

This Sweetness Outside of Time

Dorothy Iannone

(Boston, 9. August 1933 – Berlin, 26. Dezember 2022)

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Marianne und Marceline Filliou · Marie-Luise Flammersfeld
Massimiliano Gioni · Michael Glasmeier · Jenny Graser
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DORIS WOLTER

Welcome. My name is Doris Wolter. Dorothy and I were friends for more than thirty-five years and I had the great privilege of accompanying her through, what we now know to be, the final weeks of her life.

To begin with, I would like to invite everyone here to pause for a moment:

First, arrive fully. Be here and now, in this space.

Feel your body, relaxed, but awake.

Feel the flow of your breath, feel what it is to be alive, and that your breath is your constant connection with the world.

Feel the atmosphere of this room that Dorothy knew so well. She may even be here with us now.

And now open yourself to the various contributors who, for the next hour or so, will reflect on the almost intoxicating abundance and diversity of Dorothy's life.

Dorothy was very ill for about six weeks. A severe bout of bronchitis was treated with powerful antibiotics and sometimes she seemed recover a little, but always relapsed. At home on 28 November she had a fall and was admitted to Westend Hospital, where she became weaker and weaker. Two weeks later she tested positive for Covid and was unable to receive visitors until her death on 26 December 2022. Quite by chance, I went to the hospital to drop off two of her favourite cakes from Nico's just 30 minutes after she took her last breath and could meditate by her body for about an hour. Buddhist masters who were informed of her death and practised for her. We also sponsored the traditional 49 days of rituals and prayers to be said for her at two Buddhist monasteries in Asia and two Buddhist centres in Europe.

I am delighted to see you all here today. Perhaps it's only fitting that in spite of our sadness at her death, we now begin to celebrate the rich, colourful, active and artistically fulfilling life and work of our friend Dorothy Iannone. For the final ten years of her life, her work was being recognized more widely and she enjoyed her success tremendously.

The urn containing Dorothy's ashes will now be strewn with rose petals. Roses are a symbol of love and the abundance of life. The petals also represent impermanence – even the most fulfilling and precious life will eventually come to an end. So, as the petals fall, you can, if you wish, participate in this small ceremony by recalling all your love and appreciation for Dorothy, your grief at her loss and your recognition of impermanence. The scattering of petals will be accompanied by a recitation of *Praises to the Twenty-One Taras* recited by Dzongsar Khyentse Rinpoche, one the Buddhist masters Dorothy adored.

According to the *Tibetan Book of the Dead*, Dorothy is now embarking on her journey through the *Bardo of Becoming*. Here are a few of the verses that are traditionally said for the dead, adapted by Dzongsar Khyentse Rinpoche and taken from his book, *Living is Dying*.

O Daughter of Noble Family, Dorothy Iannone.
Do not be distracted.

OM MANI PADME HUM

O Daughter of Noble Family, Dorothy!
Throughout all this,
Try to remember:
Everything is a manifestation of your mind.

OM MANI PADME HUM

Mind is like the sky,
It has no colour, no shape, no boundary,
Yet cognition and awareness are always present.
Be confident in the nature of your mind.

OM MANI PADME HUM

Translation by Janine Schulz

ANNELIE LÜTGENS

Liebe Freundinnen und Freunde von Dorothy Iannone

Als ich das letzte Mal eine Rede zu Ehren Dorothy Iannones gehalten habe, war das zur Eröffnung ihrer Retrospektive am 20. Februar 2014 in der Berlinischen Galerie. Ich sehe sie noch vor mir, aufmerksam in der ersten Reihe sitzend, neben ihr Florence Bonnefous, ihre Galeristin und Freundin aus Paris.

Doch lassen Sie uns über persönliche Erinnerungen hinaus zunächst Dorothy Iannone als einer amerikanischen Malerin gedenken, die mehr als die Hälfte ihres Lebens in Deutschland verbracht hat, davon 46 Jahren in Berlin und die ihrem Motto: *Love is my inspiration* treu geblieben ist, auch wenn die Kunstwelt ihrer neuen Heimat lange Zeit kaum etwas davon hören und sehen wollte, mit Ausnahme von Mike Steiner, Jes Petersen oder Barbara Wien.

Man könnte Lebensweg und Kunst der Dorothy Iannone als ein Abenteuer beschreiben. Die 1933 geborene Enkelin italienischer Einwanderer wuchs in Boston auf, studierte Literaturwissenschaft, heiratete mit 25 Jahren und führte mit ihrem Mann James Upham ein ökonomisch sorgenfreies Leben im New Yorker Greenwich Village.

Das Paar reiste um die Welt mit längeren Aufenthalten in Südfrankreich, in der Türkei, in Japan. Die junge Frau entdeckte dabei nicht nur die verschiedensten Kulturen, sondern auch das Malen, lebte in New York unter Künstlern und betrieb gemeinsam mit dem Gatten eine Galerie.

Während der frühen Jahre ihres künstlerischen Experimentierens Ende der 50er entwickelte sie schnell ein kraftvolles malerisches Werk, das Einflüsse des amerikanischen Abstrakten Expressionismus und von Neo-Dada verarbeitet, verfeinert durch japanische Papierkunst.

Im Sommer 1967 bringt ein Frachter das Ehepaar, begleitet vom Fluxus-Künstler Emmett Williams, nach Island, um Dieter Roth zu besuchen. Eine Schicksalsbegegnung für Dorothy Iannone, denn sie erkennt in dem Dichterkünstler Roth ihre große Liebe. Jahre später zeichnet und schreibt sie die „Islandic Saga“ dieser Begegnung und wie sie mit dem Noch-Ehemann nach New York zurückkehrt, nur um ihre Auswanderung mit Sack und Pack nach Reykjavik zu organisieren. Mit Roth lebte sie bis 1974 zusammen, nach der Islandzeit hauptsächlich in Düsseldorf. In dieser Zeit entstanden Werke, für die Dorothy Iannone bis heute berühmt und (manche mögen es so sehen) berüchtigt ist: Ob in mehrteiligen Bilderzählungen, die alltägliche Situationen oder emotionale Dramen in pop-farbene Bildsequenzen verwandeln oder ob in großformatigen Gemälden – immer sind ihre Figuren Wesen mit sichtbarem Geschlecht.

Die Thematik ihrer Kunst, intime Dialoge, Sehnsucht, Begehren, die Idealisierung des Geliebten, mit der Haltung einer sexuell offensiven und selbstbewussten Frau vorzutragen, war damals – trotz Pop-Art und sexueller Revolution – in Kunst und Gesellschaft immer noch

anstößig. Das musste die Künstlerin in verschiedenen Akten der Zensur erfahren, etwa 1967 in Stuttgart, wo die Polizei nach der Eröffnung in der Galerie Hansjörg Mayer ihre Werke beschlagnahmte und sie erst am letzten Ausstellungstag wieder herausgab; oder 1969 in einer Gruppenausstellung in der Kunsthalle Bern, wo einige beteiligte Künstler in einem Akt vorausseilenden Gehorsams von Iannone verlangten, die Genitalien auf ihren Bildern mit Klebeband zu verdecken. Und auch die feministisch orientierten Überblicksausstellungen zur Kunst von Frauen in den 1970er-Jahren machten um Dorothy Iannone einen großen Bogen. Iannones spezielle Form der Frauenpower, ihre Auseinandersetzung mit matriarchalischen Mythen bei gleichzeitiger Männerverehrung, führte auch in diesen Kreisen zu Ausgrenzung durch Ignorieren.

Unbeeindruckt davon feierte Dorothy Iannone in ihrer Kunst die ekstatische, orgiastische sexuelle Liebe zum Geliebten. In ihren Bildern sind Frau und Mann an Akten der Hingabe, der Dominanz, der Unterwerfung gleichberechtigt beteiligt. Es sind Bilder ohne Ort und Raum: die ornamentierten Umrisse der Figuren werden ausgeschnitten und auf eine weiße Leinwand, gewissermaßen in ein Nichts, geklebt. Nirgends ein Einlass für den voyeuristischen Blick – totale Sichtbarkeit und dennoch keine pornografische Erregungsmaschine.

Nach der Trennung von Roth 1974 übersiedelte Dorothy Iannone nach Südfrankreich. Hier in der Nähe von Nizza lebten ihre Freunde Ben Vautier und Robert Filliou.

Als Dorothy Iannone 1976 als Gast des Deutschen Akademischen Austauschdienstes nach Berlin kam, war sie also längst eine gestandene Künstlerin. Sie hatte ein abstrakt-expressives Frühwerk hinter sich, verschiedene Künstlerbücher und Multiples produziert, die ihre ureigene Form der geschriebenen und gezeichneten Bilderzählung etablierten, und seit Anfang der 1970er-Jahre Gesang und Videofilm in ihre Kunst integriert.

Bei all diesen verschiedenen Medien sei dennoch betont: Die Malerin Dorothy Iannone war eine malende Dichterin.

Die 1977/78 in Berlin entstandene Serie *The Berlin Beauties*, seit langem in der Sammlung des Berliner Kupferstichkabinetts beheimatet, ist dafür ein besonders schönes Beispiel. Der Untertitel zitiert einen alten Schlager: „Du hast ja keine Ahnung, wie schön du bist, Berlin“. Ein Jahr später entstand das gleichnamige Buch. Die Bilderzählung liest sich wie ein langes Gedicht der Sehnsucht nach absoluter Liebe. Wenn der ideale Liebhaber nicht auftaucht, dann, so der Vorschlag der Künstlerin, werde selbst zu dieser Person: in sich selbst das finden, wonach man im Außen sucht.

Beim Sichten der Texte und Interviews, die Dorothy Iannone nicht nur als bildende, sondern auch schreibende Künstlerin ausweisen, wurde mir klar, dass sie kaum etwas ungesagt ließ, so wie sie auch in ihrer Malerei keine Scheu hatte, Intimstes preiszugeben. So ist auch ihren Bildern über die Jahre hinweg ihre ganz persönliche Reise zu der ersehnten ekstatischen Einheit abzulesen, die sie seit Mitte der 1980er-Jahre auch im tibetischen Buddhismus suchte. Seine spirituelle Bildwelt fand mehr und mehr Eingang in ihre Kunst. Texte und Bilder sprechen von der Suche nach jener höchsten Einheit, gedacht und dargestellt als Vereinigung der Polarität Frau - Mann.

Von dem Maler und Philosoph Khalil Gibran (1883-1931), der wie Dorothy in Boston aufwuchs, stammt der Satz: „Arbeit ist Liebe sichtbar gemacht“. Hier haben wir das Geheimnis Dorothy Iannones: Ihre Kunst ist genau das: Liebe sichtbar gemacht.

Mein erster Besuch bei Dorothy Iannone fand im Herbst 2011 statt. Ich betrat eine großzügig geschnittene Charlottenburger Altbauwohnung, in der Wohn- und Arbeitsbereich unmerklich in einander übergingen und die angefüllt war mit einem strahlend farbigen, verwirrend vielfältigen Werk – Gemälde, Collagen, Videoboxen, Bücher, ein Regal voller ausgeschnittener Holzfiguren, bemalte Stühle. Ich war fasziniert. Mein erster Gedanke war, dass eine Ausstellung sich doch leicht bewerkstelligen lassen müsste, nämlich indem man einfach den Inhalt dieser Wohnung ins Museum überführt. Dass dies eine äußerst naive Annahme war, merkte ich schnell, denn Dorothy konfrontiert mich mit ihrem Archiv. Sie brachte große Kartons voller Ektas und Fotografien und meinte: Fangen wir erstmal mit den 60er Jahren an, dann die 70er und mehr wirst Du heute wohl kaum schaffen. In der Tat:

Das Ausmaß dieser Lebensarbeit ging weit über das hinaus, was ich mir vorgestellt hatte, was ich leibhaftig vor mir sah und mich sogleich mit seiner Energie, Kühnheit und lebensfrohen Farbigkeit verführt hatte. Im Übrigen, meinte die Künstlerin, sind die besten Arbeiten sowieso in Privatbesitz, verstreut über Europa.

Seitdem ging ich regelmäßig alle 4 bis 6 Wochen zu ihr und fast alles Material wurde gesichtet. Immer gab es Tee und köstliches Gebäck und jede Menge Fragen – von meiner Seite oft ganz pragmatisch nach Leihgebern und Werken, von ihrer Seite war die dringlichste, wann sie denn ihren Freunden von der bevorstehenden Retrospektive erzählen dürfe. So lernte ich Dorothy Iannone nicht nur als Künstlerin kennen, sondern auch in Personalunion als Organisatorin, Managerin und Lektorin in eigener Sache. Ihre ungeheure Disziplin war auch hier beeindruckend. Während in unserer Stadt manche Künstler, die nicht einmal halb so alt sind, einen ganzen Stab von Assistenten beschäftigen, die den Studiobetrieb aufrechterhalten, hatte Dorothy Iannone immer alles allein gemacht. Zum Glück wurde sie in der letzten Dekade ihres Lebens von großen internationalen Galerien vertreten und unterstützt: Air de Paris und Peres Projects.

Und neben vielen internationalen Projekten der letzten Jahre sei hier an die monumentale Rückkehr ihrer Kunst nach New York erinnert: An der High Line, der zum Flanierweg umgebauten ehemaligen U-Bahnlinie, prangte 2018/19 ihre dreifache Freiheitsstatue: *I Lift My Lamp Beside the Golden Door*.

In den letzten 2 Jahren war es statt meiner oft mein Mann Michael Glasmeier, der die Besuche bei Dorothy fortsetzte, teils weil ich den Kopf übertoll mit anderen Ausstellungsprojekten hatte, teils weil er als Kunsthistoriker und Fluxus-Experte die Künstlerin seit Ende der 70er Jahre kannte, mit ihr eine Publikation zu Diether Roth vorbereitete und darüber hinaus einen Text über Dorothys *Tarot Pack* für den Katalog einer Ausstellung erarbeitete, die u.a. 2020/21 im Kölnischen Kunstverein gezeigt wurde.

Jedem, der mit Dorothy Iannone zu tun hatte, fällt mit Sicherheit eine persönliche Geschichte ein, die vom Witz und vom Glamour dieser außergewöhnlichen Künstlerin erzählt. Hier ist meine:

Ich stehe in der Schlange bei Le Notre in der Lebensmittelabteilung des KaDeWe und schaue konzentriert die Auslagen an. Ich will mir etwas gönnen. Welche von diesen hübschen Torten und Kuchenstücken soll ich wählen? Ich muss an Dorothy denken, die hier seit Jahrzehnten ihre Petit Fours und andere Leckereien einkauft, wenn sie Besuch erwartet, zum Beispiel Kuratoren. Die Schlange rückt vor und in der Auslage sehe ich diese irre Kreation aus

Schokolade, Himbeermousse und Blattgold, die auch noch „Graffiti“- Torte heißt und die ich bei Dorothy zum ersten Mal kosten durfte. Dann fällt mir ein, was Dorothy mir über ihre Erfahrungen mit den verschiedenen Verkäuferinnen berichtet hat, die zum Teil ebenfalls seit Jahrzehnten dort bedienen.

Genau in dem Moment, in dem ich mich für „Graffiti“ entschieden habe, höre ich links von mir eine zarte Stimme: „Annelie?“ Und da steht sie, wie aus dem Nichts gezaubert, in schokoladenschwarzem Mantel und Kappe und mit himbeerrotem Lippenstift, der perfekt zur roten Brille passt.

Dorothy is our inspiration und das bleibt so, auch wenn sie nicht mehr bei uns ist.

Lassen wir sie zum Schluss selbst zu Wort kommen:

„Art is the world I have created which never lets me down. A world to which I can return again and again and smile and be immortal.“

FLORENCE BONNEFOUS

Hello, I am sad and happy to see you altogether.

I wish to read some kind of an automatic poem, since it is only composed with selected titles of Dorothy's solo exhibitions.

Love is Forever, isn't it?

I was Thinking of You

Follow Me

Lioness

This Sweetness Outside of Time

Encore !

Imperturbable

This Sweetness Outside of Time

... and The Irrepressible Drive Toward Love And Divinity

Welcome To Our Show

Toujours de l'audace

Lady Liberty Meets Her Match

Extase and The Roulette Table

Dorothy Iannone

Dorothy Iannone

Love Is Forever, isn't It?

Yes, Love is Forever Isn't It is the title of the solo exhibition curated by Joanna Zielinska at M HKA in October 2023. We will all meet there, I hope.

I also wish to read an excerpt from a text that was sent by Massimiliano Gioni, the director of The New Museum in New York. We do not have enough time today to read all these memorial texts, but we will gather them for an online publication as soon as possible.

Massimiliano Gioni, Maurizio Cattelan and Ali Subotnick, this is the trio of curators who invited Dorothy and her Orgasm Box in 2005 at The Wrong Gallery in London.

This has been a very important moment that triggered her return on the stage, and I started representing her (and her mother Sarah Pucci) the year following

So, here from Massimiliano:

Who are you?, I asked her once and she said:

"I am whoever you want me to be.

A description of me and a description of my work wouldn't be that different.

And she added that she and her work were:

Sumptuous

Epicurean

Extravagant

Lavish

Voluptuous

TINE COLSTRUP







FRÉDÉRIC PAUL

Dorothy

Elle était la joie. C'est ce qu'on dit toujours au plus mauvais moment. Et si on le dit au passé, il faut comprendre que ce n'est plus vrai. Alors, elle nous a laissé la joie. Elle était aussi l'audace et l'engagement qui doivent être indissociablement liés et j'espère qu'elle nous a laissé audace et engagement. J'espère que nous serons à la hauteur de cet héritage. J'ai appris à mieux connaître l'œuvre de Dorothy Iannone, comme celle de Guy de Cointet, grâce à Florence Bonnefous. Je tiens à la remercier ici très solennellement. Et puis quelques livres après, quelques expositions plus tard, je n'ai plus cessé de vivre en leur compagnie. En ta compagnie aussi, Florence.

Il y avait déjà quelques œuvres de Dorothy Iannone au Centre Pompidou quand j'ai pris mes fonctions de conservateur dans cette grande maison, qui par ses collections peut inspirer la modestie — si celle-ci ne prive pas... d'audace.

L'hommage que le musée a rendu à l'artiste en 2019 par l'exposition dont je me suis occupé m'a honoré, mais c'est elle qui se disait honorée. Dorothy en fut heureuse et reconnaissante. Quelque chose continuait de me tirailler pourtant. Bien sûr l'exposition aurait pu, aurait dû être plus importante. Mais, je vous rassure, la joie l'emporte. Et halte à la modestie ! Ma plus grande fierté aura ensuite été de contribuer à faire entrer dans les collections son œuvre L'adorable Trixie, déjà invitée pour l'exposition. C'est l'œuvre d'une vie que de vivre une vie pareille. La vie s'évanouit, pas l'œuvre qui en procède. Dorothy a pris congé, mais son adorable double est éternel.

Dorothy

She was the joy. That's what people always say at the worst possible time. And if you say it in the past tense, you have to understand that it's not true anymore. So she left us with joy. She was also the audacity and the commitment that must be inseparably linked, and I hope she left us audacity and commitment. I hope that we will live up to this legacy. I learned more about Dorothy Iannone's work, as well as that of Guy de Cointet, thanks to Florence Bonnefous. I would like to thank her here very solemnly. And then, a few books later, a few exhibitions later, I have never stopped living in their company. In your company too, Florence.

There were already a few works by Dorothy Iannone at the Centre Pompidou when I took up my post as curator in this great house, which, through its collections, can inspire modesty - if modesty does not deprive... of audacity. The museum's tribute to the artist in 2019 through the exhibition I curated honored me, but it was she who said she was honored. Dorothy was pleased and grateful. Something continued to tug at me though. Of course the exhibit could have, should have been bigger. But, I reassure you, joy prevails. And no more modesty! My greatest pride was then to contribute to the entry into the collections of his work The adorable Trixie, already invited for the exhibition. It is the work of a lifetime to live such a life. The life fades away, not the work that comes from it. Dorothy has taken her leave, but her lovely double is eternal.

HUBERTUS VON AMELUNXEN

Dorothy Iannone, la grande dame and la petite fille. Above all, a great artist who consistently walked side by side with her work, since the 1960s a lusty and often difficult path through the realms of artistic and social chauvinism. Enchantingly beautiful, as perceptive as she was sovereign, and above all animated by divine irony, she walked her walk through the world of art alone. No, she was not a Fluxus woman, but all Fluxus men coveted her. Just now the large exhibition at the Louisiana in Copenhagen went to Aalborg. Dorothy was happy about the interest, but she didn't go to see the exhibition, what should she do among the many people, she asked me. She will wink with a smile from her heights at the exhibition in the Museum van Hedendaagse Kunst Antwerpen in October 2023. Dearest Dorothy, I miss our Tea & Cake, our conversations and flirtations, I miss you, Hugs Hubertus

MASSIMILIANO GIONI

I have been trying to put together a few words about Dorothy but it has not been easy because her life and her art were so rich and explosive, so floral and intricate, imbued by a wonderful pan-sexual energy, that really it seems impossible to contain so much joy and adventurousness in just a few words.

Dorothy and her art were indivisible, or at least that's how they appeared to me. I can not look at her paintings without thinking of her, and I still hear her voice whenever I look at her work.

I met her in 2004, when, working on the 4th Berlin Biennale, with Maurizio Cattelan and Ali Subotnick, we were visiting artists in the city. Everyone expected us to run after young artists and instead we tried to meet someone with a little bit of history. When we entered her apartment – among the colonial chairs and the fluffy carpets, the meditation shrine and the sweets from KaDeWe—we didn't know we were just about to encounter a living legend—our great lady of irreverence.

Dorothy was foxy. It was like meeting the Sixties in all their technicolor, psychedelic glory or like visiting the temple of a secret goddess that, in a city known for its greyness, was keeping alive the wild flame of a lush sensuality. I did even think of Leonard Cohen's Suzanne, as she fed us tea and oranges that came all the way from China. And just like Suzanne, Dorothy was a mystic but one with a great sense of humor and a laughter so colorful and bright that could match her paintings. After a couple of hours together, we were already old friends, talking about sex and orgasms, which she told us she kept in boxes...

We went on to work many times together: she was the first lady of our inaugural show at the knock off version of Gagosian—"Berlin Beauties", a tribute to her and her lover Dieter Roth and their friend Emmette Williams who had introduced them. She showed at the Wrong Gallery in NY and at the Wrong Gallery at Tate Modern and then had her first NY museum show at age 76 at the New Museum. We worked on many texts, books, and interviews together. We spoke just a few months ago when she was celebrating her triumphant exhibition at Louisiana and she told me she was so busy with her new projects she didn't have time to see me, which I thought was the sweetest way to say hi to a friend.

When I was asked to say a few words on this sad occasion, I thought that Dorothy had spent her life writing and painting her own words into her own work and that perhaps it was better to listen to what she had to say rather than hearing me say what you already know—that she was a great artist and a wonderful person, one that connected us to a wealth of stories and adventures that crossed the twentieth century, often in the company of other great artists and other restless, generous souls like hers.

So here is a little portrait of Dorothy in her own words—mainly words that she told me and that I was so lucky to hear from her wonderful voice.

Who are you?, I asked her once and she said:

"I am whoever you want me to be.

A description of me and a description of my work wouldn't be that different.

And she added that she and her work were:

Sumptuous
Epicurean
Extravagant
Lavish
Voluptuous

Somehow I always knew I was an artist but I don't remember that I ever considered my work as a career. It almost seems that I trusted in providence to provide; whether I had money or not never really changed what I did or how I did it. Thanks to the help of close friends, a few collectors, now and then a grant, and various gigs teaching at art schools—and my mother, Sarah Pucci, herself an artist who never suspected I was in need—I came through. Once the journey I had to make was clear to me, I would have done it wherever necessary.

How was your first time? (I cant believe that I have asked her that, but I did and she did reply)

I think it was sweet. We were teenagers in love. I know I enjoyed having sex with my boyfriend. I gave as much of myself as was available to me then. But I held back much more, though I was unaware of that. Every Saturday

afternoon I had to go to confession and say I had committed adultery and how many times in order to take communion at Sunday morning mass. I always went to Father Donnelly because he was so lenient with us sinners. In 1967, I don't think women generally admitted to having slept with more than one, two or, at most, three guys. So, when Dieter had asked me with how many people I had slept with, I presented him with a manuscript of no less than thirty black and white drawings. It carried the rather formidable title "Lists (IV): A More Detailed Than Requested Reconstruction-from The Book of D & D". I intended to make a drawing of Dieter and myself for the cover. The night before I started working on it, I had a dream that one of us was riding an elephant and the other a whale. When I woke up, I couldn't remember who was riding which, but because of the anatomy of an elephant, I decided Dieter should ride the elephant, and I would ride the whale.

About five years ago, Norman Mailer, an old friend, visited me in Berlin. We talked about the days we had known each other in Provincetown when I was still together with my husband, and he mentioned that a few of his friends had been in love with me then—"You were so virginal," he added. I was quite surprised by this description. Immediately, I showed him "Lists (IV)". "I had made love with thirty guys," I protested. "Doesn't matter," he said. When he saw a painting I had done of my mother and myself as a little girl where I included a text telling of how, while nursing me one day, the Virgin Mary appeared before my mother in a vision, smiling she nodded her head, and raising her right hand, she blessed us, and disappeared, Norman said, "Ah, that explains it."

Do you have any regrets?

I have done what you see I have done.

My mother, who died at the age of 93, used to say that she wanted to go on living just to see what her daughter would do next. I, too, am curious, because I have never known at the beginning of an artwork what it would look like at the end. But I do know that I hope the story I have created will also be of benefit to others.

Then again, to assess whether, for instance, my large hand painted video box sculpture, "I Was Thinking of You", which I made in 1975 and which was shown in, among other places, The Museum of Modern Art in Paris, where I incorporated a video of my face showing the stages of sexual arousal culminating in an orgasm, contributed to any sexual or artistic revolution, isn't really my line. I wanted to give a glimpse of, let's call it, the soul which, at the moment of orgasm, passes fleetingly over the face. I made the video completely alone. It was self-stimulation, of course but in a way, that's irrelevant because, as the title says, "I Was Thinking of You" and masturbation is the only way it could have been done and remained art. At one point, just for fun, I think, instead of showing only my seductive side, I made some of the funny faces I could think of. I don't think I ever gave more of myself in my work. "The only gift is a portion of thyself", Emerson says. I am always very embarrassed when I see this film, even if no one is with me. I wonder how I could ever have made it but I am so glad I did.

I love something Jan Voss, a friend of almost forty years, recently wrote about me on this subject: "Dorothy has been for all the time I've known her an incarnation of all revolutionaries. She determined herself which hierarchy she would acknowledge and which to laugh away".

All this is to say what Robert Filliou said so marvellously: "O Doro, I do like you, for you do as you like."

HANS ULRICH OBRIST

To remember someone is to remember the love we have for them. Because, as Etel Adnan said: 'Love doesn't die when we die. It is our resurrection.' And Dorothy described how 'Love is the desire to become one with another being.' Dorothy's love is eternal, and we are here today to celebrate her extraordinary life and work. I am grateful for the many collaborations with Dorothy over the years, the memories of the Berlin Interview Marathon at the Koenig bookstore, a BBC program we did together about her extraordinary Gesamtkunstwerk, and a particularly magical night in 2018, when Dorothy presented *Movie People Perpetual Performance* as part of the Serpentine's Park Nights. Inside Frida Escobedo's pavilion, the Park Nights curated by Claude Adjil gave space to an evening based on Dorothy's *Movie People* project, featuring a series of wooden cut-out characters that she started in the 1960s. Assembling all her *Movie People* together for the first time, Dorothy accompanied them with stories of unconditional loves and lovers who sacrifice their own happiness or even their own lives for the sake of their beloved. Today we are remembering the love Dorothy had, and the love we have for her. Dorothy Iannone was one of the great artists of our time.
Hans Ulrich Obrist. January 2023





Class Song

DOROTHY IANNONE, '51

An untried ship in colors gay,
With mast against the azure sky,
Sails off to unknown waters deep
With glorious colors raised on high.

We too, were like that untried ship,
That clipper of the stormy sea;
All innocence and humbleness
When first we shyly came to thee.

Chorus

East Boston High, East Boston High,
We love thy colors gold and blue,
And through the years our thoughts of thee
Will e'er be loyal, kind and true.

But yet the future beckons us,
Each to his chosen distant field,
And fulsome years we spent with thee,
Their harvest now will truly yield.

Though we despair at leaving thee,
Farewell beloved East Boston High,
Your name in our sad hearts will live,
Until the day is ours to die.

used
uld like to return to Finland
nged.

Eila Lehto

SNOW

I like to play in the snow each day;
It makes me feel so happy and gay.
I jump and toss around in the snow,
And down long hills in my sled I go.
Then up to the top again I climb.
I have so much fun in the wintertime.

Dorothy Iannone, 9A

Civil Defense Queen



UNIVERSITY QUEEN OF CIVIL DEFENSE, Dorothy Iannone is a 20-year-old CLA freshman. A native of Boston, "Dotty" was chosen Queen by the University student civil defense organization at its annual banquet Mar. 12. She has brown hair and brown eyes, appears weekly on "College Carnival" every Tuesday on WTAO-TV, Channel 56.

Photo by Jones