


# 'T' Space

*Silence, reflectivity, maybe tomorrow*

**2014**



We are entering our fifth year at 'T' Space.  
The original effort to bring together  
music /poetry /art /sculpture / architecture  
and modestly present original works  
in the Hudson Valley community  
with an aim for reflection is more than successful.  
We are very enthusiastic to continue this project  
and see where it can go in the future.





# 'T' Space

'T' Book volume three

A COMPILATION OF FOUR PUBLICATIONS, ART, POETRY AND MUSIC EVENTS 2014

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# 'T' SPACE 2014

**The architect Steven Holl's 'T' Space stands in a wooded glade in Dutchess County, New York.**

Raised above the ground on columns of steel, it seems to float amid the surrounding leaves and branches. The white-walled interior is lit by sunlight streaming in through skylights. Integrated into the cycle of the seasons, 'T' Space hibernates during the winter and comes alive in the summer as a venue for the exhibition of visual art and a focal point for music and poetry.

'T' Space was inaugurated in 2010 with an exhibition of paintings by Jim Holl. Since then, Richard Artschwager, Martin Puryear, Gary Stephen and others have shown work there. The 2014 season was inaugurated by Carolee Schneemann's *Flange 6rpm*. With this installation, Schneemann sent video images of flames flickering over the interior walls and occupied space with hand-wrought shapes endowed with strangely organic motion by small battery-driven motors. As George Quasha notes in his essay for the publication accompanying this show, *Flange 6rpm* immersed visitors in a spectacle with the revelatory potential of dreams.

During the opening of the Schneemann exhibition, Alexander Turnquist played guitar and, later on, Robert Kelly gave a poetry reading. Afterwards it was announced that *Winter Music* was available from 'T' Space Editions. A collaboration between Kelly and Susan Quasha, the book presents his poems and her photographs on facing pages. As the poet says in an afterword, Quasha's "images, the shifting alertnesses moving through each image, resisting mere center, fascinated me, and I could not help writing under their spell."

Kelly speaks here of the affinities between his art and that of a photographer, a visual artist whose work inspired him to become a collaborator. These affinities are not the general equivalences evoked by *ut pictura poesis*, that ancient phrase, but present-day immediacies of response across the borders that separate mediums but need not isolate them in their own inward-turning concerns. Evidence of Kelly's empathy for Quasha's imagery, *Winter Music* is also a reminder of the creative potential implicit in all our empathetic feelings—a potential realized full force in this book's suite of new poems.

The interweaving of the verbal and the visual in *Winter Music* gives us, among many other things, an alternative to our culture's tendency to specialize. After all, specialization was crucial in the development of modern science and technology. It shapes the structure of everything from education to the corporate and governmental bureaucracies whose policies pervade our lives. Wasting no energy on arguments against specialization, 'T' Space chooses, instead, to organize its activities and programs around the idea that boundaries are meant to be crossed.

Unity is preferable to divisiveness, a thought understood intuitively by Ai Weiwei, the Chinese dissident artist whom Steven Holl met in Beijing in 2005. The two got to know each other during the architect's many trips to China where he has completed several major projects—art museums among them. Learning of 'T' Space, the artist was impressed by the idealism that guides its exhibition program. For he too believes that the arts should be encouraged to interact. In 2013, a fascination with the Viennese house Ludwig Wittgenstein designed in 1925 prompted Ai Weiwei to create three acutely angled wooden sculptures for exhibition at 'T' Space. Thus the division between sculpture and architecture—the former usually seen as non-functional, the latter as functional—was overcome. And a larger sense of functionality, as the power to generate meaning, became vividly thinkable. The artist was impressed by the idealism that guides its exhibition



program for he too believes that the arts should be encouraged to interact. In 2013, a fascination with the Viennese house Ludwig Wittgenstein designed in 1925 prompted Ai Weiwei to create three acutely angled wooden sculptures for exhibition at “T” Space. Thus the division between sculpture and architecture—the former usually seen as non-functional, the latter as functional—was overcome. And a larger sense of functionality, as the power to generate meaning, became vividly thinkable.

Later in the 2013 season, “T” Space presented “The Architectonics of Music,” projects by six teams of students in a Columbia University studio course on music and architecture. Taught by Steven Holl, the architect Dimitra Tsachrelia, and the composer Raphael Mostel, the course encourages the cross-disciplinary openness one finds, as well, in exhibitions and events at “T” Space. In the catalog accompanying “The Architectonics of Music,” Mostel wrote, “Music is the interpenetration of sound and space through time.” And Steven Holl noted that “Music, like architecture, is an immersive experience. It surrounds you.” As true as they are, these statements have their greatest impact as calls to find fresh relationships between the tangible forms of buildings and music’s intangibilities—and that is what each of the projects in this exhibition did, often with startling originality.

Having performed *In a Landscape*, by John Cage, on the afternoon of the “Architectonics” opening, Raphael Mostel returned in 2014 to play a composition of his own, *Envoi, Vertical Thoughts for SHA*. Kimberly Lyons read her poetry and the interior of “T” Space was filled with *Interval*, a sculpture by Alyson Shotz. Made of wire and glass beads and infinitely flexible, *Interval* adapts itself to the size and shape of its surroundings. In doing so, it gathers and refracts the light that makes it visible—an effect that was particularly impressive in the luminous ambiance of “T” Space. Gallery and museum lighting is usually artificial and uniform, the better to enforce the generalities of institutional policy. With judiciously placed skylights—and no recourse to electric lighting—Holl opens “T” Space to the specific and, of course, always changing flow of natural light. This is a place where art and, indeed, all the arts are embraced by the weather of a distinctive landscape.

For the third exhibition of the 2014 season, Terry Winters installed *Red Yellow Green Blue* on the largest interior wall of “T” Space. This painting’s monumentally intricate patterns were not so much interpreted as intersected by Sanford Kwinter’s catalog essay, which treated Winters’s painting as an exemplary starting point for a speculative leap into the realm of “*the logic embedded in form* that is made to play—as if musically—over the canvas or work surface that knits together all the human and non-human actors of the world.” The cosmological vision emerging from the interplay—the close harmony—of painting and text was echoed, in sound, by the music performed on the afternoon of the Winters opening. The program, selected by the artist, included densely patterned compositions by Steve Reich and J. S. Bach. The instruments were marimbas and the performers were Mike Truesdell and Greg Zuber, the chief percussionist in the orchestra of the Metropolitan Opera in New York.

Openings at “T” Space are always well attended. On the afternoon when *Red Yellow Green Blue* went on view, the crowd included Jasper Johns, Brice and Helen Marden, and many others who have become part of a community anchored in the Hudson River Valley and yet linked to many other places, from the art and music worlds of New York City to the China of Ai Weiwei and the cosmos evoked by Terry Winters’s extraordinary painting.

**Carter Ratcliff**  
Chatham, New York  
November 18, 2014



*Carole Schneemann*

***Flange 6rpm***

May 31 - July 12, 2014







# Carolee Schneemann’s Small Motors<sup>1</sup>

This is abbreviated from a much longer discussion that took place between Carolee Schneemann and Melissa Ragona in her studio in New Paltz, New York on April 20, 2014.

MR: What I am interested in talking about now is your kinetic work. I would like to ground our exchange more deeply in kinetic sculpture. Last time, we couldn’t really indulge in that, so I am excited that we get to do this.<sup>2</sup> So, I would like to start going through the list of images that PPOW arranged for me that shows a cross-section of your kinetic sculptures—it’s not exhaustive, but more representative of the kinds of pieces that evolved out of your interests in incorporating motorized movement into your work. So, I really want to interrogate the language of kineticism and the notion of the motor, in particular, your use of 6 rpm that seems to be consistent in your kinetic sculptures. Your recent work, especially *Flange 6 rpm* (2011-12), builds on these earlier works— progresses from them. Most critics start with live performances, such as *Meat Joy* (1964), *Water Light/Water Needle* (1966), and *Snows* (1967), just to name a few, as a way of thinking about “movement” in your work. Or, they begin with *Four Fur Cutting Boards* (1963) and the entrance of the live body into the center of your two-dimensional work, as documented in *Eye Body: 36 Transformative Actions for Camera* (1963). What were your earliest kinetic works? Or do you still think *Eye Body* is a good place to start?

CS: Well, the earliest kinetic sculptures that I can remember were paintings that spun. I mounted the entire canvas on a potter’s wheel. That was mounted vertically, rather than horizontally. So when people looked at the painting, they could spin it.

MR: And that was before *Four Fur Cutting Boards*?

CS: Yes, way before *Four Fur Cutting Boards*. Because, as usual, I didn’t really have an existing context for what I was doing, so I was full of self-questioning. And, organizing these ideas to fulfill my own sense of curiosity and a sense of extending the physicality that we have optically for the stroke, for the building of a configuration on a canvas. And, as you know, I’ve always worked out, usually to Bach, before I went into the studio so that physically I felt very heightened and intensely, rhythmically present. And, then I might sit for hours and not even make a stroke, but if I was going to work, my whole body was active.

MR: And that was even before you met James Tenney.<sup>3</sup> You were already interested in music and what it could give you artistically?

CS: Yes. Well, I met him because I thought I was going to a concert of just Bach, but it was also a concert of Ives. I had no idea who Ives was, and then from being with Jim, I would have Ives in my life daily.

MR: Before that it was primarily Bach. Yeah, his rigorous structure is so seductive, and, well, beautiful.

CS: Beautiful and—ecstatic. So, in *Four Fur Cutting Boards*, I was working with the form and shape of umbrellas. I was inheriting their presence from Duchamp and ways of looking at ordinary objects... and, of course, the Italian Futurists pointed me in this direction as well. The umbrella for me inhabited all the dynamics of potential spatial activity. Not only was it an inside/ outside formulation that would become a major vulvic symbol, a vector symbol later, but just simply the umbrella as material. And it was available material, because they were being thrown out—so they contributed to my Arte Povera material—there were lots of umbrellas around. The forms and how they related to the collage and painted elements in *Four Fur Cutting Boards* was perfect. Also, motorizing them was one thing that Rauschenberg hadn’t already done. [laughter] Since, by nature, the rhythms and proportions of my structures resembled Rauschenberg and so this was something that I thought “now they aren’t going to say that I took it from him.”

MR: How did the umbrellas move? Were they spinning or opening and closing?

CS: Some of them were able to flap open and close. The rhythm, as usual, was 6 rpm, but I don’t remember whether or not it was my first 6 rpm motor. Working with motors, you always have to experiment and it’s really fun. I don’t like to change a light bulb, but I like to sit there and rewire everything and have everything go sparky and blow up a little bit— I was happy with that. Somehow I was in control of this electrical system that wasn’t directly inherited. So 6 rpm was initially and ever since, the movement or rhythm that was gracious, graceful, active, not ever frantic and not too slow. And, I’ve used it pretty consistently for all my motor works. Starting in 1963 onwards. And these [earlier] motors still work.

MR: For *Four Fur Cutting Boards*, the motors still work?

CS: Yes, we have the original motors with the exception of one that caught on fire in the big exhibition on modern art in Barcelona at the Museu D’Art Contemporani De Barcelona (1999). And I was really thrilled that my installation, *Four Fur Cutting Boards*, was installed next to a Beuys installation. Oh, it looked wonderful! So, I came up the last day I was in Barcelona, just to look at it, and I was coming around the corner and I smelled this terrible smell—it’s a very familiar, terrible smell—it’s the smell of a motor burning out and catching on fire.

MR: That’s upsetting—did it burn the painting at all?

CS: No, but it burned some of the lace in the back that was next to the wiring. And fortunately I caught it just in time and they got the guards on it and put the fire out and we addressed it in time, but it was terrifying. This was around the same time when Nam June Paik almost burned down a museum in Düsseldorf with his overloaded videos.<sup>4</sup>

MR: So there were parallel museum fires!

CS: Yeah, terrifying.

MR: So after the motor works for *Four Fur Cutting Boards*, we should talk about *Gift Science* (1964). But, before we leave this discussion, I just wanted to ask one more question about how much your kinetic theater performances during this period informed your kinetic sculptures? Your entire body is also entering the space of your canvases—documented in your *Eye Body* series. So, how much of this is influencing your decision to use motors and kinetic forms in sculpture? Can you talk about the parallel moves of placing your body into the space of the canvas, as well as motorizing the canvas?

CS: The body, you know, includes the mind and it’s the source of conceptual propositions for all aspects of the work. And, of course, motion has to do with an intensified physicality and this relates to the underlying premise of *Eye Body* where I am both image and image-maker. During this period [1960s], the nude artist, collaged within her work, produces a counterforce to Pop Art where all female representations are obsessive, mechanistic, cold. They are very dead—they don’t have any visceral life. So working against that convention was part of what motivated me to use my body as a medium.

MR: And, then, I am interested in the umbrellas in *Four Fur Cutting Boards* because they, in a sense, “stand in for the body” —one holds an umbrella, one is underneath an umbrella. And *Four Fur Cutting Boards* stands on its own, whether or not your body is present in the space of its construction, correct?

CS: Yes, the point of *Four Fur Cutting Boards* is its own dynamic as a construction. It’s not a backdrop! That’s a struggle I didn’t expect to encounter, that the body would dominate this work.



MR: And that’s the struggle we’ve discussed before and that you have had to deal with throughout your career, that everyone is attached to the nude body in performance. And, that many attempt to re-inscribe your current work back into the 1960s—especially pointing to a time when you had this incredible, young, supple, female body. That’s so frustrating—the kinetic works remind people of your body in performances during this period. When, really, your kinetic sculpture and performing body should have equal integrity and emphasis.

CS: Or where the body has less of an erotic presence and more of a formal integration as material. But, that’s tricky—

MR: Next, let’s talk about *Gift Science* (1964).

CS: Oh yes.

MR: So, this is 1964—is there anything in between *Eye Body* and *Gift Science*?

CS: Oh yes, there were lots of things in between these two works. The way to see what came between them is to look through all the *Four Fur Cutting Boards* and *Eye Body* images and you will see works all over the studio. Boxes, constructions, collage.

MR: But, I mean in terms of kinetic, motorized works—

CS: I don’t remember any, but *Gift Science* was made with this wonderful crate that I found on 29th Street and it had three open compartments in it. So, that was asking for a window speculation. And I began to build it with these serendipitous gifts that my friends from Paris—friends whom I had met when I did *Meat Joy* in Paris. They came to New York and they all found and brought me very funny, little mechanical objects that one would never see in one’s home town. One had to go to some tourist place in order to find these charming oddities. [Daniel] Spoerri brought me two radiometers and they were magical because they turned. They are these oval glass-blown filaments that when you put a little heat over them, the negative and positive little fans were charged and moved around.<sup>5</sup> So, that was simple and lovely. And down here in the middle (points to image of *Gift Science*) were large glass slides of computations and prints of an Edgar Varèse score [given to her by James Tenney]. So, I was already working with slides for projection and these became static with lights moving behind them. And, on the side, there’s a little stuffed bird that Arman gave me, a little feathered gift from him. And then a really fun one is on the bottom which is a heated science toy with blades that turned from Robert Filliou, the poet.<sup>7</sup> So, it’s very magical.

MR: I love *Gift Science*. Oh yes, and you describe more here [reads]: “*Gift Science* continued my use of small motors and kinetic elements (begun in 1963 with *Four Fur Cutting Boards*), composed of fragile moving elements of small lights within a fractured mirror glass...angled to capture the viewer’s own presence, and to reflect continuously changing refractions which illuminate the glass interiors.”<sup>8</sup>

We are going to make a major historical leap here. Primarily, because you were mostly in London during the seventies, without a proper studio space, not much in terms of kinetic sculpture was produced. *War Mop* (1983) and *Scroll Painting with Exploded TV* (1990-91) have both been discussed extensively elsewhere. So, I want to focus on a much lesser known kinetic work, *Perfect Circle* (1990). Do you remember your conceptual frame for *Perfect Circle*? What did you want to achieve in this piece, made from these oddly disparate materials, car fans and coffee?

CS: The concept was the materiality. I found those circles [circular carburetor fans] and I wanted to see them unified.

MR: Why coffee as a material? Did you want to work with the aroma of coffee as a material?

CS: Maybe. But most important were the little carburetor fans. They are beautiful, beautiful little things. You know they are like miniature windmills.

MR: Yeah, they are really nice forms.

CS: And when technological functions lose their place or they become displaced, then they have a humility that is very attractive to me.

MR: You mean when they become obsolete?

CS: Yes, and also when their functional beauty is no longer working. For instance, I have this huge windmill on my property and a tree has grown into it, oddly enough, so you might not see it. But, I have the blades. They are incredible. And, the motor is somewhere around here.

MR: So, as an object it becomes really beautiful, especially in its dysfunction. This [*Perfect Circle*] is also very painterly. And, this is not lit up, correct? This is just a mirror, catching the light?

CS: Yes.

MR: What else was in that series, that you call *The Vocabulary of Forms*?

CS: The *Vocabulary of Forms* includes: *Venus Vectors* (1986-88), *Cycladic Imprints* (1991-93), and *Mortal Coils* (1994-95).

MR: I do like that reference to your earlier kinetic theater work in *Cycladic Imprints*, it’s very immersive, the body is all over it and how do the violins move?

CS: Back and forth. And they turn into weird metronomes. They are noisy! Each violin’s motor has its own noise. It’s not a terrible noise, I think it is very appealing. Likewise with *SNAFU* (2004)—those motors are also noisy, or let’s say, “they sing.”

MR: *SNAFU* is the piece with disembodied children’s christening gowns moving up and down on a series of motorized pulleys?

CS: Yes, but I do not know exactly what it is about or where it comes from. But, I had the absolute clarity that it had to have a horse race in it and that it had to exhibit vertical movement.

MR: That just came to you.

CS: I saw it. Actually it doesn’t go up and down, it keeps going up. The horses are always running upwards, against gravity, against logic.

MR: I was thinking that the way these forms came to you was the same way that the shapes for *Flange* came to you. You said that they came to you in a dream?

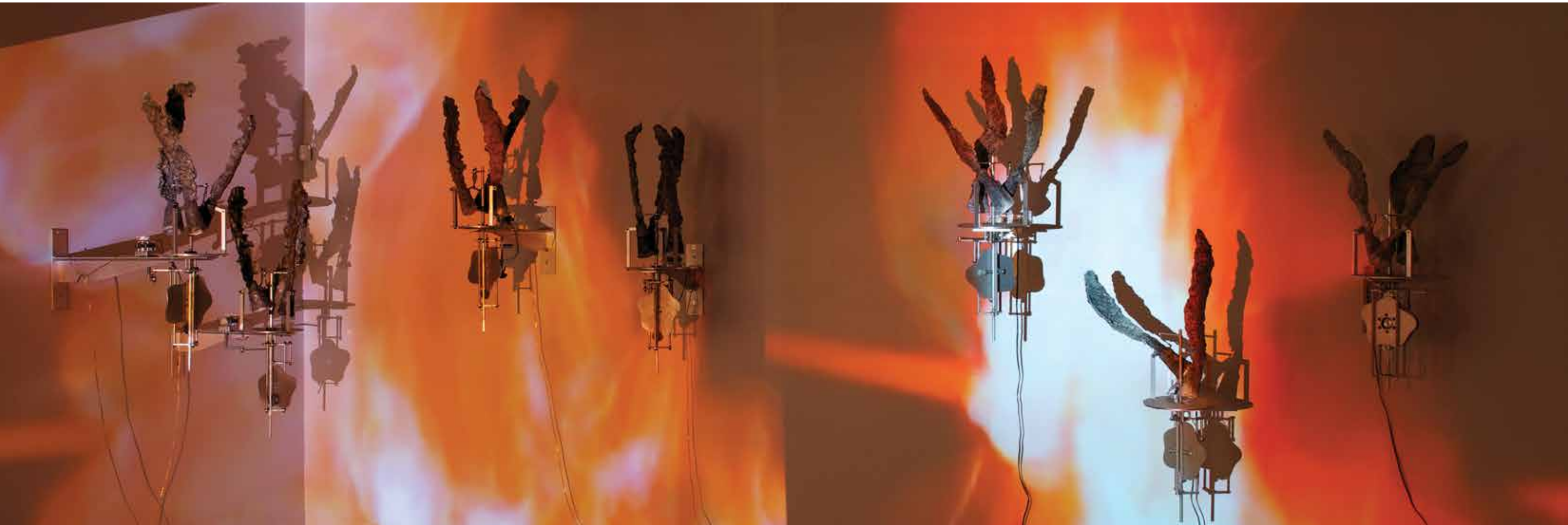
CS: No. I was walking in the street and I saw *Flange*.

MR: Oh really?

CS: Yes, I might have misspoken.

MR: So both of these—*SNAFU* and *Flange*—came to you while you were walking?

CS: Yes, but I never understood *SNAFU*. The little christening jackets—I could only find them in Montreal at a Salvation Army. They had a very large collection of them. And then when I was back home in New York, I tried to look for them, but could not find any! You know they are often lovely, with little embroidery and buttons. I was thinking about them as flower-like cocoons. Like wrappers, layered. And then the magical part is that I don’t know why I saw the horse races being a part of



*Flange 6 rpm*, 2011-2012, 7 motorized units, cast aluminum, each 48 x 28 x 36 inches, pages 18-33



it. But what I call an “art miracle” occurred when I went to Newfoundland to the James Tenney conference. When I turned on the television, there was a horse race in progress, exactly as I had already envisioned it and my camera was charged and I GOT IT!

MR: And then you played with that projection over this structure, because you had the little dress structure first.

CS: Yes, but I was always waiting for the horse race.

MR: And there is a 6 rpm motor running each dress?

CS: Yes, they each have their own motor and they have a computer chip in each motor. So, that gives them each a unique sequencing. They will never be simultaneous.

MR: I think we talked about the speed of the 6 rpm as unique in that it isn’t too fast or too slow—there’s this strange kind of tension that it builds.

CS: There’s something physiological about it that I still have to discover or research. What else in the body has a corresponding rhythm? Does the heart beat something like 6 rpm? Or does the blood pulse inside the veins at 6 rpm?

MR: I don’t know, but you felt somehow that this particular motor mirrored the body’s movement.

CS: Yes, some physiological rhythm or pattern.

MR: Well, here’s our favorite [we are both looking at an image of *Vulva’s Morphia* (1995)]. It’s so smart. It’s so funny. And it’s such a breakthrough for erotic theory. And these little fans are store bought, right?

CS: Yes, they are little refrigerator fans. Yeah, that’s funny.

MR: You like car and refrigerator fans! And tell me about *Mortal Coils*, it’s the piece I know the least about.

CS: These ropes are moving at a rate of 6 rpm. And this was an instruction from the irritable man who comes up sometimes in my dreams—I do not invite him. He turned up concerning *Vulva’s Morphia* and he told me how to solve it. And also for *Mortal Coils*. I was struggling with these images. I wanted it to be intimate, presenting and acknowledging grief and the loss of particularity. Maybe I told you I was trying to organize the images to have them enlarged. And, at one point, they were like a renaissance hall of reverential images because they were all significant and perhaps sacred.<sup>9</sup> And then as I was arranging them, I had these dreams where Hannah Wilke said: “Don’t put me next to Paul Sharits!” Do you remember that?

MR: Yes, I think you told me this awhile ago—

CS: I took that very seriously, I had to start over.

MR: That makes total sense.

CS: It’s funny, but yes, it makes total sense for those of us who know those configurations. I can’t leave the images; they carry a reverential reference. During this time, I kept having a lot of dreams. But, in one dream, this angry guy [who comes often to me in my dreams] says: “Get your ropes up, 6 rpm!” Then, he disappears. And I know what my ropes are—they are the ¾ inch manilla and I always have some. So, I woke up and attached a few of the ropes to motors as they were turning in these circles as coils on the floor, 6rpm. And, then I knew the degree of projection I needed for the personages and

the scale of projection and the speed of their projection through the slide projectors.

MR: How many slide projectors? Oh four! So, four different walls: one for each wall.

CS: Well, these are run through a motorized mirrored projection system, so they are moving around the room. The images hit the mirror and then, they spread, slowly, around.

MR: So, it’s similar to the motorized projection system you built for *Precarious* (2009)?

CS: Yes, like *Precarious*. And, I just did an installation of *Infinity Kisses* (1986) in Sweden using the mirror system in a big library that had chandeliers that were gorgeous. It was very simple to do, I just sent them the instructions and I got there and it looked wonderful.

MR: And so getting back to *Mortal Coils*, what is the rope spinning through on the floor?

CS: Dust, flour.

MR: Oh, so the rope is, in a sense, drawing, mark making.

CS: Yes, that’s it. The ropes are drawing on the floor.

MR: It’s like *Up To and Including Her Limits* (1973-76), except without your body. Right?

CS: Oh, that’s good. That’s interesting.

MR: Let’s end by talking about *Flange* and how you might contextualize it in this work—all the work we just talked about. In a way, you are saying the same thing about *Flange* that you were saying about *SNAFU*—that you didn’t totally understand it. I think these relate in that way—

CS: Yeah, I think so. You know it’s a wonderful realm. I don’t know where they come from and I don’t make them up—in terms of procedural determination. And I don’t dream them. They are often from some other realm—between imagination, mechanics of the world, and nature. I don’t know. But it’s so enriching, it’s so exciting when one starts. *Flange* started when I envisioned a vertical object, like this much of an arm floating, while I was walking down the street. I just saw this shape. And, I thought: that’s an interesting element. You know and I concentrate. I stare at this invisible, almost invisible element and then I usually go home and draw around it or give it some form in order to think it through. And then it was immediately in motion. I told you, I went around for weeks just asking people if they had seen this kind of sculpture before, that had these strange arms that did all these turns and twists, but no one had seen anything like it. So then I figured that it was mine.

So building *Flange* was amazingly smooth, because I had two graduate students and one was working in advanced kinetics at the School of Visual Arts in New York and trying to find ways to motorize himself physically—exciting and dangerous formulations. And then I was building all the different sections that would be motorized with my other graduate student who worked in sculpture. He had a foundry that he could use at cost. It was amazing, I could have never done it alone. So, those were my two muses/heroes!

MR: So first you drew the forms, then showed the drawings to your assistant sculptor?

CS: Yes, I said to him: “How am I going to do this? I need a whole sequence of them. And I want them each to be unique.” So we went through a lost wax casting process that is quite straightforward: you simply melt wax and shape it. And we had a whole bunch of what would come to be known as flanges—we heated the wax with boiling water on the edge of my studio. And we accumulated all these elements.





MR: So, with your hands you achieved the final shaping of the wax?

CS: Yes and that’s important. It relates to an earlier work, *Video Rocks* (1987-88), in which I had to shape hundreds of rocks (approximately 200 hand cast rocks) in Winnipeg and I had a team that was helping me. But the rocks weren’t coming out right, with team help they didn’t have the right spirit, somehow. It’s pretty simple, it was just a shape like a cow plop. [laughter] But, no, they each had to be done individually by me.

MR: Wow, I know you are very particular in that way.

CS: Yeah, well there was just some spirit that they were losing with the group. So, with *Flange* I had to get the units cast and then mechanized. So there was a Buffalo expedition for the casting and then a trip to New Jersey, for the mechanics. And then another local sculptor helped with the assemblage and installing.

MR: When did the video projection happen?

CS: Oh, pretty quickly. My sculpture assistant shot it when it was being poured in the foundry in Buffalo. And, then, I had all that wonderful material that I could edit and shape for the projection.

MR: But, it was shot right from the foundry fire?

CS: Yep, right from the foundry fire.

MR: So, I want to talk a little bit more about how the process comes to you through drawing. And then how you get from the drawing to the sculpture.

CS: We have to say more about the mechanics, the fire, and the computer chip. What an amazing combination that is—you know the ancient foundry fire, alchemical transformation—which is also what the computer chip is doing in its way.

MR: So, the computer chip, transformation, and the motor. How do those work together?

CS: So, the chip is inserted into the motor—another kind of alchemical transformation. And each motor has its own computer chip.

MR: And you didn’t make more of these after PPOW, this one for ‘T’ Space is still the same number you had for the PPOW exhibition?

CS: Yes, the same number.

MR: So, were you thinking that there would be this intense relationship between these objects and the foundry from which they were cast?

CS: Yes, they are animate. There is a kind of strange animism between the motor and the fire, i.e. the technology and the ancient casting. I think the potential to make work out of that seeming set of contradictions is also happening in *SNAFU* with those little cloth coats—they also each have a computer chip in their motor. It’s a separate box that does all the relays.

MR: But, the speed of each one is different. That’s what’s important about that, right? The computer chip has the information about speed, the algorithm of the movement.

CS: They don’t have to be very different; they just have to be independent, so that it can’t be everything all at once, all at the same time. The way it is organized they can never quite simultaneously go up and down.

MR: You know what else it reminds me of, but maybe this is far fetched. Because music and sound

composition have affected you so profoundly (through Tenney, et. al.), it reminds me of the phasing experiments of Steve Reich. You know, where he used tape recorders—he would start them out at the same time and they would slowly go out of synch with one another. He also did that with his hands, LIVE, on the piano. Each hand, while it started the same phrase at the same moment, would also slowly go out of sync with the other hand. So, it was kind of a comparison of the corporeal and the mechanical, as well as synched and un-synched movement.<sup>10</sup> Body as machine. Exploring algorithms—

CS: Well, I will ask my assistant next week to do some research to see if Tenney did any phase experimentation or permutation studies. I knew about Reich and I knew about Philip Glass, but the immediate influence would have been Tenney.

MR: Well, it seems that even in the sound work he did for you in your films and performances that there was more sound collage forms, right?

CS: Yes, but his other work with the computer was more about these algorithms and phasing.

MR: We should look more deeply into that, because I feel like, in some ways, some of your early performance had these sets of rules. People thought *Meat Joy* didn’t have any rules. But, it actually had a serving maid [Ann Wilson] who actually acted as a “cue” —you wrote about this in *More Than Meat Joy*. She was a timer and a cue person, by throwing another fish she would signal another group action.

CS: She is a “reality figure,” she comes from another realm, while the group is going into an ecstatic chaos.

MR: Yes, and the men and women had specific names, like the Lateral Men and the Lateral Women. Why did you call them “lateral?”

CS: They were on the side, off to the side.

MR: Oh. But, what I found interesting was that every group or figure had sets of rules or actions that they had to complete and some of these were repetitive and they would cue other movements from other groups.

CS: Exactly, yes.

MR: So, some of it was algorithmic in a very basic way, because it produces movement and new ideas that come out of these structural sets of rules.

CS: That’s right, that’s absolutely correct.

MR: And what is interesting is that a similar relationship is embedded in this newer kinetic work. That’s what I think you were trying to say about the computer chip related to the actual organic form.

CS: The formulation is productive.

MR: Yes, I find that pulsing throughout your work—that relationship between the algorithmic and the organic data set. All the open ideas are here, seething—the unpredictability of the body and then there are these rules that come up against it that are ordered, but make it even more productive.

Melissa Ragona  
Pittsburgh, PA  
May 9, 2014

ENDNOTES

1 My title, *Carolee Schneemann's Small Motors*, is borrowed from Schneemann's own title for a series of paintings, entitled, *Small Motors* (1984). These paintings were directly inspired by her collection of "old style automobile carburetors." In her own words: "I found them so beautiful as they resemble fans, and leaves, and tiny windmills. I no longer remember their actual engineered function, but they are a part of my collection of discarded motors and motion elements." Email correspondence with Carolee Schneemann, April 29, 2014.

2 This refers to a previous discussion in which Ragona interviewed Schneemann for a catalogue essay written on the occasion of her most recent exhibition at PPOW Gallery in New York, May 11- June 22, 2013.

3 James Tenney (1934-2006) was Schneemann's long term partner (during the 1960s) and good friend up until the time of his death. He was an American composer and music theorist who studied with many influential experimental composers, such as John Cage, Harry Partch and Edgar Varèse. He also composed the soundtracks for Schneemann's performances, *Meat Joy* (1964) and *Snows* (1967), as well as her film, *Viet Flakes* (1965). They often collaborated together and he appears as a performer in several of her pieces.

4 Nam June Paik's video installation, *Fish Flies on Ceiling* (1985), composed of 88 television sets that hang screen down from a ceiling, was initially blamed for a fire that caused \$4.3 million in smoke and soot damage at the Düsseldorf Kunstmuseum in 1993. It was claimed that the wires in the massive installation became overheated, but later Paik's private investigator helped to prove that it occurred in a room next to Paik's installation first— in which a heavy wooden cabinet was placed directly on electrical wiring for track lighting. Nevertheless, this incident still caused a political stir in terms of how the public and art institutions viewed the dangers of mixing technology and art, especially important in the early days of video art. See Carol Vogel, "Inside Art," *The New York Times*, November 26, 1993.

5 Daniel Spoerri is a Swiss writer and visual artist who worked closely with language to forge a new approach to assemblage, called "snare pictures" in which he would fix all the objects on a table, often half-eaten meals and hang it on a wall for display. He was also associated with the Darmstadt circle of concrete poetry that included writers and artists like Emmett Williams and Claus Bremer, as well as Fluxus and Nouveau Réalisme. See Kristine Stiles and Peter Selz, *Theories and Documents of Contemporary Art: A Sourcebook for Artists' Writings* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 2012), pp. 354-57.

6 Arman was a painter and sculptor, he is best known for his "accumulations," vast collections of objects that he would arrange into installations. He was also close to Pierre Restany, Yves Klein, Tinguely, Daniel Spoerri et. al. and others associated with Nouveau Réalisme, Ibid, p 352.

7 Robert Filliou was a poet and Fluxus artist—experimenting with language, video, and performance. Along with Allan Kaprow, he helped theorize and stage Happenings. Ibid, pp. 854-856.

8 See Carolee Schneemann on *Gift Science*: <http://www.caroleeschneemann.com/works.html>

9 *Mortal Coils* (1994-95) is an installation that utilizes 4 slide projector units that are run with motorized mirror systems, 17 motorized manila ropes, suspended and revolving from ceiling units and an "In Memorium" wall scroll text. Schneemann constructed this work as a memorial to her colleagues and friends who had passed within a span of two years during the 1990s: John Cage, Derek Jarman, Joe Jones, Marjorie Keller, Peter Moore, Charlotte Moorman, Frank Pileggi, David Rattray, Paul Sharits, and Hannah Wilke. See Carolee Schneemann on *Mortal Coils*: <http://www.caroleeschneemann.com/works.html>

10 Steve Reich's phasing experiments began with two important tape pieces, *It's Gonna Rain* (1965) and *Come Out* (1966). Later he experimented with live versions of phasing as in *Piano Phase* (1967) *Violin Phase* (1967), *Phase Patterns* (1970) and *Drumming* (1971). The basic structure of all these works includes two identical lines of music, played synchronously, until one of them falls out of synch with the other. The earlier achieved by natural patterns of varying tape speeds, the latter first done by using his own hands, both playing the same lines until one began to fall out of synch. Eventually, the live versions were made into works for more than one player and each player would consciously, and incrementally speed up the once, identical line. See Henry M. Sayre, *The Object of Performance: The American Avant-Garde since 1970* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1992), p. 126.







## Proprioception by Field

**What kind of a thing is an art object?** It depends on what’s being looked at, and who’s doing the looking. If you’re Carolee Schneemann, the art includes *yourself* — your body, your mind, your movement — and potentially anything connected to you, plus the way you occupy space in time. It also might include dream as source of the first appearance of what points to the work. This has been the case pervasively throughout the artist’s life: a dream thing asks to be translated into a living world thing. The artist obeys.

Enter the exhibition under the name *Flange 6rpm*: everything is moving. The fiery play of light and sounds of a foundry surrounds and connects you to the seven slowly moving objects on the wall and their soft machine music. The dissonant question “What am I looking at?” has no easy resolution. A better question might be “What am I looking *from inside of* at these *things* with a life of their own? The dream quality is in a special sense quite *real* in that the *visible* — an organism-like motile surround, spontaneously, actively energy-consuming, with a *pulse* — is a complex space, a technologically intensified interiority. *Things moving of their own accord* is an observation specific to a witness — or a dreamer. That’s something that happens in dreams that can happen in art, given the technology. The autonomy of things that seem to you to *mean* — a messaging, evidently, yet what is it? Vivid, but not clear.

The art object is inclusive of the space in which the peculiar moving objects appear — a multi-dimensional site of appearance, moving mechanisms with an organismic feel. The seven motorized units with hand-sculpted components cast in aluminum look similar, like an incursion of a strange species, yet, closer, each is unique. Slowly moving up and down and side to side rough-surfaced, vaguely feather-shaped but solid sculptural protuberances are elements within a sort of ritualized combustion and florescence. Their multiplicity is enhanced by the play of shadows and the unpredictable suddenness of the torsional movements, and their constant near-collision provokes ongoing low-grade tension amidst atmospheric flames.

*Flange*—it sounds so mechanical; even to say the word ending in a dangling *-ge* has the feel of *thing*, a metallic syllabic stuck in your mouth. Yet it doesn’t quite call an image to mind; without special circumstance you rarely actually *see* a flange (can you visualize one?): “An edge that sticks out from something (such as a wheel) and is used for strength, for guiding, or for attachment to another object.” Big help, eh? Something sticking out from something. Strong. Guiding. Keeps things attached. Or: little psychedelic flapping entities with near-misses who never fall off their shifting platforms down into the field of foundry fire whence they came. Just remember you’re dreaming. *La vida es sueño*.

Dreamed image has an interior thickness — its own kind of body — and as the oneiric plan for this work, the artistic challenge seems to have been to cause that eerie synesthesia of immersion in dream. The flange is crucial: the torqued dream thing has to hold together, do its curiously erotic pulsing dance, its simulacrum body action of possible Tantric sex right out there in blazing plain sight. Strange attractors draw *burning* back into human vision, interior heat,



connection to the messaging unintelligible! And for a moment it's okay that we don't know what we're looking at — it's alive with itself and by the power of attraction we're back in our bodies.

In the decades I've known Carolee Schneemann and loved her work I've been continuously in discovery mode relative to her dimensional visionary life; her power to sustain vision and art action against body-resistant art-historical stonewalling; the articulate nuancing in her speaking from the core of her intricately layered work — just read the interviews alone in her life-masterwork *Imaging Her Erotics: Essays, Interviews, Projects* (Cambridge, 2003): her native tongue is publishable art prose! Even had she not prefigured and influenced multiple paths in art, she'd still have *spoken* a profound place in art history — in fact a unique place in poetic discourse. Her work at every point embodies a poetics, a full-scale vision of the *languageing* of self-renewing bodymind, both when she uses words and when she doesn't.

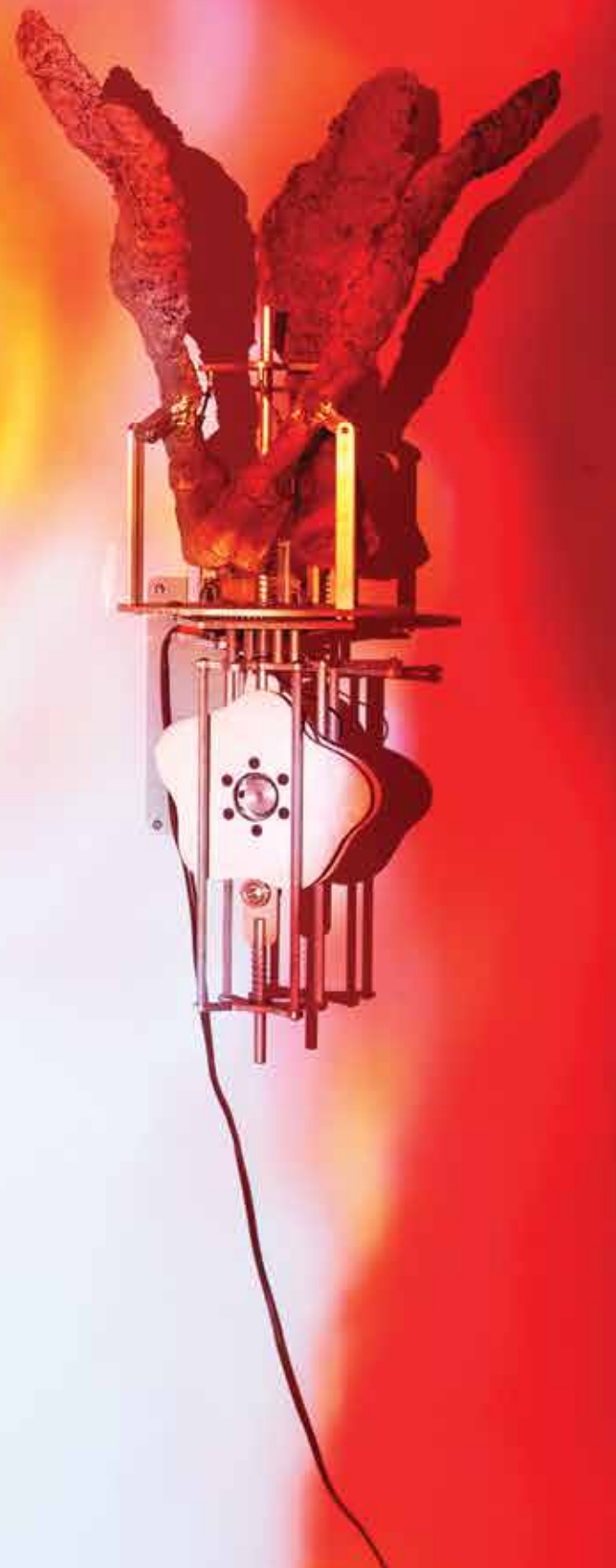
She has acknowledged early influence of Charles Olson, whose “Projective Verse”/ “composition by field” opened a highway of new poetic practice. He also suggested that the physiological concept *proprioception* — “self-knowing” — applies to language process as knowing by way of the body, how speaking we orient ourselves in spacetime and negotiate every precarious moment. Olson could have learned from the Schneemann 6th-sense application of *proprioception by field* — *extra-*, *inter-*, and *trans-*personal self-sensing at large. I detect three kinds as stages in her work. First, her foundational practice as painter, extending “action painting” with full-body, claims the surface as field of action. Second, painted action field extends to her body and the bodies of others, discovering a “kinetic theater” of performative, interpersonal *group*-proprioception. Third, installation space, a constructed field operation, uses technology to implement a living interior field intelligence interactive with viewers. Like classical Japanese Noh drama, this synesthetic field awareness draws upon untrackable dimensions of human consciousness including dream and altered states. Only partly an aesthetic concern as such, this field-awareness belongs to the full dimension of human bodymind and its power to configure human transformation afield.

There is also a dream language question of *how does the field speak to itself?* Asking this question, for instance in *Flange 6rpm*, accords it the basic autonomy of its field knowing: how there is no central or single focal point but an open space of quantum possibility in continuous *moving centers* of focus. *Flange 6rpm* is a liminality machine in a space of between — *MA* in Japanese — that allows art medium and body medium to register the subtler messaging of mind and dream mediumship. *6rpm* is the speed of mind-opening engagement, the entrancing induction that calls us to sensuous meditative focus. Radial energy becomes radiant when we sense ourselves in tune with this Schneemann oneirosphere.

George Quasha  
Barrytown, New York  
May 5, 2014











### *Flange – 6rpm (2011-2012)*

7 motorized sculptural units; containing hand-sculpted components. Each form is unique, cast in aluminum from a lost wax process. Sculptural units are mounted on a motorized base which moves them at 6rpm – slowly, side to side, as well as forward and back – in a continuous motion so that the sculptural elements are almost touching, creating a sense of tension and unpredictability.

The aluminum sculptures are not polished but maintain a rough texture still marked from the fire of the foundry process. Several DVDs from the foundry firing are documented, resembling a huge efflorescence of flowing fire shapes. These documents have been edited to be projected on the wall, surrounding the moving sculptures as well as being projected onto the floor so that viewers are enveloped also in the fiery imagery.

Each motorized unit weighs 30 lbs and measures approximately 48 x 28 x 36 inches; the full installation with projection measures 9 x 9.5 x 3 feet.

The work evolved from a simple drawing which demanded realization as moving sculptures. The speed of 6rpm has a consistent history with many of Schneemann's kinetic sculptures.

*Flange 6rpm* (c) Carolee Schneemann



Carolee Schneemann

May 25, 2014







Concert

Alexander Turnquist  
acoustic guitar  
May 25, 2014



Grigori Fateyev, Arthur Gibbons



Penny Pilkington, Lori Zippay



Steven Holl, Susan Quasha



Alexander Turnquist



Fawn Potash, Jim Holl



Jan Harrison, Robert Kelly



Melissa Ragona, Bernstein



Carolee Schneemann



Carter Ratcliff, Carolee Schneemann



Peter Lamborn Wilson



Front: Nathan Smith  
To rear left: Jack Solomon



Front: Juan Puentes  
To rear left: Dimitra Tsachrelia,  
Yoichiro Mizuno



Poetry Reading

Robert Kelly

Recipient of the 2nd annual

'T' Space Poetry Award

May 25, 2014



Robert Kelly read the poems on the following pages from *Winter Music*, photographs by Susan Quasha and poetry by Robert Kelly, the first book publication of 'T' Space Editions. The cover and excerpted pages which follow have been adapted to fit the format of this publication.

The texts that appear here and there are by Robert Kelly, and are offered as templations or contemplations on the camera work of Susan Quasha. [*templari*, to mark out a space for close observation, to read the auguries in a bounded space. From *templum*, a place marked off as special.]





## the road down goes up

Everything is going to the sky.

That seems to be the secret.

Heraclitus to Heidegger they  
all seem to say so.

There is a road that goes there,  
a line to follow, trees  
and other sentinels assert the way.

To say the way  
is to protect it.

We go as far as we can —  
that is who we are, we are the ones  
who go as far as we can.

We follow any tree.  
A tree is what *Dasein*  
actually says.

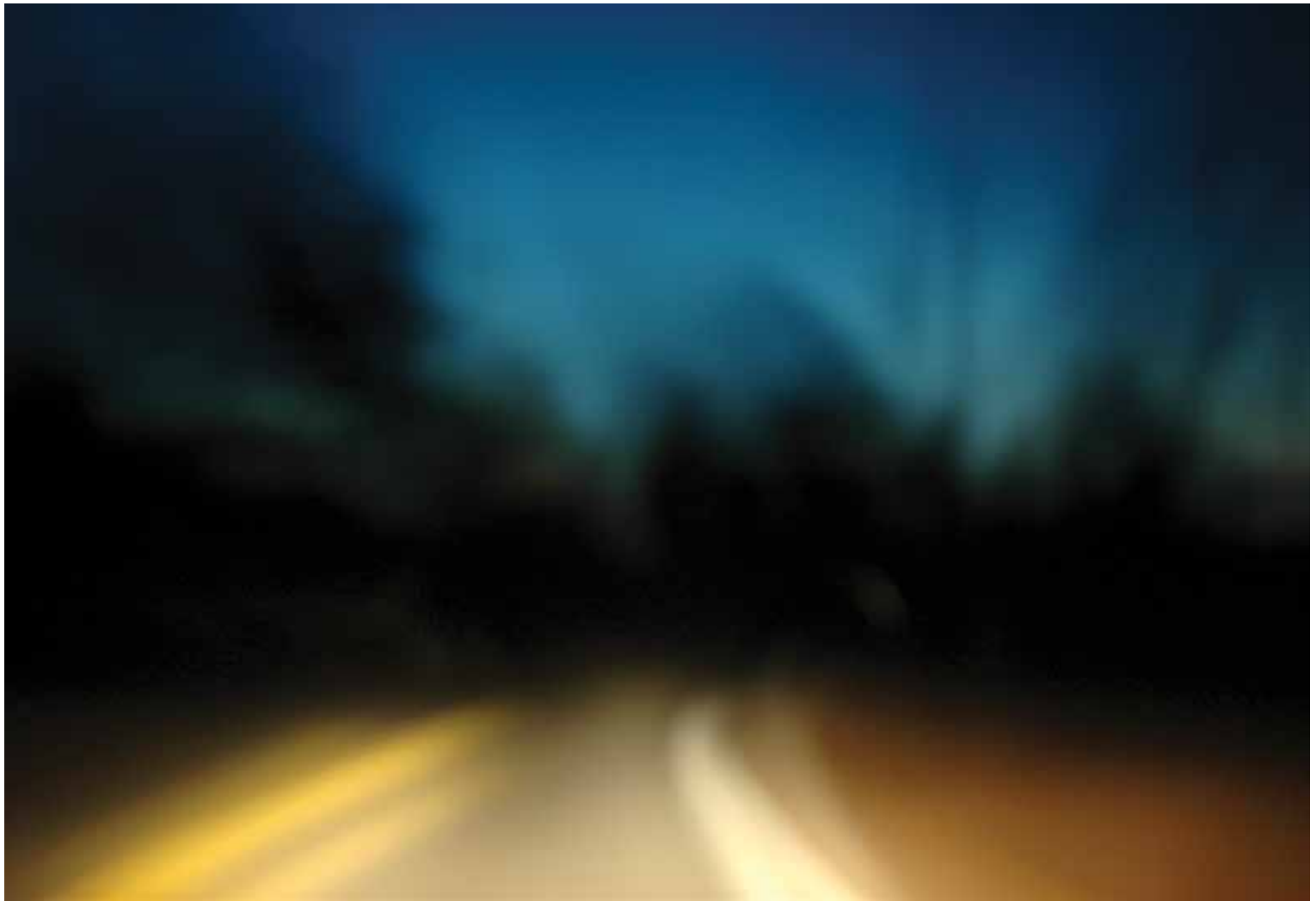
Or sings.

Men argue about whether  
there's anything on the other side  
of the sky, some other  
sort of being. Or Being.

But we keep going. This picture  
grows lighter as you look at it,  
the dawn is coming, make sure  
we get there in time.

Or sunset. Only fools  
think there is a difference —  
*it is the same light*

constantly growing.  
Wherever you look.  
Already the trees are all behind you.



## blue pools

Light misbehaving.

Light, you  
took our things away  
not even their shadows  
are to hand, you  
left us just your self  
and not much of that,  
  
your radiance all umber'd  
and all the brilliancy  
condensed to three blue pools

(color of the square halos  
of Byzantium, dignity of devils,  
every being bad or good  
has its own glow)

the dark keeps answering

And then I see it could be woman  
could be rocked loins could be breasts  
the parts of promise  
shimmer pools  
becoming the dawn sky  
and storm light at the margin

margins of desire    *margins of thought*

and we remember the great poet  
who sailed past us two dozen years ago  
into the luminous uncertainty,  
strange light, light misbehaving,  
  
yellow-green light of earthquake and Golgotha  
  
that a woman stands in darkness  
firm against equivocation  
  
what can they be  
who speak to me?

Look longer,  
set the buried caverns free

*personate wall*

and all time is burin'd in my hide.





## gossamer

Hard gossamer    the brittle air  
leafless branch enmeshed  
in god's own crinoline  
detected — this  
is a man's heart

a man like me  
half wood half will  
a greenish kind of red  
you suck my blood

freemasonry of being touch

48

the eye that saw this image  
is inside a man  
sees the pretty cobwebs of my appetites  
a flyless web bereft of predator  
cotton candy caught in amber sympathy

it knows I want to  
get sticky with you  
“whoever you are”  
who saw this waiting, calling,  
wanting in the woods

it knows it knows  
it knows what I want

it rebukes me for my shtick  
I invented something no one wants  
a word instead of a loaf of bread  
but it leads me everywhere

in the murk of ordinary seeing  
leads me to love

my vague persuasion    my broken stick

Gravity determines  
how I look at you  
even

the eyes are the level

*pnei hayyam*, the plane of earth,  
face of the sea.

*I want to look at you  
where my eyes are*

touch nothing — leave it to the air

so we sat down and thought about it:  
air is a mineral

what you show behind the trees  
is a kind of polished stone



tourmaline we breathe in  
colors flourish us

water is a mineral too  
we turn into each other

◇  
*crines aurae*  
hair of the air  
the light around the skull  
from which the thought  
disseminates throughout the world  
and through which it feeds

hair of the great trees

but a stick is nothing with a hand to hold it

desire is the mineral in which the animal moves

tourmaline problems the whole  
earth a shiny pebble  
you snug into your pocket

one look and then  
how hard it is to find the world again.

◇  
But it is geometry at last  
shows gravity the way to go

down where the dogs are  
down where the unborn children  
tease us in our sleep

down where Ariadne  
dries her tears for Theseus  
and rises higher,

love affair with a god  
the twice-born  
whose juices surge through man and tree.







When I first saw Susan Quasha’s photos—dozens of prints sprawled out on a table in a studio she’d just set up—I was astonished at their beauty and intensity, and within a few minutes, as more and more of them appeared, I began to realize that the aesthetic that powered these images was fresh and unfamiliar. What Susan Quasha has done is to produce a body of luminous lyrical enactment, free of narrative, almost devoid of dependency on ‘subject’, let alone the ‘human subject’, and yet which well over with emotion, desire, joy in beholding. Using only the image full-formed in the camera, with no subsequent manipulation, she gives us a precious thing, a chance to see with her seeing, not just what she saw. We become the agent of her investigation into the colors of our attention. Her images, the shifting alertnesses moving through each image, resisting mere center, fascinated me, and I could not keep from writing under their spell.

RK







ALYSON SHOTZ

INTERVAL

July 19 - August 17, 2014



*Interval*, 2014. (Exhibition at 'T' Space)  
Following Spread: *White Wave*, 2013. (Exhibition at the Edythe and Eli Broad Museum, East Lansing, MI)









# Light in Space

**When** Steven Holl designed 'T' Space on his 4-acre property tucked into a glen adjacent to Round Lake, he had light and space in mind. The windows, doors, and skylights puncture the lofted, T-shaped structure allowing the exterior light to pour in from all sides, illuminating the walls and interior enough to eliminate the need for artificial lighting. Stating as its mission "to encourage a reflection on the power of art as a transcending force, " 'T' Space seems the perfect venue for a sculpture by Alyson Shotz whose investigation into light, perception, and transformation are central to experiencing her work. As curator Katie Stone Sonnenborn astutely points out, "Changeability is a fundamental concern for Shotz, and her work leads viewers to become aware that the incidental, circumstantial, and transitory parts of their visit (time of day, number of visitors, physical location in the gallery) are intrinsic to their comprehension and reception of the piece."<sup>1</sup> For this particular installation, one can add time of year, location of the venue, and shape and size of the gallery space to this list.

High summer in the Hudson Valley with its verdant sunlit pastures, shady lakes, and quiet retreats, is a splendid place to spend a lazy afternoon in nature. The region is increasingly populated with New Yorkers who have discovered its wonders and have migrated North for the warmer months, making it a new hub for the creative class. Dotted across the valley are the homes and studios of artists, writers, architects, and art lovers and 'T' Space, now entering its fourth year in operation, is a magnet for visitors, weekenders, and full-time residents seeking the kind of transcendence that both art and nature can offer. Perhaps the most satisfying reward of that pursuit is when one encounters the convergence of the two forces.



Shotz's long-standing fascination with nature and its intersection with art began with her early work as evidenced in sculptures such as *Still Life* (2001) with its lanky rubber stalks balancing on plastic casters to her digital photographic series such as *Natural Selection* (1999) and *False Branches* (2002) that merge images of real plants with synthetic and fictional objects to create futuristic hybrids. In her seminal performance piece *Reflective Mimicry* (1997) she blurred the boundary between the human body and the natural world by walking through a field wearing a bodysuit covered in dozens of circular mirrors. Documentation of the performance shows her form dissolving into the landscape, rendering the membrane between the two more permeable while conventions of figure and ground are called into question. In her outdoor sculpture *Mirrored Fence* (2003), a 138-foot picket fence faced with mirror, the viewer's perception is complicated, even hindered, as the artwork disappears into the landscape as it reflects its natural surroundings. In her later work, Shotz is compelled by the urge to consider the underlying physics of nature such as gravity, light, time, and mass, leading her to introduce such materials as piano wire, silvered and clear glass beads, stainless



steel balls, and clear plastic lenses. She takes the ethereal nature of her monumental sculptures such as *The Shape of Space* (2004), *Wave Equation* (2010), and *Geometry of Light* (2011) to new heights. Her reflective materials imbue the work with flexibility, transparency, and an interaction with light and gravity that challenges the viewer's perception even further.



For her exhibition at 'T' Space, Shotz has fittingly chosen to present *Interval*, a three-dimensional work made from stainless steel wire threaded in glass beads, the third in a series of work, first commissioned in 2013 for an exhibition at The Visual Arts Center at University of Texas, Austin while she was an artist in residence. The second version was shown in the glass entryway of the Brooklyn Art Museum earlier this year. Like water flowing down a sloped landscape before taking the shape of a pond, the size and form of these sculptures are defined by the space they occupy. Here, the work stretches out to approximately fourteen feet horizontally as it twists through the long end of the T. Suspended from above, it pours down towards the floor, taking advantage of the force of gravity. In spite of its monumental scale and expansive form, its mass seems rather slight, its density negligible. Shimmering with the light of the relatively small but airy room, the work emanates a kind of mesmerizing energy and exemplifies Shotz's uncanny sense of presence, both temporal and spatial. One becomes keenly aware of the physical experience of time and of being in the space.

Each passing moment brings unexpected discoveries rewarding the patient viewer. A flicker of light from outside might catch a gleaming strand of steel, drawing attention to another twisting pattern or whimsical shape that had at first gone unnoticed. Hundreds of beads that are strung along the wire at various intervals slowly reveal themselves in plain sight. As the viewer makes his or her way through the space, the shape-shifting form is enlivened by the various angles of light refracting off the wires and beads and one's perception shifts from line to volume and back again. A viewing from the second floor introduces yet another exquisite play of light and shadow accentuating the specificity of the venue to the reception of Shotz's work. As the artist puts it, "I would like my sculpture to be constantly changing, like the weather. When an object has an easily understandable structure or surface, one can know it too quickly. I would like these objects to be ultimately unknowable if possible. Light, time of day and angle of view all contribute to the change the sculptures can encompass."

The engagement with the space and reliance on gravity in *Interval* brings to mind the work of Post-Minimalist artist Eva Hesse, in particular



one of her last large-scale works, *Right After* (1969), a hanging sculpture made by dipping fiberglass in polyester resin. Like Shotz's work, *Right After* expands laterally and is suspended from above, floating between the ceiling, floor, and walls. Hesse, in response to the reductive geometry of Minimalism, used light and space as forms of expression and to engage in issues of femininity and the body but also, like Shotz, she grappled with materials, process, and the give-and-take between interior and exterior. Both works utilize radiant materials that are transformed in the ambient light, giving them a transparent, cloud-like appearance.

For Shotz, the idea of creating a work that approaches invisibility, which she has been experimenting with since the late 1990s with *Reflective Mimicry*, is tied to her interest in bringing sensory perception to the foreground, and inviting a heightened optical experience for the viewer who is willing to engage with the work. For that reason, her work, while it is informed by some of the tenants of Post-Minimalism, seems more aligned with the work of Lygia Clark, the late Brazilian artist whose work, coincidentally, is on view concurrently at Museum of Modern Art in a retrospective aptly titled *The Abandonment of Art*. During the later years of her career until her death in 1988, Clark fostered active participation of the spectators through her works. "Lygia Clark and I share an interest in the relationship between artist and spectator," Shotz said. "The spectator is involved in making my art what it is. The spectators become participants and even change the way the work looks when they are in front of it."<sup>3</sup> Clark's belief that the completion of her art depends on the participant's encounter with it embodies a true shift from object to event, a notion that pervades much of contemporary art today. Shotz, who was just coming of age when the influence of these two artists began to take shape, represents a contemporary manifestation of their early innovation.

Architecture, like Shotz's sculptures, relies on the interaction of people to complete the ideas embedded within its design. While Holl was thinking about light in designing 'T' Space, he also considered the viewer and what it would feel like to enter the building and to be present among art objects. To walk from the green lawn, along the elevated ramp, and into the light-filled space, is to take part in a cultural encounter that is not merely optical, but experiential. That experience is made more profound by the transcending force of Shotz's *Interval*, a work that feels entirely at home in this extraordinary place.

**Mary-Kay Lombino**  
Rhinebeck, New York  
June 2014

#### ENDNOTES

1. Katie Stone Sonnenborn, "On the Edge of a Question," in *Alyson Shotz* (New York: Derek Eller Gallery, 2009), p. 4.
2. Alyson Shotz in an email to the author written on June 23, 2014.
3. Anja Chávez, "Sculpture Today: A Conversation with Alyson Shotz," *Sculpture Magazine*, vol. 27, no. 9, (November 2008), p. 28.

#### IMAGE CAPTIONS:

Page 60: Alyson Shotz, *Invariant Interval*, 2013, installation view at University of Texas Visual Arts Center, Austin, TX  
Page 61: Alyson Shotz, *Reflective Mimicry*, 1997, courtesy of the artist  
Page 62, top: Alyson Shotz, *Mirrored Fence*, 2003, installation view at Storm King Arts Center, photo by Jerry L. Thompson  
Page 62, bottom: Eva Hesse, *Right After*, 1969, installation view at the Brooklyn Museum, courtesy of The Estate of Eva Hesse  
Pages 64-65: Alyson Shotz, *Invariant Interval*, 2013, installation view at University of Texas Visual Arts Center, Austin, TX









# Alyson Shotz

## *and the Very Idea of the Self*

**M**ade of wire strung with silvered beads, Alyson Shotz's *Interval* is a network of light designed to capture a portion of space—to capture it and, simultaneously, let it go, for this sculpture's mesh is wide. From certain angles, its crisscross pattern almost disappears. *Interval* flirts with invisibility. Nonetheless, it is a large work. At "I" Space the artist suspended it from points on the ceiling calculated to allow its shimmering presence to expand as much as possible. This sculpture takes charge of the place where we see it. Yet it is not in the least domineering.

Shotz has mentioned in several interviews that when she was an art student, in the late 1980s and early '90s, she was put off by the "machismo" that pervaded sculpture departments in those days. To be a sculptor was to master muscular techniques—welding, forging—that have traditionally been used to produce large metal pieces. Rejecting both the means and the end, Shotz came by a series of sure-footed steps to the definition of a very different goal. She wanted to create volume without mass. Presence without the usual aspiration to monumentality. This sounds contradictory and it is, but only if we close our eyes to Shotz's work and listen to ideas about sculpture that have persisted since ancient times.

In the fifth century B.C. a gold and ivory statue of Athena stood in the interior of the Parthenon. The work of Phidias and his workshop, it was immense, not to say overbearing—well-suited to serve as the cult object it quickly became. Modernist sculptors did not of course make effigies of divine beings. Their work is nearly always non-figurative. Still, it shares crucial principles with Phidias's *Athena Parthenos*, as she was known. First, a serious piece of sculpture must be made of some august material, though ironies are available here. John Chamberlain worked with battered hunks of scrap metal, true enough, and yet he ennobled his results by adhering to another principle: sculptural form, however



abstract, must evoke a human presence either heroic or beautiful or both. And this presence must somehow transcend ordinary life.

*Parthenos* means “Virgin” or pure, untouched by earthly passions, and we recall this traditional virtue whenever we praise works of art for their purity, their integrity, their autonomy. Shotz’s works don’t even pretend to be autonomous. Before we have a chance to respond to *Interval*, it has responded to—entered into a collaboration with—the space where we see it. Far from standing aloof from ordinary life, the work swims into the ceaseless and familiar currents of moment-to-moment perception and feeling. It doesn’t ask us to pause, take a deep breath, and get into an art mood.

So we could say that Shotz’s work is not sculpture but anti-sculpture. It would be better, though, to say that she is one of the artists who began, in the wake of Minimalism, to find new possibilities for sculptural form—not just new styles and materials but new ways to imagine sculpture into visibility. But what about the Minimalists themselves? Didn’t Carl Andre’s floor pieces do away with monumentality? No, though it would require too long a digression to explain precisely why they didn’t. For now I’ll say only that Andre’s abject version of the monumental is as imperious, in its way, as the straightforward monumentality of Phidias or Michelangelo. A better question is raised by Minimalist installations. Wasn’t a gallery full of Donald Judd’s boxes just as immersive, just as environmental, as Shotz’s presentation of *Interval* at “T” Space? Again, no, and to see why not is to see the full scale of her innovation.

Think back to the interior of the Parthenon when the statue of Athena was new. Face-to-face with this effigy of ivory and gold, you would be not only awed but also uplifted, and the goddess’s presence would in some measure sanctify your own. In the West, sculptural figures reflect us back to ourselves, our individualities exalted (however worshipful we may feel). Such sculptural objects as boxes by Judd and Robert Morris have the same effect (in a secular mode), an effect that Morris tried to undermine by insisting on the primacy of the installation. Reduced to the status of one object among others, the viewer/participant in a Minimalist installation would be released from all that exaltation—all that dubious delectation of selfhood. But it never worked that way.







For all the anti-transcendent, anti-self theorizing of the Minimalists, their installations permitted one to be in them but not of them: at once a down-to-earth creature perceiving the facts of the situation and a transcendent self, a “pure” consciousness capable rising above that same situation on the wings of its analytical faculties. Shotz’s installations do not permit this doubleness. To enter her installations is to be drawn into a play of light and form and spatial ambiguity that cannot be conceptualized. It can only be experienced and the meaning of our experience arises from an elusiveness that encourages us to reimagine ourselves.

Sharing a space with *Interval* we become more than usually alert to nuances of light and currents of intention. Scale shifts, perspectives warp under pressure from our looking. Giving up its geometrical clarities, space comes alive and well-established distinctions between self and setting begin to blur. Drawn beyond our familiar boundaries by the wonderfully seductive subtleties of this sculpture’s form, we no longer understand ourselves as the unitary, autonomous selves that we become in response to sculptural objects that idealize unity and autonomy.

That self—sometimes pretentious, always at least a bit detached—is a fiction. And so is the self, dispersed through space by its responsiveness, that Shotz’s work encourages you to be. All our self-images are works of the imagination. The question is: which image of ourselves do we prefer? *Interval* makes an oxymoronic case—powerful yet delicate—for a self so immersed in its surroundings that it comes alive to ambiguities of light and space of the lush and provocative kind that prompts us to be conscious in the first place. A self not autonomous but fully *there*, wherever it may be.

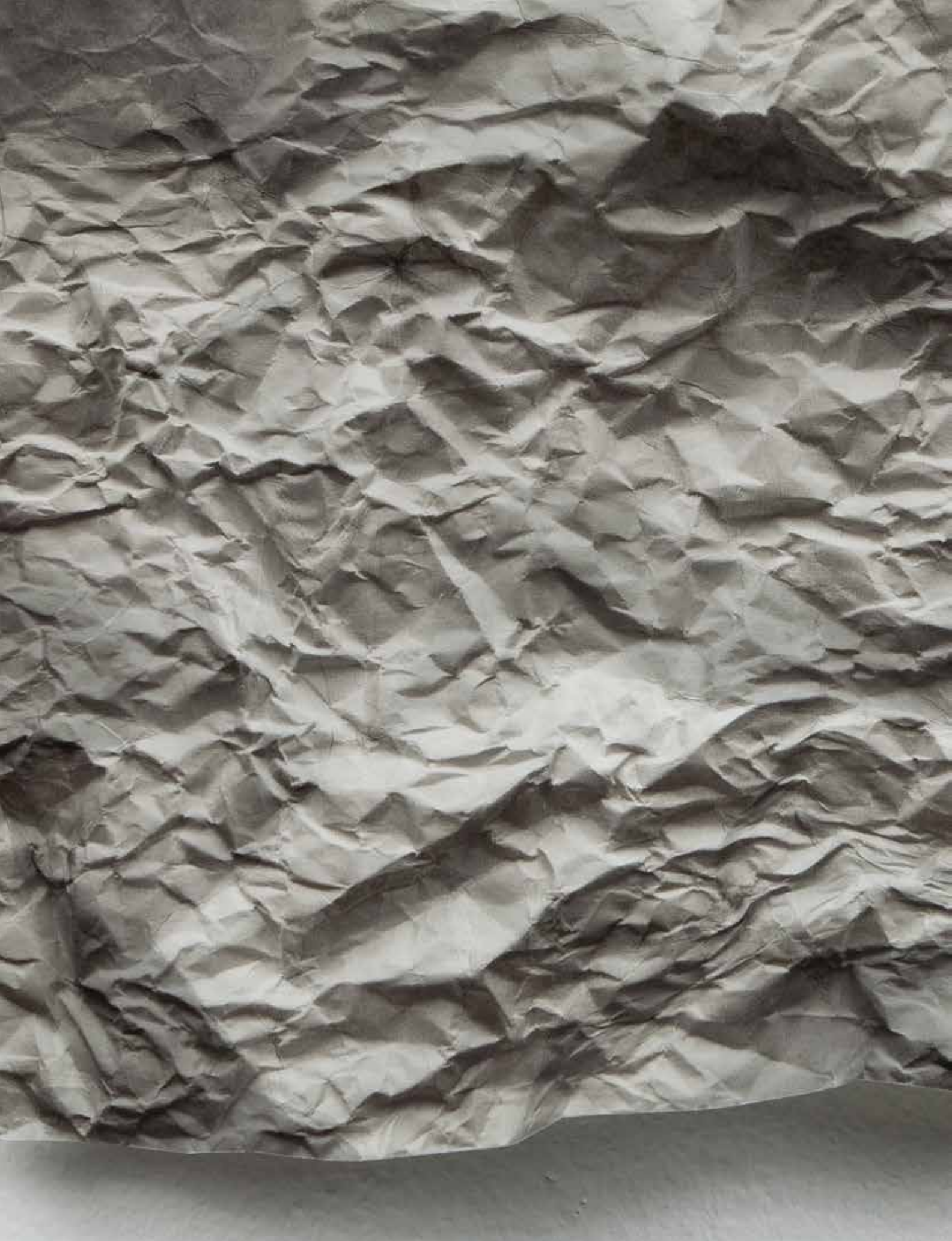
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**Carter Ratcliff**  
Chatham, New York  
June 2014









TITLES

- PAGE 55:

*Invariant Interval*, 2013, Stainless steel wire, aluminum collars, glass beads  
240 x 192 x 180 inches, (Exhibition at the University of Texas Visual Arts Center, Austin, TX)  
Photo credit: Ricky Yanas
- PAGE 57:

*Interval*, 2014, Stainless steel wire, aluminum collars, glass beads  
200 x 64 x 74 inches, (Exhibition at ‘T’ Space)  
Photo credit: Susan Wides
- PAGE 58-59:

*White Wave*, 2013, Wet spun white linen thread, pins  
648 x 144 x 2 inches, (Exhibition at the Edythe and Eli Broad Museum, East Lansing, MI)  
Photo credit: Robert Hensleigh
- PAGE 60:

*Invariant Interval*, 2013  
Stainless steel wire, aluminum collars, glass beads, 240 x 192 x 180 inches  
(Exhibition at the University of Texas Visual Arts Center, Austin, TX)  
Photo credit: Ricky Yanas
- PAGES 64-65:

*Invariant Interval*, 2013  
Stainless steel wire, aluminum collars, glass beads, 240 x 192 x 180 inches  
(Exhibition at the University of Texas Visual Arts Center, Austin, TX)  
Photo credit: Sandy Carson
- PAGE 66:

*Geometry of Light*, 2011  
Cut plastic Fresnel lens sheets, silvered glass beads, stainless steel wire, 157 x 336 x 360 inches,  
(Exhibition at Espace Louis Vuitton, Tokyo)  
Photo credit: Jeremie Souteyrat
- PAGE 69:

*The Structure of Light*, 2008  
Silvered glass beads on stainless steel piano wire and aluminum, 120 x 216 x 120 inches  
(Collection of the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art)  
photo credit: Michael Moran
- PAGE 70:

*The Shape of Space*, 2004  
Cut plastic Fresnel lens sheets and staples, 175 x 456 x 96 inches  
(Collection of The Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum)  
Photo credit: Kristopher McKay
- PAGE 72-73:

*Interval*, 2014, Stainless steel wire, aluminum collars, glass beads  
200 x 64 x 74 inches, (Exhibition at ‘T’ Space)  
Photo credit: Susan Wides
- PAGE 74:

*Topographic Iteration*, (Trial Proof). 2014, Pigment print on Masa Japanese paper  
crumpled by hand, 8.5 x 11.25 inches.  
Photo credit: Joerg Lohse



Poetry Reading

Kimberly Lyons

July 19, 2014



## Celetná Street

Lynn's fairy sticker book is  
Divided into fairies of the seasons  
And is under a potato masher  
And the hand bag of a thousand fin de siècle nights.  
The brown and yellow Czechoslovakian glass beads  
Strung on a wire were sent all the way from Celetná Street  
To Gabon and back to Margaret's  
Boyfriend Roman's best friend's daughter's basement in Prague  
And lay there for thirty years like sand that receives the waves.  
A symbiosis of being and being taken away.  
Which is a little what the dark does  
To string and rocks  
And now, all the blind soapy gray swans  
Are a disembodied tribe  
On a metal lake.  
Recycled clothing can only carry us so far.  
Necklaces  
come awake on the neck  
Of strangers  
Which everyone is, in a sense.  
All necklaces are strange and all necks familiar.

The fairies of summer flick just within  
Awareness outside the porch  
And a bee hovers  
Periscopically.





## Itinerary

*For Vyt Bakaitis*

Hit the earth of it with one foot  
Other in reserve, kicking the wind  
Coming from any direction. Know which  
Way is north. Head there with a light bag  
On your back. Carry knife, fork, book.  
Ink.  
Sniff for water. It may not be visible.  
Or it may engulf the head  
Momentarily. See through green  
Glass, momentarily. Notice  
Pine cones, doorways, door handles.  
Notate labels on the bottle. Street names.  
Which alcove for which saint's  
Thumb  
Bone. Carry a small comb.  
Dry pants on neck in sun.  
Wet ears on sea.  
Move around the big rocks.  
Climb the semi-big rock  
Casually, carefully.  
Chew rind of bread  
With La Rioja.  
Remember yr goat moves, Cap Number One.

Keep (me) in mind. Back of is okay.  
Move forward at sunrise  
And I -  
(same).



## Of Materiality Oh Ugh

What are French sentences, I asked

No one was there to reply although the hotel chandelier was fascinating

To look at, my dissimulated beauty of ugh

How did “you” or “that” or “it” get chained to

“Me” in this intermediary location

By an invisible lucite hair

Of materiality oh ugh, to an impulse to extract

Its memory and disperse “its” weight

I guess a gondolier shifts “them” to do the same

Think of all “the” bodies in all “that” history

Passing through under the glass like drops of light.



Keyboard Concert

Raphael Mostel

premiere of *Envoi: Vertical Thoughts for SHA*

commissioned by 'T' Space

July 19, 2014



## *Envoi: Vertical Thoughts for SHA*

A discussion with Steven Holl about Morton Feldman's *Vertical Thoughts* led me to compose this *Envoi*.

In the XY axis of music, the horizontal is time, and pitches are the vertical — what the ancients called the *axis mundi*. Complicating this two-dimensional view of music is the sensual truth that each of these two interpenetrating elements is organically relative to the other — rhythms sped up alchemically transform into pitches, and pitches slowed down become rhythm.

For Feldman, pitches are like living, breathing, shamanic beings, much as color was for his friend Mark Rothko. The chance determined pitch materials for this work are exclusively from names associated with Steven Holl Architects.

*Vertical Thoughts for SHA* is comprised of two independent, interpenetrating structures. Fibonacci relations spiral and foreshorten the first structure, honing its direction and dimensions. The diverse and chaotic interpenetrations of the second structure introduce harmonic and melodic whorls that counter-intuitively clarify the whole.

In this homage, as in almost all of Feldman's music, time exists without a regular rhythm or "beat" — a timelessness to better anchor the vertical presence.

**Raphael Mostel**

*New York, NY*

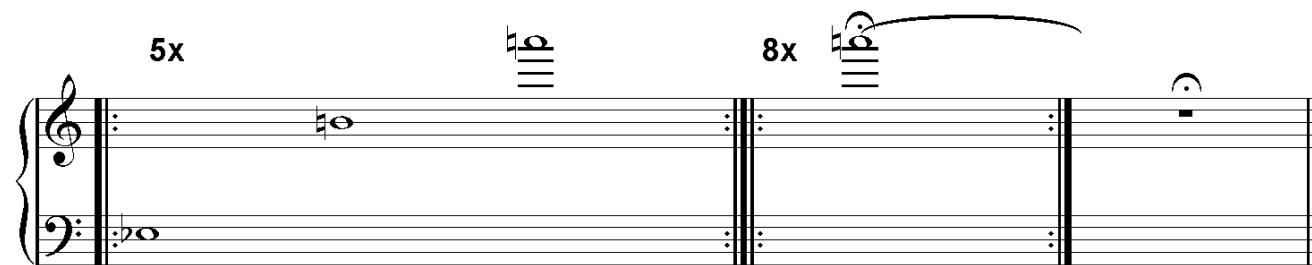
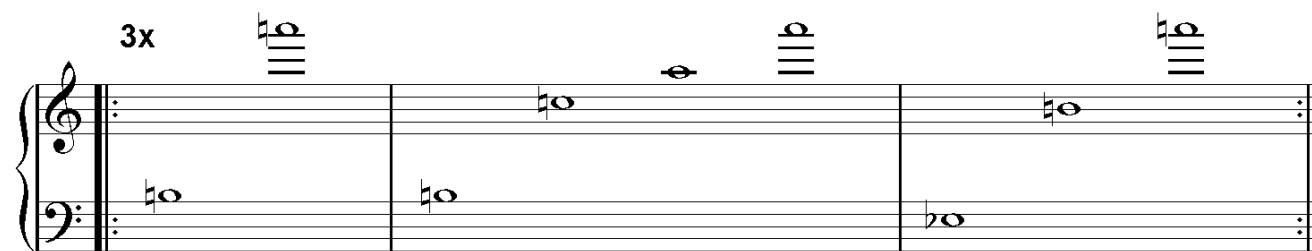
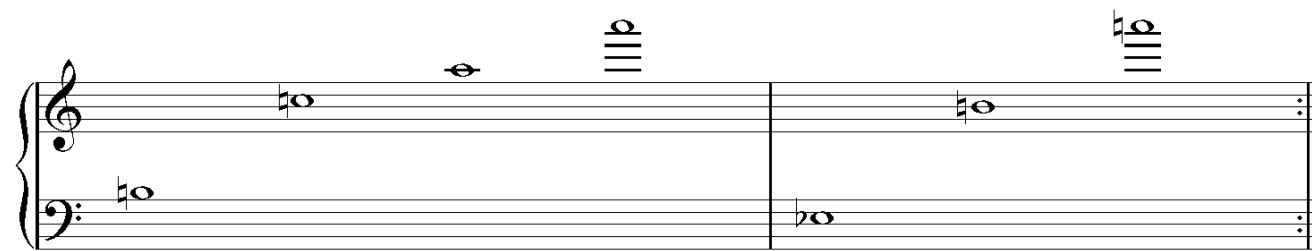
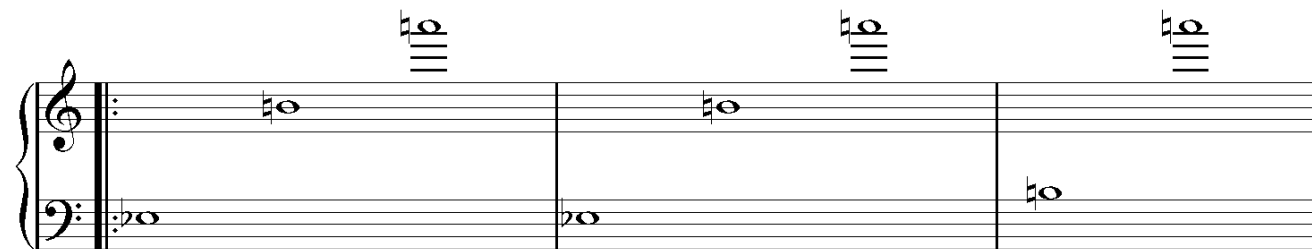
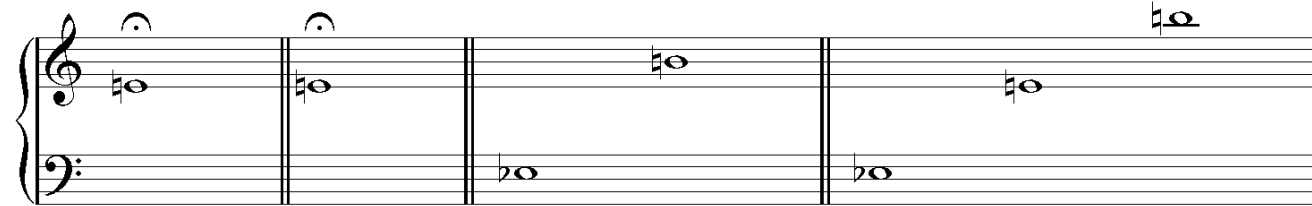
*November, 2014*

# Envoi: Vertical Thoughts for SHA

for Steven Holl, in memoriam Morton Feldman

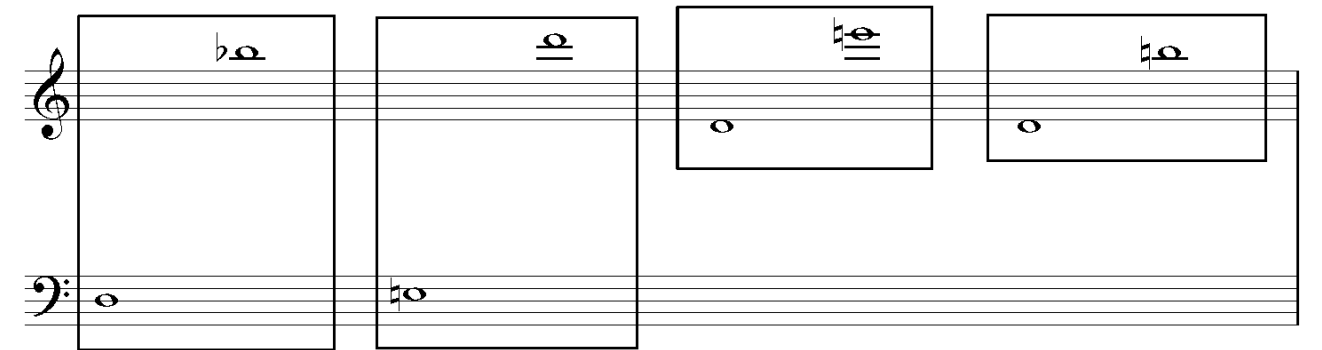
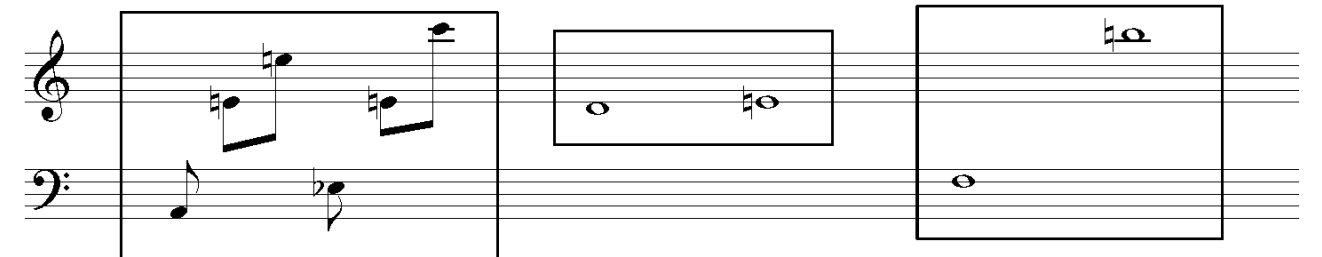
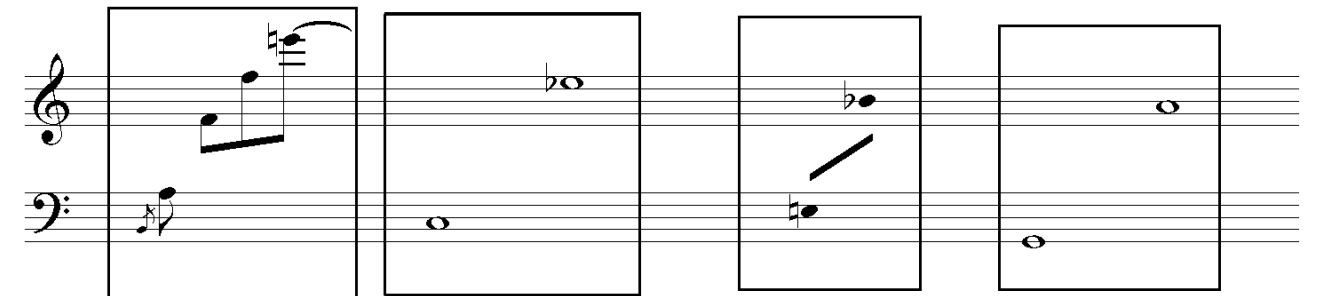
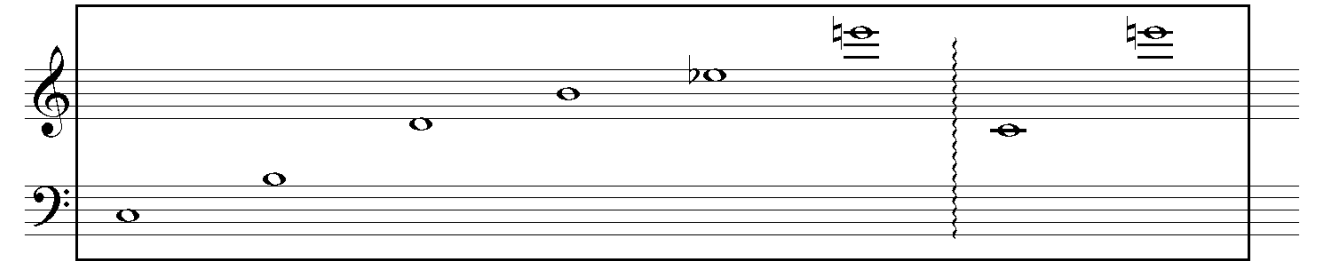
Raphael Mostel

Senza misura, a piacere, sostenuto e pensieroso



2

Phrases in the boxes below are to be interpolated at will within the music of the first page, starting with the repetition of the second line, and ending before the eight repetitions of the final note "A"







*Abby Messitte, Tess Eller*



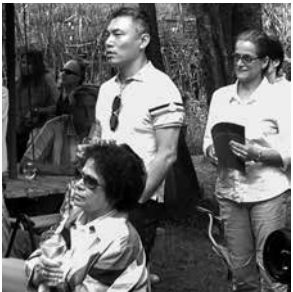
*Ezra Steinman, Mary-Kay Lombino*



*Jim Holl, Alyson Shotz*



*Hannah Wides, Louise Brooks*



*Bonnie Marranca, Chris Mao, Anat Shiftan*



*Mary-Kay Lombino, George Lerner, Fawn Potash, Alyson Shotz, Kimberly Lyons, Carter Ratcliff, Raphael Mostel, Susan Wides, Abby Messitte, Derek Eller*



*Tess Eller*



*Beverley Zabriskie, Lorna Smedman, Robert Kelly, Charlotte Mandell  
2nd row: Rosalinda Gonzalez, Louise Brooks*



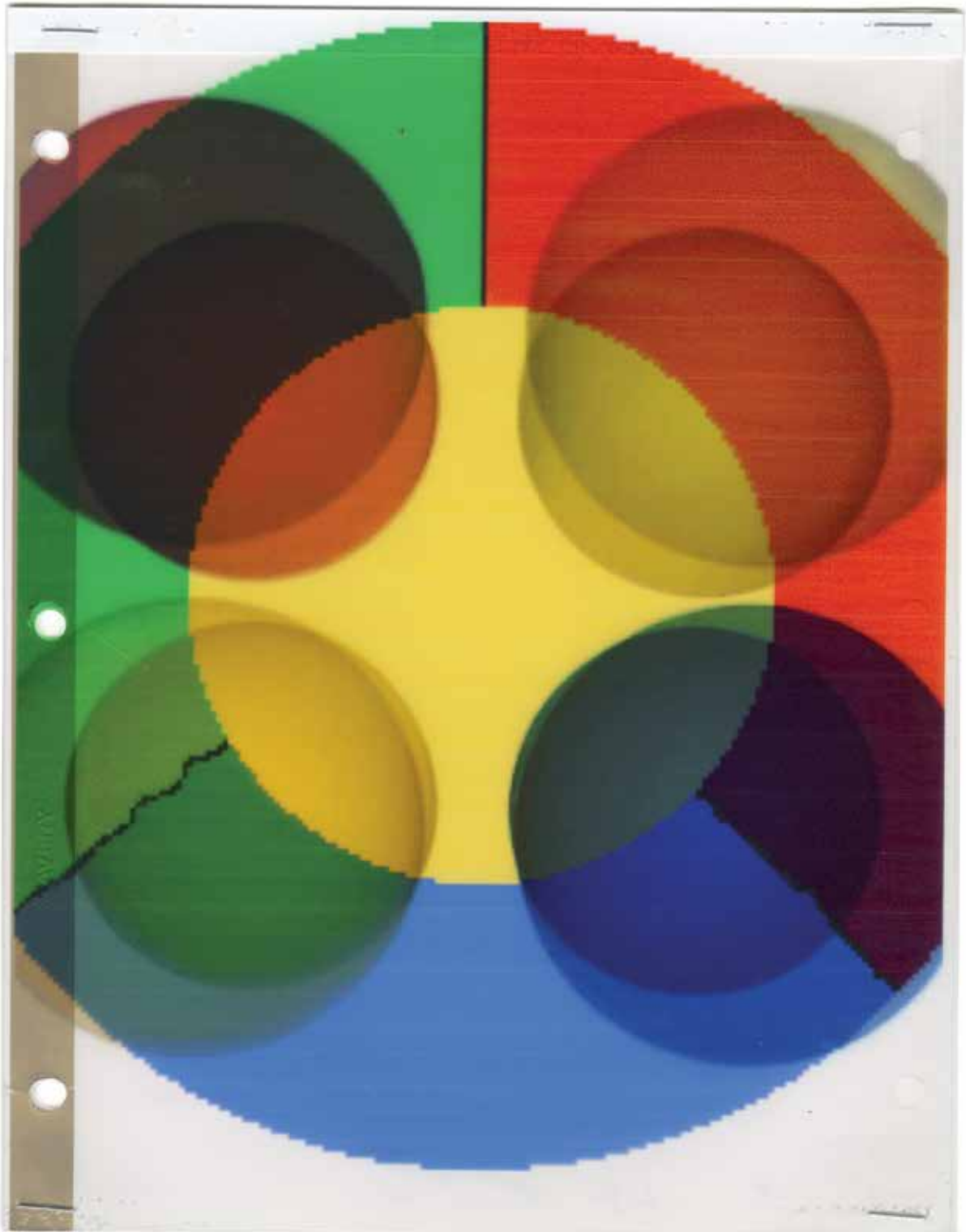
*Janet Cross, Igor Jozsa, Pamela Page*

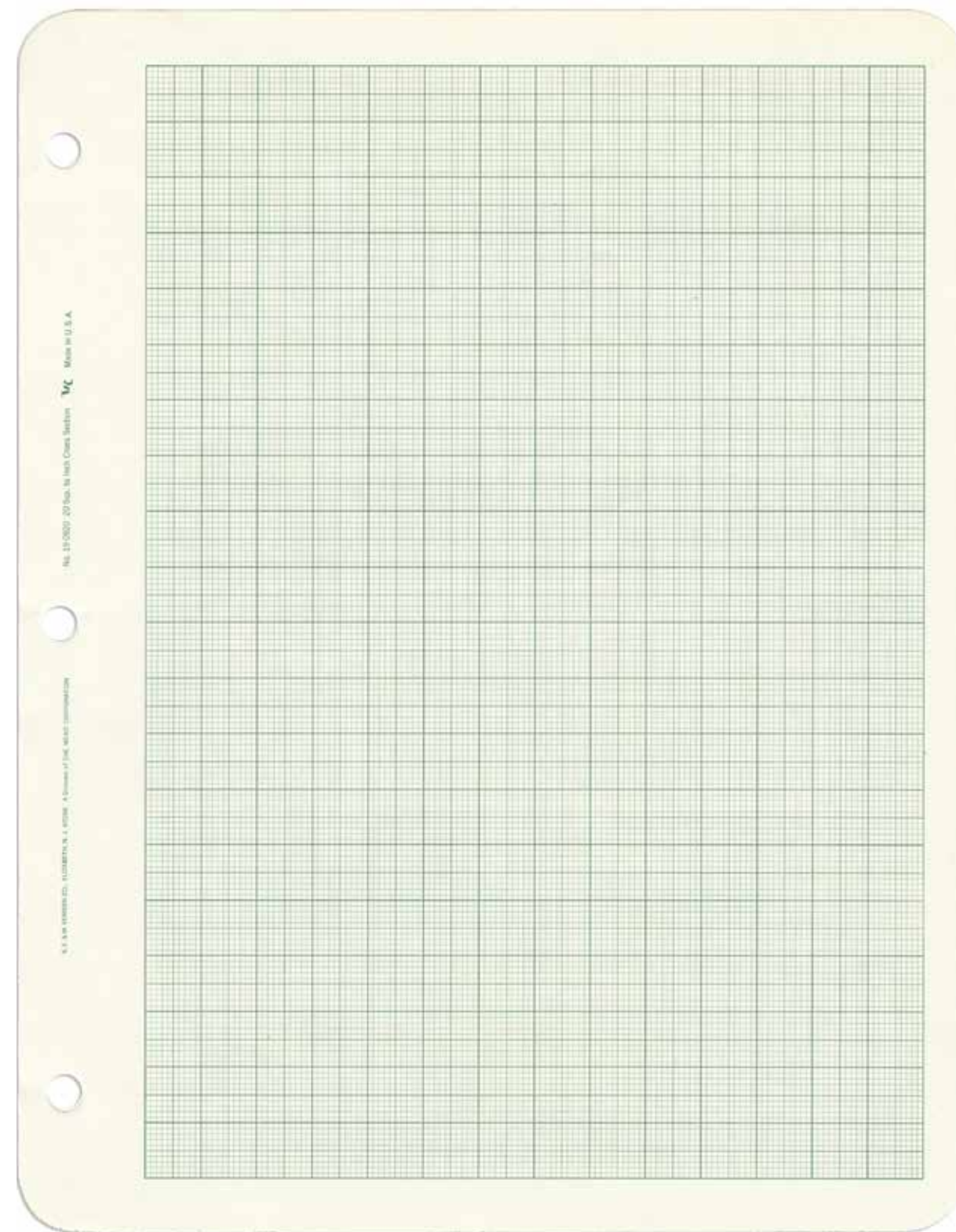






Terry Winters    Red Yellow Green Blue





Terry Winters    Red Yellow Green Blue

August 30 — October 30, 2014

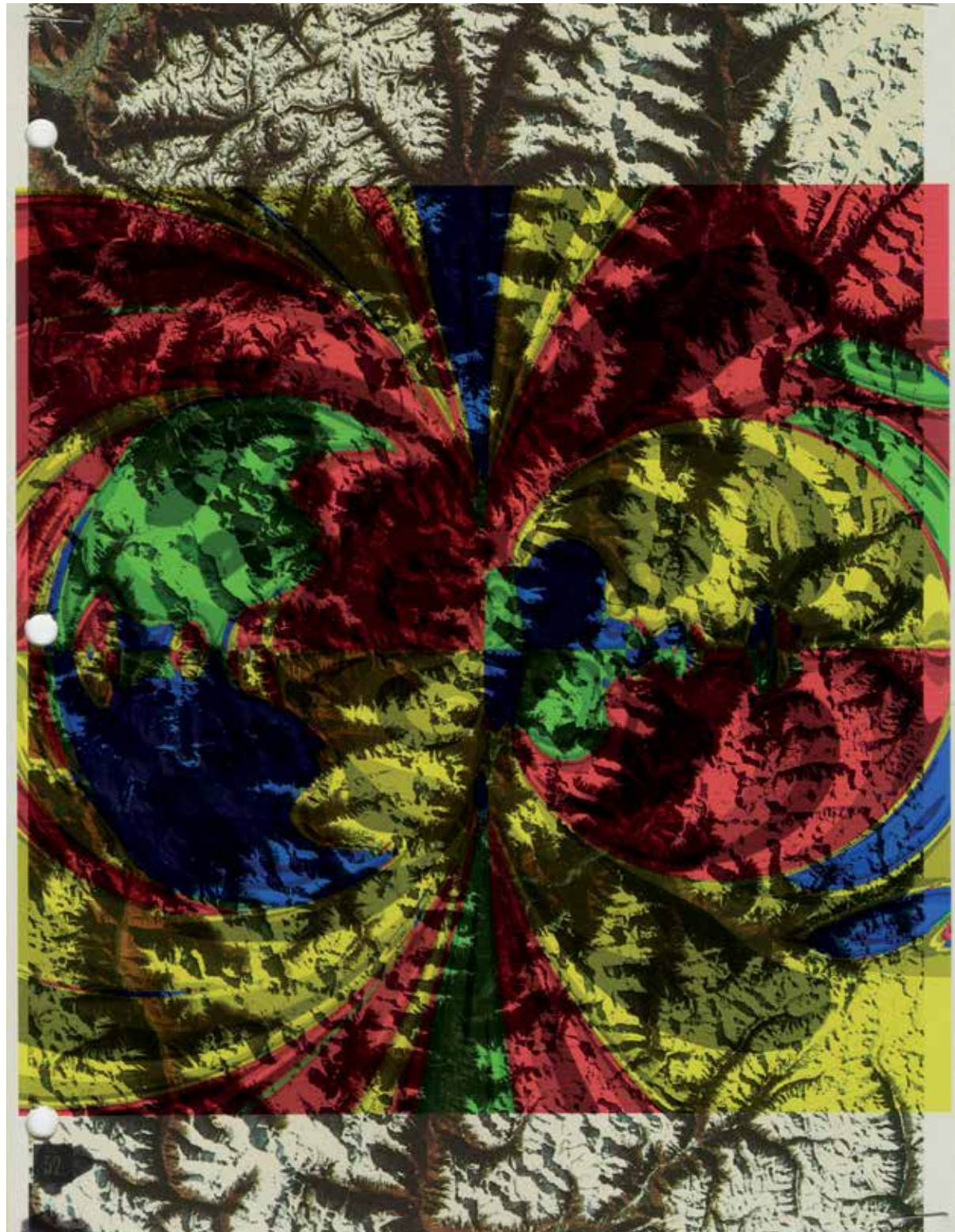


## The Temperature of Things    Sanford Kwinter

A central problem in modern thought, as in modern aesthetics, is the problem of temperament. Although disavowed in the modern era, the Hippocratic universe was a commerce of humor-types—the sanguine, choleric, melancholic and phlegmatic temperaments—that expressed with beauty and concision the essential mixtures (Latin: to mix, to compound, to blend) that determine the action of persons and objects on the world. This belief explained the psychology, sociology and political relations that make up the life of every larger ensemble. The four temperaments described the modes of action—the speeds, intensities, and rhythms of unfolding—that stir the world and integrate matter and movement into the salient events that leave trace and bear meaning.

Disposition then, or character, was made to explain why things happened and why things were always and forever differing—every natural entity in the classical world was conceived to be at once out of balance yet also endowed with an inbuilt propensity to restore the same. This view of things explained space, time and matter as metabolisms, as problems of life. No part of being escaped the logic of temperature, and a lesson of reason was learned two millennia later when sound underwent its own system of tuning that lay a scrim of rational pattern ('equal temperament') over the sound continuum (the less tidy "just intonation") to invent a new artificial consonance, one whose incompleteness remains fully apprehensible today. For example, every musical performance audibly expresses the imbalance or incommensurability at its core, the duality of what overlies against the messy, living orders that move, resist, and escape below.

These invisible antinomies, as one witnesses them expressed throughout Terry Winters' paintings, pertain to the world of the eye just as they do to the ear. Color and light, for example, have no independent existence of their own but are entirely the result of tempering and of accommodation to the chance physiologies of the animals that work out their livelihood in the world. Primary colors as in the RGB scale form the basis primarily of machine vision and image reproduction—a continuum that may well include the chemistry and physiology of the human eye but which is no better than a workable approximation of all possible colors for that. In each case they work as a system of mixtures and combinations that offers us a chimera—and no more—as a complete rendition





So let us leave "thought" to the side for the moment and consider the problem as it pertains to the maker of things: How might an artist depict or make perceptible the movement of entities as they pass endlessly in and out of phase with themselves and with one another? No doubt, the world of natural objects provides the primary model given its essential embeddedness in processes of organization and communication with the surround that supports it. If the Cinquecento gave us a new kind of painting surface, for the first time mathematically integrating every point and part into an isotropic whole, it remained a window and picture of space, a convention of vision and mimicry, not an entity itself endowed with the peripeties of time. The artist seeking to espouse the differential transformations that characterize the activity, rather than the look, of matter would naturally welcome the flat all-overness of mid-20th century American Modernism, to the extent that these newly agitated surfaces favored local physical "incidences" over abstract views. But the action painting remained a trace of the performance that produced it, a logic external to the pigments and impastos that organize its surface. The inflated heroism of self-referentiality (habitually seen as a triumph of rigor and autonomy), moreover isolated the surfaces from participation in the murmur of the world.

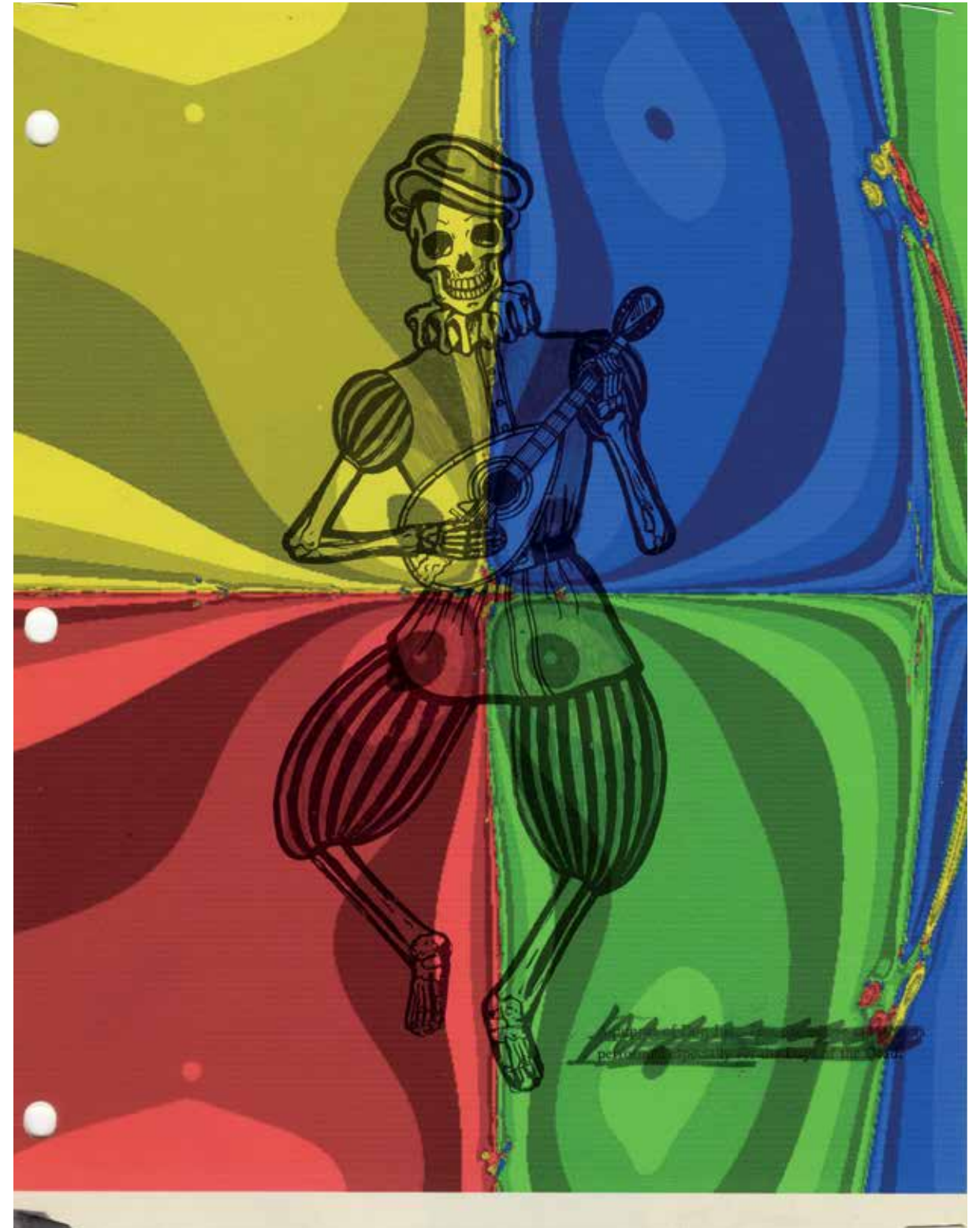
In legitimate crisis since the rise of primary—or minimalist—practice, painting needed to advance a step further from naive abstraction, to perform not simply as an object itself, but as a conductive matrix or diagram through which the world and its beings could connect—send, receive and store—among themselves. If there seems a hint of vitalist rhetoric in this formulation, it is not mistaken, for it is the necessary framework through which the modern problem of pattern must be understood. It is also the key to understanding what is novel in Winters' work. Winters' sustained concern and engagement with the modalities of natural objects—these are no more “botanical” than animal, bacterial, population-al or even chemical in form or scale—exhibits an abiding concern with formalization of communicational pulses and pathways, as every form endlessly participates in, and modifies every other in its network of implication. As the physicist Erwin Schrödinger famously remarked: “life is a pattern in time”, an island of order



detectable against the less ordered or patterned surround. Although even here, with the benefit of 60 years of theory and hindsight, and as a glance at almost any Winters work reveals, it may be affirmed that life is a continuum of simply more or less ordered domains. Winters' works are in fact sections through this continuum, biopsies that report on the state of the larger field by bringing into visibility with precision what is shaping, forming, occurring—here, now—in one part of it.

It is therefore an error to see in Winters' painting a routine procession of objects, figures and forms, for what is brought to expression is foremost a type of catalysis that relates information and signals across space and time, that actively processes them. The works express a space that metabolizes and digests—just as a population can be said to digest or combust the triggers in the environment that pressure it and cause it to adapt and transform. This continuous tempering and mixing give rise to a new aesthetic space altogether, akin to the evolved niches and habitats of the natural world, and connected explicitly to them. What are the causes of shape in the world? Every natural object comprises and expresses these causes—cryptically yet obliquely within the opacity of its material organization. Yet, as with everything in evolution, we can never say precisely and comprehensively what the logics are. Just as nature proceeds by preserving successes and building on them, Winters' surfaces gather and compound effects already assembled in the world—tessellations that distribute, filaments that conduct, islands that capture order and insulate it from external assault, diagrams that rhythmize procedures and order events, surface patterns that partition and filter resources with a view to optimizing the (life) forms they support. Winters' paintings are assemblages of social interactions of form, literal (not metaphorical) ecologies that make visible what goes beyond what is present to the eye.

The apparent trope that would reduce the impetus of Winters' work to a “meditation on natural form” is nowhere more firmly discounted than in the exquisite notebook studies that compile separations and laminae of color, matrix, diagram or found organizational form in a way more evocative of geology than of traditional art collage practice. The dominant principle of Winters' notebook works is that of polyphony—the formal deployment of the pattern-principle in our world that necessarily escapes our notice because it has the nature of clouds, rather than clocks (to invoke Karl Popper's phrase), because patterns always







*Notebook, 2012 (244), Collage on paper, 11 x 8.5 inches; 28 x 22 cm.*

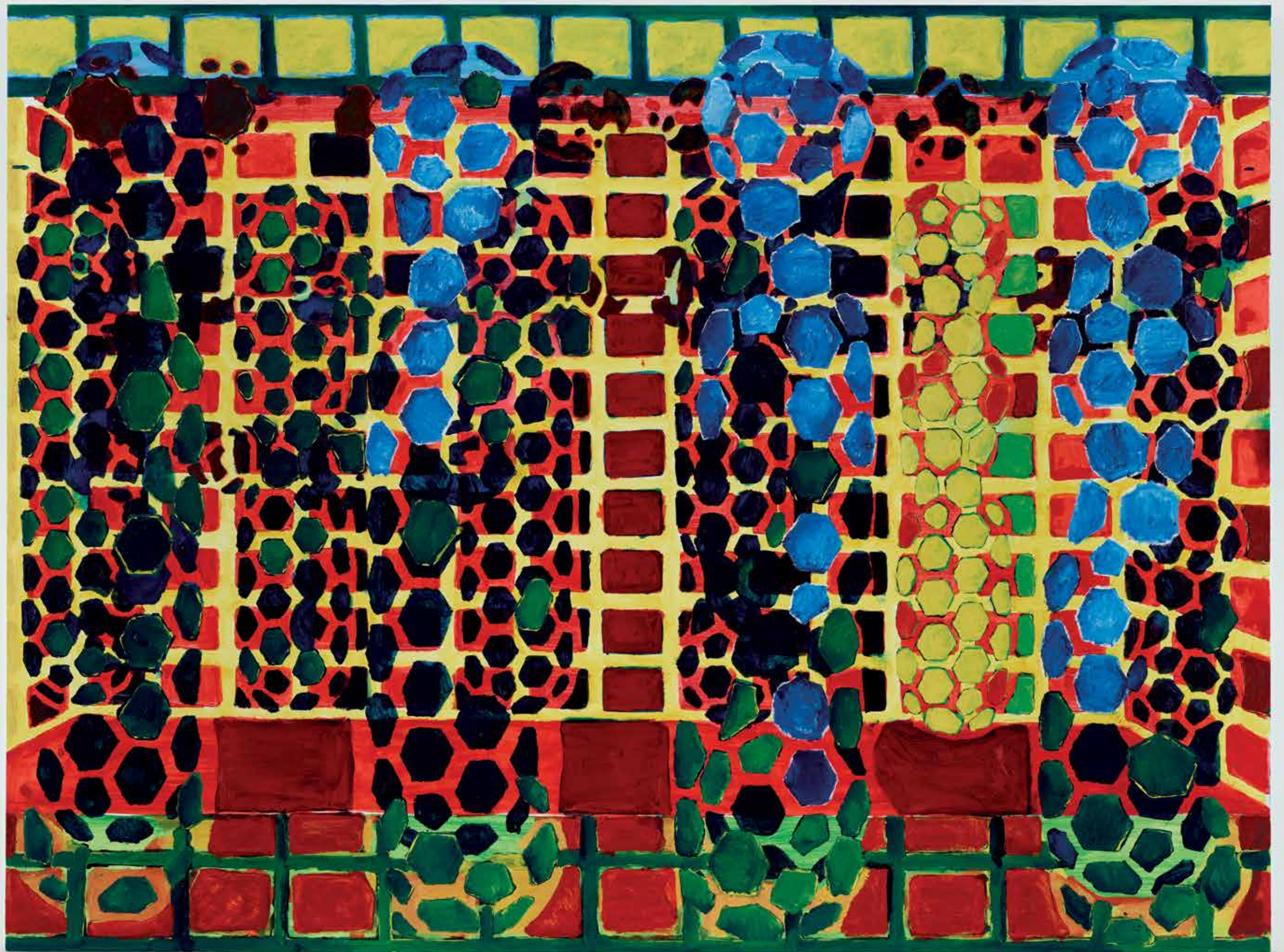
appear in mixture: the periodic is always shot through, syncopated, riddled, with aperiodic sets.

One might consider any Winters work from earlier decades to confirm that aperiodicity always unfolds, mines, or provides a contrapuntal foil for other patterns and forms of more stable appearance, and that only in composite—pitched into time—do they find their deferred but thoroughly worked-out stabilities (phasing). Only by following the sequential beat of what points just beyond the temporality of a given framed work (as in polyrhythmic or atonal musical performance), does one engage, or even grasp the existence of, the logic that sends them toward their syncopated equilibria. The paintings and notebook “combines” are restless, and by nature discrepant entities whose rest points drop anchor just beyond the temporal ‘now’ of the canvases. In sum, the objects figured on them compose their environments as organisms do in taut negotiation with them.

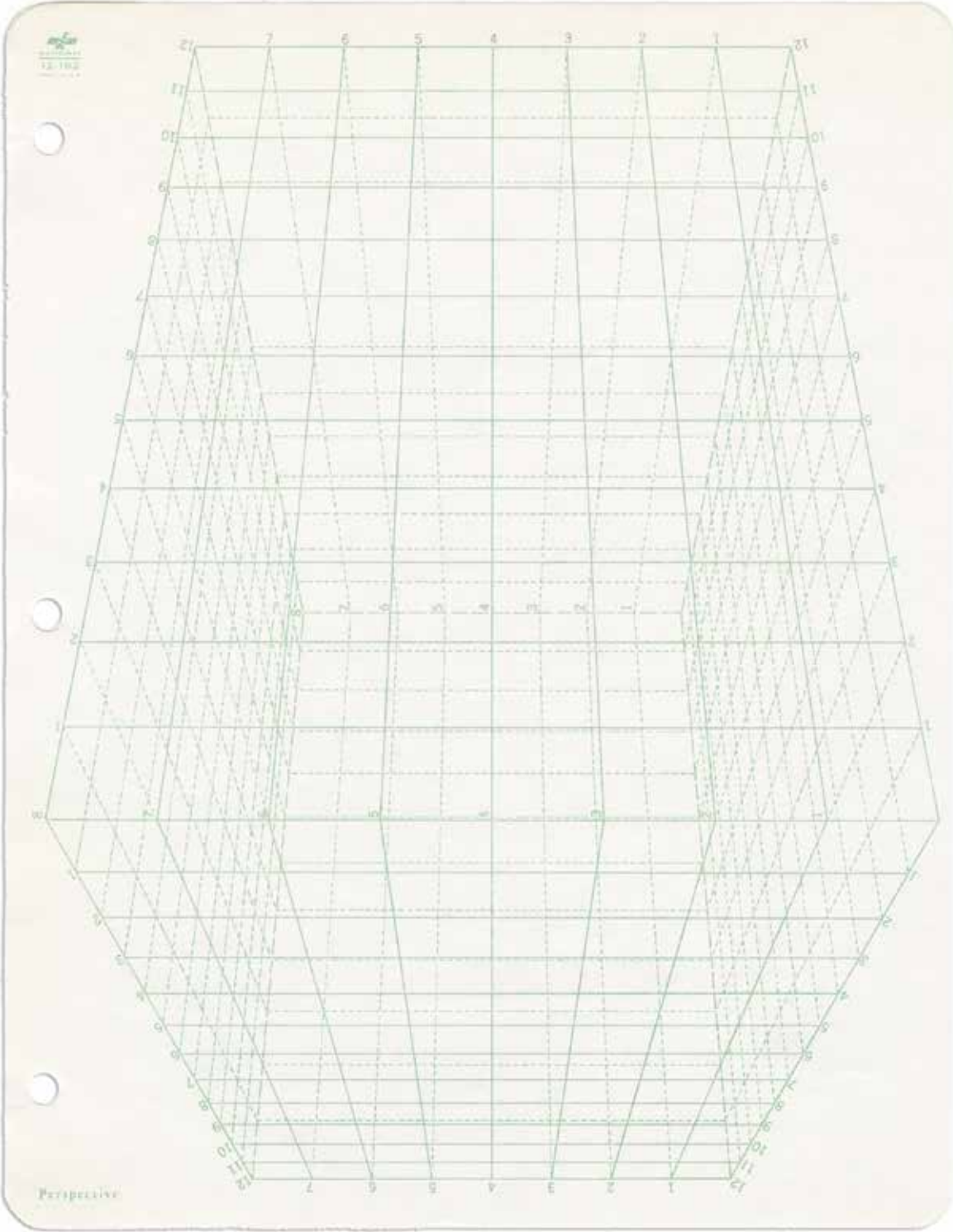
Hence natural objects—the predominant motif of the earlier work—carry no essential distinction from the technical organizations or motifs drawn from our media, working or cultural worlds that one encounters in the notebook studies. It is always the logic embedded within form that is made to play—as if musically—over the canvas or work surface that knits together all the human and non-human actors of the world. To miss this consonance is to miss what makes these surfaces distinct from traditional painting practices: they perform as resonating apparatuses that connect viewer/maker to the abstract melody that is both beyond the work (the world) and the work itself.

Art practice—irrespective of medium but all the more remarkable when it achieves this within the parameters of what common parlance calls painting—largely activates and no longer depicts, separates but also connects and does so without peril of simple contradiction. To make a painting, as for decades Winters has sought to show, is no longer a problem of working out the physics and metaphysics to credibly connect vision and world but concerns the task to extend and make sensible the bio-logic of shape, behavior and meaning and especially their inseparability—in a word, to penetrate into the broader existential matrix of pattern formation and its endless tempering, calibration, modification and transformation. In this curious continuum, humans find not only their fate and the essential rhythms of their own historical existence, but also discover that there is nothing that is not human, or at least nothing material that is not already or potentially connected to, or extended from them.

















Jeanne Puryear, Matthew Marks



Carter Ratcliff, Liliana Porter, Gladys Triana



Peter Wheelwright, Beth O'Neill



Jasper Johns, Gary Stephan, Suzanne Joelson



Jasper Johns, Robert Kelly, George Quasha



Michael Stella, Melissa Kretschmer



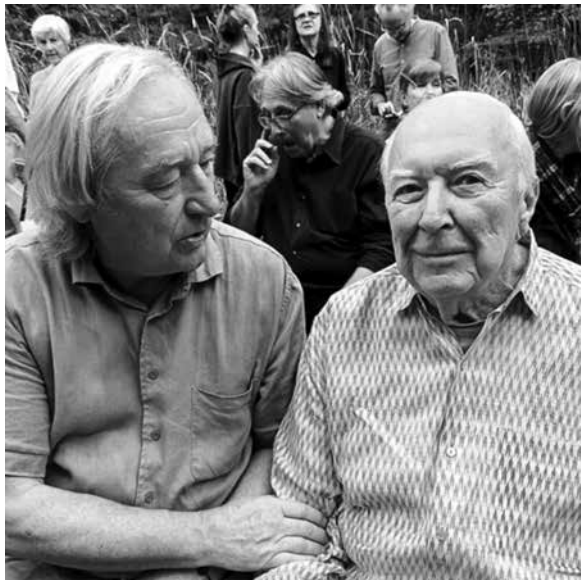
Viki Sand, Roberta Bernstein, Kay Bearman



Reva Wolf, Eugene Heath



Viki Sand, Eneas Capalbo, Roberta Bernstein, Chris Mc Voy, Steven Holl, Terry Winters, Jim Holl, Beth O'Neill, Mike Metz, Carter Ratcliff, Nancy Haynes, Chie Hammons, George Quasha, David Hammons, Susan Quasha, Sherry Williams



Steven Holl, Jasper Johns



Tom Nozkowski, Martin Puryear, Peter Saul



Helen Marden, Hendel Teischer, Brice Marden



David Hammons, Juan Puentes, Chie Hammons, Martin Puryear



Percussionists

Mike Truesdell and Greg Zuber

performed a musical program:

Continuum (1968) — György Ligeti

Three Two Part Inventions — J. S. Bach

(1685 – 1750): C Major, E Major, F Major

Marimba Phase (1967) — Steve Reich





'T' SPACE EVENTS 2010 - 2013



Steven Holl and Jim Holl  
Groundbreaking of 'T' Space  
April 2010



Meg Webster  
"Cone of Water"  
2010 - Permanent



Jim Holl  
"Low Lying Clouds"  
October 10 - December 12, 2010



Martin Puryear  
"Vessel"  
August 4 - October 28, 2012



Michael Bisio  
Bass Concert  
August 4, 2012



Ai Weiwei  
"Sugar Pill"  
May 25 - July 14, 2013



Steven Holl  
"Subtractive / Additive"  
2010 - Permanent



Mike Metz  
"Snared-trapped and Concealed"  
May 21 - August 14, 2011



Carter Ratcliff  
Poetry Reading  
June 18, 2011



Mike Metz  
"Rabbit/Spoon" 1992 (Detail)  
May 2013 - Permanent



Carter Ratcliff  
Poetry Reading  
1st T' Space Poetry Award Winner  
September 3 - October 15, 2011



Don Byron with Cameron Brown  
Jazz Concert  
May 25, 2013



George Quasha  
Poetry Reading-Performance  
June 18, 2011



"Home" Concert  
Tanya Kalmanovitch,  
Marika Hughes, Mazz Swift  
July 3, 2011



Richard Artschwager  
"Art and Action"  
September 3 - October 15, 2011



Gary Stephan  
"Paintings and Works on Paper"  
July 20 - August 24, 2013



Esopus Chamber Orchestra  
String Quartet Concert  
July 20, 2013



John Yau  
Poetry Reading  
July 20, 2013



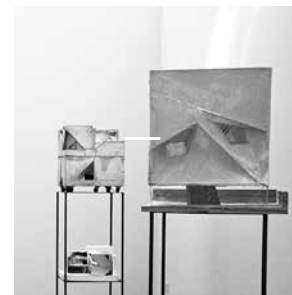
Brian Dewan  
Accordion Concert  
September 3, 2011



Polly Apfelbaum  
"Haunted House"  
June 16 - July 22, 2012



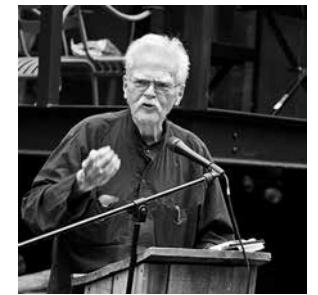
Cat Lamb, Bryan Eubanks  
Concert  
June 16, 2012



"Architectonics of Music"  
Yun Shi, Yiqing Zhao, Shu Yang, Yang  
Xia, Andriana Koutalianou, Lanxi Sun,  
Wenlong Yan, Sang Hyun Lee, Khan  
Shibly, Lon Chong Chan, Margarita  
Calero, Alfonso Simelio Jurado  
September 7 - November 30, 2013



Raphael Mostel  
Performance of John Cage's  
"In a Landscape"  
September 7, 2013



Robert Kelly  
Poetry Reading  
September 7, 2013





Photograph by Harry Roseman  
August 30, 2014

L-R Group of six people sitting at far left includes  
*Viki Sand (black jacket), Suzanne Quigley (red sweater).*

First row: *Terry Winters (standing), Hendel Teischer,*  
*Roberta Bernstein, Jose Reisig, Raquel Rabinovich,*  
*Catherine Murphy, Robin Richardson (plaid shirt),*  
*Ann Temkin (further back), Wayne Hendrickson, Steven Holl*

Second row: *Nina Sklansky (red sweater), Cathryn Hoskinson*  
*(gold sweater), Mike Metz (partly hidden), Nancy Haynes,*  
*Jeanette Fintz, Chuck Stein (yellow sweater),*  
*Russell Richardson, Megan Hastie, Ellen Levy, man in blue shirt,*  
*Pat Zuber, Tom Kovachevich, Eleanor Kovachevich, Jerry Wolfe*





PHOTOGRAPHY CREDITS

John Isaacs: page 41 (top row: left image, middle row: left image, third row: right image, bottom row: all images), pages 88, 106, 107, 108-109

Harry Roseman: pages 112-113

Susan Quasha: page 10 (top row: left image)

Rivka Katvan: page 107 (bottom row: left and middle images)

Melissa Ragona: pages 40, 41 (top row: middle image, bottom row: left image)

Derek Eller: page 89 (top row: left image, bottom row: left image)

Eric Steinman: page 89 (top row: middle image)

Suzanne Joelson: page 111 (3rd row: right image)

Susan Wides: all other photographs

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The exhibition catalogues have been abridged and redesigned for this publication. To order a catalogue from an exhibition, please contact us.

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This year, we were delighted to introduce our new publishing venture, 'T' Space Editions, with our first book, *Winter Music*, by Susan Quasha and Robert Kelly. Beautifully designed by Quasha, *Winter Music* is a moving collaboration and dialogue between her photography and Kelly's poetry.

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**Susan Wides**  
*'T' Space Curator*



