

MoMA PS1 A History

Edited by Klaus Biesenbach and Bettina Funcke
The Museum of Modern Art, New York



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ALANNA HEISS AND KLAUS BIESENBAACH PART I

with Bettina Funcke

BETTINA FUNCKE:

You grew up in a small town in the Midwest and studied music. How did you come to visual art?

ALANNA HEISS:

Yes, I was planning to be a performer, but I realized during my second year at conservatory that it wasn't for me. I was an intensely social person, planning parties constantly, but my teacher told me that even if I practiced more, I would only ever be a second chair, second violin in a third-rate city's orchestra. From that moment on, my vow was to be in a first-rate city with first-rate artists. I wasn't sure what art form it would be, but I knew I wanted to live my life with the most productive and creative people of the society I was living in.

I didn't meet any artists until I was studying graduate philosophy and art at the University of Chicago. I met Jene Highstein, who wanted to be a painter, and I fell madly in love with him. We moved to New York in the mid-sixties and fell in with a clutch of people. It was the beginning of the hippies and the tail end of the Abstract Expressionist painters; Warhol was still in the original Factory. We met them all. Jene and I got married in '66 at the Judson Church. Reverend Moody was involved in Judson Dance, and he wanted Trisha Brown to dance down the aisle before I came in. Phil Glass played at our wedding, and Steve Reich was supposed to do the drums.

A few years after we were married, everybody was trying to get out of the Vietnam War, and we moved to London, where we lived for four years. I had several jobs, one of which was an unpaid internship on a big show of kinetic art at the Hayward Gallery. That was

a terrifying experience. We worked on it for two years, but when it opened and I saw it through the eyes of the public, I knew it was going to fail. Not only was it going to fail, but it would have long-term repercussions for the art, because it was so awful.

KLAUS BIESENBAACH:

When did you decide to become a curator?

AH: These things bubble up in you. If you can kill a whole movement of art with one museum show, you start thinking carefully about how you would like to work with art. For sure, I knew I wanted to work with artists. Another job I had at that time was as artist liaison at SPACE, a large studio project in St. Katharine Docks that Peter Sedgley and Bridget Riley had founded. I would go from studio to studio, talking to the artists. I learned from all of them. I knew what they wanted to do, and when I saw how their shows were managed and organized, I knew I could do so much better. Occasionally, I was invited to curate something. Meanwhile, Jene and I would go back to the US every summer, drive a motorcycle cross-country and see what was going on. We would stop and look at the communes, which often involved very interesting architecture. We met a lot of artists in LA: Bruce Nauman, John Baldessari, Larry Poons. I also got to see all the important shows in Europe, because Jene had shows there and I was working on projects. The crazy experiments in Arnhem Park in the Netherlands; Joseph Beuys at the Düsseldorf Art Academy; and importantly the LA Light and Space movement show [*Robert Irwin, Doug Wheeler, 1969*] at the Stedelijk in Amsterdam—which was just dumbfounding. Just like seeing God. In Germany there were small museums showing the most



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important American artists of our generation—early Conceptual artists, Lawrence Weiner, Nauman, the Minimalists. Germany had an enviable system of museums; it had been reorganized after the war, divided up into states, which were competitive with each other. And I got to see Documenta, which wasn't just important; it was everything. There wasn't any dictionary for art, and Documenta was encyclopedic.

BF: Did you have a role model?

KB: Did you want to be Gertrude Stein or Peggy Guggenheim?

AH: No. If anyone, I would've wanted to be Harald Szeemann. I was the person who wasn't drunk, who didn't do drugs, who had five jobs. I wanted five more. I was the organizer of trips, space, materials. I was the accompanist. I had learned from accompanying musicians and choirs as a kid that an accompanist performs not for him- or herself but only in relation to the main performer. This is key in working with artists. The curatorial

What was important about the *Brooklyn Bridge Event* was that it happened. . . . Alanna was the first person in many years to get it together like that, in a double sense that is typical of her best work since: to make an exciting event, exciting for both the artists and the community, and to make a show that holds up as a show. . . . The space was extraordinary. The fact that she pulled it off was extraordinary—it took how long to organize? The thing was a series of hypes where she was telling one thing to one department and another thing to another department. . . . The time was right also for the community. It was a time when it was possible to present alternatives to galleries and museums, not as political gestures but as practical gestures.

—RICHARD NONAS, late 1970s

1 Jene Highstein, *Chute for Looking Up and Down*, 1971. *Brooklyn Bridge Event*, May 21–24, 1971

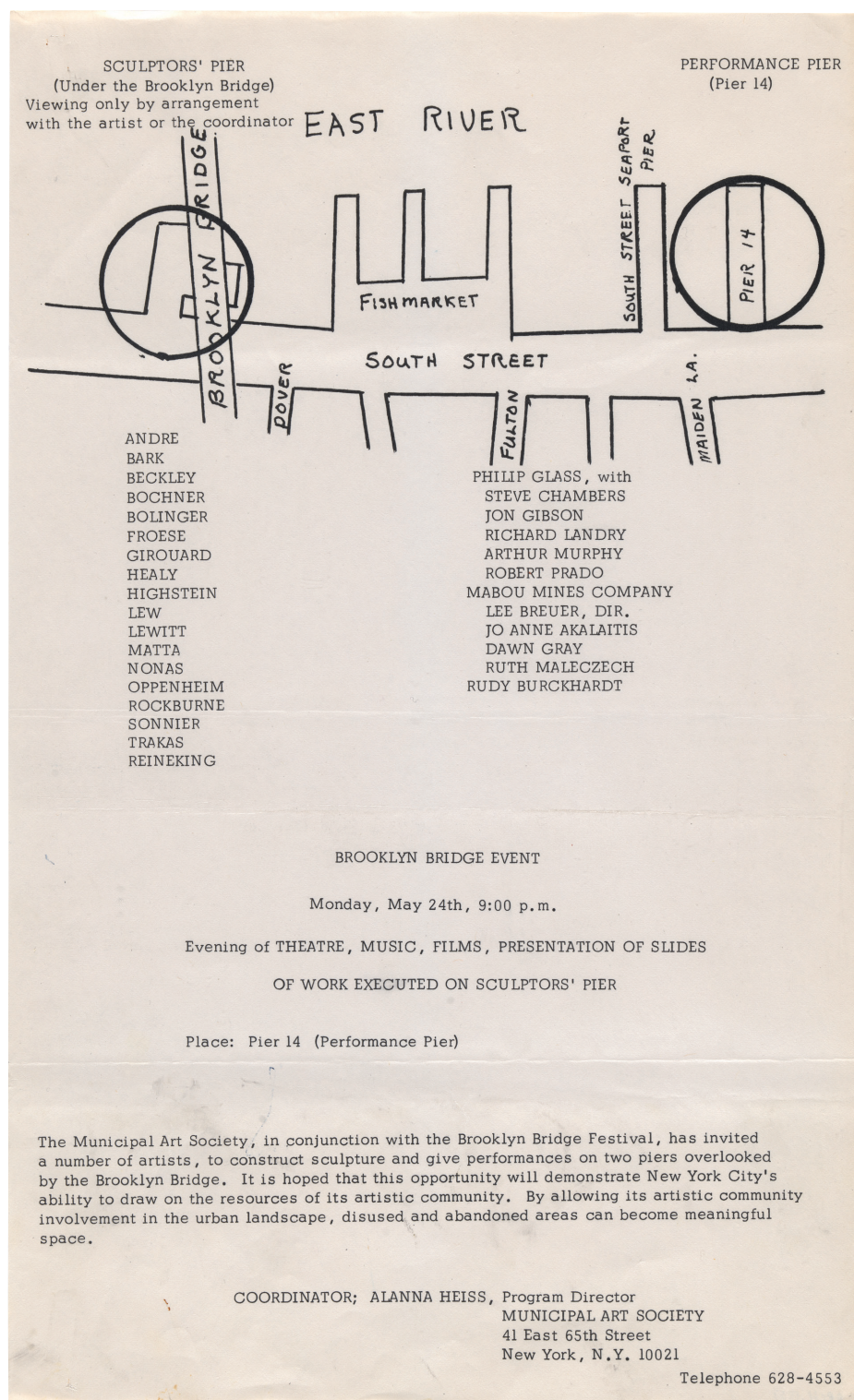


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2 Tina Girouard, *Swept House*, 1971. *Brooklyn Bridge Event*, May 21–24, 1971
 3 Installing Bill Bollinger's work, 1971. *Brooklyn Bridge Event*, May 21–24, 1971
 4 Handbill for *Brooklyn Bridge Event*, May 21–24, 1971



or production role is just an accessory to the viewing. Szeemann understood that.

KB: You moved back to New York in 1970. What was your first show in America?

AH: The *Brooklyn Bridge Event*. I had gotten a job as program director for the Municipal Art Society, a civic organization. The chairman was Brendan Gill, who was a writer, an expert on architecture and theater, and a very dynamic, glamorous man. I took the job because they were going to let me run a contemporary art organization on the side. I tried to start the acquisition of empty buildings for free studio space through the Municipal Art Society. But it soon became clear that they would be unhappy holding the leases, so I founded a new organization called the Institute for Art and Urban Resources, which had the same chairman but was completely different, and committed to contemporary art.

KB: For how long did you work at the Municipal Art Society and the Institute for Art and Urban Resources in parallel?

AH: About a year and a half. The *Brooklyn Bridge Event* fell under both headings; the Municipal Art Society helped the Institute for Art and Urban Resources have the authority. In theory, it was part of the Brooklyn Bridge's eighty-eighth birthday celebration. In city officials' minds it was a festival, but in mine it was a show. As usual, I was sailing under film permits. Whatever I did, I always requested film permits to do shows, because the city understood what a film shoot was about. They would never have approved something like the *Brooklyn Bridge Event* if I had described it as a contemporary art experiment.

KB: Was the *Brooklyn Bridge Event* the first show that was a temporary, site-specific intervention?

AH: It was very early, so yes, that was important.

KB: How many artists were there?

AH: About thirty. Gordon Matta-Clark, Richard Nonas, Carl Andre, Sol LeWitt, Dennis Oppenheim, and others. I worked on it at Gordon's house; he had a home office.

KB: How did you meet him?

The pier was a place for junkies to shoot up. And it had an edge, the edge of the city where a certain lurky kind of activity goes on. But, for the *Brooklyn Bridge Event*, the artists moved in and really put out a nice level of energy. They did things that were positive. They did things that were clear. They used it as an opportunity. Most of the people who did things there really wanted that opportunity, so it was a good thing for them. It gave them a chance to get out of their studios and make something in a freer kind of way. Because of that, a lot of the work was good. People took it as an open opportunity, rather than as another show that they were going to get something out of.

—JENE HIGHSTEIN, late 1970s

AH: He was one of a group of us, thirty or forty, who went out every night. I would see him at Rauschenberg's a lot. He was a tremendous party guy and a great cook. We organized tons of parties together. For the *Brooklyn Bridge Event*, we sat there with our Rolodexes and a big plan of the space. I start every show with a problem, usually a spatial problem. In this case, we had the engineering structure of the Brooklyn Bridge, which has pylons, anchors, balance and weight, and two ends. The problem was the artworks' relation to the structure or use of the Brooklyn Bridge. The only painter who could possibly adapt to the circumstances was Harriet Korman, whom I invited. Dennis had already done a piece about suspension on the Brooklyn side, where his feet and arms were on two parts of the bridge, and just his body was flying. He returned and did a performance, a limited duration piece.

KB: What was the opening like?

AH: A great parade, going over the bridge.

KB: Did everybody get deliriously drunk?

AH: Under the bridge, they were already drunk.

Gordon's piece was a pig roast. George Trakas did a boat with liquor in it. The bridge was very lively on the Manhattan side, because the gangs were centered there. That was a very big deal. One of our sponsors was the mob cement company Colonial Cement. I asked them for two things, a hundred dollars and help with the gangs, and they gave us both.

KB: Oh wow.

AH: Yeah, Italians are sympathetic to art. But safety was a big worry. One of the artists, Dieter Froese, wanted to hang from the bridge. We were able to hang his piece from the bridge, but he himself couldn't hang from the bridge.

KB: Was Richard Serra in the show?

AH: No, I think it was too close to him, but I talked to him about it a lot. He was completely about construction and doing pieces that bridge points in space. In fact, he did a couple of videos about bridges.

BF: So what came next for the Institute for Art and Urban Resources?

AH: I started building up a bank of real estate. At that time, New York was a dark and empty city, with

5M SETS 614276 (70)

MOTION PICTURE - TELEVISION PERMIT CITY OF NEW YORK PERMIT NO. 000391
ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT ADMINISTRATION
DEPT. OF COMMERCE & INDUSTRY, 415 MADISON AVE., N.Y., N.Y. 10017

This permit is issued to the applicant by the Department of Commerce & Industry to film or televise on streets or property subject to the jurisdiction of the City of New York at the times and locations designated below. The permit must be in the possession of the applicant at all times while on location. For additional assistance call the Permit Division, at PL 9-7770. Police Unit, at 226-4230

APPLICATION - TYPEWRITE ONLY. Date: May 11th, 1971

1. Company: Municipal Art Society Representative & Titles: Mrs. J.A. Highstein
Program Director

2. Address: 41 East 65th Street, N.Y.C., 10011 Tel. No. 628-4553

3. Locations: (If more than one, use Schedule "A") Pier 14, limited use of dumping platform and
pier surrounding base of Brooklyn Bridge
Dates of Filming: May 24th; primary use, scattered and secondary use until June 7

Approximate Times: May 24th about 6:00 P.M. - 12:00 P.M. THE MUNICIPAL ART SOCIETY OF NEW YORK
41 EAST 65th STREET
NEW YORK 10011 up to 150 during Monday eve.

4. List Equipment: Trucks 2 (not on pier) Cast & Crew about 50

No. of Autos & Plate Numbers none

No. of Station Wagons & Plate Numbers none (as yet)

Other Vehicles & Plate Numbers _____

5. Summarize Scene to be Filmed: group of people watching a music and dance concert
(Extraordinary scenes in detail on schedule A
i.e. robbery, fight, use of firearms) 6:00 P.M.; on Brooklyn Bridge pier, group of about
50 people having a picnic. Dressed as
artists.

6a. If TV Commercial, name Product: _____

b. If Motion Picture, name Feature and identify celebrities: Not applicable

7. Public Liability, Ins. (a) GRAEHEIM policy # 200713048
200,000.00 (b) Amount 200,000.00 (c) Expiration Date 3/2/74

The applicant agrees to indemnify The City of New York and to be solely and absolutely liable upon any and all claims, suits and judgments against the City and/or the applicant for personal injuries and property damages arising out of or occurring during the activities of the applicant, his (its) employees or otherwise. The applicant further agrees to comply with all pertinent provisions of New York laws, rules and regulations. This permit may be revoked at any time.

UNAUTHORIZED VEHICLES PARKED IN VIOLATION OF LAW WILL BE ISSUED SUMMONS.

Municipal Art Society Olenna Highstein May 11th, 1971
Name of Company Signature of Representative Date

DO NOT WRITE BELOW THIS LINE

Copies of this permit have been forwarded to:
Police Department Special Task Force ☐ Assistant to Mayor, TV-Films ☐
Other Departments or agencies notified (only when applicable):
Parks ☐ Others _____

This permit is subject to all pertinent provisions of the law and to the conditions set forth.

Dated 5/12 19 71 Mary Imperato
Coordinator, Permit Division



hugely exciting industrial spaces to show art. I was interested in capturing these in some legal format, so I could occupy them for a while. Our first space was 10 Bleeker Street, a four-story building across from Lawrence Weiner's and CBGB. All my performance artist friends did free shows on the ground floor. Phil Glass had his studio on one floor, Mabou Mines theater group also. Nancy Holt did a big show, as did Robert Grosvenor and Richard Nonas.

I left the Municipal Art Society in '71, but I had other jobs that helped fund the Institute. I had a little office on John Street. I would plan and work with the artists, who would supply their own materials. The first grant of any importance was from the NEA, under Brian O'Doherty, whose spies had told him there was a new thing afloat: people organizing shows not in museums or galleries but in industrial buildings.

KB: Did you deliberately not want to do shows in museums, or was it simply that you didn't have a museum?

AH: That's an important question. I had learned through a couple of excursions into the museum world that museums weren't interested in the kind of people I was. In the sixties I worked for the Met under a

funded education program called Museums Collaborative, which hired curators to do shows that would travel through the school system. In my case, I went to museums that wanted to de-acquisition or throw away objects they didn't want to store anymore. This was real art that had become worthless and thus could travel and be touched. For example, I took around shards of pre-Columbian pottery that the National Museum of the American Indian was throwing out.

Then when I came back from England, in 1970, I proposed what I thought was a solid idea to a few museums: the Whitney, the Guggenheim, and MoMA. We would have storage exhibitions: we'd pull out things from storage—which was never in Manhattan, always in the boroughs—and show them there to select groups of people, like artists and students. This was practical; it would amount to an education program in the boroughs. But the museums were powerful, they didn't have to do that, and they didn't want to anoint art with their label except in their prime real estate. They wanted the opposite of what I wanted. It took me a year or two to figure that out. It was a process of disenchantment.

KB: After that, you knew you wanted to build something against the museum structure.

5 Permit for *Brooklyn Bridge Event*, May 21–24, 1971

6 Bill Beckley, untitled installation for *Brooklyn Bridge Event*, May 21–24, 1971



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7, 8, 9, 11 Lynda Benglis: *Sparkle Knots*, The Clocktower, December 6, 1973–January 19, 1974
10 Lynda Benglis, *One*, 1973.
Lynda Benglis: *Sparkle Knots*, The Clocktower, December 6, 1973–January 19, 1974

Images selected by Lynda Benglis.

The concerts [we did at the Idea Warehouse] weren't semi-private, they were public—but they were secret. We didn't want to have more than a couple of hundred people. . . . Alanna provided really good places to work, and I appreciate that. . . . It provided me with a setting where I felt very comfortable and enjoyed working.

—PHILIP GLASS, 1976



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12, 13 Philip Glass Ensemble: *Music in Twelve Parts*. The Idea Warehouse, February 2–23, 1975

14 Pamphlet for *Ideas at the Idea Warehouse*, featuring Willoughby Sharp, Kristen Bates, and Virginia Piersol, June 16–July 11, 1975

Was the Institute for Art and Urban Resources inspired by something? Did you have a model?

AH: I had radical friends in Washington, DC, who ran the Institute for Policy Studies, which was a formalized approach for underground activity. It went up against the Vietnam War, against a lot of American political movements, providing studies to show that that was not the right direction. I borrowed this institute framework to confront the museum structure. Originally I was going to have one office with many peripheral locations. That's why it was an institute, instead of a place. I also copied their fellowship program. *Fellow* is a good word; it doesn't say what you are, and it sounds smart. I thought, we could have any fellows we wanted. In fact, when you came, I told you, "You can just be a fellow." In those years we had a lot of fellows passing through.

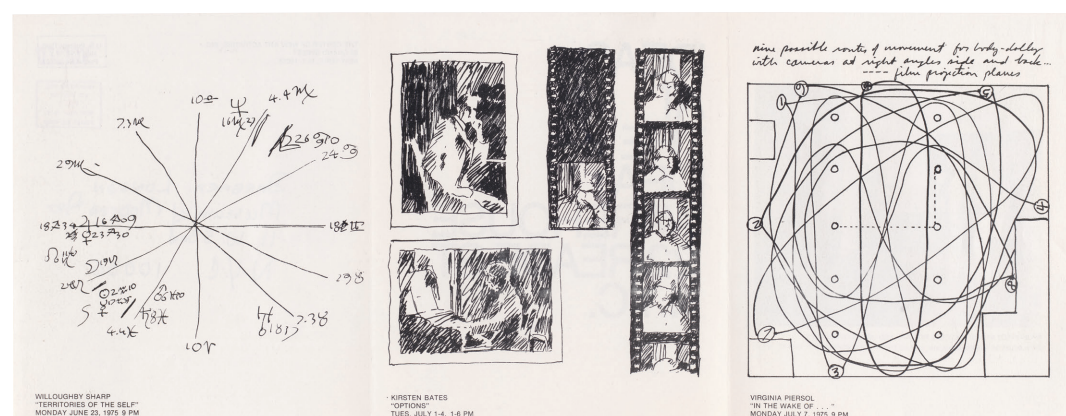
BF: You are intense and radical, inspired by artists, fearless and direct. How were you also so successful politically, finding and negotiating to get so many places from the city?

AH: There's such a division between museum activity and life outside museums that I was immensely successful. What I said made sense, and what museums said didn't. I just said I could use these empty buildings. Everyone wanted to give me a place. We had 10 Bleeker Street, and we were given a police station in Crown Heights, Brooklyn, which ended up being a bad experience I learned a lot from.

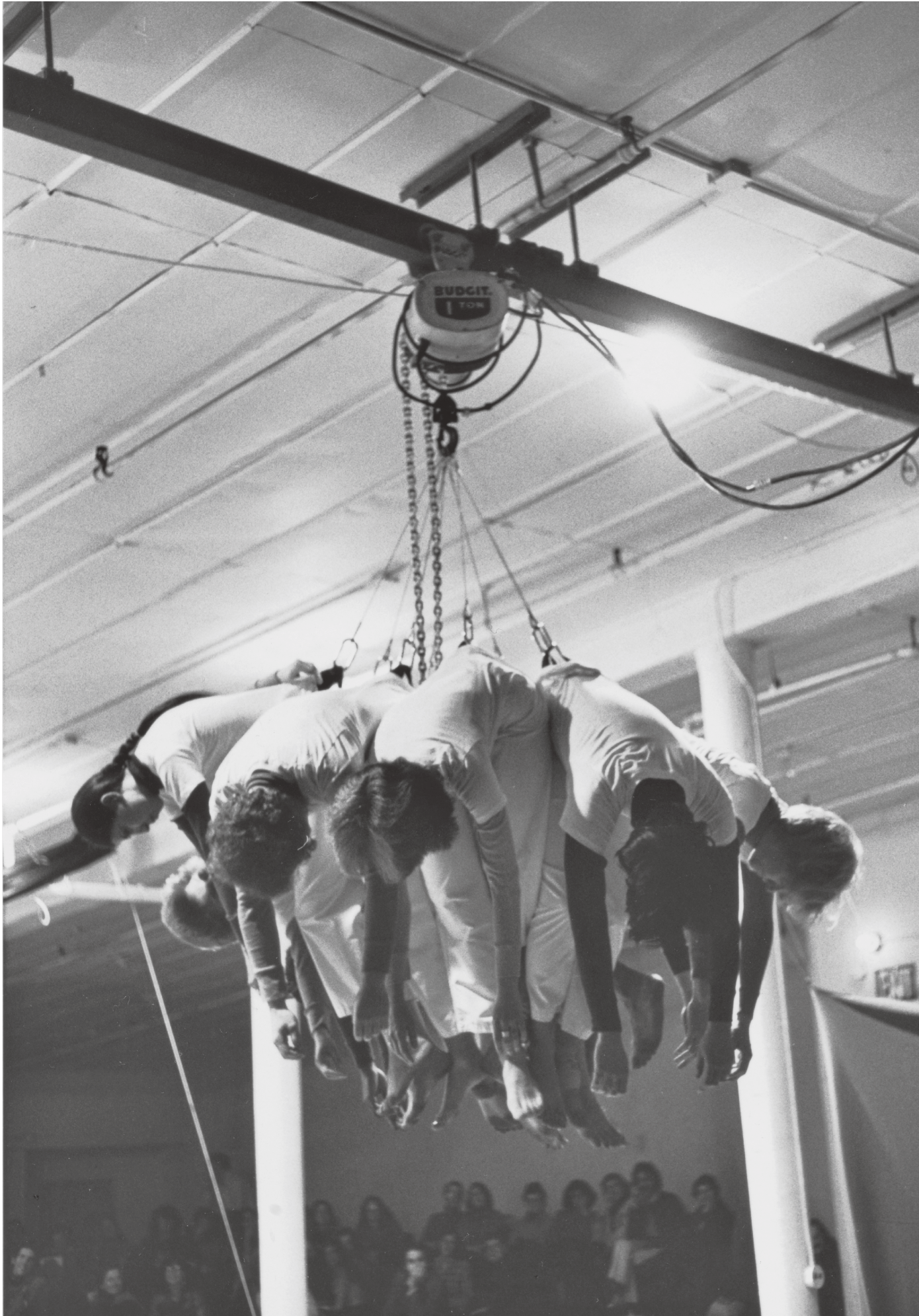
But I had gotten tired of battling problems like broken windows and gangs. I dreamed of an exhibition high above New York City, in the sky. I was climbing onto the roofs of buildings to scan the horizon for interesting-looking towers. That was how I found the clocktower at Broadway and Leonard designed by McKim, Mead & White. It was marvelous inside, a room about thirty feet square with a window high up on each wall, and in a wedding-cake arrangement it had a smaller tower sitting upon the larger, with a spiral staircase and doors entering onto a surrounding balcony. Sitting on top of all this was an ornate tower



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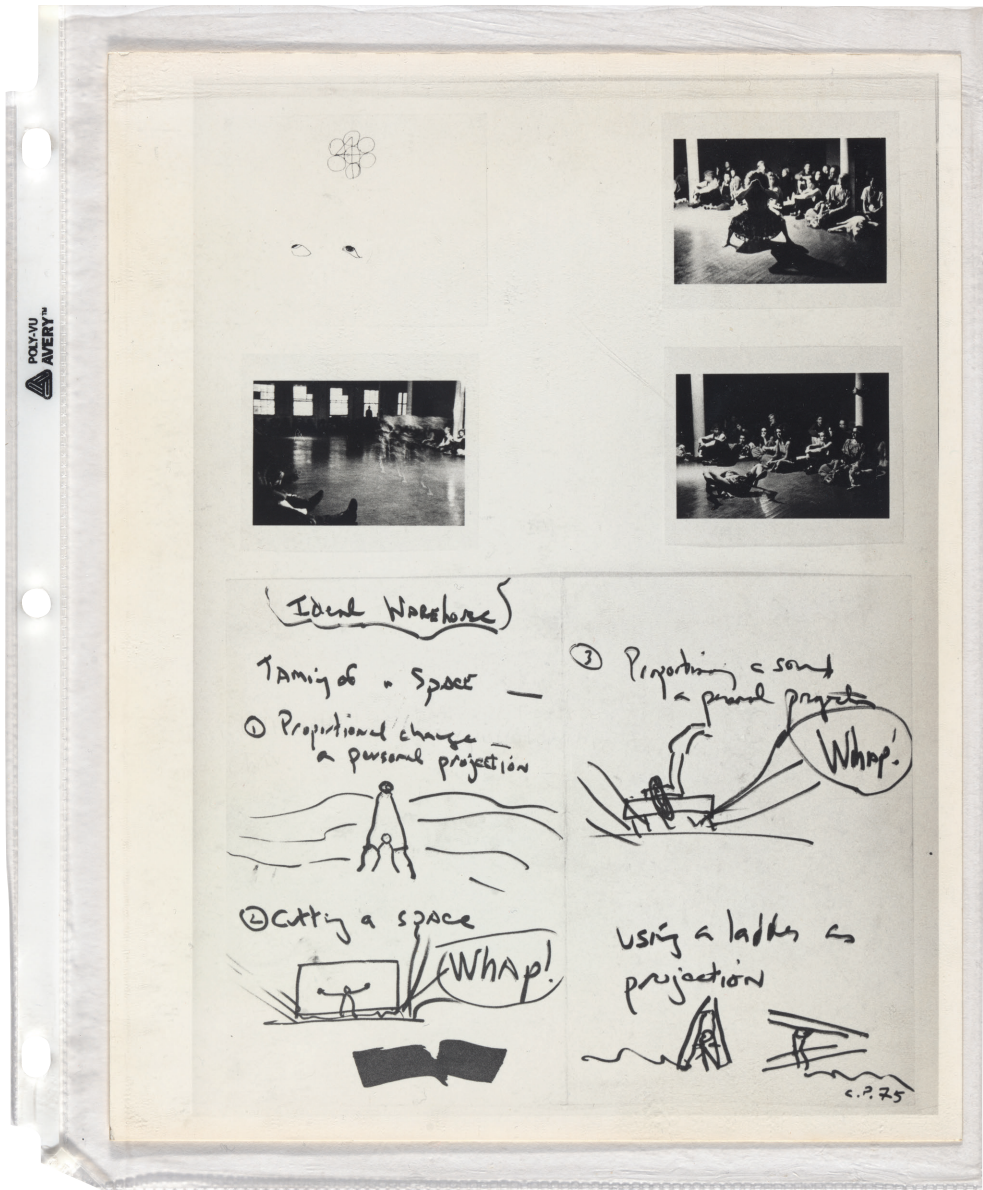


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15, 16 Sylvia Palacios Whitman, *Slingshot*, 1975. The Idea Warehouse, May 2-3, 1975

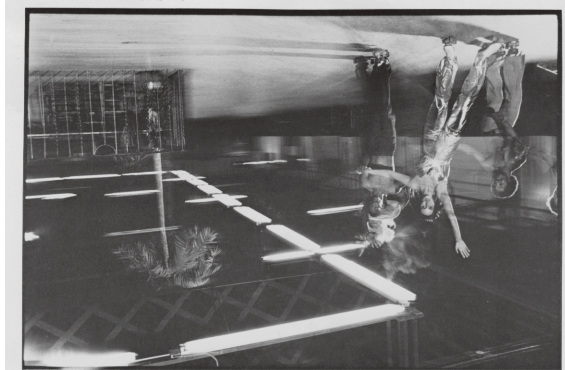
The Idea Warehouse is the kind of space I most like to work in, because it allows me to put the audience all the way around the dance activity. Somehow the way I work makes more sense that way. We performed in one of the central aisles between the pillars. . . . It was a big space, the kind of space my work has grown and developed in. I wouldn't say that that particular one influenced my work, but that kind of warehouse space has influenced my work all along.

—SIMONE FORTI, late 1970s



with four clock faces. The whole place was littered with elaborate decorative stone and plaster festoons. You could step out into a wide veranda with dividing stone gates, and on every column in the corners was a gigantic eagle with wings outspread.

After months of work and discussions with city officials I received permission to have the tower on a month-to-month basis, an occupation that continued with a few dramatic interruptions until 2014, when Mayor Bloomberg sold the entire building to a developer who bought it primarily so he could turn the Clocktower into a \$36 million triplex.



THE INSTITUTE FOR ART AND URBAN RESOURCES, INC.

Brendan Gill
Chairman of the Board of Directors
Alanna Patai
President and Executive Director
The Institute for Art and Urban Resources, Inc. is the non-profit, tax exempt organization which sponsors studios, special projects, exhibitions and performances for New York's vanguard arts in alternative spaces throughout the City. Benefit proceeds will directly support programs at the Institute for Art and Urban Resources' two centers for the experimental arts, Project Studios One (P.S. 1) and The Clocktower.

Project Studios One (P.S. 1)

"Arguably, the most constructive new event of 1976 was the remodeling of P.S. 1 into a labyrinth of artist studios, and turning a suite of directly classrooms into one of the most dazzling of our City's exhibition spaces."
John Russell
The New York Times

"P.S. 1 brings with it... Visit the Institute for Art and Urban Resources in its elegantly resurrected public school building, P.S. 1; you'll get a life, a sense of renewed optimism from the work done in the studios and shown in the exhibition center, where young artists make it on their own."
Tom Hoss
New York Magazine

The Clocktower

"Exhibition Spaces, formerly confined to a genteel strolling zone along Madison Avenue, is spreading all over Manhattan. The perfect example is the Clocktower, a small museum in the edgic no-man's land of lower Broadway. A project of the non-profit tax exempt Institute for Art and Urban Resources, Inc., the Clocktower is a determined patron of young vanguard artists."
Douglas Davis
Newsweek

"The Clocktower is exhilarating and versatile—a tranquil white cube, highly appropriate for serious art, which adopts a casual attitude to the provisional spaces that tend to be its informal arena."
Stephanie Edens
Art in America

Painted Sunburst

KB: You got the Clocktower in 1972. It was a time when neighborhoods were abandoned, nonfunctioning, bankrupt. The subway system was dangerous, there was garbage everywhere.

AH: Museums didn't want to extend anywhere. All the money in the arts was centralized in Manhattan, and the boroughs were being starved.

KB: But you never liked the boroughs.

AH: I love the boroughs, under certain conditions.

BF: What other spaces came before PS1?

AH: Soon after I got the Clocktower, I was given a big warehouse on the banks of Cropsey Creek in Coney Island, which we called the Condemnation Blight Sculpture Workshop, otherwise known as the Coney Island Sculpture Museum. There was a huge yard and a big fat building that you could drive a truck into. The artists and I found it spectacularly beautiful. It was terrifying for almost everyone else because it was close to downtown Coney Island, which was controlled by gangs. The other important space was the Idea Warehouse, at 22 Reade Street. I had gotten the top floor of six adjacent buildings near City Hall from the Department of Planning. It was one big floor, well over ten thousand square feet. The Idea Warehouse was a place for performance art. I wanted to reverse the formula: rather than just have artists come and perform for two nights, I would give them studios for a month and ask them to do a reading or dance at the end. I was curious what they would do with that time, if the dancers would make sets, for example.

KB: How long did you have the Idea Warehouse?

AH: One year. The reason it came to a halt was because Charlemagne Palestine, who was the ninth artist there, did an installation that blew up. There were plaster casts of people on their hands and knees, stacked on top of each other, and a clamp lamp fell down and started a fire. When the firemen came, they thought there were hundreds of people burning up. I had to hide from the city for months after that. I sent Charlemagne a one-way ticket to Switzerland so he couldn't testify. Do you know how expensive a one-way ticket to Switzerland is? He couldn't afford to come back.

KB: And that was the end of the Idea Warehouse.

AH: Yes. All the wonderful projects that were done there were enlightening for everybody, because we saw how we should give performance artists some time in public spaces to do their thing. So we kept looking for other spaces. I was trying to make a dictionary of space use and different kinds of ownership for a city, and not just New York City. I did one-off shows in spaces and kept the studios going so we could have more shows.

I had a colleague who was crucial, Stephen Reichard. He was my co-conspirator. I got the buildings (and the art), and he got some of the money. He had great ideas. Our first benefit was a party at the Roller Dome, the all-night, all-black Brooklyn skating rink. No white person had been there in years. Stephen said to me, "If we need a benefit, we have to do it in a way that introduces people with money to something so exciting that they just can't turn us down." We worked on it for months. We had to figure out how to import a group of a hundred rich white people into the Roller Dome. It was a lot of fun and really interesting.

Anyway, Stephen was starting to bring money in, with Brendan. We also had Linda Blumberg, who was really important in the

first couple of years. She put a lot of time and effort into PS1. She quickly got engaged with the idea of helping to realize artists' works, and she eventually went on to a number of other great projects involving theater and other things. But in the beginning, we were a trio: Linda, Stephen, and me. Linda was the one who found the PS1 building. We were all looking at spaces all the time, and she was the one who went out to Queens that day.

BF: So she found PS1, and you founded it?

AH: Yes. We had been invited by the mayor to start a big art center in one of the outer boroughs, because there was so much criticism about how the museums weren't participating in the life of the boroughs. I wasn't convinced, but I was running out of energy to keep starting up spaces that would close a year later. And the National Endowment for the Arts had begun giving grants to alternative spaces, thanks to Brian O'Doherty. Every town, every city was bubbling with this energy. In a way my mission had been to have this happen, and now I mostly wanted to do shows. I was interested in the Brooklyn Navy Yards—

KB: You also looked at Fort Apache in the Bronx.

AH: Yes, but there was no space for us there, just emptiness, tragedy, and poverty. Meanwhile, Linda had gone to look at a certain school building in Queens. She came back and told me I'd love it. So here was PS1. It looked just beautiful, like a pink castle. It was twice as big as most schools. For the next three months, I invited people to come and see it.

[Count Giuseppe] Panza [di Biumo] came from Italy and said, "You have to take it. It's exactly what New York needs right now." Szeemann came and said, "Of course you'll take it. There's no decision." These people weren't remotely worried about the state of the building. A lot of artists came out to look at it, including the West Coast boys, like James Turrell and Eric Orr. It was intensely artist-reviewed.

¹⁷ Sketches and photos of a performance by Simone Forti and Charlemagne Palestine, The Idea Warehouse, October 29–31, 1976

¹⁸ Invitation to PS1's "Disco-Roller-Skating Soiree" benefit, May 23, 1977

KB: Did you sign a lease with the city?

AH: Yes, for twenty years. The first thing I did was get rid of everything except the Clocktower, which is where the office was. I didn't want to leave my office, I loved it so much. But Steve and Linda were out at PS1 all the time doing everything. Finally Steve turned off the phones and I had to leave. It was the end of a period in my life. I was done with the temporary spaces, and I wanted to pose the first really serious threat to the museums. I wanted to fully commit to something so huge that it would be the biggest space for contemporary art in the world.

KB: But it was in the most boring neighborhood.

AH: It was in the best possible neighborhood. I loved the location. In the boroughs, you always had to know where Manhattan was. You came out of PS1 and you could see the sky and Manhattan. And PS1 had the best transportation of any place in town. It had so many things in its favor.

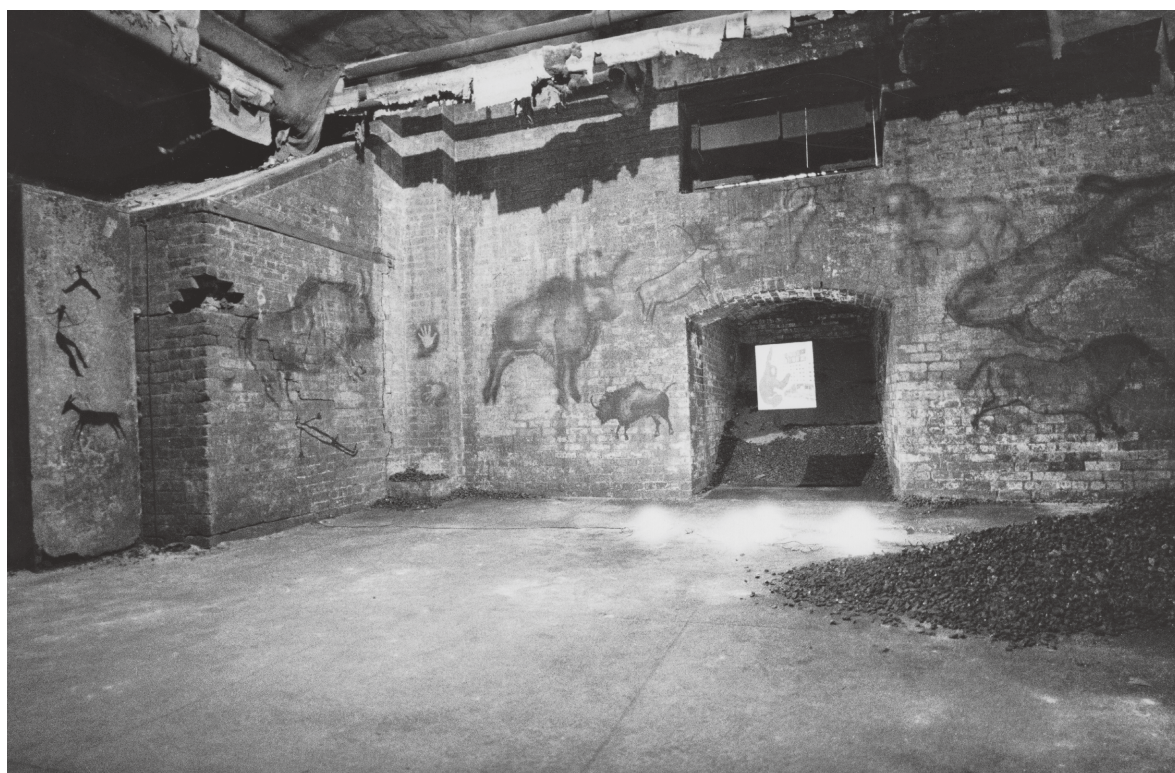
BF: You founded PS1 as an anti-museum. What did that mean to you?

AH: The first ten years of my life I had been involved with criticizing museums, with proposing things to museums that they weren't interested in. It seemed to show a lack of vision on their part. When I looked at it closely, most of the problems they cited had to do with the costs and maintenance of the real estate. So I wanted to take the problems that the museums say they have, and say, "Look at this, we're doing it, and you can too. You can work with a West Coast artist, and you can do a show in six months." There's no rule that says it takes two years to plan a show. I didn't want to be like them, I wanted them to want to be like me. It's a complete reversal. And it doesn't mean that the artist has to be a new artist. I always leaned on established artists to give me their best work, and their best advice. The museums' leadership never took advantage of advice by artists. They wanted to exhibit their work, but they never asked them how they could do a better job. This was and is still shocking to me. All good curators have good friends who are good artists. In my case Richard Nonas is the single voice that has spoken into my ear

consistently over the last forty years, criticizing my actions when he felt they lacked vision, prodding me into programs that I was reluctant to pursue, spending countless hours helping me think and rethink exhibitions. My discussions with Richard are so entwined with the development and continuation of PS1 that it is impossible to identify single contributions he has made. As we get older it gets even harder. Memories fuse.

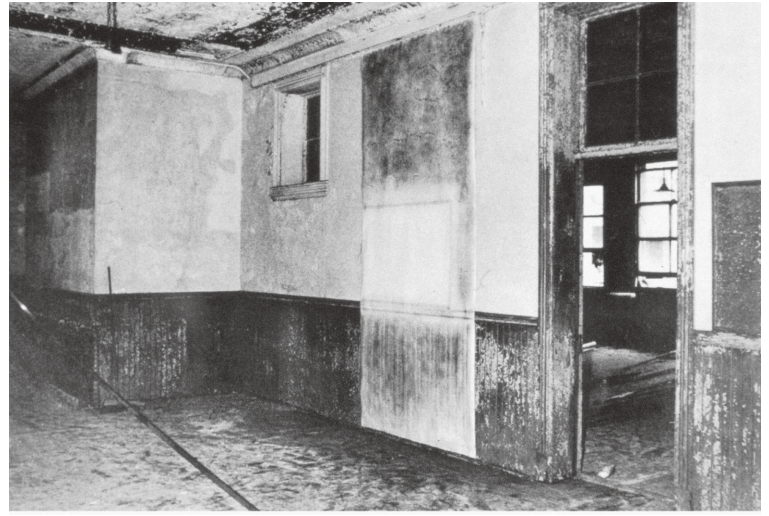
KB: What inspired you to do PS1's opening show, *Rooms*, in 1976?

AH: I wanted to have the most powerful installation art under one roof. We could have the installations run through three or four or even five rooms. I wanted to do a show that was expansive enough to show how many different kinds of installations were being done. And it was incredibly positively received. The show stayed up for months. It was an entrée to a whole new level of international and national art activity. It was convincing to people who were beginning to be interested in installation art, that such a thing could be made, shown, and collected. I felt incredibly



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19 Richard Tuttle, *Alanna and Her Sister*, 1976.
Rooms, June 9–26, 1976
 20 Michelle Stuart, *East/West Wall Memory Relocated*, 1976. *Rooms*, June 9–26, 1976
 21 (this spread and next) Opening of *Rooms*, June 9–26, 1976



20
21



gratified, and it became easier to get money. I never really had any money. That's my downfall.

KB: Was *Rooms* a kind of essence that came together, the essence of your ten years hanging out with installation artists, your ten years with Jene Highstein?

AH: I guess one could say that. It was all those experiments. As a challenge to the museum world, it was perfect.

KB: How many days a week was PS1 open then?

AH: It was open in the late afternoon until late at night, because people came after work and that's when a lot of the parties were going on. It was always open on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, and then sometimes on Wednesday or Thursday. It changed all the time. However, when we took public money, I realized we had to make a set time when the public could come.

KB: After *Rooms* closed, did you have a creative hangover?

AH: No, the Robert Ryman show opened right away, in January of '77. I always considered that crucial because it flipped back to work done in a studio. It was another vision. Robert and I knew each other, and his opinion was important to me. I asked him, "Robert, do you think this is all going to be continued as installations?" He said, "Why would you do that? I have a group of paintings that are going to leave for Italy. No one will ever see them again. I'll do your first show and will choose the place to do it." He chose the ground floor. We took down the installations that were there, swept it all up, hired folks with money from an NEA grant to paint it white. Or maybe Robert painted it white. He certainly washed and put UV film up on all of the windows. I kept his gallery design up for the next decade and his windows up for the next twenty years.

From then on, we had different things going on in the building at the same time. I assigned rooms to curators and asked them to do shows that would be impossible to do in a museum. There were many experiments, many approaches. We had film, architecture, poetry,

crossover works. I wanted to show that I was going to do this, that I was going to build this museum. But I refused to take a point of view, and Europeans criticized me for that. Chris Dercon and I used to have hours of discussion about this, because he felt that your whole program, even the smallest feature, represented your organization and thus your philosophy. The smallest part had to be as good as the biggest part, and it had to be understandable all at once, by reading the program. I couldn't disagree more. I think what made PS1 different from anything in the world at the time was the determination to present different and equally interesting points of view all at once. That was an absolute mission of mine.

We also cut off ten rooms and gave them to the studio program. Right away Stephen Reichard started working to get countries signed up. He had something up his sleeve: the Germans. Europeans were somewhat frustrated because the center of the art world had shifted to New York, and few in New York were dedicated to showing new European artists. He also knew that cultural support for artists was much stronger in Europe than here. The people who felt this the most were the Germans, who were anxious that their artists have opportunities in New York City. Anyway, PS1 soon became a hub for important European artists. The great cultural minister of France, Michel Guy, came with his whole embassy staff to work the bar at the Idea Warehouse. I had the ambassador from Denmark directing parking at the Coney Island Sculpture Museum, and so on. The cultural authorities in our own country had little interest in me, and I had no interest in them.

It was hoped that the studio program would create some small balance that would allow European artists to come to New York, actually work in the city and then do a show somewhere.

KB: The studio program was one of Stephen's best and worst ideas, depending on how you see it.

AH: It was simultaneously the best and worst idea.

BF: What were your founding principles for PS1?

AH: To work directly with artists, to identify the art they were making that they were most interested in having seen right at that moment—not necessarily the newest work—and to place that work in a physical space where there would be a magical connection between the viewer and the work. The number of viewers was never important. The single viewer is important.

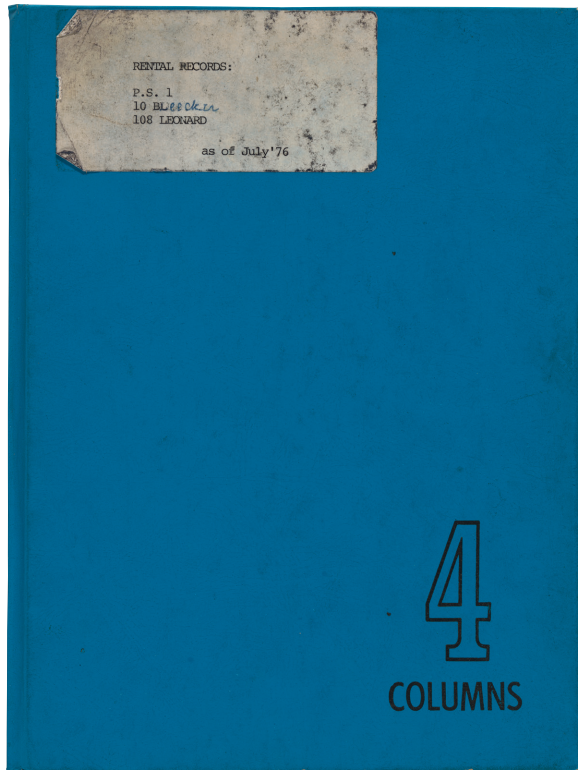
That made the early Clocktower days so fantastically celebratory. The space was so high up, and fairly tight quarters, often you found yourself there alone, as though you owned the work of art. It was the most private exhibition space I would ever run. It was a unique experience, and that's how many of the artists wanted people to feel.

Every artist who saw the space desperately wanted to show there. For the first few years, artists could use the clocktower itself. We could set the clock's hands to whatever time the artist wanted; this turned out to be irresistible. Eventually a group of clock freaks repaired the clock and wound it religiously, so we could no longer set the time, but this play was replaced by the gift of the bell ringing on the hour, a sound so full and deep that it nearly lifted you off your feet when you were inside the tower. In any exhibition, when the clock struck there was a feeling that God approved.

That tower really was a kind of chapel. Of course, even though I didn't care whether anybody came but one person, the Clocktower became one of the single most popular places in New York. The openings were unbelievable in the seventies. People were lined up down thirteen flights of stairs, waiting to get into this tiny space in the clock, and the roof was open, which was dangerous.

BF: How was the Clocktower different from the other seventies alternative spaces in New York, like Artists Space, Exit Art, or White Columns?

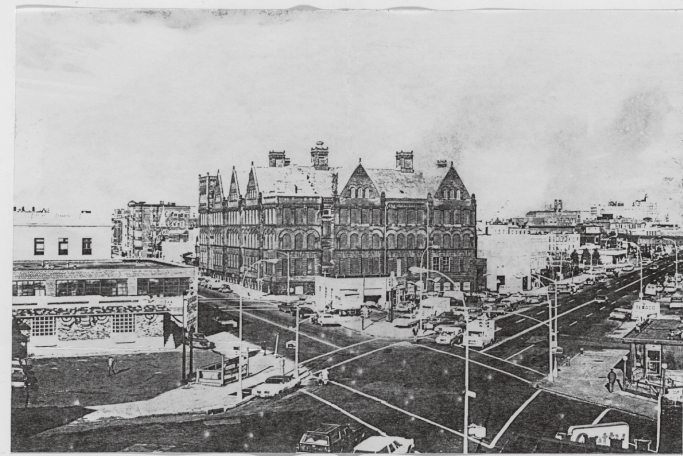
AH: Let's start with the closest friend to the Clocktower, which was 112 Greene Street. It was owned by the artist Jeffrey Lew and lived in by other artists. He supposedly won it in a



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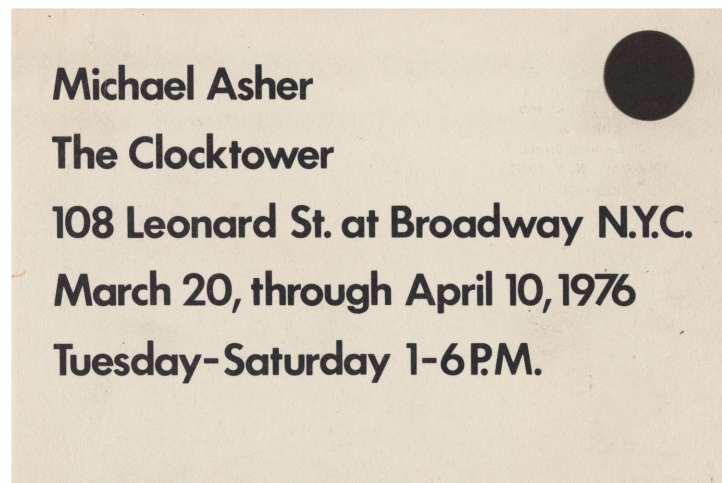
* Application deadline: May 1, 1977.

* Applications and further information available at:
THE CLOCKTOWER, 108 Leonard St., New York, N.Y. 10013 (212) 233-1096
Staff contact: Jill Kurtzer.

The Institute for Art and Urban Resources is a private not-for-profit N.Y. corporation. Major support for the Workspace Program is received from the New York State Council on the Arts, the National Endowment for the Arts and contributions from participating artists.

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22 Ledger of studio rents at 10 Bleecker Street, The Clocktower, and PS1, July 1976 through July 1977
23 Advertisement for Workspace, c. 1977



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poker game and didn't know what to do with the ground floor, which he couldn't rent out. We were all friends. Some people suggested artists could do projects there, and so it emerged. It was a clubhouse that did shows, whereas we were the opposite of a clubhouse. I produced a series of one-person shows in the seventies at the Clocktower that rivaled the Motown hit list. I started with Joel Shapiro, then Richard Tuttle and the reclusive painter James Bishop; I followed with everyone from Carl Andre to Michael Asher, from Eleanor Antin to Malcolm Morley. On the other hand, I did show many from the 112 gang; they were my gang too. Gordon Matta-Clark, who masterminded 112 with Jeffrey and Richard Nonas, was my guy. But I introduced curatorial force into the Clocktower program. I didn't want to spend my life cleaning up a clubhouse.

We soon added the 7,000-square-foot lower galleries to the exhibition space, which allowed for large installations and group shows. But it is always the one-person shows that stand out in my memory: Laurie Anderson's beautiful show in memory of her father; Dennis Oppenheim's dead dog placed on top of an electronica keyboard, such that when rigor mortis set in, the chords changed. Keith Sonnier secretly placed recording devices in the court downstairs and on the second floor, producing earthly dialogues emanating from mixers mounted in the tower. Marjorie Strider poured liquid foam of different colors down the spiral staircase in the tower, giving the room a demented, joyful

party atmosphere. Lynda Benglis called me up and asked if she could borrow a space to pour noxious and dangerous chemicals. "Come right over," I said. That's how her beautiful twisted bows ended up on the walls downstairs.

We did a show in '75 of Colette, who was Stephen Reichard's girlfriend at the time. Colette dressed in nineteenth-century French costumes complete with corsets, push-up bras, hoop skirts, and high laced boots, and walked around with a large entourage of gay men carrying her accessories, such as birdcages with live birds. For her installation, she lay naked like an odalisque on a huge bed, about twenty feet square, under a canopy of parachute silk, with birds flying around loose. The birds needed to be caged at the end of every exhibition day so they wouldn't shit on all that glamour.

It was around that time that I began to understand the need for guards. Colette was a tiny girl with big breasts and plenty of pubic hair, and our visitors included court reporters, the elevator repair man, and, as it turned out happily, Donald Manes, the borough president of Queens and the boss of the Democratic Party of New York. Manes's reach exceeded even the mayor's in terms of the kinds of practical needs that an alternative art space might have, and when it became possible for the city (under better leadership) to offer my organization a larger and more permanent site, the space suggested by the borough of Queens was PS1.

KB: So 112 Greene Street was an artist-run space, where friends were doing shows, but you immediately organized a curatorial program where you as director picked people, not just

your friends. It was an independent voice. What other spaces were around at that time?

AH: We were the beating heart of this, and 112 Greene Street and the Institute for Art and Urban Resources were the only two organizations that Washington heard about. In 1971 I had gone down and met with the NEA, filled out forms for grants for both of us, and we each got \$10,000. Then I went to the New York State Council on the Arts, which was supposed to be open to artists' needs. I went to the person in charge of the visual arts, Trudie Grace. We had almost two years of a track record and a grant from the NEA, but they decided not to give the IAUR or Greene Street any resources, but to fund a new organization, which Trudie would be the director of, that only showed artists without galleries. This became Artists Space. It was staggering to me. They left out 112 Greene Street's anarchist aspect, which artists controlled, and they left out all the IAUR's efforts. Irving Sandler, who was an expert on the New York School of Painting, a professor at NYU, very active and well informed and very interested in social issues in the art world, structured Artists Space around this social welfare aspect. Its goal was to be a gallery for artists. And they started out with no less than \$100,000. I ask you as a person who started your own space to imagine being able to invest that kind of money in a new project. I should say that some of my best friends, artists and otherwise, immediately became advisers to Artists Space. Irving and Trudie were careful whom they invited or talked to. So it had intelligent, wonderful artists, like Laurie Anderson—

KB: Cindy Sherman.

AH: Yes, and Scott Burton.

KB: It became accomplished because it had great artists?

AH: Yes, but it always carried these definitive social networks.

KB: Then there was the alter ego of PS1, Dia.

AH: Some elements of the birth of Dia came about through the Clocktower, and my old friend Kasper König. Kasper was in the US a lot in the mid-seventies, and I asked him if he wanted to organize a show at the Clocktower. He said, "There's one person you must show, and that's Michael Asher." Michael was paranoid and suspicious of everybody, but he trusted Kasper, so he agreed to do the show. But then Kasper had to go back to Germany,

and it was up to me to get Michael's plane ticket and find him a place to stay. Kasper said, "Why not ask Heiner Friedrich for money?" We were talking about \$500.

KB: Heiner was a gallerist at the time, and he was an heir, right?

AH: Yeah, he had opened a gallery in New York, and already had one or two galleries in Germany. So I asked Heiner, and he agreed, but he wanted to give the money directly to Michael and have some influence over the show. Instead the money went through us, and Michael refused to do anything Heiner wanted him to do. Michael did a brilliant show. This was 1976. Brendan Gill brought Mrs. Astor to the opening. There wasn't anything on the walls; it was all the wide-open windows, from which Michael had removed the glass; the sun was shining and it was just gorgeous. Brendan said to Mrs. Astor, "What this is, is a landscape show, of true landscape." She loved it, and she gave us our first thousand dollars.

Meanwhile, Heiner was sitting and stewing, because Michael just tortured him. Heiner called me up and said, "Look, this isn't working out for me at all. Tell me about this not-for-profit situation. If people give you money, and you can do the art you want to do with it, why shouldn't I be not-for-profit?" I said, "Why indeed?" But I warned him, "You won't have the same control. Rich people will have power over your actions." He said, "I have a solution for that."

He asked me many questions: what kind of reports do there have to be, does it have to be educational? And within a year, he had created Dia with the de Menil fortune.

KB: A year later, Marcia Tucker founded the New Museum, which was parallel to what you were doing.

AH: It was never a parallel project, although people confused them constantly. Her goals were so different. Her view was that there was nothing wrong with museums, they just had the wrong people running them. Marcia and I knew each other pretty well. She was a hugely charismatic, interesting, and smart person. She sold the museum on the grounds of her own curatorial abilities, whereas I would ask people for money on the basis of all my colleague curators and artists.

She also believed that a museum could be more politically active and radical. She was very involved in women's rights and in her own choice of artists, who were primarily painters. She was given space at the New School for

Social Research for six or seven years. It was not good space. Although some very good shows happened there, it couldn't carry itself because the space didn't have a soul. The soul belonged to the university. Marcia knew a lot about trustees and collectors, but she knew nothing about space. I know everything about space.

KB: Brian O'Doherty provided crucial support for PS1 at the beginning, through his NEA grants for alternative spaces. Tell me about him.

AH: Brian is just an extraordinary genius, raised in Ireland, mythically involved with reading, theater, and poetry, but trained as a doctor. I met him a couple times when he was an artist—

KB: As Patrick Ireland?

AH: He was not yet Patrick Ireland. First he was a serialist in the same group as Sol LeWitt. When he came over to the United States, he had quit his job at Trinity Hospital, where he'd worked for a year or two, and got a job writing at the *New York Times*. He was so charismatic that he got a job on morning television, talking about art. At that time, he was an artist who had a studio, making art. Then he wrote articles and criticism. He became the editor of *Art in America* for a few years.

KB: Did he come from a wealthy family?

AH: No, the opposite. He's just unbelievably brilliant. He was also beginning to write books and plays. "Inside the White Cube" [1976] was just one of his many articles, and it became one of the most famous books of criticism. That was after he took on *Art in America*. And then he was hired by Nancy Hanks, who started the National Endowment for the Arts. She fell in love with his intellect and

kidnapped him from New York. But he was working on the visual arts grants, and he was a visual artist. So he started doing his art as Patrick Ireland, while at the NEA he was Brian O'Doherty. I didn't know he was there until he called me from the NEA and said, "I hear you've been doing some really good work. Artists are talking about it. If you want, I think the National Endowment can offer you some support. We'll give you the train fare to come down here and tell us about it." So I went, and that was the beginning. I watched him set up a network of alternative spaces across the United States. He took our space and told us what was good and what was bad. He said to me, "You've got to help get more spaces set up." I said, "It's better if we're the only ones." He said, "No, Alanna, it's worse if you're the only ones." This was a movement, not a place.

I begged Brian to join the board, and eventually he did. He was always an integral member. He helped me see the world I was in and understand my own failures as if looking at them from a distance. He was a constant adviser and help to me, because of his ability to see life in a unique, brilliant, and funny way.

January 2018

The most viable part of the Institute for Art and Urban Resources is still that the space could be freely modified, as when Michael Asher removed every window and board that was not structural from the Clocktower. . . . Instead of providing white walls, an alternative space provides gray walls. It gives you greater control over what it is you want to exhibit. Many projects would never have been done if it had not been for the alternative spaces.

When the Institute got PS1, Alanna realized that she needed the artists, those same artists, to make that happen, clean up the building, and make the place a house of art. So then she said, "Okay, when it boils right down to it, I wouldn't exist without this group of people. I can't get along without this group."

—TINA GIROUARD, late 1970s



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25 Exhibition catalogue for *Artists Make Toys*, 1975, featuring cropped photograph by Hannah Wilke of herself and Claes Oldenburg. The Clocktower, January 1–25, 1975
26 Postcard for Hannah Wilke, *So Help Me Hannah: Snatch-shots with Ray Guns*, 1978. *Special Projects (Fall 1978)*, October 1–November 19, 1978

Alanna called looking for Claes, who was in Europe at the time. She wanted to have one of [his] pieces reproduced as a four-color poster. As I was in the show also, I thought it would be more appropriate for a young artist to create a poster, especially one that would make a pun on the statement “Artists Make Toys.” I told this to Alanna and she asked if I could have a poster done by Sunday—this conversation was the preceding Friday night. So I said, “Since I can’t get Claes for you, I’ll give you a photograph I took of both of us, one that looks like Christmas anyway.” In the photo, Claes and I are in bed together underneath an antique red and green quilt. I realized that this would be the first body piece of mine, except for the female crucifixion. In this way I was both the artist and the photographer, and not just the model, the way that so many women have been used for the benefit of male artists.

—HANNAH WILKE, late 1970s



LINDA BLUMBERG

FINDING PS1

New York in the
mid-1970s was
coming apart

at the seams. The financial crisis had put the city on the verge of bankruptcy. Violent crimes and muggings were constantly in the news, as were car thefts and burglaries. New Yorkers were advised to tuck jewelry away when on the subway—or better yet, take a taxi. For a short time, the Council for Public Safety prepared pamphlets to be handed out at the airports and train stations that said, “Welcome to Fear City: A Survival Guide for Visitors to the City of New York.”

Under these circumstances, the city couldn’t maintain its public buildings, and many were in great disrepair. In 1972, shortly before I joined her, Alanna convinced the Department of Buildings to let her use, rent-free, the forgotten and very rundown thirteenth floor of a city-owned building at 108 Leonard Street, with the promise that we would renovate and maintain the space at our own expense. There was the vague idea that we would return the space to the city when the financial crisis was over. Both the Clocktower gallery and the small studio program were a great success, with trailblazing artists eager to show in this unusual, beautiful space. However, we were under considerable pressure from our funder, the New York State Council on the Arts, to provide more studio spaces for artists.

Worried about losing our only source of funding, I asked my family for help in obtaining an appointment with an acquaintance of theirs, the powerful borough president of Queens, Donald Manes. As part of our plea, we sent a packet of information about the Clocktower gallery and studio program to his office. We included a postcard of our current exhibition, a photo of the artist Colette arrayed semi-nude on a gauzy bed that was part of her installation. This caught the borough president’s eye. He agreed to a meeting and, unbeknownst to us, assumed I was Colette.

Alanna and I showed up late for the meeting at Queens Borough Hall. The borough president was not about to wait for us, but he asked the deputy borough president, Larry Gresser, to take the meeting at a later date. This time I went to Borough Hall with Stephen Reichard, our recently hired director



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of development. Larry, more than Donald, understood what we wanted. He suggested we go look at an abandoned school, built in 1893 as one of the first public schools in the area, that had stood empty for more than ten years. What Steve and I saw when we visited and peered through the windows was a semi-ruined Romanesque structure suffused with light and air but with a decade’s worth of peeled paint on the walls and floors. A wonderful bonus was the play yard in back.

We loved it. Filled with enthusiasm, we told Alanna about it, and the three of us immediately began to scheme about how to get the building and to fantasize about what the project could become.

Where, however, would we get the money to repair this 65,000-square-foot structure?

I made another appointment with Donald (who probably still imagined I was Colette) and told him I understood how very shocked he must be that the New York State Council on the Arts had not sufficiently funded art projects in his borough. He was pretty surprised; I doubt he had ever given it the slightest thought. Luckily, I had the perfect solution to the problem he didn’t know he had: PS1, a project I assured him would change the borough dramatically by

establishing an international art center right there in Long Island City. I also assured him that the surrounding neighborhood would come alive with all sorts of business relating to this art space. Sensing a new source of income for his borough, he asked how he could help. I had the answer ready: invite the executive director of the New York State Council on the Arts, Joan Davidson, to his office to discuss the issue. I think Joan was pretty shocked herself by the borough president’s sudden demand for arts funding for his borough, specifically for PS1. After a great deal of cajoling and paperwork, she did eventually come through with a substantial grant that enabled us to clean up the building, fix the roof, get some plumbing working, and, at the last minute, turn on the electricity.

In the meantime, Alanna and I stuffed well-known and respected artists into my station wagon, some riding in the back with their knees in their faces, and took them over the Fifty-Ninth Street Bridge to see our new prize. Our excitement was contagious and the beauty of the building obvious, and seventy-eight artists agreed to do some amazing projects for what became the famous opening exhibition, *Rooms*. It was June 1976, and of course the first event had to be a prom. Dorothy and Herb Vogel, the collectors



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who had supported so many of the artists in the show, were elected king and queen by guests casting votes as part of their RSVP.

When Alanna and I, both in our early thirties, went to the buildings department to secure the lease, the clerk asked me how long a lease we wanted. Without hesitating, I said, “Twenty years.” After we left, Alanna asked me why I had said that, and I replied, “In twenty years we’ll be so old we won’t care what happens anymore.”

The rest of the history of PS1 is pretty well documented. We did suffer with an on-again, off-again heating system during two very cold New York winters, and it took a while to convince people to cross the bridge or traverse the Queens Midtown Tunnel to venture into the hinterland of Long Island City. But within

the first six months we transformed the first-floor classrooms in the south wing into a beautiful gallery and opened it with a glorious exhibition of seventeen new paintings by Robert Ryman.

So many amazing things have happened in that building since we began. Alanna stayed on to steer the ship with energy and brilliance, and I went off to become assistant commissioner for New York City’s Department of Cultural Affairs. Later, I went to San Francisco to head up the Capp Street Project and then to Rome to become the director of the arts for the American Academy. But I will always think of those early days as some of the most memorable of my career. To me it felt like “storming the barricades.” We accomplished something special that was unique for that moment. I remember that time with great pride and affection.

May 2018

27 Colette, *Room Environment Installation*, part of the *Dream Series*. The Clocktower, December 18, 1975–January 17, 1976
28 PS1 and its rear courtyard, c. 1976



JOHN COMFORT
 THOUGH WE
 THOUGHT OF IT
 AS A MORTGAGE,
 IT WAS A LOAN

Sometime in the
 mid-1970s, after
 Alanna had gotten
 Donald Manes,

the Queens borough president, to give us the building that would be PS1, and NYSCA had promised us \$140K for the first year's operating budget, we realized that we would need a loan in order to make the building habitable. We got a few guys from Chemical Bank to come out one morning and meet with our architect, Shael Shapiro, who had done many loft renovations for artists downtown. The city projected we would need \$450K to get the building to a museum standard—what they imagined was the very minimum job. As we stood in water in the basement, where it was snowing (that's right, it was snowing in the basement), Shael told the bankers he could do it for \$150K. His plan, of course, was not to make the building into a museum but just to get it usable, and to hire artists to do the work. The bankers agreed to make the loan, with the personal guarantees of our board members. But our board was really not that rich, so Brendan Gill, our chairman, introduced Steve Reichard and me to Sinclair Armstrong, a senior banker at US Trust and the chairman of the Sam Rubin Foundation. The foundation guaranteed almost half; a trustee of PS1, David Moxley, who was then the chief executive of Ernst & Company, took on a bit more of the guarantee and we were in business. This was the only loan we ever got, and it caused me many agonies in the decades to come.

In the end, Alanna managed to do the renovation for \$75K. Rather than pay the balance back, she invested it in an unplanned but beautiful exhibition space on the first floor, with white walls and museum-quality lights. It was a great move. You can visit it today.

A couple of years later, Steve Reichard got a \$75K matching grant from the Rockefeller Foundation, and Alanna persuaded John Chamberlain to donate a piece to raffle off, which she did for \$75K to meet the match. That money was spent on programs.

So time passed, and at some point Chemical wanted to be repaid. Luckily we were able to move the loan to the Bank of New York, where we had our operating account. Eventually they became concerned, too, and called us in to

discuss repayment. Our then-chairman, Tony Solomon, the former president of the New York Federal Reserve Bank, had advised a strategy of saying we will always be current on interest, and we will pay you back, but we can't now. He also said we should pay a little principal each year. That came to be about \$3,500 per year. So Alanna and I visited a senior Bank of New York workout banker and delivered that message. He said he would consider it and get back to us.

After a few days, when he had not called, I called him. It turned out that he had had a heart attack right after our meeting. In fact, his secretary said he had felt it when we were there, but he didn't want to be rude. Happily, he recovered, and he agreed to our strategy.

So we proceeded like that for several years, but then another senior workout banker called and said we had to repay the loan. This would have been in the mid-eighties. We had a lot of meetings, made many offers, tried everything, but they were insisting. I called Tony Solomon and said it was time for plan B. "What was that?" he asked. "You call Carter Bacot, the chairman of the Bank of New York, and say you need to come see him tomorrow."

He did, and we met with Bacot and begged him not to demand payment, and he said he would think about it. A few days later the workout banker called me and said he had sent a Demand of Payment Letter that morning. As a banker myself, I knew that was the end; we were done. "So," he said, "when you get it, please throw it away!"

We continued to pay the interest and \$3,500 per year until the loan was down to about \$114K, and at that point I got another call, from another workout banker. This time it was really over: pay up, or a demand would come and this time I wouldn't be told to throw it away. By then, in the 2000s, Tony Solomon had retired from the board and Peter Norton was chairman. At the next board meeting, there was a suggestion that we call their bluff and walk. But Peter felt that was wrong, that we had entered the loan on a commercial basis, and we would not walk.

The next day the artist Tom Slaughter, who had been on PS1's board for years, and on the board of the Horace W. Goldsmith Foundation, sent a check for \$114K.

October 2018



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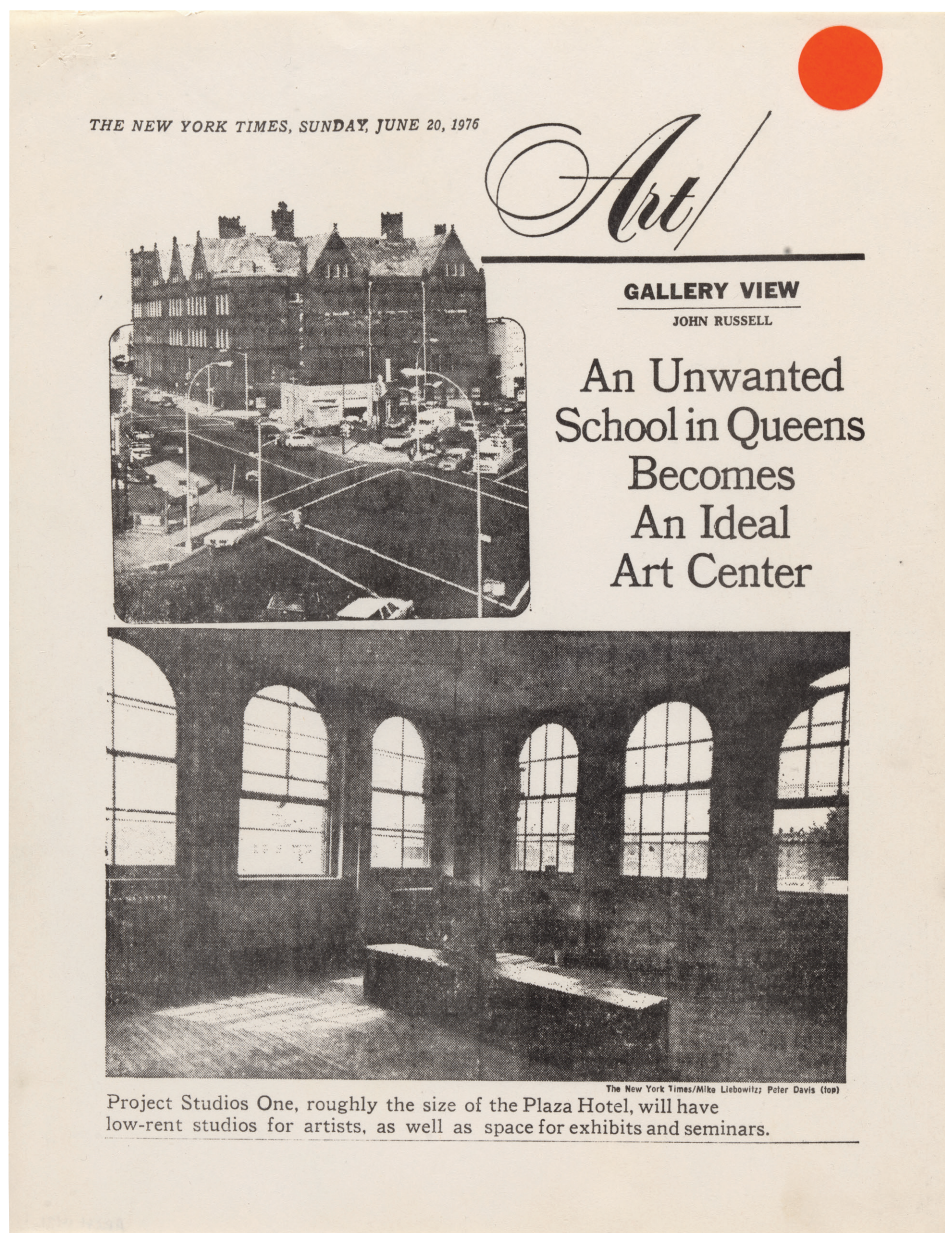
29 PS1 classroom prior to cleanup, c. 1976



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In my experience the Institute [for Art and Urban Resources] has had less money. We always ended up financing our own work. In other places there was a budget for the making of work. I also feel the institute tends to include too many people in its group shows—a multiplicity of styles tends to blur rather than sharpen the purpose and focus of a show. . . .

The institute's purpose is to find alternative spaces—unique and unusual spaces—and make them available to artists. But I think its scope could be expanded to find unique and unusual outdoor spaces—especially spaces that are unlikely for art—not a park or a lawn, which is already a kind of work in itself, but wastelands, urban blight lands, which could be renewed through art.

—NANCY HOLT, 1979

31 Early photograph of PS1, c. 1976
 32 Commemorative pin, 1929
 33 *New York Times*, June 20, 1976
 34 Postcard from Alanna Heiss to PS1 staff, 1979

