Measurement, it may be argued, is a surrogate for intimacy. We measure things that we do not know, that are not a part of our being. Measure gives structure to our observations, makes it possible for us to draw relations between things and to register nuance and particularity.

Cadence, the rhythmic modulation of stressed and unstressed measurements presented to our senses, induces recognition. The cadence of a place may be as particular and as characteristic as the natural cadence of a voice. It may also be as effectively contrived as the cadence of a poem.

The landscapes we inhabit may be as spontaneously structured as the sound of a voice or as carefully invented as a poem. In this issue we offer examples of both. They differ, we think, in the degrees of intimacy required to read human significance in their appearance.

To know Westport, California, rather than simply to be charmed by it, requires a close reading of its forms with an insider’s knowledge of the acts intertwined with them. The examples included in the Inhabited Landscape exhibition, on the other hand, are artfully conceived. Each is deliberately set to a cadence that will make us consider it a distinct place.

Measurement in the landscape is not a matter of meters and feet, but of rolling contours, spaced verticals, soft canopies and distinct edges.