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# CARP

July 25, 1975

Liza Bear  
Editor  
Avalanche  
93 Grand Street  
New York, New York

Dear Liza:

I was visiting Chris and saw his copy of the summer issue of Avalanche. I grabbed it and have had it for the last few days promising I'm going to return it everyday. It's another good one. I really loved the interviews with Alan Saret and Joel Shapiro. Do you know Charles Simonds?

What's the story on distribution of Avalanche on the west coast? There are people who should see it, and who would be very interested in the information, but it's still nearly impossible to get a copy. If I could be of any help in getting them out in the L.A. area, please let me know. The County Museum bookstore is the only place I've ever seen them, and there's at least one other bookstore that would be a good place and would probably take it. I will be glad to sell them out of my house if nothing else. My efforts are volunteered of course. I think that LA County, LAICA, Newport Harbor Art Museum, and the Long Beach Museum would be places to sell them, and also somewhere at UCLA. Also there's a bookstore near UCLA that handles a lot of Journals, art mags, etc. We are most anxious to help get the word out however possible.

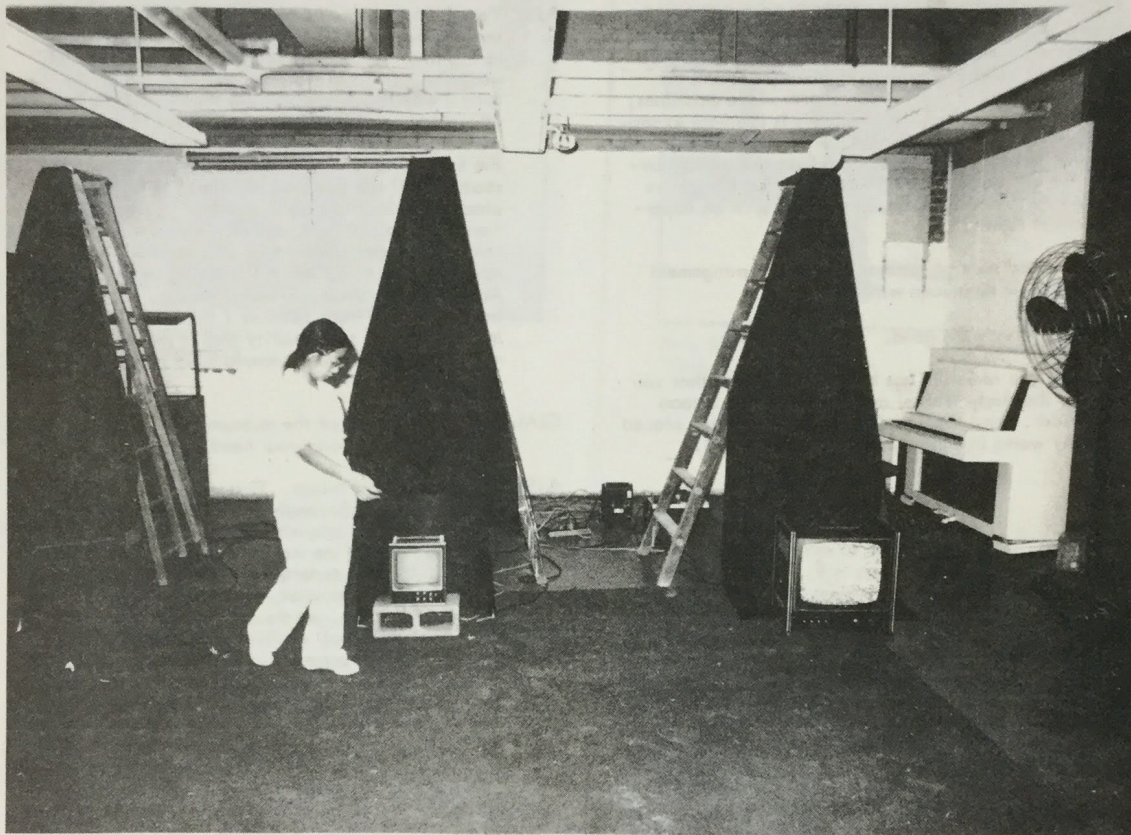
Chris has been working like crazy on designing a super cheap radical car to produce in L.A. It's really sort of a sculptural problem, with a lot of technical information or knowledge necessary for a solution. It's odd, but the two real cars that he owns are about to fall apart from old age and neglect while he works on a fantasy car.

I hope to see you in the fall, probably Oct or November.

*Barbara*



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CHRIS ABIERA  
"A Gravity Experiment"

## ABIERA, BERKOWITZ, BURDEN: PERFORMANCE IN CHICAGO -- AN ART OF DIRECT EVENT

by C. L. Morrison

In the past the one way that viewers have known how much serious attention to give to the art on a gallery wall has been to view a price-list usually posted. Otherwise a critical account of "Art in America" might classify the particular genre, or a newspaper review might suggest aspects of quality. To simply rely on one's senses has now become a mark of naivete. However, it is one's naivete that performance appeals to. Those left floundering in its midst, scurrying off to history books to qualify, quantify, and classify are less well off than they were at the moment they scurried from the performance: Which is to say, the initial reaction is what keys one to what the performance is about. Performance simply presents directly what is remote in illusionistic art. Performance may be of structural principles such as underlie any sculpture or painting; or of philosophical precepts or of psychological truths. The viewer may identify with and learn from the experience-in-reaction to performance. This way of making art has its place in public society. Performance acknowledges the publicness of art.

The artist's actions and body are a tool for putting across the art. Performance may be documented in many ways, including photograph and videotape, but the documented record is secondary or tertiary evidence of what actually occurred. Anyone who has experienced performance knows the tremendous energy which may be transmitted by people to people directly with no art object or critical rule book to deflect or absorb the intensity of the interaction. In its ability to engage the mind and philosophy with such elements as the original and the unexpected, performance has helped make elements of "good taste" seem boring, dull and without incident. To the extent of its quality or success, the performance crystallizes strong technical presentation, conceptual integrity and a powerful or fertile idea.

(continued on page 7)

\* (being appropriate, unobtrusive, neutral, subdued, clean, conservative and expensive while aiming at artless simplicity.)



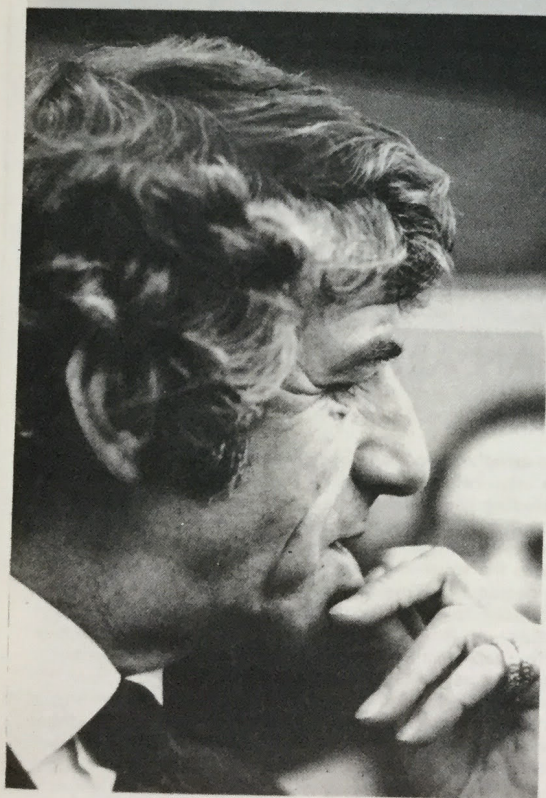
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Curtain, but we have shown large, multiple-exposure photographs of the work. My associate, Anne Rorimer, had a show which included more than 50 per cent of what you would call conceptual art, in today's terms. She had several video machines, and the only difficulty about this is it's very expensive to have the equipment. And you need a lot of space to sequester one section from the others, because of course the sound carries. But I think we have to find a way, because this is such an important art form.

CLM: I've heard several comments on your arrangement of the new American wing. . .

AJS: I hope they were good.

CLM: Well, the negative has been to the effect that you used the Andy Warhol as what looks like a room divider. And the positive has been that you placed many works imaginatively in a given space.



AJS: Yes, I am presented with a certain number of galleries, and, of course, I can do nothing about altering their definition, their height, length and width. I can do two things: arrange the art in such a way that the works are shown to their best advantage, and manipulate the space to enrich the viewing experience. I don't personally find it is the best thing to expose people, walking into a room, to all the works at one time. I think you place partitions in such a way that you focus attention on certain things, and as the person proceeds through the space, she or he discovers something new at every turn. What I'm trying to do with the Andy Warhol, since you mentioned it, is I'm hanging it literally free, because I think it's of such importance and such quality that it needs much more open space than it would have plastered against a wall.

CLM: I wonder what about the museum you find limiting. What makes you bang your head against the wall?

AJS: Oh, all kinds of things. First, we never have enough money. Secondly, there's never enough space to do what you wish. It would seem to be quite normal that we would have more activity in the 20th-century department than we would in anything else in the museum, and certainly, in contemporary exhibitions, we do. But we run our department on a very small staff. For instance, in the MOMA's contemporary section, there are probably a dozen people. And while we aren't a contemporary museum, only two of us run the 20th-century department for the whole museum, but we manage.

Then, a difficult thing about acquisitions is that it's always much easier to spend money on the classically accepted artists, from an earlier period, than it is to purchase work from young and experimental artists. You've got to do a selling job, you work on it. I would love to see a broader, related program of the arts. We don't have a department, for instance, for performances. Highly experimental work doesn't fit into departments. I would love to be able to have dance programs, programs of artists who feel that the expression of themselves is really the art. But we have no budget for it, no facilities, no auditorium. The National Gallery in Washington has chamber music in the galleries in the summer months. This would be wonderful.

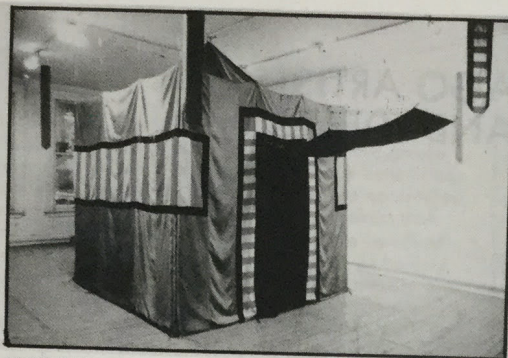
CLM: About the Chicago and Vicinity show, how do you feel about the criticism and picketing over the fee charged artists?

AJS: I'm not the least reluctant to answer. I've said it publicly before. It pains me that we have to do it. I deplore the fact that we must charge a fee and it makes me personally unhappy. But I think that it should be realized that the cost of everything has raised to such a degree. . .

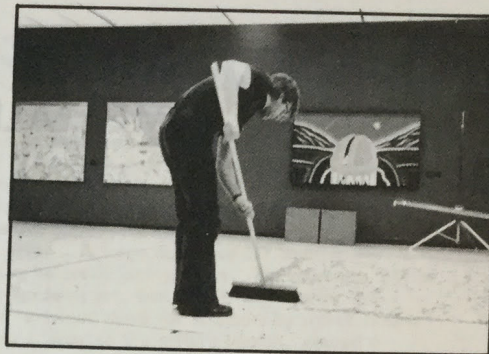
And, at this point, the monsoons in my tape recorder took over the conversation.



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MICHAEL BERKOWITZ  
"Pavillion" (exterior).



PHIL BERKMAN  
"Gravity Broom Sweep"

As a medium, performance offers the very positive potential to jolt an apathetic audience. The most enveloping statement may say to the uninitiate, "I'm here; you're there." On the basis of what has been done as art, we make judgments and form expectations of what we see today. While there always has been and will be a coequal need of the artist for society, and of society for an artist to materialize its pulse, the stories the audience doesn't want to hear are numerous. Art has the audacity to precede its advertising. Its lack of appearance on television shows, or in market research surveys remove art from the "I'm OK; you're OK" essentially calming oeuvre. It is important that individuals try to surpass their tradition-based expectations and see the art in its own terms.

Writing about performance requires one's 1) being there to experience the event; 2) understanding the relationship of many details; 3) conscientiously recording the experience. Consulting afterwards about what one missed is antithetical to the idea. One can't be told what one should have seen. It either comes across or it doesn't. Writing about performances is for those who've never experienced it but ought to know it exists, and for the sake of nostalgia: We want to recall thru words what has affected us so deeply.

Notable performances have occurred this season in connection with N.A.M.E. gallery's special events programs, the Museum of Contemporary Art's Bodyworks and Performance programs, and by Chicago artists including Ilona Granet, Phil Berkman, and Gundersen and Clark.

At the Art Institute, Chris Abiera in "In Sync, Out Sync" performed ideas of movement, synchronization and continuity. Using her actions as a tool for putting across her ideas of art, Abiera was herself the medium. She sat at a table before a loudly clicking clock, chopping an orange into segments with rigid up and down motions of a knife, raised and lowered with the clock's clicking. She lined the segments one by one across the table and chewed them coordinate with the clock. She marched to a nearby ladder, climbed the rungs, swallowed a waiting glass of water at the laddertop. The behaviour system was a complete unit, like a system of laws. The sensual qualities of the water, fruit, and silver lame

costume the artist wore opposed strictly delineated ladder rungs, clock-timed march steps, eating, chopping and segments in a line. The energy of the physical performance as content transmitted the energy of structural principles which underlie content of traditional art objects. The sequence was videotaped before the actual performance and played once synchronous with the live action; once a second ahead of the live action; once a second behind the live action. Each sequence bore identical information, but looped separately in universal time.

Unlike Abiera's bare-bone constructivist method of putting across the art, Michael Berkowitz contains his precepts in literary metaphor. Unlike Abiera's time frame which is linear and complete, Berkowitz uses an enclosing frame which the viewer activates by physical participation. At N.A.M.E. gallery (with his associate Marguerite Wolf) Berkowitz performed "Pavillion." Structurally, he too was concerned with rigidity and sensuality, but these took on the associations of being and death. The piece was about enclosure and release. It began with an image of a woman most akin to a "spirit of medieval literature." Abiera too had begun with the image of a woman dressed in silver for her structured time sequence. Berkowitz contained the event in a crimson and silver satin tent lined in black and suspended by invisible thread from the gallery ceiling. Banners, like arrow shafts pointing downward, carried the crimson and silver motif beyond the tent entrance. Within the surrounding the female performer, enclosed in a crimson and silver costume, sat on a rigid sedan platform. Other visual elements around her were vertical and stable -- a lamp post, gold staple-pleated screen behind the sedan, a similar curtain around the sedan, a peaked tent top. As the tent opened and a viewer walked in, activating the performance, the woman enacted slow, circular movements toward the extended feet which remained rigid and stiff. She seemed in tension with the costume. Significantly, the viewer could voluntarily reunite with the outside space, maintaining the mobility the woman lost.

Chris Burden's written structure for a piece is typically spare. His work at the Museum of Contemporary (continued on page 10)



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## ON THE FORMATION OF CHICAGO ARTISTS COALITION: SOME REALITIES AND IDEALS

by C. L. Morrison

On March 18, 1975, in a West Armitage Street studio shared by three local artists (two of whom were out celebrating at an opening of their work), a Chicago Artists Coalition was formed. Seven-up cans circulated among the hundred or so artists present, and the note-taker (having rejected the title of secretary on socio-political grounds) strained to see her paper with the virgin eyes of a non-smoker.

Even before this meeting, a coalition had been used in concept to pressure City Hall. Rumors had circulated about the availability of Federal funds to visual artists in Chicago. Unfortunately, few knew of the funds. A contingent from the arts community found that 50 positions had been allocated, but not formally publicized. Twelve remained for visual artists to fill. These paid \$2.50 an hour. City Hall hadn't the bureaucracy to cope with all the applicants and agreed that a coalition would be a fine unit through which the funds could be channeled. The organization that would deal with the problem was yet to be formed.

Discussion in the studio turned to organizing. Within 20 minutes, the name Chicago Artists Coalition (CAC) was confirmed. Cigarettes sparked neon orange, faces beamed, and seven-up cans crunched on the floor, as people applauded their first accomplishment. Volunteers for the steering committee gave their names over to the note-taker. Discussion then centered around several issues. Would the CAC develop from the needs of the artist community as they arose, or would it look to other unions, like the Boston Visual Arts Union, for a model. Could there be both voting and non-voting memberships, the latter for "friends" of the visual arts? Who is an artist, anyway? Should a committee to select members be formed, or should any self-declared artist be let in? Membership, it was decided, would be closed to dealers and collectors, identified as potential combatants. The Coalition would work to change the status quo, and avoid tips from too long depended upon established interest. Artists would learn to do for themselves.

Questions were formulated, and even resolutions were accepted as being only temporary. Beneath the discussion seemed to be a signal for artists to reorient the

ways they think of themselves. Although the kind of talk of health insurance and art supply discounts, which comes in considering artists' rights, seems trivial, such needs underscore the improvement required by a group which can't even afford the materials for its occupation, making art.

Past times of economic recession or depression have brought federal and local funding to the arts. But not just economic reasons stimulate the desire for artists to group together, today. In a socially more isolated position than ever, the contemporary artist practices what may be the specialty of specialties. Seeking a visual experience in an art gallery, in many instances, is a meaningless thing, unless prior knowledge of an artist's conceptual system and of art history informs the viewer.

There is the paradox, then, of needing acceptance for the very personal art product, and making demands about the lack of proper appreciation, when appreciation is expressed. Perhaps we can understand why those most vocal against Robert Scull were not really the artists he purchased from. Scull gave attention to unknown artists when no one else would. Art forging new territory, or even several-years-old territory, may affect uninitiates like culture shock. There is the California judge, for example, who recently had a DiSuvero sculpture removed from the courthouse plaza, because he thought it resembled a gallows. A publisher of a successful local newspaper, with fairly high intellect and social consciousness among readers, reports that even his free issues stay on the racks when he runs a cover story about art.

Thus, many artists simply need to have their work seen. They are removed from such considerations as high resale profits they might not benefit from. Cooperative galleries often form of artists bound in intense work habits and a frustration with a commercial system they either can't seem to penetrate or don't care to be involved in. Traditionally, successful artists have shied away from artists' groups, coops or unions. Perhaps wary of offending the support base they worked hard to establish, such artists may not identify with artists' rights, because

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## UNION (continued from page 8)

as individuals, they have pushed to get what the groups are seeking for the members. Those who have benefitted from the museum/ dealer/ client nexus may be considered ogres in the artists' groups. It may be overlooked that real factors of work, talent and intellect were involved in making an artist successful -- not just luck or having the right connections. To advocate stringent quality and levels of experience, in the group situation, may seem an infringement on the rights of fellow artists to work as they choose. It becomes social to work for consensus; this may inhibit acting as one thinks and feels is correct.

The artists' union is often formed to establish a power base for fair practice. In art making, like no other occupation, dual concerns are involved, of historical value (or art's "greater meaning") and immediacy (involving a commodity orientation). Artists don't like to supply a free inventory to dealers. In these circumstances, art may seem to support the gallery, rather than vice versa. Dealers may use monies from one sale to support other shows. Time payments have become notorious, when a work is placed, but the artist is reimbursed piecemeal. A dealer may arrange several such transactions to bring money toward his commissions, but the artist has only a personal output to live on. Nevertheless a dealer's choice of the art he will represent is also very close to him. He may critically intellectualize his preferences, but likely operates as well from visceral like and dislike. In the mind of one Chicago dealer, calls for copies of sales invoices, full and prompt payment for sold artwork, contracts, and insurance, may upset an artist-dealer relationship which can be "closer than a marriage." One isn't dealing, after all, with selling shoes, but with the artistic extensions of human personalities.

In France, the idea of moral rights recognizes art, legally, as an extension of the artist. Work, even after sale, must stay within the artist's jurisdiction. He can remove work after it is sold, must approve locations where the work is exhibited, may sue the owner for any damage to the work. While this arrangement has much justice to it, it isolates the artist in a capitalist economic structure, as even more of an anomaly than he is.

Masses of people work for wages, and what they produce brings wealth to corporate owners, but the workers rarely see the tangible results of what they do. This is basic Marx. What comes down as reward is the paycheck, which people use to purchase things made by other alienated workers in situations like themselves. Even Andy Warhol decides what he will and won't have a part in producing. The every-day worker in a company is not so lucky. It may be jealousy of the artist's freedom, first, to produce what he wishes, and then, to see the results and identify with his labor, which is at root of hostile social treatment. And now, artists want economic benefits as well!

Most artists really only desire enough money to be able to keep on producing their art.

And yet, looking back to WPA support of artists, the output was high, but much of that output was not worth saving, or even reproducing. If unionization will help, then unionization be it. But levels of quality must remain at issue. And while artists' rights, and forming a Chicago Artists Coalition, may involve many survival realities, the ideals of artists should never be sacrificed.

## PERFORMANCE (continued from page 7)

Art involved three elements: himself, a wall clock and a piece of transparent glass set at a 45 degree angle between floor and wall. He entered the museum space at 8:25, reset the wall clock to midnight and crawled under the transparent glass. No indication of the length of the piece was given. A large audience sat impatiently several hours before thinning down. The museum, out of respect for Burden's art, would not tamper with the piece. He remained there for 45 hours by which time a museum guard, fearing the artist's health, placed a carafe of water under the glass. Burden privately had written that the piece would endure until a member of the museum staff altered one of the three elements. He did not tell anyone of this condition, but relied on the museum staff to decipher the clues. While Abiera and Berkowitz started their work with visual or sensual images of a woman, Burden began his work with a psychological preconception concerning the museum staff. His work had been censured or terminated previously by museum people less impressed with his seriousness than the MCA. In addition, Burden had been criticized for doing a "short" piece at the Art Institute some time earlier. Burden ironically left the length of new performance in the museum's control. He named it "Doomed," referring to the anticipated means of its end thru the museum's authoritarianism. The title rather came to refer to Burden's possible fate under the glass.

Aside from the structure and the conditions which led to Burden's plan, the performance concisely embodied ideas more often written than enacted or felt. Associations with the elements of the piece were obvious within an hour of its duration. Until the unanticipated extension of its time rendered the performance absurd, the conceptual predominated, not the physical. Burden as an element was both human and object. Some viewers inquired whether "it" under the glass on its back could hear. Burden aided the response; when a viewer placed a rose under the glass or shot a penny at his feet, the artist was unmoved. He was repeatedly photographed for elements of design, the turn of a lace in his shoe, the way four gallery lights positioned themselves under his body vis-a-vis the glass reflections. As art, Burden was territory apart from life. Guards enforced their "don't touch" rules, as for any object under glass in a museum. The element of the glass divided the space into viewer territory and art territory. The paintings of George Tooker, with characters divided from each other, hollow-eyed, staring past the viewer, intellectualize what Burden in his territory evoked. The shifting of the hour to midnite established an ambiguous "other-order" of time, which, with the persistence of the undefined, permeated the viewer's usual daily time pattern. It was difficult to shake the thought of the artist in his sequence, even after leaving the museum space.

While performance derives from theatre, sculpture, painting, dance, it is also a composite presentation of an idea which may involve no typical climaxes or plots. Because each work makes a different appeal, the viewer must be sharpened to the elements. Its transience equals the impact of a truth discovered; one feels it, is dazzled by it incorporates it into other experienced information, and waits for the next turn.



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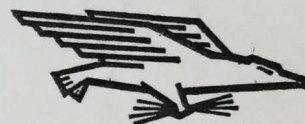
CHRIS BURDEN  
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A-10 Los Angeles Herald-Examiner, Sunday, October 19, 1975 A

# His Two Tiny Engines Save Gas, Cut Pollution

By DEL SCHRADER  
Herald-Examiner Staff Writer

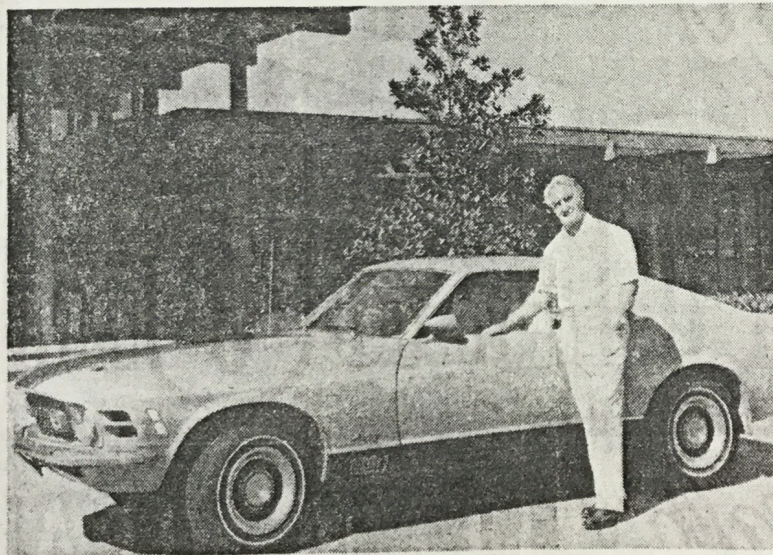
SANTA BARBARA — A revolutionary new automobile engine which will overcome the twin evils of pollution and energy crisis is claimed by mild mannered, white-thatched Marvin E. Wallis.

Wallis, who holds 40 U.S. patents in a variety of fields, chose a 1970 Ford Mustang Mach 1 for his prototype. The original car weighed 3,500 pounds with its 351 cubic-inch V-8 engine. Today, the Mustang weighs about 3,000 pounds because of the lighter Wallis module auto engine.

"I wanted a Wankel rotary engine," he explained to The Herald-Examiner, "because they can be the best in the world with certain modifications, but I settled for a pair of two-cylinder, air-cooled BMW motorcycle engines. The Germans built them during World War II for a revolutionary small airplane which never got off the ground because of the war's end."

Wallis, who is operating the Wallis Motor Co. under a limited partnership with six friends and has no stock for sale, placed two 60 hp engines under the hood. In between is a "floating flywheel" or "dynamic energizer," which keeps rotating with charged-up electrical energy.

The key to the module engine operation is the floating flywheel, which is in no way related to the common flywheel or the new "flywheel technology." By storing up energy normally wasted, it merely puts it back to work. The energizer operates with a low,

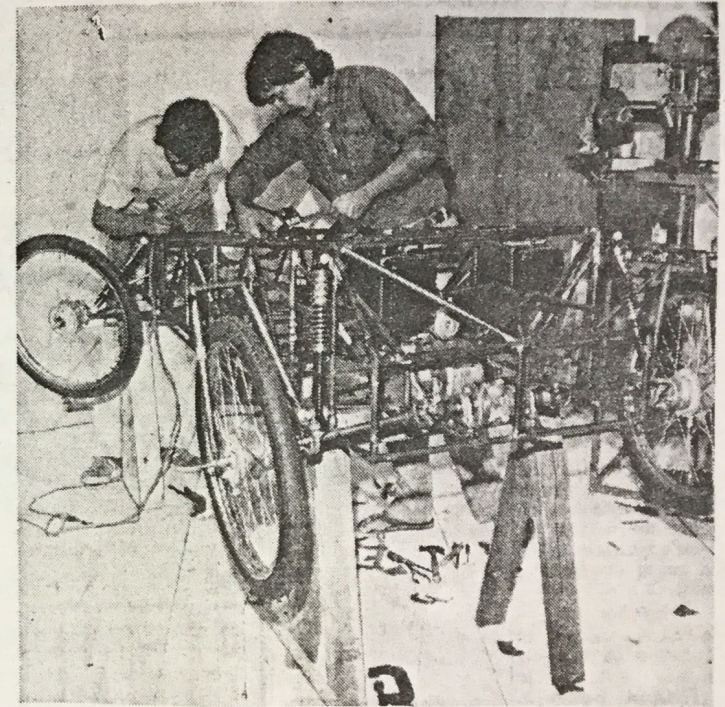


Herald-Examiner photos

Marvin E. Wallis of Santa Barbara with his 1970 Mustang powered by pair of two-cylinder BMW engines. Only one engine is used for conventional driving, and second can be kicked in for fast acceleration.

generally sufficient for city driving. I drive up to a stop light. Neither engine is running when I stop, but the energizer is going. I step on the accelerator and the energizer activates

load sensor also automatically brings the reserve power engine (No. 2) to life and holds it until the additional power requirement has been met."



Bob Wilhite, left, and Frank Murphy apply finishing touches to B-Car. Single passenger car uses motorcycle wheels and engine.

## It's a Motorcycle...

## It's an Auto...



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The key to the module engine operation is the floating flywheel, which is in no way related to the common flywheel or the new "flywheel technology." By storing up energy normally wasted, it merely puts it back to work. The energizer operates with a low, whirling sound.

He said, "The No. 1 or back engine is

generally sufficient for city driving. I drive up to a stop light. Neither engine is running when I stop, but the energizer is going. I step on the accelerator and the energizer activates the No. 1 engine. Let's say I want to really take off. At 3,000 rpms, the second engine kicks in and I have plenty of power. An engine

load sensor also automatically brings the reserve power engine (No. 2) to life and holds it until the additional power requirement has been met."

"I get 45.5 mpg on the freeways and up to 32 mpg on surface streets. More important, I'm saving fuel, not using more than I need to do the job. And there's no polluting. I have designed the cheapest carburetor possible. Fuel injection would be better, but it's too expensive. My carburetor costs 10 per cent of what fuel injection does."

Wallis said Detroit designs an engine for the small end of the driving cycle (10 to 20 per cent) to get power and acceleration. He charged this causes low mileage and excessive emissions over the entire driving cycle.

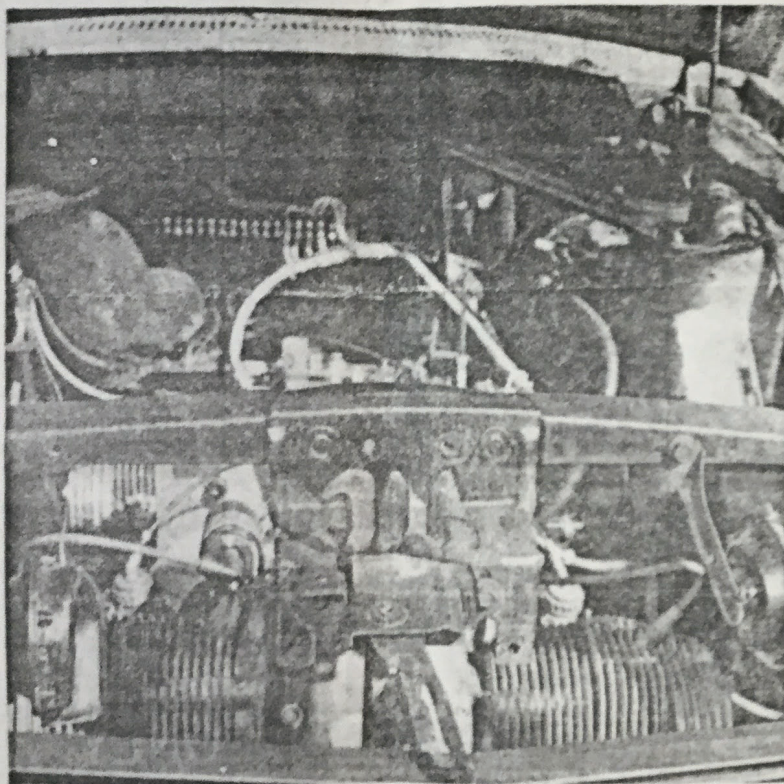
"My module engine (or engines) is designed to perform efficiently over the entire driving cycle, with special emphasis on the 80 or 90 per cent area where energy and clean air problems actually exist. There are those who express surprise at my power plant, but I remind them that 98 per cent of important mechanical inventions come from individuals or small companies."

Wallis said converting the present Wankel type engine (water-cooled) production lines to the Wallis system would be substantially less costly than present estimates. "Within a year, we could supply several million Wankel-type engines for both new and used V-8 automobiles," he declared.

The inventor said, "I am reluctant to go to the U.S. auto industry with my engine for fear they might buy it and shelve it. I don't want that. I want the public to know that I would give a non-exclusive license to every U.S. manufacturer, if they were interested. We must do something concrete about the energy and pollution crises."

"Let's say Detroit is not interested. Then I'll go to Japan and cut a deal with Mazda and put a rotary module engine in used cars in the U.S. Do you know what this would mean? Say 25 per cent of U.S. cars were using this gas-saving, non-polluting module engine. The price of oil and gasoline would drop all over the world and the energy and pollution crises would be over."

Wallis alleged that General Motors has spent \$38 million on the Wankel rotary engine, but the Wankel is plagued by poor mileage, bad emissions and seal and tuning troubles. "I can correct these faults with my module and floating flywheel system," Wallis de-



Wallis' dual-engine setup fits neatly into space formerly occupied by 351 cubic-inch V-8. Inventor claims highway mileage of 45 miles per gallon, up to 32 m.p.g. on city streets. Ideally, Wallis would like to use two Wankel rotary engines. Neither motor operates when car is stopped, but dynamic energizer activates the No. 1 engine when driver steps on gas pedal. Wallis is fearful about selling his idea to Detroit, because he thinks they might shelve it.

# It's an Auto...

# It's the B-Car!

By RUDY AVERSA  
Herald-Examiner Staff Writer

The man gets off the plane and claims his baggage.

Inside one suitcase is variously sized chromemoly tubing — the kind bicycle frames are made of. He takes out a silver solder gun and begins forming what looks like a go-cart.

He adds wheels taken from a motorcycle as well as a 50 cubic centimeter motorcycle engine. When all the other parts have been fastened he drives off into the sunset in his portable bicycle-car.

Sounds like something from a James Bond adventure, but that's the idea Chris Burden had in mind when he built the first B-car.

"Automobiles have become so complex most people don't even know how to work on their own car. I wanted to come up with a car that is closer to a bicycle in complexity," said Burden, who is now in Europe demonstrating his B-car by driving it from Amsterdam to Paris.

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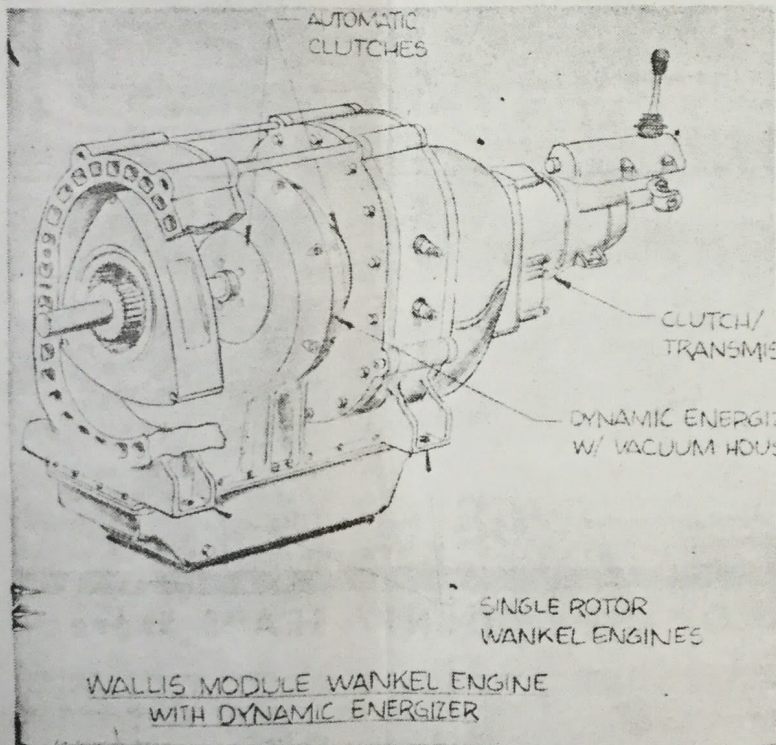
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Series.Folder:

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The key to the module engine operation is the floating flywheel, which is in no way related to the common flywheel or the new "flywheel technology." By storing up energy normally wasted, it merely puts it back to work. The energizer operates with a low, whirring sound.

He said, "The No. 1 or back engine is

generally sufficient for city driving. I drive up to a stop light. Neither engine is running when I stop, but the energizer is going. I step on the accelerator and the energizer activates the No. 1 engine. Let's say I want to really take off. At 3,000 rpms, the second engine kicks in and I have plenty of power. An engine

load sensor also automatically brings the reserve power engine (No. 2) to life and holds it until the additional power requirement has been met."

"I get 45.5 mpg on the freeways and up to 32 mpg on surface streets. More important, I'm saving fuel, not using more than I need to do the job. And there's no polluting. I have designed the cheapest carburetor possible. Fuel injection would be better, but it's too expensive. My carburetor costs 10 per cent of what fuel injection does."

Wallis said Detroit designs an engine for the small end of the driving cycle (10 to 20 per cent) to get power and acceleration. He charged this causes low mileage and excessive emissions over the entire driving cycle.

"My module engine (or engines) is designed to perform efficiently over the entire driving cycle, with special emphasis on the 80 or 90 per cent area where energy and clean air problems actually exist. There are those who express surprise at my power plant, but I remind them that 98 per cent of important mechanical inventions come from individuals or small companies."

Wallis said converting the present Wankel type engine (water-cooled) production lines to the Wallis system would be substantially less costly than present estimates. "Within a year, we could supply several million Wankel-type engines for both new and used V-8 automobiles," he declared.

The inventor said, "I am reluctant to go to the U.S. auto industry with my engine for fear they might buy it and shelve it. I don't want that. I want the public to know that I would give a non-exclusive license to every U.S. manufacturer, if they were interested. We must do something concrete about the energy and pollution crises."

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# It's an Auto... It's the B-Car!

By RUDY AVERSA

Herald-Examiner Staff Writer

The man gets off the plane and claims his baggage.

Inside one suitcase is variously sized chromemoly tubing — the kind bicycle frames are made of. He takes out a silver solder gun and begins forming what looks like a go-cart.

He adds wheels taken from a motorcycle as well as a 50 cubic centimeter motorcycle engine. When all the other parts have been fastened he drives off into the sunset in his portable bicycle-car.

Sounds like something from a James Bond adventure, but that's the idea Chris Burden had in mind when he built the first B-car.

"Automobiles have become so complex most people don't even know how to work on their own car. I wanted to come up with a car that is closer to a bicycle in complexity," said Burden, who is now in Europe demonstrating his B-car by driving it from Amsterdam to Paris.

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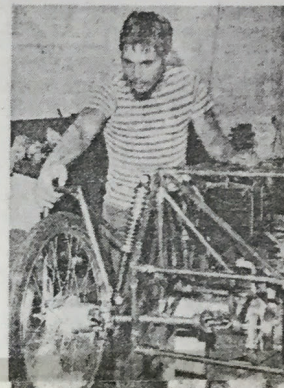
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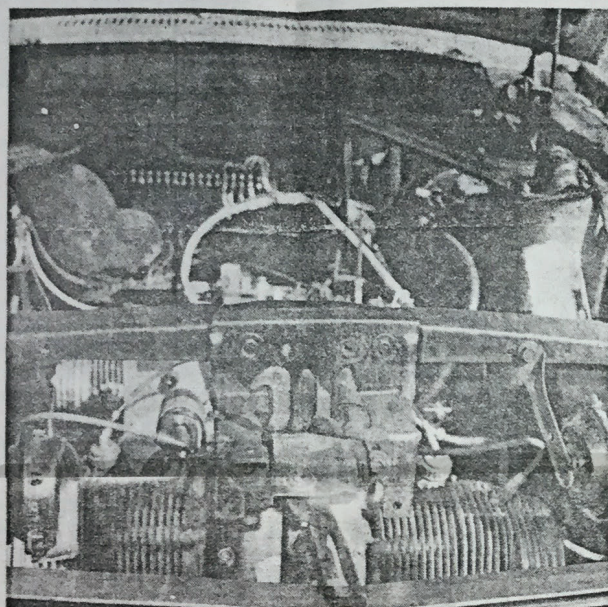
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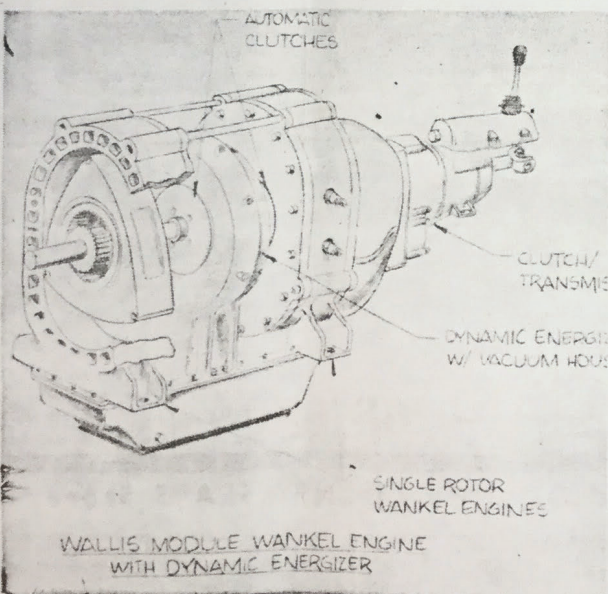
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# Avalanche

To whom it may concern:

We have known Chris Burden in a professional capacity since 1970.

His performances fall within an established category of contemporary sculpture.

Having discussed his recent exhibition at Riko Mizuno Gallery, Los Angeles, we are convinced that he was executing a work of art the aim of which was self-exploration rather than frivolous exhibitionism.

The intervention of the police was unforeseen and inadvertent.  
It was an occurrence that the artist did not desire.

Willoughby Sharp  
Publisher

Liza Bear  
Editor

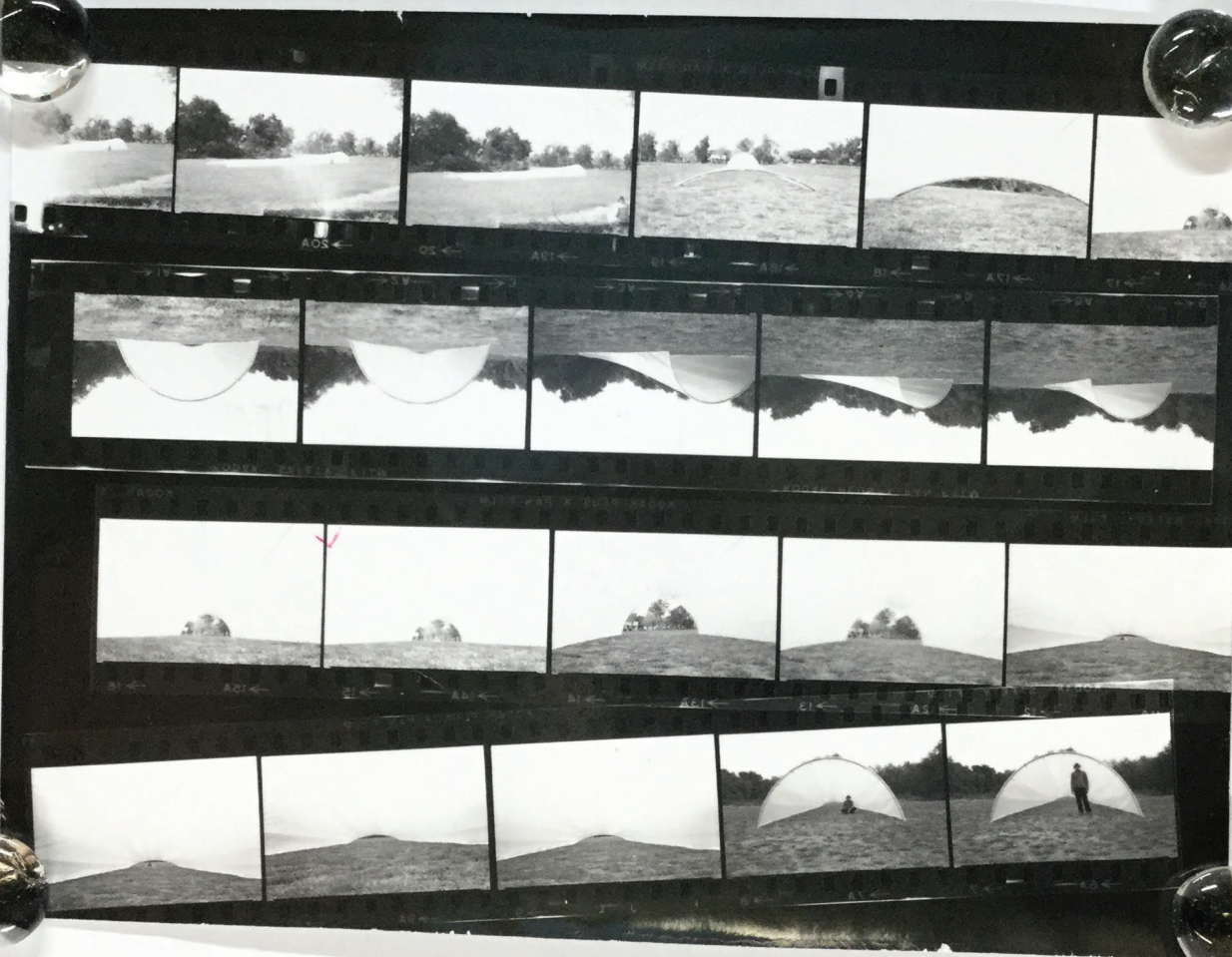
February 1, 1973

93 Grand Street New York N.Y. 10013 431-6560



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Chris Burden  
P.C. Spring 69

dx/0

Chris Burden  
P.C. Spring 69

4/11/11



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Chris Burden  
early spring 69 P.C.

7X10

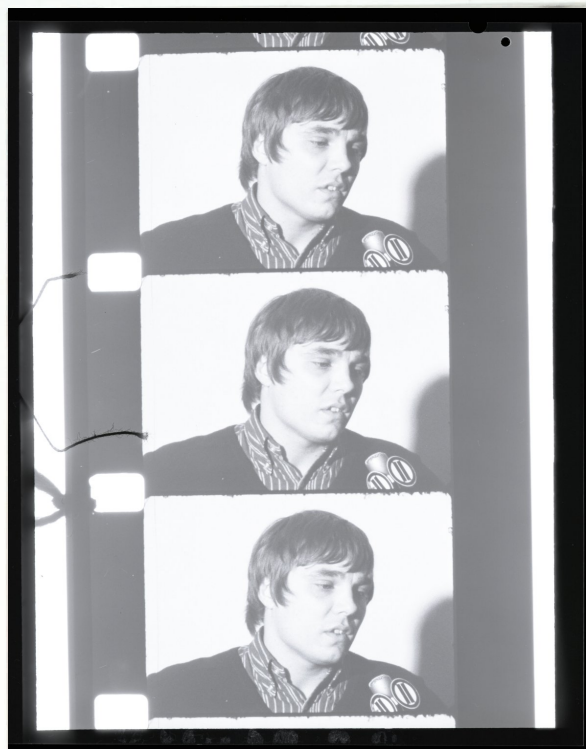
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7X14



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6B. 82½"



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⌊ 6B

↑  
TOP

Arslende 4  
Chris Burden  
Photo: check  
Burden Book  
vith SB

Reduce  $5\frac{3}{4} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$  to  $4\frac{3}{4} \times 6\frac{3}{16}$  BLEED BOT+RIGHT.



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MUSEUM OF CONCEPTUAL ART  
75 - 3rd STREET  
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF. 94103

MOCA 8 PM

CHRIS BURDEN

TRANS-PARENT  
TEACHER'S INK

HOWARD FRIED

FEB 28 1973

Willoughby Street  
93 Brand St.  
New York NY.  
10013

Non-Profit Organization  
U.S. POSTAGE  
**PAID**  
Permit No. 10408  
San Francisco, CA

→



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4. ARTIST/COMPOSERS ARE DOING SOUND WORKS AT MOCA

FRIDAY MARCH 2, 1973 8:30 PM

DAVID ASKEVOLD  
CHARLES AMIRKHANIAN  
GERALD FERGUSON  
TONY GNAZZO



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**CHRIS BURDEN**

**FEBRUARY 16-MARCH 9**

**HANNAH WILKE**

**MARCH 16-30**

**RONALD FELDMAN FINE ARTS  
33 EAST 74 NEW YORK 10021**



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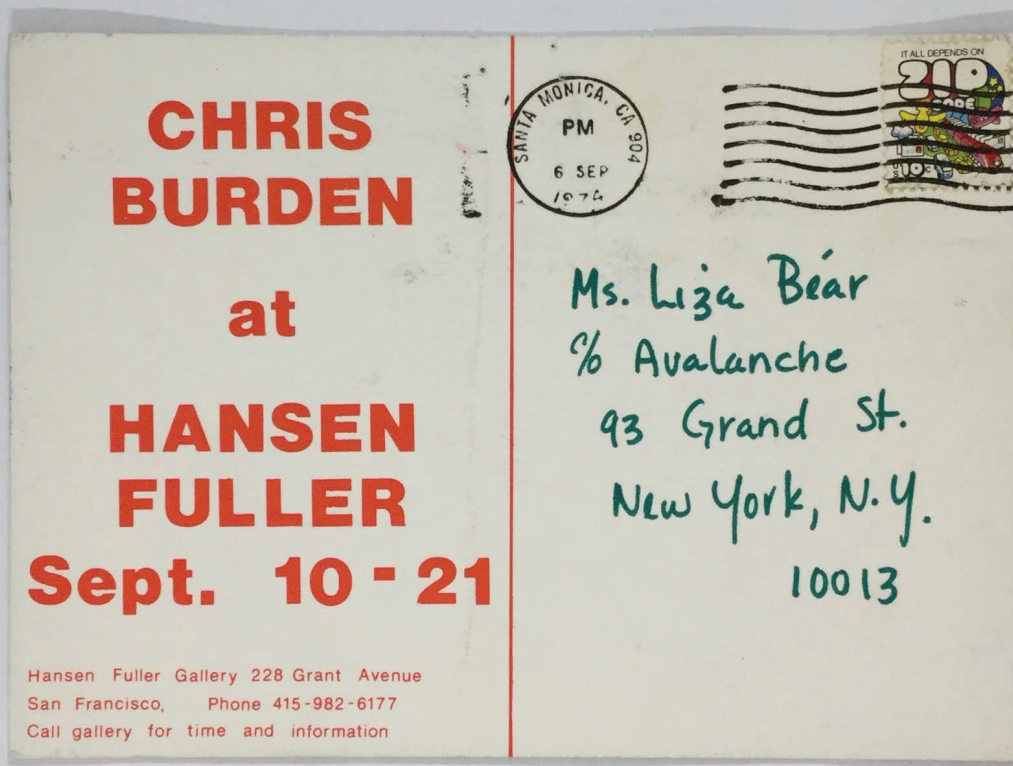
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# Chris Burden

at the gallery  
february 8- march 1, 1975

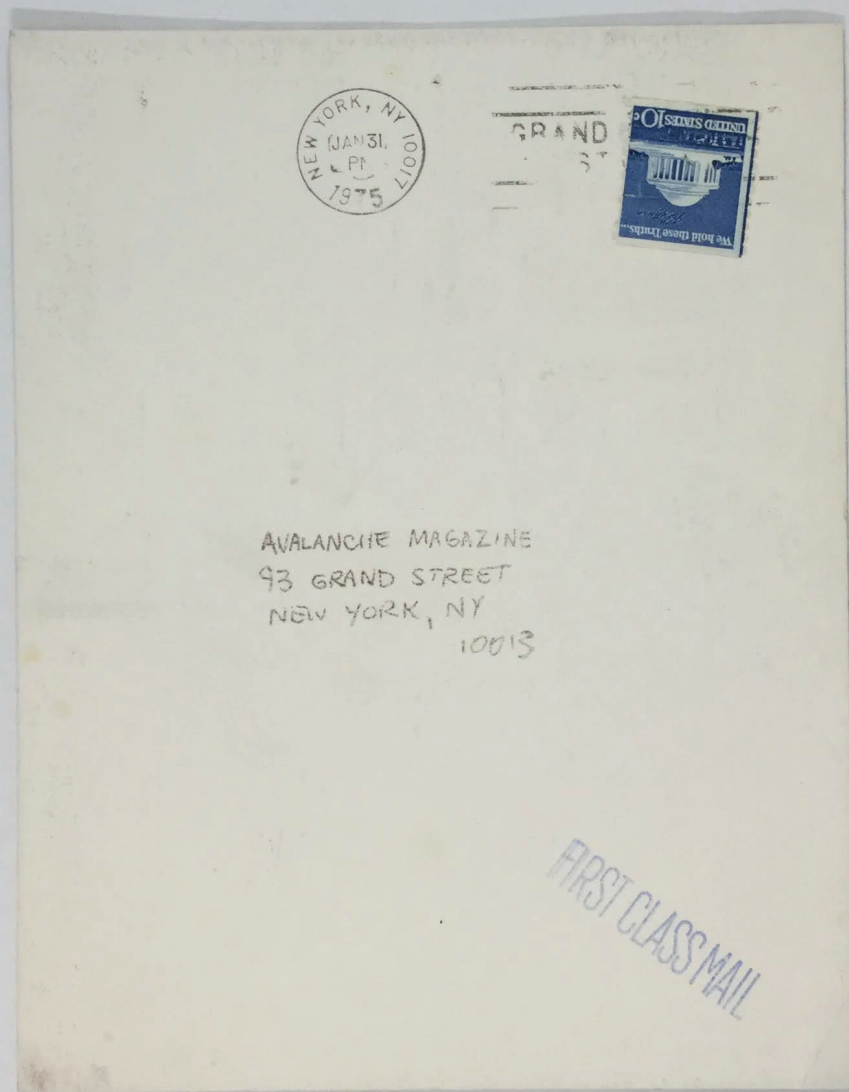
videotape premiere  
selections 1971-74  
opens march 8

Ronald Feldman Fine Arts  
33 east 74 street, new york



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E

STICKS AND STONES  
MAY BREAK MY BONES  
BUT WORDS WILL  
NEVER HURT ME

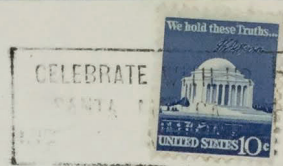


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CHRIS BURDEN  
April 8-26, '75

MIZUNO GALLERY  
669 N. LA CIENEGA BLVD.  
LOS ANGELES, CALIF. 90069



Liza Béar  
c/o Avalanche  
93 Grand Street  
New York, N.Y. 10013



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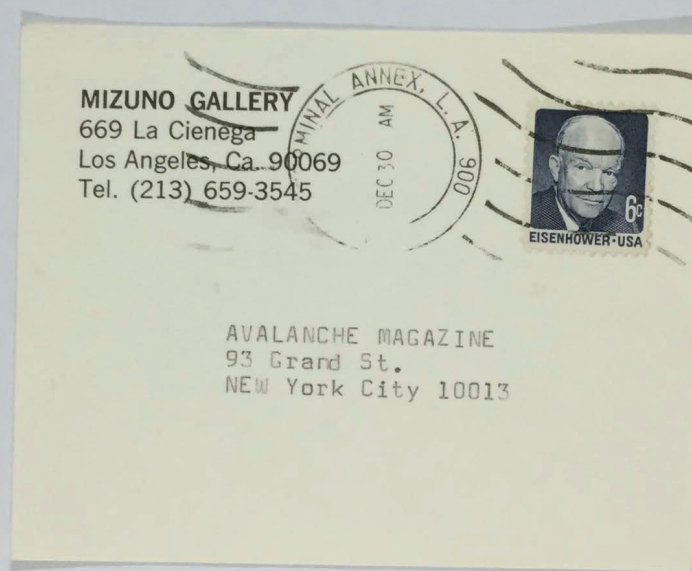
## CHRIS BURDEN

A book documenting the work of Chris Burden, 1971-73, is being published. Fifty signed 8x10 color and black and white photographs with text are arranged in a loose-leaf notebook. The edition is limited to fifty. The first ten will be priced at two hundred dollars each. The book will be on display at the Mizuno Gallery, January 3-19, 1974.



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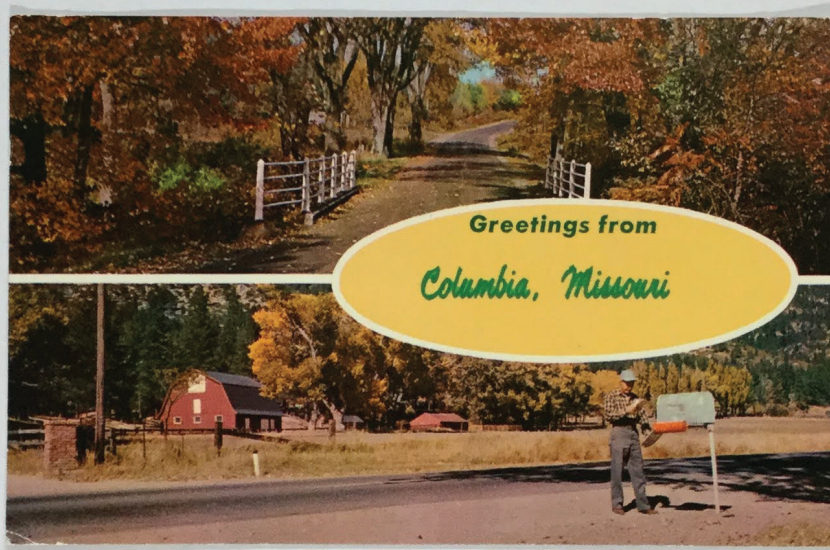
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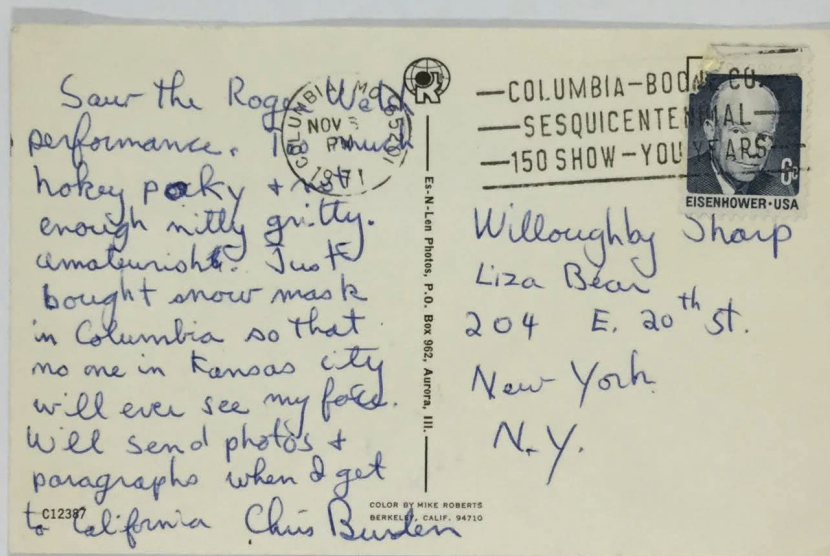
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Chris Burden/Liza Bear/White Light White Heat/3/2/75/93 Grand street  
Memorex 90, second tape, side one.

000

ISOLATION Liza: What did you miss most about the outside world?

Chris: Just seeing people? Looking at them. A couple of  
times I got a glimpse of Ron taking the ladder away as a  
reflection in the window.....it was strange.

Liza: So all you saw was a human hand picking up a bottle?

Chris: Yeah.....it was a little weird.

Liza: You've never been in a situation like that before.

Chris: In the Locker piece I could see through the louvre,  
not real good, but if they sat down. . .

Liza: In the Disappearing piece you didn't....

Chris: Well, I W saw people in the street.

Liza: Did you miss that more than not being able to talk, do  
you think?

Chris: Well, not talking to people's so obvious that I didn't  
say it. But that's the crux of the piece, so I can't...

Liza: So you couldn't even consider that.

Chris: A couple of times I saw people (in a reflection) and  
I was shocked by it.



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B/I/2

044

Liza: So you'd set yourself as an objective, cutting off all human contact..... Is that how you put it to yourself?

Chris: I dunno. Something like that.....~~XXX~~I dunno. Because people could talk to me, and I'd listen, obviously. That's hu...

Liza: You weren't just isolating yourself, either.

Chris: That's contact of a sort, having their conversation directed at you.

061~~2~~

Liza: ~~XXXXXX~~ (cut) Maybe this is an art analogue of a religious retreat. That's more like it, isn't it. (cut)

Chris: The piece really came out of a piece ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ of I've been thinking doing in California for a couple of years in that little loft (at the back of my studio in Venice): cleaning out all the plumbing and the ladder so that there's just a ~~XXX~~ white bare room and lying up on that platform...

Liza: In total isolation?

PASSIVITY

Chris: Right, and leaving that front door open onto the boardwalk--being passive and accepting whatever happened,



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B/I/3

091

*even*

if people came in and started to live in the space.

When I was in New York (last fall) I kept thinking,

I'm going back to California and this is one of the

things I'd like to do. Then the show at Feldman's

came up, and two months on a platform seemed pretty

extreme. It was cut back to a month, and that still

seemed too long. It wasn't about an endurance.....

It was an endurance feat, okay, but not to me,

because I've already done something like that, so I

wasn't trying to set a record....I wasn't record-breaking.

Liza: Did your life situation have anything to do

with the timing of ~~your~~ the piece or was that a ~~xxx~~

coincidence?

Chris: Well, I conceived of the piece before.....

*got too*

Liza: Your life ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ complicated...

Chris: N<sup>o</sup>, my life was complicated and I was leaving to

go to California but I had no idea the complications would

go on so long. I figured, I'm going ~~xxx~~ back to California

and within a matter of weeks, (things are) probably going

to be decided. Or I didn't even know.....



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B/I/4

133 Liza: When you left New York to go back to California, had you decided exactly what you were going to do at Feldman's?

Chris: Yes.

Liza: You told Ron you were going to build a triangular platform and live there for twenty-two days?

Chris: I hadn't decided on the 22 days, that came later.

And it wasn't a 100% definite. But it was pretty definite...

yeah, it was. It just seemed real appropriate for this time--not the time in my personal life, but the time in my art life. I'd never done that kind of a piece in New York, I'd only done that really short one at Greene Street, and this seemed like a nice counter...

Liza:....which dealt with your public myth...

Chris: ....balance. This piece dealt with my public myth too.

WXXXXXXXXX

Liza: W In what way?

Chris: Well, in my head. In my head, it was like...you come into the gallery and...

INVISIBILITYLiza: Oh, because no one could see you.



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B/I/5

XXX166

INVISIBILITY

Chris: Say someone had never heard of me. They come into the gallery, see the paperback book--this is all kind of dumb but--read through the paperback book, walk in the room, see the platform, ~~and the logical conclusion is that I'm there~~ (and the next jump is, He's up there. That's the logical step.) To me, it seems that anybody who knew my reputation would know I was ~~up~~ up there. They wouldn't have to be told... I wouldn't expect them to walk into the gallery and say, Gee, Chris' stopped doing performance pieces and he's making minimal sculpture.

Liza: But did you hear a lot of references to mimnimalism? That seems rather funny,

Chris: Oh yeah. ~~That was part of the piece. That's what~~

*But really had more*  
the title was about. ~~It has~~ to do with me being from

California. That was an Irwin=Turrell....

Liza:...reference..

Chris: Right.

Liza: I thought the title was ambiguous---a reference to your being on the spot, and under those ~~W~~ hot white lights.

Chris: Right; but it was a pun on LA sensibility for me,



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B/I/6

because I'm not what those guys are about, but I made the structure(of the platform) like ~~their~~ <sup>environmental</sup> pieces, ~~but~~ and put myself there too, which totally changes it.

Liza: So it was more a pun on LA sensibility than a backward nod to minimalism?

Chris: Yeah, for me it was.

Liza: Well, but look at who's made pieces in a corner.

Beuys, Morris, who else. ....Why did you choose the corner?

Chris: Er.....well, any other place seemed awkward.

Liza: So just for formal reasons.

Chris: Otherwise I would have had to suspend a platform from the ceiling: *There could have been four edges instead of one*

Liza: You hadn't decide to fast before you left New York.

How central was fasting to the piece?

Chris: Well, the ~~XX~~ reason I fasted....there were several reasons. One was to cut down ~~XX~~ human contact.to the minimum.

Liza: ~~For~~ reasons of economy...to once a day?

Chris: ...Twice <sup>a</sup> day. Pick up the urine bottles, put up the water and the juice. Otherwise, they'd have to worry about sandwiches--"I wonder what he'd like today." *Then it could*



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B/I/7

wanted  
 someone  
 to sense  
 my presence  
 not leaving  
 alone?  
 not  
 really  
 that

Then it would kind of get messy.

(Inaudible until end of tape.)

Liza: What were some of the other reasons ~~for fasting?~~

Chris: Well, I ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ figured intuitively it  
 would be ~~XXXXX~~ a way of making it easier to <sup>achieve</sup> reach  
 a <sup>psychic experience</sup> (purer emotional state) (more spiritual state of mind)

fasting could facilitate that

Liza: But you didn't do any research on it before  
 you did the piece,...

Chris: No. I was checked over by a doctor, a friend  
 of Feldman's, and he ~~XXXX~~ said celery juice was the  
 best thing to take. Apple or orange juice would  
 in very small quantities  
 have screwed up my ~~XXXX~~ system.

Liza: So you weren't that concerned with the effects  
 that fasting would have on you?



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B/I/8

(From Memory)

Liza: When you said before you felt really happy with the piece, what were you thinking of?

Chris: Well, the exactness of it was one thing. The lip at the edge of it, down the long side was just high enough to hide me from a person's line of sight and

~~not~~ no more. \* Also there were a lot of people who don't necessarily have anything to do with the artwork. So I had a really good response to it.

Liza: What were you lying on, a piece of foam?

Chris: Yeah, a thin piece of foam, <sup>and a sheet</sup> The platform itself had a drop in it, so that during the day time I was actually lying in an area about <sup>three</sup> ~~four~~ feet across, and I was about two feet from the ceiling.

\* I knew that people couldn't see me and yet it was hard for me to believe it because I just had to raise my head a little bit to be visible. So the platform was open.

One edge  
in the  
of  
just



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Chris Burden/Sony Tape/White Heat ~~XXXX~~/White Light

Liza: What else did you have up there apart from pencil and paper? Something to wash with?

Chris: Those wash'n Dry things. *toilettes*.

Liza: Did you have a change of clothes?

Chris: I had underpants and a T-shirt, and I had some blankets in case it got cold. It never got cold, *so I never used them.*

Liza: Did you feel dirty?

Chris: No, just dry. My skin felt ~~XXXX~~ tight and I'd freshen up with that stuff which has alcohol in it and I don't think that helped. One day Freda brought some hand lotion and that was really nice.

Liza: Did you have a hairbrush?

Chris: No.

Liza: Boy, you didn't even have a mountaineer's kit.

Did you feel horny?...A lot?

Chris: Well, you know.....

Liza: You might have felt so weak as not to feel anything...

Chris: That's a good question....

Liza: You might have stopped wanti<sup>n</sup>g altogether.....



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c2

Chris: No, I felt really horny. <sup>During</sup> the  $\frac{1}{2}$  piece I did  
in Baja Mexico--I was gone for ten or eleven days--I never  
felt like jerking off or anything. Maybe <sup>in that</sup> ~~it was~~ the heat,  
it was 120°, maybe you just don't. <sup>But here</sup> Sexual fantasies were...

Liza: ...abundant. [Did you fantasize about the people who  
came into the gallery?

Chris: No, mostly about one person.]

Liza: Well, you were in a very restricted space and you were  
lying down.

Chris: Sometimes I had sexual fantasies about some of the  
people that worked in the  $\frac{1}{2}$  gallery.

Liza: Do you think three weeks is a long time to be ~~XXXXXX~~  
~~XXXXXX~~

Chris: ~~XXXX~~ To be sexually abstinent? No.

Liza: It should be, though!

Chris: Yeah, I agree, it should be.

Liza: (~~It should feel like a long time.~~) My stomach is rumbling.

Are you hungry? You seem less tired than you did this afternoon.

Chris: I'm physically tired but I feel better. I didn't  
go to sleep until four, <sup>and at nine o'clock I was up.</sup> ~~then I woke up at nine~~



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C3

OMIT THIS PAGE.

Liza: What did you do?

Chris: Waited for half-an-hour until the phone rang, talked [to B.]  
til twelve o'clock, then called you.

Liza: (laughs) Well, that took care of your day.

Chris: It's okay. I have a little leisure coming. Today.  
Even when I go back, I think I'm going to go to the desert  
(cut) for a couple of days.

Liza: It sounds pretty under control to me.

Chris: Yeah it is. I'm really proud of that. I always have  
doubts about...

Liza: (laughs) I'm going to use you as an example....

"See, they figured it out."

Chris: It's weird, these socks aren't mine. I came out  
(off the platform) and these socks were in my boots, so I  
just put them on.

Liza: What were you wearing when you went up?

Chris: I had ~~my~~ my black socks on, a white T-shirt,  
my pants and no belt, and I immediately took my pants off,  
and I never came down. I th. whole time T was up there.



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c4

Liza: But you kept your underpants on.

Chris: Yeah....Some days I wouldn't get dressed at all.

I'd stay in bed, if you know what I mean. (laughs) And some days I'd get dressed, which meant putting on my underpants and T-shirt.

Liza: How much did you sleep, did you sleep during the daytime at all?

Chris: Uh.....I didn't sleep exactly, I went into these kind of weird (semi-conscious) ....you know that state before sleep, but it never went into sleep.

Liza: Did you dream a lot during those states?

Chris: No. They were really nice. I didn't dream, there was no tension. The times I'd dream were always in the early morning. Then I'd wake up and have dreams, and remember them.

Liza: Did you sleep more than you normally do?

Chris: No, I don't think so.

Liza: How much do you sleep usually?

Chris: About nine hours. I think I slept ~~XXXX~~ less than I usually do.



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c/c5

Liza: Well, you weren't spending that much energy.

Did you ever miss a night's sleep?

Chris: Did I tell you about the times I was pissed and angry? Those nights I had trouble getting to sleep, I didn't get to sleep until one, one-thirty.....

Liza: (That's not exactly missing a night's sleep,)

Chris: Oh, and another...I remember a routine now, a physical routine: I'd always wake up at about four-thirty in the morning, and I'd be awake for a while, and it was a shock, because I really like going to sleep. From about ten on I'd start relaxing and getting into going to sleep. I had my watch, I told you that, right? But I was always checking [because it was interesting to me] to have that watch and check I'd check every hour. So I got more ~~W~~ aware than I am in normal life of what time it is. Not out of boredom, but..

Liza: Since you were so isolated, the high point of your day must have been that human contact at six, musn't it?

Chris: Well, the two high points were the bottle transfers at ten and at six.

Liza: So between ten and six was your working day.



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c6

Chris: Right, people came into the gallery. I had to

~~XXX~~ lie very still and concentrate. It was work. --Anytime anybody was there.

You  
Liza: ~~XXX~~ were on.

Chris: Right. I had to listen to what was going ~~XX~~ on, because it was interesting.

Liza: Did you think about other things too during working hours?

Chris: Yes, but I'd lose it if it got really interesting in there, if people were talking about the piece. Sometimes I was in total hysterics up there.

Liza: You never felt tempted to answer back.

Chris: No. People would ~~XXXX~~ walk around for twenty minutes/saying, "Say something, I know you're there."

Liza: Was that easy to stick to?

Chris: Yeah, that wasn't hard. I was tempted to come down the ladder <sup>though.</sup> ~~every XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ three or four days I'd have a...

Liza: Physical urge to stretch your legs?

Chris: No, not a physical urge. I'd think, Does it really



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c8

Chris: I doodled sometimes on the woodwork. Oh, there's something I should tell you. On the drop in the platform I had the days written out, so that <sup>I had</sup> ~~there was~~ a visual chart. Every morning <sup>after</sup> ~~XXXX~~ I woke up I would cross off one day.

Liza: But you never felt tempted to make a notation about your state of mind or anything? You don't usually draw, do you?

Chris: Oh, these were just doodles. Paint was splattered on some of the wood and I would just run the pencil around the paint. I didn't do very much ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ <sup>big</sup> ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ work on it any one day, so it was a doodle this big ....

Liza: ....that took you three weeks to do.

Chris: (laughs)

Liza: Is the shelf still up there?

Chris: Yeah.

Liza: When is it coming down?

Chris: Tomorrow. I'm going to have them chop out the chart. I also wrote next to it: "This sculpture, a work of Chris Burden." So I'm going to have them chop it out with a saw.

Liza: Do you think it can be sold?



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c9

Chris: I don't know. I keep things though from the pieces,  
There might be a fantasy of selling them, but I don't always  
keep them from every piece, so.....It's sort of fun to do.  
I wonder what time it is.

Liza: It's twelve-thirty.

Chris: Really?

END.



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That's the prime problem with test situations like that.

Chris: The test changes the context.

Liza: Yeah, it changes the whole context in X which decisions take place. Maybe that's why you were right to feel guilty, because isolating yourself within a problem changes the problem: the <sup>triangle</sup> X situation doesn't exist inside a clean glass tube, ~~XXXXXXXX~~ it's made up of all kinds of live paraphernalia. The more real decision-making occurs in an action-loaded context.

Chris: Yes, but the way my thoughts were drifting <sup>during the piece</sup> / wasn't totally conditioned by the way I felt physically or <sup>but</sup> my mood.

The first week I was thinking about change and then I would drift back to ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ <sup>(sticking things out)</sup> <sup>(A. would fade out)</sup> <sup>(The possibility of change</sup> <sup>the very thing we see.</sup> would fade) And I took that as a sign.

~~XXXXXX~~ Liza: But do you think the structure of your life can ever be the same <sup>again?</sup>

Chris: (cut) ~~The problem is that I don't have a history with A~~ <sup>R</sup>  
(The problem is that a new relationship doesn't have a history. <sup>P</sup>

Liza: So you'll have to make one. Oh, <sup>I see</sup> that doesn't excite you.

Chris: ~~XXXXXX~~ Well, it's hard for me to foresee it.

Liza: Well, you're trying to see in your mind's eye something



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which has yet to be created. On that line of ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ argument  
~~no one~~  
you would never do anything new. And that's why maybe your  
pieces are about making yourself experience something you don't  
know about, because you have a ~~XXXX~~ fear of the future, or o f how  
to make things happen....I'm just guessing...You're scared  
of the future, is that ~~XXXX~~ <sup>true?</sup>

Chris: Yeah, yeah.

Liza: So what your pieces do is to [control a section of the  
future, or set ~~XXXX~~ up a co~~n~~trolled situation for experiencing  
new things (states of mind). And since you've set up ~~XX~~ all  
the conditions very minutely, yourself, that keeps the fear  
in check. You're scared of emotional change.

Chris: I don't know why.

(Cut) (Scenes from a Marriage)

Liza: I guess what I'm saying is they weren't very imaginative.....  
about their whole lives....They just weren't flexible enough,  
so of course any structure they set up would develop cracks  
and crevices because it ~~XX~~ was too rigid. That's all. I've  
forgotten why I brought that up, the Bergman thing. Wasting tape.

(Cut) (Acconci's piece Air Time, at Sonnabend)



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CORRECTIONS

These are all (Burden)  
(peg) that weren't corrected.

PRESS ROMAN BOLD 10/11 x 16

- ① Or that's very focused.
- ② ~~was~~ helping me than watching; for 747, there was no
- ③ What they remember most. My pieces have
- ④ CB: But sometimes it's funny how far off I am.  
I mean, the illusion in 747 of how loud that

PRESS ROMAN Medium 10/11 x 16

- ⑤ time. The locker measurements were 2 ft. high, 2 ft.  
wide, 3 ft. deep. I stopped eating several days

PRESS ROMAN MEDIUM 10/11 x 51

- ⑥ 12 ft. away.

PRESS ROMAN ITALICS 10/11

- ⑦ 747

(aa)

Andrea: There are corrections  
that were marked but  
not done.

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BURDEN CAPTIONS

PRESS ROMAN MEDIUM

10/11 x 16

BED PIECE, Market Street, Venice, California,

February 18-March 10, 1972. Photo: Gary

Beydler.

Josh Young asked me to do a piece for the

Market Street Program in Venice. I told him

I would need a single bed in the gallery.

At noon on February 18, I took off my clothes

and got into the bed. I had given no other

instructions and did not speak to anyone ~~during~~

during the piece. On his own initiative,

Josh Young had to provide food, water, and

toilet facilities. I remained in bed for

22 days until March 10.



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CORRECTIONS

PRESS ROMAN BOLD 10/11 x 16

Or that's very focused.

:::

What they remember most. My pieces have

CB: But sometimes it's funny how far off I am.  
I mean,,~~the~~ illusion in 747 of how loud that

PRESS ROMAN Medium 10/11 x 16

time. The locker measurements were 2 ft. high, 2 ft.  
wide, 3 ft. deep. I stopped eating several days

PRESS ROMAN MEDIUM 10/11 x 51

12 ft. away.

PRESS ROMAN ITALICS

747



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Chris Burden/White Heat White Light/March 2 1975/

Sunday 1:30 pm, walking to the Market Diner.

Chris Burden: . . .the room was pretty empty, there wasn't much to look at. . .when I was up there, I kept on looking down at night, and it ~~wasn't~~ didn't seem I was up very high, but when I came down yesterday, I realized that I'd been much higher than I thought.

Liza Bear: The platform was at a height of about ten feet, wasn't it?

Chris: Yes, but it didn't seem that high. But when I came down, and looked up, I realized that I'd been higher than I'd imagined myself being. I think it had to do with my paranoia about people jumping up, climbing up (to try to see me).... which happened.

Liza: Oh, some people did?

Chris: Let's see, two people saw me up there: one was a child lifted on to his father's shoulders, checking out the scene for the family. The other ~~was~~ was a young guy who came in during the first few days with some other guys and they boosted him up. Those were the only two people.



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~~XXXXXXXXXX~~

Liza: They were determined to see.

Chris: Yeah. . .A lot of people were determined to see, but never really carried it out. I dunno. It pissed me off, but it wrecked the piece for them, so. . .

Liza: Wrecked it for them?

Chris: Sure. You <sup>knew</sup> ~~XXXX~~ I was up there. . .

Liza: That wasn't an issue for one moment, to me.

Chris: But to some people it was, and they were the people who had to see. Not art people.

Liza: One of Jackie's Hunter College students said it was like going ~~IX~~ to church and being told God ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~. . .

Chris: . . .was there. I remember that girl. . .

Liza: Oh you do. Did she say that out loud in the gallery?

Chris: Yeah. . .It really got bad on Thursday night, the worst thing that happened (during the whole show). This girl came in and asked Peggy if she could take photographs. Peggy said no, Chris doesn't want photographs taken, and she said, "But I'm an artist, and this is a public place," and got all huffy.

Liza: Yeah?



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Chris: So Peggy said, go talk with Ron, so she waited around,  
<sup>she couldn't</sup>  
and Ron tried to explain to her why, and finally she convinced  
them she was an artist, and she was just going~~x~~ to use the  
photographs for her own work, so Peggy made her ~~XXXX~~ sign this  
little thing. . .

Liza: That she wouldn't have them published?

Chris: Yeah, or use them for money, just photographs of the  
platform, right. And Ron explained to her carefully that the  
guy from the Voice <sup>had</sup> wanted to have a scoop with a picture of me  
on the platform, and that definitely wasn't allowed. So she came  
back into the room, fooled around with the strobe, just being a  
jerk, taking a real long time. And then all of a sudden, man, the  
camera <sup>(eye was)</sup> ~~XXXX~~ popped right ~~XX~~ there, ~~X~~ right in front of my face,  
<sup>lens</sup>  
and she started taking pictures....

Liza: (gasp)

Chris: ...and there was nothing I could do about it. Peggy and the  
~~XXXXXX~~ others weren't in the room. . .

Liza: And you couldn't yell out.

Chris: I couldn't yell out, and my heart started to...I was so  
pissed. Then Peggy came in, thank God, and caught her taking <sup>one</sup> ~~them~~



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Liza: How did she jump up?

Chris: She <sup>she had the camera on a tripod with a really long cable release</sup> had <sup>it on</sup> a tripod, it was ~~XXXXXX~~ simple, so she shot up

the tripod and she had <sup>really</sup> a/long cable release, she just went tchhhh....

Liza: She was obviously working for a paper. Did they find out which one?

Chris: No, no.

Liza: So what did they do, did they grab the film from her?

Chris: Oh, there was this huge scene, and she claimed .....

Feldman said, you're not getting out of the gallery with the film, and she started screaming, I'm going to call the police, ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ I'm sleeping herex.

Liza: Really. She was probably on assignment from some really <sup>who</sup> seedy paper ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ said, Look, don't come back without some shots of the guy.....

Chris: ~~(I'm so happy they CAUGHT HER...)~~ A lot of people took pictures against the rules.

Liza: What were the rules?

Chris: Well, people were asked not to take photographs at all.

Liza: Even of the platform. Why not?

Chris: I didn't really care, but just as a precaution. And in this



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case it ~~XX~~ was really a good thing we did that because ~~XXX~~  
the ~~XX~~ girl had to ask for special permission, and if she  
hadn't, she would just have walked in there, ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~  
waited a second, popped the camera up and split.... At least  
four people a day took pictures of ~~us~~. the platform.

Liza: Oh yeah. . . (We're nearly there.)

Chris: It's really weird, some people were really able to make  
the connection between Keith's piece and mine.

Liza: What connection?

Chris: I can't exactly spell it out, but somehow that one was  
the opposite and the other.

Liza: Yeah, that's what I said.

Chris: Like two angles . . .  
They were complementary or something, two angles on .....

Liza: We talked about it after the openings because they were on  
the same day. We had a big Indian dinner afterwards and some  
people felt strange about eating, because of your piece.

Chris: (laughs)

Liza: Well, it didn't last for too long. I think I got over it in  
about half-an-hour.

Chris: I didn't mean to keep people from eating.



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Liza: Huh? Oh, of course not, but if you're nervous and affected by something, you don't feel like eating, it wasn't direct empathy....It was a sort of celebration of your opening too, because both were fairly quiet and ~~similarly~~ difficult.....People were scared by Keith's piece and yours too.

Chris: Scared?

Liza: Yes, because he threw/<sup>open</sup> the whole question of people, strangers, relating to each other without <sup>knowing</sup> ~~seeing~~ each other.....In your piece they could talk at you without seeing you, (it was more asymmetrical)

Chris: (reads sign) "Experienced waitress wanted."

Liza: Al Ruppersberg needs a job. ..Oh great, the table in the back

~~xxx~~ corner is empty, ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ you can get some sun....

~~XXXXXX~~ You know what's good here? I don't know if you like it.

The Nova Scotia Lox.

Chris: Oh yeah, I do. That's the first thing I <sup>saw</sup> ~~looked at~~ on the menu.

Liza: Let's see, ~~and~~ Jackie would say you should probably have some grapefruit juice.

Waitress: You almost ready?



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Chris: The worst thing about that piece to me is I almost feel guilty about it.

Liza: Guilty?

Chris: Well, in a funny way. It was hard a lot of the time, but it was also very luxurious.

Liza: ~~Not having to deal with your problems.~~ Because you cut yourself off from your life situation.

Chris: Yeah.

Liza: Did you think of it partly as a stretch of time in which <sup>to</sup> ~~you could~~ work things out in your head?

Chris: ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ (doubtfully) Yeah. . .

Liza: Are you having problems adjusting to the light?

Chris: It was weird, that was the only thing I thought about.

Liza: Light?

Chris: No, <sup>8</sup>

Liza: Oh, the situation. (

Chris: I'd wake up at four thirty in the morning and.....It was all I thought about. (~~It was kind of weird.~~)

Liza: Didn't you think that would happen?

Chris: Well....

Liza: You thought you'd think about your work?



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Chris: I kept thinking I should be thinking about <sup>my work</sup> ~~that~~. That  
it was "wasting time" ~~XXX~~ thinking about <sup>the situation</sup> it.

Liza: How did the rhythm of your thinking develop? Did you find  
you were circling around, <sup>going</sup> through the same system of thoughts?

Chris: <sup>I'd go through the same thoughts but have</sup>  
Mmmmmmmmmmm..... <sup>different feelings about them.</sup>

Liza: Were you conscious of a certain rhythm developing?

Chris: Well, there was a physical rhythm to the gallery which  
affected me.

Liza: What was that like?

Chris: Oh, I was entertained by all those people coming in and  
talking about me, about the piece. It was incredibly entertaining.

The things people say! A couple walked in, they're in their fifties,

"Well, dear, they call this art. I was at Pace Gallery and I

~~XXX~~ saw this sculpture by Bob Irwin, and this is the same thing.

It's just design, it's just design". They had no idea who I was.

"It's just a triangle with shadows on the walls. This isn't art."

Then they asked, very indignant, is this the show? And Peggy <sup>said,</sup> ~~says,~~

He's up there. The artist is up there, staying up there for 22 days.

That kind of shook them. Then they saw my book hanging up there,



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and they read every single explanation in my paperback book  
out loud....

Liza: ....in incredulous tones.

Chris: "Listen to this one." Every single one. It was incredible.  
I was cracking up.

~~XXXXX~~ (The waitress returns.)

Liza: You'd like us to order.

Waitress; You don't have to now...

Liza: I think we want to,

Chris: I'll have the Nova Scotia Lox.

Waitress; Sandwich?

Chris: ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ Yeah, I guess so.

Liza: Don't you want it on a bagel?

Chris: Oh yeah, do you have it on a bagel?

Waitress: ~~XXXXXXXX~~ Yes.

Chris: Okay, with cream cheese.

Waitress: That's cream cheese for the money, right? That means  
you get a lot ~~of~~....

Chris: ~~more~~ <sup>... more</sup> As opposed to....you get a little anyway.

Liza: The orange juice is fresh, the rest is in cans. <sup>other juices are</sup>



Liza: I'd like poached eggs with whole wheat toast and a small orange juice and a coffee.

Chris: No, the first day was pretty entertaining. I got up there at ten... it was an opening. There was <sup>a guy</sup> ~~somebody~~ from Popular

"I get it, I get it"...When he comes down, let him contact me. ~~XXX~~

dollars for this guy." There was a chick from the ~~XX~~Soho Weekly

News who bugged Feldman for about two hours, just a total jerk, not

the one who did the interview. SXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ She got really angry, said (we) were ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~

like babies, putting ourselves in situations ~~XX~~ where people had to

take care of us. It was just so off-base....There were a lot of

people there the first day. I realized it was going to be okay, I

was going to be able to take it / physically for twenty-two days.



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Liza: You realized that right away?

Chris: Pretty much. Within the first two days.

Liza: When did you start feeling hungry?

Chris: Uh, I started feeling really hungry about a week and a half later.

Liza: Had you been eating quite well ~~XXXX~~ before or just regularly?

Chris: No, just regularly.

Liza: But you weren't sleeping too well the week before.

Chris: No.

Liza: So you were tired when you got up there.

Chris: Yeah. But I didn't sleep more than I normally do. I slept maybe eight or nine hours a day.

(Waitress brings Chris' order.)

Chris: Oh, thank you.

Liza: (laughs) The small wonders of the world.

Chris: It got bad towards the end, the last Sunday and Monday.

People didn't come in on ~~a~~ Monday and it pissed me off.

Liza: You missed your input. You resented it. I never knew

~~XXXX~~Feldman was open on Mondays.

Chris: Yeah. Which is the reason why ~~XXXX~~ nobody comes, nobody



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knows. But still, it ~~XXXXXX~~ got to me. I thought, "Here I am, goddammit, I'm here....." And then a couple of nights I got really angry, incredibly angry. I don't know whether it was a chemical thing or what. Just angry about my art career. I was so angry. ...

Liza: About what you were doing?

Chris: No no no no. Not about having to do that piece, but about the way the books were selling .....

Liza: Oh, you mean little gripes.

Chris: Right.

(Waitress brings coffee.) Want some cream?

Chris: It was a real bad depression. It was incredible, I was up there, ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ absolutely angry out of my mind, frothing with <sup>rage</sup> anger.....Normally you could do something, go out and and get a drink and forget about it....

Liza: So how did you deal with it? Wait for it to pass?

Chris: Yeah.

Liza: Did you have a second take on yourself?

Chris: Oh yeah, I realized what an incredible situation it was, <sup>that it was really unique</sup>

here I was angry, and there was nothing I could do to vent it. I



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Couldn't say anything to anybody. It was all internal. *I considered throwing the bottles off the platform, but I didn't*

Liza:

~~XXXX~~ Did you talk out loud at all?

Chris: Once, to see if I could mouthe the words.

(XXXX)

Liza: Only once?

Chris: Maybe twice.

Liza: Was that difficult? What did you say?

Chris: Oh, I can't ~~XXXXXX~~ remember. Some days I'd be really happy. It's not that I wasn't getting any input, because Ron *such and such an* would come into the gallery and say, this article came out or something....

Liza: He wasn't talking to you, was he?

Chris: Yeah. He was one of the *few* ~~only~~ people who could do it successfully. He'd come in when the gallery was closing and it was like the six o'clock news. "Well Chris, things are going pretty well, so-and-s~~h~~ called, the piece is doing really well." He'd carry this on for ten or fifteen minutes. He'd walk around and think and talk. *He said later.*

Liza: Did anyone else try to do that?

Chris: Let's see, Andy Mann was up there. He's very boisterous, and he talked out loud. But most ~~the~~ people couldn't. *Only a few tried.*



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Liza: It must feel like talking on radio, when you get no feedback.

Did you get to depend on Feldman's round-up of events?

Chris: Most of the information I knew already, 90% of everything he said I'd heard in the gallery directly, so it was a repeat.

Liza: what was your daily routine?

Chris: The gallery opened at ten, and the ~~XXXXXXX~~ gallery people had a stepladder and they could go up but not look, take away the urine bottles, put the <sup>distilled water bottles and distilled water</sup> juice up. They also did that in the evening when they closed.

Liza: Didn't your digestion get fucked up?

Chris: I got constipated.

Liza: Did you get headaches?

Chris: No. My stomach was always rumbling. I kept on looking at myself, "Jesus Christ, I'm not eating and I'm not losing weight, what's the story."

*I probably only lost six or seven pounds altogether.*

Liza: Well, you weren't getting any exercise.

Chris: I wasn't doing anything, I was just lying there. They left the ladder up at night too. So I could have come down if I had wanted to.

Liza: Did you ever?



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Chris: No.

Liza: Not once?

Chris: No. I figured, if <sup>I came</sup> you ~~come~~ down once, pretty soon <sup>I would</sup> you're-  
~~going to~~ be getting extra juice out of the ice-box, <sup>I had</sup> you've got  
to draw a line somewhere, and the line <sup>was</sup> ~~in~~ the edge of the platform.

One night a funny thing happened. Before I ~~XXXX~~ went up there

~~XXXX~~ someone at the gallery said, the phones should be taken off the  
hook at night, and everybody poohpooched it. Well, sure enough, one  
night ~~the~~ phone started ringing.

Liza: You thought it was for you?

Chris: No....well, after the twentieth ring, I realized that

somebody was <sup>out to get me</sup> ~~playing a little joke~~ ....By accident I had my watch

with me...it was nine:twenty-five. I said, I'll let it ring 'til ten:

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ this is what constitutes an emergency and after

that I'll have to do come down and do something about it: Not take

the phone off the hook, because that would give the caller

satisfaction, but muffle the phone or disconnect the bell. So I

waited and waited and it was really pretty intense. At five to

ten the phone stopped ringing.

Liza: Someone was really questioning your integrity. Trying to



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catch you out prowling ~~raround~~ downstairs.

Waitress: Poached eggs on whole wheat toast. →

Liza: Thank you. Could you bring him some lemon? →

Chris: It was like a personal triumph. I couldn't have stayed up there all night hearing the phone ring. It's like a Chinese water torture. I almost went down right away after ten minutes, Ten minutes of a phone ringing, you know how long that is?

It really pissed me off because I'd made a resolution to stay up there, and here was an external thing that was trying to force me to break that. Like that camera sticking up and the shutter..... Later people in the gallery told me that when someone weird came in they kept an eye on them, but I was never aware of that....

One person  
Van-Schley scared me, pacing around with his cowboy boots. I thought ~~at~~ this guy's going to do something, and sure enough ~~something~~ came whizzing out of the air, ~~XXX~~ hit me on the head and it was a box of Ex-Lax.

Liza: Did it help?

Chris: I didn't take it. Afterwards I realized he'd done it as a kindness, but at the time I thought it was a ~~EX~~ nasty joke and this was going to be the beginning, people were going to start throwing



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things up. The article in ~~TIME~~ Time came out, and then in the Voice, and all of a sudden that week there was a heavy influx of non-art people, guys who did little dances....

Liza: Who tried to needle you, [~~the nicest thing about the piece was this feeling of triumph....~~]

Liza: Do you want a coffee? Tea? Milk?

Chris: Yeah.

Liza: (to waitress) A glass of milk.

Chris: You could hear everything in that room, it's like an echo chamber. ~~These~~ <sup>Max</sup> Guys would sit still to see if they could hear me moving around on the platform, just moving my head on the pillow. But I knew I had them all beat. I can stay still longer than anybody.

Liza: You didn't have any doubts about the physical endurance aspect of the piece, did you? Because your earlier work has prepared <sup>you</sup> for that. You're probably qualified to be an astronaut <sup>by</sup> now.

Chris: I've been thinking about that <sup>for</sup> a long time. I'm going to be the first art astronaut.

~~Liza: Oh, you have been thinking about it.~~

Chris: That's <sup>what</sup> my studio is in Venice: that little room in the back--



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training.

Liza: How serious are you about it?

Chris: Oh, it's just kind of a joke-fantasy.

Liza: Except it doesn't seem like quite such a joke now. You

might actually want to go up <sup>have soon</sup> to the moon. . . Was it hard lying

still all that time?

Chris: During the day? Yeah, sure, because I either had to lie

on my back or my stomach. I couldn't lie on my side because I

<sup>if I just lie</sup> would have been seen. If somebody came in, I had to wait until

they left before I turned over, and sometimes that was hours.

That was a drag, especially if I wanted to take a piss because

my kidneys would start hurting. But on the whole it wasn't that

hard physically. ~~XXXX~~ The piece I did in Salt Lake City, hanging

on the museum wall, that was physically very painful....I've done

other pieces which involved more physical endurance.....There's

a <sup>in long</sup> weird thing that happens ~~in~~ pieces like this and the ~~XX~~ Bed piece

that has to do with time. When I start, it seems as though it's

going to be forever. Three weeks ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~. . . . when

you're not doing anything. You know rationally that one day it's



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going to be over, but emotionally you ~~don't accept~~ <sup>can't believe</sup> that, you can't foresee the end. It's kind of a creepy feeling, because it's like a model for life....The only thing that's forever is when you're dead, right. <sup>?</sup> ~~XXXXX~~ I'm almost thirty, and I kept on thinking,

(the first week represents the first third of my life) . . . .  
LB: Did you ever get so preoccupied <sup>your thoughts</sup> / with ~~what you were thinking~~ about that you forgot you were up there? That you lost a sense of the piece or your constricted physical environment?

Chris: It's hard to answer exactly ... when I was thinking about ~~my~~ <sup>the people in a sim close to right now</sup> ~~emotional relationships~~, yes I would. When my head was totally <sup>the love triangle</sup> into that, everything else ~~was normal~~. Or it seemed normal. (natural)

I guess that's <sup>closer to</sup> what I meant earlier, when I said I felt guilty because it was easy. It didn't seem strange at all for me to be up there...."I have this week, and I have next week, and I have the week after to think about this, it's fantastic. And nothing

can happen that would change the situation." So I would say, <sup>my life</sup> Oh you don't have to reach a decision today, don't worry, you can think about it <sup>again</sup> tomorrow...

Liza: Did ~~XX~~ the same thoughts keep on coming back, or did the whole complexion of your thinking change as the days went ~~XX~~ by? Were you thinking different thoughts?



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Chris: There was something, but I can't....I'll think about it some more.

Liza: Okay. Isn't that partly why you did this piece?

To "get your head in a different place?" *That's such a*  
~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~  
 isn't it?  
~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ funny expression, Because it's a totally physical  
~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ representation of X mental activity. It's just  
 the ultimate metaphor.

Chris: Well, emotionally I kind of drifted back towards  
~~the status quo~~ *has been* (the way my life ~~is~~ structured now). But if *until recently.*  
~~I was in a really good mood, then I'd (think more about the~~  
~~a completely new structure living arrangement~~  
~~possibility of things changing).~~ *He possibly* ~~believe in's~~  
 (laughs) *with another person* ~~He other person~~ *into*  
 Liza: Isn't that kind of significant? So you arrived at what *real*

~~XXX~~ you would be clinging onto out of need.

Chris: Yeah.

Liza: And for security.

Chris: Yeah.

*within And if I did you had*  
 Liza: Prior knowledge.

Chris: Yeah, but it was more than that. I started having dreams  
 that paralleled the emotional drift .....If there was a rhythm,



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it was like.....when I felt good, <sup>I thought that</sup> ~~xxx~~ anything that was going to happen would be okay; when I felt bad, the whole situation seemed hopeless: no matter which decision I made, I'd never know what (the consequences) of the other would have been, so

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<sup>I felt it would be</sup> ~~it was~~ ultimately tragic.....There would be that kind of (oscillation), <sup>the situation was</sup> but I can't remember whether it was correlated with anything external.

Liza: Did you develop devices to make yourself feel better?

I mean, did you try to discipline your thoughts in any way?

Or did you let your thinking flow back and forth the way it wanted?

Chris: I just let it go.

Liza: Completely.

Chris: Yeah. That's why it was so luxurious. I didn't make any demands on myself. Every once in a while I would say to myself, Jesus, you should do push-ups or ~~xxx~~ exercises. Then I'd decide: you don't have to do anything. You're up here, and that's enough. I felt I could be totally self-indulgent. <sup>in my thinking.</sup>

Liza: But in fact all you could "do" was think. Or talk to yourself when no one was there.



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Chris: I had pencil or paper. I could have written.

Liza: Oh, but you didn't. Not a word.

Chris: No. I considered it, but then I thought, well....

if I did any of those things, it would change the piece.

~~XXXX~~ Then I'd be up on the platform writing about it .

Liza: ~~XXXXXX~~ It would become too self-conscious. Then it would  
create a tension between the documenting and the experiencing...

*Take  
date*  
Chris: I remember in the disappearing piece, I felt I couldn't  
do anything, I couldn't watch TV, couldn't read a book, the  
only thing I could do was walk around department stores like  
a zombie in this weird part of LA. It's as though I felt I  
didn't have a right to do anything to cause me to escape from  
the terms I had set up for myself.

~~XXXXX~~ Waitress: Coffee?

Liza: Do you want some dessert? Well. it's a need to conform  
to your own specifications. (Maybe if you started writing about  
it, you'd find the writing more interesting than the situation.

And then it <sup>would get</sup> gets confusing.) Do you feel you came out on top  
of it?



