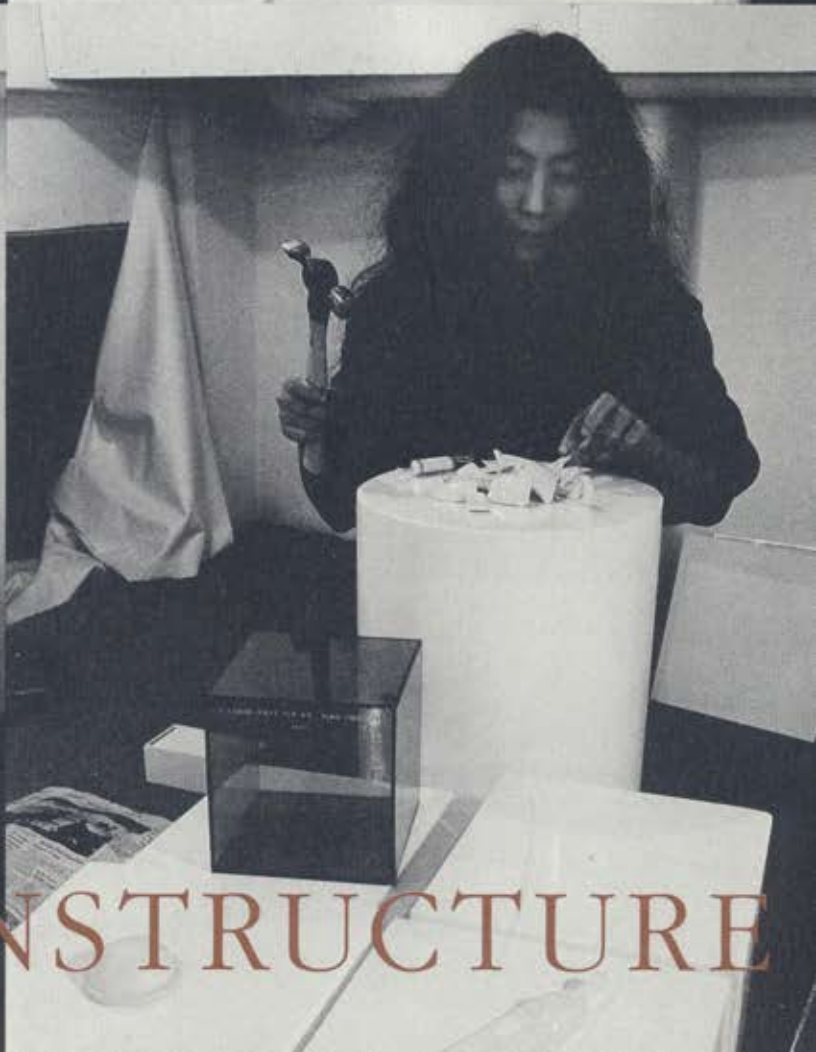
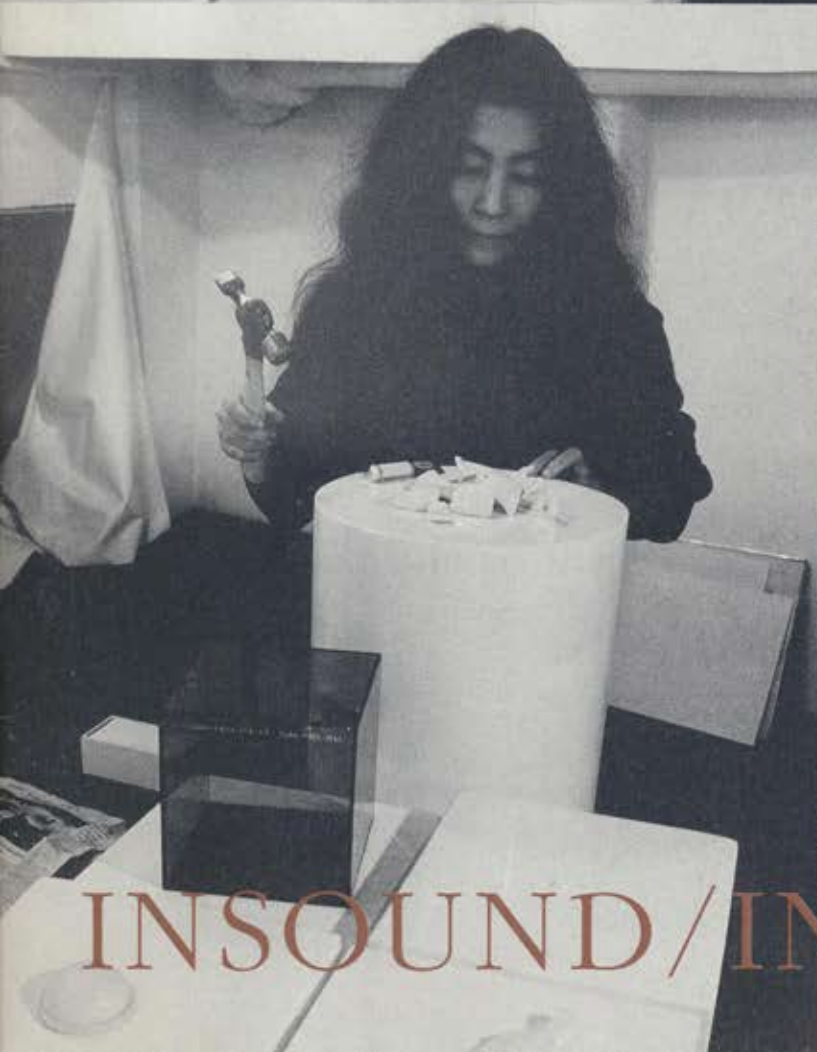


YOKO ONO



INSOUND/INSTRUCTURE

On insound

IN: like really in-within-inner-non-un-insane-crazed...
Insound is a practice rather than music.
Most of the insound pieces are spread by word of mouth.
The following is one of the insound pieces.

Stay in a room for a month.
Do not speak.
Do not see.
Whisper at the end of the month.

A word-of-mouth piece, a strip-tease piece and an audience
piece will be performed in this concert.

On instructure

Something that emerged from instruction and yet not quite
emerged-not quite structured-never quite structured...
like an unfinished church with a sky ceiling.

The instructures will be exhibited in the lobby.

YOKO ONO

INSOUND/INSTRUCTURE



Published 1990 by The Sonia Henie and Niels Onstad Foundation
for exhibitions 1990-1991 at

THE HENIE ONSTAD ARTS CENTRE, HØVIKODDEN, NORWAY
PORIN TAIDEMUSEO, FINLAND
THE REYKJAVIK MUNICIPAL ART MUSEUM, KJARVALSSTADIR, ICELAND

Catalogue edited and exhibition curated by Jon Hendricks and Ina Blom

ALL MY WORKS ARE A FORM OF WISHING.
KEEP WISHING WHILE YOU PARTICIPATE.

As a child in Japan, I used to go to a temple and write out a wish on a piece of thin paper and tie it in a knot around the branch of a tree. Trees in temple courtyards were always filled with people's wish knots, which looked like white flowers blossoming from afar.

y.o.

All My Works Are A Form Of Wishing, nd.

Catalogue © Yoko Ono and The Sonia Henie Niels Onstad Foundation. August 1990.

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Henie Onstad Arts Centre, 1311 Høvikodden, Norway

ISBN 82-90955-02-2

PAINTING TO LET THE EVENING LIGHT GO THROUGH

Hang a bottle behind a canvas.
Place the canvas where the west light
comes in.
The painting will exist when the bottle
creates a shadow on the canvas, or it does
not have to exist.
The bottle may contain liquor, water,
grasshoppers, ants or singing insects, or
it does not have to contain.

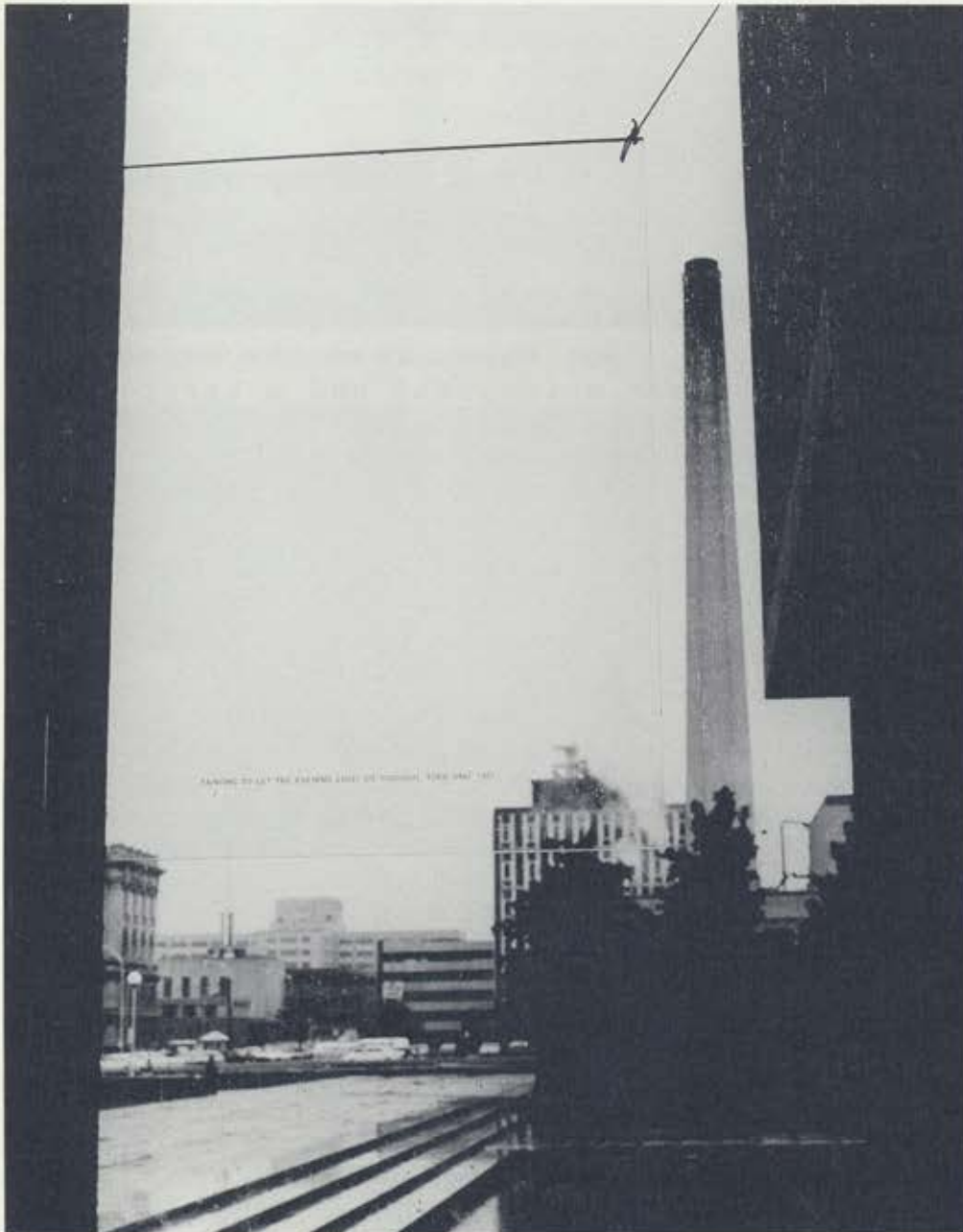
1961 summer

*Painting To Let the Evening Light Go
Through, 1961 summer*



photograph by David Behl

*Painting To Let the Evening Light Go
Through, [1961] 1966/1988*



photographer not identified

*Painting To Let the Evening Light Go
Through, [1961] 1966. Installation at the
Everson Museum, Syracuse, N.Y. 1971*

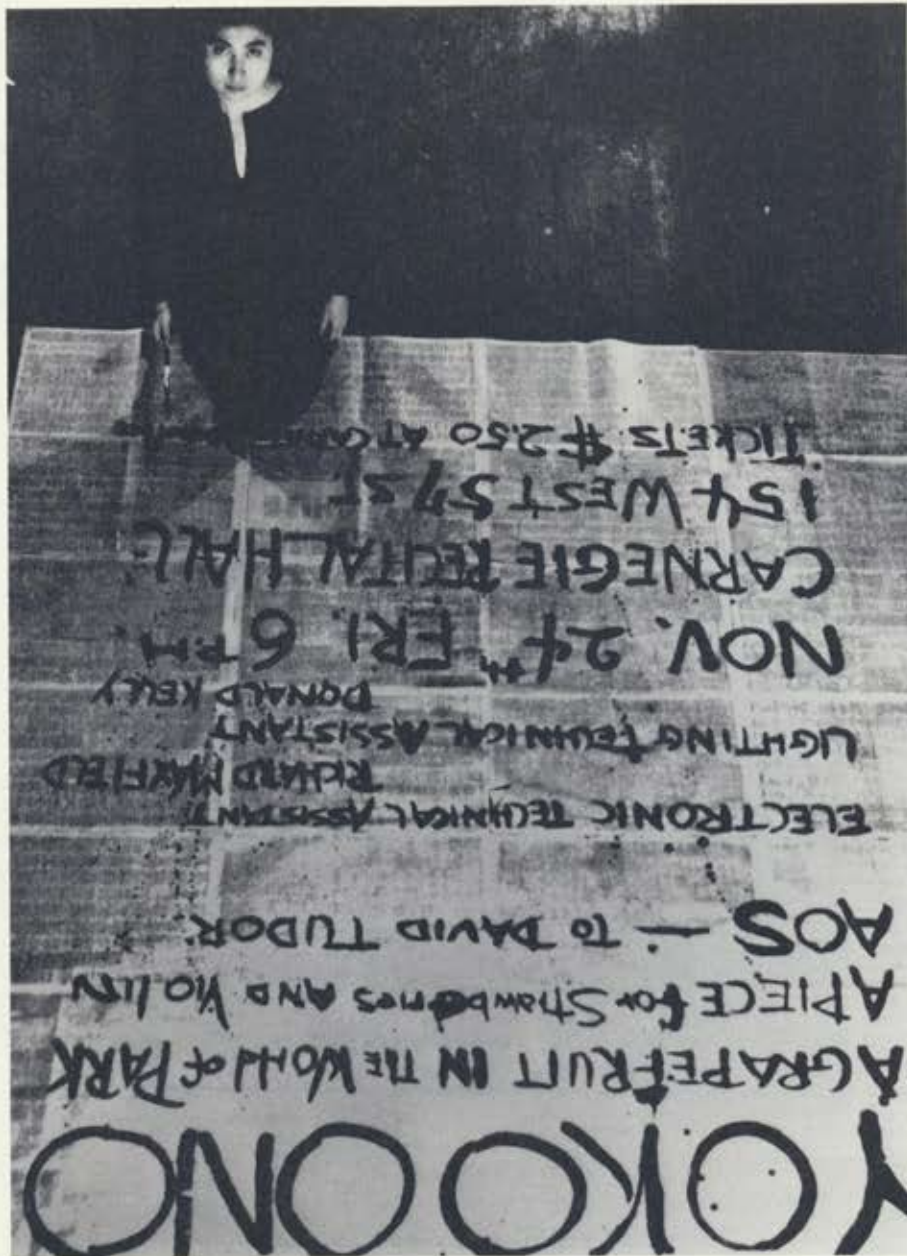
BRONZE AGE

During my 1987 trip to the Soviet Union to attend a peace conference, I visited the beautifully restored Summer Palace just outside Leningrad. Each room had two photos on the wall side by side -- one taken in the czarist period and the other taken just after the room was destroyed by the Nazis. The sepia photos of the palace in its heyday were dreamy; the black and white photos of the rooms after the Nazi destruction had no trace of the dream, and the restored rooms we walked through were brightly colored -- maybe a touch too bright -- like a rouged, old face. It was a story of change and survival. It was a story of all of us.

One day in New York, soon after the trip, I was eating spaghetti in an Italian restaurant with a friend. The friend casually suggested I should do some objects in bronze. The suggestion was so offensive to me that my smile froze and tears ran down my cheek. "This man doesn't know anything about my work," I thought. I realized then that I had an absolute fear of bronze. But why? Then the thought of the sixties flashed in my mind. The air definitely had a special shimmer then. We were breathless from the pride and joy of being alive. I remembered carrying a glass key to open the sky.

I thought I had moved forward right into the eighties and further. But part of me was still holding onto the sixties sky. The eighties is an age of commodity and solidity. We don't hug strangers on the street, and we are also not breathless. When the two big boys shake hands at the summit, maybe it's better that they exchange bronze keys rather than glass ones. In my mind, bronze started to have a warm shimmer instead of the dead weight I had associated it with. Bronze is OK, I thought. Eighties is OK. It has to do. One day, I would become a person who could handle bronze with grace and ease.

y.o. '88
New York



Dear George:

Most of my pieces are meant to be spread by word of mouth, therefore, do not have scores. This means is very important since the gradual change which occurs in the piece by word spreading is also part of the piece. Paik suggested that I send you a piece he likes which is one of the word spreading pieces. I have thought over quite a bit about it, since he was right to suggest the piece because it is also one of the very few pieces that is easy to perform. But I think I will not change my mind about maintaining the piece as a word-spread piece.....*