

MAY 19, 1969VAN METER AMES

Defiance marks all the arts now: an urge to be rid of old restraints, a drive to be alive. What isn't art when 180 feet of black masking tape is stretched out in two strips on a museum floor and accepted by a jury for a show in the Detroit Art Institute (January 1969)? When an audience watches the bloody entrails of an eviscerated sheep poured over a young girl? When a "defecation is registered by a movie camera set within a toilet bowl for the benefit of the public?" (1) Barrett Wendell, the literary critic, said, "A good defecation is the keenest pleasure a decent man can have." Is it art when Claes Oldenburg responds to a request for a monument by having a hole dug and filled up again behind the Metropolitan Museum? Now he has done a series of reports from Chicago, recalling August 1968, in the form of fireplugs. (2) He has made constructions and models for fireplugs in various materials, ranging from cuff-link size to the colossal. It delights him to celebrate a common object, to be seen everywhere. So it is with his soft telephone, with Roy Lichtenstein's enormous hot dog, Jasper Johns's numbers, letters, flags, maps, targets, beer cans, Andy Warhol's soup cans, Robert Rauschenberg's "combine," with a bucket, a ladder, a bed quilt. For traditional taste the new in art is like riots in the streets and revolts in the universities.

Esquire for May 1969 announces "The Final Decline and Total Collapse of the American Avant-Garde." As Mark Twain said when he read of his death, the report is greatly exaggerated. Richard Kostelanetz, in a recent article, observes under the questioning title "The End of Art?": "While the arts change drastically within any lifetime, reasons for change remain constant. An inventive few make the leaps that will be adopted by the many, and then another few will leap." (3) Most resentment is felt not by the audience, though they tend to go on liking the art they learned to like at home and in school, but by the artists who thought they were ahead, only to find themselves lagging. Brought up on the idea that a thing of beauty is a joy forever, people have trouble not

only with the dismissal of beauty from art but with discarding the thing itself. The contemporary artist is much more interested in what he is doing than in what comes of it. What is left over from his activity as a product hardly concerns him, as long as he can push on with the creative process. If buyers want to pick up the pieces he leaves, that is fine, since it helps him to keep going.

John Hollander says that a poem is whatever purports to be one. John Cage says: "If you set limits to music, I'll find a way to get outside them." Igor Stravinsky, at 87, is old and established enough to be conservative, but he says now: "I retract my former, irrelevant objections, which were that if anything goes, then nothing goes, and if anything can happen, it cannot matter very much what does happen." (4) There is a powerful drive to bring art and life together in the continuity that Dewey wanted. When we get it, is it art?

John Cage keeps out in front, since he put on the first Happening, at Black Mountain College in 1952. He has continued to work with dancers and painters as well as musicians, while throwing in his own word art. What remains when a Cage event is over? Choreography does not have the movement of dance, a printed score is not sounding music, words on paper are not theater; especially now that improvisation is often expected of dancers, musicians, actors. John Cage's 1969 book Notations (5) is a fascinating collection of manuscript pages by contemporary composers in all manner of weird designs and chicken tracks. Some composers had no pages to send him, because they don't write on paper but work directly with electronic tape or a computer. So he sees this collection as transitional, the last of a receding age of writing and printing, on the threshold of a post-Gutenberg era.

The far-out electronic composer Eric Salzman says: "Young people—passionately involved in music and musically the most informed and with-it generation in the history of the human race—are alienated from the artificialities of Establishment

musical life." (6) To anyone over thirty, hoping to hold on to his hearing, the din they like is ear-splitting, but there is no denying that they like it.

In the effort to close the gap between art and life, the artist brings in things so familiar they are disquieting. Alan Solomon says that, instead of rejecting the trash that makes up the environment and aesthetic experience of most Americans, the contemporary artist turns to what is all around us, with the ability to see it as a new wonderland rather than "wasteland of television commercials, comic strips, hot-dog stands, billboards, junkyards, hamburger joints, used-car lots, jukeboxes, slot machines, and supermarkets." Solomon asserts that here is "the conscious triumph of man's inner resources of feeling. . . to a degree perhaps not possible since the Middle Ages." (7)

The new art returns to the close relation between art and life for primitive people, the ancient Greeks, and our Pueblo Indians to this day. When medieval sculptors and builders were paid, it was according to material used and time put in, before Michaelangelo and Benvenuto Cellini set themselves above ordinary mortals and broke away from the guilds of their mechanical arts. For the last few centuries it has been hard for the artist to resist the temptation to make money instead of just doing an honest job. He has flattered patrons who have cajoled him.

This theme is developed in a 1968 book Contre l'art et les artistes (Against Art and Artists) by Jean Gimpel (8) He is the son of a Paris collector and dealer; also brother of the men who run the Galerie Gimpel Fils in London. Jean Gimpel had published earlier a study of The Cathedral Builders. Presumably, he still admires the competence of men who expressed themselves for their own satisfaction and the glory of God, before they ever thought of calling themselves artists.

In the Renaissance and the Romantic movement the artist was exalted as a genius. The Medici

hastened the economic downfall of Florence with extravagant spending on art. France outbid Italy for the best artists in the seventeenth century, when Louis XIV impoverished his country to glorify himself and his court. After Versailles, artists were thrown into the struggle to live. Many turned to easel painting as easier to sell than wall-sized works no longer commissioned. Public expositions were organized to draw crowds. Dutch artists, facing necessity, ventured to produce unsolicited works. To make them move, professional dealers appeared; and forgers multiplied the output of successful painters.

In our century Hans van Meegeren (1889-1947) fooled art connoisseurs and made a fortune from agents and dealers. He was caught through a quirk, when a "Vermeer" in Goering's collection was traced to van Meegeren. He had to say that he had passed the real thing to a Nazi, making him a collaborator, liable to the death penalty, or admit forgery. He could not only ape a style beyond detection, but knew all the tricks for making a canvas seem to have come through the changes that time would have wrought since the seventeenth century. He had done it eight times over. (9) Was it art?

Gimpel is ironic about American tax laws, allowing until a few years ago such deductions that it was more profitable for large donors to give works to museums than to sell them. From the point of view of the investor, when paintings are bought with an eye to profit, they might as well be stamps or coins or what not. When the work of an artist can be forged, why not recognize the forger himself as an artist? If it takes a microscope to find the dust that centuries deposit in fine cracks, the precious "touch" of a master is hardly more than the idea that art is esoterically removed from ordinary work. That way lies art for art's sake, and for the sake of gain, as Bernard Berenson was quick to learn.

Meyer Schapiro, Professor of Fine Arts at Columbia (who gave the most notable series of Weil Lectures in Cincinnati), wrote a devastating

article on "Mr. Berenson's Values." For thirty-years Berenson "received from the firm of Duveen 20,000 pounds a year and a cut of ten per cent on the price of all pictures sold with his authentication" (which incidentally was not always reliable). His early insight into Italian painting of the Renaissance gave "a semblance of authority to Berenson's later denunciations of the whole of contemporary art as degenerate. . . His career depended on the coincidence of his personal aims with the style of life of the more cultured rich at the end of the century . . . his own cultured way of life was made possible by the use of Culture as a commodity." (10)

Gimpel, who had been a collector, was disgusted with such business. Every piece of art was put out of his house. He noted that in the eighteenth century Diderot had fought the idea of art for art's and profit's sake, in his regular reports on the Salon of the Academy. Diderot's conviction was that art must have a moral purpose and support human progress. He was a forerunner of Dewey, as were the Encyclopedists in general, with their faith in common humanity, and in science as the guide of life. Gimpel notes that the advent of photography in 1839 caused the Beaux-Arts to rise up against it, "as in the next century they would attack film, radio, and television." (11) But photography had considerable influence in driving most painters away from their previous effort to be realistic. Gimpel is no happier with the resulting "isms" leading up to what we have now.

The conception of the artist is affected when we discover that he may be an eight-year old Navajo boy painting striking pictures of horses, the inmate of an asylum making remarkable designs, a normal-looking young man adjusting the controls of a dozen amplifiers in the uproar of new music. Art, once thought the privilege of a few, is now taken for granted as freely available for the hippie or any man. Most artists want a response to what they do. The recent vogue of happenings, in which several artists cooperate, is an attempt to come out of a kind of exile within society, to generate communication. But, to care about his work, an

artist almost has to be estranged from the commercial values around him. As nevertheless a social being, he usually tries to compensate for isolation in the community by close ties with a group of colleagues. (12;

John Cage, though he outrages the traditionalist, really wants to reach all kinds of people. He would have his music open our ears to what surrounds us. He would lure us out where convention bends to invention and the familiar confronts the novel. He has the intimate knowledge of arts and artists that Dewey lacked. Perhaps because Dewey was not enough at home in art to trust his own thinking, conventional ideas appear in his aesthetics, at variance with his main position which was open to new departures. He was too much influenced by Albert C. Barnes, who tutored him in art, and to whom Dewey's Art as Experience is dedicated. More than half the illustrations are of works sequestered in the Barnes Foundation. All are by authenticated masters or examples of primitive art which are museum pieces. Such a selection confirms the "museum conception" Dewey opposed: that art is apart from life instead of in the midst.

Interest in Zen has brought American appreciation of the close relation between life and art in all the traditional arts and crafts of Japan. People who lack the Zen insight that everything is an honorable object, that every man has the Buddha nature, and everyone is an artist, who are used to putting emotional and financial capital into things already made, in the belief that certain of them are more valuable than other things, are upset by the leveling laugh of Zen: "Show me something that is not a Buddha!" After spending time and money learning what is and what is not art, they do not know what to make of contemporary "Non-art," especially when it gets into museums, gets discussed by critics, and acquires the aura of art. What used to be art without question, in galleries, books, lectures, is increasing in value. But so is what seems to be the antithesis.

Dewey did not say what he thought of a snow

shovel that Marcel Duchamp bought, signed, and sent to a show in 1915, or of a urinal shown upside down and called Fountain. Was he ridiculing the awe of art which bamboozled people into accepting anything that got into a gallery and a catalogue, ready to gamble that another turn of the wheel might justify an investment? Or was he saying that one thing might as well be art as another, if attention was fully drawn to it? It was a laugh when Duchamp himself became a high priest of art. Perhaps he did not expect to please the public with his Nude Descending a Staircase. When the Nude had been turned down at an exhibition in 1912, and he put her under his arm to take a taxi home, he called this his first Zen experience. "Don't cry," he said, and she became worth a quarter of a million dollars. The blurring repeated figure expressed his sense that reality is continuous becoming. He would focus interest on what is happening, what a man is doing rather than what he has done; regarding works of art as detritus rubbed off from experience before it took another tack. When people thought he had given up art, he said he wanted his art to be the art of living, with each breath, each second, a fresh work, not painted or written or sounded anywhere. (13)

How much Zen meant to Duchamp is not clear, but his admiring friend Cage makes no secret of the importance of Zen for him, with its emphasis upon enjoying the suchness and thusness of life. Zen values space as the matrix of everything. An expanse of emptiness surrounds whatever is presented in a drawing, a painting, a sand garden. Silence is pregnant with possibilities. Cage uses silence in his music, notes heard singly in their own right, and startling noises. In his writing he tells Zen-like anecdotes with surprising turns. His ready laugh is a Zen laugh. The spontaneity of Zen sumi-e (black and white painting) has gone into the immediacy of such action painters as Georges Mathieu and Jackson Pollock.

George Beiswanger observes that Duchamp's "ready-mades" are not merely what they were before he set them forth. The difference is that now they ask for attention. An artwork always calls for a

response when shown as "a personally chosen and vouched-for-thing." (14) Presenting something as art goes far toward making it art. Appreciation of art includes seeing what was there to begin with—the material taken up into a final thing, if there is one, even with a minimum of work. There is practically no work in picking up a shell or a piece of driftwood that could not be improved. "A merely found object is impregnated with aesthetic value when . . . selected and kept as if made, while admired for not being man-made." (15) In place of Dewey's aesthetic experience that is "an experience," we have an attending that is an attending, as Beiswanger would say.

But, when Dewey discovered that what appeared to be a work of art "proved to be an accidental natural product," he saw a falling off from art to "a natural curiosity." To him this meant a direct difference in appreciation. He said: "The esthetic experience—in its limited sense—is thus seen to be inherently connected with the experience of making." (16) But why so limit the aesthetic? Should making make that much difference?

The New Landscape in Art and Science by Gyorgy Kepes shows many scientists' photographs, never intended as art, which look like paintings. (17) The art is in seeing what nature has done, or a manufacturer. But, when one has learned to enliven the landscape by enjoying art-like forms all around, does a difference remain between the charm of found objects and the structure of a work that was worked out? The question is: How much is attention rewarded by what is offered? If it is worthwhile to bring a stone or a branch to notice, a beer bottle or a can of soup, it may be much more satisfying to appreciate what Cezanne did with a dish of fruit or a vase of flowers. The usual assumption is that admirable art is more complex than natural objects or common artifacts. The Kepes volume shows a photomicrograph of a snail's tongue, one of a snow crystal, and a stroboscopic photograph of "cracks racing across a sheet of tempered glass . . . the instant it is struck by a metal plunger." (18) Here is complexity enough.

These photographs meet the eye as found objects. We respond to them aesthetically, thanks no doubt to preparation by modern painters. But do these pictures need transformation, beyond the explanations given with them, to become art? We expect some translation by an artist into his own terms. Charles Morris, commenting on the Kepes illustrations, says that there "the sense of opposition between organic and inorganic processes, and between the human and the other-than-human phases of nature" collapses. (19) Novelty and stability are there, with the overwhelming fact of design in nature.

The crude human arrangements of what we call "life" seem much more chaotic. To bridge the difference between life and art, Cage, outdoing Dewey, could introduce into art more human confusion, and more order into the way we live. Art could not be like life and have the final rightness that Dewey wanted. What is finally right when a composer uses chance devices and expects improvisation from performers?

On the 17th of May 1969 John Cage (with Lejaren Hiller) put on HPSCHD, after two years of work, in the vast Assembly Hall in Champaign. Computer music was played on seven harpsichords, while crowds of students wandered about or lay on their backs, watching huge shifting images, telescopic and microscopic, with glimpses of astronauts and missiles, alternating with scientists in conference or poring over drawing boards. Solos were played on the amplified harpsichords, while between one and fifty-two amplified monaural machines used tapes in whole or in part, in any combination, with and without interruption. The indeterminate concert was heard through fifty-nine channels, with loud-speakers all around. It lasted from seventy-three to twelve.

Cage does not find composition necessary to music, except as arranging for events to happen not very predictably; somewhat as Rauschenberg stimulates the environment with three-dimensional shapes for people to walk through, as haphazardly as if strolling outdoors. The theater of the absurd

presents frustrated beings in a world that has caught up with Kafka. We are made to feel like caretakers of stairs and landings, polishing brass while waiting for Godot, surrounded by rhinoceroses.

Busoni said: "To follow given laws is to cease to be creative." (20) The new film makers admit that they "mess around," play fast and loose with the rules of the professionals, hand-hold the camera, jiggle it, smear the lens. Music makers get away from beautiful sounds and familiar uses of instruments. A teenager may say it is foolish to learn to read notes in order to play other people's music when he can make his own. When the Paris Conservatory was occupied in May 1968, a student carved on the wall: "We want a music that is wild and ephemeral." (21) T. W. Adorno inveighs against the "culture industry," (22) whose concerts are too often heard in elevators and doctors' waiting rooms. Old Masters decorate calendars, cigar boxes, whiskey bottles. Famous statues become bookends. Gillo Dorfles notes that copying works reduces them to Kitsch. (23) A man with something of his own to offer will strike out afresh. But to create the really new is no mean feat.

Walter Benjamin's essay on the implications of the technical reproduction of art has stirred fresh controversy. He himself stated: "Even in the case of a highly perfected reproduction, there is lacking the 'hic et nunc' of the work of art, its unique and unrepeatable existence in the place where it is." Making a value judgment which Benjamin avoided (in simply making an objective observation), Carlo Talenti would distinguish between reproductions for the mass market and copies of high quality which preserve the original and extend appreciation of it. Why not end the isolation of a work, enjoyed by a few, and make it available to the public? This realization has long applied to writing and printing. Recording music makes for unprecedented permanence and accessibility, though it may be objected that an actual performance is different each time. Also, the value of music may be lessened by easy availability. A person taking the trouble to go to a concert is more likely to listen attentively than in turning on music while

driving or reading. With film there is obvious continuity between production and reproduction. (24)

Benjamin has noted that the painter's picture is more whole than that of the cameraman, whose result is broken into parts; and so "the film version of reality for the man of today is incomparably more significant," because the penetration of the camera into actuality lets it remain unreconstructed. (25) The passion of film-viewers for what is makes them tolerant of the boring. They will sit patiently while Andy Warhol has couples kiss or comb their hair or do practically nothing for hours, so long as it is what people do, whether it comes to any kind of completion or fulfilment or not.

Dewey's attachment to the complete and final is to a discredited fetish even in architecture, which has produced the most fixed works. Style changes in cathedrals centuries a-building were amazing until the remodeling that goes on now. Today an architect can say that he is interested in processes in the plural, "rather than finality; improvisation rather than predetermination," and let an unfinished building wait for further requirements that could not be anticipated. (26) There is even talk of disposable buildings.

Poets too, if not disposing of their past, have been working away from the conventionally poetic, coming closer to the changing ways of speech. Williams, Lowell, Berryman, and others have been refreshing their idiom with the force of prose, risking form for vitality. They listen to rhythms in what people say. Since it is more common to see than to hear what is written, the shape of a poem may count. Poets in several countries concentrate on -the look of a poem, in concrete poetry. The editor of a recent collection says in the introduction: The ancestry of concrete poetry includes "pre-historic picture writing and the anagrams of early Christian monks; it has affinities with the original ideogram, and, in our century, with Apollinaire's Calligrammes, the work of Klee and Schwitters." (27)

In dance, Merce Cunningham has said, "Anything can follow anything." Ann Halprin's San Francisco Dance Workshop and the Judson Dance Theatre of New York have developed the idea that "Human beings 'dance' by doing . . . the familiar activities . . . of everyday living . . . and letting others participate or look on." (28) Writers of the nouveau roman, using devices hardly tried in the traditional novel, following up the pioneering of Joyce, Kafka, and Musil in the first quarter of this century, have shifted the focus of fiction to subtle phenomena that had been neglected.

All artists, including the most rebellious, delight in the procedures of working with their materials and tools, doing what they do mainly for the satisfaction of doing it. Much as they want reform, they rejoice all they can in honoring things as they are. But things, as they are, are not what they were. The suddenness with which science and technology have rushed us into altered space and tempo has left our feelings behind, in a landscape or village where things moved slowly, where ways, names, and faces were familiar. If we are to get over our nostalgia and move forward with the young, it will be largely thanks to artists who are reminding us on all sides that times have changed, shocking us into taking stock, shoving us into the future.

The difference in nearly everything we see and use has made our habits anachronistic as buggies and gaslights. We may still return to art of the past, as we look at pictures in a family album, but we feel removed. In our new world there is no seam between the art and the design of an expressway, automobile or airplane. All the arts are becoming international, in rebellion as in affirmation. They are crossing borders. What speaks to the eye, the ear, the heart here, will have a human response there. If we can avoid the nemesis at hand, art may bring wonders within reach, using the power of science to support generous ends with ample means.

For Cage, the effort to be free of previous restrictions in art is all of a piece with his

opposition to rigid social arrangements. He wants to change the world as much as Dewey did. Dewey, despite his virtual acceptance of museum art, wrote that "all art is a process of making the world a different place to live, and involves . . . protest." (29) It is difficult for the artist to celebrate life when he feels threatened, though some recent artists have continued to do so, including Matisse and Chagall. Only a few past artists are conspicuous for attacking society, notably Goya, Hogarth, Kathe Kollwitz, Grosz, if we except literary artists who have often been scathing. Protest is muted in a museum. That Picasso is a Communist is ignored. But the message of his Guernica cannot be forgotten. The killing of the Kennedys and Martin Luther King, the war in Vietnam, riots and disturbances have brought a renewal of resentment. Fiery posters, of ten done anonymously by known artists, express the feeling in Paris of May 1968, that "Imagination Must Take Over," bearing out Marcuse's saying that "Art is perhaps the most visible 'return of the repressed.'" (30)

We must wonder whether there still is an alternative to violence in utopian vision. Marcuse speaks of art as "the eternal protest against the organization of life by the logic of domination." He says: "Art shapes the 'inconscious memory' of the liberation that failed." (31) For Magritte, "The real value of art is in proportion to its power of liberating revelation." (32) There has never been a time when the practitioners of all the arts have been so united in attacking the institutions of society. They don't like the quality of contemporary life, any more than students do over the world. While adulation of the artist continues, as if he were better than the next man, the point is that he is freer, and freedom is the main thing: to live, to get out from under and be oneself, not confined in a system, eager to see what hand and head will do next. While other people work, the artist plays with what they work with.

Artists want to be accepted on their own terms, and fight to be free of anything that would hamper them. Even in the Soviet Union they are doing it, in spite of censorship and Siberia. Men's

bodies may be imprisoned or destroyed, but the human spirit keeps rising to expression, defying the authorities, frightening them with a steady push toward a more open society. Efforts of Stalin and Hitler to head off the new in art made it the universal manifesto of liberty. Whether abstract or representative, every line, brush stroke, or tone sounded a tocsin that could not be silenced. If Oscar Wilde exaggerated in saying that nature imitates art, there is no doubt that people get from art more than a mirror. They get inspired to change their lives where they live.

Censorship is a tribute to art, as it was for Plato. He knew the power of art, because he knew how susceptible he and other Greeks were to art. The same may be said of the Russians, to account for the intensity of their repression. If Americans have been easy-going about the control of art, the reason may be that they have taken art less seriously. But the line between art and life has been crossed until Dewey would have trouble finding it. We have moved from glorifying art, as the creation of genius, to saying that what any man makes, which deserves attention, can qualify as art; along with what is only selected, perhaps signed to signify that something has been found especially worth attending to.

We need to recognize, however, that individual art objects may become less important than monumental, collective undertakings. As in building cathedrals and squares in medieval towns, the current effort to renew our cities, with civic works and over-all planning, makes art part of the environment.

No longer alone, artists often work in teams, joining with science to transform how we live and travel. Dewey said: "Works of art that are not remote from common life, that are widely enjoyed in a community, are signs of a unified collective life. . . also marvelous aids in the creation of such a life." (35) City and regional planning are as much art as they are engineering.

Having more freedom than other people has

distinguished the artist; but now he is concerned for their freedom, in their life and work. He welcomes them to the fellowship of makers, selectors, and arrangers of occasions for attention. We have come out of an extended period of revering art chosen for us by museum curators, parents and teachers. We have returned to a primitive and universal situation of making, finding, and participating in art ourselves. The artist, after seeming to be a unique creator of beauty, has become what Schiller said every man is when he plays, when he is free, when he is a man.

The artist is the real revolutionary. He feels what is coming, gives it impetus, and spreads early warning. Anyone who pays attention to art today should not be surprised by tomorrow.

Notes

1. In one of Alan Solomon's Happenings. Cf. Nicolas Colas, "And Now the Sphinx" in Gregory Battcock, ed., The New Art: A Critical Anthology. New York: Dutton paperback, 1966, p. 183"!
2. Cf. the catalogue of the Richard Peigen Gallery, Chicago, April 30 - May 31, 1969.
3. Richard Kostelanetz, "The End of Art?" in New York, 21 April 1969, p. 44.
4. Interview with Igor Stravinsky in The New York Review of Books, 24 April 1969, p. 6.
5. John Cage, Notations. New York: Something Else Press, 1969.
6. Eric Salzman, Statement in Arts in Society. Vol. 6, No. 1, Spring-Summer 196TT pp. 20-21.
7. Alan Solomon, "The New Art," from the catalogue of the 1963 "Popular Image" exhibition in the Washington Gallery of Modern Art, reprinted in Gregory Battcock, ed., The New Art. New York: Dutton paperback, 1966, pp. 71-72.
8. Jean Gimpel, Contre l'Art et les artistes. Paris :

Editions du Seuil, 1968.

9. Cf. Lord Kilbracken, Van Meegeren: Master Forger. New York: Scribner's, 1968. (As reviewed in the International Herald Tribune, 21-22 September 1968.)
10. Meyer Schapiro, "Mr. Berenson's Values," Encounter, Vol. XVI, No. 1 (#88), January 1961, pp- 57, 62, 63, 64.
11. Jean Gimpel, Contre l¹ Art et les artistes, pg. 129.
12. Cf. Rolf-Dieter Herrmann, Kunstler und Interpret: Zur modernen Asthetik. Bern & Munchen: Francke Verlag, 1967, pp. 70-71.
13. Cf. review of Pierre Cabanne, Entretiens avec Marcel Duchamp, Paris: Belfond 1967, in Revista di Estctica, Gennaio Aprile 1968, pp. 129-131.
14. George Beiswanger, "Art and Performing," paper read at the meeting of the American Society for Aesthetics at the University of Texas, Austin, 25 October 1968.
15. Van Meter Ames, "The New in Art," Rice University Studies, Vol. 51, No. 4, Fall 1965, p. 27.
16. John Dewey, Art as Experience. New York: Minton, Balch & Uo., 1934, pp. 48, 49. Now a Putnam paperback.
17. Gyorgy Kepes, The New Landscape in Art and Science. Chicago: Paul Theobald & Co., 195f.
18. Ibid., pp. 115, 159, 289.
19. Ibid., p. 98.
20. Ferruccio Busoni, Entwurf einer neuen Asthetik der Tonkunst. Wiesbaden: Insel-Verlag, 1954, p. 30.
21. AAUP Bulletin, December 1968, p. 432.
22. T. W. Adorno, Einleitung in die Musiksoziologie.

Frankfurt: Suhrkamp Verlag, 1962.

23. Gillo Dorfles, "I pericoli dell'industrializzazione culturale," Annales d'Esthetique, Athens Vol. VI & VII, 1968, pp. 37, 3d.
24. Cf. Carlo Talenti, "Riproducibilita ed unicita dell'opera d'arte," Revista di Estetica, Gennaio-Aprile, 1968, pp. 109-120.
25. Cf. Walter Benjamin, Das Kunstwerk im Zeitalter Seiner Technischen Reproduzierbarkeit. Frankfurt : Suhrkamp Verlag, 1963, pp. 36-37.
26. Cf. John M. Johansen, "The Avant-Garde in Architecture Today," Arts in Society, Vol. III, No. 2, 1965, pp. 171, ~m.
27. Cf. Jean-Francois Bory, ed., Once Again. New York: New Directions, 1968, p. 11, and note on the back.
28. George Beiswanger, "Art and Performance," Austin, October 1968.
29. John Dewey, Experience and Nature. Chicago & London: Open Court Publishing Co., 1925, p. 363.
30. Herbert Marcuse, Eros and Civilization. Boston: Beacon Press, 1955, p. 144.
31. Ibid., p. 144.
32. Rene Magritte, quoted in Look, 4 February 1969. p. 37.
33. John Dewey, Art As Experience, p. 81.

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