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Mapping
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Robert Storr
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Inside front cover: Giant Terrazzo Map of New York State, Texaco Touring Center, New York State Pavilion, 1964 World’s Fair, Flushing Meadow Park, Queens, New York. 130 x 160’


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In a short text entitled “Of Exactitude in Science” (1933–34), the Argentine writer Jorge Luis Borges relates the legend of an empire whose cartographers created a map identical in size to the territories it described. Over time, it tattered and crumbled, so that in the end nothing but giant scraps could be found scattered in the desert, like the ruins of Ozymandias’s domain. These remnants of the unwieldy chart were the only surviving evidence of that empire’s abandoned dream of a perfect science of geography. Earlier on, Lewis Carroll, whose fanciful writings Borges knew well, imagined much the same thing. In Sylvie and Bruno (1889), Carroll’s preposterous character Mein Herr boasts of a map made to the scale of a mile to a mile, which, however, was never unfurled, because farmers complained that it would smother the land and block out the sun. Nevertheless, Mein Herr concludes, the country itself does nearly as well as the map.

Such literal duplication of geography is a marvelous absurdity. Like the tale told of Zeuxis, the Greek artist who painted a picture of a bunch of grapes so true that birds came to pick at it, Borges’s little fiction, which is also a fable of civilization’s vainglory and decline, belongs to the lore of illusion, and to the special branch of aesthetic literature that has long toyed with the possibility that at some magical point the distinction between the real and its copy might cease to exist. Like Carroll’s vignette, moreover, it is a playful demonstration of a corollary law of redundant representation, for when any macrocosmic surrogate reproduces its subject in every detail it becomes useless. Borges’s image thus teases the mind because it contradicts the very premise upon which cartography is based. While paintings may achieve an uncanny resemblance to the things in the world they depict, maps of the world are by their very nature abstractions. The greater their scope and the more particular their purposes, the more obviously the fact asserts itself.

The shape of our planet necessarily imposes this. From any single place on Earth, high or low, our perspective is limited by the surrounding horizon. When we pinpoint any location on a globe, however large or small, we lose sight of what lies beyond the ring that runs the globe’s circumference ninety degrees from that spot in all directions. Visually, the world is like the moon: the side we see casts the opposite side into obscurity. Hemispheres are exclusive of one another. In that respect, the perceptual
orientation of the world is similar to that of our bodies. Looking ahead, we ignore what lies behind; always facing front, we are frustrated by our inability to scrutinize the equal physical dimension at our back. Thus the woman or man trying to inspect a mole too far down the shoulder, and the person chasing the setting sun are in much the same position. The first needs a hand-mirror and, perhaps, the supplemental reference of an Anatomy, the second a mirror in space and an Atlas.

The world is a whole of which we can only perceive the parts. An all-encompassing view is mathematical or divine—or both. In the Nuremburg Chronicle (1493), the hand of God summons forth the heavens and the Earth, and their still-blank contours are represented by concentric circles. William Blake's engraving God Creating the Universe (The Ancient Days) (1794) depicts the radiantly haloed Deity gauging the inchoate black emptiness below Him with widespread calipers in hand. In the beginning, according to such symbolic descriptions, was geometry. Geography is a more recent thing. Indeed, the methodical pursuit of geographic accuracy signaled the dawning of the modern era, inasmuch as it belongs to that epoch in which the learned began to assert their right and capacity to correctly analyze Creation, and the venturesome began to exercise their claim over every territory within the reach of ships and arms. In short, the sciences set out to diagram God's Great Design, and, with His tacit permission, facilitate the gradual transfer of practical power over worldly affairs to humans.

Paintings of the early modern era are replete with emblems of knowledge and of European civilization's consequently growing dominion. Jan Vermeer's geographer, better known as The Astronomer (c. 1669), stares pensively out a window, his hand balancing a compass over unrolled charts, while behind him a cradled globe is visible next to a partially cropped map on the wall. In the ordinary light of a cozy Dutch day he seems to be envisioning the Earth's huge expanse—or the infinite darkness of the star-marked firmament used to reckon it. The French ambassadors, in Hans Holbein the Younger's painting of that name, from 1533, stand in front of a cabinet on which are jumbled a globe, a celestial orb, a variety of geometric solids, measuring instruments, and finally a lute and open music book, suggesting that science was then closer to the arts than it is generally thought to be today.

So far, of course, I have referred only to the view from Europe. Yet, some unspecified centuries before they were "discovered" by European sailors, Melanesian and Polynesian navigators were crisscrossing the Pacific with the aid of elegantly latticed devices. Lengths of wood indicating the direction and relative forces of tides, currents, and prevailing winds were jointed with shells at the locations of major islands and easily missed atolls. Being mindful of our pride in scientific precision, think of the paradox of scale and material these stick-charts constitute, and consider their beautiful simplicity and fragility against the crushing oceanic immensity they measure. What faith in their accuracy one would have to have had in order to launch oneself into the water with such a deceptively crude web-work as guide.
Explorers' maps, meanwhile, followed the coastal contours of the known and invented the interiors of the unknown. If the divine plan was complete but partially hidden, it fell to mortals to find and fill in its furthest regions. In certain ways, however, the fascination of uncharted territories outweighed the satisfaction gained from penetrating their enigmas. Extrapolated from antique astronomy as well as from ancient and contemporary reports of travelers, the projections of the second-century Alexandrian cartographer Ptolemy remained in use until the dawn of the Renaissance, but recorded only those areas of the world that had been reached by emissaries of Mediterranean culture. These maps nonetheless de-emphasized Europe's centrality and splayed out the continents, leaving gaps or cropped land masses at the margins where knowledge or speculation stopped. Beyond these limits Ptolemy's latitudinal and longitudinal lines continued briefly into the void, curving links to the gridded template of the terrestrial sphere that had been theoretically proven to exist, even though its nature was as unfathomable to people of that time as that of commingling quarks, supernovas, and black holes are to ours.

For generations to come, the existence of Terra incognita, Unknown Land, was an irresistible lure. The vacancy surrounding Ptolemy's Mappamundi, and the amorphous shapes that gradually crept into its Renaissance successors, took wondrously specific form in the works of scholars, artists, poets, and mystics. To their visions we owe the myth of Atlantis, for example, and, by the nineteenth century, parts of the Book of Mormon. With Science steadily encroaching upon Mystery, such hermetic realms become more precious. Enlightenment concentrates obscurity and invests it with special meaning, as its diminishing zones become the last wilderness preserve of the imagination. Prejudice may discolor our dreams of alien peoples and places, but our spirits are terribly confined without the license to build castles in Spain.

As the unplotted world shrinks, there is ever less room for free geographic reverie, so we must concoct alternatives, and to this task science fiction and fantasy literature are dedicated. For many of my generation the thrill of J. R. R. Tolkien's allegories of Middle Earth answered this need, and their success with childish minds depended significantly on the decoratively detailed foldout maps contained in each volume of his trilogy, The Lord of the Rings (1954–55). Perusing them, I could track his heroes' course from the safe haven of English-style fields and hamlets through labyrinthine woods and treacherous mountains. As my eye traveled toward Mordor, scene of Tolkien's Armageddon, it sometimes seemed as if the temperature dropped and the page darkened, in accordance with Tolkien's Manichaean notions and the tradition of moralized cartography to which his renderings belong.

Though Ptolemy and scholars of the Mediterranean and Fertile Crescent had long ago determined that the Earth was round, folk custom maintained otherwise. The matter was compounded by the insistence of the Catholic Church that the world was the center of the universe, which threw off astronomical calculations of the
planets' rotations. The symbolism of theology and that of science were often at odds. Though Galileo affirmed that “the Book of nature is written in mathematical characters,” his ecclesiastical inquisitors forced him to recant his heliocentric theories in 1616. Paradoxically, the empirical verification that the world was not flat after all came from a man whose navigational skills were unexcelled but whose intellectual curiosity was minimal, and whose intuitive conviction approached pure superstition. The Wrong-Way Corrigan of his day, Christopher Columbus planned to reach the East by sailing west, basing his quest on the biblical cosmologies of Paolo Toscanelli. To his patrons, King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella of Spain, Columbus wrote: “In carrying out this enterprise to the Indies, neither reason nor mathematics nor maps were any use to me.”

Columbus nevertheless valued maps sufficiently to make his own to describe his voyages, and the questions he and his contemporaries raised in their attempts to render the Earth's proportions have bedeviled cartographers ever since. In part, these questions are intrinsic to the geometric problem of translating a sphere onto the flat surface of a chart, as if one were peeling an orange and spreading out its rind. Distortions are inevitable in this process, as Gerardus Mercator's solution shows. The greatest geographer of the Age of Exploration, his model has come down to us in much the same way that Ptolemy's was passed along to him—as an inspired but flawed paradigm. Mercator's projection was the first to show the world at a glance without excisions or sheer make-believe. So doing, however, he enlarged the areas to the north of the equator, relative to those to the south. Consequently, Europe, Central Asia, and North America dominated the picture, while Africa, Latin America, and the Asian subcontinents appeared as appendages.
The inherent bias of such a representation is obvious, but it suited the self-image of Europeans and North Americans so well that it was not until our century that fundamental revisions were made. One alternative, first published in 1974, is the Peters map, which corrects the relative scale of the southernmost regions by uniformly elongating the standard geographic grid. Buckminster Fuller’s somewhat earlier Dymaxion Arcocean World map (1943) takes a more radical approach. Rather than stretch a sphere over a rectangle and try to adjust it to so incongruous a format, Fuller split the Earth’s curves into triangular facets and laid them out like a collapsed polyhedron. The end product is less hierarchical than even the Peters map, and more clearly describes the contiguity of territories that usually appear as blocks and columns of land divided by oceans.

Fuller’s design upsets deeply ingrained habits of orientation: whether to map or globe, we are accustomed to applying anthropomorphic coordinates. Whatever other reference points might define the Earth’s position in space, for humans held tight to its whirling shell, the North Pole is up and the South Pole is down. The positive and negative connotations of these terms are commonplace. In response, the Uruguayan modernist painter Joaquín Torres-Garcia drew an “inverted” map of Latin America, whose pinnacle was the Western Hemisphere’s stormy no-man’s-land, Tierra del Fuego. When Torres-Garcia named his Constructivist academy the School of the South, he was effectively turning his back on the North in an act of proud defiance. At the same time, Borges, a modernist of an altogether different sort, held dear the primitivist southern mystique. In a story titled “The South” (1953), he explains that the frontier of this archetypal region passes through the city of Buenos Aires: “Every Argentine knows that the South begins at the other side of Rivadavia. Dahlman was in the habit of saying that this was no mere convention, that whoever crosses this street enters a more ancient and sterner world.”

Meanwhile, from what vantage do we speak of the Far East and Far West? And what of their more exotic and culturally encoded names? The terms “the Levant” and “the Orient” both derive their literal meaning from the image of the rising sun, and have long epitomized mystery. At the opposite extreme, “the Occident” denotes the quarter of the sky in which the sun sets. For right-wing anarchists in contemporary France who have revived this archaic usage as the name for their chauvinistic crusade, its doomsday Spenglerian symbolism should be ironi- cally clear. However, the sun goes down in the West, and were it not to appear again in what they consider the benighted East there would be eternal darkness.

These basic tropes are the inspiration and heritage of Empire. The conqueror divides the spoils; when that means land, the nature of the lines drawn may be rational or accidental. The most regular divisions (but often the most illogical) are laid down by the closeted surveyor’s pen and ruler. Thus, the acreage of great plantations are squared off on paper, and ink roads cut into and across the terrain. The most irregular divisions usually follow topographical features readily discernible in situ: a mountainous wall, the sweep of an escarpment, a meandering riverbed. Or the line may link an army’s most remote outposts. In a similar fashion to that of the immense imperial map described by Borges, the Great Wall of China was a fortified line.
separating civilization from the barbarians, and, like its imaginary counterpart, it failed. Once hegemony weakens, an empire may undergo repartitioning or complete breakup. If, as Karl Marx and others have argued, the history of the world is the history of struggle, then mapmakers are among its chief chroniclers.

The myriad shapes that lock together in maps like pieces in a jigsaw puzzle have myriad reasons for being. The majority are painful. It is in the nature of boundaries to be contested, and, from the impersonal distance of a globe spinning under the poised finger of a warlord, the carving-up of territory resembles a kind of megalomaniacal sculpture. The cause in whose honor this power is claimed is usually the full possession or repossession of a homeland. The nationalist equation of blood and soil has roused generation upon generation over virtually every inch of the world, to literally transfuse the earth. Now that infrared satellite photography records the planet's crust with minute accuracy, locating subterranean water and minerals, it may someday soon be capable of comparing the sanguinated mud of one region with that of another, and tell us which of all systems and peoples have paid the most efficient price for their supremacy.

Where the insignia of power change frequently as power changes hands violently, the relative stability of a state's borders may give solace to its population. Hence, the Brazilian curator and critic Paulo Herkenhoff argues, Latin Americans generally identify more strongly with maps than with flags. Subtle or not-so-subtle friction at the frontiers is, conversely, cause for alarm. Expansion and containment are the yin and yang of modern geopolitics. The cordon sanitaire, or protective barrier of alliances set up around Germany after the First World War, and the garrisoned Iron Curtain setting the Communist East apart from the Capitalist West following the Second, marked the separation of these inherently antagonistic and reciprocally defined forces. Conservative governments generally tend to their own business within their self-designated limits, Henry Kissinger asserted in his study of Napoleon's diplomatic adversary, Prince Metternich, while revolutionary governments are under constant pressure to overrun theirs. The peaceful dream of a world without divisions and therefore without tensions is just as likely to become a nightmare. Several years ago I was guided through the wood-paneled offices of a derelict film studio. Opposite what had been the movie mogul's art deco desk was a mural map of the world, with the reassuringly prosaic graphic appeal of my elementary-school geography text. There was something subliminally troubling about it, however, and a long hard look was required before I realized that absent from it was any demarcation of the principal countries of Europe, which were tinted an overall faded scarlet. Only then did I check the date, which was 1943.

That was the year Casablanca premiered. The film opens to the image of a turning clay globe suspended in cottony sky. As the cinematographer closes in on France, he cuts to double-exposed images of heavily burdened civilians on the road and tramp steamers at sea, superimposed on a scrolling map of the route from Paris to North Africa. The spatial poetics of this sequence are complex. The animated line that charts the exodus moves more rapidly than the slogging pace of the refugees, while the theater audience's perspective is that of
someone securely aloft in an aircraft. In this wartime context, the dialectics of near and far, fast and slow, had a special poignancy. Fear of entrapment and endangered stasis or of the horrible advance of or against military odds haunted the geographic imagination. Using the corniest of devices—bird's-eye views of rotating planets were a favorite motif of post-Lindbergh Hollywood—Casablanca's director, Michael Curtiz, mapped by stages the emotional distance his public craved. Levitated by an airborne camera, and freely crossing battle lines with an impunity unknown in reality, they vicariously felt the exhilaration of flight.

The largely useless maps in contemporary airline magazines, with their bursting, firecracker-like transit networks, faintly recall this thrill. However, technology and its now-routine benefits have irrevocably altered the experience of air travel. With good reason, the newest generation of planes are called Airbuses, and they have all the charm of gravity-defying Greyhound or Trailways coaches. Though sleeker models like the Concorde may conveniently shave hours off a trip, they cannot restore the magic of Casablanca's simultaneous images of encumbered and unencumbered movement over and above land. Which is why, in his 1984 action extravaganza, Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom, Steven Spielberg quotes the 1930s and 1940s cinematic representations of barrier-hopping, dot-connecting planes flying across scenery nations.

Descent from upper altitudes entails an accelerating transition from macro- to microcosm. Continent telescopes into country, country into region, region into city, city into street, street into building, and building into a single window through which we may catch a brief downward glimpse of intimate spaces like those where we will finally come to rest at the end of the journey. At each successive level our sense of belonging or alienation shifts, and increases, depending upon the circumstances that await us and our natural disposition. Spiraling to a landing or zeroing in on ever more detailed charts, agoraphobia—the fear of yawning vastness—and claustrophobia—the fear of confinement—reverse their polar holds on the imagination. By the same token, maps may comfort the shut-in and the shut-out. If, on the one hand, you are grounded by obligation, lack of money, or official constraint, the minuscule maps at the back of a common appointment book can open the doors to dream-travel. If, on the other hand, you find yourself in a foreign place on the road to nowhere, or stuck in a purgatorial way-station, a pocket atlas is of more than practical use: it is full of compact mantras, each of which concentrates your thoughts on the possibility of being somewhere.

The homing drive is basic to humans, however disquieting or impermanent one's domestic reality may be. Restlessness is that drive's twin. We owe the literature of self-exile and rueful nostalgia to the subtle slippage from wanderlust to
transience and deracination, though true nomads hew to their regular routes and
at every stop recreate the hearth. For Americans perpetually suspended between
arrival and departure, Thomas Wolfe stated the case with finality in the still-
memorable title of his now little-read novel You Can’t Go Home Again (1940). The
urge persists, nevertheless, and can be partially satisfied by the symbolical evoca-
tion of one’s native ground and forays from it. Stendhal annotated the manuscript
of his pseudonymous memoirs The Life of Henry Brulard, written in 1836, with
dozens of detailed maps of places dear to him in his youth, as well as of the sites
of his accomplishments as a man of the world.

Like the Renaissance game of imagining a building in whose rooms memo-
ries are parked, then summoned forth one by one like compliant houseguests,
Stendhal’s systematic mapping was a mnemonic device, allowing the patient
reconstruction of a busy and far-flung existence around stable geographic and
architectural recollections. The graphic results of the disciplined remembering
scattered in his book’s margins put space at the service of time, with each frag-
ment describing the scene along the way of the author’s autobiographical
trajectory. Few people could match Stendhal’s feat, or piece together a coherent
map of the whole of their lives from the parts they could successfully recall. In
this respect our fate may be similar to that of the disoriented tourist who asked
the farmer which way he should go to reach his destination, only to be told,
“Come to think of it, you can’t get there from here.”

The habit of translating mental or moral circumstances into situational terms
is common. Consequently, we say of anyone who has mistaken their vocation,
fallen prey to vice, or otherwise succumbed to some inner confusion, that they have
“lost their way” or “come to a dead end.” Giving advice to those in such unfortu-
nate positions means giving directions, pointing the way out or the way ahead. The
source of error is usually instinct or emotion, where reason, it is thought, is the com-
pass of the passions. This idea was taken to its most refined extreme in the
seventeenth-century salons of Paris, where, on the frontispiece to her novel Clelia
(1654—60), Madeleine de Scudéry introduced what she called “La carte de Tendre,” or
The Map of Tenderness, an orderly overview of desire’s disorderly realm. Beautifully
engraved in the manner of the period, and complete with a scale of distances cali-
brated in “leagues of friendship,” it charts the gamut of romantic sentiments from
the Sea of Intimacy to the Lake of Indifference. Between these, on a plain bisected
by the River of Inclination, are dispersed such hamlets as Little Courtesies, Indis-
cretion, Perfidy, Pride, Forgetfulness, Cruelty, Compliance, and Submission.
Transfixed by this didactic and wonderfully precious conceit, the highborn literati
of the day would plot the course of their current affairs and contemplate their
amorous opportunities, like people at a party gathering round a Ouija board or a
siege of Monopoly. Indeed, La carte de Tendre is among the prototypes of modern
board games, which, like the matrices of chess or go, are laid out as territories around
or through which contestants must progress in order to win.

Poised over their preferred field of action like competing Titans, board-game
players share in the rare sensation of omniscience and omnipotence that the
map-obsessed relish, as their gaze wanders the quadrants of the diagramed world. Maps give men and women the power of gods and captains, but their attraction to artists is somewhat different. For though a painter or sculptor may also enjoy that feeling of universal mastery, the particular opportunities maps provide visual artists—and their special appeal to modern sensibilities—result from their being the ultimate pictorial coincidence of exacting representation and total abstraction.

Between the demands implicit in these two ways of seeing, and the alternatively depictive and schematic conventions developed to fulfill them, is spread a panorama of formal and metaphoric options. In any one period, some preoccupy artists more than others, and for reasons that, so far as they can be ascertained, tell us useful things about the larger preoccupations of the culture. For a time, in the years after the Second World War, artists generally leaned away from cartographic symbolism and toward a more disinterested investigation into maps as found visual objects. In their hands, geographic enclosure ceased to signify identity, but instead offered a means of isolating one section of the whole in order to focus on its essentially arbitrary or cryptic configuration. Conversely, they would take the well-known silhouette of a country or region and erase all or part of its
boundaries, leaving behind a partially or entirely non-objective image. In the 1960s and 1970s, maps were widely used by conceptu-
lists and others intent on analyzing and undoing the scientific and linguistic systems normally relied upon to describe reality. Site-
specific sculptors often included maps in drawings and project proposals, fully appreciating their decorative effect, but insofar as they used them instrumentally, as architects or engineers do, theirs is a case apart. More relevant are those artists who saw maps as the site of their speculations and proceeded to revise or reshape them according to unusual but revelatory criteria. In recent years, maps have once again begun to be examined as problematic social and political emblems, where every exaggeration or distortion of the norm is understood to be a calculated semiotic disturbance of the officially delineated world order. Such disturbances may occur only in the brain of the beholder, but their proportions can be whimsically or angrily seismic. And finally, throughout the history of contemporary art, there have been those who have looked to maps for personal, lyrical motives, gently altering this detail or that to mark the passage of their unregimented spirit.

Given its quantity and diversity, no single exhibition could adequately cover the full range of such material, nor delve into all the nuanced distinctions that exist between one example and another. In fact, no two or three exhibitions could exhaust the possibilities—still further indication of the widespread fascination maps have had for artists of our day. By design, this exhibition is small and disjunctive. It emerged out of an association of images, and is intended to stimulate similarly associative thinking in those who see it. The method of selection was curiosity, the presentational structure is that of an anthology, which, to return to the starting point of this introduction, was among Borges's favorite literary forms. Anthologies are sometimes looked down upon as the least disciplined of intellectual collections, since they are generally unified by individual taste rather than by a sustained thesis. Borges knew that they serve a subtler purpose, since, unlike more rigorous compilations, they permit the reader to skip around without any obligation to follow the author or editor's governing thought. Free in that fashion to follow their own inclinations, the reader draws mental and spiritual sustenance wherever he or she comes to rest, and is reminded of the axiomatic truth that in imaginative pursuits what counts is not the destination but the journey. In the process, they may divine previously unforeseen correspondences and patterns linking superficially dissimilar things, and so exercise faculties unreached by predetermined modes of inquiry. This sampler is likewise intended to provide food for thought, but, above all, aesthetic pleasures of various intensities and kinds. What follows are brief commentaries on the artists and works chosen for the occasion; they will, it is hoped, smooth the way to such enjoyment without depriving the viewer of the chance to see things differently.
Geography was at the heart of Italian artist Alighiero e Boetti's personal and aesthetic concerns. Something of a vagabond, Boetti traveled to Afghanistan in 1970 and there made contact with local artisans, whom he commissioned to execute his conceptual designs in embroidered fabrics. Among the works produced in this manner were a series of small, square panels with block-letter images, and a large text-and-textile piece, *Tapestry of the Thousand Longest Rivers of the World* (1971-79, The Museum of Modern Art, New York). On one level, the piece is a straightforward geographic index, or gazetteer, on another it is a spatial fantasia in words. Boetti's maps, which vary in size but are consistent in layout, are also catalogues of a sort. Surrounded by a uniform oceanic blue background are spread silhouetted continents, each of which is divided into its component countries, represented by flags cropped to fit their boundaries. Graphically, these maps are activated by the stress between the flags' alternately implosive and explosive designs and the breadth or density of the particular territories they stand for. (Conflating the two primary ways of representing the nation-state, its emblem and its contour, Boetti combined the devices separately dealt with by Jasper Johns in his map and flag works.) Resorting to tourist-trade craft, Boetti thus created philosophical souvenirs of global consolidation and countervailing nationalist separatism. Results of that dynamic already date them: the red banner of the Soviet Union no longer extends from Europe to Asia, and not a few small countries have fractured into yet smaller entities. *Mappa del mondo* (1989) is also, in retrospect, a momento mori. The last of the series, and unique among them, its background is black instead of blue. In 1994, five years after its completion, Boetti died of cancer.

Jasper Johns paints against givens. In his map, as in his flag and target paintings of the mid-1950s to the mid-1960s, shapes generally taken for granted assume a mesmerizing instability. What balanced design or clear delineation does in the prototype, repeated or abbreviated brushstrokes undo in Johns's version. Divisions that clarify iconic form are thus contradicted or subdivided in ways that shift or shatter the image's outline and open the nested spaces it contains. The visual and lexical wonderment resulting from this transformational slippage depends upon the painterly tact with which it was done; Johns teases but never mocks symbolic convention. The churning overcast grays and mottled hues he employs in *Map* (1963) give that painting a muffled friction and create a picture of a moody and tenuously United States that seems to have less to do with the linguists' game of relating concepts to signs than with the problem of imagining anything so big and, in its way, so abstract as this nation. In *Study for First Version of Map (Based on Buckminster Fuller's Dymaxion Air/ Ocean World)* (p. 8), the only preliminary sketch for the full-scale painting commissioned for Expo '67 in Montreal (Museum Ludwig, Cologne), Johns gesturally unlocks and loosens the integrated world map conceived by Buckminster Fuller. Over the photostat ground of Fuller's diagram, Johns's deft marks and cancellations are a graceful demur to his friend's global idealism. If nothing is self-evident, and the center will not hold, the consequences, in Johns's hands, are not catastrophe but a dissociative artistic freedom.

At its most basic, the blank map of a territory is an empty frame. Like a portrait silhouette, its vacant contour creates a space into whose externally distinctive but internally dimensionless features we may project our ideas about the nature of something still dimly perceived by us. But how does one represent a "somewhere" that can never be fully comprehended, or whose specified parts cannot be made into a whole? What form does formlessness take in this context, what frame does mystery require if it is to continue being mysterious? *Terra incognita* is Latin for "Unknown Land," but how might one depict Unknowable Land? In *Africa, India, and Japan*, all of 1972, Waltercio Caldas has found the solution. A resident of Rio de Janeiro, itself once a series of coastal tucks in the outline of the New World enigma, Caldas has turned his attention eastward to countries and continents whose names are familiar but whose distant reality may still elude the imaginative grasp of Europeans and Americans. Quoting the French-ruled margins as this nation. In Study for First Version of Map (Based on Buckminster Fuller's Dymaxion Air/ Ocean World) (p. 8), the only preliminary sketch for the full-scale painting commissioned for Expo '67 in Montreal (Museum Ludwig, Cologne), Johns gesturally unlocks and loosens the integrated world map conceived by Buckminster Fuller. Over the photostat ground of Fuller's diagram, Johns's deft marks and cancellations are a graceful demur to his friend's global idealism. If nothing is self-evident, and the center will not hold, the consequences, in Johns's hands, are not catastrophe but a dissociative artistic freedom.

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The maps of Californian Greg Colson derive their character from the aesthetic convergence of the strip and the scrap. The strip is the dominant axis of the U.S. car-dependent metropolis, and should be used as a collective rather than a singular noun, since the more they mushroom outward, the more intricately our cities are criss-crossed by such matrices. Main Street is a memory, monstrously parodied by these commercial arteries that circulate the population through what science-fiction writer William Gibson has aptly christened "The Sprawl." The strip is the antithesis of the strip: it is an absolutely particular thing, the discard people
traveling and consuming at high speed have no further use for. The scavenging artist might, however, discover that it perfectly fulfills a function in some evolving image. In an ongoing suite of urban plans—think of them as coastal annexes to the oceanic stick charts of the Pacific Islanders—Colson has rescaled the expanse of the West Coast cities he knows to the specific quality of the materials he selects. When his map of Portland (1992) opens to the suburbs along the oblique road that cuts north from its center, where it meets another peripheral highway, that trajectory is described by an ordinary length of metal tubing, while the older sections of town are laid out in intersecting, sometimes calibrated wooden segments. An abstract composition in the spirit of Ellsworth Kelly’s Fields on a Map (Mersers, Gironde) (p. 41), a relief reminiscent of Russian Constructivism of the twenties, and a homely object in the tradition of vernacular American assemblage, Colson’s Portland is an engagingly makeshift template of a streamlined world.

Like many of her South American contemporaries, the Brazilian painter Adriana Varejão views the past with a keen but unsentimental interest. After incorporating the religious iconography of Conquest-era Catholicism into her earliest paintings, then juxtaposing Chinoiserie patterns and Latin American Baroque styles in her slightly later works, to symbolize the links between colonized lands, Varejão has begun looking at old maps. The artist’s unusual handling of pigments is the material complement to this pictorial preoccupation. At first she painted in thick, stucco-like layers, occasionally interrupted by even heavier mounds or wells of molded oil color. More recently, Varejão imitated the ceramic craquelé of Chinese export porcelain by slathering her canvases with a glue-and-plaster compound that when dry would fracture and cup like dried mud. In Mapa de Lopo Homem (1992), the building-up of the surface initially looks like a partial rendering of the Earth’s volumes, but the massing of semisoft pigment and the fissuring of the paint skin also resemble swollen, gashed, and punctured flesh, a reading made more explicit by the blood-red seepage inside the gouges, and the threads that partially suture one of them. What the cause or who the author of these traumas may be are not told, though Paulo Herkenhoff informs us, in his discussion of Varejão’s work, that the cartographer Lopo Homem tried in 1519 to show the territorial unity of the continents, converging in the south, so as to justify the biblical story of Adam and Eve as the progenitors of all humankind. In any case, if the world is indeed the living organism that Varejão paints, then permanent scarring is the inevitable consequence of such wounds.

A member of the anarchic Fluxus confederation, as well as a close associate of Pop artists like his countryman Claes Oldenburg, Oyvind Fahlström was a consummate draftsman, collagist, and performer. As the political climate in the United States turned threatening in the 1960s, with this nation’s deepening commitment to a brutally unwinnable war in Southeast Asia, Fahlström’s once-whimsical involvement with caricature and composite images turned toward other, angrier, but still humorous ends. Close in mood to the spirited rudeness of R. Crumb’s Zap Comix, Fahlström’s graphic analysis of the geopolitics of First World intervention in the Third World put the medium to didactic purposes the Haight-Ashbury “head” culture never attempted. Mixing a school-primer sensibility—picture this (coveted) resource, picture that (no-goodnik) entrepreneur—with a New Left but nonsectarian disgust with the American Dream gone sour, Fahlström used the graphic obviousness of the comics to spell out the obvious but artfully obscured falsehoods of governmental rhetoric and patriotic bluster. Board games were another paradigm. Replacing the rainbow brightness of the commercial product with acid blues, greens, and others, Fahlström invented his own to show that Monopoly was played on a worldwide scale—and for real and for keeps. Garden (A World Model) (1973) is a variant on these cartoon polemics. Drawn and lettered over the abstract leaves of the plants in his hothouse Eden are the hard political facts of life in the last quarter of this century: pollution, nuclear energy, exploding population, and the economics of development and underdevelopment. Not strictly speaking a map, but rather an eccentric flow chart of international relations, Fahlström’s model forms a symbolic archipelago of power and its contingencies.
What this audio map of a certain space covered at a certain kilometers, the accompanying tape tells the story most vividly. With the hum of a motor in the background periodically punctuated by the artist's deadpan countdown of the elapsed kilometers, the accompanying tape tells the story most vividly. What this audio map of a certain space covered at a certain speed at a certain time reproduces is the sound of distance.

Like a chunk of the Earth's crust trimmed by a cookie-cutter, Heide Fasnacht's floor piece, My City Was Gone (1991–92), is a stratified amalgam of geological sediments rendered in wood, cloth, and cotton batting. The blanket that covers them all is a domestic substitute for an earthen mantle, its plaid pattern a surrogate for the longitudinal and latitudinal coordinates that locate the places within its borders and align it with the larger world beyond. If home is where the heart is—particularly in the reassuring Midwestern myth of which Dorothy of Kansas and Oz is the muse—then Fasnacht's map conspicuously lacks such a core. Instead, a steel-collared hole encircles the magnetic center to which prodigal daughters and sons of this unnamed province are supposed to return. Indeed, you would have to have come from there or know your geography very well to recognize which state Fasnacht has chosen to represent. It is Ohio, and the missing city is Cleveland. But we are dealing with an archetype in which all the comforts of home, blanket and bed included, are simultaneously promised and revoked. And this leaves us with a mixture of longing and renunciation like that felt by those who can't wait to get out—only to discover that once they have, they can't get back.

Like his friend Richard Long (see p. 50), Hamish Fulton is an explorer, in an age when all that remains to be discovered are the spaces between the places that are known. And, like Long, he belongs to a long tradition of walkers who traverse the British Isles and the remoter corners of the world in search of the picturesque. In previous generations such men and women would have brought back detailed journals and watercolors describing the scenes of their travels. An artist of his own era and of an indefatigably empiricist type, Fulton ranges the countryside, documenting his excursions with terse texts, elegantly schematic drawings, and plain but evocative photographs. The meticulousness Fulton brings to this general endeavor he has also sustained in Counting 18,089 Dots (1993), but its application differs in emphasis. Where the usual effect of Fulton's descriptive systems is to give a distinct sense of place, in this instance the cumulative image created by the 18,089 dots in six colors is an open maze. Representing the exact number of steps taken in the course of six separate walking trips, the dots are strewn around the page with no beginning or end points indicated, making it as impossible to retrace Fulton's course as if each imprint had been made in trampled grass or windblown sand. A map that disorients rather than orients the viewer, it is also a picture of directional entropy, and a metaphorical portrait of the inveterate rambler.

As their name implies, the Situationists as a group were acutely attuned to the vagaries of circumstance. Poetically and politically, their aim was to disrupt the normal routines of life in capitalist society. Members of a literary, artistic, and activist movement whose publications and provocations had a significant impact on the Parisian student strikes of May 1968, the Situationists drew their inspiration from old Dadaesque strategies as well as contemporary Leftist ideologies. Guy Debord, the principal theorist of the group and the author of its influential manifesto, Society of the Spectacle (first published in French in 1967), was also the creator of its distinctive “psychogeographic” guides to Paris, of which Discours sur les passions de l'amour (1957) is one. Modeled in part on La carte de Tendre (p. 13), while at the same time evoking the nineteenth-century figure of the flaneur, or idle urban wanderer, celebrated by poet Charles Baudelaire, as well as the stark Romanticism of the American film noir classic Naked City (1957), Debord based his map on the notion of dérive, or drifting. In preparation, he would lose himself in Paris, turning down this street or that alleyway out of desire or curiosity. Then, cutting up a standard French tourist map, he pieced together the sections of the city he had explored, creating a narrative labyrinth, and identified zones of consciousness that symbolically undid the rigid social organization of the modern metropolis. By reconfiguring its plan so that a wrong turn is inherently a right turn, Debord saw to it that emotion and inclination displaced utilitarian reason, thus returning the mysteries of Paris to its convoluted streets.

To many who watched the bubbly toasts atop the Berlin Wall five years ago, the reunification of Germany seemed almost surreal, if not worrisome. One former native of the city remarked, “It's wonderful when we drink champagne, but beware when we drink beer.” In light of the difficult adaptation of East Germany to West, a formerly Communist society to a booming capitalist one, Luciano Fabro's La Germania (Germany) (1984) now seems as much a premonition of the
troubled time ahead for that country as a comment on its previous division. Each component of this installation triggers multiple associations: the sandbags at the sculpture’s base and fulcrum suggest both heavy industry and street barricades, much as the leaning lamppost with its livid light suggests the alienating landscape of the big city or the Autobahn, along with the violent toppling of such beacons during accidents or urban violence. Torch-cut out of plates of heavy-gauge steel, the bifurcated map of Germany similarly evokes the modern industrial state. The disposition of the two separate sections of this map lend the piece its special irony. Bolted together and spread like the clamps of a crude vise, the shapes of East and West seem poised to fall into complementary place as soon as the joint holding them apart is loosened. That, however, is not to be. Fabro has flipped the plate representing East Germany—Berlin being represented by a hole formally belonging to neither solid half—so that the edge describing the frontier it shared with West Germany no longer matches up. Using brute weight, harsh light, and strained sculptural balance, Fabro has made a massive and radically simplified jigsaw puzzle whose pieces cannot be dovetailed, and a geographic Humpty-Dumpty that quite ominously can never be put back together again.

War is the bellicose caprice of boys and the dread memory of damaged men. At the purest level of us-against-them, the field of play and the field of battle are different only in the way one keeps score. Unlike truly mortal conflicts, however, the mock slaughters children stage, and the psychic accounts they settle on differ from the actual casualties of engagement. Failing the imaginary forces into two armies, thirteenth-century big-game tracker in Africa, he presents, by sleight of hand, a conceptual artist. The point is that we will never understand van Gogh’s ear in terms of a map of Africa, or in any other terms, but our sometimes rigid minds can be beneficially bent in the attempt.

The emblematic forms of Jasper Johns’s earliest paintings were selected because they were readily recognizable and easily legible—“things,” he explains, “the mind already knows.” Johns’s favorites, the American flag and the map of the United States (see p. 24), could be indelibly impressed in any schoolchild’s mind that nothing could disturb their cohesive form. That the actual geographic memories of American teenagers should be less than perfect but also wonderfully improvisatory indicates not so much the decline of public education as the unreliability of visual recall (upon which Johns’s art was predicated). Kim Dingle’s map paintings take eccentric shape around this experimental premise. United Shapes of America III (Maps of the U.S. Drawn by Las Vegas Teenagers) (1994) is based on outline drawings of the United States done at the artist’s request. Dingle culled from this graphic poll an archive of misrepresentations, from which she then creates her own metamorphic charts. Irregularly ranked, like rocks in a dry-stone wall, the United States we think we remember expands and contracts, crumples and sprouts appendages, or collapses into an inchoate lump, answering Johns’s fine erosion of visual certainty of forty years ago with the contemporary vitality of guiltless confusion.
like Untitled (1980), with its spidery graphite line, the tonal nuance of Giacometti's much-revised figure and landscape studies. Like Giacometti's drawings, moreover, Jones's are only slowly completed—his notational maneuvers can last for weeks or even years—and some are never finished but simply abandoned and thrown away. Whatever the outcome, be it a captivating entanglement of strokes and a beautifully bruised page, or another sheet for the wastebasket, Jones continues to reenact the primal struggles that arise when orderly compulsion is besieged by sublimated violence.

Seen through the camera eye of an orbiting satellite, our planet seems to be made of the same stuff as the fathomless atmosphere in which it is suspended, as if it were a marbled blue and white crystallization of celestial gases. The intrinsic beauty of this image is undeniable, but its special appeal lies in its sharp contrast to our uncomfortable awareness of the unclean human clay of which we, its inhabitants, are made, and the process of decay that simultaneously enriches and corrupts the soil beneath our feet. Our destiny is to go from ashes to ashes; that of the world is to go from pristine minerals and fecund vegetation to deepening sludge. John Miller sees this clearly and depicts it plainly. Taking Joseph Beuys's warm, earthen brown and giving it a frankly scatological cast, Miller has saturated garments and smeared models of the industrial landscape with his signature hue. In Untitled (1988) he symbolically does the job to universal imperfection. Mimicking The Sherwin-Williams Company logo, which shows a bucket of paint poured over a globe banded with the slogan We Cover the Earth, Miller has generously coated his globe with the color of lustrous excrement. Or compare it with the monochrome topographic reliefs of Yves Klein's Planetaire (Bleu) (p. 44). Klein's work is a visual pun hinting at transcendence. Miller's brings one back down again, plunging the mind that longs to escape its own fate and functions back into the muck it inevitably creates.

Nancy Holt's Buried Poem # 2 (April 20, 1971) (1971) is site-specific work of a special order. The orientation of her large sculptural outdoor projects was determined by natural phenomena such as the path of the sun or the lay of the land, and at the same time brought attention to them. This work, like the others in the series to which it belongs, focuses on an individual person. In each instance, Holt composed a concrete poem for a particular friend and buried it in a remote location, chosen, she wrote, by virtue "of certain physical, spatial and atmospheric qualities [that evoked the] person I knew." In short, its attributes complemented those of the text, to create the composite portrait of someone whose identity was in a sense being hidden by the same process that was commemorating it. The subject was then presented with an album containing postcards, photographs, and other souvenirs of the place, along with instructions for finding it. The instructions consisted of a sequence of charts, beginning with a map of the United States and ending with nearly abstract blowups of the actual site where the encapsulated poem had been put. Whether the person in question—in this case the critic John Perrault—went looking for it or not, the treasure to be found was the experience of the situation Holt had associated with that person, and the time to reflect on the reasons why. Into the spare vocabulary of early conceptual art, Holt thus reintroduced the Romantic notion of injecting character into nature, intimacy into indifferent space.

“Right away I understood that science could be part of art, since art was obviously part of science,” Nancy Graves, daughter of a father who worked at The Berkshire Museum, an institution dedicated to both Art and Science, has said. From the time of her first major appearance on the art scene, in 1969, this belief has been evident in her work, which is patterned after the models science builds to represent the world, from the anatomical reconstruction of animals, to the stippled technical illustrations of biologists and the plotted vistas of astronomers. While sculpture has been Graves's primary means of expression, painting and drawing have periodically preoccupied her as well. For much of the early 1970s she devoted herself to transposing the encoded information sent back by NASA's Lunar Orbiter Satellite, enriching their rather limited tonal and chromatic range with graphic improvisations. The drawings in the Lunar Orbiter Series, which, incidentally, roughly coincide with Jennifer Bartlett's bright dot-matrix plaques, represent the unexpected fusion of all-over color-field abstraction and the boundlessness of outer space—the American sublime and the Milky Way.

Ellsworth Kelly is an abstractionist in the true sense of the word. The images in his work are the distilled visual essences of phenomena that have been or might be observed in reality. A form and its hue or disposition may refer back to the tilted edge of a partially raised garage door or a particular color that one day caught the artist's attention out the window of his car. From these quick impressions, and the sketches or snapshots he makes to preserve them, Kelly fashions and revises the basic
terms of his pictorial language. *Fields on a Map (Meschers, Gironde)* (1950), which has never before been exhibited, dates to the beginning of the artist’s career, during an extended stay in France (1948–54). At that time, he concentrated on elaborately fragmented compositions using a variety of design schemes based on chance distribution of color swatches, the cutting up and rearranging of gestural drawings, and observed patterns such as light scintillating on the Seine or the broken shadow cast by steel stairs, rendered as line segments on a folding screen. Like the last example, this collage owes its existence to Kelly’s keen eye for what one might call “found formalism.” Starting with a regional map he discovered while browsing in Paris bookstalls, Kelly transcribed the oblique or arcing lines in slender lengths of blue paper, then, adding a few of his own invention, subtly adjusted their relationship until he achieved an exquisitely balanced frieze of non—or, rather, no-longer—representational elements. Stripped of the original map’s practical purpose, this graceful abstraction remains all about position and framed open spaces.

Travel accounts belong to an inherently discursive genre. Of the “see-America-first” variety, Jack Kerouac’s *On the Road* (1957), said to have been written on a single unbroken roll of paper cranked through a typewriter, is still the most entrancing postwar account of a cross-country rush. *Annette Lemieux’s Portable World* (1986) is a vertical non-narrative variation on Kerouac’s straight-ahead narrative format. Piecing together overflight photographs of the northeast coast of the United States—Manhattan makes two appearances in two different orientations—Lemieux caps her scroll with a view into the eye of a storm that seems to hover menacingly above the scene below. Meanwhile, the keys of the old-fashioned typewriter out of which this composite picture curls bear cameo photographs of terrain or stratospheric formations instead of letters, as if this portable machine truly could “write” a map to suit the fancy of anyone who sat down. Harkening back to the assisted ready-mades of Man Ray, Lemieux has repatriated Surrealism and updated it as well. But not so far as all that: while virtual reality actually lets us choose our Fantasy Island and type in the weather, *Portable World* still relies upon the imagined rather than technological leap from here to there.

*Sol LeWitt* is a geometer of ideas. Though his cool white sculptural cubes and mural matrices resemble the elements Constructivism and Suprematism bequeathed to contemporary art, their appearance in LeWitt’s work owes less to such Utopianism than to a thoroughly pragmatic form-finding. His shapes are consequences of incremental decisions rather than aesthetic or ideological symbols: they are material manifestations of mental constructs. A wall drawing may therefore consist of a pattern of intersecting lines and a lettered text describing where and by what method those lines were to be laid down—a graphic map following a verbal map. With the same eye for structure, LeWitt has studied his immediate surroundings, indexing objects with comparable attributes. In 1980, he published an artist’s book, *Autobiography*, in which he grouped snapshots of light fixtures, pipes, filing drawers, window grates, and various other aspects of his environment, classified by simple geometric correlations. LeWitt’s interest in maps is similar. For *Photograph of Part of Manhattan with the Area Between the John Weber Gallery, the Former Dwan Gallery, and Sol LeWitt’s Residence Cut Out (8745)* (1977), LeWitt excised the space triangulated by his New York City studio and his past and current galleries. Reminiscent of the chance operations of John Cage, LeWitt’s system results in a dramatic polygon of a kind that he has recently begun realizing in sculptural form. Like Guillermo Kuitca (see p. 45), LeWitt takes the urban plan as his template, but while Kuitca loses himself in its intricate web, LeWitt uses it to mine the city’s grid for finely calibrated variations of form.

Yves Klein’s poetics begin with matter and end with ether. Among the most influential experimental artists in postwar Europe, Klein established many of his most important ideas separately from any studio practice. After a long period of travel and study outside his native France, his first artworks consisted of small monochrome paintings, from which he soon developed a diverse range of formal and procedural avenues, including installations, performances, and purely conceptual pieces. Like a number of his vanguard peers—among them, Lucio Fontana and Piero Manzoni—Klein was initially fascinated by the textural objectivity of paintings. Molding their surfaces or building them up with heavy granular compounds or sponges, Klein made the relief element of his works the image, even as his applications of gold leaf or highly saturated primary pigments gave them a dazzling and intangible glow. In *Planétaire (Bleu)* (1961)—the inscription on the back substitutes the words “planète-terre,” or “planet Earth,” for their homonym in the official title, which means “planetary”—Klein reproduces what looks like a section of a topographical map of a unidentified mountainous region that could be at the highest altitudes or in the ocean’s lowest depths. Dusted with his trademark IKB (International Klein
The piece, which differs from his abstract reliefs because of its dematerialized opticality, finite objecthood and infinite space. Blue), this map conflates mass and light, material tactility and metaphysical rather than a scientific feat.

It is perhaps natural that Guillermo Kuitca, a compatriot of the late Jorge Luis Borges and a fellow-resident of Buenos Aires, should be obsessed with maps. The grandchild of Ukrainian-Jewish immigrants, it is also understandable that he should long for European cities to which, until recently, he had never traveled. Kuitca is a young man with a past not entirely his own, and a future that is defined by the dual attractions of the street and the studio. Before the studio there was home, which appears in painting after painting as the floor plan of the small apartment that he shared with his parents. By exposing the insides of that intimate setting without fully revealing his place within it or the interactions of daily life, Kuitca created a small psychic maze where his absence and presence were alternately felt, and his mood was evident in the color of the walls or the ground plane, or in the addition of tears or other symbols. Protective and claustrophobic at the same time, this is the environment that drove a young man to explore the world outside for excitement, or offered a haven from the anonymity and isolation of the urban landscape. Kuitca’s domestic module has its place in the labyrinth of the archetypal metropolis—not always his native Buenos Aires—and its byways may be described by lengths of thorny vine or by syringes lined up end to end. Zurich is the subject of Untitled (1992), and it floats in front of the viewer like a city seen through crepuscular mists. Alluring and cold, fantastic and a bit dreary, it is a place that keeps rather than advertises its secrets.

New York is often thought of as a hard town. It could only have occurred to Claes Oldenburg to render it as a big stuffed toy. Not that this reincarnation as cheap, canvas-upholstered goods really makes it all that friendly an object. As with its antecedents, the opposite is true. Oldenburg’s earliest sculptural cityscapes were painted on and roughly cut out of cardboard, under the combined inspiration of the bleakest of French writers, Louis-Ferdinand Céline; the grittiest of French painters, Jean Dubuffet; and the cheeriest of American showmen, Walt Disney. From these flats the artist created his desolate cartoon installation, The Street (1960), in New York City’s Judson Church. In works for The Store (1963–67), Oldenburg explored ways of further softening images by creating gooey painted-plaster surrogates of junk food and standard commercial products. Simultaneously, Oldenburg and his then wife, Patti, created fabric versions of many of the same images, some of which reached monstrous size. Two such treatments of the map of Manhattan exist. One is covered with drooping cloth subway tracks; the other, Soft Manhattan #1 (Postal Zones) (1966), is divided up into nested blocks representing the city’s postal zones. Like the stuffed car tires Oldenburg made at the same time, these interlocking units ironically parallel the modular constructions of early minimalism. At the other extreme, the piece resembles a side of beef iced with a butcher’s chart of the prime cuts. In either case, Soft Manhattan is uncanny and emotionally unyielding.

The business of civic commemoration is often haphazard and always political. Which street will bear the name of which warrior, philanthropist, or successful ward heeler is a matter of opportunity and negotiation. Rare is the coherent pattern found in Richmond, Virginia, where, at each traffic circle along the east–west–running Monument Avenue, an equestrian statue of a Confederate general stands guard; those facing south died in the Civil War, those that face north survived and were symbolically ready to fight again. Simon Patterson’s revamped subway map of London is systematic in this fashion, and delightfully arbitrary at the same time. All the stops on each line are named after people or things of a certain category: Engineers, Planets, Journalists, Footballers, Musicians, Film Actors, Saints, Italian Artists, Sinologues, Comedians, and more, so that a trip across the city might take you from Victor Emmanuel III to Bo Derek by way of Immanuel Kant and Zeppo [Marx]. Interweaving these lists of the honorable and the dishonorable, the truly famous and the flashes in the pan, Patterson’s Great Bear (1992) is a constellation of stars that nicely scrambles our usual cultural hierarchy and so gently chides the officialdom that enforces it. In a Situationist frame of mind, meanwhile, it is pleasant to contemplate spending a day at Odysseus but appalling to think of being stuck, even briefly, at Oliver North.

The exploration and conquest of the Americas by Columbus and his followers produced a wealth of maps that Argentine-born and New York–based artist Miguel Angel Rios has rediscovered and exploited as a splendid pictorial and symbolic reserve. In Columbus Making Ripples (1993), Rios appropriates one of Columbus’s own depictions of one of his voyages across the Atlantic. As in most of the artist’s recent work, the techniques applied to reinterpreting this primary
source include printing a much-enlarged photographic facsimile of the original, then schematically restructuring the image and reapportioning areas within it. Rios accomplishes this by displacing the center of the map, which he then cuts into radial strips outward from that point, pleating them as he goes, and so fashioning a medallion relief and a completely new axial structure that contrasts with the map’s actual coordinates. Confusing Columbus’s attempts at accurate description with his own decorative manipulations of the grid, Rios wryly toys with the record of history and its heroic aura. The aim is not to deny the explorer’s impact—Rios readily acknowledges that the hybrid culture of the Americas has been fundamentally shaped by the unforeseen consequences of Columbus’s initiative—but merely to point out that, like a stone dropped into the ocean, Columbus made waves even though he was lost.

Robert Smithson was a theorist of entropic degeneration and an aficionado of wastes. His fascination with modern civilization’s vernacular monuments was the flip side of his earlier science-fiction fantasies. A painter of off-key, whizzbang symbolist cartoons in his youth, Smithson as a mature artist explored the gravel pits and industrial parks of New Jersey and the deserts of the West. In galleries, he assembled what he called “non-site” sculptures, using rocks and rubble he had gleaned on his travels. In the great outdoors, he realized full-scale earthworks like the sometimes submerged, sometimes visible Spiral Jetty (1970) in Utah’s Great Salt Lake. Like the Nazca lines in Peru, and the Neolithic glyphs scattered over the English downs, Smithson’s coiling levee is a sign on the land. Like Atlantis, the subject of Map of Clear Broken Glass Strips (Atlantis) (1969) and several other drawings, Spiral Jetty threatens to disappear under the water forever, surviving only in myth. However, Atlantis was never anything but a myth; to give it substance, therefore, Smithson reimagined it on paper and finally went to his haunts in the Meadowlands, between New York and Newark, and laid out its silhouette in sheets of glass. Recalling both the early nineteenth-century German painter Caspar David Friedrich’s depictions of mounding, jagged ice floes, and modern pulp-novel visions of alien planets with crystalline landscapes, Smithson sketched his own Funk Romanticism, in the form of a phantom world supposedly located in the Mid-Atlantic, not far from the course traveled by Columbus and his followers.

There are two kinds of wanderer. One kind seeks to widen the circumference of their world; the other seeks its center.

Richard Long is of both types at once, and A Seven Day Circle of Ground (1984) expresses the centrifugal impulse of the first and the focus of the second. This walk, like the others upon which his gallery work is based, combined preset limits and unplanned reconnoitering. Pitching camp in the scrublands of Dartmoor, in the middle of an imaginary circle five and a half miles in diameter, Long spent seven days taking note of features such as Naker’s Hill, Stall Moor, and Great Gnats’ Head. The wall diagrams recording them are akin to the conceptual graphics of Sol LeWitt (see p. 43), and one might say that Long’s actual walks are conceptual drawings on the Earth. Long’s concerns differ from LeWitt’s in their emphasis on the relation of space and time. Scattered among the place names are dots labeling Long’s position at midday of each day of the week he was in the area. We are not told which marker refers to which day, nor is there any way of determining his path from one point and moment to another; yet we imagine his stride bridging the gaps between them. The landmarks cited are permanent, Long’s passage was ephemeral; it is the tension between the two that gives the work its poignancy. His work is a ritual of “being there.” His alert but fleeting presence is both means and end.

Adrian Piper’s unrealized project Parallel Grid Proposal for Dugway Proving Ground Headquarters (1968) belongs to the Utopian phase of the earthworks movement, but implicitly raises political issues generally untouched by the mammoth environmental undertakings of her peers Michael Heizer, James Turrell, Nancy Holt, and the late Robert Smithson. Piper’s plan is simple, though its execution would be difficult. The proposed site was the Dugway Proving Ground Headquarters in Utah and its immediate residential surroundings. The piece itself was to consist of a huge, two-mile-square grid made of steel girders held a half-mile above the ground on I-beams. As the sun traversed the sky each day, the shadow cast by this structure would create a system of gradually moving coordinates such that someone awakening in Zone A might find themselves in Zone C by lunchtime, without having ever moved, or, if they got in the car to travel from home to work at the Dugway facility, they might find themselves back in Zone A, having briefly driven through the sun-shifted Zone B. Conceived at a time when Piper’s abstract philosophical and aesthetic aims were to devise ways of specifying finite things within a hypothetically infinite range of space-time relations, her selection of the ideal place to install this combination of sundial and map structure anticipates her later, socially engaged activity. The
Dugway Proving Ground was a nuclear-weapons testing site—what more fitting location for a piece using solar cycles than one where atomic power was measured? And what more provocative site for a permanent moving-target map than that where bombs were perfected for Ground Zero in other lands.

The fascination of Raymond Pettibon's drawings is their vivid slightness. Graphically, they are the equivalent of B-movie out-takes, 1940s pulp-magazine illustrations, or candidates for Ripley's "Believe It or Not" that proved just too weird to use. Verbally, they speak with the voice of Gus Van Sant's movie drifters, Raymond Chandler's hard-bitten loners, James Agee's biblical incantations, and Herman Melville's haunted meditations. Proliferating in variations on and digressions from a few dominant themes, Pettibon's pictorial ruminations make looping swings from miserable skepticism to rhetorical grandeur, from Slacker distraction to cosmic consciousness. In them, the fevered obsessions of the recluse find periodic release in all-seeing remove. That is the thrust of Pettibon's untitled work of 1990. Cursorily brushed inside a circle traced around an old-style LP are the silhouettes of North and South America, bracketed by empty oceans and the visible extremities of other continents. An inscription reads: "A flat landscape extending in all directions to immense distances placates me." Pettibon's sublime is rudimentary but sufficient for those whose intuitions of solitary freedom of thought and movement are paired with a similar experience of mentally congested confinement.

Like most anarchists, Marcel Broodthaers was obsessed by systems. A schoolmaster of the absurd, he delighted in the discrepancy between things and their names, the curious shapes of objects and their conventional uses, the mundane preoccupations of reasonable citizens and the strange horizons impractical reasons could open up. Usually involving found forms and images, Broodthaers's methods were extremely economical and invariably resulted in inspired nonsense. Maps understandably attracted such a mind, and the small disturbances Broodthaers created in the maps he revised or repositioned reverberate in the imagination with a characteristic but hard-to-explain force. Soleil politique (1972) is a simple diagram showing the relative size of several planets in our solar system; in it, Earth is the smallest by far. Broodthaers's interventions consist of cancelling Earth out with a stroke of his pen, and amending the identification for the giant sun with the adjective "political." This is galactic Realpolitik; there is no doubt where the power lies, or which parts of the cosmos are subordinate and expendable. The second collage, Untitled ("fig. 1 fig. 0 fig. 4 fig. 2 fig. 12") (1972), juxtaposes a tiny Mercator map of the world and an image of a ship going down at sea. What the fastidiously numbered notations on the map refer to is anyone's guess—were they ports of call for the beleaguered vessel, or something completely unrelated to it? In any case, it is clear from the first collage that humanity is scarcely the center of the universe, and from the second, that even in our own world we are anything but masters of our fate.

At the same time as I began work on this exhibition, Frances Colpitt, unbeknownst to me, was also making plans for a show dealing with maps in contemporary art, which is currently touring Texas. While we shared only one artist, Kim Dingle, we both chose the same title, Mapping, and both made use of the same fable by Borges, which was also, by the way, the jumping-off point for Jean Baudrillard's influential 1981 postmodernist essay, "The Precession of Simulacra." If nothing else, this coincidence and the antecedents for Borges's text would seem to confirm one of the fundamental tenets of his worldview, namely that all art is based upon the necessary recurrence and reiteration of a handful of primary images.
Jasper Johns

Map. 1963. Encaustic and collage on canvas, 60" x 7'9". Private collection, New York.
Waltercio Caldas

Adriana Varejão

Mapa de Lopo Homem. 1992. Oil on wood with thread, 42 1/8 x 54 3/8 x 3 5/16". Private collection
Jan Dibbets

Heide Fasnacht

*My City Was Gone.* 1991–92. Plywood, silicon, rubber belting, latex, cotton batting, wool blanket, Dacron, steel, 4 x 50 x 55". Collection of the artist.
Hamish Fulton

DISCOURS SUR LES PASSIONS DE L'AMOUR

pentes psychogeographiques de la dérive et localisation
d'unités d'ambiance

par G.-E. DEBORD
Kim Dingle

United Shapes of America III (Maps of the U.S. Drawn by Las Vegas Teenagers). 1994. Oil on panel, 48" x 6'. Courtesy of the artist and Blum and Poe, Santa Monica
David Ireland

Three Attempts to Understand van Gogh's Ear in Terms of the Map of Africa. 1987. Elephant ear, concrete, and wire on wooden table, 8' x 36" x 18".
Laura Carpenter Fine Art, Santa Fe
John Miller

Untitled. 1988. Styrofoam, modeling paste, acrylic, and ashwood stand, 60 x 35 x 35". Collection of Eddo Bult
Nancy Graves

Fields on a Map (Meschers, Gironde). 1950. Collage, in four parts, each 25¼" x 19¼", overall 25¼" x 6'. Collection of the artist.
Portable World. 1986. Typewriter and black and white photograph scroll; typewriter: 6 x 13 x 12"; scroll: 16' long, variable. Barbara and Richard S. Lane
Yves Klein

**Planétaire (Bleu).** 1961. Pigment and synthetic resin on board, 31 1/6 x 24 1/8". Courtesy of Sidney Janis Gallery, New York
Soft Manhattan #1 (Postal Zones). 1966. Canvas filled with kapok, impressed with patterns in sprayed enamel; wood; and rod, 70 x 26 x 4”. Albright-Knox Art Gallery, Buffalo. Gift of Seymour H. Knox, 1966
Miguel Angel Ríos

A SEVEN DAY CIRCLE OF GROUND

SEVEN DAYS WALKING WITHIN AN IMAGINARY CIRCLE 5½ MILES WIDE

DARTMOOR ENGLAND 1984
A FLAT LANDSCAPE
EXTENDING IN ALL
DIRECTIONS TO IMMENSE
DISTANCES PLACATES ME.
Marcel Broodthaers

*Soleil politique.* 1972. Print on paper, collage, and ink, 10⅞ x 14". Collection of Maria Gilissen

*Untitled ("fig. 1 fig. 0 fig. A fig. 2 fig. 12").* 1972. Collage-drawing: ink, pencil, photograph, and paper, 14⅞ x 17⅛". Collection of Maria Gilissen
Alighiero e Boetti
Born Turin, 1940
Died Rome, 1994

Selected Bibliography

Marcel Broodthaers
Born Saint-Gilles, Brussels, 1924
Died Cologne, 1976

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Waltercio Caldas
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Greg Colson
Born Seattle, 1956
Lives and works in Venice, California

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Guy Debord
Born Paris, 1931
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Jan Dibbets
Born Weert, The Netherlands, 1941
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Kim Dingle
Born Pomona, California, 1951
Lives and works in Los Angeles

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Exhibition of Contemporary American Painting:
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Luciano Fabro
Born Turin 1936
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Selected Bibliography
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(Florence: Centro Di, 1972).
Celant, Germano. Conceptual Art, Arte Povera,
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moderna, 1976).

Kim Dingle
Born Pomona, California, 1951
Lives and works in Los Angeles

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Cohen, Jean Lawlor. “43rd Biennial
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(Washington, D.C.: Corcoran Gallery of
Art, 1995).
Öyvind Fahlström

Born São Paulo of Swedish and Norwegian parents, 1928
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Selected Bibliography

Linker, Kate. "Öyvind Fahlström's Political Gamesmanship." Artforum (October 1978): 64—70.

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Selected Bibliography

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Born San Bernardino, California, 1944
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Selected Bibliography

Jasper Johns
Born Augusta, Georgia, 1930
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Selected Bibliography
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Selected Bibliography


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Died Paris, 1962

Selected Bibliography


Guillermo Kuitca

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Selected Bibliography

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Selected Bibliography

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**Sol LeWitt**

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**Selected Bibliography**

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Raymond Pettibon
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Selected Bibliography


Adrian Piper
Born New York City, 1948
Lives and works in Massachusetts

Selected Bibliography

Miguel Angel Rios
Born San Jose Norte, Catamarca, Argentina, 1943
Lives and works in New York City

Selected Bibliography


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Robert Smithson

Born Passaic, New Jersey, 1938
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**Selected Bibliography**


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**Selected Bibliography**


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This show salutes the late Captain Treasure Jones, Master of HMS Queen Mary, who invited me up for drinks in the First Class bar, where the mechanical Transatlantic Map was. It is dedicated to my father, whose delight in exploring is the source of mine.

R. S.
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