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What is the purpose of art?
Is the purpose of art different for different people?
Can I maintain that it has a specific meaning if I made it?
Can any statement be true in a metaphysical sense?
If it tells me who I am, need I worry what it tells you?
Is the last question a problem or a possibility?
Can art establish my sanity?
If I say it's art, is it art?
If I say it's art and then say it's not art anymore, is it no longer art?
If I put it in a gallery, is it art?
Does it matter to me whether you believe it's art or not?
Need I ask the last question?
Where should I do my art?
Who should see my art?
Who goes to museums?
Why are there museums?
Who runs them?
Is the Museum of Natural History an art museum?
Is art a public domain?
Need I ask myself if it is art or not?
Do I need art?
What purpose does art serve me?
If it rains, is that art?
If I put a piece of paper out in the rain, is that art?

If I hold a bucket of water above the middle of a room and pour

it, is that art?

Is the act of me pouring or the water on the ground the art?

If the water evaporates, is that art?

If I had poured latex, would that make it more art?

Is a sunrise art?

If no one made it, can it be art?

If no one made it, need anyone claim it?

Can my art be your art?

Whose art is it?

Is it any good?

Is there any part of experience from eating to thinking that

isn't art if I say it is?

Who am I?

Need I convince you that it is art?

Is some art better than other?

For whom?

Who says for whom?

Who are critics?

Are critics artists?

What is the purpose of art?

Is the purpose of art to pose the last question?

What is art?

Are the above questions the same?

Is art a process of making statements or asking questions?

Is a question a statement?

When is a question a question?

Does one need not to know the answer in order to ask a question?

Does one need to know the answer in order to ask a question?

Do words have meaning?

Does language serve any purpose?

What is the purpose of language?

Is there any reason that a question should have meaning?

Does a word have anything to do with me doing my work?

If there was no talk about art, what would art look like?

Do the sensations I have watching my paper pieces change in the

weather take the form of words?

Can one think anything about experience that is true in a

metaphysical sense?

Can one feel anything about experience that is true in a

metaphysical sense?

Can one say anything about experience that is true in a

metaphysical sense?

Does logic of thought or language have any purpose in attempts

to discover or demonstrate a correspondence if one exists?

Is there any point in using reason?

Can reason destroy reason?

If one tries to make these questions suggestive or tries to make

the order of them important, does that make them more

meaningful?

If one numbers the questions, does that add to their meaning?

If they were arranged alphabetically, would that add to their meaning?

Would I be just as well off mixing the words up so that logical order disappears?

be I disappears logical so as just ? that up Would off mixing the well

Is all order arbitrary?

Did Yves Klein sell thoughts or air?

Does sitting here asking these questions serve any purpose?

Does it just make me impatient to get back to work?

Should one want experience to have a purpose for the moment or the future?

Can one maintain that there is a specific meaning to a given act?

Does each successive act limit or expand one's possibilities?

Is the process of asking these questions more important than what they are?

Do these questions dissolve when one tries to decide if an art experience is good or bad?

Do I need to make an object?

Do my sun pieces work on overcast days?

From September 1967 to June 1968 I made paintings. I used a large formica box, 10 4ft daylight fluorescent tubes, a sheet of translucent plex and acetate fabric.

The process involved the drawing of the composition, the transferring of it into a pattern to be sewn, the sewing of the fabric, and the hanging of the "flag" between the fluorescent tubes and the plex.

The effect was of soft-edged shapes, intense color, rapid retinal fatigue, a surface that was ambiguous, and an ambiguous depth to the object.

Problems that bothered me were: the actual depth of the box, the massiveness of the box, the weight of the box, the limit to a specific size format (6' x 8'), and the limit in available colors. I became interested in projecting the images from slide transparencies in order to eliminate these problems.

During the summer of 1968 I investigated high intensity projectors and arc lamps. I wanted non-material images, lack of any real depth, high intensity, freedom to alter the shape and size of the format and the possibility of 3-dimensional geometric illusions. I envisioned shaped "light objects" that would float in front of the wall because of their intensity.

Projectors were unacceptable because of their expense and appearance. Sunlight was chosen.

I would maintain the sun in focus with a heliostat and with a series of mirrors transport its image into a room that had no windows. The light would then be condensed and projected through a transparency onto the wall. The condensing units and the slide would be hung from the ceiling in full view so that

the process of the conversion of the light into an image could be observed.

The first time I set up the mirrors and reflected the sun into the gallery, I found that the sunlight alone was much more compelling than anything I could possibly envision doing with it. The image was extremely fragile--clouds passing by outside varied its intensity and at times it would disappear completely. On overcast days there was no image at all.

I became involved in the weather. I placed sheets of paper out in the rain to be warped. I experimented with different kinds of paper--tissue paper, bag paper, cellophane, etc. I began to conceptualize my part in these developments as one who set up a context and chose a process, allowing the specifics of form to be determined by the process chosen. Different paper naturally warped and weathered in different ways and I found this much more meaningful than folding paper and imposing my will upon it. I would place the paper in what I thought was a position of high potential and the wind and the elements would do the rest. Photographs of the pieces were taken periodically but only as a visual record. The sense of hearing and seeing the piece change and the different ways it changed under different weather conditions were the important aspects.

I became increasingly conceptual about what I was doing. Those particulars that I isolated were: the idea that the more open-ended and less determined a process was the more "creative"

were its possibilities; a sense for potentiality; a concern for my relationship as a willful being to the object or process or thought that I was making, initiating, or having. I wanted to be consciously aware of the relationships I was establishing. I viewed each piece as asking questions and making statements about what it was to make art. How much control one should or shouldn't exercise and how evident or masked that control should be were crucial considerations. The questions at the beginning of this paper are an indicatlog of the thoughts these pieces raised in my mind. At the time, I felt a necessity to minimize the elements with which I was dealing. Nature was viewed as a tremendously complex aggregate of forces. To isolate a given force, I switched to pouring liquids. I drew an "x" in the middle of a room and poured a bucket of water from above. Gravity and the irregularities in the floor determined the form that the water took. The focus for me was quite conceptual and the gesture of standing on a ladder and dumping a bucket of water excited me most.

After doing many poured water, wax, acrylic paint and oil pieces, I began using latex. Because it is poured as a liquid and then turns to a flexible rubber, it introduced a transportable puddle quality that I began to find very attractive. Until this point the question of an "object" had been of little concern to me. The focus on a process made the object at best a relic of something that had gone before and I found a great

amount of freedom in the fact that I wasn't concerned with what something looked like.

When I began pouring latex I became involved in experimenting with adjusting the viscosity of it. The more dilute it was, the more it imitated water, the more viscous it was, the less it flowed or splattered, and the more rounded were the forms it took. Since I was pouring something that left me with a finalized "object" these properties became important because they were visual cues that reflected upon the spontaneity of the gesture of the pouring, the energy with which the liquid was poured, etc., i.e., how it was poured.

I have now found myself more and more concerned with how the "pour" looks as an object. I have introduced color and I find the allusion to paint poured from a can very satisfying. The possibility of creating illusions of differently weighted objects through the use of color also interests me. I am in the process of exploring these developments.



















