112 Greene Street
A Nexus of Ideas in the Early 70s

January 12 - March 6, 2011

Organized by Ned Smyth

Salomon Contemporary Project Room
508 West 26th Street, #5G, New York

Richard Landry Concert - Richard Peck, Richard Landry, Glaza, David Lee, Robert Prado, and Rusty Gilder, 1972 © Richard Landry

Richard Peck Concert - Barbara Dilley and Nancy Lewis, 1972 © Richard Landry

In 1968 in Manhattan—SoHo to be exact—I bought a building at 112 Greene Street that had a wonderful space for showing art. The space was composed of a large gallery, with high ceilings and a basement. It had large cast iron columns running through the middle of it. Around this time, I met an artist named Gordon Matta-Clark, who was the son of the Chilean painter Roberto Matta. Gordon expressed ideas about art and what he called “Anarchitecture,” and we started to utilize the space—creating art from the very materials and using the architecture of the building.

We invited other sculptors, painters, dancers, filmers, and performance artists to join us. We commenced to start a gallery that created a platform of complete freedom and without any direction and supervision. It was not bound by curators, either. Artists were free to create whatever they liked without direction of the mercantile gallery owners and directors.

This led to a specific kind of art based on that freedom that didn’t really have a name. The gallery provided a space where, unlike in commercial galleries, the artist was allowed to dig, cut, and sometimes destroy some of the architecture. Nothing like that seemed to exist before. We simply named the gallery after its address, 112 Greene Street. The doors of this gallery were never locked, so artists had access 24 hours a day, seven days a week. It created a spirit; the spirit of complete and total freedom. You didn’t at that time have to worry about scratching the gallery floor or making marks on the wall, which was unlike any gallery that I personally had ever seen or contributed to. The spirit of 112 Greene Street was interesting and fun. Gallery owners took notice and curators took notice, and often these artists were provided with a more mainstream art gallery. If you walked into 112 Greene Street at any time, there were always people engaged in conversation and debauchery, and you could feel the spirit of delight.

Jeffrey Lew

Gordon Matta-Clark, Wall cut out from FOOD, 1972 © Richard Landry

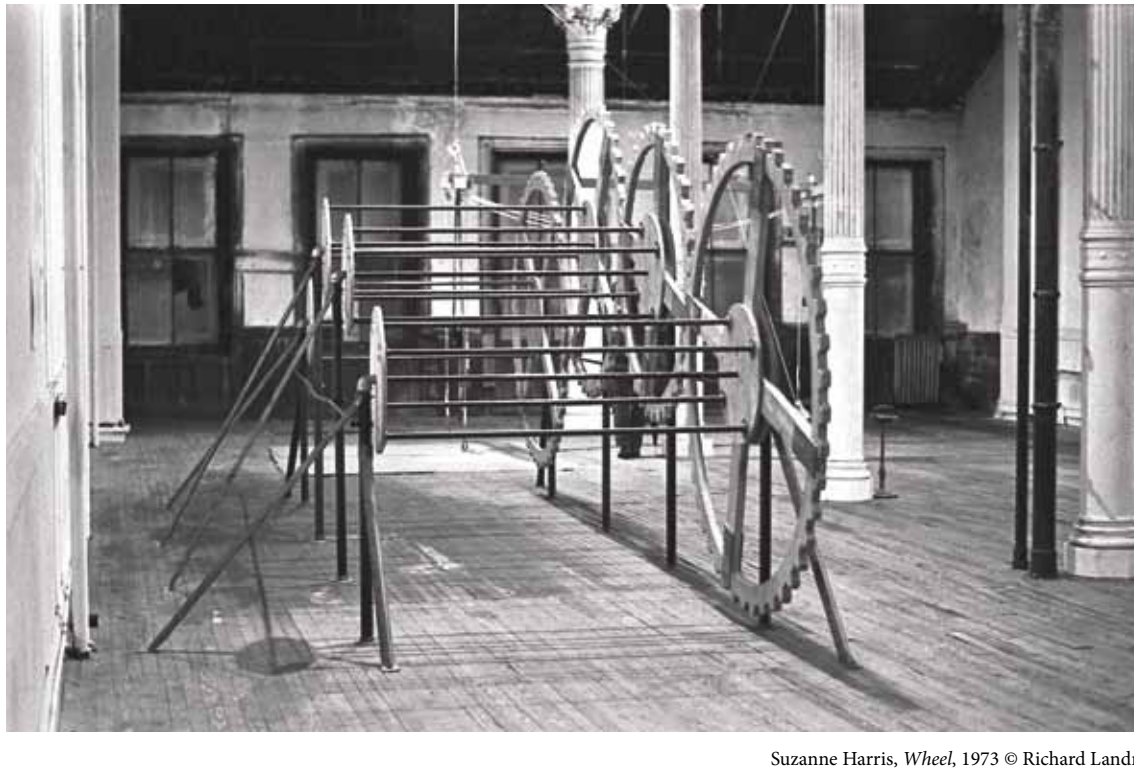
112 was paradise for all of us, and we didn't know it of course. All of the performers and the artists were not only equals, but shared the same space—theatre, dance, sculpture, painting, music—all of those things happened simultaneously in one space and the level was equally high for everything.

Jene Highstein

I always enjoyed going to the shows, the performances at 112. It really was the first real meeting place for so many artists of our generation downtown. It was amazing that it became a raw arena where people would do all kinds of things. The galleries, as soon as they got spaces, became all cleaned up. There was no way to really do any kind of alternative work. 112 was the first place that allowed that arena to be experimented with. And it was amazing.

Keith Sonnier

Jeffrey Lew, *Library*, 1975 © Richard Landry



Suzanne Harris, *Wheel*, 1973 © Richard Landry

Alice Aycock

Bill Beckley

Louise Bourgeois

Chris Burden

Mary Heilmann

Joan Jonas

Dickie Landry

Dennis Oppenheim

Susan Rothenberg

Carolee Schneemann

Ned Smyth

George Trakas

Jackie Winsor

“112 Greene Street: A Nexus of Ideas in the Early 70s” is an exhibition of important early works from thirteen artists who helped define 112 Greene Street: Alice Aycock, Bill Beckley, Louise Bourgeois, Chris Burden, Mary Heilmann, Joan Jonas, Dickie Landry, Dennis Oppenheim, Susan Rothenberg, Carolee Schneemann, Ned Smyth, George Trakas, and Jackie Winsor.

In the early seventies, 112 Greene Street emerged as one of the essential arenas to see, hear, perform, or show contemporary art. There were concerts by Philip Glass, Steve Reich, and Dickie Landry, many of whom recorded at the renowned Greene Street Recording Studio; and performances by Grand Union, Natural History, Mabou Mines, Suzanne Harris, Tina Girouard, and Joan Jonas.

Gordon Matta-Clark and Jeffrey Lew, the founders of 112, created a groundbreaking non-commercial exhibition space that made no restrictions on its artists and their creations. 112 was a community, support system, catalyst, and sounding board for new ideas and explorations. It was an exhilarating place where many artists had their first show, exhibiting their formative work, and where sculpture, painting, video, and conceptual art were taking new directions.

“112 Greene Street” not only presents early pieces from thirteen now established artists, but also illuminates the breadth of work that was being explored. The New York art world was on the verge of expanding the traditional boundaries of art making, and 112 was a principal facilitator in this new course.

The artists in this show all made major contributions; and 112 provided the staging ground for their development. Jackie Winsor attacked the minimalist aesthetic by hand building objects with commonplace materials such as rope and wood. Gordon Matta-Clark, Alice Aycock, Ned Smyth, and George Trakas were among the first sculptors to work with architectural concepts and build site-specific, large-scale public installations.

Mary Heilmann and Susan Rothenberg were taking painting in new directions at a time when it was not in vogue. Their work from the early seventies such as Rothenberg’s introduction of image and Heilmann’s gestural, hard edge abstractions still remains a major influence on painters today.

While Bill Beckley utilized the audience in his sound and recreational-themed performance/installations, Chris Burden and Carolee Schneemann were creating other cutting-edge interactive performance pieces. Dennis Oppenheim explored multimedia conceptualism, cultivating it into unique forms of sculpture. Along with Joan Jonas and Dickie Landry, Oppenheim used methods of video and performance that make today’s large-scale video projection installations a well-accepted medium in contemporary art.

The 112 exhibition, “Louise Bourgeois: Sculpture 1970-1974,” was a fundamental landmark for the feminist movement. Not only did its association with feminism vault her into recognition, it helped to give a voice to women making art in the predominantly male New York art world. At the same time, 112 provided a progressive environment for both male and female artists to produce work together and accept one another as equal contemporaries.

Ned Smyth, 2011


SUNDAY EVENING

I met Gordon Matta, Alan Saret, and Jeffrey Lew in the summer of 1970, through Rafael Ferrer, a friend of my former teacher, Italo Scanga. Something was in the air. Younger artists were breaking away from the Minimalist aesthetic as defined and practiced by Frank Stella, Brice Marden, Robert Ryman, Carl Andre and Donald Judd. It was not because we didn't respect their art; we just didn't want to be confined by their aesthetics.

What happened at 112 Greene Street in 1970 was the antithesis of Minimalism. It did away with the much of the orderliness, the geometry and the mathematical progressions of Minimalism, but, like Minimalism, our work stayed clear of illusionistic painterly space. When I first saw 112 Greene Street with Rafael in the summer of 1970 it was strewn with debris from its past existence as a factory. This was not the clean white room so easily used to recontextualize; often, you could not tell the art from the rubble.

I participated in the first show there in October of 1970 with Gordon Matta, Barry Le Va, Rafael Ferrer, Jeffrey Lew, and George Trakas. The years 1970-1973 were serious recession years, especially for New York City. No one expected to sell anything, and besides that, most collectors didn't consider mould, cleavers, or live chickens art. Marxist based reactions to the art establishment played a significant role in the New York art world in the early seventies. But in my experience, most of us showing at 112 were not agenda driven. We were having fun. We were content to be rid of the minimal aesthetic, and free to use materials that were not previously defined as art.

One night a huge tin cornice fell off the roof of a building in SoHo. Alan Saret picked it up, and together we dragged it back to 112 where of course it instantly became art. Gordon grew mold in a metal tray. Barry Le Va planted a set of butcher's cleavers in the wall. I installed a live rooster in a coop over a mattress and pillow.

There was a close camaraderie amongst the artists. In the metaphoric clubhouse we called 112 we did not fetishize our differences as gay, male, female, or straight. (Not that there is anything wrong with it.) The club we belonged to was simply A R T.

This attitude extended to music—Phil Glass, Steve Reich and Dickie Landry—and to dance and performance where Yvonne Rainer founded the improvisational group, The Grand Union. Just like the art at 112 many of the dance moves in The Grand Union, like walking, sitting, even coughing, were hard to distinguish from the movements we know as life. Artist/ performers Suzanne Harris, Rachael Lew, Alice Aycock, Tina Girouard, Dennis Oppenheim, Louise Bourgeois, Jackie Winsor, Vito Acconci, and Joan Jonas built installations that were both sculptures and performance sites.

The closest comparison I can think of to 112 Greene Street is the first gropings of love, when everything you do together is fresh and new, when jealousy and ownership have not yet entered the picture. There is no pretense, no agenda, and no cynicism. You don't know where it's going, or what will come of it. All you want to do is fuck. But this balance of sex and naiveté is difficult to sustain.

I stopped showing there in 1973. And I knew the scene was over when in 1976 I witnessed Gordon's identical twin brother, Sebastian, jump out the window of Gordon's loft right above mine at 155 Wooster Street. Gordon died of cancer a couple years later. By then, the spirit of 112 Greene Street had already departed. But I'm sure it's still among us—perhaps at a new-fangled location.

Bill Beckley

Bill Beckley, *Silent Ping Pong,* 1971, steel, foam, and rubber at Salomon Contemporary, 2011

I was not asked to be in 112. I was giving a job estimate and Mary Batton asked me to join her to go and see what was happening in the store front across the street. Jeffrey was welding.

I wondered around and went down to the basement and saw this window in the back that I totally flipped over. I had just built a piece in my studio and it made possible, building the piece outside the window. I went back upstairs and asked Jeffrey if we could put it there and he said no.

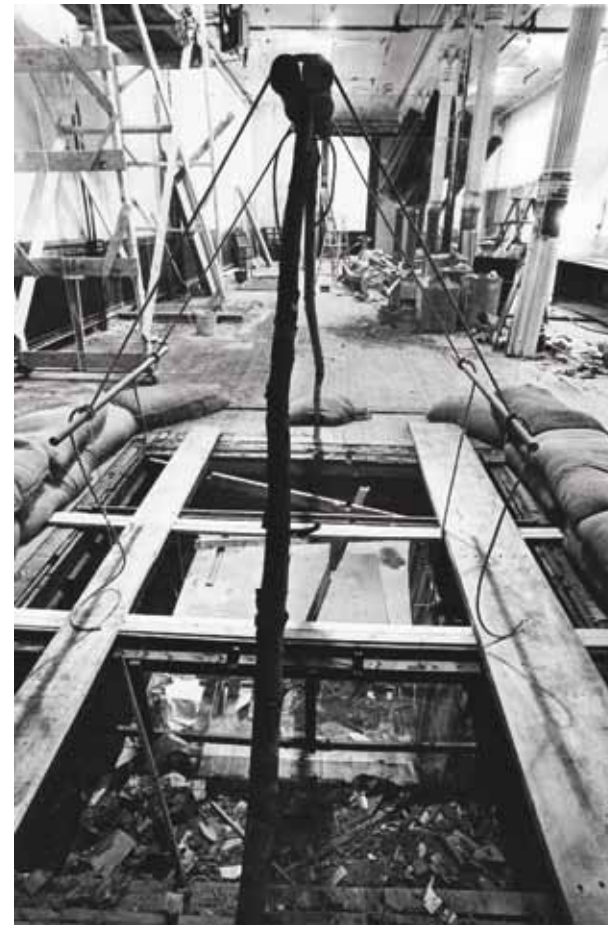
I ended up putting the piece in the truck that Saturday afternoon—the opening of the first show. I went to the gallery rather furious with some of the elements and Jeffrey said, "What are you doing?" and I said, "I'm putting my piece in the window downstairs."

And he said, "OK! OK!" And I built that piece outside the window. Jeffrey said, "For the next show you can do whatever you want" and that's when I went through the floor.

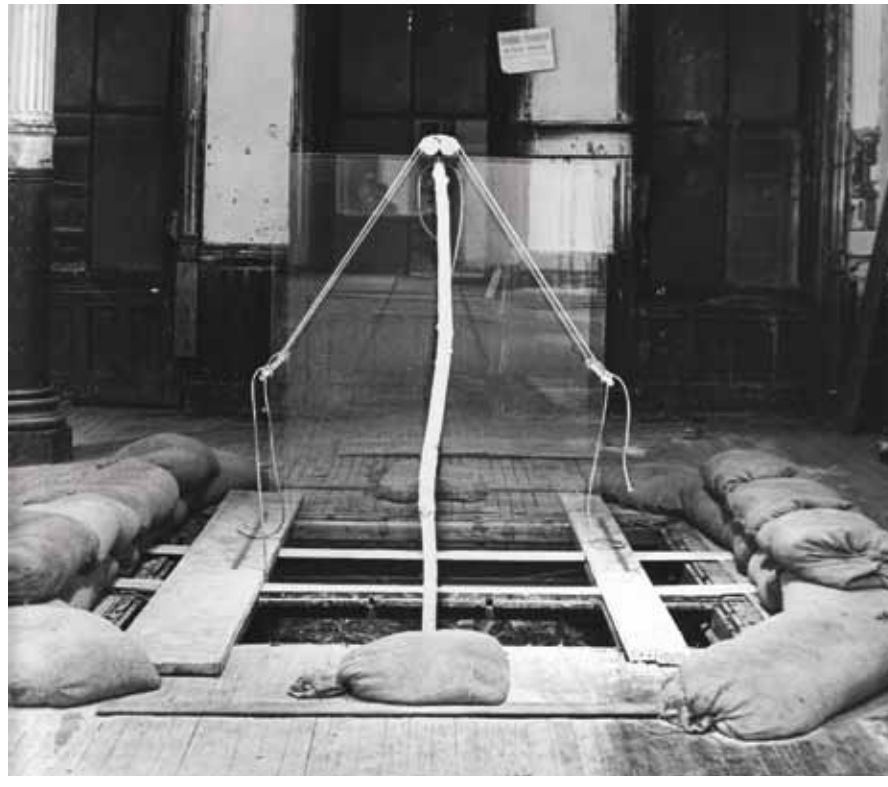
It was the first time I ever exhibited and 112 was my beginning. Out of the window the first time, through the floor the second time. It was a very important space for many of us, because of the rawness of it—the fact that it was so New York.

George Trakas

George Trakas building *The Piece that Went Through the Floor*, 112 Greene Street, 1970 © Richard Landry



George Trakas, *The Piece that Went Through the Floor*, 112 Greene Street, 1970
(Left: view from the basement; right: view looking down into the basement)



George Trakas, *The Piece that Went Through the Floor*, 112 Greene Street, 1970 © Richard Landry

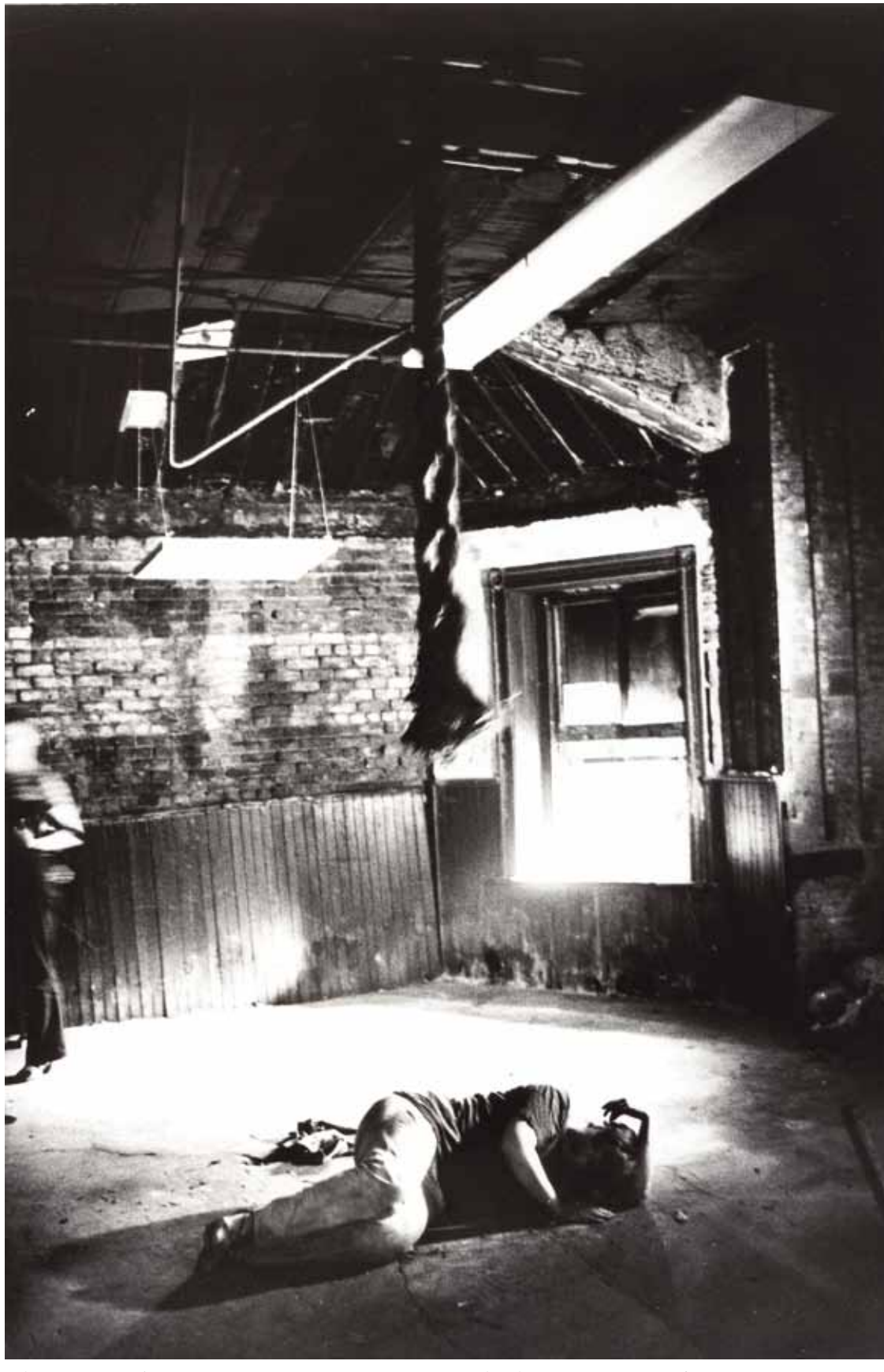
George Trakas, *The Piece that Went Through the Floor*, 1970
Installation view from the basement at 112 Greene Street
© Richard Landry

George Trakas, *Through the Looking Glass - The Piece that Went Through the Ceiling* at Salomon Contemporary, 2011
(Based on *The Piece that Went Through the Floor)*

George Trakas, *Through the Looking Glass - The Piece that Went Through the Ceiling* at Salomon Contemporary, 2011

George Trakas, *Through the Looking Glass - The Piece that Went Through the Ceiling* (detail), 2011

George Trakas, *The Branch Quartet*, 1971, rock, metal, wood, mirror, and glass



Jackie Winsor, *Up and/ or Downstairs Rope Piece*, 112 Greene Street, 1971, Photo by Peter Moore © Estate of Peter Moore/ VAGA, NYC

I came to New York City in the spring of ’67. It was a time of incredible change. So when people look at 112 Greene Street, it really existed in huge circumstances. When I was at Rutgers, we were under Marshall Law. There was military walking up and down my little street, and there was sex, drugs, and rock & roll. Then a president was shot; and Martin Luther King was killed. I had an undergraduate teacher who was doing research with Timothy Leary. It was a time when change and the unusual were forcing themselves into the vocabulary. And not long after I moved to New York, New York City went bankrupt. I moved into a building that hadn’t been occupied in 40 or 50 years. The windows were tined up; there was no plumbing, and only ac electricity. Many factories moved out of Soho and the ones that were left would close at 5 pm. After that, the place was left to the artists who lived there.

My first experience with Gordon Matta-Clark was within the first years of being in New York. I went to dinner at Nancy Holt and Bob Smithson’s place and Bob was talking about this young college kid he met who was studying architecture and coming to New York when he graduated in the spring. I remember that conversation more than the first time I met Gordon because I really felt like I met him then. When Gordon got to NY he became friends with Mary Heilmann and they lived in Chatham Square, the same building as Dickie (Landry) and Tina (Girouard). There were all of these connections. I lived with Keith (Sonnier) in a building with all of Yvonne Rainer’s dancers and Carol Goodden, owner of FOOD. Dickie and Tina were working with Keith; and Tina was very engaged with the dancers at 112 Greene Street. 112 was one of the crossroads. Dancers came through there; musicians came through there; and artists and sculptors came through there. The space gave people the opportunity to show their work and get to know each other.

I don’t remember who asked me to participate at 112, but I do remember what they said. They told me they were putting together a few nights of performances by people who had never done them before.

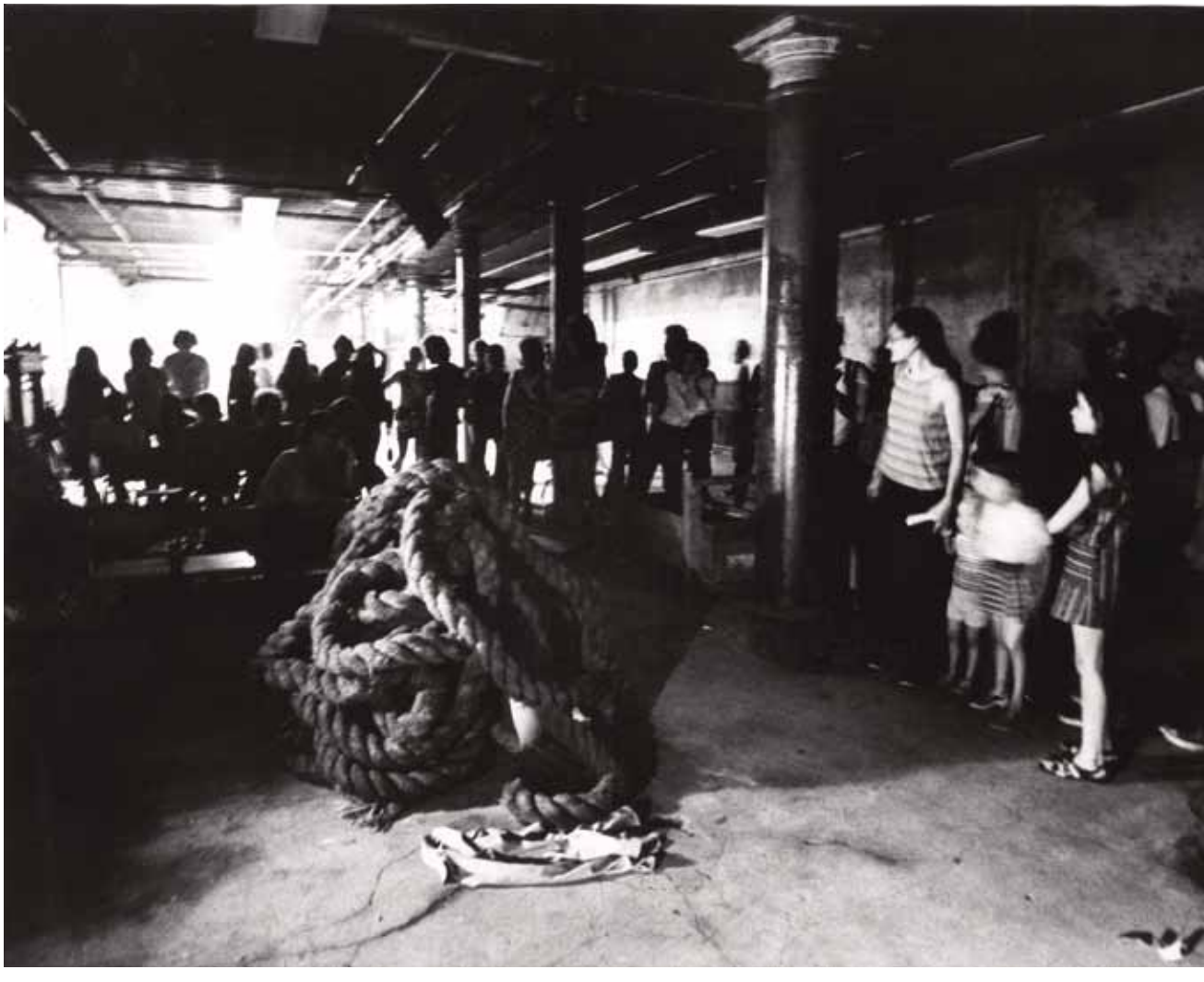
I had a rope that was 5 inches thick and made up of shapes that looked just like a bicep. When the strands twisted together, it was like a muscle in motion. On the other hand, physically it was like a dead person. My studio was on the ground level, and I had to pull the rope up to my apartment on the 5th floor. It was muscle against muscle really. I would drag this thing up to the landing at the halfway mark, where I had another pile, and then I would take the beginning of the rope up to the 2nd floor, and kept doing this. I did about 10 turns until I got up to the 5th floor. When you had all the rope in motion, there was a chance it would takeoff (and it did on occasion) and you would have to go catch it. I had this very bad dream one night that the rope had gotten loose and buried me in the staircase. There was nobody there to come and get me.

So for the performance at 112, I decided to do a reenactment of that dream. I cut a hole through the floor between the basement and the ground level and started out with the rope below just like it was in my studio. We pulled it up to the ground floor, and then lowered it down on top of a woman who was participating. Afterwards, from underneath it you could hear, “Help. I can’t breathe, help.” We had to unravel it again and get her out. I had two people show up for the performance, that I had enough contact with to know who they were. One was Liza Béar from Avalanche, and the other was Peter Moore. From that, Liza asked me to write something for the Rumbles section of Avalanche. It was my first and last performance.

A short time before that, I showed "Cement Sphere" at 112. My interest was that the piece equaled my weight. I didn't want anyone to walk away with it, so I made the sphere very dense and awkward to carry. I also knew that the sphere would roll in the space. And it did. During the show, the piece went and found its own spot in the corner. I don't think anyone recognized it because 112 was filled with old stuff and my piece blended in.

The Women's Movement was happening at the time and I was going to all of these fabulous meetings with incredible women who had studios filled of work. But the massive movement made a lot of women uncomfortable as well. The profile before the movement was that women had to be exceptional to hang out with the guys and play that male game. Where as the Women's Movement was about all that is accredited to men, was equally accredited to the women. It was about moving forward. I think it's much more interesting to have a level playing field and that's why I liked about Jeffrey's (Lew) sort of passivity. He wasn't pushing it away. Open posture was the posture of the Women's Movement. At that time, 112 Greene Street was open and that meant a lot.

Jackie Winsor



Jackie Winsor, *Up and/ or Downstairs Rope Piece*, 112 Greene Street, 1971, Photo by Peter Moore © Estate of Peter Moore/ VAGA, NYC
Opposite Page: Jackie Winsor, *Rope*, 1971, hemp rope (foreground) *Sphere*, 1971, concrete (background) at Salomon Contemporary, 2011

112 Greene Street Recording Studio, 1975 © Richard Landry

I came to 112 through Suzanne Harris, artist and her husband Paul Harris, a musician/arranger. They were hosting a three day party (night and day). I was fresh in New York City, this was February 1969 and I had just moved there in January.

I went to the party for all three days and nights. Why not? Musicians by the dozen. There was a group sitting in the corner and I asked who they were.

"Oh they are from Jamaica and they play Reggae."

I asked, "What's Reggae?"

To cut a long story short, I jammed with them and only them. Five days later with temperatures at about five degrees, I get a call at five in the morning.

(Reggae accent)

"Hey man, we really like the way you play that flute, we are in the Bronx recording, come and join us."

My answer, "A white boy in the Bronx at 5 in the morning is a dead white boy." Click.

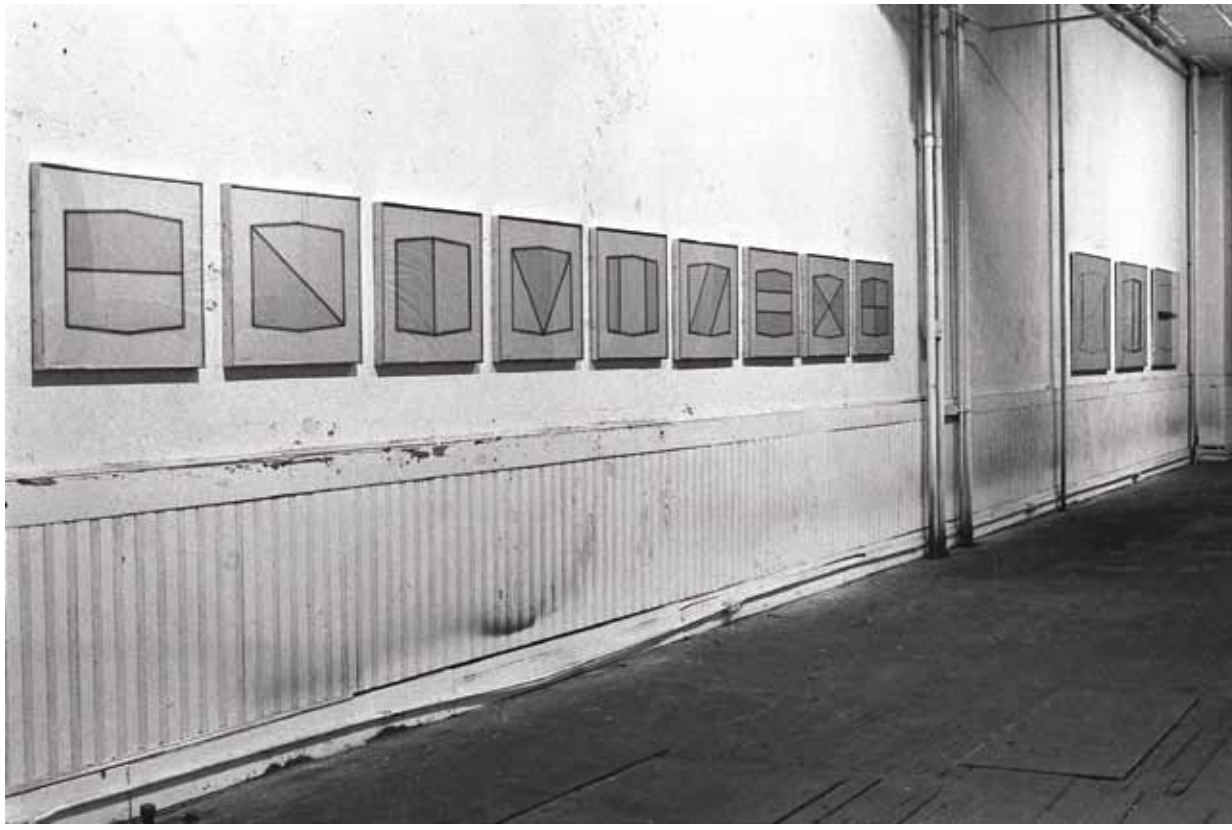
I had just turned down Bob Marley.

Through all of this, I got to meet the real 112 Greene Street guy, Jeffrey Lew, and the rest is history. 112 was art as I understood it at the time. You were free to do what you wanted in and with the space.

Dickie Landry

Dickie Landry, *Video Facets* at 112 Greene Street, 1975 © Richard Landry

Dickie Landry, *Video Facets* at Salomon Contemporary, 2011




DORIS' Restaurant
COMIDAS CRIOLLAS
DRINK
Pepsi-Cola

I just got out of college and was hitchhiking to New York from where my parents were in Jersey. A truck pulled over, and these guys say, “Where you goin’, kid?” I said, “SoHo”, and they burst out laughing. On the ride, they introduced themselves as Keith (Sonnier) and Dickie (Landry).

We drove down Broadway, all the way down, and somehow it dawned on me that these guys were big artists. We get down there and they ask me what I’m going to do now. I said, “I don’t know, I gotta get a job.” They sent me to FOOD.

So I went over there and met with Carol Goodden, thinking I’d get a waiting job. She asked if I wanted to be an assistant chef. I had never cooked in my life, but of course I took the job.

Through the restaurant, I met Gordon. We wound up doing a lot of cuttings together. At the time, I was casting these concrete 2” x 4”s and arches which he liked. He said that he had a show coming up at 112, but wasn’t ready, so I should do it.

Gordon was so generous about these things. It was just his way. I look back at the whole experience with a great sense of camaraderie, where artists were taking the time to help each other.

Ned Smyth

FOOD - Tina Girouard, Carol Goodden, Gordon Matta-Clark, 1971 © Richard Landry

Ned Smyth, *Renaissance Plan*, 1973 at 112 Greene Street © Ned Smyth

Ned Smyth, *Renaissance Plan* at Salomon Contemporary, 2011

I was down in the basement, the gritty basement, arranging everything very carefully because I never had a real show in New York. I heard this rustle behind me, I turn around and Vito Acconci had been in the elevator shaft which had garbage piled in it for centuries. It had not been cleaned out for lets say 50 years. Vito was crawling out of the elevator shaft on his hands and knees, out of all of this garbage. I looked at him and thought to myself, "This is a real artist." It made me as a young artist get in touch with what it meant to really make a piece of art.

There was a kind of repartee. We would pick up the information from each other. And while we got along, I also think there was this "Oh, I saw that, so let's try this." When I saw George's piece, particularly the one that went through the floor, suddenly the light bulb went off and I thought, "You could really make sculpture that deals with architecture and alters the space." That fluidity was so important to how everyone else eventually went off and did their separate things, but we were all there for that moment witnessing the first time.

Alice Aycock

Photo documenation of Alice Aycock, *Sand/Fans*, 1971, installation at 112 Greene Street

Alice Aycock, *NYC Orientations*, 1973

Alice Aycock, *Stairs (These Stairs Can Be Climbed)*, 1973 at 112 Greene Street © Alice Aycock

Alice Aycock, *Stairs (These Stairs Can Be Climbed)* at Salomon Contemporary 2011

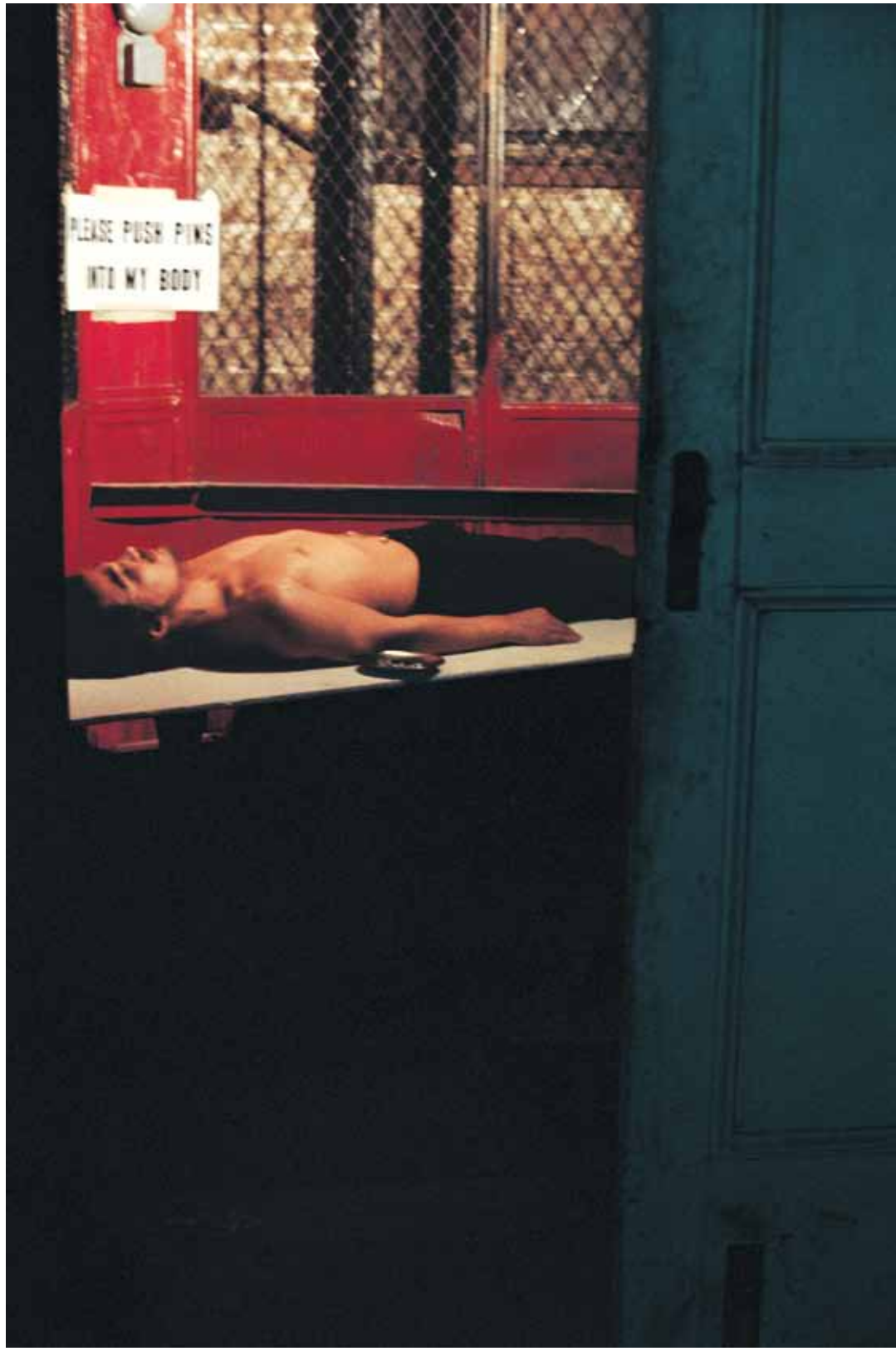
Back to You Chris Burden

January 16, 1974
112 Greene St., New York, New York

Dressed only in pants, I was lying on a table inside a freight elevator with the door closed. Next to me on the table was a small dish of 5/8" steel push pins. Liza Béar requested a volunteer from the audience, and he was escorted to the elevator. As the door opened, a camera framing me from the waist up was turned on, and the audience viewed this scene on several monitors placed near the elevator. As the elevator went to the basement and returned, Liza told the audience that a sign in the elevator instructed the volunteer to "Please push pins into my body." The volunteer stuck four pins into my stomach and one pin into my foot during the elevator trip. When the elevator returned to the floor, the door opened, the volunteer stepped out, and the camera was turned off. The elevator returned to the basement.

Relic: stainless steel bowl and 65 push pins
Case: 10 x 10 x 10 inches

Chris Burden, *Back to You*, 1974, performance at 112 Greene Street
Courtesy of the artist. Photographed by Charles Hill.
Photo documentation exhibited at Salomon Contemporary, 2011


PLEASE PUSH PINS
INTO MY BODY

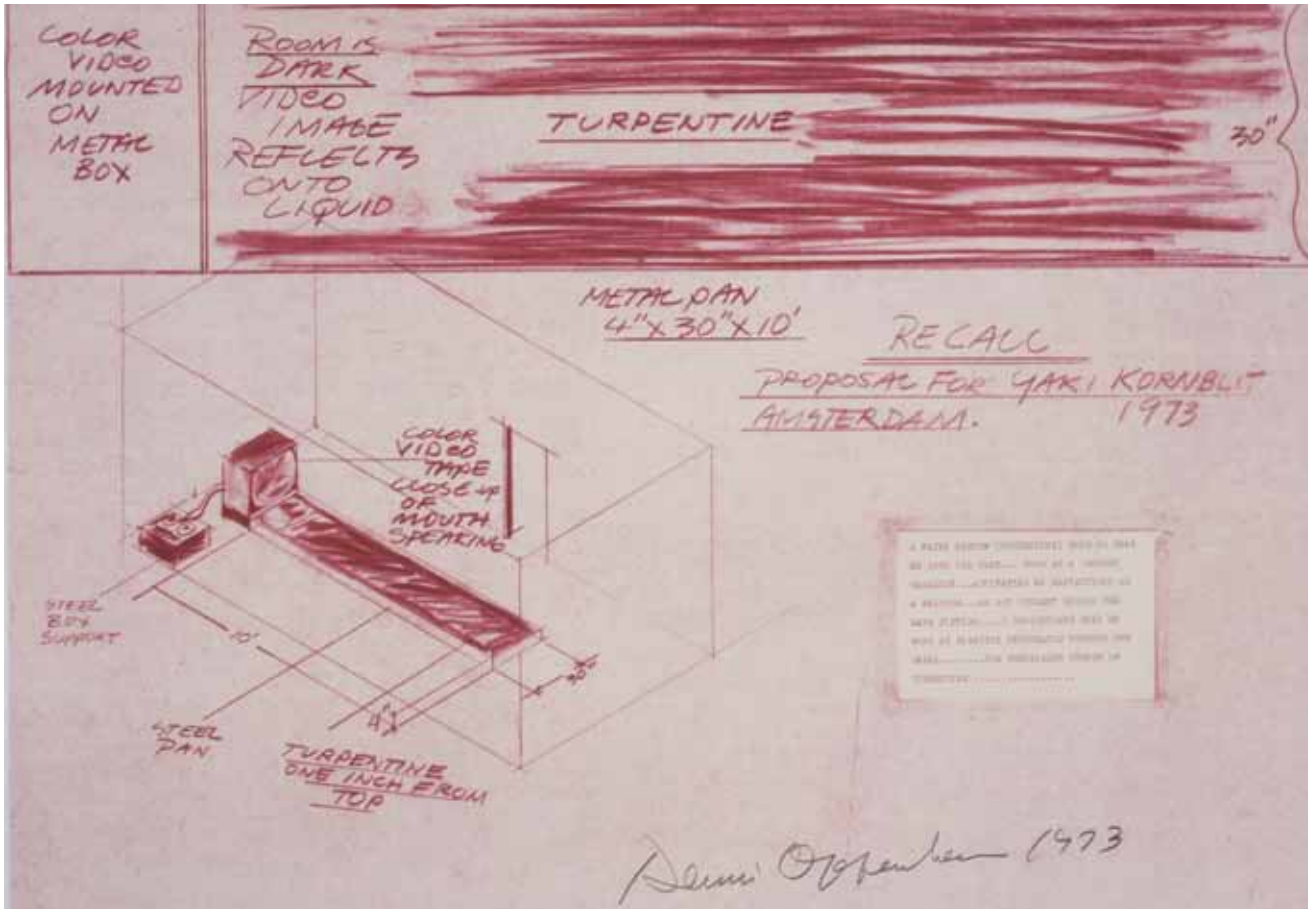
DENNIS OPPENHEIM . . . . . RECALL

During Videoperformance, Dennis Oppenheim was in Amsterdam for his one-man show at the Stedelijk Museum. His video installation piece, Recall, was installed at 112 Greene Street on January 17th. Wiloughby Sharp interviewed Oppenheim on video at his Franklin Street studio shortly before he left for Europe. The following is a slightly edited transcript of the first part of their conversation.

WS: What's the title of the piece you're going to do at 112 Greene Street?
DO: It's called Recall, and I'm using turpentine as a device to activate the memory, past experiences when the smell occurred. The material is actually inhaled–I stuffed cotton saturated with turpentine into my nose, and like a drug, it induced an alteration of consciousness; as my sense are filled with this smell, my memory slowly uncovers images of a past region in which the smell prevailed, and I verbalize them in a kind of rambling stream of consciousness monologue. For me, that smell is associated with me art school years, the late fifties. What I find interesting is how a paint medium, when applied differently, can still be said to be accomplishing a similar result … Instead of thinning down pigment, I'm absorbing the material into my sensory system, and thinning out layers of repressed memory–I see it as a different function of a traditional material.
WS: How did you get to the idea of a video installation? Is this your first?
DO: Yes, It's one of a series of three or four in which I've used the video screen as an installational component, as something more than just a neutral relay system for information … The video image also functions in a very orthodox way, as a light source.
WS: In what way is this an extension of video art?
DO: I think it's a very logical use of video in a sculptural idiom. Most early tapes by sculptors didn't consciously involve the use of the monitor as part of the work. Hey focused on the content of the activity that was being relayed by the video image, but at times I have considered the monitor itself as part of a larger unit.
WS: Do you consider this video installation as a surrogate for actually performing? I mean, do you see Recall as a way of replacing you physically in the show, since you are going to be at the Stedelijk and can't be physically there?
DO: No, I hadn't really thought in those terms. Though the turpentine itself does provide a more active component than the mere presence of the videotape. I think the installation works something like this: the video image, which is obviously an electronic translation of a live situation, is positioned next to a physical object–the pan of turpentine: because of the immediate juxtaposition of these two elements, the spectator is more rigorously involved in experiencing the piece. The audience is, in effect, smelling the same fumes that induced my monologue, which they hear on the tape. That is, they can fall into a similar retrospective activity–if they relate to the smell. I have a number of future projects that use the video along with another component, and involve this play on the actual and the recorded.
WS: So you're trying your use of video very specifically to an art installation context in galleries and museums. Does that imply that you see more of a future for video as an expressive means in this way, rather than trying to get your work out on educational or commercial television?
DO: Well, not necessarily. I made tapes three or four years ago that are shown in a more orthodox context, where the video monitor is placed on a table. The video installations pre-empt that. They don't allow for such a fluid use of tape, because they involve an auxiliary prop as a deterrent. Some are more elaborate because they call for the video screen to be mounted on the floor, or hung upside down, or for a special structure to be built to hold it.

"I'm using turpentine as a device to activate memory."

WS: Let's see the drawings for some of your other video installations.
DO: (shows drawing). Here's one that requires a structure to be built in the room to hold one monitor in the floor plane, with another monitor hanging directly above it. There's an opening of about six inches between the monitors, and they'll show two distinct tapes, recorded on separate decks. One will have water swirling down a drain, and the other a voice. You won't be able to see the image, unless you get down to the floor.
WS: There seems to be a kind of monumentality in these installations.
DO: Yes, it's using the equipment in a multi-level way. It's still using the video image and spoken discourse, but giving the equipment a much more active role. You have to take into account more than just the look of the image, or the content of the words. But it's still using the video image directly–it's just that in some cases it's disguised, not so immediately available. In another work I'm planning, Interrogation, there are two monitors face to face, ostensibly in dialogue with each other. There's a one-inch crack in between them; the room is dark, so there'll be two blocky square units with a kind of canyon of light between them, and it will be virtually impossible to see the video images.



Dennis Oppenheim, Drawing for *Recall*, 1973

"A paint medium (turpentine) used to draw me into the past... used as a sensory catalyst... activating my reflections as a painter... and art student during the late fifties.... I concentrate only on what is directly stimulated through the smell. .....the prevailing stench of turpentine....." (Text in Drawing for Recall)

WS: That sounds like a somewhat ironic use of video. How will the dialogue relate to the installation?

DO: Well, essentially the equipment will function in exactly the same way as the participants–one member blanketing the other. The monitors themselves become an electronic surrogate for the head and shoulders.

WS: The installation at 112 Green Street will be the first time you'll have shown Recall … Why do you dye the turpentine black?

DO: Oh, because it reflects better that way.

WS: It's clear that the breadth of the trough is determined by the breadth of the monitor. Why did you make it eight feet long?

DO: Since I also wanted the turpentine to act as a reflector of light from the video screen, I made it the maximum length. I worked out that the light wouldn't carry beyond eight feet. And the idea that the image is immersed in a trough of turp is central to the concept of the work.

WS: In the tape you used a close-up lens to focus on your mouth.

DO: Yes, because in this case the monologue is fairly static and there's no need to show much more then the emission of the voice.

WS: That makes the image very object-like.

DO: Maybe, I think those other aspects are ways of charging the verbal content of the video monologue. The original version of this piece used only the smell of turpentine in an empty gallery, evoking a sort of Proustian method of retrospection.

Dennis Oppenheim.....Recall was originally published in Avalanche, May-June 1974. Reprint courtesy Liza Béar
The Estate of Willoughby Sharp; Drawings and photographs courtesy The Estate of Dennis Oppenheim

Dennis Oppenheim, *Recall*, 1974, monitor, steel pan, turpentine, and paint at Salomon Contemporary, 2011

The most recent and ambitious lair was a full-scale environment in Bourgeois's December 1974, show at 112 Greene Street. Call Le Repas du Soir (The Evening Meal) [soon after changed to THE DESTRUCTION OF THE FATHER], it was intended as a nightmarish comment on the family-the weights and pressures and anxious zones of close interactions. The space is claustrophobically squeezed between a field of hard domes, a lumpy evocative "landscape", and the domes' soft counterparts hanging bulbously from above with a Damoclean tension. Molds of chicken legs lie strewn around it and a male portrait head rolls in a dark corner. Both hard and soft forms were a pale color and, enclosed in a dark curtained box, they glowed eerily. The whole exhibition --Bourgeois's first in ten years-had a curious aura of loneliness and intimacy. In the vast shabby space, she placed her relatively small marble pieces without bases, almost at random (a tiny white marble female waist-to-knees figure was cast off on the floor by itself). Some were dimly lit, others not at all, simply holding their own in the gloom. One had to go very close to come into real contact with each piece. In a well-lit room they would have become conventional objects too small for the space. As it was, they fully inhabited it.

(Lucy Lippard, "Louise Bourgeois: From the Inside Out", Artforum, vol. 13, March, page 30; reprinted in From the Center: Feminist Essays on Art, New York: Dutton, 1976)

Louise Bourgeois, *Janus*, 1968
Included in the exhibition *THE DESTRUCTION OF THE FATHER*, 112 Greene Street, 1974
Installation at Salmon Contemporary, 2011
Courtesy of Louise Bourgeois Studio and Cheim & Read, New York

Mary Heilmann, *First Three For Two Red, Yellow, Blue,* 1975, oil on canvas
Courtesy of the Ursula Hauser Collection, Switzerland

Mary Heilmann, *I Love New York*, Chatham Square, 1975 © Richard Landry

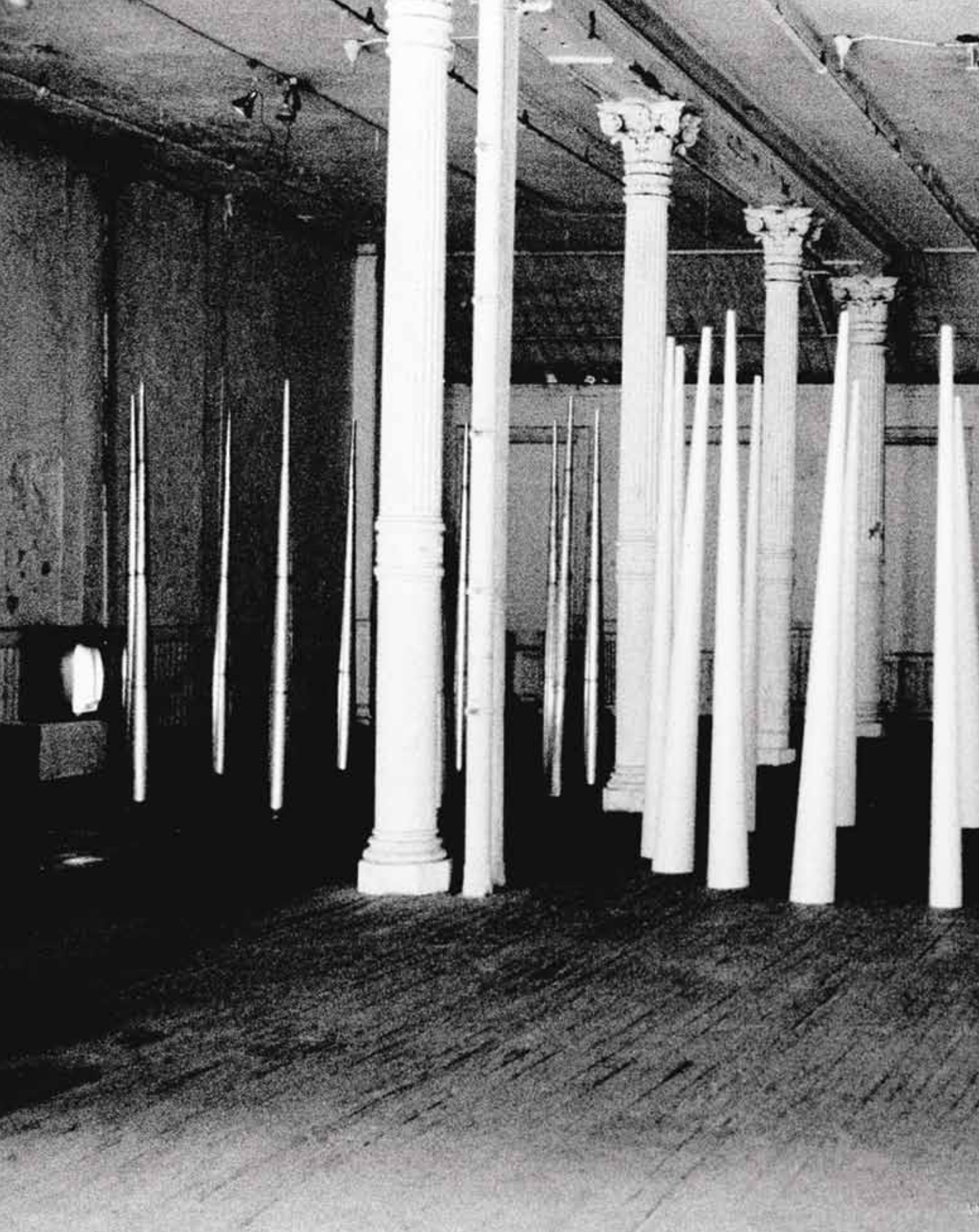
I remember 112 so well, and I was thrilled to be able to show there, because the gallery was dedicatedly anti painting, as I was.... I was only doing painting to make an anti-anti painting statement. And it worked out. Everyone saw the shows there, It was a very happening scene. And I was lucky to have been a part of it.

Mary Heilmann

Susan Rothenberg was sitting in front of 112 Greene and I said, “How would you like to have a show?” She put up the first painting ever at 112 Greene Street, which was a giant painting of a horse. It seemed to be a big hit with everybody. That’s how she got her show there and that started the ball rolling.

Jeffrey Lew

Susan Rothenberg, *Split*, 1974, acrylic and tempera on canvas, 65 x 88 1/2 inches, Collection Agnes Gund
Courtesy Sperone Westwater, New York / © 2011 Susan Rothenberg / Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York



Joan Jonas, *Jones Beach*, with Susan Rothenberg, John Erdman, and George Trakas, 1970 © Richard Landry

Joan Jonas, *Jones Beach*, with George Trakas, 1970 © Richard Landry

Previous page: Joan Jonas, *Cones/May Windows*, with James Nares, 1976
Opposite page: Joan Jonas, *Cones/ May Windows*, 1976, installation at Salomon Contemporary, 2011

everybody who is not waiting for coffee

FROM THE LIBERATED COOK BOOK FOR WOMEN AND OTHERS

FROM THE LIBERATED COOK BOOK FOR WOMEN AND OTHERS

Americana I Ching Apple Pie ********** January 1972

1. Go into the kitchen with defiant joyful anger. On this scruffy battleground you will lay down the cookbook forever. You will cease competetion with untold legions of sublimated self-satisfied female psyches engaged over the centuries in a pursuit of excellence through flour grease onion turnips blenders colander strainer boilers mincers graters choppers whiskers mincers beaters. DEMIST DEMIST STOP. STOP NOW!

2. Put on an apron and...
Liberation Through Joyous Agression. (I Ching)
The Abandonment of False Illusions.
You are in this kitchen because you do not have a penis. Keep this in mind as you crush the garlic with the heel of your shoe. You are in this kitchen because you have or might have a baby.

3. Apple Pie As Direct Contact With Materials. A recipe based on my principles of Kinetic Theater (circa 1962 but good forever). This pie offers self-realization. You will be The Best Woman In The World. AMERICAN AS APPLE PIE. JUST LIKE MOM'S. Remember: The oven is your womb! Let's do it right!

4. INGREDIENTS: apples 1 sack of whole wheat flour (100% stone ground) barbados sugar egg yolks safflower oil butter honey cinnamon lemon.

Open the flour sack with yr right hand & scoop up 3 handfuls, drop into a bowl. Pinch off a big lump of butter, drop in bowl. Pour in 2 quick turns of oil. Add small pile brown sugar. Use both hands to scrunch it all up in yr finger tips to a nice crumby mass soft. Sprinkle a few drops of cold water on top, mix again. Now it is sticky & ready to be patted into a baking dish...or two. Might as well make two pies. Slide hunk of butter all over baking dishes.

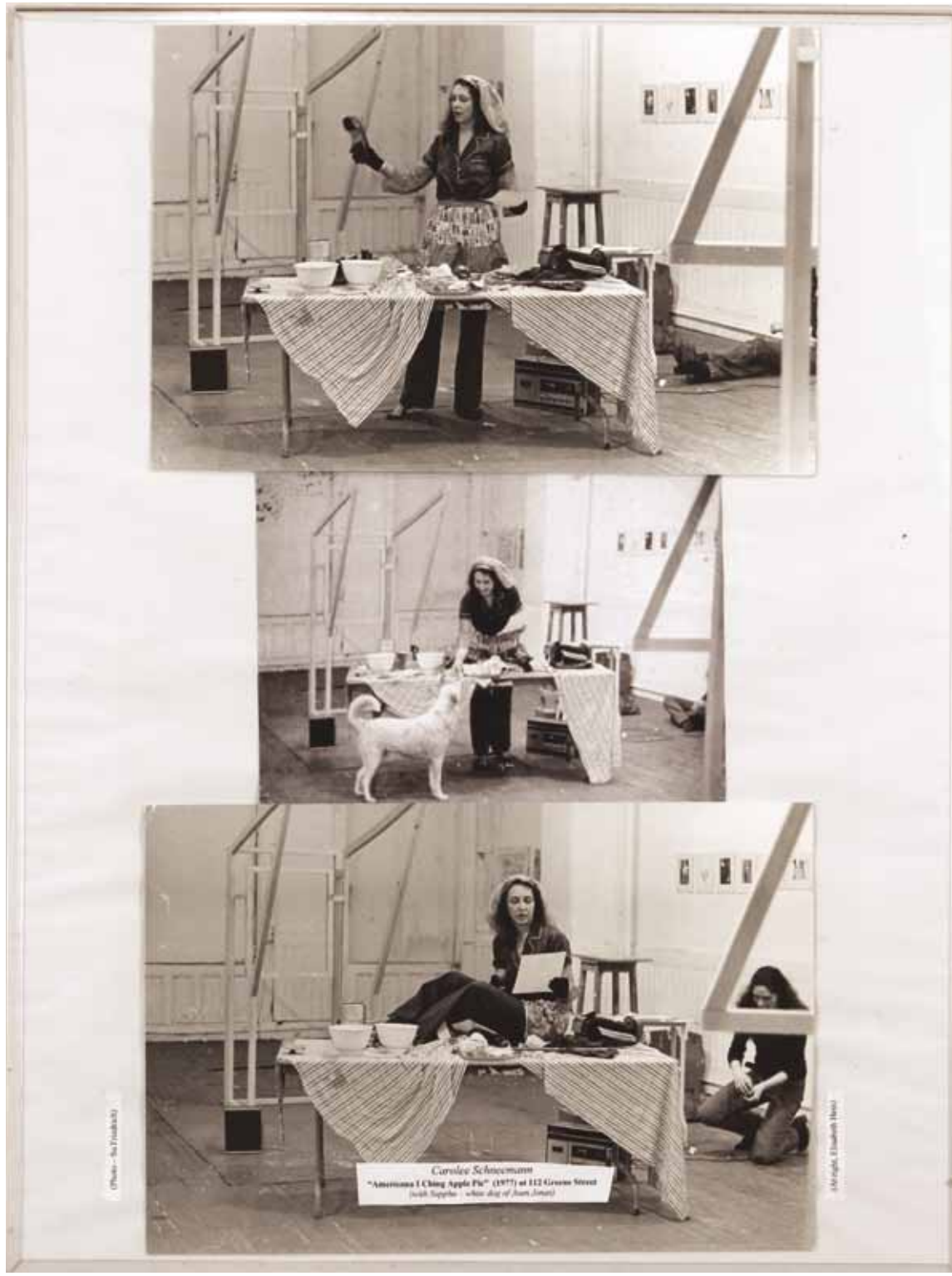
Wash apples (don't peel if organically grown). Pat pastry all over the dish. Use small lumps which you press flat until they all mesh & cover the dish. Now you can make those cute finger indentations along the top. Slice apples right onto pastry, very thin until they reach the top! Sprinkle with cinnamon, bits of sugar, butter bits, lemon juice, drips of honey. If you have some yogurt or sour cream about, take yr fingers & smear it over apple tops. (Have Faith!) Note: if any ingredients fall on the floor just pick them up & put where they should have gone. My father always said: "People eat about three libs of dirt every year".

5. Now for the butterfly! Take bits of remaining pastry in yr fingers & flatten out - makes a vague sort of butterfly shape. Lay these over apples; pinch them onto edge of pastry on sides of baking dish. Keep layint the bits out until the top is covered. THAT'S ALL. Stick in oven.

6. I do not "preheat" the oven because I think it gives a cruel shock to the apples & flour & the dish. Rather a nice gradual baking. Baking is like waiting for pubic hair to grow when yr twelve yrs old. Put it in & go away. Pretend nothing is happening. You will suddenly remember pies in the oven! Just in time to run, look, find they are still raw. Be patient and Naughty. After a time you will see butter bubbling, smell absolute evidence..... check pastry at bottom for crispness. Sample some. Amazing! Verdict: very sensuous and easy to do. Not up-tight making. A True Apple Pie. Archetypal. Most interestingly for some reason it tastes of coconut. Serve to friends who adoration you wish to bind forever.

Tested in the Belsize Park Kitchens, J.K.

G Schneemann '72



Carolee Shneemann, *Americana I Ching Apple Pie*, 1977
3 gelation silver prints and text with drawing, Courtesy of the artist and P•P•O•W
Performance at 112 Greene Street, May 1977
Photo documentation exhibited at Salomon Contemporary, 2011

112 Greene Street

A Nexus of Ideas in the Early 70s

January 12 – March 6, 2011

Organized by Ned Smyth

Edited and designed
by Laura Migdon

Exhibition installation
photography by Adam Reich

SALOMON CONTEMPORARY
526 W 26 ST, #519 | NEW YORK | (212) 727-0607
WWW.SALOMONCONTEMPORARY.COM