip Glass with:
Jon Gibson
Richard Landry
Arthur Murphy
Kurt Munkacsi
Richard Peck

January 13:
Richard Landry

January 19, 26:
Rusty Glider and Richard Peck

January 14, 27:
Jon Gibson and friends

January 21:
Kurt Munkacsi and Tina Girouard

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THE NEW YORK TIMES, SUNDAY, JULY 23, 1972

Art Notes

Brightening Up the Bowery

By GRACE GLUECK

THE seedy, 80-year-old building at 10 Bleecker Street is not what you'd call a prime showcase for art. Fire has bared the ceiling beams of its huge first-floor interior and the floor itself has a sumptuous carpet of splinters. Nor does the Bowery neighborhood have the — well, decorum of Upper Madison. On a sizzling day last week, kids turned a fire hose through a second-story window, creating a small Niagara from floor to floor.

Nevertheless, 10 Bleecker is serving as a gallery right now, displaying on its first two floors paintings and sculpture by five young artists who have done their work with an eye to the raw space. What's more, other artists—sculptors, painters, a composer and dance group—have studios on the top two floors, rented for much less than the going downtown rate (the three floors between are occupied by manufacturers).

*

10 Bleecker's new career as an art habitat was initiated by Art and Urban Resources, a spinoff project of the Municipal Art Society. A high-minded civic org that monitors the city's environmental health (architecture, urban planning, parks, preservation, etc.) the M.A.S. sees Art and Urban Resources as a "baby pilot project," out to prove that urban centers can use their resources "to provide a more sympathetic environment for the arts and a more stimulating environment for the community." Actually, A&UR has two divisions—Workspace, a program that tries to find working space for artists in buildings throughout the city, and Exhibitions, which scouts space for artists' shows. So far, Exhibitions has staged the Brooklyn Bridge Event, a three-day festival last May in which artists performed works on a pier under the bridge, and three group invitationals at 10 Bleecker. Workspace has handled the studio rentals.

Art & Urban was hatched by Alanna Heiss, the Municipal Art Society's young program director, who on her return from a stay in England was struck by New York's inhospitality to artists. "It seems odd that the city where they all live doesn't extend more of a welcome to them," she says. "The worse thing is the space situation. With property values at a high, space in which artists can produce art just isn't around any more at prices they can afford." The well-meant publicity around the SoHo loft legislation, she points out, has driven prices up prohibitively even in *that* area.

A partial solution: space not thought of by the art world as *art* space. A number of commercial buildings around the city, she found, have empty space because, for one reason or another, their owners are reluctant to sign up long-term lessees. 10 Bleecker was an example. Its owner, Mrs. Oliver W. Bivins, plans to rehabilitate the building eventually, and so wanted short-term tenants. She agreed to rent the available footage to Workspace for a two-year period at a price well below market value.

"We sign the lease," explains Ms. Heiss, "so the owner doesn't have to deal with many individuals. The artists are model tenants—we stress that they can't live, only work there—and we rent out the space to them for what we pay." At 10 Bleecker, the top two floors have been converted into four 2,700-foot studios, each renting for $150 a month. One is shared by two artists, another by a group of five, the third and fourth by individuals.

*

Art & Urban's idea is especially attractive right now, Ms. Heiss feels, not only because of the difficulty of finding cheap working space, but because "the sort of work that artists are doing today offers much greater opportunity for exhibitions outside of the normal context of art shows—with enormous return to both the artists and the viewers." 10 Bleecker, she asserts, is only the beginning. "We plan to show how large, old empty warehouses and buildings can be leased for a limited period of, say two to five years, made operable for working studios, made available to artists at minimal rentals and, when required, can be vacated with no problems for the owner."

For both work and exhibition space, Art & Urban currently has its eye on a former barracks in the Brooklyn Navy Yard, a large building downtown owned by the city's Department of Real Estate, abandoned piers and warehouses on the Manhattan waterfront, a macaroni factory, and some offices in the midtown area. It has not yet tried to find an abandoned museum.

New York Times article on WORKSPACE Program

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1972: 80 PRECINCT BUILDING, BROOKLYN

This workspace re-cycled the top two floors of a Bedford Stuyvesant Police Station for artists studios and performances and in return for free housing, artists gave lessons to underpriviledged children in the community.

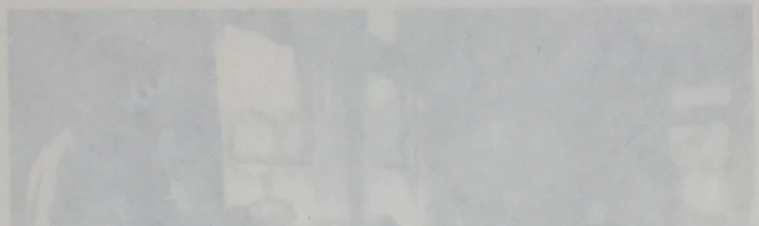
On Saturday morning, December 16, 1972 at 10:00 A.M. at the old 80th Precinct located at 653 Grand Avenue, Brooklyn, children, artists, puppets, policemen and Crown Heights residents gathered to witness the arrival of the artists who occupied by request, the old 80th Precinct Station House. Incongruous as it may seem, poets, painters and police shared the old 80th Precinct Building. The Commanding Officer, Captain Adam Butcher set forth an agreement with the Institute whereby the artists would use all but the first floor and basement which were reserved for the police. This arrangement with the Institute for Art and Urban Resources provided a fuller use of the building and brought the creative arts, at the actual

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THE NEW YORK TIMES, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1979

Police Station Aiding Arts



production stage into contact with the children of the community, who were also using the building. For many of the children, this was the first time they saw and felt art in the making. Director of the Institute, Alanna Heiss, pointed out that working space for artists is scarce throughout the city. "The opportunity to use this space, through the generosity of the 77th Precinct (which had merged with the 80th) meant that these artists continued to live and work in Brooklyn".

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THE NEW YORK TIMES, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1972

Police Station Aiding Arts



The New York Times/Nancy Moran

Policemen and neighborhood children on top floor of the old 80th Precinct building with artist Miriam Beerman, seated on bench, who will use part of space as a studio.

By GERALD F. LIEBERMAN

A 19th-century three-story police precinct stationhouse in a high-crime area of the Crown Heights-Bedford Stuyvesant section of Brooklyn is becoming a home for a group of artists, poets and sculptors.

In an arrangement with the Institute for Arts and Urban Resources—a federally financed organization operating under the aegis of the National Endowment for the Arts—portions of the old 80th precinct building, at 653 Grand Avenue, have been reserved for artistic endeavors, on a rent-free basis, in exchange for assistance in establishing better community relations.

The 80th Precinct was merged recently with the 77th precinct, and headquarters for the combined unit was set up in a new building at 127 Utica Avenue. Only 38 policemen continued to use the 80th precinct stationhouse on Grand Avenue, and their space requirements were limited to the ground floor and the basement of the old structure.

This left quite a bit of unused space in the building. The Institute for Arts and Urban Resources came up with the plan to allow artists, who sorely need space for their work, but could not afford high rentals, to utilize the stationhouse for that purpose if they gave free lessons to local underprivileged children, and agreed to permit the children to observe them as they work.

Capt. Adam Butcher, commanding officer of the newly merged police unit, implemented the program after lengthy consultations with his superiors. "It's an excellent way to bring children in contact with the creative spirit," Captain Butcher said. "And it will also bring children in closer contact with the police. The whole idea of neighborhood police team No. 4 [which occupies the building] is to produce a better understanding between the people living in the area and the police department. This plan fit in perfectly."

Emphasis on Children

The painters, writers and sculptors who will be using the building have been specially screened. "These are people who are not only exceptionally talented but who also understand what we are trying to do and who have the ability to reach children and to be patient with them," Captain Butcher emphasized.

The 80th Precinct stationhouse was built in 1892, in a Romanesque style typical of police stations of that era. There are dozens of large windows and northern exposure, on the third floor. It is unobstructed by any other buildings in the vicinity and features a picturesque spiral staircase leading to the roof. Both the third floor and the roof will be used by painters and sculptors. Throughout the building are well-lit rooms, previously used by detective squads; these are to be turned over to other artists.

There is also a fully equipped barn, with hayloft mechanisms still intact, and a paddywagon shed. These units will be used in the creation of large sculpture works that require lifting devices.

According to Mrs. Alanna Heiss, director of the Institute for Arts and Urban Resources, there are many empty and partially empty buildings throughout the city that are municipally or federally owned, and she hopes that these buildings can be made available to artists "as a means of alleviating their enormous expenses for studio space, which they cannot afford, in a space-hungry city."

The idea is experimental and expansion of the project depends largely on how well it works in the 80th precinct. Captain Butcher said that all 38 members of his special neighborhood police task force are becoming actively involved.

"Last week we had a puppet parade to welcome the creative people to the stationhouse and to let the neighborhood know about the program," he said. "Some of those artists are very attractive young women and some of my men decided to buy easels and brushes. They felt they might have latent painting talent."

New York Times article on WORKSPACE Program. 1972

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1974 - 75: THE IDEA WAREHOUSE

This experimental performance center was conceived as an artist-in-residence program. Selected artists were given space for the time necessary to develop a piece, and subsequently performed the finished work at The Warehouse. The unique features of the space were its large size, sloping ceiling and narrow columns that did not obstruct the viewing of performances. This ideal performance environment was inaugurated by four afternoon performances by Phillip Glass and his ensemble.

The following statement of purpose for the Idea Warehouse was made by Alanna Heiss in June, 1975:

The Idea Warehouse is the experimental performance center of the Institute for Art and Urban Resources. Recognizing the need for an alternative performance space that could be turned over to an artist for a long period of time to fully develop and rehearse a piece, we established The Warehouse along the lines of an artist-in-residence program. This is possible

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through the merging of two formerly separate Institute programs; Workspace, the operation of which is made possible with assistance from the New York State Council on the Arts, and our various exhibition and performance projects.

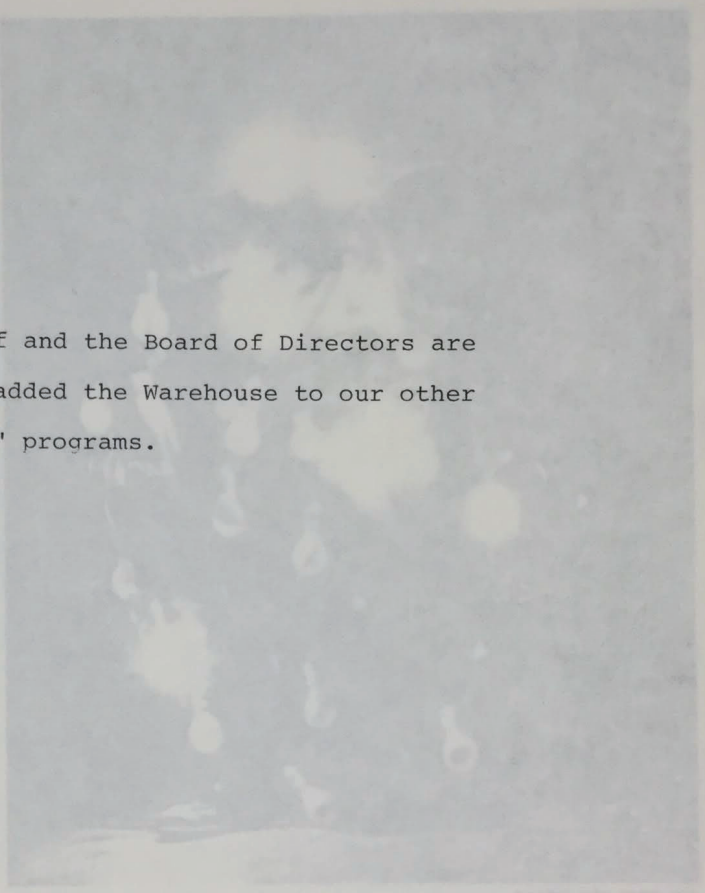
We view The Warehouse as a development and production location for ideas. We ask that it be open to the public at least once during each artist's tenure, but we assume that many of the pieces realized will be shown and performed elsewhere at more public places.

The Warehouse has been so successful that we have been unable to accomodate many projects of interest. Linda Blumberg, a Program Director of the Institute, coordinated this year's program at the Idea Warehouse. She has arranged a special four-week project situation of short term installations and performances. With the conclusion of this show, the first Warehouse season ends, during which time 32 artists and performance groups will have used the Warehouse facilities.

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ARTFORUM



The Executive Staff and the Board of Directors are delighted to have added the Warehouse to our other "alternative space" programs.

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ARTFORUM
JANUARY, 1976

Artforum Article on Jared Bark's performance, THE NEUTRON READINGS and LIGHTS: on/off at The Idea Warehouse, 22 Reade Street, New York City, Oct. 10-17, 1975



Jared Bark, *Lights: On/Off*, 1974.

In five evenings at the Idea Warehouse, JARED BARK alternated a performance piece from last year, *Lights: On/Off*, with a new piece titled *The Neutron Readings*. This was appropriate, since the two are closely related and the first provides a gauge to the growth, the improvement and the problems of the second. All of Bark's work, including his photo-booth pieces and his paintings made by firing a BB gun at sheets of glass, involve a number of similar elements: performance, often humorous, if not downright vaudevillian; the misuse of a technique and consequently an amateurish or crude kind of illustration (a gun to make paintings, a photo-booth to make art); an appreciation of scientific knowledge (the gunshots attempted to illustrate specific constellations of the stars). The aspects of science that interest Bark most consistently are forms of light and energy, and in his performances he imbues them with human significance, vulnerability and irony.

Lights: On/Off is a series of short scenes, live, video and slides, while *The Neutron Readings*, a bit more complicated, also employs film projection. In both, Bark functions more as a behind-the-scenes director than as a live performer. In *Lights: On/Off* he wears a scientist's white coat and, until the final scene, is merely a catalyst to various chain reactions among his props. The main prop is the light bulb, a metaphor for light and energy, an image for civilization and mainly a tool for humor. This piece is smoothly organized and a little superficial; it is good, "illuminating" entertainment, like Mr. Wizard. On video, Bark turns the light bulb off with various methods ranging from using the switch to using a hammer, torch and firecracker. He explores the notion of amateur performances involving light in a video of a 1971 performance where, backed by drum and bugle flourishes, he ritualistically aims his BB gun at burning candles, missing every shot. Then in a live sequence he more efficiently uses the BB gun to put out light bulbs and takes a water pistol to the candles. Until the end, the performance is a series of informative puns, metaphorical entendres and pratfalls.

But the last two scenes give the piece a deeper meaning. On video, Bark recounts the story of "Slotan's Light," about a physicist who died in horrible pain after accidentally banging together two spheres of uranium in his lab at Los Alamos. Slotan thus became one of the few people outside Japan to see the thick white light of an atomic explosion. The story and Bark's flat, inexpressive tone are so mesmerizing that the thick white light gradually obscuring his image on the monitor passes unnoticed until the end of the story. And that's when Bark notes that an American scientist testified to a Congressional committee sometime in the '40s that death by atomic explosion is relatively painless. The piece ends with Bark, his face masked, his body shrouded in light bulbs, literally tied down by their plugged-in cords. In clumsy, groping movements, like a trapped monster (it's a sideshow freak, Frankenstein image), Bark struggles to free himself, yanking out the plugs and bringing on the piece's final darkness. So, after the joking around, *Lights: On/Off* culminates with allusions to the irony of man's monstrous primitivism both in spite of and because of his

continued

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technological advancement.

The Neutron Readings is neither as funny nor as poignant as *Lights: On/Off*. Many of its individual scenes and images are formally more complex and more powerful, but they're not pulled together yet. Here Bark attempts a correlation between the atom and the universe as systems that can be split and disrupted. He also makes the connections between science and chance and, again, what this costs mankind. The piece began with a beautiful trio of scenes which emphasizes the "reading" part of the title. First there are slide projections of Mallarmé's poem "*Un Coup de Des Jamais n' Abolira Le Hazard*" (A Throw of the Dice Will Never Abolish Chance), its words dispersed freely over the white pages like a drawing. A film then projects three lines of print moving parallel across the screen. It is soon obvious, making comparisons on the vertical, that these are three different translations of the poem. It's a great way to see how much is lost and changed during translation. Then a woman appears at the microphone reading the same poem in a monotone, cantorlike song, off a single, ticker-tape strand. In these "readings" you begin to grasp the idea of words as particles which can be rearranged or transformed, losing their original form, order and meaning. Next Bark establishes the connection between luck and scientific discovery, saying that a woman on the video monitor is Marie Joliot-Curie (Madame's daughter) who "almost discovers the neutron/virtually discovers uranium fission/actually discovers a transcendental number and performs two card tricks." Joliot-Curie shifts a die in her mouth, coming up with different numbers. Scientific investigation is just another game people play, and when Bark runs a small electric train down its track and into the wall we realize that 1) the earth, like a neutron, could cut loose from its normal path at any time and 2) it is, like throwing dice, simply a matter of chance. A couple of times Bark mounts a platform made of light bulbs to talk about uranium fission, at one point using adjectival phrases from Mallarmé's poem. After showing two rather sinister war-department slides of "Fat Man" and "Thin Man," the bombs dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, the piece ends, once more with an encounter between Bark and light bulbs. This time, in exaggerated slow-motion steps, he goes around springing mousetraps with a stick. Each mousetrap starts a zany, violent chain reaction which parodies and illustrates splitting the atom by freeing a stretched elastic band that snaps upward, taking with it a lighted bulb that explodes against the ceiling. This encounter does not provide the climax that ends *Lights: On/Off*. It seems to illustrate a point we've already gotten somewhere along the way.

Much more sophisticated than *Lights: On/Off*, *The Neutron Readings* still needs a lot more work. After the first three scenes, it has a tendency to drag. A major criticism is that the stiff, amateurish quality of Bark's onstage presence can gradually become irritating. He performs a little as if he would rather not be there. I know that he is interested in the distinction between amateurs and professionals (both entertainers and scientists), but he doesn't establish the distinction, he just performs naïvely. This constrasts both with the way he works with video and the way he uses other performers.

—ROBERTA SMITH

Artforum Article on Jared Bark's performance, THE NEUTRON READINGS and LIGHTS:on/off at The Idea Warehouse, 22 Reade Street, New York City, October 10-17, 1975.

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THE SOHO WEEKLY NEWS Thursday, January 30, 1975

New Music

Philip Glass

Joan La Barbara

Philip Glass's music is familiar to most people in the international art world. Unfortunately due to some strange value system, American contemporary artists seem to be appreciated more outside their homeland. Thus Glass and his ensemble perform extensively outside the U.S., doing three to four European tours a year, but make relatively few New York appearances. An organization trying to change this situation a bit and help artists find working spaces and performance areas in the city is the Institute of Art and Urban Resources.

Philip Glass and his ensemble will inaugurate an "Idea Warehouse" with four Sunday afternoon concerts.

With cooperation from the city administration and partial funding from the New York State Council on the Arts (for the Workspace program) buildings that are either for sale or have been scheduled for demolition, but for which the funds have not yet been voted are made available for limited periods of time to be used as exhibition areas, studios and performance spaces. At present the buildings included in the program are The Clocktower at 108 Leonard St., 10 Bleecker St. and 22 Reade St.

Philip Glass is one of several artists using the workspace area at 22 Reade St., and he and his ensemble (Richard Landry, Jon Gibson and Richard Peck: saxophones and flutes, Joan La Barbara, voice and electric piano, Glass and Michael Riesman, electric organs, Kurt Munkacsi, sound engineer) will inaugurate the Institutes's "Idea Warehouse," an experimental performance space in the same building, with four Sunday afternoon concerts, February 2, 9, 16 and 23 at 3 p.m. A poster for the series has been designed by Brice Marden.

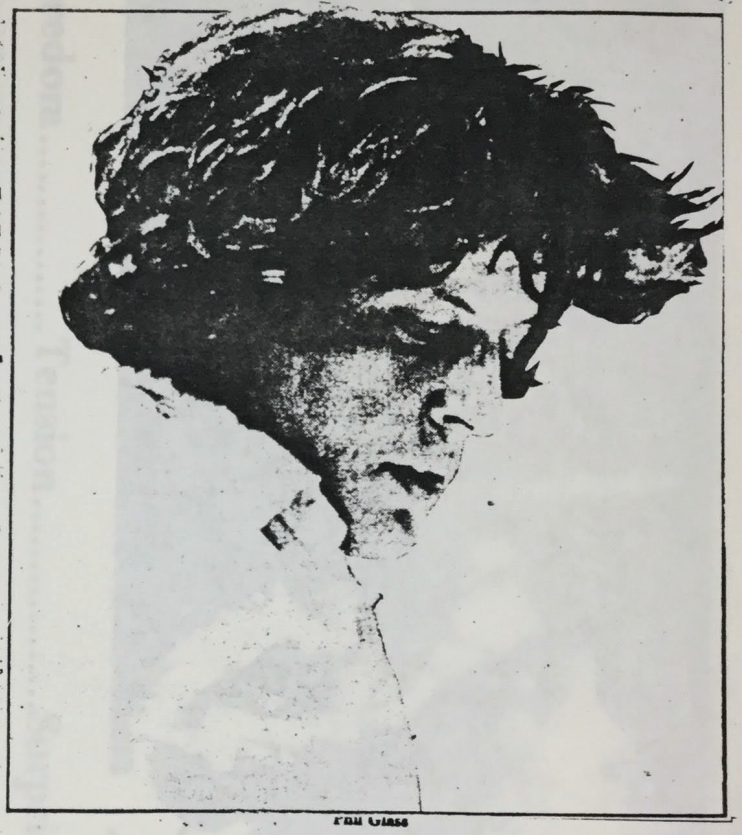
For those not acquainted with Glass's work it is music based on small modules of melody (usually 2-5 notes) and the way these modules are expanded, through ornamentation and addition or subtraction of individual notes or whole units, in direct proportion to a fixed cycle, a predetermined number of beats over which the melodies are measured. It also employs an extended or altered time sense, allowing the audience to experience changes in the music at a deceptively slow rate while the modular melodies go through rapid convolutions over a steady eighth-note pulse. The overall effect is extremely powerful yet serene.

Glass's music also works with an interesting acoustical phenomenon. Each room has a favorite pitch, that is, a tone it responds to more acutely than to any other tone. By repeating a chosen group of pitches over a period of time the room acoustics and the played pitches cooperate, producing a long tone which is amplified naturally by the situation and floats through the music. The particular tone generated in this way is not necessarily one which is actually being played by the musicians and may vary from room to room.

On the first three programs of the February series Glass and his ensemble will play "Music in 12 Parts" (which had its first complete performance June 1, 1974 in New York's Town Hall) in preparation for recording. The four-hour work will require six disks (available separately or in a group) with cover layouts designed by Sol LeWitt. It will appear on the Chatham Square label and should be ready for distribution by early May. Plans for the fourth concert now include "Music with Changing Parts" and "Music in 8 Parts," both composed in 1970.

Invitations for the concert series are available at the Clocktower office, 108 Leonard St., 13th floor on the Thursday, Friday and Saturday from 1 to 6 p.m. prior to the date of each concert. Reservations may be made by calling 233-1096. Some additional invitations will be available at the door, but seating is limited and advance reservations are recommended.

Artists interested in applying to the Workspace program should call Alanna Heiss, executive director, or Linda Blumberg, program director of the Institute of Art and Urban Resources, located in the Clocktower offices mentioned above. Graduate students are requested not to apply, since the program is presently available only to working artists.



Phil Glass

SOHO WEEKLY NEWS review of Philip Glass concert at the Idea Warehouse, 22 Reade Street, a WORKSPACE project.

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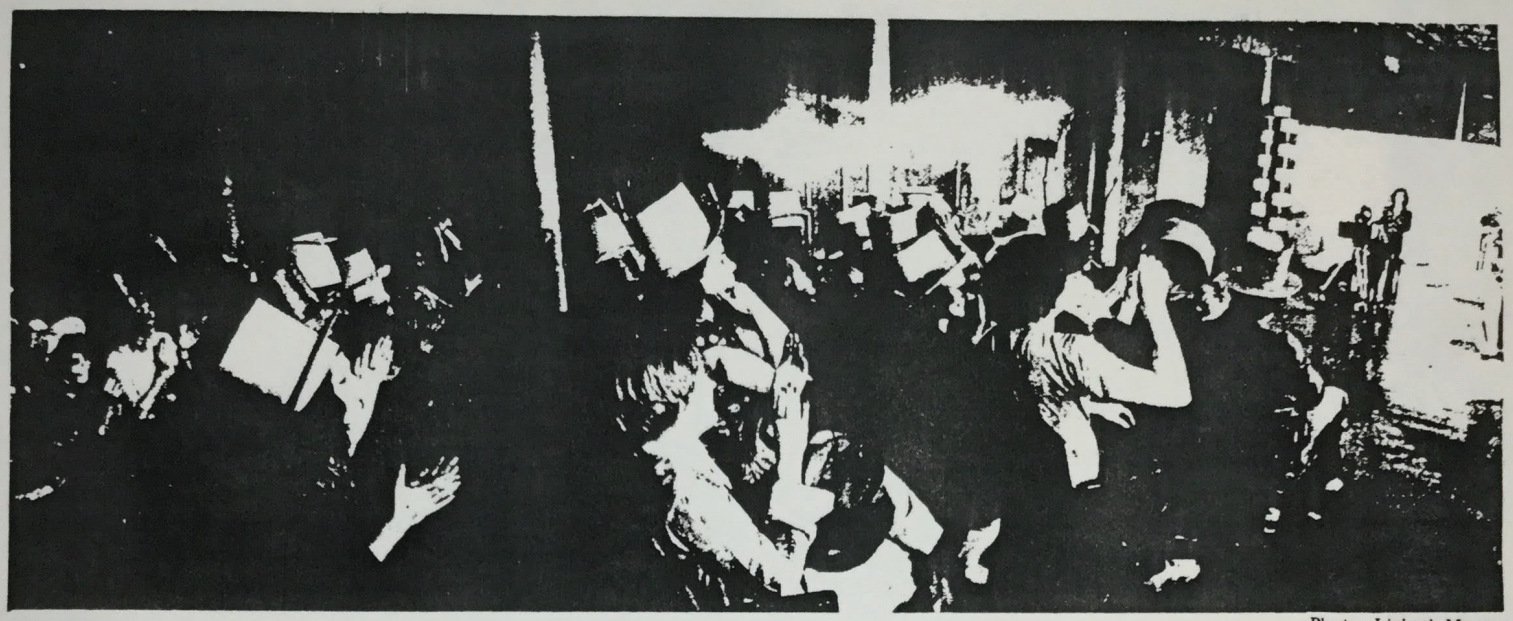


Photo: Lizbeth Marano

Boredom.....Tension.....Surprise .....

● Scene 1: Boredom (cameras on audience) Audience is given sunglasses & cigarettes and is asked to Act Bored cameras turn to performers performer sits in chair & smokes a ten foot long cigarette and rings for his butler to come & relight it.

● Scene 2: Tension (Cameras on Audience) Audience is given kazzoos & balloons and asked to hum the anvil chorus while popping balloons. Cameras on performers. performer sits on podium for three minutes & sandbag knocks him off.

● Scene 3: Surprise (Cameras on Audience) Audience is given candles and asked to blow them out when blown out they relight cameras on performer. performer walks out wearing a top hat with a lit sparkler in hand sits on podium and touches sparkler to hat which flames in the air hat burns for 3 minutes & 50 blue & yellow rubber balls fall on his-head performer hands out playing cards to audience for a lottery the three jokers in the deck win a chance to throw a pie at the performer 1st throw misses 2nd throw direct hit in face 3rd throw direct hit in crotch. Applause

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AVALANCHE - WINTER 1975

This performance of YOUR SCENE...MY SCENE...THREE ELEMENTS OF PERFORMANCE: BOREDOM...TENSION... SURPRISE by Robin Winters was given at the Idea Warehouse, the experimental performing space of the Institute for Art & Urban Resources at 2 Reade St. during June, 1975.

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Thomas Bühler 1977 ISA

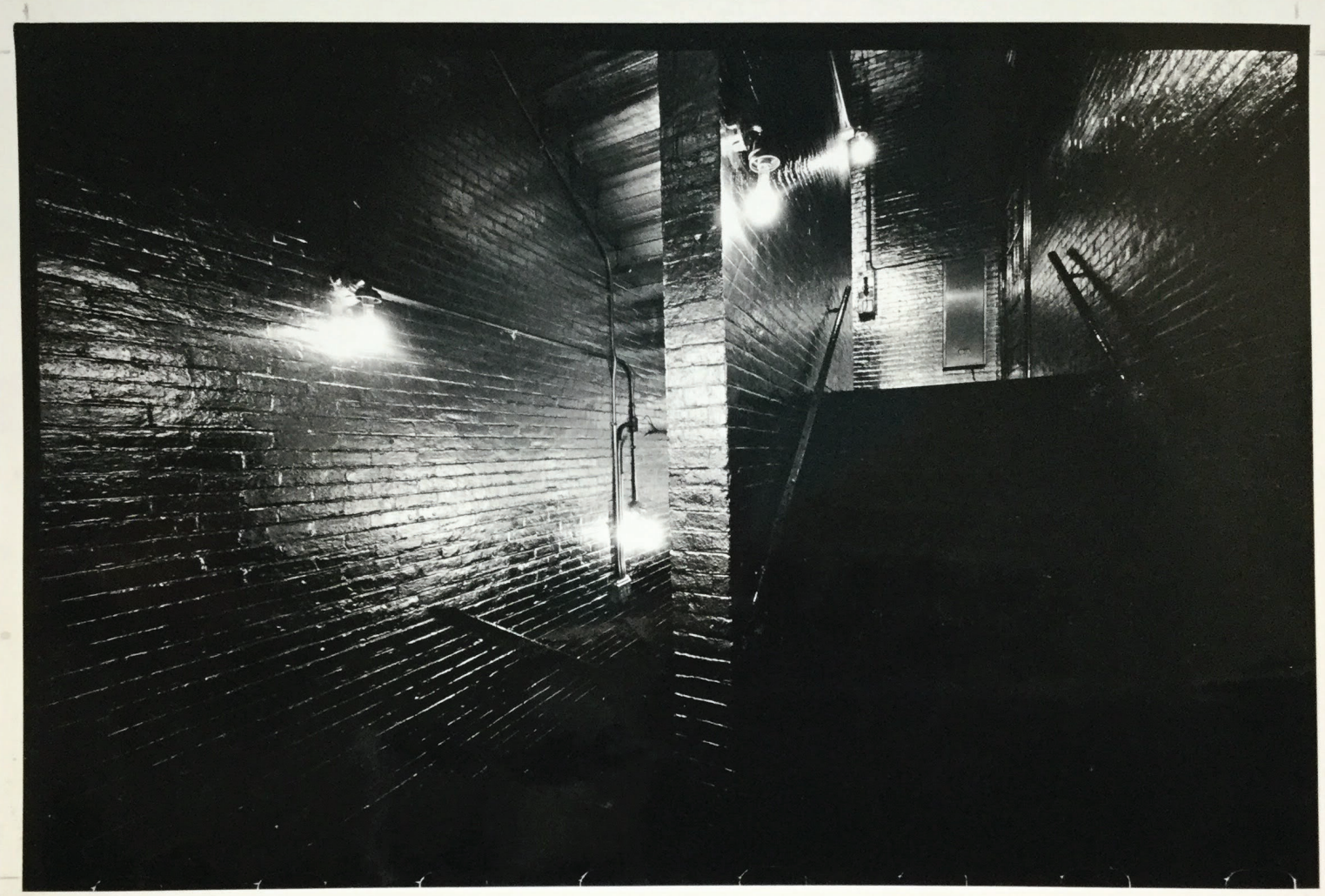
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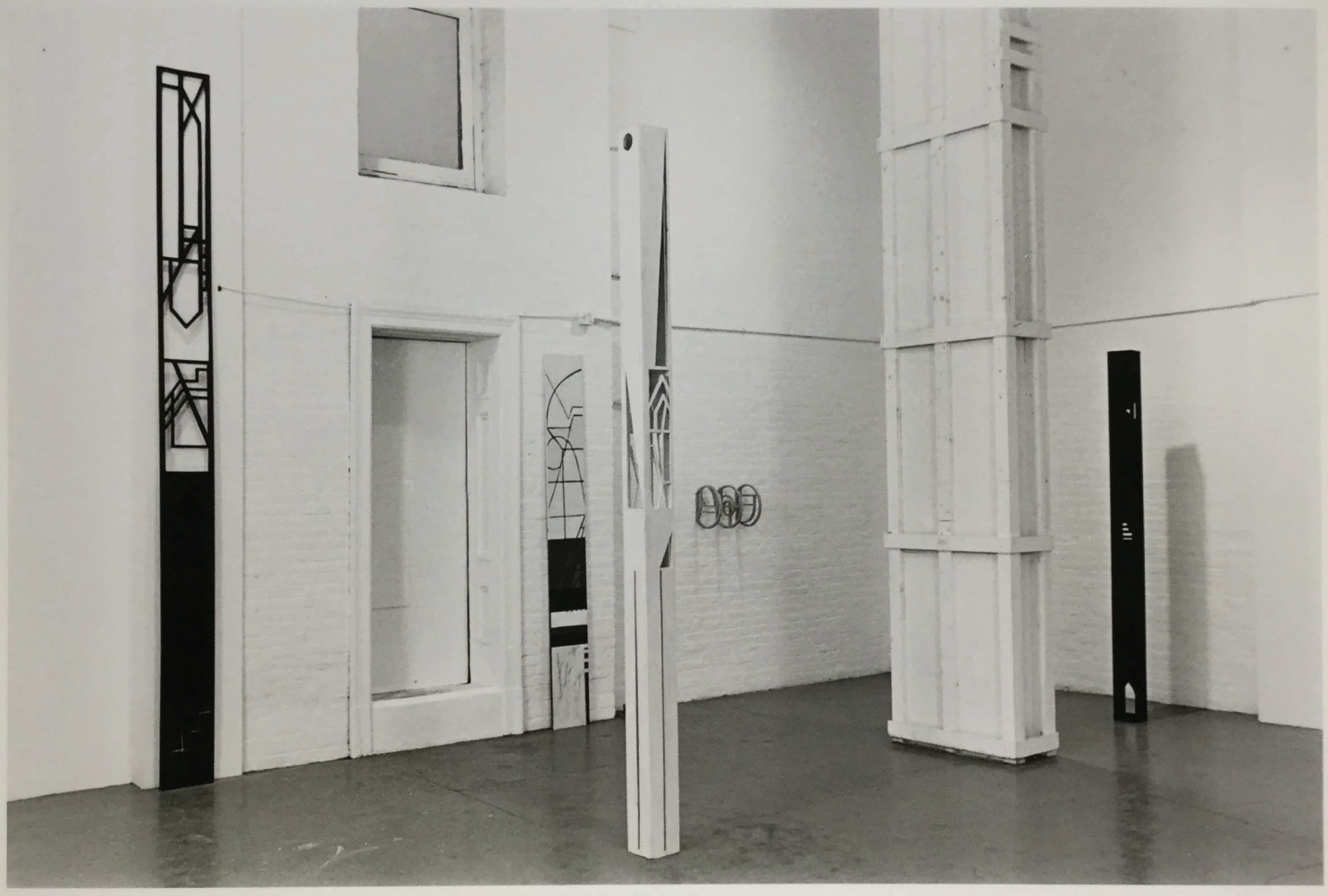
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AC

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INGRID ROSCHECK

RoHeck

CLOCKTOWER JAN-FEB 1983
INTERNATIONAL STUDIO ARTISTS

INTERNATIONAL STUDIO ARTISTS
AT THE CLOCKTOWER JAN-FEB 1983

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LOUIS CHA CALLIS REINHARD NEDERMEIER HENK VISCH TER HELL

INTERNATIONAL STUDIO ARTISTS
AT THE CLOCKTOWER JAN - FEB 1983

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5

JASPER HALFMANN
NEW WING ROOF

MANHATTAN TRANSFER, 1980
STEELFRAME WITH INSET ALUMINUM CUT-OUT
LENGTH 24'

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Fine Art Photography
by NATHAN RABIN
24 EAST 81st STREET
NEW YORK, N. Y. 10028
BU 8-6999

21454

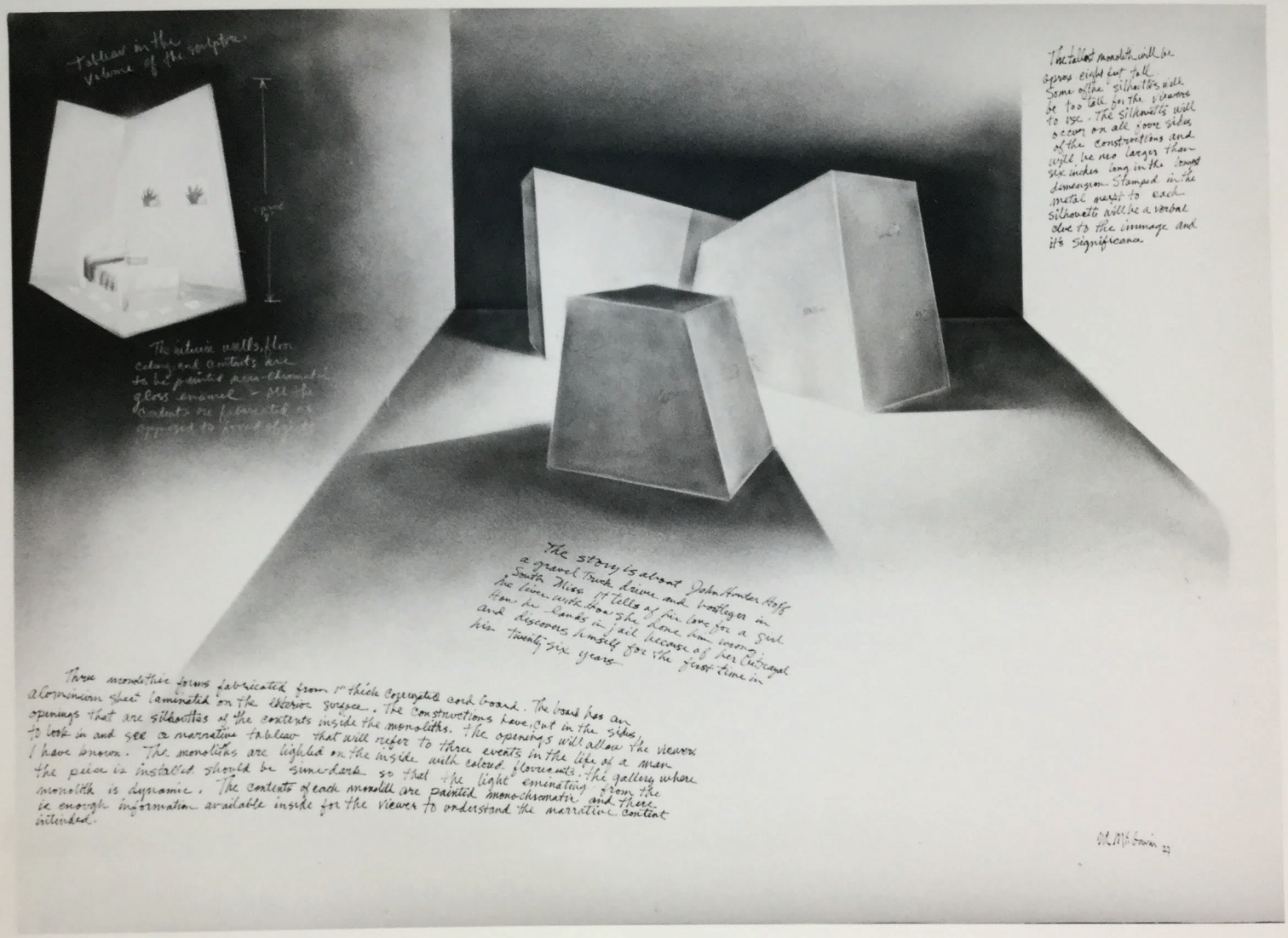
'SACRIFICE' '79
PRISMA PENCIL
30" X 40"
STRATHMORE RAG BOARD

NATALIE DYMNICKI
4670 DOUGLAS AVE
BRONX 10471 N.Y.

549-9292

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These monolithic forms fabricated from 1" thick Coxeyated wood board. The board has an aluminium sheet laminated on the exterior surface. The constructions have cut in the sides openings that are silhouettes of the contents inside the monoliths. The openings will allow the viewers to look in and see a narrative tableau that will refer to three events in the life of a man I have known. The monoliths are lighted on the inside with coloured flourescents. The gallery where the piece is installed should be semi-dark so that the light emenating from the monolith is dynamic. The contents of each monolith are painted mono-chromatic and there is enough information available inside for the viewer to understand the narrative content intended.

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ED McGOWIN
Proposal for Special Project
Installation, P.S.1, 1977.
(35 1/2" x 47 1/4")
lent by the artist

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Multidisciplinary Proj PS1.
Architecture
Friday architects 201

INPS1.205.1

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Stanley Tigerman exhibition
P.S.1
The Institute for Art and
Urban Resources

INPS1.161.1

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Fashion Fall 1981

INPS1.3103

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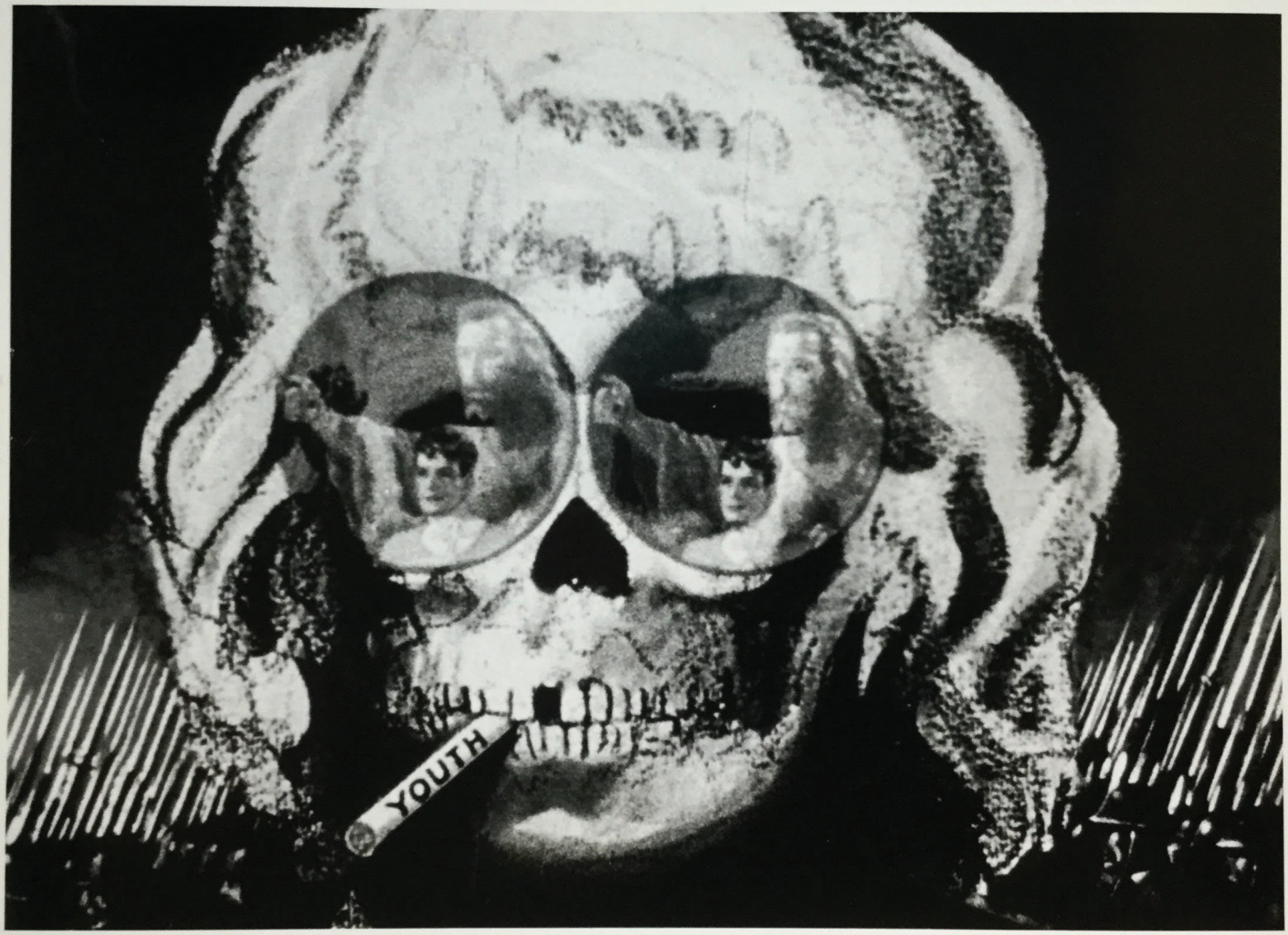
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Willi Smith
"Damaged Goods"
Multi-Disciplinary Project
curated by Hollywood diRusso
Fashion Program, P.S. 1
January 17-March 14,1982

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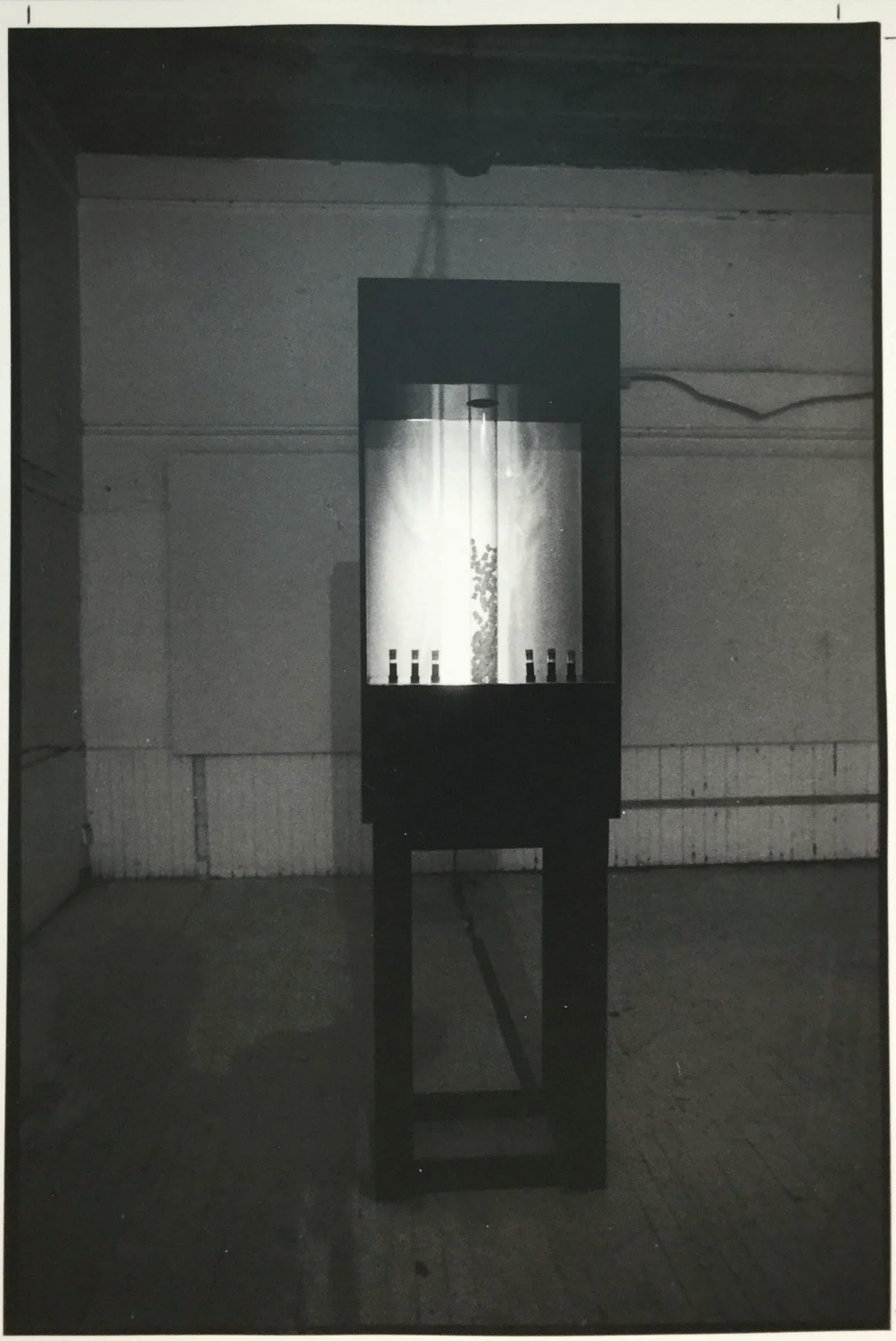
Scorpio Rising - Kenneth Anger

from PS 1 Reopens the '60's

JAN - MARCH 1983

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Barry Gerson
Film Installation:
Curated by Leandro Katz
P.S. 1 October 18-December 13, 1981
Multi-Disciplinary Program

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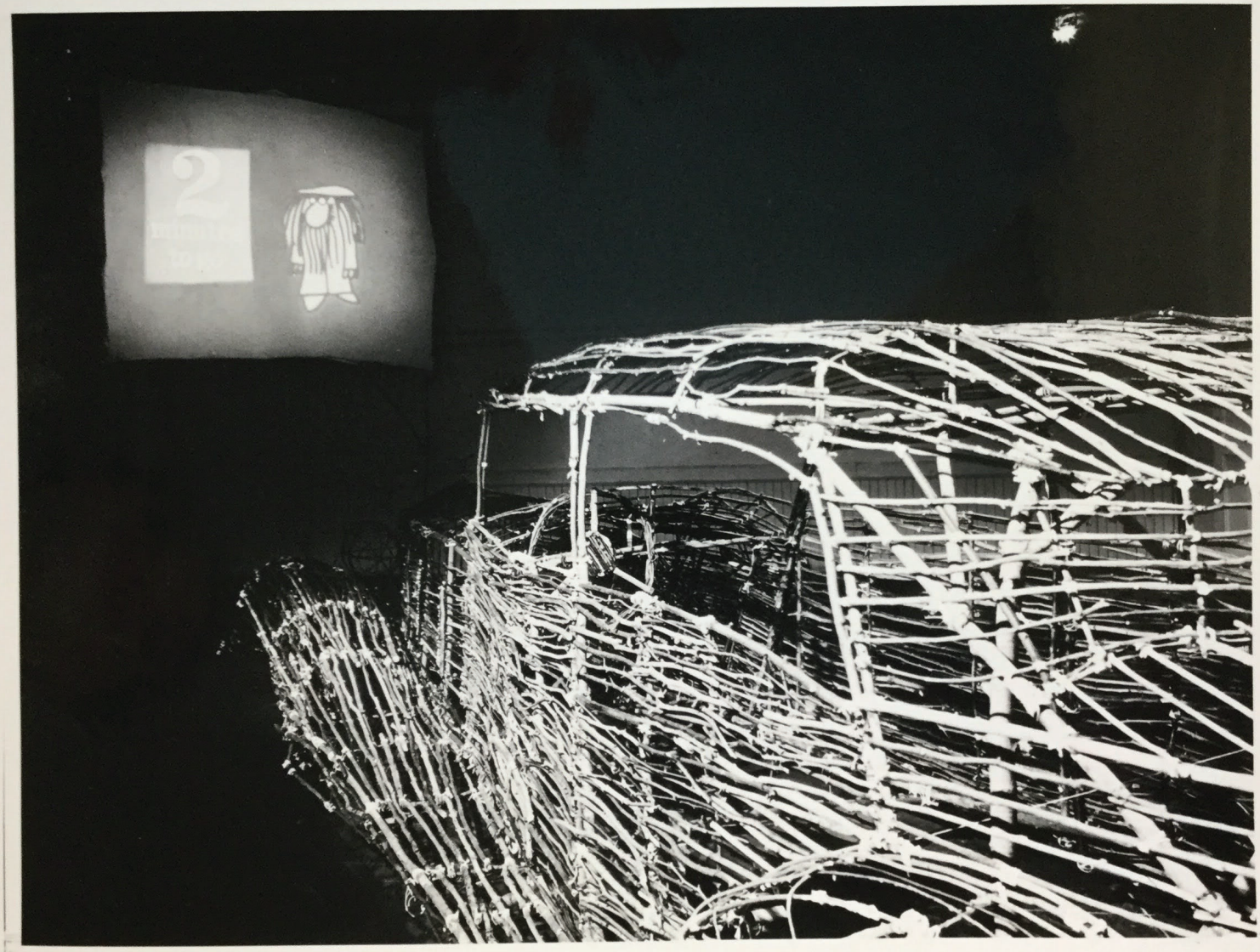
PROJECT STUDIOS 1 (P.S. 1)
46-01 21st STREET
LONG ISLAND CITY, N.Y. 11101

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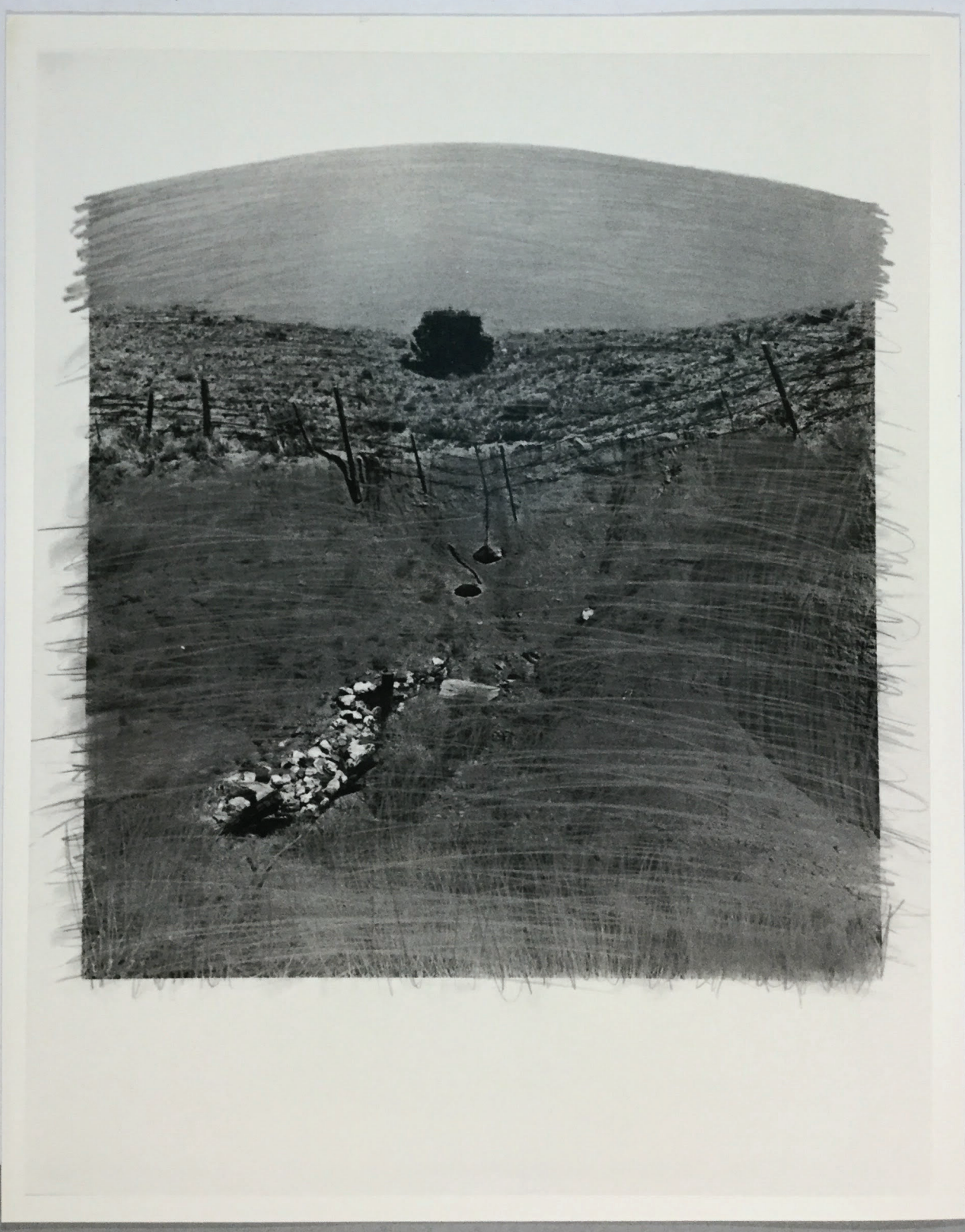
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Roger Welch
Film Dec 80 - Jan 81

=NPS1.264.1

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Untitled Photo-Drawing

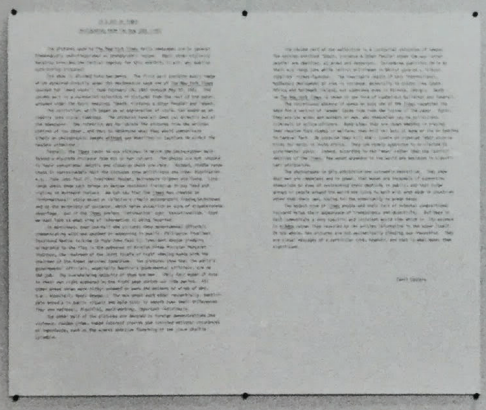
Rick Dingus

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IN & OUT OF POWER

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE NEW YORK TIMES











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"IN AND OUT OF POWER"
Curated by Carol Squiers
P.S. 1 Third Floor Photography
Room : Multi-Disciplinary Progra
October 18-December 13, 1981

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INRS1,313,1

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58%

R

12/45

8x10
PROOF
MARY FREY

untitled, 1979-80
11x14

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PROJECT STUDIOS 1 (P.S. 1)
46-01 21st STREET
LONG ISLAND CITY, N.Y. 11101

Artist: Bob Bates

Fuser, 1978

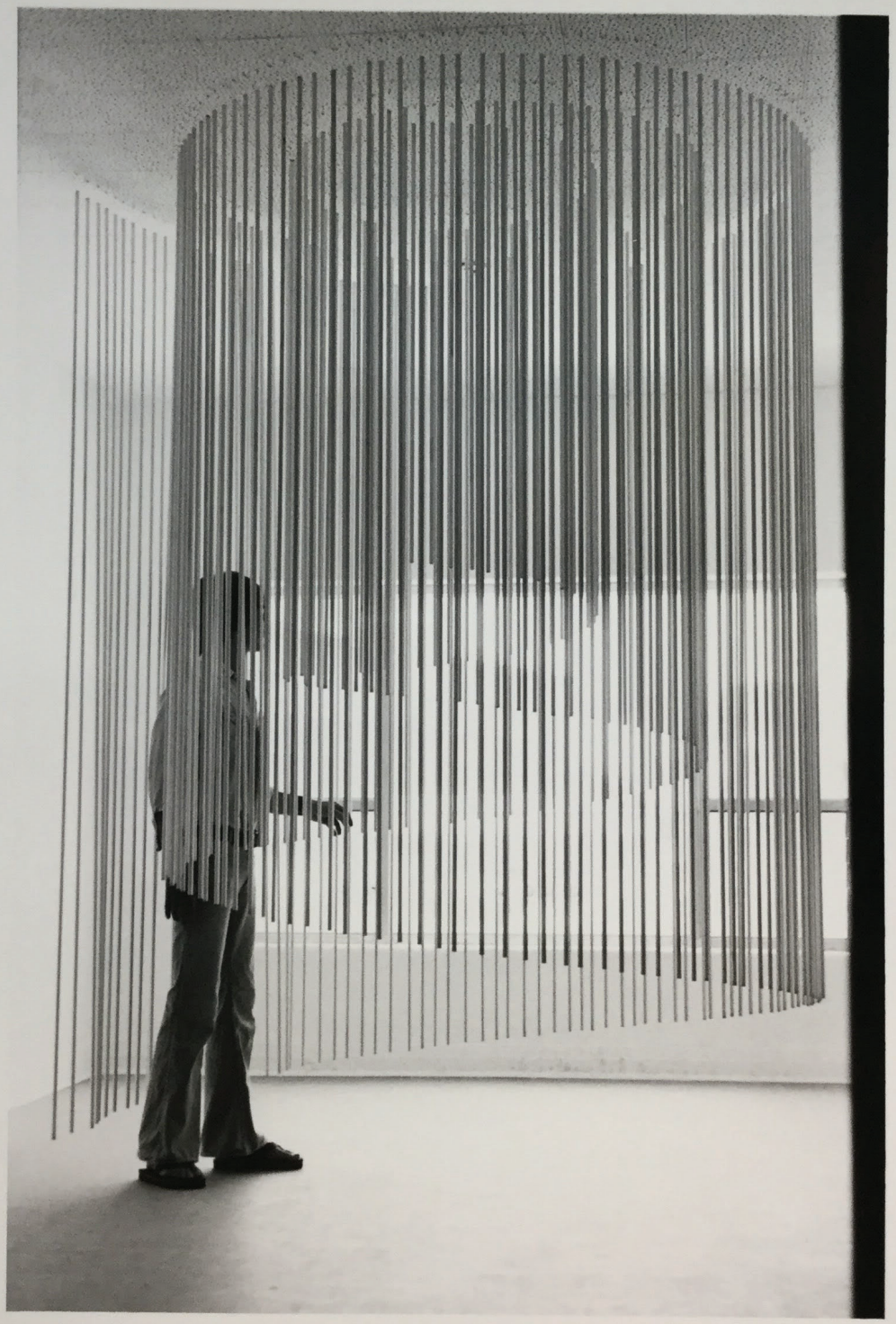
Wood, aluminum, steel, string

SOUND AT P.S.1

Sept. 30 - Nov. 18, 1979

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BRUCE FIER 1979
THE SOUND SPIRAL

254 tuned aluminum tubes

9'6"Hx7'6"x6'6"

NEXUS GALLERY INSTALLATION
CULVER CITY, CA

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From THE WAVE by Amy Greenfield. Photo by Robert Haller.

VIDEO

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Bill Brand - VIDEO
"Masstransiscope" 4/82 - 5/82

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