

None of the groups that can be expected to defend serious art do so, neither the critics, the museums, the galleries, the educators, nor even the artists. All of these can say that now there is more art, which there is, and that that's an improvement. But there is less good art. It's not enough to report on every mediocrity, to commission every lawn sculpture, to run every beginner through the museums, to be tolerant of everything. Quality, which is thought, breadth, intent, work, endurance, and experience, all comprehensible matters, is nearly the definition of art. As I've said elsewhere a while back anyone can say that what they are making is art because that's a judgment they make for themselves. In the long run any artifact will be art. In a thousand years the art of this century will be ceramic sinks and toilets because that's all that will survive the wars and the developers. But as a viewer, I can say whether the art is good, middling, or bad. This judgment is much more intelligible and interesting than a vague debate as to whether an old snow shovel is art or not. "Art or not art" is close to a beginner's ethical problem such as in what circumstances should you give up your seat in the lifeboat.

Art is presented now by all concerned, except the minority of the best artists, as a phenomenon, something that happens. Many are interested in art but it's hard to understand why, since the interest is, as L.B.J. said of someone, as thin as piss on a slate rock. It seems the only value art has for the public is a vague reinforcement of individualism, the value of the artist's grunt, but this is undercut by every grunt being equal. Otherwise art is supposed to be without values. I once had an argument with a curator over the cancellation of an artist's show that was mildly political. The curator said that the museum was not allowed by charter to show art that has "political content." This eliminates all serious art. The curator meant that so-called abstract art is all right, since no political interest is written across its surface. It's seldom said that art involves all of the concerns of philosophy, even all of living. The only

other value to the public is economic, since there are now so many institutions which need fodder.

The failure of criticism is the salient one. Most of the criticism I've read fails to be responsible both in the accuracy of the facts, which is elementary, and in the judgment of quality, which is virtually the definition of criticism. It's far from necessary, but criticism shades into commerce as architecture does into building, becoming mere reporting. This kind of criticism – and it isn't criticism at all – shouldn't exist. Yet it's the bulk of criticism. It's the easy way out for inferior, often salaried writers, and does much to discredit the activity. Unfortunately this is the kind most visible to the public, usually in the newspapers and the numerous survey books, but often in the art magazines as well. The surveys of contemporary art are alike; each artist receives two clichés, usually the same as before and usually wrong, and even the same photographs. Surveys written by professional abbreviators are always false. Short histories written by real historians, such as Pirenne's synopsis under arrest, are a special form of history and true and very useful. Art criticism is not very old and isn't well defined. Neither is the museum of contemporary art. There are more artists now and now art has at least a hazy importance to the society, so that art criticism needs badly to become clear, to make itself into a real activity, instead of the casual, almost amateur one that it is. It wasn't great before but it has also declined in the last fifteen years. Clement Greenberg's dogmatism finally discredited serious art criticism. But recently a young artist told me that it would be nice to have him back because at least he had a position.

The main failure of criticism, the correction of which would provide authority, is that its information has almost nothing to do with what the artists think or thought or the circumstances of a particular development. The artists hardly talk to each other but the critics almost never talk to the artists, and if so, in my experience, never listen. The clichés have a life of their own

among the critics and it is impossible to stop them, since they pass as ideas, which are so scarce that none can be spared. I've said and written many times that the label "minimal" is meaningless in all ways, or that my work is definitely not impersonal – whatever that might be in art – and other matters, and no one listens. This obdurate fondness for received misinformation is fatal. It's a lie about the art and it's a falsification of our small history, which is usually organized and blown up to sound like Hegel marching. I read a thesis a couple of years ago on the criticism of twenty years before which considered all the squibs and comment as a real communication of issues. I remember that criticism as meager and irrelevant. Criticism is sometimes given the importance of being formative when in fact it's not informative. Criticism destroys all discussion, is not communication to the public, and isn't even rudimentary education. It's just Andy's Campbell's soup can passed by the critic to the public and back again. All of this becomes a system of its own, unrelated to anything, like certain music criticism, imitating art criticism, of very commercial music, nearly not music, and only popular, after all, because millions accept it without choice. Another comment of Montale's useful here:

Forms (or rather the abstract psychological themes that underlie them) are studied abstractly, as if they had an autonomous life of their own, but it is forgotten that art as a formal "piece," history as an imaginary museum, the picture as the radiograph of a psychosis, are the beginnings of the end of art, because the forms and the themes themselves can be created by the culture industry, and the very notion of an art destined to last disturbs a humanity that no longer wants to reflect, suspended as it is between anxiety and the obscure need to put an end to every individual problem.

The art criticism which has some claim to be criticism is excessively commercial because most of it is reviews of exhibitions in the galleries and, if not there, in the allied museums. There is almost never an article on someone other than on the occasion of a show. At the least, this is a great lack of initiative. This means that an artist's work is always seen and considered in a commercial situation, which is an arbitrary one, as is the museum also. Most art is not made to go into these places. If some does, for sale or education, it isn't harmful providing there are serious permanent installations elsewhere. But if art is never seen installed well its integrity is damaged. The exhibitions in New York and Los Angeles are almost the only ones reviewed. The time is over when a knowledge of the shows in New York was definitive. Now there are exhibitions and pieces everywhere but no way to learn about them. For example, last winter a large piece of Larry Bell's was installed in Abilene. I haven't seen it yet and I've seen no mention of it in the art magazines, although I haven't looked too much. If an exhibition elsewhere is reviewed it's either by the junior art teacher at the community college or by the newspaper's chief analyst of *Living*. More and more artists provide information themselves but this is not as widely informative as magazines and newspapers could be. The art magazines are not a reflection of what is happening and never have been. Unfortunately they are accepted later as reliable history. It should be remembered that they are not.

An article is usually written by a fan of the artist, so that it is not criticism, evaluation. There is seldom a comprehensive consideration of an artist's work, only the coffee table book full of motel coffee. Reviews are better but brief. Rarely is an artist's work seriously evaluated: great, good, middling, bad, awful, nothing. An artist never has certain virtues and some limitations. No one says an artist is a secondary artist, which isn't a bad achievement in the long run, or tertiary, or that the stuff is trash. There are no comparisons across styles, because

the critic is either always partisan or believes that everything is equal and unrelated. Much art is nearly ignored. Art in the recent past and in the present has been very diverse, with many styles at different points of development, all at the same time, some beginning, some concluding. Everything should be compared and evaluated. Now everything is narrow, everything is in its category. The isolation of most activities is one of the great problems of this society. The way generalities and particulars are divided and combined is close to a definition of philosophy. This society assumes many vague combinations of generalities, such as art and politics, and yet encourages the fragmentation of all intellectual activity. Seldom are the generalities and the particulars combined or divided as they should be.

The extent of the categorization of an activity is the extent of its decline. Music and dance are thoroughly fragmented. Architecture is traditionally divided and is becoming more so. Art has long had separate parts but the best work has become, with time and difficulty, preeminent. This is now threatened. An old example from the 1950s of categorization is printmaking. It was completely separate from art in general and had its own masters, Mauricio Lasansky and Gabor Peterdi, for example, and techniques which were fancy. Printmaking seemed to be dead forever. Yet in the 1960s it was revived by several painters and is now, again, a serious form of art. I don't know of any good prints made by someone who makes only prints. Even in the past it's rare. A category is not allowed to be judged by criteria outside of itself, a protection which establishes complacency and guarantees financial support. This is a tendency common to all types of art, broad ones, such as photography, painting, and sculpture, new ones such as video, and of new forms within these types, as followers arrive. It's the job of the critics to scoff at exclusive claims, but they always enforce them.

A fairly recent example of a narrow category, set in the broad one of painting, is Greenberg's idea of a "mainstream." There are qualities in common among the best artists which

could be called a “mainstream,” but these are very general and the artists are very diverse, and, for myself, not the same artists Greenberg included. Greenberg’s mainstream is historically determined, a gift from god as he left. The category is sanctified and cannot be criticized. It even has a hierarchy and the hierarchy of course precedes all laymen. The lowest in the hierarchy, Jack Bush, for example, is supposed to be a better artist than, for example, Oldenburg or Lichtenstein, artists in my uncertain mainstream, or H. C. Westermann, Lucas Samaras, Jack Wesley, or Ken Price, who may be in no one’s mainstream. One of Greenberg’s lights, Olitski, is not, for example, as good an artist as Edward Hopper, the last of another mainstream. Hopper is far less than Pollock and Newman. And in general how do Stuart Davis and Josef Albers relate to these and to each other? And so on. There are seldom comparisons, which is necessary, but which does not have to be blind and dogmatic. It’s not thoughtful to insist on one style and it’s certainly not discussion to just shrug that everyone’s doing what they do.

Cocksure certainty and squirming uncertainty are both wrong. It’s possible to think and act without being simple and fanatic and it’s possible to accept uncertainty, which is nearly everything, quietly. A great and beautiful statement of a possible and reasonable course is “Concerning the Author, an Introduction by C. S. Peirce,” in which he thanks a critic who blames him for not being “*absolutely sure of my own conclusions.*” He says: “My book is meant for people who *want to find out...*”

For years in the course of this ripening process, I used for myself to collect my ideas under the designation *fallibilism*; and indeed the first step toward *finding out* is to acknowledge you do not satisfactorily know already; so that no blight can so surely arrest all intellectual growth as the blight of cocksureness; and ninety-nine out of a hundred good heads are reduced to impotence by that malady – of whose inroads they are most strangely unaware!

Indeed, out of a contrite fallibilism, combined with a high faith in the reality of knowledge, and an intense desire to find things out, all my philosophy has always seemed to me to grow....

People cannot see, including critics, which is ignorance, even if visual. What is in front of you is what exists, what is given. This fundamental rock in the road is what must be described and analyzed. The rock is a philosophical problem and a structure must be built to deal with it and beyond that a philosophical structure must be built to deal with the fact that there is more than one rock, even a lot. Philosophy is nearly absent in art history and this absence has been continued in art criticism.

Also analysis of the circumstances and social meaning of art is meager. Another compromise of the possible support for art is a consequence of art history since its source, as recently as the last century, was commerce, authentication for buyers and sellers. The problem of who did it when far exceeds the problems of what does it look like, what did it mean when it was done, what to the artist and what to the public, and what now.

I remember spending a semester at Columbia in a class on Northern Renaissance painting without hearing a word on the structure, color, philosophy, and sociology of the work, and not much even on the iconography. Only, for example, who did which parts when of *The Ghent Altarpiece*. In eight of his paintings, half of his work, Jan van Eyck develops a magnificent and complex tripartite structure, probably symbolic of the trinity, obviously his main interest as structure. And also there is the color, the great red and blue. These things were not mentioned. Even Panofsky does little more than to describe well the eight paintings of the Madonna and their differences. Most art critics have some training as art historians and they continue the superficiality of art history in their new field.

Also there is a strong philistine bias against contemporary art among art historians. If a historian, of art or otherwise, doesn't know how the present works, how can the historian understand the past? I remember some very philistine remarks by Rudolf Wittkower, the best being an objection to my writing a thesis on Ingres: "Why do you want to write on a contemporary artist?"

The artists my age, who are not only of the 1960s, incidentally, but of right now, have not written and talked enough, myself included. It's another art critical myth that they have talked a lot among themselves or written much for the public. They have been all right in regard to their work, in comments which haven't appeared in the most public ways – Oldenburg has probably provided the most statements and books, and Dan Flavin is wry and intelligent – but there has been little that is widely public, either by being widely published, the responsibility of the art magazines, or of a public nature: art criticism, general criticism, philosophy, commentary on social and political problems. Carl Andre and Richard Serra have done much on the large and small political problems. The myth of the early discussion has been swollen by the few not so early articles by Robert Morris and Robert Smithson, neither intelligent, both bombastic, the former opportunistic and the latter sophomoric.

The artists who first exhibited in the late 1950s and the early 1960s began in a situation much larger than the one of fifteen years before. The so-called "Abstract Expressionists," increasingly a misnomer, were few, isolated, and felt that they had a new purpose, individually and severally. They talked to each other. Many of the later artists didn't even know one another. There were some small groups, and presumably discussion within them, but primarily everyone developed their work alone and met afterward. After that there was little discussion. The wide purpose of the activity had become general, more diverse, and taken for granted. Quality was clear

and sufficiently recognized so that it wasn't necessary to defend it. There was also a strong sense of live and let live, which has virtues, but is bad taken to an extreme, or perhaps when it becomes public.

There's no reason to run down Anonymous the Mediocre when everyone knows that he is, but every reason when Anonymous is thought to be the new earthquake of the century. At the present such tolerance is destructive. Talent may strike Baselitz, Kiefer, Salle, or Chia, and Clemente or Schnabel may grow up, but for now it's necessary to say that they rate from zero to one on the Richter scale. Another problem is that some established artists believe that the decline of art can't hurt them, probably because so far it hasn't economically. The decline does degrade their status a little, but that's a public matter, always arbitrary, and hard to assess. But I feel like the last picture show. It's pretty depressing to feel that the activity I like is disappearing, that there may be little more to see. New work and life is vital. Throughout most of the last fifteen years, I've been cheered up greatly by the friendship and work of David Rabinowitch, an exception, typically somewhat neglected, to the general decline. And lately there have been objections among the most recent artists to the bad art and architecture and they are beginning new work. As I said earlier, none of the artists finally die, except under totalitarianism, but they can suffer severely.

A further problem of the artists themselves is their lack of control over their own activity and their lack of support for it. There's hardly any way to help anyone, no way to fight abuses, and no way to assert quality. Organizations immediately collapse because the best artists don't agree, don't want to be bothered, and anyway won't assert their primacy. The mediocre artists with more time and with unsatisfied ambitions take over and the organization becomes a cocktail lounge. If this doesn't happen sooner, it happens later as the original members quit or die. With this the emphasis shifts from first

principles and getting the work done to security, as if the organization is a union and the artists are plumbers. A secure artist seems to me to be a contradiction. This doesn't imply that it's the obligation of collectors and dealers to keep artists insecure. It's luck to make money from your work, not a right. Therefore you take your chances. It's a right, however, to control the activity, including education. The teacher's union, for example, in New York City usurps that right. An indifferent society cannot be allowed to determine anything. Other than making an organization, the artists can resist individually, which is best, and does have some results, although those who do so become known as "difficult" and get fewer shows and commissions. Those who acquiesce prosper. The ultimate problem for the bureaucrats, as well as for the businessmen, is how to get passable art from the most compliant. Again, discussion is about the only way of maintaining the activity, other than the evidence of the work itself. Openness seems the best defense. Otherwise I have no ideas on this. Every organization leads to the academy.

Art education is an obvious moral and intellectual support for art but at every level it's weak and ignorant. Again pay is a problem and also bureaucratic requirements such as the New York Teacher's Certificate. Almost no artists of even a middling reputation teach. They should teach as an obligation and proper pay and circumstances should be given to them. Teachers who are not artists should leave. They further dilute knowledge. An important cause of the sloppiness of the last fifteen years is that young artists are seldom in touch with older ones, so that they acquire instead the crass assumptions of their careerist but amateur teachers, and their misinformation and that of the art magazines, which they accept as news. The better students no longer have the skepticism to guess that beyond the superficiality which they first encounter there must be a reality. Also their naiveté is cause and result of their inability to see, since the existing art is a reality. There is

little visible, however, despite the pretensions of the museums, and the students, products of the process, rely on reproductions. Very few universities and art schools actually produce artists, while hundreds graduate. It's a fashion to be educated as an artist, bloating the activity, and then not being one. Whoever studies to be an artist should become one, as in most professions, reducing the quantity to the number corresponding to the replacement necessary to maintain with some growth the present number of artists. The art education of the public is mainly an extension of art criticism and suffers from those simplicities, banalities, and clichés.

Art education for the public is one thing; the art education of artists is another. It should be their first production of art. As art, this activity must question assumptions and develop conclusions. In the usual sense of teaching something, there is little to teach, except history, which is vital. Instead art education tends to become something itself, not art at all but a codification of techniques and a categorization and a prolongation of styles. The teacher and the student either become academics or are embarrassed that the one paid has little to teach and the one paying little to learn. But there is everything to teach and learn. This is even urgent. I'm surprised at the lack of urgency among all of the groups interested in art. Someone egregious said to me, "What's your hurry? Why don't you sit back and enjoy what you have?" If there is no purpose, there is no hurry. Teaching art is ostensive and tentative and there is a big gap between cause and effect, but it is a real exchange of "ideas," made unusually difficult because many of the "ideas" are visual. The teacher should try to understand what information the student needs and attempt to provide that and not teach useless information.

Most things happen by accident and continue by convention. The contemporary art museum is one of the most unusual and unlikely of these developments in this century and one of the most rapid. Every city has to have one, as they once had to

have cathedrals. Obviously these symbolize culture. They are serious financial efforts. But no one has thought much about them. Their function isn't clear: perhaps to educate, perhaps to collect, mostly just to symbolize. The money has already gone to the bad architecture that degrades its justification; the museums are little support for the art that justifies them. The museum has developed from the collecting of the European nobility, and whether this activity is useful now or even enjoyable is debatable. Also the museums are chronically behind, slowed by art history and uncertain whether they are past or present, so that they are seldom suitable for contemporary art and almost never represent it well. I've written about this elsewhere. An outrageous example is that in New York there is very little to see at once of the work of the artists who lived there: Pollock, Newman, Rothko, Reinhardt, Davis, Kline, de Kooning, Albers, Brooks, Marin, and so on, and all of us now. Copious and brilliant work has been dispersed and will never be seen in New York again and never together, either that of one artist or of one period or place, since everything goes to the museums of art anthologies all over the world. Gianfranco Verna says that in Kenya elephants are becoming scarce, so that they may have to be put in zoos to save them. And also the other animals. He thinks this is happening to art. Everything will be in the anthological museums. Nothing will be outside.

The museums primarily assemble their shows from the galleries, which seriously implicates them in commercialism. The dealers have already been to the studios and made the selections. They have preferred art to sell. The museums should try to be independent of the galleries in their judgment and in the search for new artists. Of course most artists are with galleries, but the galleries must be considered as only the business that they are. At present they form too much of the context of art. The directors and curators should be strongly independent. This is their professional identity, their

defense, squeezed as they are between the support and interference of the businessmen and the ingratiating insistence of the art business. Their independence would be, next to criticism, the most important defense of art. At present directors and curators blend too well into the bureaucracies around them, perform similarly and advance similarly, with unusual insecurity. They should be more the scholars they're supposed to be. Their integrity should be respected by the trustees and not considered an offense. As some artists are blacklisted for being "difficult" through protecting the integrity of their work, so are some of the people who work in museums. There are always persons sufficiently presumptuous to attempt to tell the artists what to do, but to some extent artists are protected by the aura of the past and by the intrinsic nature of their activity as an individual one. However, museums are new and unclear in function and are mostly the conventional creation of businessmen, so that the people working there are more vulnerable than artists. Also they're vulnerable because their job of judging, writing, and installing exhibitions is impinged upon by other chores, prosaic and social, where they are open to coercion.

Directors and curators constantly fight the trustees, who are resentful and puzzled because they joined the museum board to be culturally benign and powerfully charitable, little knowing that the museum wasn't a settlement house. Directors and curators who won't fight live happily ever after. The exhibition which may have been difficult to do, and new internationally as well as locally, is seen only by that same reporter on *Living*, all forms of it, whose publisher is one of the board members who didn't want the show in the first place. There is no critical and external defense for these exhibitions, again a failure of art criticism and an instance of its parochial nature.

The museums provide some sense of quality in their collections and exhibitions but mainly this is obscured by an

increasing emphasis on new art. This should be shown promptly when it's good, but often work is shown merely because it's newly made. Art is encouraged to become fashionable, so that it will seem like the easy entertainment that it is not, which appeals more than plain art to the trustees, and to the public. Art is forced to be somehow educational – educational about itself? It's watered down to educate the public about itself. An uninformed public is supposed to be eager to see the latest work. Education is the big fund-raiser. Education is certainly a function of museums but it's not the chief function, which is the collection, care, and installation of art.

Beyond that, art is the chief function. The emphasis on new artists each year, a new movement every two years, began with the situation in the early 1960s when two or three excellent artists first showed each year. These were gathered and labeled and each year there was supposed to be a new movement. Excellent artists nearly ceased to appear but the need and the invention of movements continued, beginning with "Conceptual art" and drifting downward through "Photo-Realism" to the present "Expressionism." The emphasis on fashion demeans art, which after all includes the philosophical subject of duration. It turns art solely into commerce and consumption. It projects the American condition of advanced adolescence, the myth of youth, upon art, requiring it to become adolescent art for adolescents. This childishness and faithlessness causes some of the neglect of good artists working across decades.

The art galleries and the dealers receive too much attention, both praise and criticism. It's a sign of the possible decadence of art that they are exalted, since the glorification in the United States of the entrepreneur, the performer, and conductor has been a sign of the decadence of music and dance. The job of the dealer is to stay in business and make money, for the dealer and for the artists, without being so crass as to ruin the merchandise. The dealers are seldom knowledgeable about

art and either make genuine mistakes or try to sell work that they know is not so good but that the public likes. They and the public are pretty conventional. At best a dealer is a moderate defender of art. It's asking too much of commerce to expect them to support art as critics and curators should. There are a few dealers who do this, though, notably Leo Castelli, with whom I've had nine shows. The overestimation of the dealers is partly because they've provided the impetus which the critics and museums have not.

Almost all art for thirty years has been shown in white plasterboard galleries, vaguely derived from modern architecture. Again this is an unconsidered convention, one which was not demanded by the artists. It's a particular appearance, not a fact of nature, and affects the work. This is art seen in a commercial situation, not as it should be seen. The lighting is always bad, created by spotlights so that the work will look precious, the saleable jewel. My guess is that this appearance began in the exhibitions of The Museum of Modern Art and was adopted by the galleries and spread by the later museums.

A threat of the last fifteen years to the integrity of art and perhaps even a cause of its decline is the growing bureaucracy for grants and commissions, all governmental. This is a bureaucracy for art, therefore art is needed to justify the jobs, and almost any art will do. Some money goes to mediocre artists, wasting the money, which is scarce for good artists, and subverting the activity. Most of the money goes to institutions as support for the arts, actually support for the institutions. The activities of the critics and the curator may need integrity but that can't be asked of the superfluous bureaucrat, whose identity and complacency are as full, round, and flexibly unchangeable as a rubber ball. The most calm and complete complacency is that of those who live at a distance on the work of others. Matters irrelevant to art are important to the bureaucrats, including office politics and red tape, and compliant artists are favored.



But worse, in fact insulting and fatal, is the assumption of the bureaucrats that the artists share completely their concerns and are not different. At the simplest level, just economics, the difference is between people trying to do something regardless of consequences, which is often years of poverty, between those willing to take a chance, and those unwilling, intent on the guaranteed income, the increments, the insurance, and the pension, longing in their twenties for the one category of their lives. It's impossible to convince these bureaucrats that there are different people and concerns beyond the one pigeonhole they chose and the three they contemplated. I was asked recently by a curator from Japan to be on a panel there and perhaps make a piece. He invited me, I tried to cooperate, and so spent an evening being informed of his and his boss's and his prefecture's and his government's rules and regulations. Not only am I supposed to conform to my own bureaucracy, mine in that I pay greatly for it, but also to a Japanese one, which is asking too much.

It's difficult for artists and people seriously interested in art to overcome the bureaucracy, and if they don't, much of the intention of the art is lost and it is pushed toward the sterility of the two National Galleries. The pressure by institutions, and even by some individuals, to produce institutional art is enormous. They're starved for their reflection. At the least the United States Government should not be involved in grants and commissions. The government is too dangerous: individuals are a nuisance or a threat; the people are kept scared, poor, and dependent. The government is one organization, which few see as a whole, and it is responsible for the poverty of the country, which few recognize, and it is responsible for forty years of aggression, which keeps everyone poor and scared. A knowledgeable and responsible committee of professionals in the arts, including a majority of artists, as in any other field, could simply buy existing work, as anyone can do. Secondary governments, state and city, are too weak to be

harmful and probably could continue in their meagerness to give grants and commission work, but also under the control of professionals. Art and democracy shouldn't be pitted against each other.

Next to the attitudes the most destructive aspect of the bureaucratic commission is that the artist is asked last to participate. The institutional site is already dreadful, solid concrete with six saplings in holes surrounded by cultural bunkers, *Kunstbunker*, usually with horizontal slots, as in the new National Gallery, very long and wide, evidently for broadly machine-gunning the masses culturally. Once in Sicily my son suggested that the great variety of bunkers should be collected. Why make more? They could be shipped to Central Park to make a Museum of War and Art, a use for both. The problem of placing a good work of art in an existing institutional and architectural situation is painful. Either the work dwindles or it exists despite everything, as does Richard Serra's great broad cut of a cone in downtown New York before Federal Plaza.

For a hundred years the best art has been one way or another peripheral to the society. Until the 1950s there were few artists in the United States. The better ones were beyond the small commercial activity. When they became important the commercial situation developed around them, not they within it, thus doing little damage. They could live and work as they liked given the premise of poverty. Most painted paintings, which are not expensive to make or store, and, once saleable, seldom involve the painter in extraneous problems. But now the four large systems of commerce, museums, education, and bureaucracy of grants and commissions exist, requiring art and artists. In the last fifteen years the first integration of art into the industrial society began, or it may be the first integration of art into the bureaucratic society. This may destroy art, turning it into the equivalent of my ostensive definition of fake culture, the awful dance, music,

and architecture of Lincoln Center; Chia and Salle will fit perfectly. This condemnation of Lincoln Center doesn't include the laudable but minor museum activity of re-creating historical dance and music.

The four large systems are ferociously using the still rather small activity of art, threatening to debase beyond reclamation the four systems' justification for being. Art may go under but if it doesn't the integration could result in a normal and natural reciprocity and relevance, which has happened occasionally, and which after all is what everyone wants. But this is false optimism at the end of the tunnel. Anyway, read again the comments by Peirce, which are partly present as leaven in this sorry recitation, which may seem pessimistic but is actually optimistic since things are far worse and won't change.

And here are more comments, from his Oration, delivered at the age of twenty-five on Thursday evening, 12 November 1863:

We thus see, however, that all the progress we have made in philosophy, that is, all that has been made since the Greeks, is the result of that methodical skepticism which is the first element of human freedom.

I need not repeat the political history of the last 250 years to prove the predominance of the spirit of liberty in that sphere. You will find an ever-increasing irreverence toward rulers, from the days of Hampden to ours, when some of the more advanced spirits look forward to the time when there shall be no government. If then, all the glory of our age has sprung from a spirit of Skepticism and Irreverence, it is easy to say where its faults are to be found....

The most striking tendency of our age is our materialistic tendency. We see it in the development of the material arts and the material sciences; in the desire to see

all our theories, philosophical or moral, exemplified in the material world, and the tendency to value the system only for the practice. This tendency often seems to be opposed to another great movement of our age, the idealistic movement.... Materialism fails on the side of incompleteness. Idealism always presents a systematic totality, but it must always have some vagueness and thus lead to error. Materialism is destitute of a philosophy. Thus it is necessarily one-sided. It misunderstands its relations to idealism; it misunderstands the nature of its own logic.

But if materialism without idealism is blind, idealism without materialism is void.