

ROBERT MORRIS

TEN WORKS
FIVE DECADES

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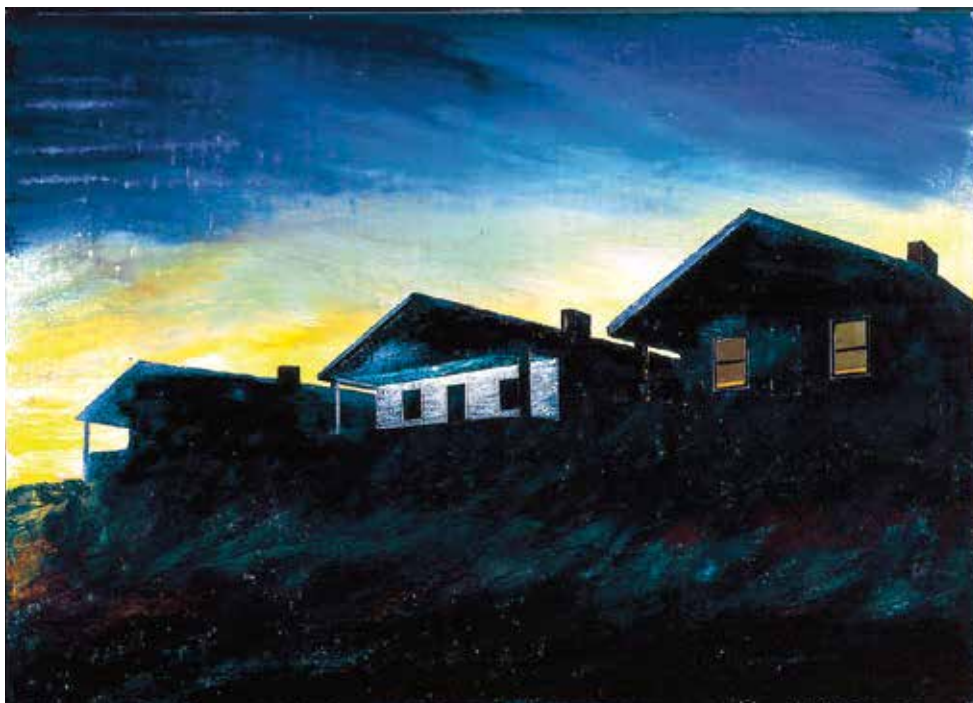
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May 1 – June 22, 2012

LEO CASTELLI



Studios

R. Morris, 2011

Bond Street

The first studio I had in NYC was on Bond Street in 1961. I shared the top floor loft with two dancers. My space was a small room off of the main floor area, which was kept bare for the dancers. The ceiling in this low room was less than 8 feet high. There in January I made the *Box with the Sound of Its Own Making*, using simple hand tools and recording the 3½ hours it took to make the work on an old Wallensack ¼-inch tape machine. I also fabricated *Column*

Indiana Street, 2001

Encaustic on wood panel, 30 x 42 inches

in that low room, but had to view the completed work (8 x 2 x 2 feet) in the horizontal position since the ceiling did not permit standing the work upright. This limitation gave me the idea of showing it in two positions, or making a second companion work to exist in the horizontal position. John Cage was the only artist I knew slightly in NYC since I had written to him from California before I moved east. I called and asked him to come and see a work I had just finished. He walked up the 5 flights of the apartment building on Amsterdam Avenue and did not complain. I presented *The Box with Sound* to Cage and turned it on. After a few minutes I switched off the sound. "Oh, don't turn it off," Cage objected. He sat motionless for the 3½ hours the work played and then left. The first public exposure of *Column* came about through La Monte Young who I had known in California before we both came east. He organized an evening at the Living Theater on 14th Street and asked his friends to participate. He divided up the time he had been given by the number of friends who agreed to participate. Everybody got 7 minutes. George Brecht and Dick Higgins participated; possibly Jackson McLowe and Henry Flynt were also there, but I no longer remember for sure. I wanted to have *Column* standing upright stage center for 3½ minutes, then horizontal for 3½ minutes, but did not want any mechanical means of transition visible. I concluded that I would have to be inside the work and fall to change positions. Wary of doing this, I put off rehearsing until the day of the performance when I climbed into the upright

Column (which was in a loft on Chambers Street—more about this studio later) and fell forward. Having no visual clue as to the moment of impact in the tight, dark space I did not brace my fall and gashed my eyebrow on an interior brace as *Column* hit the floor. With a towel pressed against the wound to staunch the bleeding I took a cab uptown to the only doctor I knew of in NYC. There I waited an hour, to be told, finally, that the doctor was not a surgeon and could not sew me up. Then I went to the emergency room of Lexington hospital and waited another hour. Finally I was sewn up. The surgeon told me that had I waited another 1/2 hour the stitches would not have taken. For the performance that evening I stood off stage and pulled *Column* over by means of a strong, waxed thread fastened to the top of the work. No one saw the thread.

Chambers Street

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 313 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

following five pages

Memory Drawings, 1963

The physiological basis for memory has not been determined. Theories advanced to explain memory fall mainly into two classes: (1) Those which seek explanation in changes in composition of the brain cells; and (2) those which seek explanation in changes in patterns of electrical currents between cells. If one leaves the analogy at a crude level, comparisons can be made to the two basic ways in which man establishes a cultural memory, i.e. either spatially through preservation of models, pictures, maps, etc., or temporally through sequential records in print, aural recordings, and more recently by electronic means. Theories have also been advanced which attempt to combine these two processes. Such theories attempt to discriminate between types of memories, assigning the coding of some to physical alteration of the molecular structure of brain cells and others to reflex electrical circuits. The latter process is sometimes appended with a hypothesis of a mechanical nature, viz. through minute changes of synaptic fibers which grow larger or closer together and facilitate electrical pathways. Analog computing machines can be made to learn - a process impossible without storage of information. This storage is effected by specific variations in a time series together with a scanning device. Recent investigations in electroencephalography seem to point to such a scanning mechanism responsible for oscillating currents which tend to fade with concentration and attention. However, the storing of visual images can be more easily ascribed to protein molecule alterations. All suggestions as to the locus of memory, either in terms of composition or action agree on the point that it is not held in any specific area of the cortex. Decimations of the cortex do not cut out particular memories, but the severing of neural pathways between the visual cortex and the frontal regions, which not disturbing vision, reduces to the unrecognizable that which is seen. The richness of and necessities for the interconnections of all parts of the cortex will undoubtedly be part of whatever theory is eventually established.

Drawing established and memorized 7/15/63, 8 pm.

R. Morris

The physiological basis for memory has not been determined. Theories advanced to explain memory fall mainly into two classes: (1) Those which seek explanation in changes in composition of the brain cells; and (2) those which seek explanation in changes in electrical currents between cells. If the analogy is left at a crude level, comparisons can be made to the two basic ways in which man establishes a cultural memory, i.e. spatially through the preservation of models, pictures, maps, etc. and temporally through the preservation of sequential records in print, audio, recordings, and more recently by electronic means. Theories have also been advanced which attempt to combine these two processes. *Such theories sometimes append a hypothesis of a mechanical nature - viz. through changes in synaptic fibers which grow longer or closer together and facilitate electrical pathways. †(Error. Insert the following above) Such theories attempt to discriminate between types of memories, assigning the coding of some to molecular changes in the cells and others to variations in electrical reflex circuits. Analog computing machines can be made to learn - a process impossible without the storage of information. This process is effected by specific variations in a time series together with a scanning mechanism. Recent investigations in electroencephalography give evidence of such a mechanism responsible for oscillations which tend to disappear with concentration and attention. However storage of visual images can be more easily assigned to protein molecule alterations. All suggestions as to the locus of memory agree on the point that it is not held in any specific area of the cortex. Dissections of the cortex do not cut out particular memories, but the severing of neural pathways between the visual cortex and the frontal regions, while not effect vision, reduce to the unrecognizable that which is seen. The richness of and necessity for interconnections between all parts of the cortex will undoubtedly be part of whatever theory is eventually established.

First Memory Drawing 7/4/63, 1 Am.

R. Williams

The physiological basis for memory has not been determined. Theories advanced to explain memory fall mainly into two classes: (1) Those which seek explanation in changes in composition within the brain cells; and (2) Those which seek explanation in changes in electrical patterns between the cells. If the analogy is left at a crude level, comparisons can be made to the two basic ways in which man establishes a cultural memory, i.e. through the preservation of spatial forms such as models, pictures, maps, etc. and through the preservation of temporal records sequential records in printed, audiotape recordings, and more recently by electronic means. Theories have also been advanced which attempt to combine these two processes, assigning the coding of ~~to~~ such theories attempt to discriminate between types of memory, assigning the coding of some to molecular changes within the cells, and others to reflex electrical circuits. Analog computing machines can be made to learn - a process impossible without the storage of information. Storage of information in these machines is affected by specific variations in a time series together with a scanning device. Recent investigations in electroencephalography point to such a scanning mechanism responsible for oscillations which tend to disappear with concentration and attention. However the retention of visual images is more readily explained by protein molecular alterations. All theories, either in terms of composition or action, agree on the point that memory is not held in any specific area of the cortex. Decimations of the cortex do not cut out particular memories, but the severing of neural pathways between the optical cortex and the frontal regions while not affecting vision, reduces to the unrecognizable that which is seen. The richness of and necessity for the interconnections between all parts of the cortex will undoubtedly be part of whatever theory is eventually established.

Second Memory Drawing 9/10/63, 12 p.m.

R. Morris

The physiological basis for memory has not been determined. Theories advanced to explain memory fall mainly into two classes: (1) those which seek explanation in changes in organization of the brain cells, and (2) those which seek explanation in changes in electrical patterns between the cells. If the analogy is left at a crude level, comparisons can be made to the two basic ways in which man has established a cultural memory, i.e. spatially through the preservation of models, pictures, maps, etc., and temporally through sequential recordings in print, audial recordings, and more recently by electronic means. Theories have also been advanced which attempt to combine these processes. Such theories attempt to discriminate between types of memory, assigning the coding of some to molecular changes within the brain cells and others to reflex electrical circuits. Such theories usually append a hypothesis of a mechanical nature - viz. through minute changes in synaptic fibers which grow larger or closer together and facilitate electrical pathways. Analog computing machines can be made to learn - a process impossible without the storage of information. Such storage is effected by specific variations in a time series together with a scanning mechanism. Recent investigations in electroencephalography point to such a mechanism responsible for oscillations which tend to disappear with concentration and attention. However, the recording of visual impressions can be more easily assigned to protein molecule alterations within the brain cells. All theories regarding the locus of memory, either in terms of composition or action, agree on the point that memory is not held in any specific area of the cortex. Lesions of the cortex do not cut out particular memories, but the severing of neural pathways between the optical cortex and the frontal regions, while not affecting vision, reduces to the unrecognizable that which is seen. The richness of and necessity for interconnections between all parts of the cortex will undoubtedly be part of whatever theory is eventually established.

Third Memory Drawing 4/16/63 5:30 p.m.

R. Merri?

The physiological basis for memory has not been established. Theories advanced to explain memory fall mainly into two classes: (1) Those which seek explanation in changes in composition within the brain cells, and (2) Those which seek explanation in changes in electrical patterns between cells. If the analogy is left at a crude level comparisons can be made to the two basic ways in which man establishes a cultural memory - i.e. spatially through the preservation of models, pictures, maps, etc. and verbally through sequential recordings in print, radial recordings, and more recently by electronic means. Theories have also been advanced which attempt to combine these two processes. Such theories attempt to discriminate between types of memories, assigning the coding of some to molecular changes within the cells and others to reflex electrical circuits. Such theories are usually appended with a hypothesis of a mechanical nature - viz. through minute changes in synaptic fibers which grow larger or closer together and facilitate electrical pathways. Analog computing machines can be made to learn - a mass impossible without the storage of information. Such storage is effected by specific changes in a time series together with a scanning mechanism. Recent investigations in electroencephalography point to such a mechanism responsible for electrical oscillations which tend to disappear with concentration and attention. However the recording of visual impressions can more readily be assigned protein molecule alterations within the cells. All theories concerning the locus of memory, either in terms of composition or action, agree that it is not held in a specific area of the cortex. Declamations of the cortex do not cut out particular memories; however the severing of neural pathways between the optical cortex and the frontal regions, while not affecting vision, reduces to the unrecognizable that which is seen. The richness of and necessity for interconnections between all parts of the cortex will undoubtedly be part of whatever theory is eventually established.

Fourth Memory Drawing 10/2/63 9:00 pm. R. Mann

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.

3) Fulton Street

In the winter of 1962 I rented a small room on the ground floor of a dilapidated building on Fulton Street near the old Fish Market for \$35 a month. The space had been used as

Untitled, 1980

Plaster in wood and felt frame, 44 x 34 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 4 inches



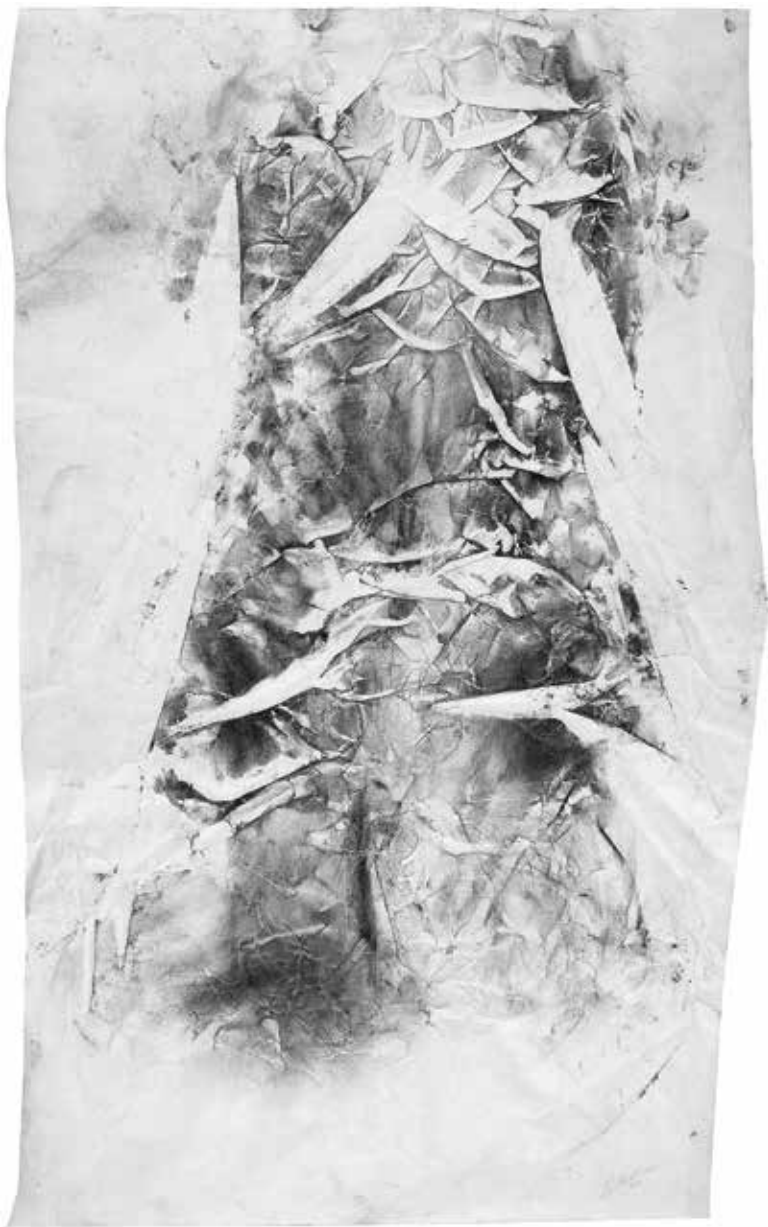
storage for peanuts and peanut shells were in every nook and cranny, of which there were many. I decided it would be less depressing if I swept the floor and sprinkled water around to keep down the dust. I swept half way across when the water froze solid on the floor. I installed a small coal stove, which did not draw well, and leaked coal smoke but did give some warmth. I proceeded to make plywood works—slabs, walls and beams, all of which were painted gray. I worked nights and weekends. In the dark streets around the building men built fires in rusty steel barrels from old pieces of wood. These fires burned on most of the deserted waterfront blocks on cold nights and lent the neighborhood of abandoned and run-down buildings a kind of medieval atmosphere. There were often useful items thrown out onto the street in the area. I constructed a desk from two solid oak filing cabinets that I still use today, together with the ancient oak chair I sit in as I write this. Mark di Suvero had the entire top floor above me in the crumbling brick building. His was a huge two-story high space. There he made large sculptures of huge timbers and I-beams chained and welded together to resemble three-dimensional Cubist images. He jokingly ridiculed minimal art in my presence. Watching me carry some 2 x 4s on my shoulder into the building one night di Suvero said as I passed him through the door, “Can’t you tilt those at an angle just a little?” I once heard him coming down the hall; his leg braces made a certain noise. He pushed open my door and leaned into the doorframe. “Don’t stop working,”

he said with a big grin, "I just came to hate a little." Dick Bellamy was my only other visitor. One Sunday he came to see what I was doing, stretched out on a gray slab and dozed off for a few minutes then got up and left without comment. Besides sheets of plywood I kept a skill saw and a square in the studio, and padlocked the door when I left. Returning one night to work I found the padlock broken, but no tools had been taken from my space. This happened again, and then a third time. I grew tired of replacing padlocks and left a note on the door, which read, "To whom it may concern, please tell me what you want to use this space for and maybe we could work out an arrangement." I returned the next night to find yet another padlock broken, the note turned over, and in a neat, backhand script I read, "We would rather not say, just leave the key above the door." I stopped putting locks on the door, but about this time I moved out of this gloomy studio. In memory the streets around the building were always dark and deserted and a forlorn atmosphere prevailed, but this was perhaps due to my arriving late at night to work.

Church Street

From Fulton Street I found a loft on Church Street two blocks below Canal. This was a well-heated third floor space with large windows looking out onto 6th Avenue. There was no elevator but the stairway was wide and straight up to the third floor. At the back of the loft was a small kitchen and bathroom. There at the end of November 1964, I







fabricated all of the works for the December Plywood show at the Green Gallery; or rather pre-fabricated these. Most of the pieces were put together during installation in the gallery. I also made many lead relief works and *Metered Bulb*, which Jasper Johns later bought for \$400. It was at that time illegal to live in lofts in lower Manhattan. The bed was a piece of plywood over two plywood boxes. A morning chore was dismantling the bed, and putting the mattress and bedding into the boxes to prepare for building inspectors who arrived on occasion without warning. A Pakistani psychiatrist, with whom I developed a nodding acquaintance, lived above me. It was through him that I got an appointment uptown at the Columbia medical laboratory to record my brainwaves. The lab was crowded with machines placed around a single central chair in which I sat while a technician proceeded to insert 9 two-inch needles beneath my scalp. I felt faint and thought I might pass out and fall from the chair but managed to hold myself together to think about myself for the length of time the needles inked lines that ran the length of my body height, thereby producing a *Self Portrait* of a kind. The doctors running the lab were studying epileptics and found my printouts boring and of no interest and were glad to hand over my pages of scratchy inked lines. Sometime later I encountered the psychiatrist on the stairs of the loft and thanked him for getting me into the lab. "But I hated the needles," I told him. "Well, they have two types of electrodes up there; there are the round type they tape on and then the needles, which I

Untitled, 1987

Acrylic on fiberglass, 73½ x 48 x 4¾ inches

specified they should use on you.” When I asked why, he replied, “I thought artists wanted to suffer.” Marcel Duchamp visited me once in the Church Street loft and we spoke about chess. I asked him how serious he had been about the game. “Oh, I wanted to be a grand master,” he replied. “But you quickly learn that there are others far better than you, and I found that hard to accept.” “Then,” he said, “you begin to think like the girls, what do they have that I haven’t got?” I was not sure how to take that remark from someone who had in his earlier years spent a certain amount of time dressing as a woman. When my lease was up after two years in the loft the landlord raised the rent from \$85 to \$95 per month and I moved.

Greene Street 1

In 1965 I moved into a third floor, double sized loft space at 137 Greene Street just below Houston. There I made the *L Beams* and developed the *Felt Works*, after making the first ones in the summer of '67 in Aspen, Colorado. I built an air-tight inside room at the front of the loft framed in 2 x 4s and covered with polyethylene plastic where I laminated fiberglass works in Masonite molds. I was worried about the toxicity of the resin and wore a complete coverall and a full-face mask with air supplied by a small compressor sitting outside the room. I sweated profusely in the protective gear. In order to get through several hours of exhausting labor I drank. A medium sized work usually required half pint of bourbon. I had installed an explosion-





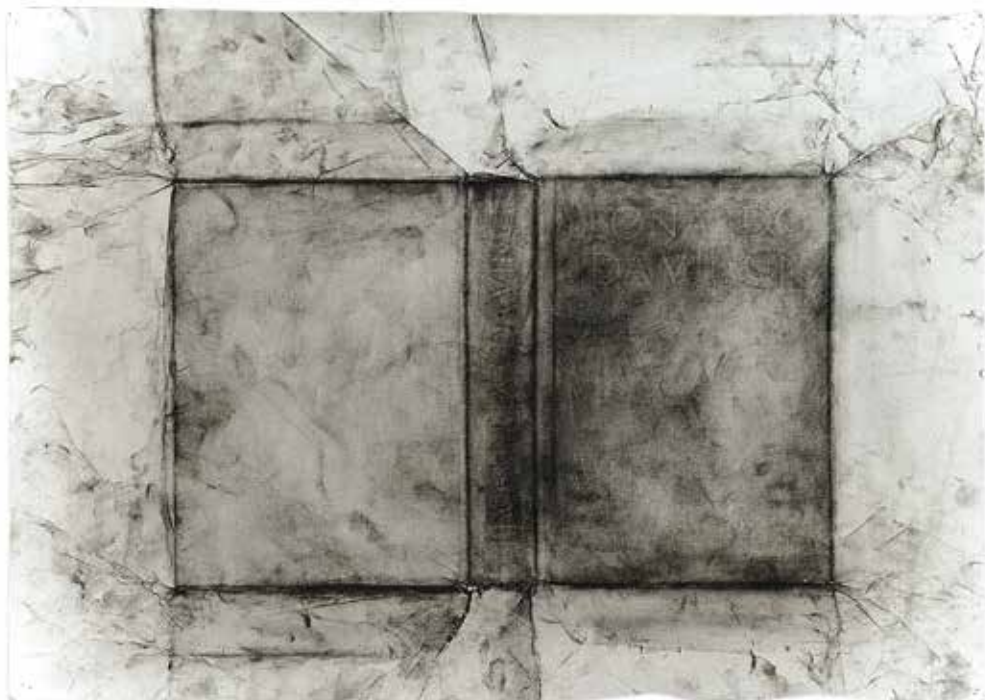
proof exhaust fan to move the fumes from the small room out into the air above Greene Street. I was busy sweating, drinking and laminating one day when 3 firemen in full gear and carrying axes barged into the loft from the rear fire escape, the elevator and the side door wanting to know where the fire was. Apparently the fan had been pumping a fog of resin fumes outside and someone had called the fire department thinking smoke was pouring from the third floor. Some sort of factory in the loft above ran a stamping machine that vibrated the walls and ceiling. I could usually work through the disturbance. In fact I doubt that I ever worked as hard making sculpture and drawings as I did during my time in that pounding loft. But perhaps my constant labor had more to do with the attempt to drown out the personal unhappiness that prevailed at that time rather than to distract from the stamping machine overhead. It was during my time in that loft that my work began to move away from the rigid, a priori constructed objects and into the indeterminate, soft, multi-part works fashioned from heavy industrial felt. The cool, aggressive and assertive plywood works gave way to a need for warmth, bodily envelopment, and unpredictable protean flux. "Antiform," I called it then, today I would name it as the desire for the boundless and the feminine. One afternoon the overhead stamping machine vibrated loose a heavy chunk of plaster from the ceiling. I wrote a letter of complaint to the Buildings Department, but the stamping continued for as long as I was in the loft.

Muffled Sump, 1995

Felt, electric pump, water, approximately 81 x 73 x 34 inches

Mulberry Street

At the end of the '60s I moved into a small, third-floor loft on the corner of Grand and Mulberry Streets in Little Italy. Red Grooms lived above me and Pedro Cabrerra, a Cuban émigré who had fled Castro, had an aluminum ladder export business below me on the second floor. The ceilings were not high but windows ran along the East side and the loft was very light and there was plenty of heat in the winter. The Aleva Cheese factory across the street made smoked mozzarella and the aroma wafted into my open windows on early summer mornings. One week after I moved in I went to a butcher shop over on Mott Street in search of chicken livers (why I no longer recall since I never eat such things) Two twin brothers about five feet tall ran the shop. "We are out but come back next week," one told me. I did and the butcher reached into the cooler and extracted a small brown bag with "Morris" written on it. The Capo on Mulberry was a heavy set man who wore green glasses and always seemed to be visible at all hours somewhere on the block between Grand and Broom. Like the butchers he also knew my name the first week I moved in. Up a few doors from me was John Gotti's "office" in the form of a small espresso bar which no one ever went into and where two or three men always sat. "You don't want to be in here," I was told when I made the mistake of stepping in one time, instead of continuing on to the corner of Broom to the Cafe Roma. The police station, a large, old, domed Beaux Arts building was a block away



on Center Street and off duty detectives often drank at a little bar on the east side of the Mulberry block. One cold December evening two detectives sat at the bar and were fairly drunk when I came in and sat down. Someone was painting a kitsch Christmas scene of Santa and his reindeer on the mirror behind the bar. "Look at those deer with those big eyes," one cop said to his partner in a slightly slurred voice. "Yeah," the other replied. "Some guys go up state and hunt those deer," the first said. "Well,"

Rubbing of Leonardo Book, 1972

Graphite on fiberglass paper, 25 $\frac{1}{8}$ x 35 $\frac{7}{8}$ inches

said the second, "I've shot some men, but I could never shoot one of those." Pedro Cabrerra, who often complained to me about how Castro had expropriated his rare and expensive stamp collection, told me that the block was safe any time of day or night to those who lived there, but he had heard of a drug dealer from uptown who tried to come into the neighborhood and had been thrown off of a roof across the street. It was a balmy April evening in 1972 when I was leaning out of a window and heard the shots down the block at Umberto's Clam House that felled Crazy Joey Gallo. I felt at home in that Mulberry Street loft. It was there in '73 that I made the first series of *Blind Time* works, and I filled up the space with the work *Threadwaste* in '69, and made many *Felt* works on the smooth, polished floor of that loft. In '69 I made the work *Money*, for which \$50,000 was borrowed from a collector and invested for a period of time; I conserved the surprisingly large amount of paperwork the loan and investment generated and framed these items. On sunny summer afternoons I sat outside on the fire escape and watched the scene below. A working machine shop was across Grand Street in a low building fronted by huge, blue glass windows. It was in that shop in '74 that a machinist made a tool I designed to put large grommets into thick felt. The tool squeezed two large 2" diameter copper washers between a short section of $\frac{5}{8}$ " copper tubing, flaring the ends of the tubing over the washers and compressing the felt between. When I took my idea to the machinist, he listened carefully. We

spoke about how deep to mill the grooves in the dies and how much he would harden the tool in the furnace. After all was settled, he said, "I can make this tool, but I don't want you to blame me when this collapses the tubing and doesn't work." I think he charged me \$150 dollars and I am still using the tool and it does not collapse the tubing. Sometime in the late '80s after I had moved from Mulberry Street I walked around the old neighborhood. The machine shop had closed, the cavernous heavy equipment and machine tool exchanges along Center Street were gone, and the police had moved their headquarters to a new building downtown.

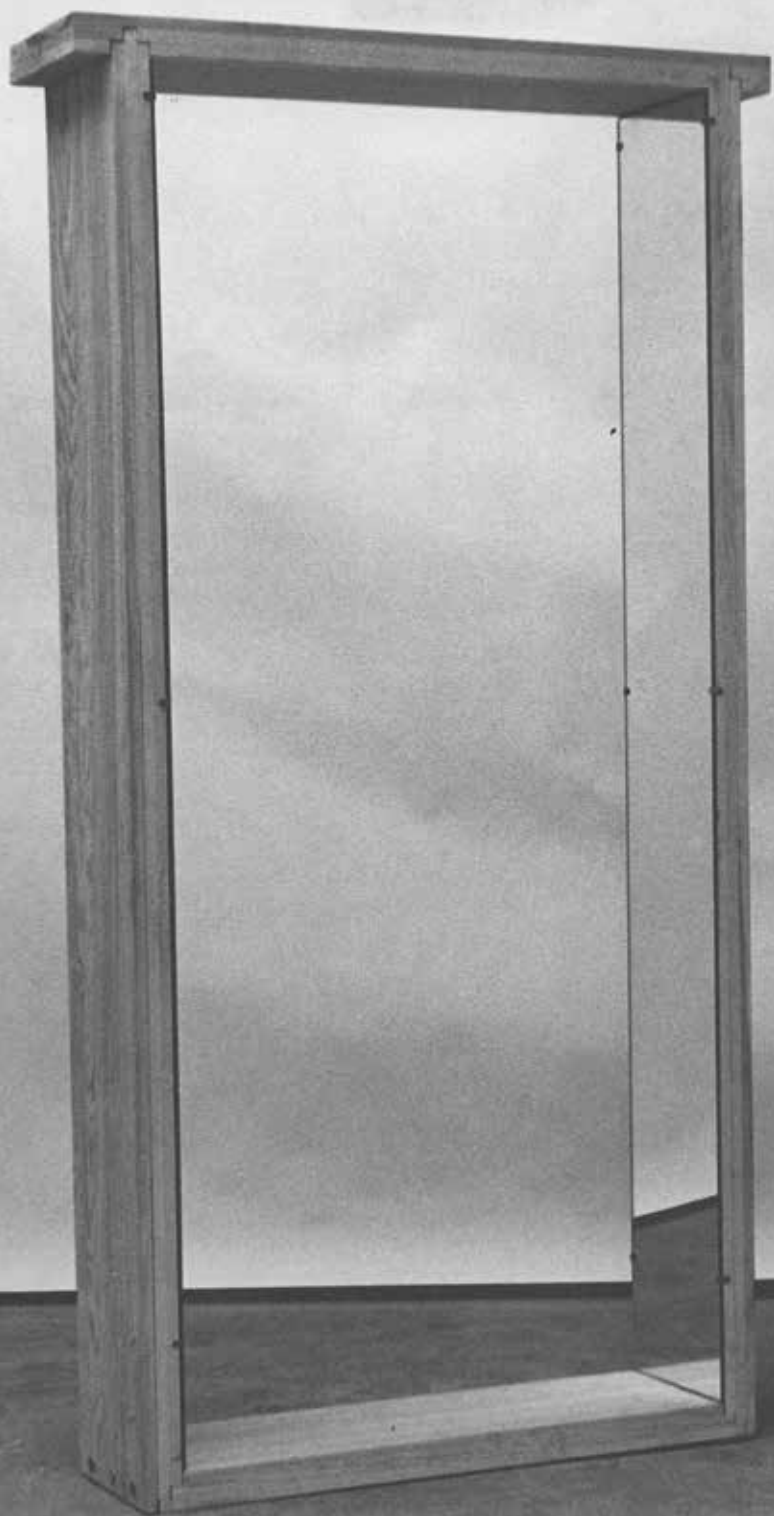
Greene Street 2

The last loft I had in NYC was at 12 Greene Street just above Canal Street. This was a top floor space with 15-foot high ceilings and large windows facing west. A kitchen and bathroom were at the back. The space was open and undivided. It was everything needed for a working and living space, and I hated it. I moved into the building in '75 just as Canal Street was emptying out of the hardware and metal supply stores, the exotic aircraft surplus parts stores, and the drug store that sold me boxes of illegal Cuban Montecristo cigars for \$50 a box. All of these places were being replaced by the tiny stores that sold fake Rolex watches, electronics, and ersatz fashion items. After the warmth and color of the Mulberry Street neighborhood, the gutted Canal Street and gentrified Greene Street felt

cold and unwelcoming. By 1975 I had built a studio in Gardiner, New York, and was going there to work several days a week. I made little art in the Greene Street loft. Felt works were made there, but the elevator was too small to bring up large or heavy materials. Stepping out of the tiny, dark space of the elevator into the high, bright, looming emptiness of the loft was to transit instantly from the claustrophobic to the agoraphobic. Having all that empty space in lower Manhattan was a barren and repellent luxury. Mainly I have memories of fire and water from my time in that loft. A fire broke out one night in the fourth floor elevator room when I was not there. I returned to find several great holes cut in my floor. Fireman had drenched the entire building from top to bottom with water. My loft was entirely black and wet when the fireman finally left. When the roof leaked during rainstorms the water sometimes ran down the great south wall like a waterfall. Leaving the building one evening at dusk I found a man urinating against the front of the building beside the entry door. "Don't piss against my building," I said in an angry tone of voice. "Oh, mister, if you only knew how sweet my piss was you would ask me to piss in your pocket," he replied. Twelve Greene Street was a co-op in which no one cooperated and a general atmosphere of hostility prevailed among the tenants. I abandoned loft living and NYC in 2002 and moved upstate. Moving out I overloaded and damaged the small elevator and refused to compensate the building for the breakage—my petulant good bye to Greene Street.

Untitled (Pine Portal with Mirrors), 1961

Laminated pine and mirrors, 84 x 48 x 11 inches



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LEO CASTELLI

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