4 SCULPTORS

ARAKAWA
AY-O
MORRIS
YOSHIMURA

BOXING MATCH

FEB. 27 - MARCH 24

PREVIEW TUES. FEB. 26, 7-10 PM

GORDON'S FIFTH AVENUE GALLERY

68 FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK 11, N.Y.

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GORDON'S FIFTH
AVENUE GALLERY
68 FIFTH AVE. (13TH ST.)
NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

Return requested

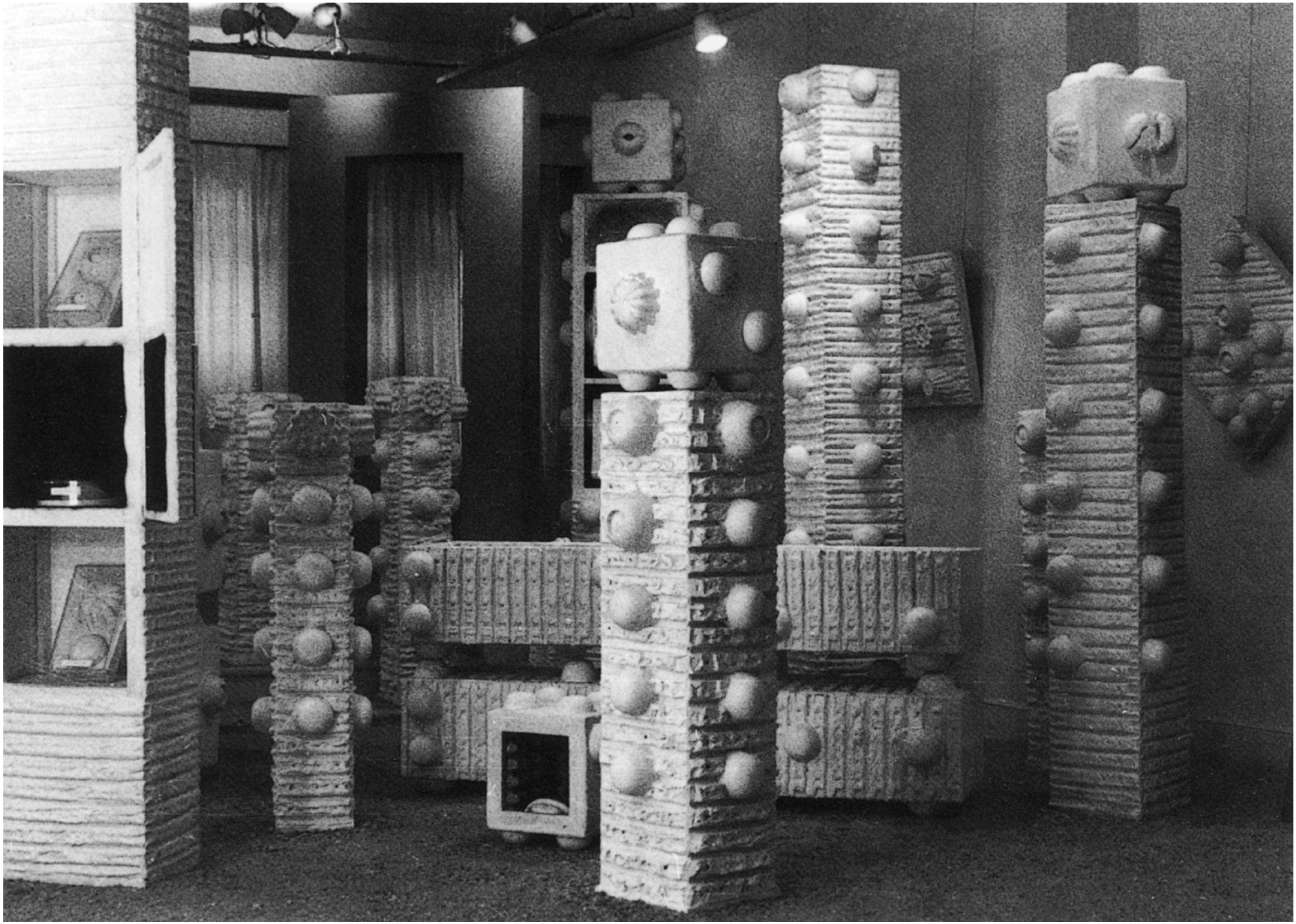
AY-O
363 CANAL STREET
N.Y. 13, N.Y.

FEB 23 1963
FROM BROOKLYN, N.Y.
POSTAGE DUE

Mr. Robert Kelly
1195 President Street
Brooklyn 25, N.Y.

Bard College
Annandale
Hudson NY

YOSHIMURA MASUNOBU, *VOIDISM* SCULPTURES; ROBERT MORRIS, *PORTAL* (BACK LEFT)



AY-O, *DUCHAMP HEART* (SECOND FROM RIGHT); AY-O, SEVERAL UNIDENTIFIED ARTWORKS

YOSHIMURA MASUNOBU, *VOIDISM* SCULPTURES; ARAKAWA, *BE KIND ENOUGH TO TURN THE SWITCH ON* (SECOND FROM LEFT IN BACK), *MECHANIZED PLANT* (THIRD FROM LEFT IN BACK), AND TWO UNIDENTIFIED WORKS; ROBERT MORRIS, *SLAB* AND *WHEEL* (PARTIAL VIEWS)

ARAKAWA, *MECHANIZED PLANT*

BOXING MATCH, 4 SCULPTORS: ARAKAWA, AY-O, MORRIS, YOSHIMURA

This catalogue is intended as an archeological record. It excavates without refining through interpretation, attempting to let the raw historic materials speak for themselves. Together these documents tell the fragmentary story of *Boxing Match, 4 Sculptors: Arakawa, Ay-O, Morris, Yoshimura*, a small but influential exhibition which took place in downtown New York at Gordon's Fifth Avenue Gallery, running from February 27 to March 24, 1963. This show is just one of many historical moments which have passed without a concerted effort being made to keep a formal record of its occurrence. At the time, there seemed to be little reason to keep such a record. The exhibition took place well outside the mainstream of New York City's art scene, featuring works by four unknown artists at a gallery with little art world following. Yet the incomplete history of *Boxing Match* may also be viewed as an effect of the creative ethos of the artists themselves. Spontaneous invention, free-association, and an embrace of chance were guiding aesthetic principles for Arakawa, Morris, Ay-O, and Yoshimura; to codify or to historicize would be antithetical to these principles. This approach has in turn informed the organization of the present publication. In leaving the story of *Boxing Match* open-ended, we hope that the animating essence of these artists' work may continue to operate through the traces of the exhibition assembled here—inspiring readers to further explore the history of *Boxing Match*, and potentially discover yet uncovered facets of this history. The following paragraphs provide some contextualizing background information about the exhibition.

* * *

Arakawa,[1] Ay-O, Robert Morris, and Yoshimura Masunobu met in the early 60s when all four independently relocated to New York City. Ay-O was the first to arrive. He left Japan for the United States, arriving in New York at the end of May 1958, as part of a new wave of Japanese artists who chose New York over Paris as the primary destination for cultivating an artistic career. Many of these Japanese artists, Ay-O included, were particularly attracted to New York due to the presence of Marcel Duchamp, whose use of chance operations and found objects to produce art had a profound influence on their work.

Robert Morris came to New York via San Francisco, where he and his wife, the dancer Simone Forti, had been participating in the dance workshops taught by Anna Halprin. Morris and Forti visited New York in the spring of 1960 and in the fall of that year moved to the city, where they quickly became immersed in the avant-garde art scene. It was in 1960 that Morris

met composer La Monte Young, who in 1961 invited Morris to contribute a work to a series of performances he was organizing at Yoko Ono's studio at 112 Chambers Street. In June of 1961 Morris presented his seminal work *Passageway (An Environment)* as the finale of La Monte Young's performance series. Shortly thereafter, Morris split-up with Forti and asked Yoko Ono if he could move to live in her studio. This situation proved to be short lived, however. On December 28, 1961, Yoko Ono's friend Arakawa arrived from Japan and likewise needed a place to stay; Morris was kindly asked to leave to make way for the new guest.

Arakawa was already a prominent figure in Japan's art scene. Together with Yoshimura Masunobu and others, he had helped found the Neo-Dadaism Organizers in 1960, which he was then expelled from the following year. Like Ay-O, Arakawa was attracted to New York by the presence of Duchamp. As legend has it, he landed at John F. Kennedy airport without money or luggage but in possession of Duchamp's phone number (given to him by Takiguchi Shūzō), which he called directly from the airport.

Finally, Yoshimura arrived in New York in August of 1962. Yoshimura frequently hosted Neo-Dada Organizers shows at his Tokyo studio, called "the White House," because the extreme nature of the work of these artists meant that few galleries were willing to give them exhibitions.

Little is known about the conception of *Boxing Match*, except that Ay-O was likely the contact with Mr. Gordon, who gave the artist his first solo show in the winter of 1962. Gordon's Fifth Avenue Gallery was located at the intersection of Fifth Avenue and 13th Street, six blocks from Washington Square. Ay-O first came in contact with Gordon while shopping around his portfolio to galleries. After being rejected twice by galleries Uptown, Ay-O decided to try his luck at Gordon's Fifth Avenue Gallery. Recalling this encounter, Ay-O says, "I found out later that the gallery's owner was Mr. Gordon, who was a Pan American pilot, and the artist exhibiting at the time was the husband of the secretary named Maxim. The three of them came to my loft to review my work, and agree to give me a solo show."[2] The following year, presumably Ay-O asked Mr. Gordon if he would be willing to host a group exhibition.

Boxing Match revealed formal affinities between these four artists' work, which shared a basic box-shape and an interest in the relation of such geometry to the human body. For example, many of the works featured in the exhibition were based on human proportions. In addition, while all four artists described themselves as "sculptors," they each strove to stretch the traditional limits of this genre by producing works which existed not merely as objects of contemplation but which catalyzed a visceral experience. These artists' interest in art as an essentially physical experience is highlighted by the double meaning of "boxing match," as a reference to the combative, contact-sport. This connection is underscored by the promotional poster for the exhibition, which featured newspaper clippings about Cassius Clay (the boxer who later changed his name to Muhammad Ali).

Among the works included in the exhibition were several large, eight by four foot, “coffins” by Arakawa. In his review of the show, Donald Judd described these pieces as “Surrealist” and as “monsters”: lined with pink silk and sporting additions such as “a phallic tail of foam rubber.” These "coffins" contrasted with the understated work of Robert Morris, who debuted his iconic *Box with the Sound of Its Own Making* (1961), as well as his sculptures *Portal* (1961) and *Untitled (Cloud)* (1962)—works that eventually became defining examples of Minimal Art. Ay-O was represented in the show by small square boxes titled *Square Sun ‘61*. The illuminated interiors of these works were pierced with nails, producing a visual effect that resembled rays of sunlight. Ay-O also exhibited *Duchamp Heart* (1963), an homage to the famous artist, which depicted an image of Duchamp’s *Fluttering Heart* design painted on a stretched canvas with a vacuum hose attached to it, connecting the top edge of the canvas to the bottom. Yoshimura contributed a group of “columns” and “coffins,” echoing the sculptures of Morris and Arakawa. These works were part of what the artist defined as *Voidism*, and were made of rippled plaster studded with knobs made out of Jell-O molds.

This catalogue reprints four installation views of the show, images of the artists in their studio, and documents that give further details about the time period of *Boxing Match*. For example, an article written by the well-known Japanese artist Yamaguchi Katsuhiro and published by *Yomiuri Shimbun* in 1962 predates the show but contains valuable information about the cultural environment of New York City at the time. The same could be said for Donald Judd's *Local History,* in which he mentions Boxing Match briefly in his annual summary of the art scene. Two reviews of the shows, one written for *ARTnews* by an author identified as “K.L.” and one by Donald Judd, written for *Arts Magazine*, indicate that the show caught the attention of key authors and publications. Next, there are extracts from interviews with Robert Morris and Ay-O in which they speak about *Boxing Match*. Finally, the front and back covers of the catalogue use images of two posters for the exhibition, one sent by Ay-O to the poet Robert Kelly and the other addressed to Yvonne Rainer. Using the back of the poster as scrap paper, Rainer has drafted a letter to someone by the name of Joseph Beinhorn. The materials included in this publication may at times be contradictory or simply incorrect. These discrepancies have been left as they are in an effort to retain the authenticity of these documents.

—Castelli Gallery

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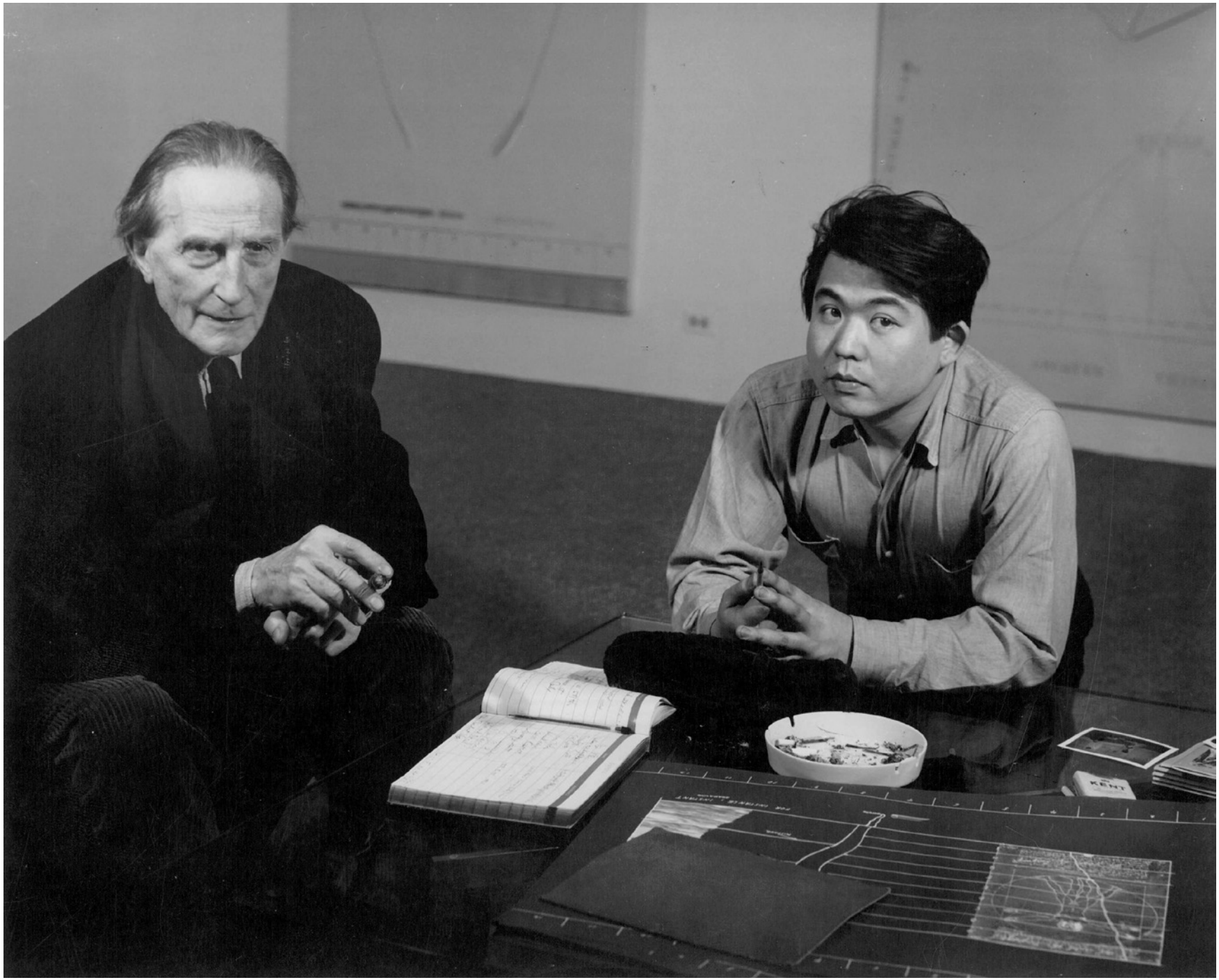
[1] Arakawa Shūsaku decided to only be known as Arakawa after moving to New York.

[2] Ay-O, "Over The Rainbow," *Over The Rainbow: Ay-O Retrospective, 1950–2006*, Fukui Fine Arts Museum, Miyazaki Art Museum, 2006, p. 166.

ARAKAWA AND ROBERT MORRIS, 112 CHAMBERS STREET, 1963

ARAKAWA, NIKI DE SAINT PHALLE, JEAN TINGUELY, TŌNO YOSHIAKI, 112 CHAMBERS STREET, OCTOBER 1962

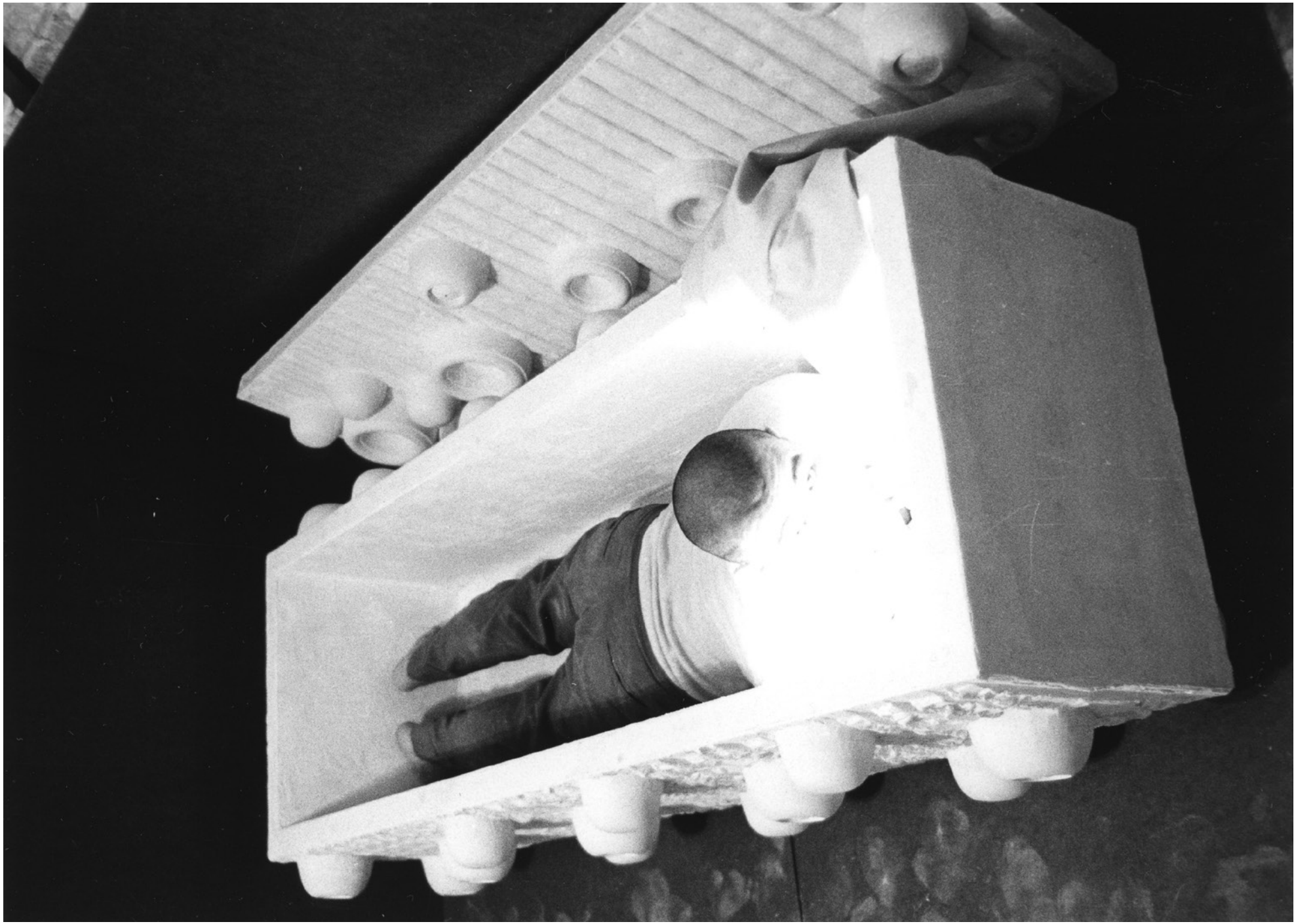
ARAKAWA AND MARCEL DUCHAMP, DWAN GALLERY, NEW YORK, 1966



AY-O, 363 CANAL STREET, EARLY 1960s

ROBERT MORRIS, 112 CHAMBERS STREET, 1961

ROBERT MORRIS, SEVERAL WORKS INCLUDING *UNTITLED (BOX FOR STANDING)*, *UNTITLED (PORTAL)*, *UNTITLED (ROUGH TOMBSTONE)*, *UNTITLED (CABINET FOR STANDING)*, AND *UNTITLED (PINE PORTAL)*, 112 CHAMBERS STREET, 1961



YOSHIMURA MASUNOBU, *VOIDISM*, 1964

YOSHIMURA MASUNOBU, *STANDING COFFIN*, 1965

YOSHIMURA MASUNOBU, *STANDING COFFIN*, 1965

YAMAGUCHI, KATSUHIRO. "ARTISTS WHO ARE MAKING BOXES—SYMPHONY WHICH NO INSTRUMENTS PLAY."

YOMIURI SHIMBUN, EVENING EDITION, MARCH 26, 1962, P. 7.

GETTING TIRED OF EUROPE

At the Piazza del Popolo in Rome, Cafe Rosati is the place where artists gather to talk. During my stay, I went there almost every night at first, as it was a very convenient place to meet friends or arrange an appointment for visiting an artist's studio. Yet, I soon got tired of the idle gossip, like which painting sold or didn't sell. Proclaiming that I was going to New York to listen to jazz, I left Rome altogether. One reason is that I was getting more and more tired of seeing old things wherever I went in Europe; and the other was that I got a bit disappointed in seeing that these young European people were still being dragged on by these old things, unable to get out of the conventional framework of painting and sculpture. I started to think that, after all, this eternal city was nothing more than one of the peripheral art cities of the world in which people simply go on painting day after day, and then they meet at Cafe Rosati in the evening, without even considering the fundamental question of what art really is. Packing my things, I immediately flew to New York.

Soon enough, I got to know the loneliest city in the world and found myself in the urban desert.

Not even in my dreams had I ever thought that this big city, the heart of the "Dollar" economy with people from all over the world, was so quiet, and had such a desolate landscape. People are cut off from one another as a tall mountain is cut off from another tall mountain. Where do nature and human beings meet here? This surprise was to be replaced by yet another surprise, when I met several artists later.

THE "BOX" THAT MORRIS MADE

I met Robert Morris through the poet Yoko Ono. He's a rare breed in New York—he has a pure mind, and his "box" is so well made it caught me by surprise. He brought out a small wooden box, a 25 cm cube, from somewhere in his studio. Then he told me: "I don't have the tape-player right now, which is unfortunate, but there is a tape, in which I recorded the sounds I made when I built this box, from beginning to end. I plan to put a small speaker inside this box, and you will be able to hear the sounds." The box was beautifully made, and stained to show the natural wood color.

Basically, this was his work. In another room, there was a row of coffin-like boxes. Some were shorter, other were narrower, and if one enters inside of them, they had to bend some parts of their body. They even had lids and were painted in light gray. The box for a human body to enter *[Box for Standing]* must have been a great shock to the Japanese sculptor Arakawa Shūsaku when he arrived in New York. While he was still living in Japan, Arakawa had made a series of coffins, but his coffins were intended to be a container for objects made of cement, a sort of visualization of his ideas. Morris, on the other hand, was simply making boxes. In New York, it might be a challenge for an artist to build a box by himself. What's so difficult? Well, in such a lonely place where people are never close, where you can rarely find a good craftsman and thus you have to pay an exorbitant amount of money to get someone to build a work in the way you like, where you are in an environment so far away from nature, not in a quiet and peaceful garden under a tree where you can concentrate on making boxes, well, in such a place, to make a box from your heart requires much more dedication than making an abstract sculpture in plaster. Even more so, if you now imagine that while the artist is making the box, he is also using a tape recorder to record all the sounds, so that other people can listen to them; or that the artist is drawing images of boxes too tight for human beings to fit in; or that while he is making the box, he is only making it large enough

for himself to get inside it, you may inevitably conclude that in New York, similar poetic actions are more impressive and close to the heart of the viewer than the so-called masterpieces.

THE LIMITS OF THE ARTWORK?

Speaking of boxes, later on in the studio of the Japanese artist Ay-O, I found different types of boxes for people to walk into. One box is a cubic form measuring about 1.5 m on each side, it is made with a sheet of aluminum with hundreds of tiny holes. When you enter inside the box, opening a small door, you see afterimages of black dots as if glowing in the dark room. Another box had a cylindrical shape, with only a light bulb hanging inside. However, the interior surface of the aluminum sheet was scratched irregularly, so that the reflections of the light bulbs created a mysterious, three-dimensional space. Ay-O's boxes employ illusionistic visual effect; however, the idea of creating an intimate environment inside a box is a step further away from the conventional idea of sculpting or building an object as an artwork. Perhaps, several artists in New York are beginning to experience the limitation of thinking about the artwork only in terms of objects such as the two-dimensional painting on the wall or the sculpture to lay on the floor.

NEW FORM: HAPPENING

Even the happenings that these and other artists have been doing originate from some kind of negation of the traditional artwork. The happening that I saw, (the word "happening" sounds like "occurrence" in Japanese), was done in an art gallery. Green powder was spread on the floor, a piece of cloth was hanging from the ceiling, and some objects of papier-mâché were arranged along the wall. Several men and women appeared and started doing some acts resembling judo, reading poems intermittently, cooking bananas on a flying pan, throwing balls into the mouth of a big face on an object sitting by the wall. This is not theater, nor painting, nor sculpture, nor poetry, nor music, nor cooking, nor is it an extravagant ritual. Both the people who performed and the people who were watching, seemed quite indifferent. Yet, it is indeed so important in New York to witness things that people come to "see what's going on."

One evening in January, there was a small gathering at the Living Theater. A group of musicians and poets, including the abovementioned Morris, had organized a fund-raising event for the publication of a magazine. There, Dick Higgins showed his work *Symphony No. 4*, in which Higgins himself simply appeared on the stage as a businessman with a bag. Then, in front of the piano, he slowly took off his jacket and pulled various objects from his bag, like some toys and a hand-held lamp. He then laid them out neatly above and below a table on the stage, and finally he put everything back in the bag. It's a symphony in which no instruments are played. Leaving aside the question of whether this is music or not, when we think of these actions themselves, they may truly be nonsense, yet they are brilliantly refreshing for eyes that are tired of conventional art. Still, their indifferent presence carried some kind of sadness.

LONELY ARTISTS

The artists in New York don't have nature to rely on, they don't have Cafe Rosati like the artists in Rome: they can only close themselves in their own solitary place. Perform a happening and gather there, or even play a symphony that doesn't make sense, create a small environment in a box so that your friends can get inside it, or just simply build a box. These things are as important as all the other things in their daily life: going out for a walk, eating lunch and dinner, fighting with your spouse. The work of art is not an object that lives in perpetuity and beauty is not an absolute thing; in the desert that is New York, I understood that daily life and art are not two separate things, but they go hand in hand. Even Marcel Duchamp, the Dadaist, precisely because he came to New York, he was able to stay alive. And this whole group of New Yorkers, in a way or another, descend from Duchamp, and none of them can move away from the environment that nurtured Duchamp's thought.

Soon after returning to Tokyo, I wrote a letter to a friend of mine in New York: "When I go out in the garden to smoke a cigarette, I see a large amount of smoke floating in the quiet air. I turn my head toward the sun and close my eyelid, and I forget the winter. Nature strikes me on my shoulder, when a noise comes from far away, bouncing like a rubber ball."

Yamaguchi Katsuhiro, artist. Born in 1928 and graduated from Nihon University in Tokyo. Exhibited at *Yomiuri Independent Exhibition, Today's Art in the World* organized by the Asahi Newspaper, *International Art and Craft Exhibition* in Florence, among others. This is a report from his recent travel in Rome, Paris, Madrid, and New York.

K.L.
"BOXING MATCH,"
ARTNEWS,
MARCH 1963.

"Boxing match" [Gordon; to March 24] is the title of this well-matched 4-man sculpture show in which the artists share not only an interest in the box, but a fiendish sense of humor and precision, and a will to endow architectural elements with human or inhuman powers. Robert Morris is the purist of the group with neutral monolithic box forms. *Cloud*, a horizontal box (a grey plane) suspended at eye level, gives a curious effect of blindness. Arakawa's boxes are elegant upright black coffins that reveal, when their lids are removed, accretions of cotton, concrete, and glass, (with footprints and casts of feet and fingers) that become surprisingly real beings, resting on purple satin. "Voidism" is what Yoshimura calls his impressive white coffins, pillars and boxes, armored with plaster casts of jello molds and an occasional eye. Ay-O chooses to show a menacing guillotine with hypnotic lights at neck-level.

JUDD, DONALD. "IN THE GALLERIES: BOXING MATCH," *ARTS MAGAZINE*, MAY/JUNE 1963, P. 90.

Boxing Match: The four in the ring are Arakawa Shūsaku, Ay-O, Robert Morris and Yoshimura Masunobu. The work is mostly mettlesome, broad and strong. Ay-O is fairly confused. He has a blank canvas with six bulbs, a complicated thing with a guillotine and some other eclectic and unresolved pieces. The only coherent one is *Study for Gas Chamber*, a small square of screen with a double loop of black hose. The work of the other three has the broad scale basic to almost all serious contemporary work. Arakawa is a rather literal Surrealist, using images somewhat like Jan Lebenstein's primordial octopods. These monsters though are life-size and solid. A four-by-eight black box, with a lid, contains, laid out on pink silk, a bifurcated ray with a wide crest and a phallic tail of foam rubber, a body of cotton and three eyes which are lenses. Another piece has parts of chemical apparatus, a reversed plaster hand, a plastic case and a minute blinking light. Small parts and drawn ones are delicate. The color is light. Robert Morris has a standing open square, a gate, a pair of wheels, a suspended slab and some smaller pieces, all of which are apparently concerned with a philosophy of the equivalence of things and times. A small box plays back the sounds of its making. The large pieces are medium gray and completely bare. The understatement of these boxes is clear enough and potentially interesting, but there isn't, after all, much to look at. The horizontal slab suspended at eye level does work. It is a good idea. The proportions of the wheels are dumb. This exhibition is jammed. Yoshimura alone shows enough for a one-man show. His columns and coffins are widely and strongly striped with rippled plaster. At regular and irregular intervals there are plaster knobs that are plain, ocular, mammary or jello molds. The cast shapes are sometimes inside. The sculpture is white. There are previous instances of these elements—as there are of Arakawa's—and the work is not very unusual. It is unusual enough to suggest the possibility of its being more so. The choice of elements and the execution are plainly powerful. (Gordon's, Feb. 27–Mar. 24.)

JUDD, DONALD. "LOCAL HISTORY," *ARTS YEARBOOK 7*, 1964, PP. 22–35.

Four years ago almost all of the applauded and selling art was "New York School" painting. It was preponderant in most galleries, which were uninclined to show anything new. The publications which praised it praised it indiscriminately and were uninterested in new developments. Much of the painting was by the "second generation," many of them epigones. Pollock was dead. Kline and Brooks had painted their last good paintings in 1956 and 1957. Guston's paintings had become soft and gray—his best ones are those around 1954 and 1955. Motherwell's and de Kooning's paintings were somewhat vague. None of these artists were criticized. In 1959 Newman's work was alright, and Rothko's was even better than before. Presumably, though none were shown in New York, Clyfford Still's paintings were alright. This lackadaisical situation was thought perfect. The lesser lights and some of their admirers were incongruously dogmatic: this painting was not doing well but was the only art for the time. They thought it was a style. By now, it is. This painting, failed or failing in various ways, overshadowed or excluded everything else.

Actually, unregarded, quite a bit was happening. Rauschenberg had been doing what he does since 1954. Public opinion, which is a pretty unhandy thing to attribute opinions to, granted him talent but also thought his work fairly irrelevant, something of an aberrant art. Rauschenberg is somewhat overpraised now, but he was underpraised then. Jasper Johns had already finished his flags and targets in 1959. The interest in them still seems the first public fissure in the orthodoxy. George Ortman was doing his best reliefs and had been working along that line for some time. Their worth has never been adequately acknowledged. Ad Reinhardt had developed his black paintings around 1955 and was gradually developing them further. They were some of the best and most original paintings being done, and by 1959 they were better than most of those being made by the decelerating Expressionists. One got the impression though, that they weren't much compared to the latest work by Michael Goldberg or Grace Hartigan; and anyway, anything more or less geometric was thought a dead end. Josef Albers's paintings had recently become very good. Quite a few artists, well known now, such as Bontecou, Chamberlain, and Jensen, had a good start on their present work. More—Oldenburg, for example—had made a beginning.

In 1960 there were several unpredicted shows, and things began to be complicated again. ln another year, the opinions of the New York School, which had constituted general public opinion in 1959, contracted to just the opinions of the New York School. Some of the shows which progressively changed the situation, either through an advance or simply a change, were Yayoi Kusama's exhibition of white paintings at the Brata in October 1959; Noland's exhibition at French & Company that October; Al Jensen's paintings at Jackson in November 1959; Chamberlain's sculpture at Jackson in January 1960; Edward Higgins's sculpture at Castelli in May 1960; Mark di Suvero's enormous sculpture at Green in October 1960; Frank Stella's aluminum-colored paintings at Castelli that October (universally absurdly reviewed); Lee Bontecou's reliefs at Castelli in November 1960. Oldenburg opened his *Store* in December 1961; Rosenquist showed at Green, and Lichtenstein at Castelli, in February 1962. With these, and of course other shows, things were wide-open again—as they were, though with less people, in the late 1940s and early 1950s.

Right now, things are fairly closed for Abstract Expressionism; that's an exception to the openness. There is a vague, pervasive assumption, like that about geometric art around 1959, that Abstract Expressionism is dead, that nothing new is to be expected from its original practitioners and that nothing will be developed from it, nothing that would be identifiable as deriving from it and that would also be new. It sure looks dead. Frankenthaler is about the only one not showing weak and boring paintings. A lot of the artists and some of their favorite reviewers

feel persecuted. It is very obvious, though, that Abstract Expressionism and Impressionism just collapsed. Brooks, de Kooning, Guston, and Motherwell are adding poor paintings to their earlier good ones, and the loss of the good ones they aren't painting is a major loss for American art. It is also a loss that the younger and secondary ones haven't improved or even stayed even. Joan Mitchell's work, for example, should have improved. So should that of Grillo, Francis, Pace, Dugmore, and McNeil. Briggs and Leslie should not have declined and should be better. They had, in contrast to Goldberg and Hartigan, for instance, enough ability to imply improvement.

The ordinary chances of art history make it unlikely, though, that this kind of painting will remain moribund. As a general style—in itself death—it will stay dead, but the chances are good that a few of the artists will revive. It is easy to imagine de Kooning going strong again or Joan Mitchell improving. It is likely that someone will derive something new from Abstract Expressionism. If Ellsworth Kelly can do something novel with a geometric art more or less from the 1930s, or Rauschenberg with Schwitters and found objects generally—which is a twenty-year jump or more—then someone is going to do something surprising with Abstract Expressionism, with loose paintings.

It isn't necessary for artists who were once fairly original and current to abandon their first way of working in favor of a new way. The degree of their originality determines whether they should use a new situation or not. This, of course, is the complicated problem of artistic progress. A new form of art usually appears more logical, expressive, free, and strong than the form it succeeds. There is a kind of necessity and coherent, progressive continuity to changes in art. It makes sense now to call the shallow depth of Abstract Expressionism old-fashioned. The statement, though, is a criticism only in regard to art developing with or after the art, such as Frank Stella's unspatial aluminum paintings, which made Abstract Expressionism appear less coherent and expressive than possible. It is pretty obvious that a lot of art has become strong and lucid after the point at which it was the most advanced way of thinking. Stuart Davis's paintings, for instance, became much better after 1945. Also, incidentally, the dry, hot quality of the surface and the color and the kind of shapes and other things have probably exerted a steady influence. The paintings are good and have been around for quite a while, and Davis is still doing them. This has a quiet effect, unlike the abrupt changes that have been influential. Albers's work has been quietly influential too, and probably Calder's, Avery's, and maybe Hopper's as well. Although it is true that one form may be better, more advanced, than another, it is also true that art isn't so neat as to be simply linear. There isn't even one line anyway, since the kinds of art are so various.

At any time, there is always someone trying to organize the current situation. Some of the troubles afflicting Abstract Expressionism come from that effort. Calling diverse work "Abstract Expressionism" or any of its other labels was an attempt to make a style, at least a category. "Crisis," "revolutionary," and the like were similar attempts to simplify the situation, but through its historical location instead of its nature. The prevailing notion of style comes from the European tradition, where it is supposed to be variations within a general appearance, which a number of artists, a "school," supposedly even a period, may share. (Actually things weren't that simple then, either.) Obviously, Abstract Expressionism wasn't a style. It certainly had a few common characteristics, especially the shallow and frontal depth and the relatively single scheme, a field or simple forms, but these certainly did not have a common appearance. The artists were responsible for eventually making it all look pretty much alike, but the writing about it, which failed to differentiate it sufficiently, helped this along. The failure to criticize and evaluate the various artists was eve n more serious. A "first generation" justifies a " second generation." That could happen only through an idea of a style, but the growth of a style wasn't what was happening. The epigonous role of the "second generation" should have been stressed rather than its role as the inheritor of the " first generation." One should be skeptical about followers. (There is also the funny practice of using the fact of numerous followers to prove the importance of the leaders.) The bandwagon nature of art in New York also comes out of the urge to make categories and movements. The bandwagon entails a simpleminded acceptance of everything in the lauded category—as happened with Abstract Expressionism—and a simpleminded rejection of everything else. Pop art is discussed and shown in this way, too—leave it alone.

The history of art and art's condition at any time are pretty messy. They should stay that way. One can think about them as much as one likes, but they won't become neater; neatness

isn't even a very good reason for thinking about them. A lot of things just can't be connected. The several complaints of confusion, lack of common goals, uncertainty, and rapid change are naive. Like style, they are meaningless now. Things can only be diverse and should be diverse. Styles, schools, common goals, and long-term stability are not credible ideas. And the idea of Pop art as the successor to Abstract Expressionism is ridiculous.

The change from the relatively uniform situation of 1959 to the present diverse one did not suddenly occur with Pop art in the 1961–62 season. The list of exhibitions a while back shows that it didn't. The change certainly wasn't from one movement to the next. A lot of new artists were already showing. Almost all of them had developed their work as simply their own work. There were almost no groups and there were no movements. The few groups were hardly groups, being only two or three artists rather distantly influencing one another, such as Noland, Louis, and, as it turns out, Gene Davis, all working in Washington. It is one of the famous facts of Pop art that most of the artists were unaware of one another. But that fact has been turned to prove the grassrootedness of the so-called Movement. Obviously movements are handy for publicity, as the accidents of inclusion and exclusion show, but the more serious need for them seems again to lie in the similarity of earlier art. This art, though, came from fairly small, close, and coercive societies. Belief and disbelief are much changed. Another point about the present period is that it is not a decline from Abstract Expressionism; it is not an interregnum; it does not have inferior art. Although the present does not have anyone of Pollock's profundity—too many of the artists are too young—there are more good artists. The amount of good work is amazing. There is plenty of mediocre art, but there always is. Another point is that Abstract Expressionist qualities and schemes have had a large influence on most of the new artists. The inventions of the several artists have not been opposed; usually they have been strengthened. The paramount quality and scheme of Abstract Expressionism was the singleness of the format and so of the quality. The more unique and personal aspects of art, which had been subservient before, were stated alone, large and singly. This was developed further by almost all of the new artists. The supposed "second generation," in contrast, weakened this quality, most often with archaic composition and naturalistic color.

Three-dimensional work, approximating objects, and more or less geometric formats with color and optical phenomena are a couple of the wider categories of new and interesting work. These categories are categories only by the common presence of a single very general aspect. A person could select other common elements which would make other groups. The proportion of things not in common far exceeds the things that are. The things in common are, again, very general and unspecific. They certainly don't form a style. They occur in contradictory or unrelated contexts. Pop art subject matter is new of course, and interesting, but since it has been used carelessly to lump the various artists together, it is better for the time being to mention aspects which split up Pop. Roy Lichtenstein and John Wesley, for example, have something in common in their metavisual schemes; none of the other Pop artists are involved. That Oldenburg's pieces are objects differentiates them from Rosenquist's paintings, for instance, more than the relation of subject matter joins them. And anyway the two kinds of subject matter are very different. Wide-open, constructed, more or less co m pose d sculpture is becoming a crowded category. Mark di Suvero and Chuck Ginnever originated it. This does approach a real category, almost a style, having a particular reference to nature, defined by Kline's paintings, and a general similarity of appearance. However the resemblance came about, and it has been increasing rather than decreasing, the sculpture suffers. Yet, most of the artists working in this way, Tony Magar and Tom Doyle, for instance, are accomplished. These divisions, as wide as they are, certainly don't comprise everything being done in New York.

Many more people painted paintings than made sculptures a few years ago. Also, painting was the more advanced form. Now sculpture is becoming dominant. It isn't often sculpture though, in the sense that a material is sculpted. Quite a few painters, of course, are more unusual than a lot of the sculptors. The most unusual part of three-dimensional work is that which approaches "being an object." The singleness of objects is related to the singleness of the best paintings of the early 1950s. Like the paintings, such work is unusually distinct and intense. Generally it has fewer of the devices of earlier art and more of its own.

A few of Rauschenberg's pieces are more or less objects: the goat with the tire, the box with the chicken, and the dolly with the ventilator. The first two have a good deal

of compositional painting, but it is fairly adventitious to the few parts, which are composed simply enough to appear at first only juxtaposed. The ventilator pretty bare. The objectness of these things is obviously that of real objects in simple combinations. Some of George Ortman's reliefs are three dimensional enough to be objects. They seem to be games or models for some activity and suggest chance, from much through little, controlled and uncontrolled, operating on things both related and unrelated. They suggest probability theory. They are one of the few instances of completely unnaturalistic art. They are concerned with a new area of experience, one which is relevant philosophically as well as emotionally. All of H. C. Westermann's works are objects. In pieces like *A Rope Tree* and a marbled question mark, Westermann also has something new and philosophical. The enlargement and purposeful construction of the twist of rope and the punctuation mark emphasize, though problematically, their identities and so suggest the strangeness of the identity of anything. The power of Lee Bontecou's reliefs is caused by their being objects. The reliefs are a single image. The structure and the total shape are coincident with the image. The bellicose detail and the formidable holes are experienced as one would experience a minatory object. The quality of the reliefs is exceptionally explicit or specific or single and obsessive. The quality of John Chamberlain's sculpture, in contrast, involves a three-way polarity of appearance and meaning, successive states of the same form and material. A piece may, appear neutral, just junk, casually objective; or redundant, voluminous beyond its structure, obscured by other chances and possibilities; or simply expressive, through its structure and details and oblique imagery. The appearance of a mass of colored automobile metal is obviously essential.

Frank Stella says that he is doing paintings, and his work could be considered as painting. Most of the works, though, suggest slabs, since they project more than usual, and since some are notched and some are shaped like letters. Some new ones, painted purple, are triangles and hexagons with the centers open. The notches in the aluminum paintings determine the patterns of the stripes within. The projection, the absence of spatial effects, and the close relation between the periphery and the stripes make the paintings seem like objects, and that does a lot to cause their amplified intensity. Oldenburg's objects involve an analogy between psychological, erotic, and otherwise profound forms, on the one hand, and pieces of food and clothing on the other. The two kinds of form are coextensive, but with different references. Most of Lucas Samaras's works are objects. These are opened books completely covered with pins, points out; glasses flanged with razor blades and filled with bits of reliquiae; a small chest covered with a spiral of colored yarn into which pins are stuck; and other hermetic, defended, offending objects. John Anderson's sculptures are carved from wood and suggest large implements out of the West. The large parts are the expressive ones; there is little subsidiary composition. The wholeness of a piece is primary, is experienced first and directly. It is not something understood through the contemplation of parts. The figures by Ed Kienholz are also objects in a way, not represented but existing on their own. The color, for example, is in the various materials and so exists casually and independently. George Segal's plaster figures are life-size and are usually accompanied by some piece of furniture. They seem both dead and alive, and the specificity of both aspects comes from the real space they occupy, their real size, their real appearance, their artificial material, and the real furniture.

Sven Lukin, Ronald Bladen, and Scarpitta make reliefs which approach being objects. Dan Flavin has shown some boxes with lights attached. These hang on a wall. Richard Navin exhibited some open pieces, rather like racks for internal organs. Yayoi Kusama has done a couch, a chair, and a boat obsessively covered with erect bags painted white. Robert Watts has cast pencils, suckers, and other objects in aluminum. Arakawa exhibited coffins holding surreal devilfish. George Brecht, in extreme understatement, just exhibits something, in one case a blue stool upon which a white glove is lying. Robert Morris exhibited a gray column, a gray slab, and a suspended gray slab, all also understated. Other pieces of his produce an idea. Yoshimura does tough columns and boxes set with plaster hemispheres and shapes cast from jello molds. Nathan Raisen makes compact reliefs of columnar forms, symmetrical, sometimes intersecting, usually black and white and occasionally with sienna. John Willenbecher does black-and-gray shallow boxes, hung as reliefs, with gold letters, concavities, and balls.

Most of the best painting has gotten to the point where it is nearly flat and nearly without illusionistic space. The majority of Al

Jensen's paintings are completely flat. They depend entirely on the texture, the color, and the complex patterning. Noland's paintings have a little space. The positions and the colors of the bands, the centered scheme, and the flatness of the unprimed canvas reduce the depth of the space considerably; there is less space than in Rothko's or Pollock's paintings. Most of Frank Stella's paintings are nearly flat. Olitski's and Gene Davis's paintings have the minimal amount that Noland's have. Albers and Reinhardt, having formed their work earlier, have somewhat more space, especially Albers. The most illusionistic of the best painting generally is the work by Lichtenstein, Wesley, and especially Rosenquist—since they deal with subject matter. Lichtenstein's and Wesley's paintings, being imitations, are not spatial in the same way as Rosenquist's. Because of this flatness, because it is restrictive (in another way it is unrestrictive), and because the apparent alternative of space has been rejected in arriving at the flatness, there is a need for something complicated and ambiguous but, unlike imitated space, actual and definite. Color and optical phenomena have this character. They have been used to some extent all along in modern painting, but never in the scale and with the simplicity that they possess now. Albers's teaching and work have undoubtedly made color and optical phenomena familiar. However, his use of these is very different from their use by the younger painters.

When Stella's concentric lines change direction the extent of the area around them changes. The rows of angles make ambiguous, lively bands across the fairly impassive fields of parallel lines. Stella also uses value sequences and groups of colors. Larry Poons paints polka dots on stained grounds, maroon in one case, yellow ocher in another. The small circles on the maroon are light blue and a medium red. The circles produce an afterimage alongside themselves. This is both definite and transitory. The spacing of the polka dots is interesting, being sparse and somewhat casual and accidental, and yet seemingly controlled by some plan. The whole pattern of afterimages is another effect. Neil Williams paints fields of slanted, round-cornered parallelograms. These alternate with a ground, each row being staggered in regard to the rows above and below it. The parallelograms usually don't quite touch, so that the ground is tenuously linked, though it becomes equivalent or even reversed. The fields tend to flow vertically, horizontally, or diagonally, depending on which effect one looks at. The emphasis varies with each painting. One painting has parallelograms of somewhat lightened ultramarine blue on what appears to be plain white, but is really white tinted with orange. The tint reinforces the afterimages of the blue oblongs, producing an orange glow after a while. Ad Reinhardt, of course, has made a great thing of close value. He has separated value and color. The paintings seem black at first, and then they divide into a few colors. They are unified through a single value, made absolute and negative, or absolutely negative, and are disunited through several colors, and thus made changeable and ambiguous. Incidentally, Reinhardt's following Poons and Williams here doesn't mean that he shares their fairly direct relationship to the Abstract Expressionists. Also, pigeonholing Reinhardt under optical phenomena only shows how arbitrary pigeonholes are.

The two categories, objects and optical art, have been made from what is happening, are due to the two things selected, and are far from being all of what is happening—and are hardly definitive. A whole new category could be made by connecting artists whose work expresses some of the concerns of more or less contemporary philosophy, such as Ortman and Westermann. Jasper Johns to some extent and Lichtenstein and Wesley do work that suggests comment on the comment of metalinguistic. These are all categories after the fact, ones for discussion; they are not enclosing working categories.

ORAL HISTORY INTERVIEW WITH ROBERT MORRIS, 1968 MAR. 10.

ARCHIVES OF AMERICAN ART, SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION.

PC: PAUL CUMMINGS
RM: ROBERT MORRIS

PC: How did you get involved with Dick Bellamy? Where did you find him or he find you?

RM: Well, I'd made a few things. I mentioned I made this Environment. I had made that box with the sound. And the column which I used in that theatre piece. So I had a few things, plywood things and objects. And I went around with some photographs. I went, you know, to show some of these things. And Bellamy was the only person who was at all interested. So he came to see the work. And he was the first to show the work. No, he was not the first to show the work. The first show I had was with three Japanese guys at a little gallery on 5th Avenue at about 13th Street. I can't even remember the name of it. But it was up above a bar.

PC: Oh, the Gordon?

RM: The Gordon Gallery, yes. It must have been 1962 or something like that. And it was Arakawa and Ioa and one other guy whose name I can't remember now. In that show I had the box with the sound. I had a plywood slab that hung at eye level. I had a square or portal type of form. I had three or four things in that show. I remember that show very well because the slab was, I think, 6 or 7 feet square and would not go up, by one inch, would not go up the stairway. So we had to bring it in through the window and it had to be hoisted up at night because we didn't have a rigging license to get through this long horizontal window they had. At one point it got very dangerous and it almost fell and when those guys got excited . . . they only spoke Japanese so I had absolutely no way of directing this whole operation. When we came in we broke the Neon sign of the bar downstairs because of all this confusion. And after the show we took it out the same way and we broke the sign again.

PC: You must have had great fans in the bar there.

RM: That was the first showing of things in New York. Then Dick put a few things in the back room, a couple of objects I made, little boxes. One that had a plus and minus; when you opened the door there was a rubber diaphragm on the plus side and a bar went out and pushed it and on the other side went in, a plus and minus thing. Then there was an erotic kind of object which was a box with a piece of rubber over it and a thing hanging down very much like a penis that you pulled. If you pulled that, it set off a switch that made a kind of like—oh, it was a breast, I think, like an artificial breast that you can buy in a dime store, came out against this diaphragm like a nipple emerging and then it disappeared. It took a minute for that to happen. I think Dick showed that in the back room; showed a few things like that, little objects. And then he had a group show. I remember the first group show I was in there. He had a column that I described before that was in the theatre situation and the card file were the two objects that were in that group show with Flavin and Judd and myself, and I think Lucas was in it, and possibly Claes, I think Claes, and maybe Rosenquist. I don't remember who all was in that show.

PC: You had three shows there, in 1963, 1964 and 1965.

RM: Yes. 1963 was a show that involved many of the process pieces, pieces like the box with the sound, the card file again was shown, the I box which is . . . .

PC: That is the electroencephalogram?

RM: Yes. All those processes that related to the body, my body, records of brain waves, photographs of myself, various objects involving recording actions like a hook dropped on plates of lead and drawn through plaster. I can't

remember all of the other objects. That was the first show. And I think I showed the slab; there was an eight-foot square plywood slab on the floor, which really had nothing to do with . . . . And as I mentioned before at that time I was involved in both of these kinds of activities, those kinds of things that were directly revealing some kind of process or existed as a result of process, and those things that were completely sort of a priori type of forms like the plywood pieces.

PC: What started the whole interest in process in objects? I think it was apparent in the Dilexi show, you know, the interest in the paintings, the fabrication of the pictures. Was it just that you moved into making objects? Or how would you describe that?

RM: Well, I think, as I said before, there was that great conflict in the painting whereas there was a process, there was an object, and the two things didn't get together. There was no kind of jump. I mean there was no kind of continuity. So I found with certain objects that I could split it apart even further. And that was more acceptable to me. Like the box with the sound. On the one hand you do have the process and it's time, literally time it's a sound. And on the other hand you have the object which is spatial. So that was a way of dealing with the two things by separating them.

PC: With kind of real time?

RM: Real time, yes. I literalized it in some way. Whereas the painting, like Pollock the painting is not so literalized. There's a record there. But you sensed the record of the motion. Whereas this is literal time; the box with sound. And literal space. So I was doing both things.

ORAL HISTORY INTERVIEW WITH AY-O

CONDUCTED BY HONNAMI KIYOSHI, KAJIYA KENJI, AND NISHIKAWA MIHOKO,

NOVEMBER 6, 2011, ORAL HISTORY ARCHIVES OF JAPANESE ART

ORALARTHISTORY.ORG

HONNAMI: Was the building at 363 Canal Street a loft?

AY-O: In those days, not many painters lived in a loft. You couldn't really rent them. In order to rent a loft, I thought you had to be a designer. That you had to wear a necktie, neatly. The landlord was called Dyke, he was Jewish and ran a liquor store. I went to his lawyer. To avoid being turned down because of my poor English, I went with Ansei Uchima, who spoke English well. I mean Uchima, the wood-cut artist, you know. He was American, and was married to Toshiko, who had also been a member of Democratic Artists Association in Japan. He had just come back from Japan, so I asked him: "Can you please come with me?" He helped, and I was able to rent my place. I paid the deposit in cash, with money I had from the flower-shop. Uchima is no longer alive, but if he were here, he would say: "Those were really the good old days!"

HONNAMI: I heard that when you rented the loft of Canal Street, there were only pipes for water and gas, and you installed the electricity by yourself.

AY-O: Yes, but there was electricity in the building.

Honnami: Where did you learn to do that?

AY-O: I learned by myself. Just over there. The gas was leaking. There were gas pipes, light, and even if they were turned off, they were leaking. Later I rented the space to Gyu-chan (Ushio Shinohara). He kept saying: "Ay-O, the smell is terrible, there must be a leak." Nam June Paik said: "You need to call the gas company." But of course I couldn't call them, because they would have seen all the work I had done by myself! I had installed all the plumbing. I couldn't tell them. Gyu-chan told me he then he closed the leak with chewing gum.

KAJIYA: Shinohara came to New York after you, right?

AY-O: Yes. He came later. The next artist to arrive after me was Arakawa Shūsaku. He came after they had introduced the exchange visa. You were now able to exchange Japanese yen for US dollars. When I came, this was not possible. The first artist to come after they introduced the new system was Arakawa. Then Kawara On. Kawara went to Mexico. Kawara wanted to come to New York, but he couldn't. The reason was that his father was the head of the Mexican branch of a Japanese corporation, I believe. So, Kawara went for about one year to Mexico. Then he came to New York. Then Yoshimura Masunobu and Shinohara came. They were all so poor. I tried to help, since I had two studios. On the floor above was the carpentry workshop, full of tools. This was were I was doing my part time job. I wasn't very good at that, but my friend Kawakami Takanori was helping me. Kawakami used to be a school teacher in Fukui, he was a very talented carpenter and with his help I had

bought several machines. In those days, it was virtually impossible to find machines like these ones in Japan. Even a drill was hard to find. Here, with the money I was making working part time for a week, I was able to buy a drill. Now, tools are cheap everywhere. I bought a drill and I was enjoying making holes, and this is how I made my works in aluminum. I was making a lot of holes everyday. Down on Canal Street there was a junk shop. There I bought nails and other cheap things. All the materials I used actually came from that store. I then started to use aluminum, but the Japanese aluminum, once you bend it, it stays that way. Crumpled. The American aluminum has such a recoil strength, I felt it could almost knock me over. Because it was knocking me over, Ikuko was holding it back.

NISHIKAWA: You and Arakawa organized a group show in 1963, correct? Did Yoshimura also participate?

AY-O: Yes, it was after my solo show. None of us could get a show in New York—we all tried, but no one could. So I thought of organizing a group show, which would give us all a chance to exhibit our work. Robert Morris joined as well, so there was a total of four artists. The show was called *Boxing Match* since all of us had been making box-like work. Yoshimura had produced boxes; Arakawa too was working on coffins. Robert Morris was making more abstract work with simple, cubic forms. Anyway, the four of us put together the exhibition. This was at Gordon's Fifth Avenue Gallery, where I had previously had my first one-man show.

KAJIYA: Why did you call the exhibition *Boxing Match*?

AY-O: Because we all made boxes, you know.

KAJIYA: Of course.

NISHIKAWA: Were your boxes made of aluminum?

AY-O: No, Robert made his with sheets of painted plywood, just a simple, square box made of plywood that was hung from the ceiling. I made several different boxes. *Tea House* was included; it was circular. There was *Sentimental Box*, which people could enter and some *Nail Boxes* as well.

MORRIS, ROBERT. "STUDIOS." *ROBERT MORRIS: TEN WORKS FIVE DECADES.* CASTELLI GALLERY, NEW YORK, 2012, PP. 7–8, P. 14.

In NYC 1961 I worked at the Baptist National Newspaper in an office off Madison Square Park. I did all of the correspondence and made up things about God to make the columns come out even with the ads. The editor, a diminutive man in a double-breasted white suit, kept a fossilized alligator under a library table in his office. He told me a devout coal miner in Tennessee had sent it to him. He spoke with a strong southern drawl, which I had to listen to through the Dictaphone machine as I typed his letters. The two middle-aged women who worked in the office were solicitous about my getting enough to eat and brought me sandwiches. At 3 pm work in the office stopped and everyone drank a shot glass of vinegar and honey. The women said this "tonic" would keep me healthy. I worked there for about 6 months before I got a part-time job at the main library on 42nd Street in room 303 of the Art Division. These jobs paid little but did give me some time to make my art. But after spending on supplies I was virtually without funds. Yoko Ono, who I met through La Monte Young, had a loft on Chambers Street that she was not using and offered to let me live and work there. I occupied the space in late winter of 1961. The loft had no heat or hot water, but by then I knew a few people I could visit for an occasional shower. It was there on Chambers Street that I saw *Column* upright for the first time. There I built *Portal* and *Box for Standing*, and a number of other works made from plywood or scrap wood found on the streets that I laminated together. In June I installed the work *Passageway* in the loft. Again La Monte had organized several evenings of music, dance, poetry readings, lectures and performances that took place in Yoko Ono's Chambers Street loft. Henry Flynt gave a lecture on art and philosophy on the night of a driving rainstorm. I was the only one in the audience since I was living in the space. Henry gave his lecture anyway. Simone Forti staged an evening of radical dance works involving objects and rule games in which I participated. I built some of the objects for this performance. For the work in which I participated she had two heavy screw eyes installed in the wall and gave Robert Huot 8 feet of sturdy rope. She instructed me to lie on the floor, come what may and at all costs, while she instructed Huot to tie me to the wall. The struggle constituted the performance. When my turn came to present a work as part of the series I chose to install *Passageway*, a curving space which began at the entry door to the loft and narrowed as it moved some 50 feet into the interior. Being a totally enclosed passage the interior of the loft was at no point visible beyond the curving enclosure. Four 25-watt overhead bulbs illuminated the passageway, and a device that emitted the sound of a human heartbeat was installed above the ceiling and turned to very low volume. Few visitors reported hearing this sound. The walls and ceiling were of smooth plywood painted mat gray. Visitors left messages penciled on the walls. I recall one, which said, "Fuck you too, Bob Morris." I periodically rolled on more gray paint to erase these messages. In the fall of 1962 the sculptor Arakawa arrived from Japan and displaced me in the loft. He spoke almost no English but I somehow understood that he wanted to make me an oriental meal sometime soon. Perhaps he felt guilty about my having to move out. One night A few months later he invited me to supper. Heat and hot water had not been installed but Arakawa had placed a long plank on the floor raised by a few bricks. Along this plank were a number of white, cardboard Chinese takeout cartons and chopsticks. He had built a tiny fire on some bricks. We sat on the floor and ate mostly in silence.

This catalogue was published on the occasion of the exhibition, *1963—Boxing Match Revisited, 4 Sculptors: Arakawa, Ay-O, Morris, Yoshimura*, held at Castelli Gallery, 18 E 77, NY, March 6–May 23, 2019.

This exhibition took a historical look at *Boxing Match, 4 Sculptors: Arakawa, Ay-O, Morris, Yoshimura,* held at Gordon's Fifth Avenue Gallery from February 27–March 24, 1963. Most of the artworks from that exhibition no longer exist, but a few surviving works were located and shown at Castelli Gallery, along with other artworks by Arakawa, Ay-O, Morris, and Yoshimura from the early 1960s that express the same core aesthetic interests that brought these four artists together.

We are grateful to the following lenders and individuals who helped make this exhibition possible: Ay-O; Hayashi Fumiko; The Emily Harvey Foundation Archive / Collection, New York; The Estate of Robert Morris; Sugaya Miyuki of Gallery 360°, and Tokyo Gallery+BTAP, Tokyo.

Cover: Announcement for the exhibition *Boxing Match, 4 Sculptors: Arakawa, Ay-O, Morris, Yoshimura*, Gordon's Fifth Avenue Gallery, February 27–March 24, 1963.
Inside front cover: Announcement sent by Ay-O to Robert Kelly at Bard College.
Inside back cover: Announcement sent to Yvonne Rainer.

Japanese artists and authors in this catalogue are noted in Japanese form, with family names followed by given names. An exception is made for Manami Fujimori and Miwako Tezuka, Ph.D, who live in the United States and are known by their given name first.

Searching for the documents which are collected in this publication, Castelli Gallery has benefited from the assistance of several individuals: Manami Fujimori; Homma Momoyo, ST Luk, Amara Magloughlin, and Miwako Tezuka of Reversible Destiny Foundation; Nishikawa Mihoko of Museum of Contemporary Art Tokyo; and Suga Akira of Oita Art Museum.

Cover, inside back cover: Courtesy Getty Research Institute, Los Angeles (2006.M.24)
Inside cover, p. 5, 15, 16: Courtesy Ay-O and Gallery 360º, Tokyo
p. 11, 12, 14: Courtesy Reversible Destiny Foundation; p. 14: Photo by John Schiff
p. 6, 19, 20, 21: Courtesy Oita Art Museum, Japan
p. 33, 34: Courtesy Archives of American Art, Smithsonian Institution

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A real disadvantage in the series, of course, ~~though one that could not be helped~~ - is the smallness of the stage & the difficulty in seeing - factors that ~~made~~ discouraged quite a few dancers from performing who might otherwise have presented group works. With this in mind, ~~I am happy to~~ I am glad to hear of your plans to move. I have also just lately begun to feel that it is about time for me to have a solo concert. In several months I ~~will~~ shall have completed a dance for 6 people & so will have more than enough work for a full evening. I ~~imagine~~ suppose this is one way to find out what one is doing - as when a painter has a one-man show. If your office is in a position at some future date to help bring this about, I will be most happy and ready.

I wish to express my appreciation ~~for~~ to you for enabling me to perform on ~~the~~ Feb. 15th - & I think I speak for all of us in ~~painting~~ thanking you & Miss Reynolds & whoever else was involved in ~~relieving us of~~ all the ~~detail~~ ~~tasks~~ detail of mailing, permitting us to dance unburdened by publicity, ~~detail~~ etc. that precede ~~goes into~~ the realization of a concert.

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