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I know, I know. It's all in the "I" of the beholder. Still, sometimes (usually around December), it does seem as though artists were all crazy. Mad, loony, crackers. In a beautifully gentle way, of course—and harmless—like the White Knight in Wonderland whose schemes more and more resemble the proposals of mid-1970's post-Minimal or Conceptual Art. Remember his "... design/to keep the Menai bridge from rust/by boiling it in wine"? Well, **Newton Harrison** (Feldman, 33 East 74th Street, through 12/28) proposes to ranch cockles and mussels in the Colorado desert. He also suggests refilling the excavation for a colossal subway station, where Paris's Halles used to be, with Seine water for some sort of estuarial eco-system. (Giscard's plan, I understand, is simply to fill up the hole again with earth—an even more radical proposal in terms of post-modern aesthetics. All that would remain of the work of art would be Xeroxes of its enabling legislation. Indeed, I'm thinking of claiming "The De-Excavation of Paris" as a sculpture; if only somebody would sign my name, anywhere, along the Rue Vauvilliers.) Harrison goes on to examine the whole world, with San Diego as its navel, for signs that the polar ice-cap is either melting or freezing—it doesn't matter which—and analyzes the consequences (all dire). His surveys and proposals are set forth in fine calligraphy, with the elegance and deadpan scruple of Buster Keaton (which I mean as praise; Keaton was a genius), plus technological expertise manifested in charts, tables of figures, graphs, blueprints, that impress, even if a bit tediously. It's in this ingratiating dialectic of wild fantasy bedded with hard-headed, sociological engineering that the maniac side of Harrison's vision is felt. If there is delight and laughter to his art, the laughter has a disturbing, millennial cackle. Of course, he couldn't be crazy. Harrison is the chairman of the Visual Arts Department at the University of California in San Diego. Reagan's Regents wouldn't expose tender minds to a learned, witty nut—would they? It must be December.