



I can only say that creating the wall (*Number 25*) brought the toil and sweat of the old days. Having no vehicle and no driver's license I found myself using a dolly to transport full bails of cotton down the streets of Broadway. But that was only the beginning. The nature of the material only allowed it to be cut with scissors. Through focus, pain and heart, *Number 25* was painstakingly realized. Of course I found in my travels years later that machines in the South are producing the very same walls of cotton...within minutes.

Leonardo Drew

