
Tony Smith

Tony Smith

22.9.1995 - 7.1.1996

Louisiana

Foreword

Tony Smith's work was first shown at Louisiana in 1971. His sculpture »Wandering Rocks« occupied a pivotal position in the exhibition »American Art 1950-1970«.

Geometric modules of the tetrahedra (a solid figure with four triangular sides, which make up a pyramid) and the octahedra (eight triangular plane faces, which combine in the shape of a diamond) formed the basis of Tony Smith's construction, which derived its authority from his background as an architect. Tony Smith employed a sound knowledge of architectural theory to create his sculptures. This discipline allowed him great artistic freedom and the ability to express himself with intellectual integrity and emotional intensity.

A major exhibition of his work curated by Samuel Wagstaff and presented at the Wadsworth Atheneum in 1966 had a crucial impact on American sculpture.

Tony Smith sculptures are both majestic and deeply moving. His knowledge and keen awareness of classical and modern Western culture brought a new dimension to American sculpture. The key was always perfect form in relation to the human figure. The harmony, as well as tension, between these two elements imbues the sculpture with the enormous power he referred to as »presence«.

During a visit to Louisiana in 1971, Tony Smith remarked that the Romanesque churches he had studied while in Cologne and the painting of ruins by the French artist Robert Hubert (1733-1808) had both greatly influenced the shaping of his »form«, as he often called his sculptures.

Tony Smith has often been erroneously classified as a minimal artist. A close comparison of Smith's work with that of Sol LeWitt, Carl Andre and Donald Judd makes it clear however that Smith's artistic intentions were very different. His shapes and forms alone demonstrate his singularity among American sculptors.

For many years Tony Smith was essentially an »artist's artist«. Fortunately, his importance is being recognized today and his admirers and audience ever broadening.

At Louisiana we are especially happy to be able to present Tony Smith's »For...« series. This series can be read as a formal alphabet in his oeuvre and can be seen as a key to his work.

Our special thanks to Paula Cooper, Paula Cooper Gallery in New York, Elvira Gonzalez, Gallery Elvira Gonzalez in Madrid and Pierre Huber, Art & Public in Geneva, for their help in coordinating this exhibition for Louisiana.

Sincere and warm thanks to Jane Smith and other heirs of Tony Smith, without whose great generosity this exhibition would not have been possible.

The installation of the »For...« series gives Louisiana the great pleasure of presenting this significant artist to a large Scandinavian public.

Lars Nittve

Steingrim Laursen

Talking with Tony Smith
Samuel Wagstaff, Jr.

»I view art as something vast«

Tony Smith

In their »International Style in Architecture,« (1932) H.R. Hitchcock and Philip Johnson said that the style was characterized, among other things, by ordering the plan through structural regularity, rather than through unilateral symmetry. I had been familiar with the root rectangles of Jay Hambidge's *Dynamic Symmetry* since before I started high school. I had no experience in architecture and the notion of planning according to regular Bays, although all over the place, hadn't occurred to me. In painting, however, as I tried more and more schemes, I reduced the size of the format. I painted dozens of 8" x 10" panels, and began to use a 2-inch square module instead of the application of areas based upon the root rectangles.

When I saw the January 1938 *Architectural Forum*, devoted to the recent work of Frank Lloyd Wright, one of the things which struck me most was his use of the modular system of planning. I spent the summer of 1938 in the Rockies and had an opportunity to design and build some small buildings based on plans from the Department of Agriculture, and on modular organization. By the time I began to work on the Ardmore Experiment (designed by Wright) in the spring of 1939, I began to see the limitations of systems based upon material sizes as units. At some point, the book, *Das Japanische Wohnhaus* made it clear that the *tatami* (or mat) modules of the Japanese had the same shortcomings. I hadn't heard of Beamis until the publication of the A62 guide. After this, most building materials became available in sizes based upon a continuous space grid of four inches.

Meanwhile, I had been interested in the exposition of close-packing in D'Arcy Thompson's *On Growth and Form*. A large structure based on the tetrakaidecahedron was built by students at Bennington College in the spring of 1961. Another, based on the rhomboidal dodecahedron is shown as a mock-up in Philadelphia. Thompson was writing about the effects of mathematical and physical laws upon living form. He did not, therefore, go into space frames based on the tetrahedron which is the basic unit of many of these figures.

The Honeycomb House on the Stanford University campus had been published in the January 1938 *Forum*. A few years later I had the opportunity to design a large house on a hexagonal module. I used one twice the size of that used in Wright's house. Also, instead of pigeonholing the bricks at the 60° and 120° corners, I used rhomboidal bricks manufactured for the job. I was very pleased with the flow of large surfaces, and the substantiality of the paced unfolding of form in this house undoubtedly relates to some of the present work.

An article appeared in *Architectural Forum* by the engineer, Fred Severud. Several structures, including the Johnson Wax Administration building, were analyzed and alternate schemes demonstrated. For the Johnson columns and roof sections, Severud showed an inverted pyramid instead of Wright's shallow cones. I immediately tried to do something of the same sort on a hexagonal plan. The scheme for my church was ultimately an outgrowth of this exercise. The development was moving in the direction of close-packing in three dimensions.

It was at about this time that I saw, for the first time, the kites, towers and other structures based upon the tetrahedron which Alexander Graham Bell had made in 1901. While the axes normal to the surfaces of a cube are three, those perpendicular to the planes of a space-lattice made up of tetrahedra and octahedra are seven. This allows for greater flexibility and visual continuity of surface than rectangular organizations. Something approaching the plasticity of more traditional sculpture, but within a continuous system of simple elements becomes possible. The hexagon offers possibilities for greater flexibility in planning and, even construction, for certain problems. But in spite of far greater advantages for building at least, the tetrahedron was taking me farther and farther from considerations of function and structure toward speculation in pure form.
If I were to say what I had accomplished, one of them closest to me would be the French and Company gallery in the Parke-Bernet building. It was here that I perhaps realized my sense of scale and monumentality for the first time: (It's unrecognizable as it exists today).

Corbusier is by far the greatest artist of our time - greater than Michelangelo - though he never did anything so great as the Medici Chapel. I'm not saying that Corbusier is finer. He is tougher and more available. The direct and primitive experience of the High Court Building at Chandigahr is like the Pueblos of the Southwest under a fantastic overhanging cliff. It's something everyone can understand.

Architecture has to do with space and light, not with form; that's sculpture. Craftsmanship and art are much closer than artists seem to be willing to admit, but the question is, where does the distinction seem to take place?

I view art as something vast. I think highway systems fall down because they are not art. Art today is an art of postage stamps. I love the Secretariat Building of the U.N., placed like a salute. In terms of scale, we have less art per square mile, per capita, than any society

ever had. We are puny. In an English village there was always the cathedral. There is nothing to look at between the Bennington Monument and the George Washington Bridge. We now have stylization. In Hackensack a huge gas tank is all underground. I think of art in a public context and not in terms of mobility of works of art. Art is just there. I'm temperamentally more inclined to mural painting, especially that of the Mexican, Orozco. I like the way a huge area holds on to a surface in the same way a state does on a map.

I'm interested in the inscrutability and the mysteriousness of the thing. Something obvious on the face of it (like a washing machine or a pump), is of no further interest. A Bennington earthenware jar, for instance, has subtlety of color, largeness of form, a general suggestion of substance, generosity, is calm and reassuring - qualities which take it beyond pure utility. It continues to nourish us time and time again. We can't see it in a second, we continue to read it. There is something absurd in the fact that you can go back to a cube in this same way. It doesn't seem to be an ordinary mechanical experience. When I start to design, it's almost always corny and then naturally moves toward economy.

When I was a child of four I visited the Pueblos in New Mexico. Back in the East, I made models of them with cardboard boxes. While still quite young I associated the forms of these complexes with the block houses that Wright built in and around Los Angeles in the early twenties. Later I associated them with Cubism, and quite recently thought of the dwellings at Mesa Verde in relationship to the High Court Building at Chandigahr. They seem to have been a continuing reference, even though they were never in my consciousness except as that. In any case they seemed real to me in a way that buildings of our own society did not.

I'm not aware of how light and shadow falls on my pieces. I'm just aware of basic form. I'm interested in the thing, not in the effects - pyramids are only geometry, not an effect.

My speculations with plane and solid geometry and crystal forms led me to making models for sculpture, but what I did always made use of the 90-degree angle, like De Stijl. I only began to use more advanced relationships of solids after working with Wright and then related the thirty and sixty-degree angles to the ninety-degree angles.

We think in two dimensions - horizontally and vertically. Any angle off that is very hard to remember. For that reason I make models - drawings would be impossible.

I'm very interested in Topology, the mathematics of surfaces, Euclidian geometry, line and plane relationships. »Rubber sheet geometry«, where facts are more primary than distances and angles, is more elemental but more sophisticated that plane geometry.

When I was teaching at Cooper Union in the first year or two of the fifties, someone told me how I could get on to the unfinished New Jersey Turnpike. I took three students and drove from somewhere in the Meadows to New Brunswick. It was a dark night and there were no lights or shoulder markers, lines, railings, or anything at all except the dark pavement moving through the landscape of the flats, rimmed by hills in the distance, but punctuated by stacks, towers, fumes, and colored lights. This drive was a revealing experience. The road and much of the landscape was artificial, and yet it couldn't be called a work of art. On the other hand, it did something for me that art had never done. At first I didn't know what it was, but its effect was to liberate me from many of the views I had had about art. It seemed that there had been a reality there which had not had any expression in art.

The experience on the road was something mapped out but not socially recognized. I thought to myself, it ought to be clear that's the end of art. Most painting looks pretty pictorial after that. There is no way you can frame it, you just have to experience it. Later I discovered some abandoned airstrips in Europe - abandoned works, Surrealist landscapes, something that had nothing to do with any function, created worlds without tradition. Artificial landscape without cultural precedent began to dawn on me. There is a drill ground in Nuremberg, large enough to accommodate two million men. The entire field is enclosed with high embankments and towers. The concrete approach is three sixteen-inch steps, one above the other, stretching for a mile or so.

I think of the piece as pretty much in a certain size and related to ordinary everyday measurements - doorways in buildings, beds, etc. All the pieces were seen in greenery in the past. I might change a piece which was to be on a plaza to accommodate its scale, size, and color. *Generation* is the first piece I thought of as a citified monumental expression. I don't think of it as personal or subjective. I attempted to make it as urbane and objective as possible.

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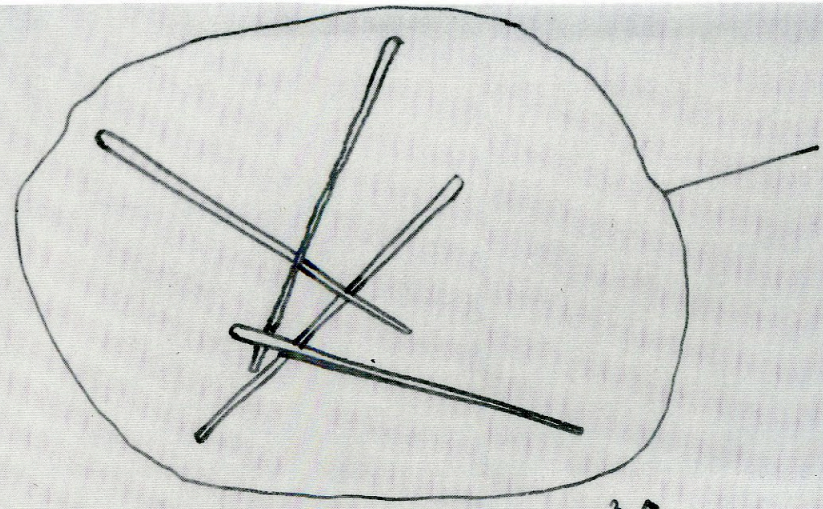

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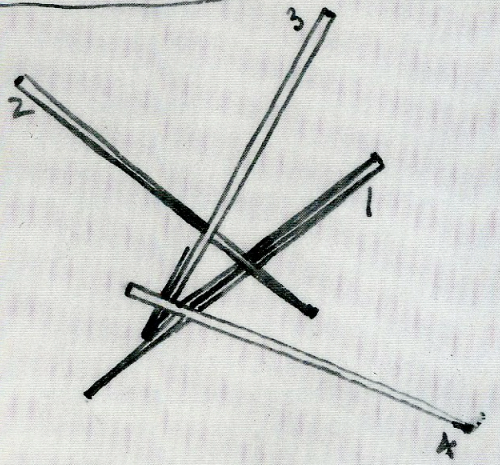

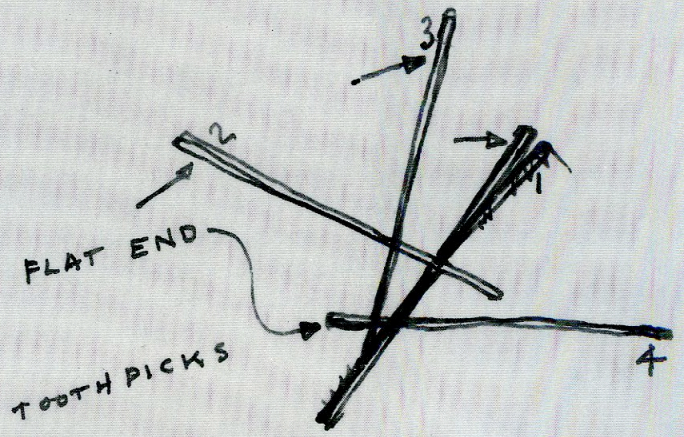

FLAT END

TOOTH PICKS

$5\frac{3}{4}'$

57.5
3.75
61.25

$5'\frac{3}{4}'$

1 10 9 8 1 7 1 6 1 5 1 4 1 3 1 2 1 1

Length of toothpick

MEMORIAL MONUMENT

Height of a person

Kampf gefallen?

Jean-Pierre Criqui

For T.S.

»You can have any color as long as it is black«.
Tony Smith

In 1969, Tony Smith was invited to teach for the summer at the University of Hawaii. During his stay there, he conceived a set of nine sculptures, realized initially in marble or bronze and scaled after the paper models by means of which he had set their final composition. Smith gave each of these works of modest size a title in the form of a dedication, identifying the persons to whom he intended to offer them by their initials only (most of them teaching colleagues in Hawaii, it seems). The next year, he returned to these pieces in order to blow them up considerably. To that effect, he constructed black plywood mock-ups which were exhibited in various museums in New Jersey and served as models for the final version of the *For ...*, which was executed in welded bronze and shown for the first time in 1971 in New York, at the Knoedler Gallery.

Contrary to other more or less related sets produced by the artist over the course of his career (for example, *Wandering Rocks* of 1967 or *Ten Elements* of 1975), these sculptures do not require to be seen together. The grouping of the nine pieces, however, allows for an unusual access to Smith's work and thought, which to a large extent are summarized in them. From the twin parallellepipeds of *For W. A.* to the complex, unpredictable, and nearly impossible to memorize structure of *For J. C.* , his entire method of formal elaboration can be retraced. The fact that these masses of bronze - rendered even denser, more compact, by the mat and light-absorbing blackness which a chemical treatment bestowed upon their surfaces - are explicitly connected with persons allows one furthermore to wonder what brings them closer to certain types of historical objects from which one might *a priori* deem them to be greatly removed (*statues*, among other things). Lastly, although none of the elements of the whole series had the dimensions of the most monumental of Smith's works, the presentation of the complete set leads one to reflect about the notion of *place*, about the way in which a place can be defined or articulated sculpturally - taking into consideration first of all Smith's own indications for their installation: »If you are thinking of them as a group, I don't think they should be placed too far apart, so that you can feel the space between them. Someone from here said that they looked like cows lying around on a meadow. One thing I do like is to have them on the same axial grid. I don't mean that they should be lined up, but I don't like them twisted around like random objects on a floor or table. I like the work to establish itself in that way. I like them to be parallel or perpendicular to any existing architectural scheme. I don't like to see them in a haphazard arrangement. I always want to straighten them. I don't think it's just a compulsive thing. I want them to be seen as elements which are part of the continuing space rather than as self-contained objects«.[1]

The first mistake to avoid when considering Tony Smith's work is to place it too quickly amongst the productions of minimal art, next to the works of artists such as Morris, Judd or Andre, who, like him, became known in the early sixties and with whom he at times participated in group shows. This is a matter of generation, of education, and especially of aesthetic presuppositions. Smith was born in 1912, the same year as Pollock, who, along with Rothko and Newman, was one of his closest friends. After having taken evening courses at the Art Students League for a while, he turned to the study of architecture in 1937-38 at the New Bauhaus in Chicago. Subsequently, he joined a team working under the leadership of Frank Lloyd Wright, which led him to take a closer interest in modular building techniques (one of the foundations of what later was to be his sculpture). During the forties and fifties, he practiced architecture on his own. The houses he built during that time - for instance, for the gallery owner Betty Parsons or the painter Theodoros Stamos - as well as the numerous projects he was unable to realize (the most famous one being the church for which Pollock was to make a group of paintings) also show the influence of Rietveld and Le Corbusier. About the latter, Smith said in 1966: »Corbusier is by far the greatest artist of our time.... The direct and primitive experience of the High Court Building at Chandigarh is like the Pueblos of the Southwest under a fantastic overhanging cliff. It's something everyone can understand«.[2] Concomittantly with his activity as an architect, he taught in various art schools and universities, periodically also devoting himself to painting. We must keep in mind this context, this particular education and culture, when taking up his transition to sculpture.

This transition may be seen as having occurred in two phases. The first is a time of incubation, so to speak. It corresponds to the years when Smith was exploring, for himself as well as for his students, the possibilities offered by the combination of geometrical modules and was perfecting numerous excercises involving the assemblage of tetrahedra, for example. These problems of topology and construction would later sometimes provide him with the template for a sculpture, as was the case with *Throne*, which is derived from a model made in 1956 for pedagogical purposes.[3] It seems, however, that a second phase was necessary to decide Smith to turn to sculpture or rather for him to understand that he was a sculptor. A moment of triggering, an *epiphany*, was necessary: that was to be the conception of *The Black Box* (1962) which, it is important to emphasize it, in no way arose from the manipulation of modular elements but thrust itself upon Smith at one swoop. The artist related how after paying a visit one afternoon to his friend the art critic E.C. Goossen, he woke him up in the middle of the night in order to obtain from him the exact dimensions of a black wooden file which he had seen on his desk and with the image of which he was

continuously obsessed.[4] He increased its size fivefold, had the object constructed out of metal, and gave it an exterior setting, on the lawn of his garden.

Contrary to the »specific objects« put forth by the minimalists, *The Black Box* turns its back on any phenomenology of perception, as well as on any combinatorics. Allying radicality and simplicity, the work attempts rather to embody what might be called an absolute *otherness*, and to trigger the proliferation of meaning by means of this power to stun and this aphasia that we can feel it endowed with. *Die*, which is from the same year and whose many senses interweave the motifs of death and play, of cast of the die and finishing stroke, extends this paradoxical attempt - a Pandora's box tailored to human size whose funerary implications had been well noted by Smith: »*Die* is a complicated piece. It has too many references to be coped with coherently. [...] Six feet has a suggestion of being cooked. Six foot box. Six foot under. I didn't make a drawing; I just picked up the phone and ordered it.«[5] From the start, there is thus in Smith's work an extreme dialectical tension between opposite poles - namely, between the exploration of processes of formal ordering and the appropriation of a figure that has fortuitously arisen in the world; between the rationality of geometry and the uncontrolable abundance of meanings; between resolutely abstract thought and latent iconic content, etc. This tension places all of his sculpture under the sign of ambivalence.

Naturally, the *For* ... partake of this general ambivalence, first of all as regards their conception. We saw that for Smith a sculpture usually started with the manipulation of small geometrical modules of paper or cardboard - most of the time, tetrehedra and octahedra - which he assembled and disassembled until he had put together a form that held his interest. In fact, there was nothing systematic or predesigned about this procedure: Smith did not aim at running through the gamut of a given set of permutations, any more than in arranging his modules he tried to produce the model of a sculpture the form of which he would have fixed or drawn out beforehand. One must rather speak of *free association* here, and of an analogy with the work of dreams. »All my sculpture is on the edge of dreams,« Smith would say. »They come close to the unconscious in spite of their geometry. On one level my work has clarity. On another it is chaotic and imagined.«[6]

Such a method leads sometimes to such formally astounding results that one senses in the work a search for a kind of properly geometrical comic or burlesque effect. *For J. C.* provides a good example of that. The different sights one may have of the piece while moving about it seem to derive so little from each other and suggest such a feeling of dislocation that the spectator can end up laughing at his or her own powerlessness to exercise any visual or mental control over this object (»When I did the piece *For J. C.*, I merely thought of it as somewhat tricky, in the sense that there is a vertical-horizontal square, and then there is another square on a diagonal, then the four triangles are also a square, so they come to the same point. There are all kinds of things that could happen in that piece, so I thought of it as very Cubist. I did it for someone whom I think of as a Cubist and I thought it had a kind of humorous quality«).[7] Others, however, seem to arise from a more direct gesture and thought: namely, *For P. N.*, which joins four half-octahedra turned on their apices into a kind of table (at the same time Smith was working with those same elements on a large piece called *Hubris*); or *For W. A.*, the identical shapes of which are reminiscent of those of *The Elevens are up* (1963) and which is forebodingly similar in conception to a work such as *Die*. However, this apparent simplicity can be deceptive if it is taken as a key to the fashioning of a sculpture, for Smith's method - in this we find another one of its dialectical means - often leads him indirectly. This is so in the case of *For D. G.*: »*For D. G.* is a truncated pyramid and could hardly be simpler. But I didn't set out to make such a form, nor did I lop the top off a pyramid. I put four half-octahedra in a square and then dropped tetrahedra into the spaces between. The half-octahedron, inverted, was placed in the central void, and that became the piece«.[8]

»Et ignotas animum dimittit in artes« (»he turns his mind to the study of an unknown art«) - these works borrowed from Ovid and placed at the beginning of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* must undoubtedly have had a singular resonance in the mind of the great Joyce reader that Tony Smith was. This must have been so not only because he could see captured in them his transition to sculpture and the effort of redefinition which he had imposed upon himself on that occasion, but also insofar as this sentence - which stands at the beginning of a novel recounting among other things the jesuitic education and the access to art of an Irish young man by the name of Stephen Daedalus - concerns in the *Metamorphoses* the personnage of Daedalus, with whom Smith could feel a certain kinship. Mythical figure of ancient Greece, Daedalus was considered in Athens as the original sculptor. Socrates, himself the son of a sculptor, evokes him in several dialogues. He was also an inventor (Pliny, in his *Natural History*, claims that he gave us the saw and birdlime) as well as the architect of the labyrinth in which the Minotaur was confined.

Himself an architect and a sculptor, Smith has cultivated in his work many ties with the motif of the labyrinth. First of all, his work procedures are like deambulations through a network not every twist and turn of which can be predicted. What matters to Smith is to give himself over to the labyrinth and to the encounters it induces, and not to see it as a problem to be solved and or a mystery to be elucidated: »Labyrinths and mazes are formal and symbolic analogues of a breakdown in intellect and will. [...] My own earliest images or impressions of related manifestations were without any conceptual basis: the rotogravure pictures of trench warfare in the Sunday papers, the ben-day scenes from the Newark tong wars in the local dailies. The unifying abstraction became isolated and clarified through puzzles, and by going through an actual, if flimsy, structure in a boardwalk amusement concession in Ashbury Park. Any search for the center, or for the »recipe« for getting out of the maze failed to interest me. My experience of such configurations is on an intuitive and emotional level, without a rationale, or even any analysis«.[9]
Hence the fact that a piece such as *Maze* (1967) does not, despite its title, in any way aim at literally losing the viewer, but rather at handing him or her over to him- or herself. What

Smith retains from the labyrinth is its capacity to be entered, to delimit a place and to offer diverse possibilities of moving about. His most expansive works thus often turn on an equivocation between sculpture and architecture: *Smog* (1967), *Stinger* (1968), or the two projects for Hawaii on which Smith was working as he conceived the *For ...* series, *Haole Crater* and *Hubris*.[10] The *For ...* pieces themselves, when presented as a group, evoke a kind of immaterial labyrinth. Their non-orthogonal geometry and the unusual number of avenues indicated by the latter define a spatial network with multiple entrances and intersections in which we are invited to situate ourselves.[11]

Tony Smith's work is one of the quite rare instances in the sculpture of this century which can also be considered in part as a rekindling of the tradition of funerary art. What is it about these pieces that revives within us the memory of the statues (*For P. C.*), recumbent figures (*For D. C.*), and urns (*For D. G.*) that went along with the commemoration of the dead for so long? In the first place, no doubt, their nocturnal tonality - this unrelenting black which renders them as »dark as the grave wherein my friend is laid«, to borrow the title of a novel by Lowry. The experience of night played a fundamental role in Smith's relationship to art in general and to his own practice of sculpture. As he told Sam Wagstaff, it was during a night ride in the early fifties on a New Jersey highway under construction that he freed himself of most of the opinions he had had about art until that moment.[12]

It is, however, above all the sensible anthropomorphism of many of his works which convinces us of their funerary dimension. About *Die*, which is inspired by Leonardo's famous drawing of the »Vitruvian man«, Smith had stated at a lecture: »the cube you see doesn't represent so much a space to live in as an actual person«.[13] This sentence must be understood in its wholeness: it certainly indicates that a human body is, so to speak, behind the sculpture, but it also says that the space bounded by its six black sides, if not meant for life, gives death a welcoming reception (which is suggested, among other things, by its title). It is to be noted that the pieces making up the *For ...* series, in one or another of their dimensions, approximate human height. They have this latent anthropomorphism which Smith succeeded in evoking more convincingly, and seemingly effortlessly, by the sole means of geometry than by any of the more or less classical types of figuration. Dedicated to persons alive at the time of their realization, they are not tombs, but, according to Smith's own words, »gifts« in which friendship also brings about the resounding of these words: *memento mori* (remember that you are mortal).

1. «The New Work: More Points on the Lattice - An Interview with Tony Smith by Lucy R. Lippard,« *Tony Smith: Recent Sculpture* (New York: M. Knoedler & Co., Inc., 1971), p. 15.
2. Cf. Samuel Wagstaff, Jr., »Talking with Tony Smith«.
3. See Lucy R. Lippard, *Tony Smith* (New York: Abrams, 1972), p. 8.
4. This is related in the catalogue *Tony Smith: Two Exhibitions of Sculpture* (Hartford: Wadsworth Atheneum, 1966), no page number. See also Eugene C. Goossen. »Tony Smith, 1912-1980, »*Art in America*« April 1981, p. 11.
5. *Tony Smith: Two Exhibitions of Sculpture, op. cit.* Concerning *Die* and its decisive position within Smith's work, see my text »Trictrac pour Tony Smith«, *Artstudio* 6 (1987), pp. 38-51.
6. Statements reported in »Master of the Monumentalists«, *Time*, October 13, 1967, p. 84.
7. Lucy R. Lippard, »Tony Smith: Talk about Sculpture«, *Art News* (April 1971), p. 48.
8. »The New Work...«, *op. cit.*, p. 19.
9. Letter by Smith, dated October 1975, in »Janet Kardon Interviews Some Modern Maze-Makers«, *Art International* (April/May, 1976), p. 65.
10. John Charlot, son of the French painter Jean Charlot (to whom *For J. C.* is dedicated), has described these two projects in a brief report entitled »Tony Smith in Hawaii«. It is interesting to note that *Haole Crater*, a sort of room open to the sky and accessible by ladder, takes up one of the themes of Smith's architecture: he built several partially buried houses. My thanks go to the Tony Smith Archive, and especially to Sarah Auld, for having communicated John Charlot's text to me, among other documents and information.
11. About the *For ...* Smith wrote the following in a manuscript dated August 10, 1970: »When I looked out at the pieces on the lawn in the back, I thought of Raphael's statement - 'Art is Art, because it isn't Nature'. After that I thought of the melancholia and of the metaphysical character of the Medici chapel... For the first time I thought of the latterly mentioned work as a maze«. (Tony Smith Archive)
12. Cf. Samuel Wagstaff, Jr., »Talking with Tony Smith«.
13. Quoted by Joan H. Pachner, »Tony Smith: Architecture into Sculpture«, Tony Smith, Sculptures 1961-1969 (Münster: Westfälisches Landesmuseum, 1988), p. 54.