UNDAUNTED AND UN-BEAT

BY TED BUSSELL

IN ALL THE GREAT, crowded. cultural cities of the world, artists have traditionally searched usually in vain, for spacious

studios they can afford. For a growing number of New York artists, the problem is now being solved in the most unlikely places: roomy lofts in old tenement buildings that

once served as small factories Last year, a painter named

Anton James leased one such building on Manhattan's Lower East Side. In subletting space (vast 40x100-ft, lofts) at low rent to fellow artists, he is helping painters, musicians, sculptors and actors to find a dream You'll meet some of them on

these pages. GEANT

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WORKERS AND WATCHERS

Much of an artist's time in his loft ally has so few, the life of an artist quarters must be spent alone, undismight be considered a failure. The turbed. He's a hard, disciplined workartist himself, though, measures it differently: With each blow of the chisel, er who is guided only by his own urgent creativity. each stroke of the painthrush, each ad-Measured in dollars, since he usudition to a musical score he is ex-





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pressing his idea of beauty or power. For him, this is payment enough. But it's not all work and no play in this building. Visitors (tenants, or other friends) often dmp in. They find themselves climbing the

artist-leasing agent Anton James' own quarters, where giant paintings seem to spill color from their surfaces, yet where modern office furniture reminds the visitor that the business of renting lofts must go on. On the third floor, it's necessary to sound the metal gong that hangs at the loft door of sculptor Yasahide Kobashi before being ushered into a com-

one wood-walled flight of stairs to

pletely recreated Japanese house where mats, bamboo and Oriental sculpture nestle within the white-brick walls. Terra-cotta sculptor Yasubide Kobashi

28, is also painter, print-maker, designer

The left of sculptor Lothar Wurrslin, by comparison, is severe. Uncut slabs of stone or half-carved stone-andwood pieces are its only decorations. With this building as a successful pilot project, Anton James hopes someday to be able to construct a big, new building where creative people may work as they do here. For many more artists, then, the long search for a decom-studio will be over



SOLOS AND COMBOS

Besides composing and arranging music, Sammy Joseph plays the clarinet and the flute prefessionally. As he asay, "A musician must work with other musiciant." So, in one small corner of his sprawing loft, a 2 A.M. jam session is not unusual. Since the other tenants are musicians and other artists who generally are in their lofts only during the day, the playing is loud and On the other hand, painter Dale Wilhourn (right) works in soundless solitude. Unmarried, his hours are many and long, and, like Sammy Joseph's, sometimes extend far into the night. Though he spends some time in instructing art classes, his quite hours at the canvas remain the most rewarding. Engrosset in his project, he hardly hears the soft purr of a friend's cat who only came to rest.

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LOFTY PICNICS oly way the wife of the Manhattan Bridge which extends

Some days the only way the wife and children of a married loft-dweller get to spend a few daytime hours with him is to invade the building where he works. One family's arrival often results in a rooftop gathering of other tenants and friends for an impromptu hot-dog-and-beer picnic in the shade

from the city's tip to Brooklyn.

But the intermission can only be brief. Soon the artists go downstained and the lofts that once were factories are apain become a world enriched by creating the company of the company of the company of the city people creating.

Mudeleine B. Karter

