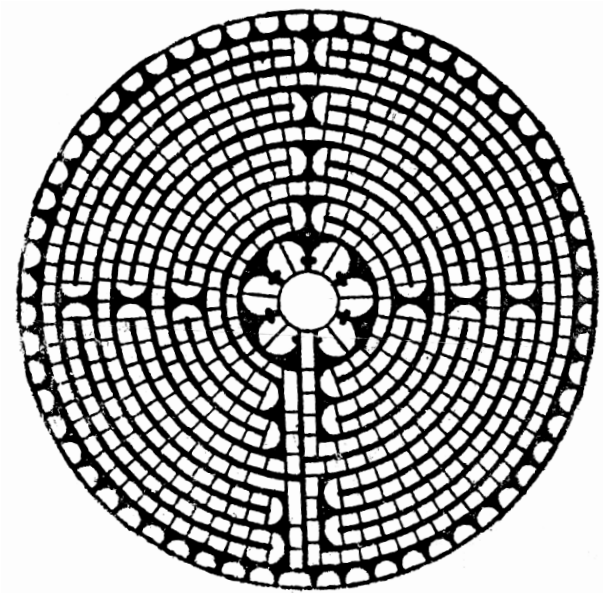


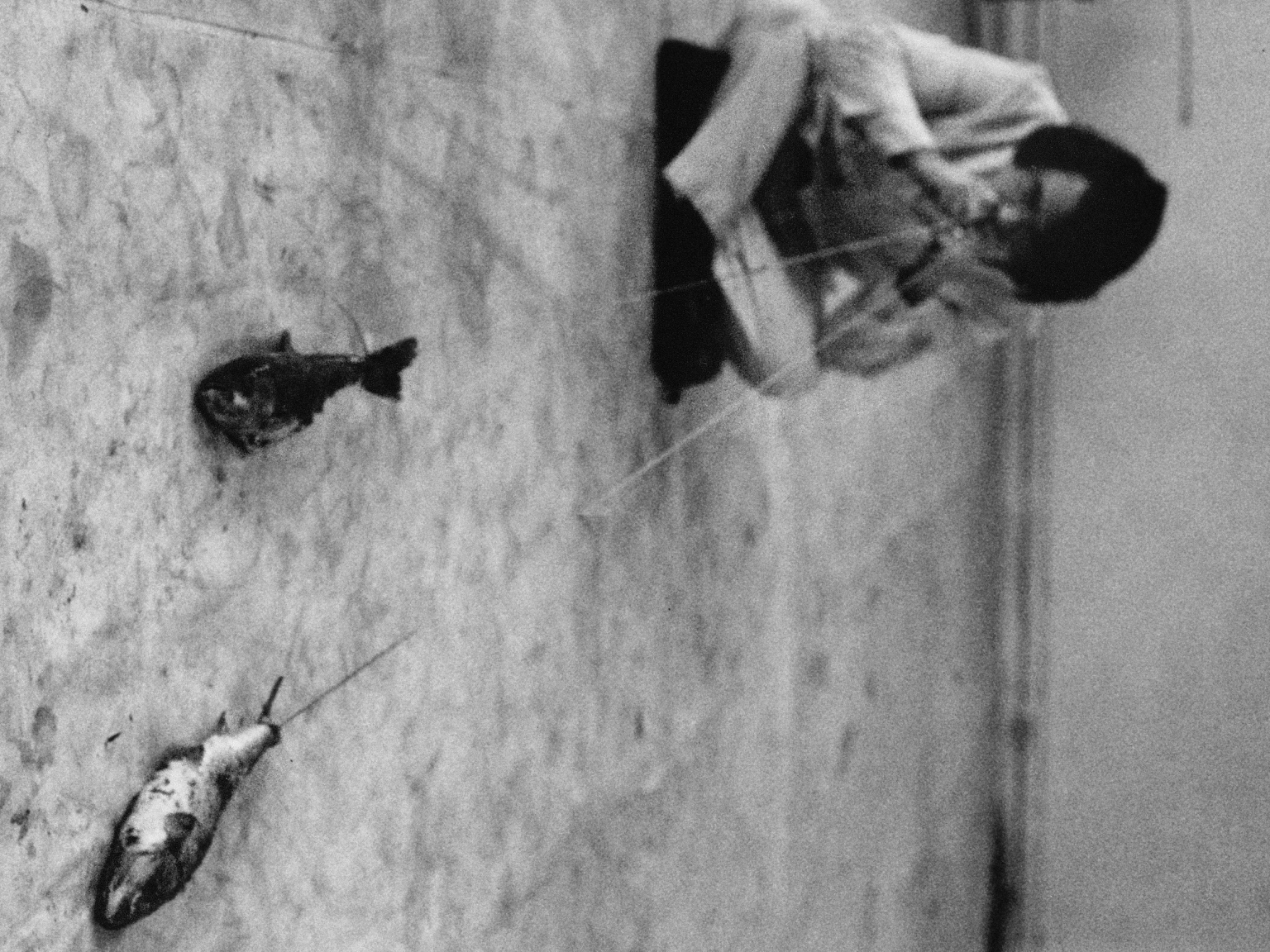


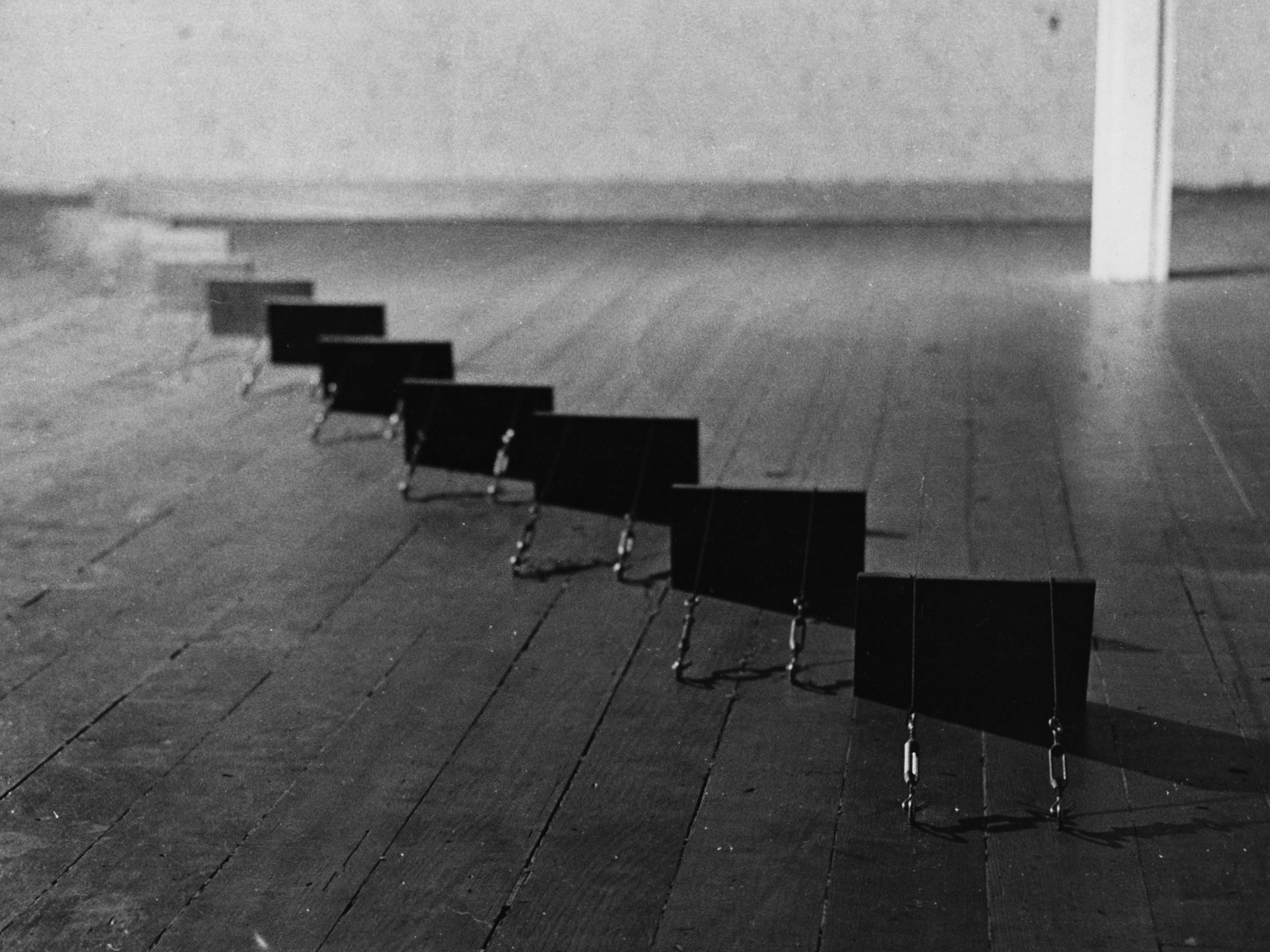
ALL THESE DIFFERENT THINGS ARE SCULPTURE

TERRY FOX









Unless otherwise noted, work descriptions are written by Terry Fox or taken from interviews with the artist. Full source information appears at the end of the listings.

Air Pivot (1969)

I attached a polyethylene sheet to a freely rotating pivot so that the material responded to changes in the wind direction. The sheet swung in a 360 degree arc.

Cellar (1970)

Q: What were the origins of the piece, how did you envision it?

TF: I wanted to use sleep. Originally, I wanted to sleep myself—stay up about three days, then enter the space and fall into a deep sleep, not a theatrical sleep. Then I wanted to include different senses of time. It takes a bum maybe three days to go a block. He goes a third of the block and meets a crony, sits down, drinks, falls asleep, wakes up, falls asleep. He gets up the next day. No one's sitting around him, so he moves down little further but actually he's walking a block. . . . I used the

bum to sleep for me, as a physical embodiment of the element of time. While he slept his relation to time was totally different from ours because only his body was functioning.

Q: So you asked Ronnie . . .

TF: Oh yes, I told him I'd give him \$5 to sleep as part of my performance at Reese Palley [in New York]. And he said, sure, anything you want. You buy me some wine. I insisted I'd give him \$5, but he kept saying, forget about the five or whatever. He wanted a bottle of wine in his hands, not a five dollar bill later on. So I bought him a bottle of wine the day of the event. I hadn't known I was going to use the bum until then. . . .

I laid a piece of cardboard on the floor because it was covered with rubble, broken crockery and glass, and told him to lie there and just fall asleep. That's where he finished the bottle. At first he wouldn't go to sleep. He lay down and pretended he was asleep, then opened one eye and kept getting up. Then he said, you know what I'm going to do when people come in, I'm going to give them the

finger and then he'd go like that. There was another gesture he made, a really crude one I'd never seen before. He was going to do that to them too when they came in. so I started getting nervous, because a few people had arrived. Anyway, he fell sound asleep right after that. . . .

Q: What exactly did you do during the performance?

TF: First I painted my face with clown make-up. Then I washed my hands with a bar of soap in a little pail of water I had in front of me. I bent over a mirror on the floor which had a knife in the center of it. The knife was an abstraction of the kind of thing which is in front of you all the time. The point of the make-up was to isolate myself as a person. Then I broke the window panes with the knife. It was Robert's hunting knife. Then I took the soapy water in my mouth and spat it out through the broken glass. What did Beuys say, "If you cut your finger you should bandage the knife, not your finger." After that I smoked a cigarette which I borrowed from someone in the audience.

Defoliation Piece (1970)

This was my first political work. I wanted to destroy the flowers in a very calculating way. By burning a perfect rectangle right in the middle, it would look as though someone had destroyed them on purpose. The flowers were Chinese jasmin planted five years ago which were to bloom in two years. It was also a theatrical piece. Everyone likes to watch fires. It was making a beautiful roaring sound. But at a certain point people realized what was going on—the landscape was being violated, flowers were being burnt. Suddenly everyone was quiet. One woman cried for twenty minutes.

Levitation (1970)

TF: At that time I had Hodgkin's Disease, and I had just gone through an operation. I really wanted to get rid of it, and I really did want to levitate. I was given the big major gallery, and I covered the floor with white paper so the walls, the ceiling, and the floor were all white. It was already kind of like . . . floating.

Q: Sort of like a hospital room?

TF: Yes. I lived on Capp Street

near Army in San Francisco, and they were just building the freeway there. We rented a truck and took a ton and a half of dirt from there to Richmond and then I laid the dirt down in a square that was twice my body height on this paper floor. I had polyethylene tubes, and I had some of my blood taken out and I filled a tube with blood and made a circle, like you always see in Leonardo's drawings. Then I lay on the earth in the circle, but I fasted for three days and nights first, to really empty myself. I had four long polyethylene tubes that were much longer than the one full of blood. One was full of milk, and one was full of urine, one blood, and the fourth water. I held two in each hand, and I lay there by myself for six hours trying to levitate. The door was locked, so it wasn't a performance that people could see—nobody was allowed in the room. I really felt like I levitated, because I lost all sensation in my body. I wanted to leave the Hodgkin's behind, and that was a way of doing it.

Liquid Smoke (1970)

Throwing liquid smoke against the wall was really an anarchistic gesture, like throwing a Molotov cocktail. But it wasn't really that at all. As soon as the glass vial exploded on the cement, it became an aesthetic event. Exposed to the air, the liquid began to smoke until it had completely evaporated. It was so extraordinary and so unrelated to any previous ideas you had about that material that it became art. You would never think of a cement wall smoking, and to see it happening was stunning.

Wall Push (1970)

The Push Wall piece . . . was like having a dialogue with the wall, exchanging energy with it. I pushed as hard as I could for about eight or nine minutes, until I was too tired to push any more. I used to park my car every day in that alley and I always looked at those walls but never touched them. Then one day I touched one of the walls, felt its solidity, its belly. I realized we were both and same but we had had no

dialogue, in a sense. We normally just walk by these things, not feeling connected to them.

Isolation Unit

(with Joseph Beuys, 1970)

“Isolation Unit” was a performance done together with Joseph Beuys in the cellar of the Kunstakademie in Düsseldorf in 1970. It was performed in a small, empty, coal storage room. We worked simultaneously, although independently, but frequently came together, particularly in relation to sound. The materials Beuys used were: his felt suit, a dead mouse, a silver spoon, a small silver bowl, a reel-to-reel tape recorder, and a “passion fruit.” I used a candle, a window with four panes, two iron pipes: one very long and one very short, a napalm like substance (cooking jelly), and a light bulb suspended just off the floor. During the action Beuys gave the mouse a ride on the recorder and moved very slowly about the space with the mouse in his hand. I formed the jelly into a cross on the floor in front of the window and

lit it on fire, smoking a cigarette without inhaling, as the jelly burned behind me. Then I played the pipes, by first striking the long one against the floor to create a deep, resonant, bell like tone, and then striking that with the shorter to cause double tones. Finally I moved to the window and, using the sound waves emanating from the pipes, searched for the acoustically dead spots in the glass. When these were found the glass was shattered with the pipe until all panes were smashed. The candle was then removed from behind the window and placed in the middle of the floor where I attempted to bend its flame with the sound waves of the pipe. As this was happening, Beuys stood still and stiff and slowly ate the fruit with the silver spoon. The small silver bowl was placed on the floor between his feet, and as he ate the fruit he allowed the seeds to fall, one by one, into it, creating a high ringing sound.

The performance lasted about an hour and an extended play record was produced from it.

Clutch (1971)

[Clutch] is a tape about disengagement. I am lying on my studio floor face down, eyes closed. My fingertips are at the edge of the patch of sunlight from my skylight. I follow its progress across the floor by feeling its warmth with my fingers, until it slips out of reach. The sound is phonograph needle stuck in the groove until it finally wears through and rejects itself.

Environmental Surfaces:

Three Simultaneous Situational Enclosures (1971)

At the far end of the 20' by 80' room, the floor of which was covered with white paper, Fox had set up a tent-like environment with a square piece of plain canvas, hung five feet from the floor, under which he performed a series of actions involving different elements: a bar of white soap, a pan of water, two flashlights, two bags of flour, a strainer, a box of Fab [powdered laundry detergent], a small bench, a piece of bent wire, smoke from a cigarette, and a scratched mirror attached to a

wooden spool of twine. The amplified sound of his breathing during the performance was counterpointed by a tape of himself breathing.

Q: How did it come about that you, Dennis, and Vito did simultaneous performances during your one-man show at Reese Palley?

TF: Well, I was given a month for my show, but the only kind of piece I really wanted to do was an event. I asked Dennis and Vito to participate because they were friends and because I thought it was ridiculous that we should be placed in the same art category, body works. . . .

Because although we all work with our bodies, our relationships to space, time, and materials vary considerably. I thought that if we performed together, without letting each other know what we were doing beforehand, the differences and the similarities between us would be brought out clearly. . . . For instance, it turned out that Dennis used amplified breathing in his piece. I used a tape of me breathing during my sleep, which I had made the night before, and I also amplified my breathing throughout

the event. I found that very interesting. In the meantime, I got a lot of shit from people about power play, putting up a big tent at one end for my piece, and leaving two little cubby holes for Dennis and Vito. I may be very naïve, but that didn't enter my mind. As it happened, Dennis rectified the imbalance of the space by putting video equipment at his end, so that the area we activated made a U. It was like theater in the round with the audience completing the circle. And that made it self-sufficient, with no beginning or end, and allowed for a complete projection of what was happening to the audience. They could watch all three pieces. . . .

Q: What were the primary concerns of your piece?

TF: My artistic concerns are very old-fashioned and romantic. What I am involved in is creating certain kinds of spatial situations. I am dealing with objects in a space and their relationships to each other, and with how my mood alters them. The way I move a flashlight is going to affect not only the quality of the light but also my relation to it. Two

flashlights aimed at a bar of soap mean much more to me than anything the spectator could imagine. They create a certain translucence, a modification of materials that I find very interesting, like the idea of two flashlights eventually melting the soap.

Q: You seemed to use a lot of elements that could easily take a different form—soap, flour, soap powder that you kneaded into a kind of dough . . .

TF: Of all the elements in that piece, the soap powder appealed to me the most. Having my hands full of soap powder is something I've gone through a thousand times in normal everyday existence. When you release it, you release all the pressure you've ever exerted on that powder. It becomes a kind of mold of how you feel. That's what happened to me at Palley. While I was manipulating the wet soap powder on the bench, I felt like making a snowy landscape, on a very absurd, nominal level. And when I finished, I found that I had made mountain ranges from the soap powder, and that they were a gross exaggeration of what I had intended.

The next thing that I was going to do was to blow cigarette smoke through the canvas over my head to the sun above. But when I started, I realized that the smoke should really become fog among the mountain tops. So I blew it around the snow-covered mountains on the bench. The whole scene changed and became absurdly realistic. It was a whole universe in which I was active and yet somehow dead. At the same time I was aware of Vito making a constant orbit around the clock, a motion which fit in very well with what I was doing, and of Dennis breathing. That completely changed certain aspects of my piece.

Q: How?

TF: At a point about three-quarters of the way through, when I was spreading flour over the space, I had planned on breathing very slowly and heavily to accentuate the gravity of the mood. The piece was getting heavier and heavier, until its impact was undeniable. But Dennis was breathing lightly and regularly, and this affected me so much that I began to breathe in the same way. Empathy.

Pisces (1971)

It was still in my mind a way of cleansing my body, of cleansing all this disease out. So I bought two live fish in Chinatown, big bass. I used cords and tied one to my tongue and one to my penis. Then I sat up until they died, which was REALLY a long time. I thought it would be like twenty minutes, but it was at least two hours. I thought they'd be dead and then suddenly I'd see the tail flip a little bit and I could feel the vibrations really strongly through the cords. With that, and passing whatever I had to them I hoped they could take it and die with it.

I had covered the floor in the museum with a white tarp. About three feet off of the floor I made a roofing of white tarp over the whole space and I brought the sheets. I re-tied the fish, and just lay down and then I immediately went to sleep. There was an opening and people could look through the door, but not come in the space. So they saw me sleeping with these fish tied to me.

The Rake's Progress

(Rubbing Window Pane) (1971)

In the staging area are three key elements: a free standing pane of glass, a large mirror, and a Sony video camera on a tripod. Fox faces the pane, his back to the mirror, with the camera capturing him through the glass. Having marked exactly what area of the pane is the video camera's frame limit, Fox, represented really by his hand darting in and out of the image, begins rubbing grease from a small tube onto the glass. He continues slowly until the entire video is obscured by a layer of smudged goop. In black and white video, this extemporized field of painting has an ethereal cloudlike appearance with a faint outline of the camera on its tripod vaguely visible in reflection.

—Steve Seid, "The Suspension of Dis(belief): Thoughts about Terry Fox's Video Work The Rake's Progress"

Turgescent Sex (1971)

ELEMENTS:

Cloth Bandage

Cigarette

Match

Fish

Rope

Bowl of Water

Bar of Soap

Despair

ACTIONS:

Sit crosslegged surrounded by the elements / wash hands / wash fish bound by the rope in many knots / blindfold with the bandage / mark eyes on the blindfold with the blood of the fish / release the fish from bondage / form a nest with the bindings / wrap the fish with the bandage / cover the fish with smoke. CONDITIONS:

The rite was performed in a state of despair caused by prolonged viewing of a photograph of the victims at My Lai.

The Labyrinth Scored for the Purrs of 11 Cats (stereo version, 1972)

The labyrinth at Chartres Cathedral is made of blue and white stones set into the stone floor of the cathedral. It is a unicursal path winding in 34 turns through 11 concentric rings to the center. It is 12.87 meters in diameter and has 552 steps

following its course from the entrance to the center. This labyrinth formed the blue-print for all my work from 1972-78. I attempted to make sound from it a few times. . . . For [The Labyrinth Scored for the Purrs of 11 Cats], I recorded 8 continuous minutes of purring from 11 different cats. These were then mixed to follow the exact path of the labyrinth with one cat representing each of the 11 concentric rings, 10 seconds of overlapping purrs to indicate each of the 34 turns. The tape follows in stereo the path of the labyrinth with the center finally represented by the simultaneous purring of all 11 cats.

L'unità (aka Azione per un bacile, 1972)

Q: Tell me about your work "Unity."

TF: The drawing was made before anything was in the room and it was when I first looked at the room. I had a week before making something and all that time Beuys had his pieces: so I made my piece around Beuys and the word "unity" refers to the connection between

these two pieces, between bread and fish, and also Beuys.

Q: Why do you use certain materials, like bread, water, fire, light, and fishes?

TF: The bound fish is me and the bread is like possibility. I make the bread, I just cause the bread to increase, the bread moves by itself because it's a living organism. So, I leave and go over there and then I make the action with fish at the same time.

Q: What is the meaning in using written words, in these quotations from Artaud, for example?

TF: The words are just to pose words. The sentence is used in a different sense than in Artaud.

Q: In your work there's always a circular movement of energy: so there's never a final point; do you agree?

TF: Because all energy cannot exist in square space, it must be circular. The light is for attention, and the candles, and the curtains so that the bread can see the fish and the fish can see the bread. There's no other reason.

Q: Why do you use a red band on your arm?

TF: It's the opposite of the black of death, it's to make an action with life.

Q: How does art function compared with reality?

TF: Everything is clear. I think, in these actions. What goes on in my head or in my mind is the only thing that isn't clear. The fact I use a band on my eyes when I touch the fish is to have another way to realize the fish, to feel the fish, another kind of more basic contact.

Yield (1973)

I made a model of the large space in my studio and photographed small objects in it through a magnifying glass, including an eyetooth and an apple, a plaster model of the labyrinth at Chartres, a tube of bread and a vial of blood. These photographs were blown up to 2 by 3 feet and 22 of them were placed close together completely around the smaller room (B). A blackboard with a drawing of the curtain in the larger room was placed on its back in the small room and the objects used in the photographs were on the blackboard (A) corresponding to

the actions to follow in the large room. This is the first room the visitor saw and served to slow him down and place his emotional state and critical facilities at the service of the larger room, in that the actions to occur there were very slow and trancelike and analogous to the labyrinth. The visitor left this room and walked through four 50-foot tubes of blood, urine, milk and water (C) to the large room. Here I had constructed a 12-foot-high curtain out of translucent muslin (D); this curtain was 40-feet long and completely covered this room, which had a solid wall of windows (G). The curtain was in the shape of a body and had a cul-de-sac at one end and a passage, through glass doors (E), to the balcony outside (F) where the viewer could watch the action in the sealed space (H) which he could not enter. It was in this hermetically sealed space that I made my actions together with my twin brother, Larry Fox, who photographed everything. . . .

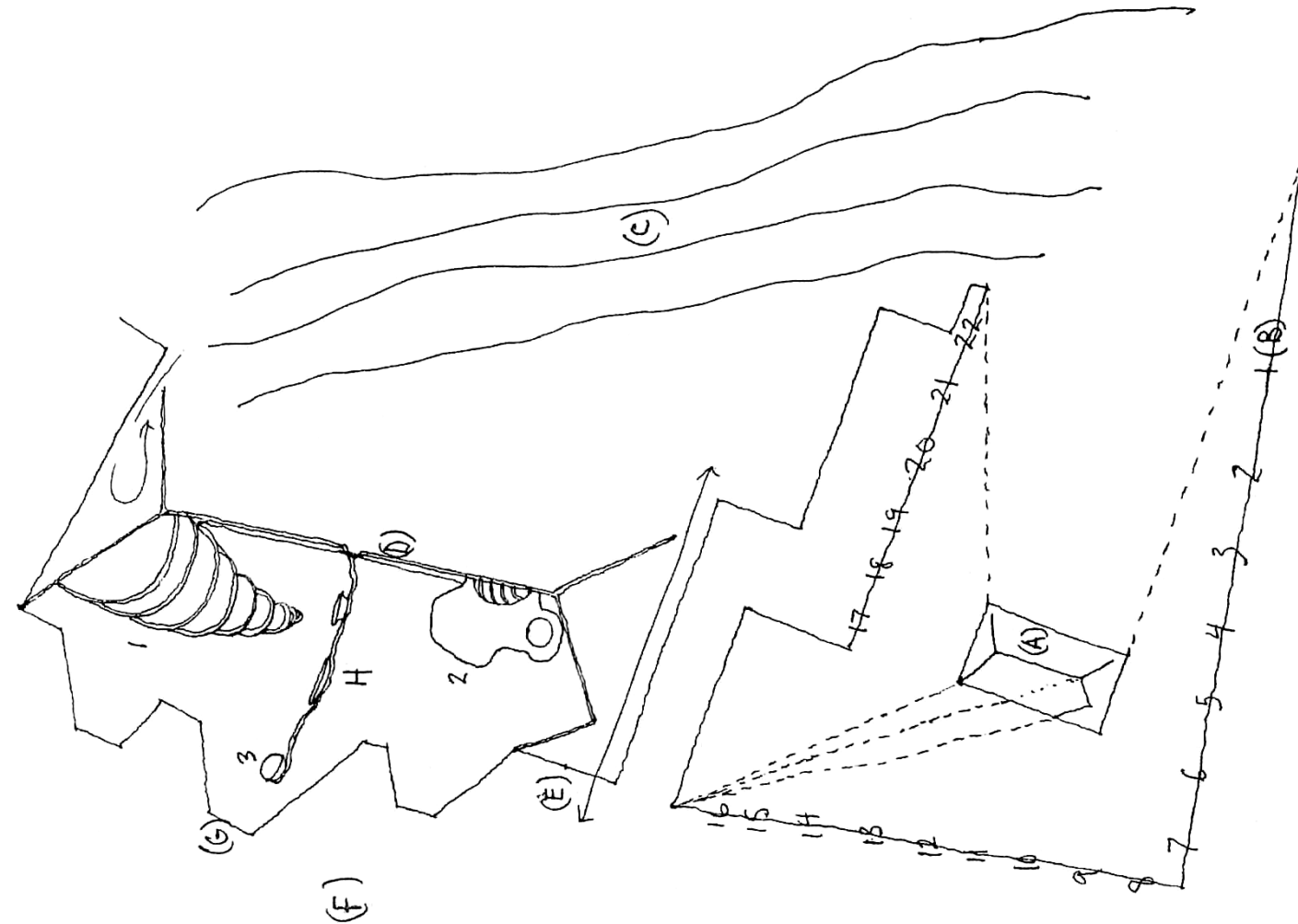
On the first day I created a ribcage of lines of flour laid on the floor and then a trough made with my fingers, then I filled this

trough with water transferred from a metal bowl through my mouth, drop by drop. This method was used to make all paste lines. Then the excess flour was blown away.

The second day I made a line (vertebrae) from the ribcage to the pelvis. Here I had a 8 foot square mirror on the floor. I made the pelvis by laying flour on the mirror, which reflected this image on the curtain. I added a mirrored bowl for the socket of the pelvis and blew smoke in it.

The third day I made a line out from the sternum to the metal bowl (1) which contained dried flour, and blew smoke. I continued this line to the mirrored bowl, which had formed a penicillin mold, and blew smoke. I continued this line to the enamel bowl at the window. Here I made a loaf of bread and laid a spoon against the bowl. I caused the bread to rise by holding a heating bowl above it. The bread rose and caused the spoon to rise.

[Yield took place at the University Art Museum, Berkeley, September 4-October 21, 1973. Months prior, Fox had prepared by filling a bottle and



a metal pipe with his blood, both of which became part of the mise-en-scène of the exhibition.]

On June 1st, 1973, I filled a one liter glass bottle with blood. The cork was well driven in and the neck and cork sealed with many layers of friction tape. At the same time I partially filled an eight foot iron pipe with blood, having carved wooden plugs for each end. These plugs were driven into the pipe and then sealed with duct tape. Since my intention had been to make an object with a movable center of balance, the pipe was not quite filled so that blood would rush from one end to the other when the pipe was tilted or suspended by the middle.

On June 7th I suspended the pipe from the ceiling of my studio with cord so that it hung horizontally five feet from the floor. This was done by tying the cord at two points on the pipe in an inverted Y and fastening the other end to the rafters. The pipe was given to slowly twirling around and around, twisting and untwisting the cord.

On June 9th Dorothy and I came home late at night after having been away since morning. The odor coming from the studio as we climbed the stairs was putrid and almost overwhelming. One end of the pipe had begun to leak and as it twirled it dripped and formed a perfect circle, eight feet in diameter, of caked, dry blood. I sealed the leaking end of the pipe with over half a roll of friction tape and stored the pipe on the studio floor.

On July 3rd, I discovered a pool of blood six inches across had formed beneath the offending end of the pipe. This time I used an entire roll of white adhesive tape to repair the leak. I then took the bottle of blood out on the roof in order to open it and fill a small glass vial with blood. I was working the cork out of the bottle when it shot out of my hand like a champagne cork and the bottle became filled with an acrid yellow smoke, thick and dense. It was nauseating but eventually passed out of the bottle and I filled the vial and resealed the bottle.

On July 4th we awoke to find

another horrendous pool of blood under the pipe. This time Dorothy completely sealed the leak in plaster medical bandage, many many layers thick.

In September the iron pipe was sewn into the bottom hem of a curtain constructed for my show at the Berkeley Museum. The bottle of blood was placed behind the curtain in a private area. When the fire inspectors came the next morning to examine the curtain, they lifted the hem and knocked over the bottle of blood which exploded as it hit the concrete floor splattering blood over a large area of the curtain and floor inside. The entire Museum was filled with the smell of blood.

At the conclusion of the exhibition the pipe was removed from the hem and it was found that it had been leaking, staining the curtain. Since it had apparently stopped leaking I brought the pipe home and placed it on my studio roof. Since I took it back indoors in September 1975 it has not leaked and the blood still flows within it even though no anti-coagulant was ever added.

Children's Tapes (1974)

LB: How did you get into making videotapes for children?

TF: Well, what happened was that I had been doing things and showing them to my son Foxy, and he really got into them, he liked watching them and he liked doing them . . .

LB: What kinds of things?

TF: I was setting up situations, using the same objects over and over, a candle, a fork, a spoon, and a bowl of water and a piece of cloth. Like putting the candle in water and then putting the bottle over it: the candle devours all the oxygen and draws the water up and the flame goes out. And trying to light the candle again when it's wet . . . I did them late at night by myself a lot, inventing new situations with the same objects. And after a few months I'd done so many that I thought it would be a good idea to make a program for children out of them.

Halation (1974)

"Halation" was done as part of a series of performances entitled "South of the Slot" which took

place in a large empty garage in San Francisco in November 1974.

. . . I placed two candles which had been bent into semi-circles and then joined end to end, on the floor of the garage, directly below a small skylight. Next to the candles I placed a large cauldron shaped aluminum bowl and an iron plow disc (parabolic). These were played by stroking their edges with violin bows to create a continuous humming or droning sound with a good deal of "beating" happening as the sound waves from the two instruments mixed. The candles were lit so that the light of the flames moved in a counter clockwise direction as the flame devoured the wax. This was the only illumination in the room and also served to time the event, which lasted one and a half hours.

552 Steps through 11 Pairs of Strings (1976)

552 Steps Through 11 Pairs of Strings was a performance in my loft in San Francisco in which I stretched 11 pairs of piano wires of 11 different thicknesses across the floor of my studio. The wires

were attached to turnbuckles at each end and the turnbuckles were hooked to eye-screws screwed into the wooden floor. Each pair of wires passed over a wooden bridge at both ends. The whole took the shape of a giant horizontal harp with the longest pair of wires being 34 feet and the shortest 3 feet. These pairs of wires represented the 11 concentric rings of the Chartres labyrinth, the longest being the outside ring and the shortest representing the innermost ring. I played them with a soft mallet held in one hand and a score in the other. The score was a 34-foot string tied with 552 knots, each knot representing an actual step in the labyrinth with the 34 turns indicated by either a piece of wire in a knot (a move to the next longer pair of wires) or a rubber band around a knot (a move to the next shorter pair). This 4 1/2 hour performance was done with the audience in the dark loft of the next floor below. The sound moved in waves from their ceiling, which was also my floor. Their room became the sounding box of my instrument.

Lunar Rambles (1976)

During the last week of May, Terry Fox created five performance works in five non-art spaces for non-art audiences at unannounced times. The first took place on a lower West Side street before a doorway worn into an abstract expressionist surface. Another took place on the pedestrian walk of the Brooklyn Bridge, another in a pedestrian underpass below forty-second street, another at a construction site on Canal Street. Fox's final performance in the series was done at the abandoned site of the old Fulton Fish Market. At each site, Fox "played" two very large metal bowls by bowing the edges of each with a bow from a bass fiddle. One, a deep, rounded bowl, gave off a clear, bell-like tone: the other, a beaten metal bowl more like a large plate, emitted a coarse, raspy sound. For as long as the performance lasted—from twenty minutes to over an hour—Fox knelt on one knee, bowing with each hand, head bent raptly over his bowls. Near him, a dried-out Resurrection plant in

a small glass bowl slowly drew up its first molecules of water and begins to open. At one site, Fox emphasized the plant's significance by connecting it to himself by means of a piece of knotted string looped through a button hole on his jacket. As he played, his elbow moves the string, tugging the plant which "holds" the string from its end. . . .

The title refers not to the works, which were done (if only for the exigencies of videotaping) during the day, but to the fact that their locations were chosen by Fox during his own "lunar rambles." These were nighttime and small-hour walks through the abandoned streets and spaces of our dear city, walks that Fox passed through unmolested, as if he were under the kind of protection traditionally attributed to fools and saints. But the title also reminds us that the work was done in the night, that it belongs to the dark, to the moon, to lunatics, to the spaces where art lives!—not in Prime Time.

—Ingrid Wiegand, "The Lunar Rambles of Terry Fox"

Timbre (1976)

In this performance I used the combination of sounds from a homemade instrument strung with piano wires and a Cessna 172 single engine airplane. I placed the instrument in the prompter's box of the stone amphitheatre built on the top of Mount Tamalpais, nineteen hundred and fifty feet above the sea level.

I played the instrument continuously for four and one half hours by beating the piano wires with a wooden stick. The wires were stretched over a 2-meter-long wooden box with a metal bowl as a sliding bridge. Each time the airplane made a pass over the performance area it changed speed, which changed its propeller pitch. As the airplane approached I returned my instrument to the new pitch of the airplane by moving the sliding bridge under the strings.

I continued playing in the same pitch until the next passing. To amplify the sound of my instrument, I filled the prompter's box to knee height with water.

Send/Receive Satellite Network (Liza Béar and Keith Sonnier, 1977)

[On September 10 and 11, 1977, the first two-way live broadcast between New York and San Francisco took place via satellite. Over two and a half hours each day, artists screened videos, performed, and conducted discussions. Some twenty-five thousand viewers tuned in to watch.

The Send/Receive project was organized by New York-based artists Liza Béar and Keith Sonnier. The group of participants in San Francisco included Terry Fox, Sharon Grace, Carl Loeffler, Richard Lowenberg, Alan Scarritt, and Margaret Fisher, who described the scene on the West Coast as follows.]

The image of New York was not so startling. They grouped together grass along the Hudson River, a sunny warm day forming a beautiful light and shadow environment for them. They were unknown faces. Some bearded, others fresh and smiling, some punk rock campy people. Harmless? Their first approach: Terry Fox, please tell us about

your disease? Did you bring X-rays? Terry responds by saying yes, I'll get them and leaving the room. Sharon is brought to the monitor to continue the discussion. Vague questions about the medical practice of doctors, hospitals, violations against women spill out. . . . Terry Fox, Alan Scarritt, and I play music-long drones on various primitive and homemade instruments. Richard is operating the floor camera and the talent camera to combine images in startling ways. New York still appears to be grouped on the lawn wanting to talk endlessly. We drone and drone. . . .

At one point, we [had] all thought that we would be creating individual experiments and projects to relay to NY utilizing the special characteristics of satellite. Somewhere along the line, a transformation in concept occurred. Everyone was to extend NY information bigger than their own artwork and personal projects, individual personalities played down. Scientific information and data accumulated. Text piled up awaiting transmission via the character generator, a typewriter which creates the typed

word upon the television screen.

Saturday after a tiring day of not being able to send a signal to NY and have it returned . . . led to crisis. . . . Contrary to plans for the taping we began to interact with each other, only to discover that all of us were uncomfortable with the role of delivering scientific data which we did not fully understand. Saturday's run-through had made it clear that without the backing of a career in such fields, there was no possibility of discussion, development of the initial idea, or transition to the next subject. The effect was disjointed and inadequate with no personal touch. . . .

We are all artists, and we are called upon to form the West Coast team because of our previous work we had done. How could we do anything else honestly? We changed the working environment, encouraged each other to make process project to work on as well as specific tasks. The room on Sunday filled with shells, instruments, paper, pens, poetry. We could finally speak honestly to each other.
—Margaret Fisher, "Send Receive, 11 September 1977 (1st draft)"

Erossore (1979)

While living in Soho I passed a vacant lot at King and West Houston Streets every day and noticed that the lot had an abandoned building on it with very large metal doors. I was curious what kind of sound these metal doors would make with the piano wires. I stretched three wires in a triangular shape that filled the empty space. During this event, for the first time the wires were attached at shoulder height instead of being attached to the floor. The metal became powerful resonators for the wires. It produced a totally different sound than attaching them to wood as I had done before. Erossore was also the first public performance in which I stroked the rosined piano wires horizontally with my fingers while walking along them.

Ether, The News, The Vicar and the Cowboy, The Bear, Sign Off (1981)

“Ether, the News, the Vicar and the Cowboy, the Bear, Sign Off” was recorded in the attic of the Künstlerhaus Bethanien, West Berlin, in May 1981. A piano wire was stretched thirty-three me-

ters between two vertical wooden beams and attached at each end by an eyescrew and turnbuckle. The wire was tightened and tuned by adjusting the turnbuckles. Two microphones connected to a battery operated portable tape recorder were placed on a chair directly under the wire and about two meters from one end. One was a shotgun microphone aimed at the wire and the other was an omni-directional microphone. A metal sardine can held in contact with the wire acted as the resonator. In the first part, “Ether,” a violin bow was rubbed in wide arcs against the wire. For the rest of the tape the sound was produced by beating a thin wooden stick against the wire, and also against the sardine can. This half of the record is unedited, with the exception of the blend of “Ether” with “the News.”

The other side of the record links five ways of playing the acoustic piano wire. The first is taken from “552 steps through 11 pairs of strings” . . . and demonstrates the sound of the wires attached to a wooden floor

and struck with a padded mallet. This blends into the sound of the rosined wire stroked with the bare fingers. This particular excerpt is taken from a performance at the Kunstmuseum Bern, using the walls as natural resonators. This then combines with the sound of a wire stretched across a two meter wooden box and bowed with a violin bow. This was done in San Francisco in the artist’s studio in 1975. The next two sounds were done in West Berlin in the artist’s studio in 1981. A wire was stretched between a window frame and a closet (8 meters). This was played by following a score of the configuration of the Berlin Wall . . . first realized by striking the wire with a thin wooden shish kebab stick, using the finger to define the various notes of the wire. The score was again played, using the same wire, but this time in place of the wooden stick a thin rusted metal rod was scraped against the wire. . . . All these sounds were acoustic, and the only electronics involved was the recording equipment.

Left Sided Sleepers Dream (1981)

“Left sided sleepers dream” was performed in the foyer of the Opera House in Graz, Austria on November 28, 1981. This was a part of an evening of performances under the title of “Night at the Opera.” A very large kettledrum was borrowed from the orchestra and placed near the center of the foyer. Two microphones were set up on either side of the drum, one connected to a speaker at the far left side of the room, and one to a speaker at the far right side. During the eight minute performance, the drum was beaten with mallets while a text was shouted into the left microphone and a response, in imitation of an echo, immediately shouted into the right microphone. The text was as follows:

“Who shall harm me?”
echo: “army!”
“The missile that’s shot?”
echo: “hot!”
“And after its crash?”
echo: “ash!”
“How many will fall?”
echo: “all!”

The Resonators (with Yoshi Wada, 1989)

[On July 28, 1989, at the Brooklyn Bridge Anchorage, Terry Fox and Yoshi Wada performed The Resonators, a collaborative site-specific piece co-produced by the organizations Harvestworks and Creative Time. Wada performed on bagpipes and a variety of self-made instruments—including alarm bells, a trash can with electronics, sirens, sheet metal, and pipe gongs—activated by a computer console. Fox’s instruments included bowed chimes, wine glasses rubbed against broken panes of glass, piano wire struck with a tin can resonator, bowed sheet metal, and air horns.]

Not long ago, we spent a good part of the evening under the Brooklyn Bridge listening to a performance by the audio artists Yoshi Wada and Terry Fox of a fifty-odd-minute musical piece, “The Resonators.” It was being put on in the Anchorage, which is on the Brooklyn side, and is one of the two seventyfoot-high brick-and-limestone-block struc-

tures that anchor the bridge to the shore. . . .

A broad concrete platform, cinched by a low metal grille, rose a few feet above floor level and served as the stage. The music was an oddly lyrical collage of sound from air-raid sirens, foghorns, fire-alarm bells, oil drums gonged with rubber mallets, a curved galvanized-steel sheet scratched with an engraving needle, and various other devices. Some of these were electronically linked to Mr. Wada’s computer console; others, like a drinking glass rubbed over a glass sheet, which made a sound like delicate chimes, were manually operated by Mr. Fox.

Mr. Fox led off the performance by occasionally blowing a foghorn; Mr. Wada soon joined in on an elkhide bagpipe of his own making, emitting a long sostenuto that sounded at times like a minimalist Highland ditty. An electronic drone began to buzz, softly enough to allow us to hear traffic and subway sounds from the outside world. The piece ended with a cacophonous climax of fire-alarm bell, sirens, foghorn—the

works—slowly dying to the sound of a lonely siren and, from inside a garbage can, an electronically, simulated bird cheep.

— Robert Knafo, “The Anchorage”

Scored for the Purrs of 11 Cats, Halation, Ether, The News, The Vicar and the Cowboy, The Bear, Sign Off, Left Sided Sleepers
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Isolation Unit, The Labyrinth









Cover and inside cover

Terry Fox, Pisces, 1971. Performance view, De Saisset Art Gallery, University of Santa Clara, California. Photo: Joel Glassman

Front portfolio

Terry Fox, Virtual Volumes, 1970. Performance view, Museum of Conceptual Art, San Francisco. Photo: Barry Klinger

Terry Fox, rubber-stamp diagram of the labyrinth at Chartres Cathedral, France, c. 1977

Terry Fox, Erossore, 1979. Performance view, abandoned building, King Street and West Houston Street, New York. Photo: Larry Fox

Terry Fox and Joseph Beuys, Isolation Unit, 1970. Performance view, Kunstakademie Düsseldorf. Photo: Dietmar Kirves. © Terry Fox and Joseph Beuys © Estate of Terry Fox and Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York / VG Bild-Kunst, Bonn

Terry Fox, Yield, 1973. Performance view, University Art Museum, Berkeley, California. Photo: Larry Fox

Terry Fox, Pisces, 1971. Performance view, Museum of Conceptual Art, San Francisco. Photo: Joel Glassman

Terry Fox, Air Pivot, 1969. Performance view, Pine Street, San Francisco. Photo: Barry Klinger. Digital image © The Museum of Modern Art/Licensed by SCALA / Art Resource, NY

Terry Fox, 552 Steps through 11 Pairs of Strings, 1976. Performance view, 16 Rose Street, San Francisco. Photo: Terry Fox

Diagram

Terry Fox, installation diagram for performance of Yield at the University Art Museum, Berkeley, California, 1973. © Estate of Terry Fox

Rear portfolio

Terry Fox, Liquid Smoke, 1970. Performance view, Third Street, San Francisco. Photo: Barry Klinger

Terry Fox and Yoshi Wada, The Resonators, 1989. Performance view, Brooklyn Bridge Anchorage, New York. Photo: Marilyn Bogerd. Courtesy Marilyn Bogerd and the Estate of Yoshi Wada. © Estates of Terry Fox and Yoshi Wada

Terry Fox, Defoliation Piece, 1970. Performance view, Powerhouse Gallery, University Art Museum, University of California, Berkeley. Photo: Barry Klinger

Terry Fox, Levitation, 1970. Performance view, Museum of Conceptual Art, San Francisco. Photo: Jerry Wainwright

Terry Fox, Suono interno, 1979. Performance view, Chiesa Santa Lucia, Bologna. Photo: Enzo Pezzi

Terry Fox, Cellar, 1970. Performance view, Reese Palley Gallery, New York. Photo: Camille Smith

Terry Fox, Left Sided Sleepers Dream, 1981. Performance view, Oper Graz, Austria. Photo: Gery Wolf

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