

YOKO ONO

ONE  
WOMAN  
SHOW

1960–1971



YOKO ONO ONE WOMAN SHOW

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# ONE WOMAN SHOW

# 1960–1971



MAP PEACE

Colour the map  
with your heart.

I love you.  
Yoko  
December 2014

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Klaus Biesenbach and Christophe Cherix

With contributions by  
Julia Bryan-Wilson, Jon Hendricks, Yoko Ono, Clive Phillpot, David Platzker,  
Francesca Wilmott, and Midori Yoshimoto

The Museum of Modern Art, New York

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## YOKO ONO'S LIGHTNING YEARS

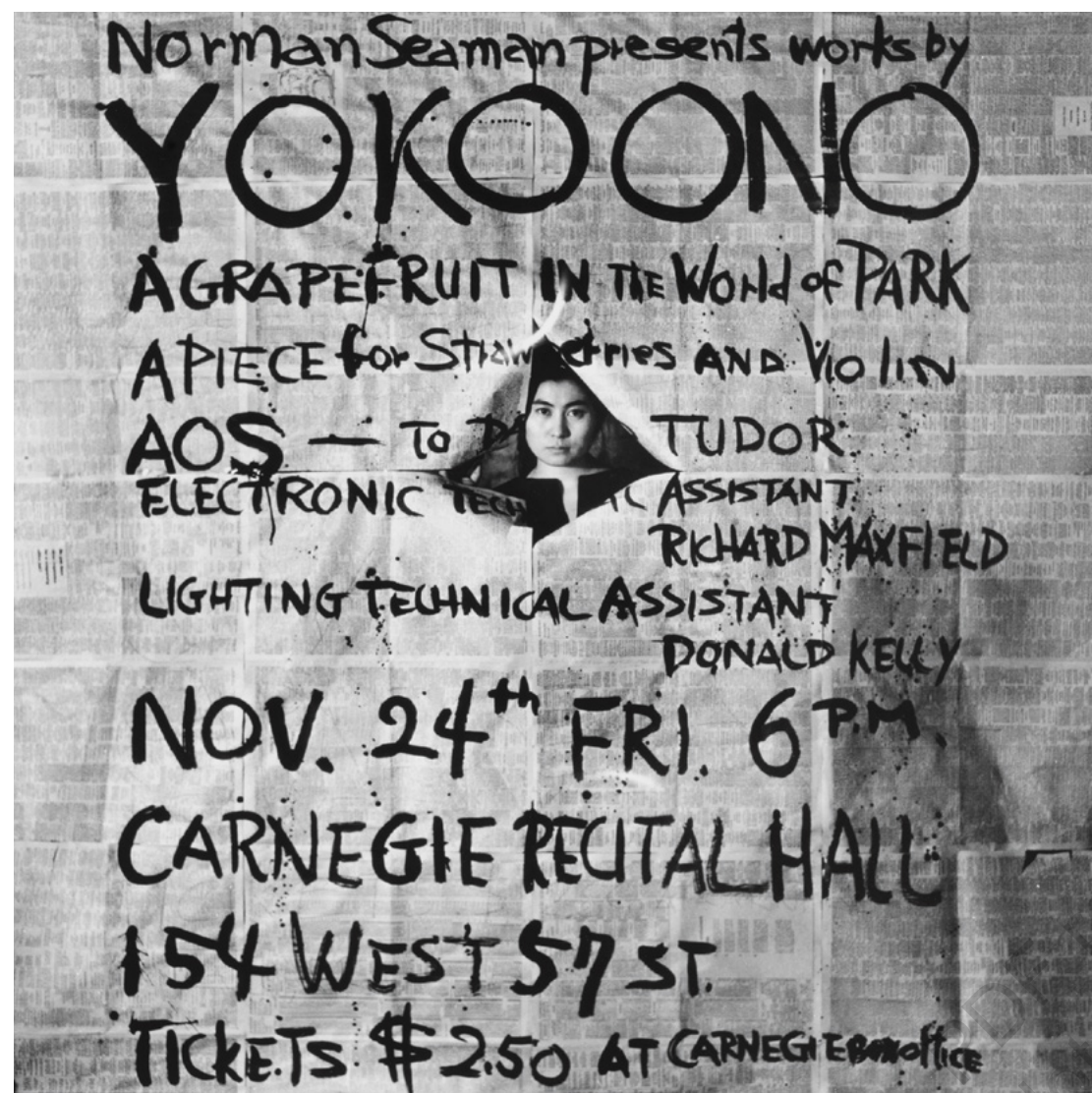
Christophe Cherix

In 1955–56, while studying at Sarah Lawrence College in Westchester County, New York, an institution at the time devoted solely to the education of women, Yoko Ono published short texts and poems in the school newspaper, *The Campus*. One of these contributions was a story titled “Of a Grapefruit in the World of Park” (figs. 2, 3), which appeared in the October 26, 1955, issue and would be of considerable importance to the development of her work in the years to come.<sup>1</sup>

Ono left Sarah Lawrence in the spring of 1956, after meeting experimental composer Toshi Ichiyanagi, whom she married later that year. She kept working on the text in the subsequent years and, through successive versions, developed it into a score for a performance work titled *A Grapefruit in the World of Park*. The work was first presented in a group evening of music and poetry, in April 1961, at the Village Gate in New York. Other interpretations of the piece followed, including in the artist's performance at the Semaine Internationale de Musique Actuelle, Montreal, in August 1961, and in her first two solo concerts, held at Carnegie Recital Hall, New York, in November 1961 (fig. 1, pp. 68–69) and at the Sōgetsu Art Center, Tokyo, in May 1962 (pp. 84–91). In these events, *A Grapefruit in the World of Park*, whose manuscript had been written by a twenty-two-year-old student still very much unaware of what was happening around her,<sup>2</sup> was presented alongside other works by Ono, in which key figures of the period, such as Yvonne Rainer and Tatsumi Hijikata, participated. Bridging Ono's early years, from 1955 to 1962, *A Grapefruit in the World of Park* provides an opportunity to better understand both the unfolding and the singularity of her practice.

The original story, which calls to mind a theater piece, features a small group of mostly undefined characters in a park at the end of a company picnic, including a tall girl, a beautiful boy, an old, fat man, and a little girl. The plot centers on an unwanted grapefruit. The fruit cannot be thrown away, the reader is told, as food should not be wasted and the wastebasket is already full. The story quickly turns to the quandary of what can be done with the grapefruit. The beautiful boy starts by throwing the fruit into the air, and, when the tall girl asks him what else can be done with it, he sticks a pencil into it. Perhaps reacting against such a wasteful gesture, the girl laments about how she had only ten dollars to buy the food for the picnic. The boy, under the girl's gaze, then enacts a series of actions that today might evoke the staging of a performance: first peeling the grapefruit's skin, then dividing it into portions, and finally squeezing its flesh. Without being explicitly ordered to, the boy is led to destroy the fruit with his own fingers after having painstakingly prepared it, thus adding an unexpected dramatic ending to a story that began in the most mundane way. “His nostrils were slightly expanded, and his breath was quiet but violent,” according to the narrator, describing the boy after he had completed the act.

The association between violence and the everyday, often revealed through people's interactions with one another, is a theme that would remain central to Ono's work in the following decade, from *Voice Piece for Soprano* (1961), which asked participants to scream against the wind, the wall, and the sky, to *Cut Piece* (1964; pp. 106–9), in which the members of the audience are invited to cut away the performer's clothing. Ono's 1955 story also includes other elements that would later play an important



1. Photograph conceived as poster for *Works by Yoko Ono* at Carnegie Recital Hall, New York. 1961. Gelatin silver print, 9 15/16 x 7 15/16" (25.3 x 20.2 cm). Poster: Yoko Ono. Photograph: George Maciunas

role in her work. The text starts, for instance, with people turning their bodies to the sky—a sky “too high,” the narrator puzzlingly observes—and ends with an almost magical wind, which “crossed over the table, and gradually dried up the pasted skin and the row of the [grapefruit’s] seeds.” These motifs of the sky and the wind reappeared with force in the 1960s in a number of Ono’s works, such as *Painting for the Wind* (1961) and the media installation *Sky TV* (1966), which broadcasts in real time an image of the sky on a television monitor. “Of a Grapefruit in the World of Park,” in which nature, through the sky and the wind, bookends the story, shows that already in the mid-1950s Ono counterbalanced images of violence and darkness—the closing, for instance, tells us that “all vanished together into darkness”—with moments of pure contemplation and utter serenity.

Around the time that Ono wrote “Of a Grapefruit in the World of Park,” she also started performing, privately and among friends, one of her oldest recorded works, *Lighting Piece* (pl. 25). The piece, which was not publicly presented until the 1961 Carnegie Recital Hall concert,<sup>3</sup> similarly brings together elements of plain beauty and latent violence. The instruction simply states: “Light a match and watch till it goes out.”<sup>4</sup>

One of the overarching characteristics of Ono’s work is that it doesn’t always require a public setting, such as a gallery, a museum, or a theater, to exist. It represents a notable shift from a past generation of artists dealing with the readymade and the everyday. Some of the most daring works of the twentieth century, from Marcel Duchamp’s *Fountain* (a urinal on a pedestal) to John Cage’s *4’33”* (a musical score according to which performers are required not to play their instruments), are difficult to understand without taking into account the public nature of their presentation.<sup>5</sup>

When *A Grapefruit in the World of Park* was presented to the public in 1961, the text (figs. 4–15) was significantly different, both in its syntactic structure and its symbolic connotations, from the earlier version. Ono preserved details from the original—such as the sky’s being too high and the need to purchase all the picnic’s food with ten dollars—but edited the wording, redistributing the material and intertwining it with new text. The piece, now divided into twelve parts, reads not as a story but rather as a long freeform poem. The grapefruit itself takes on new significance with the added verses. The fruit is no longer fresh and juicy, but dry and wrinkled. The phrase “baby carriage” appears isolated in a strophe, devoid of any connection to the rest of the poem, and a chorus emphasizes even further the poem’s morbid tone:

let’s count the hairs of the dead child  
let’s count the hairs of the dead child

At the Village Gate, Ono read the text onstage, while various contributors—Cage, Ichiyanagi, David Tudor, and La Monte Young, among others<sup>6</sup>—performed according to her instructions, for instance by laughing aloud or playing atonal music. The piece fit well into the New York avant-gardist atmosphere of the moment. At times, the work was irreverent—as when a toilet was heard flushing during the action—and at others somber and dark, but as a whole it was deeply personal and experimental in its attempt to bring together poetry, music, theater, and performance.

The grapefruit, a citrus hybrid, would soon become a metaphor for hybridity in Ono’s work, conveying both a personal point of view—her crossing of the Eastern and Western worlds—and a new artistic approach able to combine existing disciplines. When, in 1964, Ono self-published a collection of her instruction works in Japan, a book of prophetic importance to the art of the 1960s, she titled it *Grapefruit*, capturing in a single word a period of her life.

*Grapefruit* (pp. 100–105) is divided into five chapters. One of them, the second, is devoted to painting. The emphasis is surprising for an artist who had previously

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1955

THE CAMPUS

PAGE NINE

# PERSPECTIVES

## "WHERE BEAUTY CANNOT KEEP HER LUSTROUS EYES"

I only yawn waking, quiet as the caged sea, calmed by the moon; When from a bursting chord, in the sudden air When from a sculptured skull, unfurled in flaming requiem, I only sigh, crumpling, like a dying weed;

When from the nightingale's golden song, towering eternal, I neither leap in joy, like the raging sea, stirred by the moon, Nor wall in memory of my melting paradise; When all these are spun in shadow drowning truth;

Then I am dust within the golden urn, sightless— Just as the caged sea and like the dying weed;

Adele Meyer  
(This poem has previously been printed in the Sarah Lawrence Literary Magazine)

## IT SURE IS FUNNY . . .

By Pat Walters

Sometimes I think it is pretty funny how you can get rolling along on a mental cloud and all of a sudden, bingo, the wind gets knocked right out from under you. Take today, for example; today was smug day for me. I spent the whole morning gloating over last night. In my opinion last night was an all out success.

I have a friend, that's the safest way to put it, who has not only an MG but a Jaguar. Merely to possess a friend with such wonderful endowments is cause for great rejoicing for a person who is accustomed to friends whose only assets are sturdy Buster Browns. But not only do I have a friend, at least temporarily, but I have a friend who has friends who also have MG's. Thus, and somewhat indirectly, I almost consider myself a member at large of the Westford Sportscar Association.

So what happens, but after spending the whole week jumping to the window at the slightest drop of a valve in a motor, he finally comes over and asks me out. He asks my roommates also to come out with his friends. How nice, I am thinking at the time. How nice for them that they know me, that I know him, and that we can all go racing around in the cars.

There is something so absolutely neat about those cars that whenever I get in one I am screaming many decibels down inside myself. I wouldn't say neat if I knew a better word, but that's just it, they're neat.

So we all went out, and we all raced around, and everyone was happy in the extreme, and I more than anyone.

Here we have today, and here I am thinking how I am not only lucky but possibly clever to be able to provide this sort of enjoyment for my roommates.

As I have said, I gloat.

Until eight o'clock, that is, when my roommate, and at this point I must emphasize that we are besides roommates, likable to each other, which is not always the case, says to me, "I have a confession to make." "Oh! I say, thinking she has used my razor and left the blade dull, since for once I didn't stab myself." "Oh!" and then, "Well, ok, what is it?" "Harry called me up tonight and asked me to the movies." For several seconds I am thinking I have a spastic mind and I have heard wrong. For the word Harry is synonymous in my mind with the person who owns not only the MG but the Jaguar. Calmly and with superhuman effort, I achieve a quavering casualness of voice. "Well," I say "Why didn't you go?" "I thought you might mind" she says innocently. "Mind?" I say, thinking I am out of mine, "Why no, you should have gone right ahead." The air on her side of the room clears and I am heading back to the bathroom to see if I can find another razor blade.

It occurs to me that this is a lot of interior hysterics for the mere loss of a good ride, and almost immediately, it occurs to me that perhaps the car isn't the loss I am mourning. Harry's shaggy crew cut flashes before my brain. It was so . . . well, I just like that haircut.

Now I am thinking that this may all be a clever device to make me jealous, not that I am the jealous type or anything, and I am thinking that I am

(Continued on Page Ten)

## Of A Grapefruit In The World of Park by Yoko Ono

A grapefruit remained on the table when the picnic was over. And the people from the M. company lay down on the green, turning up their stomachs contentedly to the sky.

"Who wants to finish this?" asked a tall girl. They all glanced at the grapefruit. It was a greenish yellow thing, with little wrinkles around it.

"Why don't you throw it away?" "Oh, you can eat this. Besides, the waste basket is too full."

The girl stood there without wasting her movement. People began to talk again of nothing in particular. The sky was too high. And the voices sounded unusually small in the warm, lazy afternoon air. People's minds flew away between the clouds. And a girl, dozing under a willow tree, fancied that the dropping dew on her cheeks were the kisses of her lover.

"Oh, these people, wasting food!" said the tall girl.

"Give me that. Let's do something with it." A beautiful boy got up and came to the table. He took the grapefruit and threw it into the air. It turned awkwardly, and dropped into his hands again.

"What can you do with it?" asked the girl. "Oh, well . . ."

Then she said that it was late, and people weren't cooperating with her at all to clean up. "Look at all this mess. You know, there are some who came from the end of the town. They really have to go home early. Besides, the park is closing in a few minutes. It seems as if I'm the only one's who awake around here."

The boy just answered yeah, yeah, automatically, and stuck a pencil into the grapefruit.

"And think of it! I had to get this food all for ten dollars! What can you buy with ten dollars for this many people? I wanted to make it

anyway, you know . . . not popcorn and coke and . . ."

"Look, that cloud is moving!" said someone lying in the grass.

"It was between those trees before. See?" There was no answer. The sound of the street car was heard.

"So I think it's good if they systematize that way, you know" said the tall girl, lowering her voice without reason.

"Yeah."

Just then the watchman called out loudly in the distance.

"Oh, it's closing." And, turning around, the girl shouted to others, "It's closing."

People stood up slowly and began to fix themselves. Women straightened their hair. And men brushed grass from the women's shoulders.

"Let's go," growled an old, fat man. The boy wiped his sticky fingers on the grass.

"Betty: Stop that, we're going now!" A little girl came running.

"Are we going, Mommy?"

"Look how you're perspiring. You'll catch cold, pussy. Hurry and put your sweater on."

"The hot, mommy. Can't I have that grapefruit? Mommy . . ."

"Oh, somebody has eaten it already. Now put on your jacket, too. It's really getting chilly."

The ball rang again, and a group of boys who were playing baseball at the far end of the park began to break up.

"Closing!" shouted the watchman, continuously. (Continued On Page Ten)

### POEM

Of orange and Indian paint-brush Is the lambent scape. Modest shapes cohabit With sky-throat obliques In seek of blue. At our feet, improvised acorns lie Midst attitudes of decay And of curl wind-punctured, a testimony To blood-lets. Vermillion it is said.

Erica Hennefeld



JAZZ BAND By JULIE BROWN

PAGE TEN

## Of Mice and Men

(Continued from Page Five) will open the door to those who will go further. His work is essential. It opens the doorways to a program such as ours. I agree with him one hundred percent as far as he has gone, but I don't believe he will ever be able to solve the racial, economic and political problems of the United States in a final and conclusive manner.

This is, of course, only a small part of the program of the National Renaissance Party. It is not the type of program which is likely to gain many adherents in this country. This is essentially a non-militaristic nation, and a program which puts men into a uniform almost identical with that of Hitler's Storm Troopers (the NRP uniform has a bolt of lightning in place of Hitler's swastika) is not likely to get very far.

The NRP is not really a threat to American democracy, and it should not be the cause for anyone's alarm. But it is interesting to note that something like this exists, and, in fact, has existed for twenty years. As long as freedom of speech and of association exist, groups like the NRP will exist, too. And, if freedom of speech and association no longer exist, it will be because groups like the National Renaissance Party have somehow managed to gain control.

## Religious Panel

(Continued from Page Three) with "religious commitments" and in a college there is always a "wide diversity of denominations."

Mr. Heeny disapproved of departments teaching religion, for the understanding which comes with religion does not always occur in a classroom.

Dr. Taylor made clear his opinion on how religion makes itself felt on a campus. "Not by professors to buttress moral principles, but by genuine need on the part of American youth to know the values implicit in religious teaching. But others felt that various traditions and denominations found on a campus make this impossible. Rabbi Maccohy disapproved of some colleges having compulsory chapel — where you can see students reading their assignments or writing letters."

Some of the students expressed a desire for a non-denominational religious room which would be open at all times. It was also suggested that guests from all houses of worship could be invited to speak to students on their religions.

Dr. Taylor and the faculty present remarked that the system at Sarah Lawrence is designed "to help students so that they may enter into the society in which they live with their own commitments and beliefs. Sarah Lawrence does not wish to superimpose a set standard of beliefs."

## "If you want to stay thin, don't drop in"

GALLOWAYS DELICIOUS HOMEMADE PIES

## Merce Cunningham

(Continued from Page Two) equally understandable, obnoxious questions surface. He struck me as an usually thoughtful and creative man. I believe, quite simply, that he is preaching nothing about life; doing very little about our souls. That he is, in fact, a man who is dedicated to, and delighted with, movement. Strangely enough this is terribly hard for an audience to accept. It seems that with dance, as is so often true with modern art, people have an almost pathological urge to intellectualize the material or problem.

It was a very worthwhile adventure, for my money, because it did raise these questions. It did make you think. It was exciting. What people saw was movement abrupt, lyrical, absurd, childlike, in execution. People were amazed, bored, fatigued and self-conscious. The evening gave you all the relaxation and satisfaction of a charley horse. I was easily the most enthusiastic and confused person there.

## Grapefruit

(Continued from Page Nine) "Closing." The girl repeated absent-mindedly while her mother tied the bow of her bonnet.

People started to leave, and soon the park was all cleared out. The faint wind crossed over the table, and gradually dried up the pasted skin and the row of the seeds. The sound of the closing gate permeated the dusk. A bird hopped on the table and picked up a little piece of green leaf. For a while, the place turned into a pool of warm lights.

Even the mossy bark of the old trees glittered gold. But then, before long, the green, the clouds and the park, all vanished together into darkness. The seed stayed shining till the last, like a reflected spot inside the retina, and went out.

## It Sure Is Funny

(Continued from Page Nine) playing right into someone's hands. But then I am thinking that Harry could have done it without offering to take her to the movies, and this I intend to brood over. When I go I have to go date.

My roommate did wreck that razor. She has a lot of annoying habits. She has the gall to sing in the shower now when I am trying to concentrate. Well, it sure is funny . . .

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shown little interest in traditional painting. Rather than images of paintings, the publication offers instructions for paintings in which the paint and brush are often relegated to a secondary role. A number of these instructions were realized on the occasion of the artist's first solo exhibition, at AG Gallery, New York, in July 1961 (pp. 58–67). At least three of them had already been enacted a few months earlier, during the Chambers Street Loft Series (pp. 48–53), a run of performances and concerts held in Ono's loft.

At AG Gallery, in at least two instances, Ono presented a text written on a sheet of paper next to an exhibited work. In 2008, she mentioned that she had “asked Toshi Ichiyanagi to write out cards explaining the functions to display on the side of each painting . . . [but] he managed to write [only] two cards.”<sup>7</sup> The text, from 1960, for *Painting to Be Stepped On* (1960/1961; pl. 13) states:

#### A WORK TO BE STEPPED ON

For *Painting in Three Stanzas* (1961; pl. 11), a piece of canvas with a vine stuck through it, we read:

It ends when its covered with leaves,  
It ends when the leaves wither,  
It ends when it turns to ashes,  
And a new vine will grow, \_\_\_\_\_

The first text offers the viewer the opportunity to physically interact with the work—even at the risk of damaging it—while the other implies that a number of upcoming changes in the painting, not explicitly dependent on the participation of the viewers, need to happen for the work to be complete. According to Ono's explanation, these texts state the “functions” of the exhibited works—so, in other words, the particular activities intended for each painting. “The works on display all had some function,” Ono further explicated.<sup>8</sup> *Painting to Let the Evening Light Go Through* (1961) filtered the light at the end of day, while two pieces titled *Waterdrop Painting* (1961; pl. 14) received drops of water.

The status of the texts displayed in the exhibition, or of the verbal commentaries that replaced them when no text was given, is different from that of the instructions shown by the artist the following year, at Sōgetsu Art Center in Tokyo. On this occasion, the instructions, composed and translated by Ono and handwritten in Japanese by Ichiyanagi, were simply hung on the walls, clearly meant to be considered works themselves (pls. 28–31). In 1995, Ono explained: “I did a show of instruction paintings at AG Gallery in New York, but that was exhibiting canvases with instructions attached to them. Displaying just the instructions as paintings was going one step further, pushing visual art to its optimum conceptualism.”<sup>9</sup>

Most of the works shown at the AG Gallery are presumed to be lost, and only a few have been realized again by the artist since the exhibition. We know the content of the show thanks to photographs taken by one of the gallery's founders, George Maciunas. Maciunas treated photography as a means “to create an inventory of world art,”<sup>10</sup> photographing, for instance, building facades, details of sculptures, and city views “with a very sharp focus in the depths of the image, devoid of human beings and traffic.”<sup>11</sup> He shot Ono's exhibition with the same eye toward intelligibility and comprehensiveness that he demonstrated in his previous photo campaigns. The works are unexpectedly documented at close range, with only a few overall installation shots, as if the photographer considered the paintings to exist primarily on their own and not necessarily in their relationship to the visitors.

The AG Gallery was located on the second floor of a small building on Madison Avenue, on New York's Upper East Side. Maciunas made a number of significant

alterations to the space in order to turn it into a gallery environment. He removed the plaster from some of the walls, thus exposing the original bricks, and altered the ceiling. The Fluxus archivist Barbara Moore, who didn't see Ono's installation but came to the gallery early on, remembers that Maciunas had “arch[ed] large sheets of semi-translucent heavy paper stock between the [ceiling] beams.”<sup>12</sup>

Ono installed her works without frames or pedestals. The pieces of canvas and sheets of paper were simply affixed to the walls or to a translucent screen installed in front of the gallery's front windows (pl. 16). *Painting to Be Stepped On*, *Waterdrop Painting (Version 1)*, and *Waterdrop Painting (Version 2)* were on the floor, in locations that vary from photograph to photograph, suggesting that some works were moved over the course of the exhibition. A long table stood before the window screen with additional items displayed on it, including *Painting Until It Becomes Marble*.

Overall, the works didn't compete with the architecture but let themselves be absorbed by it. Ono seems to have intentionally positioned her paintings, made of unprepared canvas, against the rough brick walls and on the worn tiled floor, and her drawings, consisting of black ink on white paper, on the plastered white walls. The impression of the work merging with its surroundings was reinforced by the hanging of ink drawings on both sides of the translucent screen, two on the front side and one on the back.

At AG Gallery, the feeling of a unified display was further reinforced by the fact that all the pieces of canvas had been cut from the same roll, which Ono had acquired a few months earlier from an army surplus shop during the Chambers Street Loft Series. A photograph shows that a large portion of canvas had been hung in the loft, essentially creating a makeshift backdrop and surface for actions performed by the artist.

Ono's contributions to the Chambers Street Loft Series and the staging of her first exhibition attest to how crucial a role the environment plays in the conception of her work. A similar interest is seen in a body of work made a decade earlier: Robert Rauschenberg's White Paintings, created at Black Mountain College, in North Carolina, during the summer of 1951. Cage, who was a friend and supporter of Ono, first captured the groundbreaking nature of Rauschenberg's achievement, when, in 1961, he described the monochromatic panels as “airports for the lights, shadows, and particles.”<sup>13</sup>

Neither Ono's early paintings nor Rauschenberg's White Paintings are to be understood solely in relation to their materiality. What gives them the status of works of art is less the canvases that constitute them than the process of interaction and change triggered by their display. In some ways, they exist only while they are being experienced, very much as live performances would. As Rauschenberg explained, “My black paintings and my white paintings are either too full or too empty to be thought—thereby they remain visual experiences. These pictures are not Art.”<sup>14</sup> Similarly, Ono's works are not intended as art in and of themselves. *Painting to Be Stepped On*, for instance, does not have to be stepped on, but it must be placed on the floor, within reach of visitors. Its materiality remains secondary to its ability to generate potential activities in the viewer's mind. Perhaps like nothing before it—Rauschenberg's White Paintings included—Ono's works are performative by nature. They exist primarily by means of their being shown to the viewer.

In November 1966, five years after the AG Gallery exhibition, Ono opened a show at Indica Gallery in London (pp. 158–63), only her second solo gallery exhibition to date. The presentation featured Ono's first body of sculptures. For one of these, she placed a fresh apple on a tall transparent pedestal that had been specially designed for it (pl. 70). The work comes with no instruction: the engraved plate affixed to the pedestal contains only a title, *Apple*. If *Apple* can be seen as



-1-

dark.  
 where is this?  
 this is the park  
 (But I smell metal in the air.  
 no, it's the clovers.  
 are they bleeding?  
 is this a room?  
 no, it's the sunset.  
 would you like to speak to the dead?  
 oh, no I only come here to peel the grapefruit.  
 is it too cold?  
 it's too warm, the sky's too high...people are turning  
 up their stomachs contentedly to the sky. your voice  
 sounds unusually small in the afternoon air. your minds  
 fly away between the clouds, and the drooping dew on the  
 cheeks is like the kisses of your lovers.

flush toilet

-2-

don't peel it.  
 is he the one who killed you?  
 everything seems so right in the park.  
 yes, doesn't it.  
 even the grapefruit.  
 oh, no, not the grapefruit.  
 yes, even the grapefruit.  
 do you want to peel it?  
 why don't you throw it away, it's wrinkled.  
 ((it's wrinkled!))  
 it's wrreeeeeeeekled.....  
 let's count the hairs of the dead child  
 let's count the hairs of the dead child  
 room light

-3-

do you like clams?  
 I like clams, only it's hard to peel them though.  
 you peel clams?  
 oh, yes, you do. It's good for you they say.  
 I didn't know that. I must try that sometimes.  
 now, don't hurt your fingers.  
 no, I won't.....  
 they look so juicy...now let's try  
 how is it?  
 I prefer metracol to clams, though, at least it's something different.  
 I should say.

-7-

one.  
 it's getting dark. the flowers are still white though.  
 (or are they waste papers?)  
 ((is this the park?.....))  
 ( )  
 ( )  
 look, that cloud is moving it was between those trees before, see?  
 cabbage.

-8-

one day his bones touched mine, I was happy.  
 you like bones?  
 yes, they make you feel comfortable, I guess.  
 (wipe your fingers on the grass.  
 it's sticky.  
 the lollypops are getting sandy.)  
 take off sweater.

-9-

do you like my baby carriages?  
 oh, it's simply wonderful! the curve, the shining wheels,  
 everything is just right. (is it empty?)  
 I shine it every day with vinegar, and take off the smell with  
 perfumes.  
 Yoko back.

-4-

dinner ready!  
 (did you hear that?)  
 (yes?)  
 (how ghastly?)  
 (sometimes it's too much isn't it?)  
 (yes, it's just too much for me)  
 let's count the hairs of the dead child  
 let's count the hairs of the dead child  
 nine.  
 baby carriage

-5-

I have to squeeze lemons.  
 yes, and we must live, we must do something, something constructive,  
 I guess.  
 let's not leave the room let's stay. let's live longer so we can  
 drink tea together.  
 that will be nice. but that's a dream.  
 six.  
 TWO (emphasize)

-6-

twenty-one  
 joe, joe, is that your tie flying in the sky?  
 oh, no, it's the lark isn't it?  
 but larks don't fly. (it's zipped into the sky)  
 who's Joe?  
 oh, I've never met him. but I know that he has long fingers.  
 long nails too?  
 no, just long fingers. and he can squeeze lemons very well.  
 I heard his voice once like fragments of broken mirror. It's  
 that we can't keep voices like we keep mushrooms.

-10-

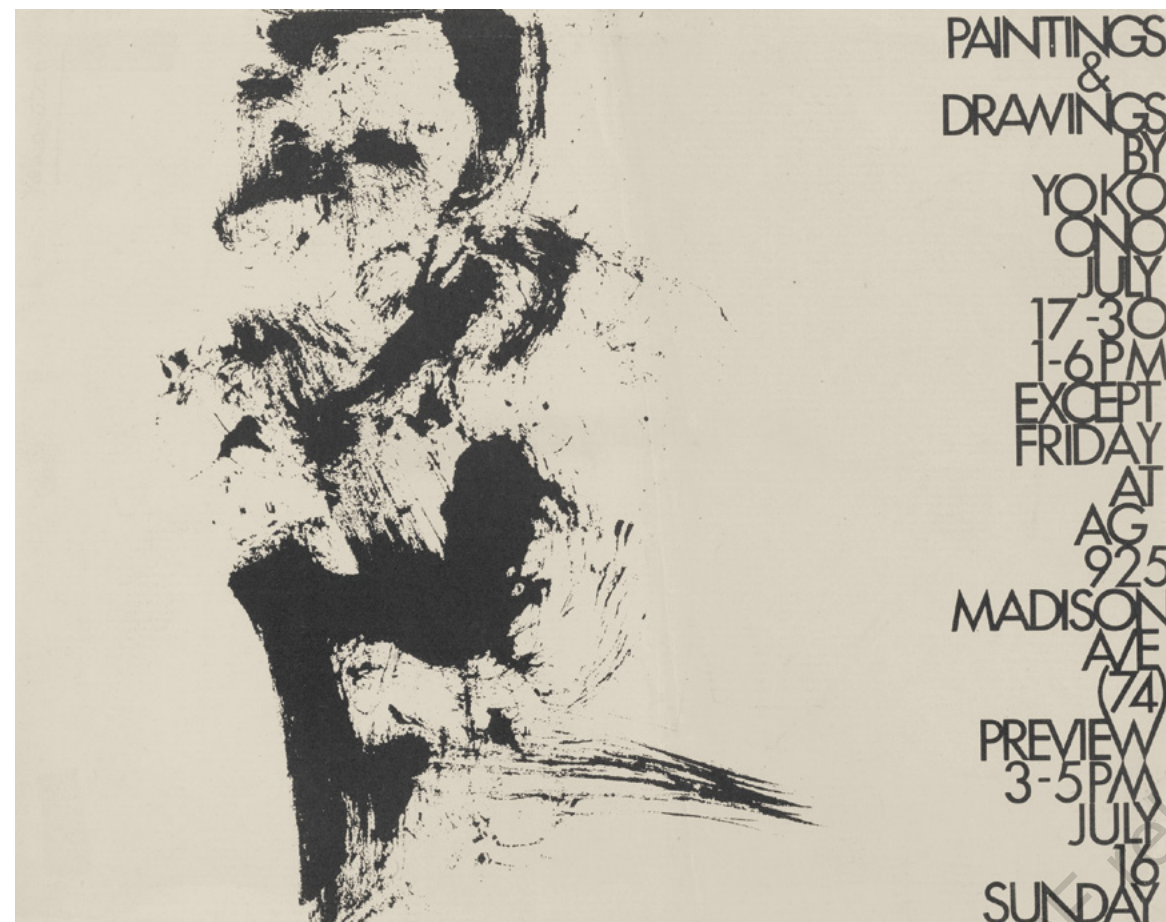
did you know that I had to get this food all for ten dollars?  
 what can you get with ten dollars for this many? I wanted to make  
 it nicer, you know...not grapefruit and clams, anyway, but what  
 can you do?...well, it makes you feel good to do something for  
 others. I'm not complaining of being in charge of these things.  
 but...are you listening? (giggle) you look so pale....I guess it's  
 this light or are you dead?  
 eighteen.  
 eightennnnnnnn  
 ei...  
 Yoko wear sweater  
 chair upside down  
 hat bit come in

-11-

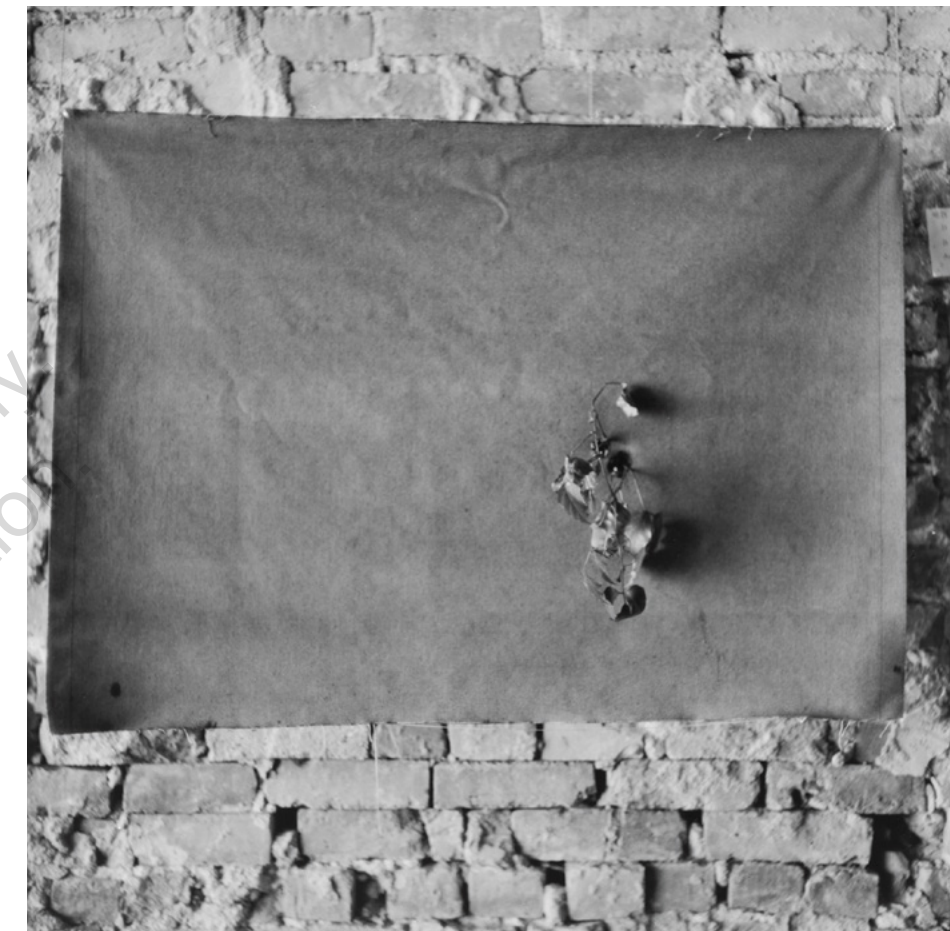
it's closing  
 (oh, it's closing.)  
 are you bleeding?  
 lets go. (lets not go.)  
 is it too wrinkled? (stop peeling!)  
 peas porridge hot  
 stop that. we're going now!  
 some like it hot-  
 does it still flush?  
 oh yes...yes....I must remember that. It's so hard to keep track  
 of things you know.  
 they all go.  
 are you going, mommy?  
 look how you are perspiring. you'll catch cold, pussy. hurry and  
 put on your sweater.  
 it's hot mommy, can't I have something to drink?  
 they're all gone, honey, now put on your jacket, too, it's getting  
 chilly.  
 closing!  
 hat light out

-12-

three.  
 is the park gone? did it get tired of us?  
 the grapefruit is still shining on the table. the seeds, the pieces  
 of hard skin.  
 I'm tired. do you have a lemonade?  
 is that your hair lying on the floor? or is that the grass.  
 it's not isn't it? does it ever dry?  
 the room is filled with light. do you feel it?  
 the room is full of hairs.  
 the wind has stolen my hay.  
 (could we ever get out?)  
 where's my lemonade? don't I get a lemonade?  
 are you dead?  
 oh, no thank you. I only came here to peel you.  
 electronic metro - some tin and off  
 light out half  
 after electronic metronome



10. Poster for *Paintings & Drawings by Yoko Ono*. 1961.  
Designed by Yoko Ono and George Maciunas. Offset, 8 x 10  $\frac{3}{16}$ " (20.3 x 25.8 cm)



11. *Painting in Three Stanzas*. 1961. Installed in  
*Paintings & Drawings by Yoko Ono*. Sumi ink on canvas with vine,  
dimensions unknown. Instruction (pl. 12) partially visible at  
upper right. Photograph: George Maciunas

It ends when its covered with leaves,  
It ends when the leayes wither,  
It ends when it turns to ashes,  
And a new vine will grow, \_\_\_\_\_

12. Instruction for *Painting in Three Stanzas*. 1961.  
Handwritten by Toshi Ichianagi. Ink on the  
back of an AG Gallery program announcement card,  
3  $\frac{3}{8}$  x 10  $\frac{3}{8}$ " (8.5 x 27 cm)



13. *Painting to Be Stepped On*. 1960/1961.  
 Installed with instruction in *Paintings & Drawings by Yoko Ono*.  
 Sumi ink on canvas, dimensions unknown.  
 Photograph: George Maciunas



14. *Waterdrop Painting (Version 1)*. 1961.  
 Installed in *Paintings & Drawings by Yoko Ono*.  
 Sumi ink and water on canvas, dimensions unknown.  
 Photograph: George Maciunas



## Music: Far Out Program



Toshi Ichiyangi, left, and Toshiro Mayuzumi, Japanese composers, whose music was performed at Village Gate.

### Contemporary Japanese Offering at the Village Gate Proves Unusual Fare

By ROSS PARMENTER

**F**AR out was the phrase for last night's program at the Village Gate. And what it showed was that Japanese, when they set their minds to it, can go further out than Americans.

Toshiro Mayuzumi, who came here as a visitor last December, and Toshi Ichiyangi, who has been studying here since 1954, were the Japanese composers of the evening. The things they dreamed up included pieces played simultaneously, a girl reading inaudible poetry as she hung upside by her knees from a bar, visual rhythm, music played from verbal instructions, and nonobjective sculpture making sounds like wind chimes.

Not content with their own inventions, they combined most of the inventions of American and European composers who are avant-garde now or were in their day. These included Webern pointillism, electronic sound effects, prepared pianos, random sounds, the music of chance and experiments reminiscent of the clavier.

Capping the evening was a poem narrated and staged by Yoko Ono. Miss Ono's work, which was written in English, was called "Of a Grapefruit in the World of Park." It called for instrumentalists to improvise sounds according to written, rather than notated, instructions, and their effects were supplemented by the amplified flushing of a sanitary facility.

Mr. Ichiyangi has studied under John Cage and Mr. Mayuzumi came under the influence of Mr. Cage by remote control ten years ago when he first heard, and was enchanted by, a recording of some Cage pieces for prepared piano.

On the basis of his four pieces performed last night, it is difficult to gauge the talents of Mr. Ichiyangi, especially since his pieces

were coupled so that they were played two at a time. But there can be no doubt that Mr. Mayuzumi is a man of remarkable and beautiful imagination.

His Pieces for Prepared Piano and Strings (1957), which were introduced here earlier this season by the Contemporary Music Society, get imaginative sounds from the instruments of a string quartet—sounds that extend and complement the sort of sounds possible when a variety of objects are inserted in the strings of a piano. There was no question but that this was real music.

Though the bathing beauty who yanked the wires that set Yasuhide Kobashi's non-objective sculptures in motion was an incongruous visual note, Mr. Mayuzumi's "Sonans Objectivus" was also lovely. This was the one that suggested the wind chimes with the metallic sculpture.

And these delightful sounds were supplemented by the sound of the wooden pieces knocking together when the bathing beauty pulled the wire attached to what looked like a set of unpainted table legs dangling at various unusual angles from a hanging box.

Mr. Mayuzumi's "Bunraku" ingeniously employed a cello so that when David Soyer plucked the strings they suggested a samisen (a three-stringed Japanese instrument resembling a banjo), whereas when he bowed the strings they sounded like an emotional reciter providing the dialogue for a Bunraku puppet play.

Other performers besides Mr. Soyer included David Tudor, pianist, Kenji Kobayashi and La Mar Alsop, violinists, Jacob Glick, violist, and La Monte Young, saxophonist. Simone Morris was the girl who read the poetry hanging upside down from the bar.

gs in the emphasis on highly polished, stylized, angular volumes. In a some group of four *Students*, wit and purity are fused more successfully. upper

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Yoko Ono [Almus] has made a "smoke" painting. It consists of a grimy unstrung canvas with a hole in it. Into the hole she stuck a burning candle, withdrawing it when the canvas began to smolder and smoke on its own. The painting's limited life was shortened by half a minute for this report, its living presence snuffed out by a damp cloth as soon as the idea became clear. Another picture was accompanied by a poem about life, about death and about the replacement of the ivy growing through two holes in it. \$75-\$400. G.R.S.

both artists who stress painterly distinctions. Trovato, a painter of considerable experience, emphasizes a singular coloristic relationship

duction of Paddy  
medy, "Gideon,"  
hed here, Tyrone  
parted for Lon-  
fill audition chor-  
roduction of Gil-  
an next year at  
..Tanya Moise-  
en commissioned  
age area for the  
ie Theatre in

**M'AFEE,  
E, IN DEBUT**

Afee, a baritone  
many oratorio  
n the Midwest,  
York recently to  
er of music at  
Baptist Church.  
essayed his first  
Carnegie Recital  
excellent collaborator  
Liljestrand at

has a handsome  
color and ring-  
too penetrating  
auditorium in  
His performance  
of impatience  
Haydn's "The  
ted to his expe-  
rioro. Here his  
comfortably fluent,  
ext was clearly  
e long phrases  
with beautiful  
and the charm-  
aria was fully

massive and fascinating work,  
gorgeously scored. Finally, the  
Sonata of 1943-44, a weaker  
piece perhaps, but not with-  
out charm.  
There is a half-program  
substantial enough for any

**Far-Out Music Is Played at Carnegie**

**O**NE thing you can surely  
say about today's new  
music: the farther out it gets,  
the harder it is to describe. It  
wasn't always so; thirty years  
ago inner anatomical detail  
and structural exactitude were  
the rage. But now—  
Here are some of the things  
that happened in almost total  
darkness at Carnegie Recital  
Hall late yesterday afternoon,  
all in the name of music:  
Against a taped background  
of mumbled words and wild  
laughter a girl spoke earnest-  
ly about peeling a grapefruit,  
squeezing lemons and counting  
the hairs on a dead child.  
Musicians in the corner made  
their instruments go squeep  
and squawk.  
Two dancers stood up and  
sat down alternately for some  
tens minutes in silence. Then

they sat down to a laden table  
and ended by breaking all the  
dishes.  
A group of men provided a  
rhythmic background of "um-  
da-da, um-da-da" while a  
tape recorded keened and  
moaned and spoke words  
backwards.  
The occasion was a concert  
of works by Yoko Ono, and  
the hall was packed. The  
works were titled, respect-  
ively, "A Grapefruit in the  
World of Park," "Piece for  
Strawberries and Violin" and  
"AOS—To David Tudor."  
Whether or not time will  
prove Miss Ono a master of  
musical expressiveness, there  
can be no denying her skill at  
concocting titles. Especially  
since neither strawberries nor  
violin were anywhere in evi-  
dence. **A. R.**

**EXECUTIVES' GIFTS  
BENEFIT G.O.P. MOST**

WASHINGTON, Nov. 24  
(UPI)—Officers of the nation's

tives totaled \$57,963, the report  
said.  
An official of the committee  
said that the findings might be  
used to stimulate political con-  
tributions from union members  
to the party of their choice.

The Census B  
such ceremonie  
scoreboard rec  
5,000,000. The  
was held in Apr  
total of 180,000,  
ed.  
The United S  
is expected to r  
in 1966. The c  
about 4,000,000  
1,500,000 deaths  
migration of mo  
A review of  
Census Bureau  
nonprofit Popul  
Bureau indicat  
United States w  
4 position for so

**IS THERE  
FRED ON Y**



Give him the world  
gift whisky—CAN

**dance**

**LIFE AND ART**  
by Jill Johnston

Yoko Ono gave "works" at the  
Carnegie Recital Hall on Novem-  
ber 24. Yoko Ono combines elec-  
tronic sounds, vocal and instru-  
mental sounds, body movement,  
and movement of properties in  
her theatre of events. I was al-  
ternately stupefied and aroused,  
with longer stretches of stupor,  
as one might feel when relaxing  
into a doze induced by a persist-  
ent mumble of low-toned voices.  
A huddle of men in "A Piece  
for Strawberries and Violin"

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and unique personality  
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8:30 P.M.

went on like that for quite a  
while. Not much happened.  
Yvonne Rainer the dancer was  
nice to look at as she sat still  
on a chair, also as she did an  
"exercise" in excruciating slow  
motion of bending the knees,  
contracting the abdomen, and  
grimacing the facial muscles. I  
like the ending of this piece.  
Miss Rainer and another girl  
had been eating uneventfully at  
a table center stage. A man from  
the huddle joined them. They  
begin spitting their pits closer  
to the mike—concealed some-  
where on the table—and break-  
ing or cracking table litter over  
it. Another man walked round  
the table tearing off pieces of  
newspaper, and pretty soon the  
table was a scene of muted  
carnage.

The boredom of "Aos—to Da-  
vid Tudor" split open twice:  
when a(nother) huddle of men  
made a racket of beer cans tied  
to their legs which were bound  
with rope; and when three men  
rushed in and out alternately  
piling up and removing a toilet  
bowl and a wierd assortment of  
boxes. That was funny. And then  
Yoko Ono, I presume it was Yo-  
ko Ono, concluded the work with  
amplified sighs, breathing, gasp-  
ing, retching, screaming—many  
tones of pain and pleasure mix-  
ed with a jibberish of foreign-  
sounding language that was no  
language at all.

**Paul Taylor**  
Paul Taylor's concert was lat-  
er the same evening, and he  
gave another the following even-  
ing. Glancing over the list of  
works it occurred to me that  
Mr. Taylor is presently concern-



**JAY BARNEY** is featured in the  
Equity Library Theatre produc-  
tion of John Patrick's "The  
Story of Mary Surratt," Decem-  
ber 9 through 16 at the Master  
Theatre.

ed with satisfying various par-  
ties as the need arises. "Insects  
and Heroes," for instance, was  
commissioned last summer by  
the Connecticut College School  
of Dance for its annual festival.  
That might account for the arti-  
ficially contrived subject mat-  
ter of the dance, representing  
an attempt to mollify and ap-  
pease a suspect audience. In any  
case Mr. Taylor's repertoire is  
masterfully diversified, and one  
can only hope that the whole  
affair will backfire and leave  
Mr. Taylor alone with himself,  
or that greater success will  
bring about the same condition.  
"Junction" was the new  
dance, a dance commissioned by  
Theatre 1962 and with music by  
Bach, good old Bach. A beauti-  
ful. *Continued on page 14*

**OFF OFF-BROADWAY:  
SARTRE AND STRINDBERG-TALBOT**

"NEKRASSOV I," by Jean-Paul Sartre, no translator credited, and "IN  
PRIVATE ROOMS," an adaptation by Story Talbot from "The Red  
Room," a novel by August Strindberg, as presented through last week-  
end by and at the Off Boverly Theatre. The Sartre directed by Mike  
Winston, the Strindberg-Talbot by Mr. Talbot.

**The Bald Soprano**, by Eugene Ionesco  
**As We Were**, by Arthur Adamov.  
American Premieres in French,  
presented by Le Petit Theatre  
with aide of Cultural Service of  
French Embassy. Proceeds to  
charity. Judson Hall, 165 W. 57,  
Dec. 13-15, 8:30. b.o. JU 2-4090.

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