

JOSEPH GRIGELY

10.11.17-06.01.18

Air de Paris



JOSEPH GRIGELY

A photo of a hand scribbling, the expression on a singer's face, words and phrases written on restaurant tablecloths: traces brought together by Joseph Grigely in the strange catalogue of a system we cannot fathom.

To celebrate his 20 years with Air de Paris, Grigely has come up with an exhibition whose title eludes enunciation. This is not a matter of an inability to convey a feeling, for the meaning is right there on the paper. You can see it, but you can't say it, and what can't be verbally stated can't be heard. Grigely became deaf when he was 10 and can't even hear the sounds of his own body anymore. Like the music he perceives by putting his hands on walls, this title is like a finger placed on your vein: a vibration, a beating.

This is the system the artist has set up for communicating with the world around him. «When I'm with friends I can often tell from their facial expressions that something auditory has happened. Is it something someone has said? Or something they've heard? In that kind of situation I often ask people to write things down for me. I learn lots about the world that way.»

Grigely keeps these scraps of conversation and extracts them from their real context. If his Conversations¹ are untitled, they certainly have subtitles; a word or phrase in parenthesis can act as a semantic key that identifies a communication process. A shift takes place: hands become tools and faces instruments, worn tablecloths become blank pages and the medium becomes a message. This strategy functions on several levels: originally used in an exhibition as a support for the works of Amy Vogel, Horizontal Storage Rack has been reproduced, but augmented with a polyurethane leg. It becomes a witness, «not so much an object as the trace of a movement²» – a memory of a past exhibition.

Playing on the levels of reality, Grigely scrolls through the credits of an exhibition that never happened, via a sound track put together from auditory memory, sight, and touch. There had been talk of bringing together Pierre Joseph and Joseph Grigely and their shared passion for fishing. Their hobby and their names, sounds, and recollections intermingle. Floating like ghosts, like the missing leg of a table.

ABOUT

Born in East Longmeadow, Massachusetts, 1956

Lives and works in Chicago

Joseph Grigely has exhibited extensively in Europe and the US. His work is in collections that include the Tate Modern, London; Kunstmuseum, Bern; SMAK, Ghent; the Whitney Museum of American Art; and the Museum of Modern Art, New York. Recent exhibitions include the Centre Pompidou, Metz; CAPC, Bordeaux; the Museum of Contemporary Art, Leipzig; the Architectural Association, London, the Graham Foundation, Chicago.; and the Whitney Biennial. In 2007 the Baltimore Contemporary and Tang Museum published a monograph on his work, Joseph Grigely: St. Cecilia. Grigely's books include Textualterity: Art, Theory, and Textual Criticism (1995), Conversation Pieces (1998) Blueberry Surprise (2006), and Exhibition Prosthetics (2010).

NEWS

Le Son Entre, FRAC Nord-Pas de Calais, Dunkerque, Apr.29 - Dec.31, 2017

+ INFORMATION

[CV](#)

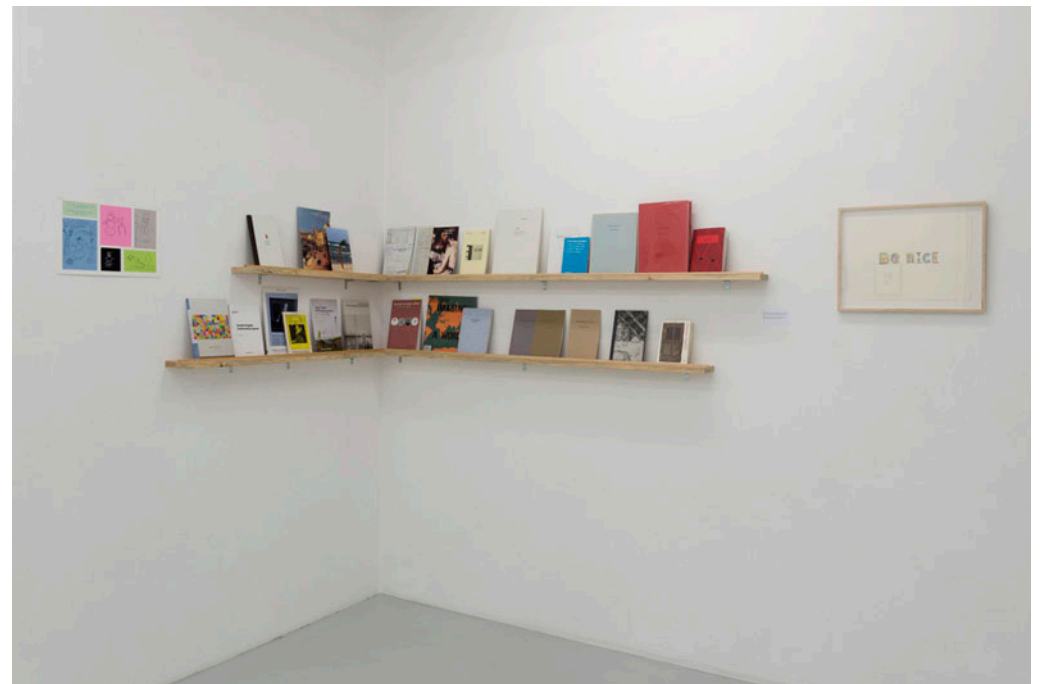
[Press](#)

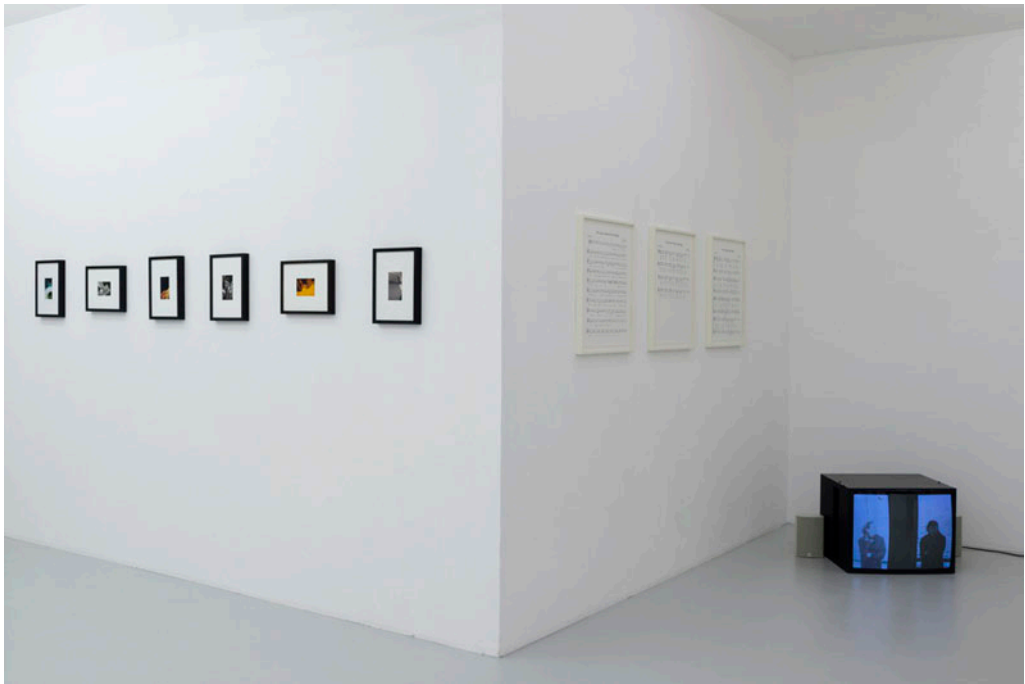
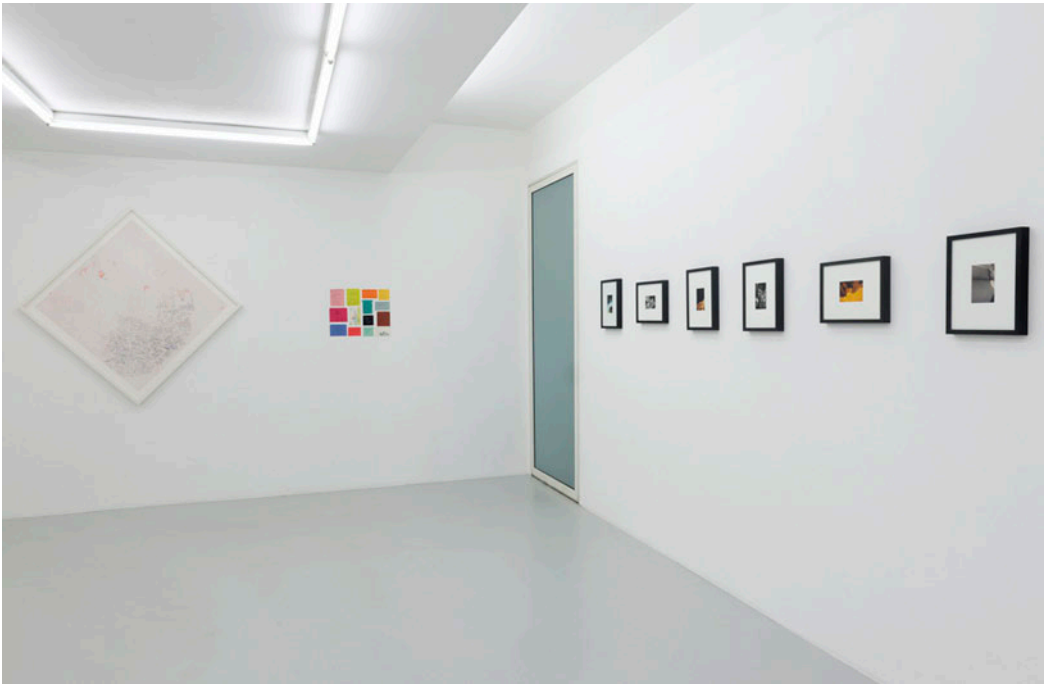
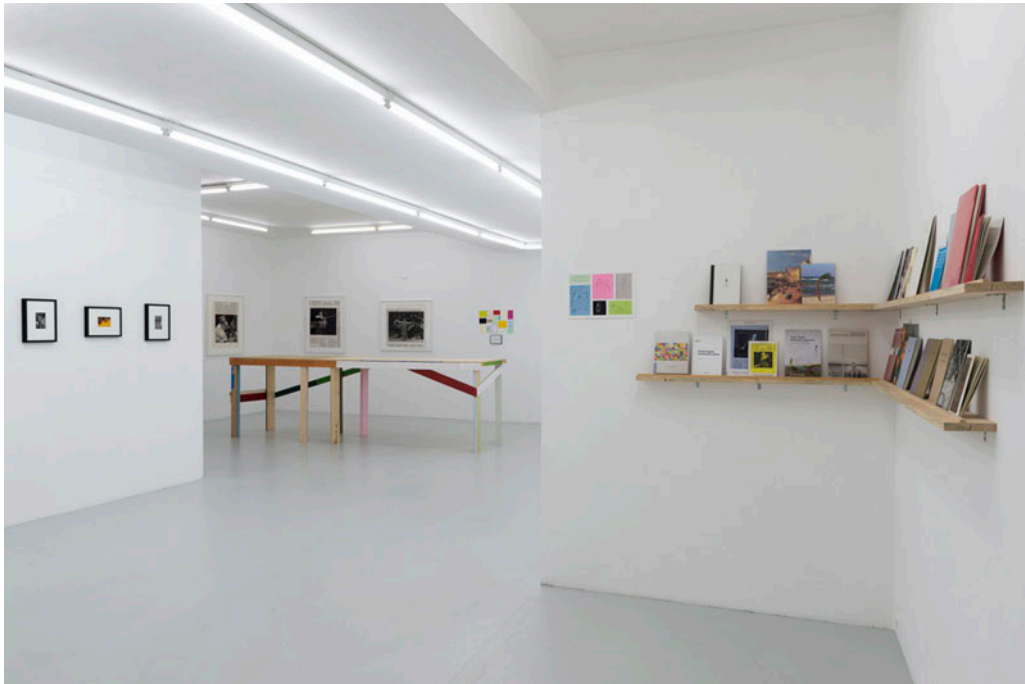
[Air de Paris Website](#)

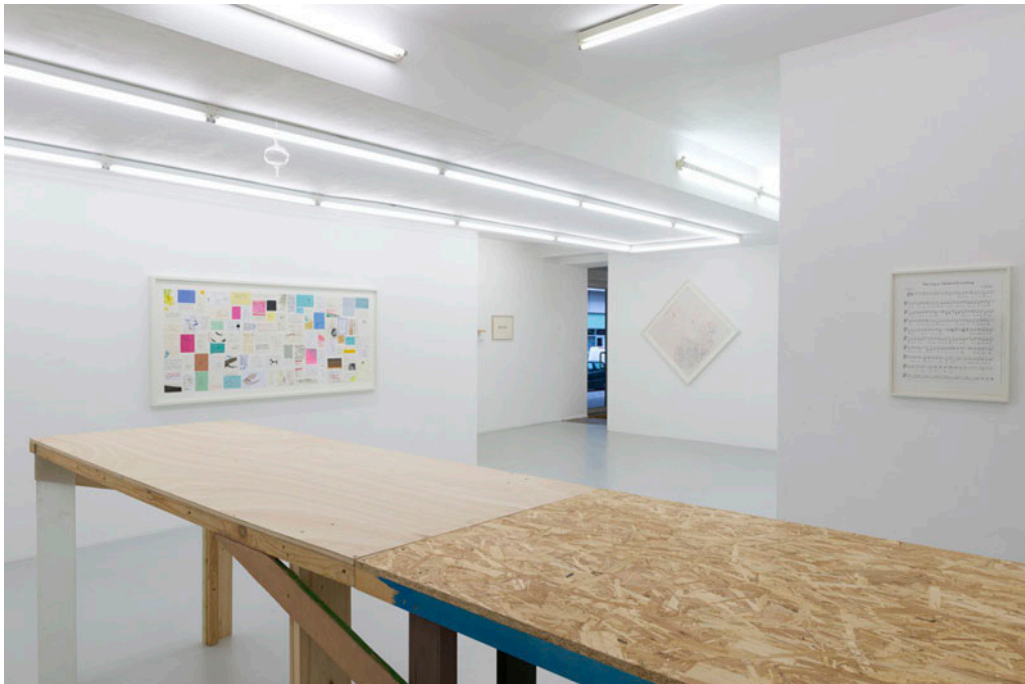
¹ ex: Untitled Conversations (Names); Untitled Conversations (The twists and turns that conversation take)

² Roland Barthes, Mythologies, 1954-1956. About plastic.

EXHIBITION VIEWS











Untitled Conversation (Sex), 1996
 Framed text and one printed sheet of paper, pins
 24,5 x 18,5,5 / frame 13,5 x 18,5 cm
 2/5 + 1 AP

Storyline:

One day not too long ago, I found myself on the upper reaches of Madison Avenue in New York City. It was a cold and slightly snowy afternoon in December at the beginning of the holiday season, and as I walked downtown, I passed by the Sherry-Lehmann wine store. Sherry-Lehmann is not like most wine stores--there is only one bottle of each wine on display, and when you find something you want, a clerk will take your order and descend to the cellar to fetch it for you. It's a service-oriented store, where contact between the staff and the customer is esteemed. Maybe that's why, when I entered, the store was festive, even bustling, full of conversation of different kinds--queries, advice, comments and questions. Or so I thought. When people are talking, you never really know what they're talking about unless you hear them or ask them. Normally I'm intimidated by a store like this, but for some reason I stayed, and looked and gazed at the bottles of wine that stood on the shelves. After a while, I found a couple of bottles of Bordeaux that I wanted to buy, and a very polite clerk took my order, disappeared to the cellar to fetch it, and returned rather shortly--and then a strange thing happened.

She took, so it seemed, at least ten minutes to wrap the four bottles she had brought up from the cellar. Part of the reason it took her so long was because she got involved in a very engaging exchange with one of the other clerks. They stood together at the counter, the two of them--she slowly wrapping the bottles, he slowly adding up numbers of an account--and while she wrapped and he added, they were talking, smiling, laughing, and really enjoying themselves.

I was perplexed, of course, and tried, as well as I could try, to imagine what they were talking about. The wine? The holidays? It had to be something about the holidays--it was written all over their faces. When the clerk finally handed me my package, I thanked her politely, and, pardoning myself, I explained to both of the clerks that I was deaf and a little curious as to what they had been discussing. It seemed, so I said, such a pleasurable conversation--would they mind telling me what it was all about? I don't suppose they had to believe me, or even tell me what they were talking about--but they did.



Season's Greetings

Sex



Untitled Conversation (Sex), det.



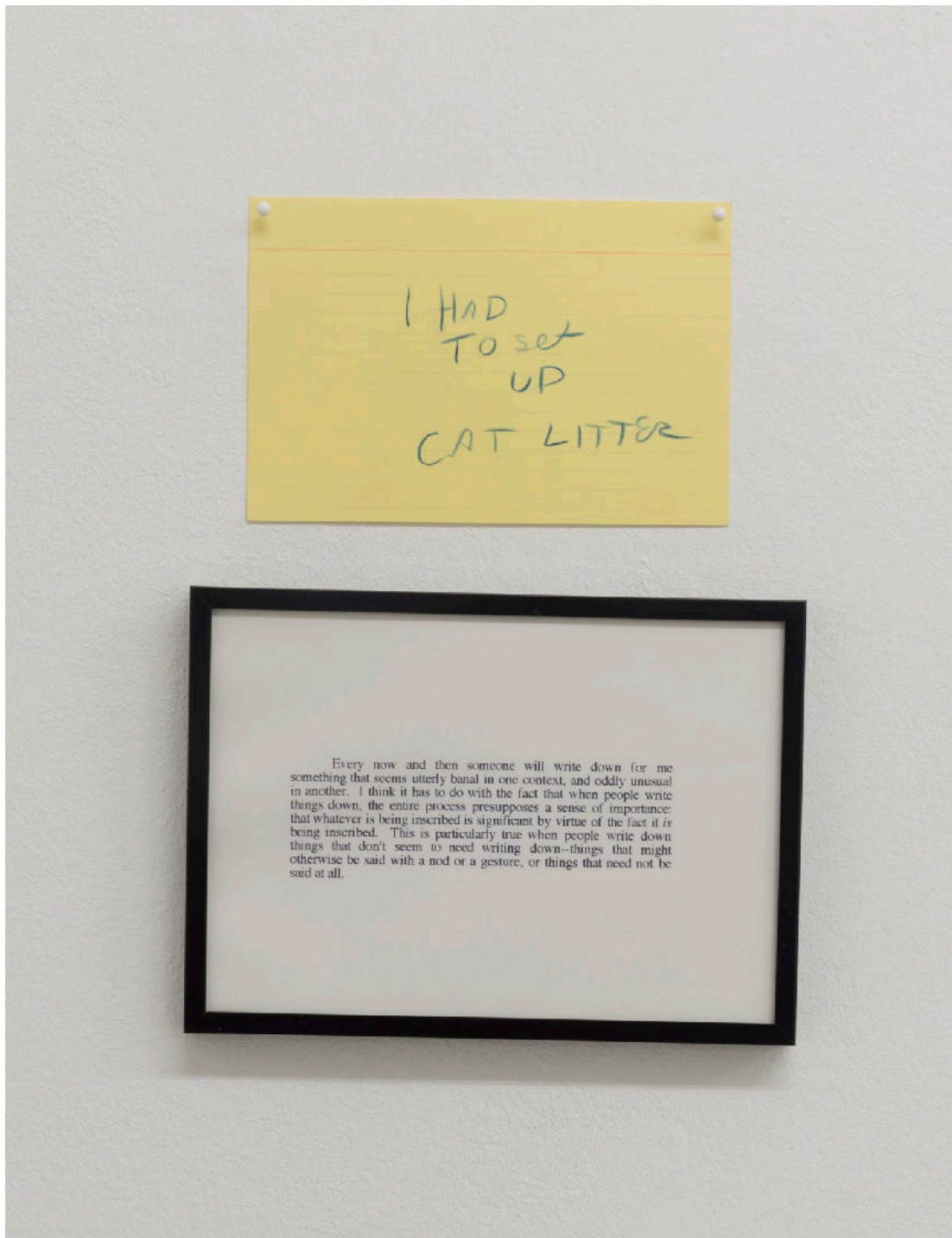
Untitled Conversation (Condillac, Rousseau and the History of Deaf People), 1996
 framed text and fabricated photograph - version 2
 23,7 x 39,5 cm / frame 13,5 x 18,5 cm
 Unique

Storyline:

Every now and then I wonder about the history of deaf people, and how this history has been represented at various times. Enlightenment thinkers like Condillac and Rousseau had this idea that language constituted the humanizing element of our nature as human beings. For them it was language that separated man from beast. There's a remark somewhere by Condillac, I think, who said that had Descartes been born deaf, he would have walked on all fours. That's beastliness for you. It's little wonder that the earliest educators of the deaf sought to teach children to speak. If it makes sense, though it's also a little pathetic. When you look through piles of photographs of the 19th and 20th century deaf institutes, you can find a lot of images of children being taught to speak. But you have to look really hard to find a photograph of deaf children being taught sign language. That's because deaf children taught each other sign-- as deaf people have always done. It's kind of cool. The trouble is, administrators and other «authorities» have ideas of their own-- ideas about how to teach the deaf, what mode of language to use, and things like that. Most don't seem to realize that language is a lot like electricity: it takes the path of least resistance. Left to its own, it takes some interesting and unpredictable paths.



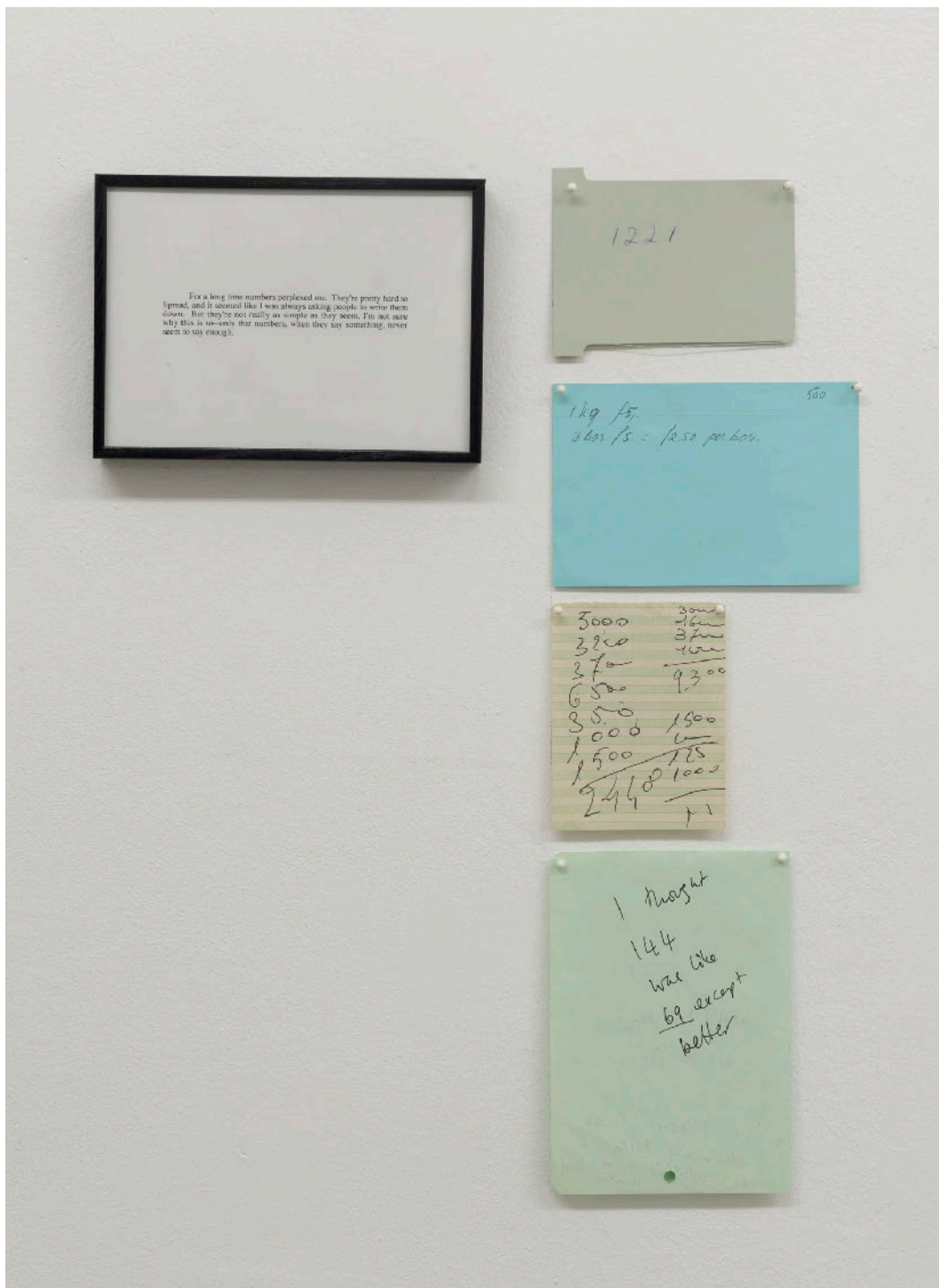
Untitled Conversation (Condillac, Rousseau and the History of Deaf People), det.



Untitled Conversation (I had to set up cat litter), 1997
framed text, coloured pencil on paper, pins
26 x 18,5 cm / frame 13,5 x 18,5 cm
Unique

Storyline:

Every now and then someone will write down for me something that seems utterly banal in one context, and oddly unusual in another. I think it has to do with the fact that when people write things down, the entire process presupposes a sense of importance: that whatever is being inscribed is significant by virtue of the fact it is being inscribed. This is particularly true when people write down things that don't seem to need writing down--things that might otherwise be said with a nod or a gesture, or things that need not be said at all.



Untitled Conversation (Numbers), 1996
 framed text, 4 pencil and ink on paper, pins
 50,5 x 37 cm / frame 13,5 x 19 cm
 Unique

Storyline:

For a long time numbers perplexed me. They're pretty hard to lipread, and it seemed like I was always asking people to write them down. But they're not really as simple as they seem. I'm not sure why this is so--only, that numbers, when they say something, never seem to say enough.

1 thought

144

was like

69 except
better

Untitled Conversation (Numbers), det.



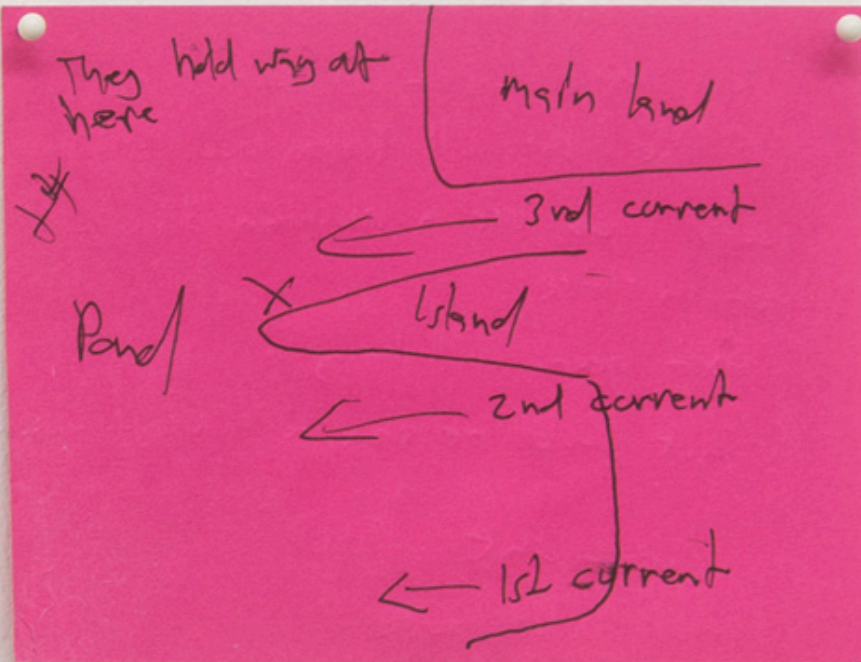
Untitled Conversations (Fishing Conversations), 2008
 framed text, 10 pencil and ink on paper, pins
 35,5 x 67 cm / frame 14 x 19 cm
 Unique

Storyline:

These are conversations with my fishing buddies. Every autumn I usually go to Maine for a week to fly-fish for landlocked salmon. I stay at a small cabin beside a river in the Rangeley region, and not far away is another cabin that is usually occupied by three other fishermen. Often, we will fish together. The problem is, when you are deaf like I am, it's hard to have a good conversation across a river, or from one end of a canoe to the other hand - writing and passing notes can be a challenge. Sometimes we will pause from our fishing to sit on a rock and talk, but occasionally we'll keep talking while we are fishing. The papers often get dropped in the river, and sometimes it will also rain - like most fishing trips, things tend to get wet.

HE WON MONEY
ON ~~THE~~ A HORSE
AT THE TRACK
+ BOUGHT HIS
FIRST FLY ROD

HE WAS A COMMERCIAL
FLY TIER
HUNTERS IN NH



Next year I'll show you one
of my "secret spots" to fish
on the day after a rain.

I drink like 1 fish



Untitled Conversations (Portraits of Joseph, v.1), 2016
 Framed text and 6 sheets of paper, pins
 15,5 x 98 cm / frame 13,5 x 18,5 cm
 Unique

Storyline:

One of the problems of communicating with language is that, however much it says, it never seems to say enough. Perhaps this explains why, on some occasions, I have conversations with people who do more than just write words - they draw pictures too. Sometimes the pictures illustrate their thoughts, and sometimes the pictures are their thoughts. Even at times when they draw pictures of me. You can say a lot of things with lines that you can't say with words.



Untitled Conversations (Portraits of Joseph, v.1), det.



Untitled Conversations, 1995/2016
 Framed text and 16 blank papers, pins
 52,5 x 58 cm / frame 13,5 x 18,5 cm
 Unique

Storyline:

What is it that makes a conversation a conversation?

For a long time I had believed - following a pragmatic course of thinking - that a conversation consisted of an exchange of words between two or more people. At least this is how my dictionary defines it. But now I'm not so sure.

Every time I ask someone to write something down for me, only so much gets written. A few words maybe. Or a few hundred. Or maybe none at all. It's the conversations without the words that somehow seem special - and how they leave a lingering feeling of a particular place and time.



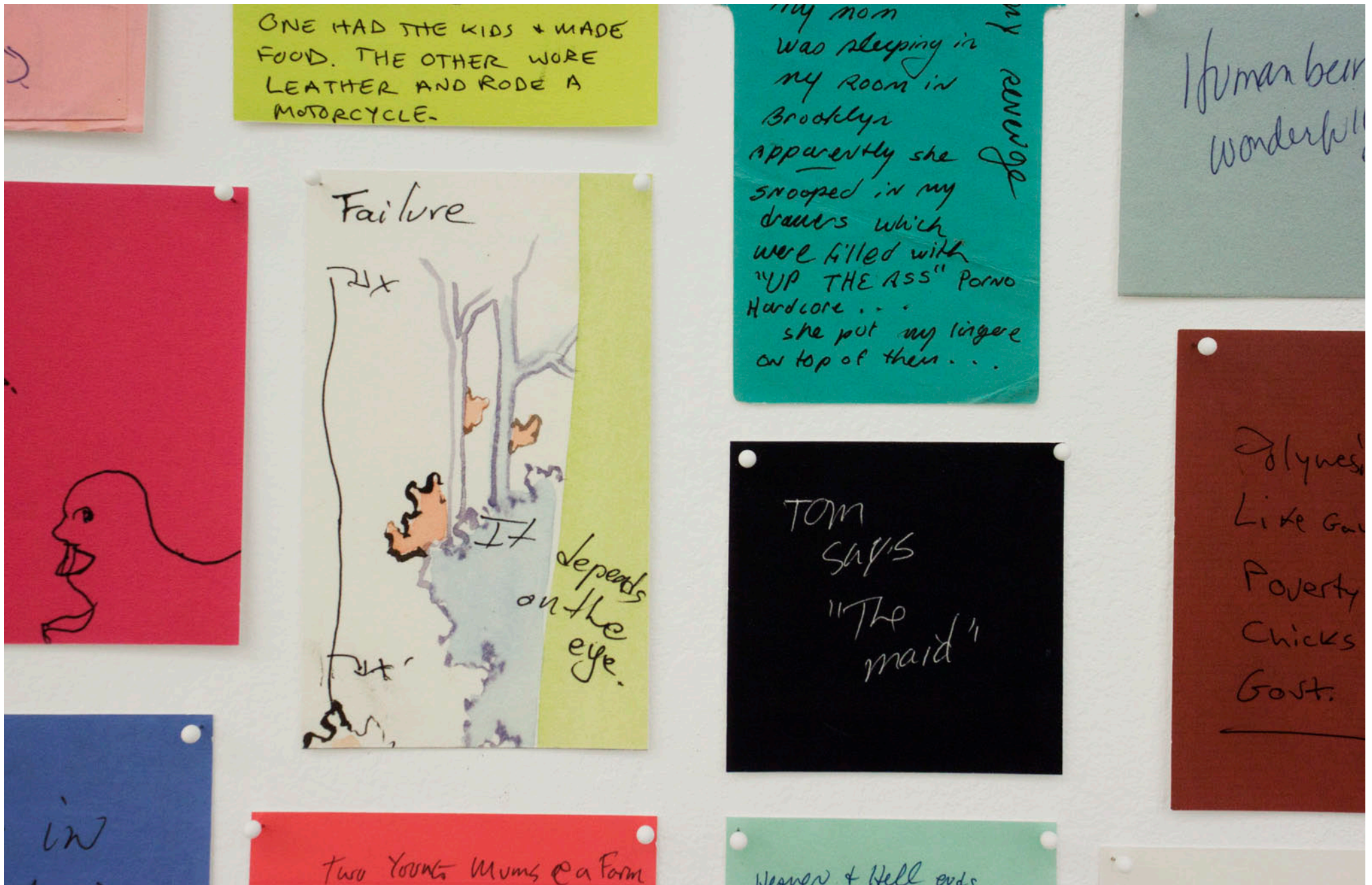
Untitled Conversation (I did a past life regression once), 2005
 6 sheets of paper, pins, frame
 45,3 x 60 cm
 Unique

I did a past life regression
once. I was in the desert
I was low. Maybe a beetle.





Untitled Conversation (Men are assholes), 2005
archival pigment print and lithography
22 x 17 cm image / 38,5 x 28,5 cm paper / 45 x 34,5 x 4 cm
Edition 6/17



Fourteen Untitled Conversations, det.



Paula's Birthday Party, 1998/2016
digital pigment print on Photo Rag Hahnemühle
paper 305 g,
91,2 x 91,2 cm / 105,5 x 105,5 x 4,7 cm
Edition 2/5

1W
 3 yrs.
 I am excellent. You
 out w/ someone
 outside the art world. And 15-20
 people were
 "looking"
 your show
 This year
 is so much
 better.
 GREAT. MARIT?
 FALL CHIC
 No bullshit.
 She had to get
 away from her father
 now see
 That's
 the
 best work
 he's done.
 The
 sweetest
 in
 me, diet
 are really
 Compelling
 of the

WEKE
 TALKING
 ABOUT
 MORALITY
 got what
 for drive conference?
 driving
 what he
 was a
 teenage
 he went
 to the
 judge
 & when he
 was getting my
 his "deed"
 he "signed"
 the judges State Seal Stamp
 PROTECTION
 FROM
 THE
 MOB
 I'm
 getting
 up now
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 then
 liked you
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 will I can't
 wink
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 I'm
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Paula's Birthday Party, det.



Somebody Talks About the Desert, The Wet Drips Down from Tropical Eaves, 2017

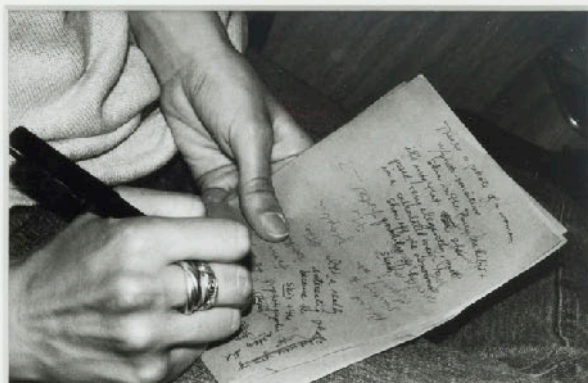
96 sheets of paper, pins, framed

93 x 202 cm / 97,5 x 206,5 x 6 cm

Unique



Jenny S., Ann Arbor, Michigan, 7 December 1995, 1996
framed Rprint
8 x 12 cm / 25 x 32.5 cm
Edition 3/3



Susan C., Beaune, 10 June 1995, 1996
Framed silverprint
8 x 12 cm / 25 x 32 cm
Edition 2/3



Aletta De J., Rotterdam, June 1996, 1996
Framed silverprint
8 x 12 cm / 32 x 25 cm
Edition 2/3



Nicole M., Rotterdam, July 1996, 1997
Framed silverprint
8 x 12 cm / 32 x 25 cm
Edition 2/3



Amy V., Ghent, 31 January 1997, 1997
Framed photograph
8 x 12 cm / 32 x 25 cm
Edition AP from/ed 3.



Jeffrey W., Ghent, January 1996, 1998
framed Rprint
12 x 8 cm / 32 x 25 cm
Edition 2/3

The Czar is Afraid of Everything

Lyrics by
JOSEPH GRIGELY

Mus. by
RICHARD RODGERS
arr. RON DOWNS

8 Rain-drops on ros-es and whis-ky on

17 kis-ses Pine-y cold sa-lad and warm wool-y mis-sus Brown pa-per bags— got up— with drink

26 Li-sa is one of my fa-vor-ite things Cream-y ex-po-nents and news-pa-pers

35 too— gour-mets sleep-ing and chil-dren with sin-ew Woo-gies that fly— with moose on their wings

43 The Czar is a-fraid of e-ve-ry-thing Ghosts in white tress-es and

51 blue tat-tered tires— So-phie and Ted and my goats in A-las-ka Sil-ver-white wiz-ards that

59 bond in-to sprigs These are a few of my fa-vor-ite things When the dawn barks

67 When the pea sings when-ev-er they de-cide— I slipped to Sep-tem-ber by

73 ve-lour thighs And then I don't feel so

bad

Music from 'St. Cecilia', det.

Check Close Those Lucky Legs

Lyrics by
JOSEPH GRIGELY

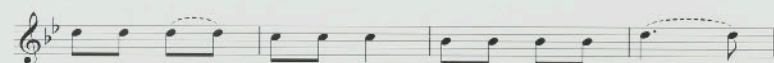
Traditional
arr. RON DOWNS



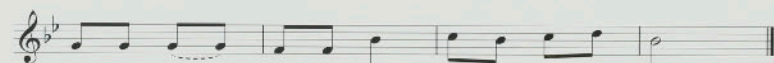
Check close those — luck - y legs Lips and hair are white
What the clock is trying to tock When I'm forced to slip
John - ny was a bas - tand child Doo - sie wants a collie



Don't fore - tell a sea - food dog — when I'm going to die
Tell the chip - pers brown and black the weath - er man is ripped
Nel - lie wants a sto - ry book — She thinks dogs are falling



Ree - vy Ste - vens coughs up blue Now you see our mind —
All the socks — flip - pin' fly Hang - ing in the road My
Ask for me my lit - tle bride In a flo - wer pot —



Whis - per wa - ter works for me Tell me if you lied
wom - an read the sto - ry once You'll be sure to know
Do for me — ho - tel lots When it's thick it's fried

Music from 'St. Cecilia', det.

Cy Licks Light, Holy Fright

Lyrics by
JOSEPH GRACELY

Music by
FRANZ GRUBER
arr. RON DOWNS

Cy licks light, ho - ly fright Call his mom,
Sail - ling light! Rolls in flight! Leap - ards make
Sigh - ing night, ho - ly sight Win - ter's jaw

call his bride Round old Fer - gie's mo - ther and child
hats at night! Lau - ra's dream from hea - ven a - far
loves the night With the hon - ury hell they'll sing

O - il shi - vers so send her a smile Tell me eve - ry - thing
Eve - ry horse sings "Hal, where are ya?" Mike the Zeph - yr is
Hel - lo you to our King Christ, the strang - er is

please Tell me eve - ry - thing please
born Mike the Zeph - yr is born
here Cheese and sal - ad are here

Music from 'St. Cecilia', det.

THE NEW YORK TIMES, MONDAY, APRIL 7, 2014

Homely Nymph, Wooed by a God to Rouse His Wife's Jealousy

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Platée."
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REHARD TERNING FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

Platée
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and acquired high heels. In mo-
ments of anxiety, Mr. Beckman
dipped into the husky lower range
of his voice. But he also lifted high
phrases with tender lyricism

played with a deft combination of
crispness, color and vitality by
the impressive ensemble. When
the choristers sang odes to joy
and drunkenness, the singing was

charming. Cithéron, the lively
mezzo-soprano Emilie Renard as
the tempestuous Junon, the
young bass-baritone Edwin
Crossley-Mercer as the cool, surly

suit and tie to mask his wily ways.
The story comes to a near-halt
midway when La Folie (Folty)
leads the throngs in songs and
dances celebrating the love of Ju-

ones of love.

Just when the marriage vows
are about to be taken, Junon ap-
pears, and the joke is exposed.
Platée comes to realize not just

Songs Without Words (Homely Nymph), 2017
digital pigment print on Photo Rag Hahnemühle paper 305 g, frame
76 x 90 cm / 83,3 x 98,6 x 3,7 cm
Edition 1/3

Songs without Words (Bartok), 2017
 digital pigment print on Photo Rag Hahnemühle paper 305 g, frame
 90 x 76 cm / 98,4 x 83,5 x 3,7 cm
 Edition 1/3

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formed in and directed the talent show,
 played guitar with a cover band and
 was involved with a summer outdoors
 program. At 14, he quit his other pur-
 suits to focus on music.

Before doing shows of his own, he de-
 veloped the idea of showing up in a
 truck outside concerts by artists he ad-
 mired — Childish Gambino and Tyler,
 the Creator — and performing until the

his friends danced the ree
 DLow Shuffle, among othe
 the DJ played Migos and Y
 the records that most of th
 identifies with Atlanta.

"I love those artists," he



RICHARD TERMINE FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

chestra program this summer.

Ms. Kopatchinskaja began with a movement from Enescu's "Impressions d'Enfance," the composer's recollections of childhood, a short, fanciful piece from 1940 in which bits of what could be country fiddling alternate with

written for violin and piano. "But I don't know any pianists in New York," she said. The music worked just fine in her solo performance.

She then turned to the Bach Chaconne. In her performance, this audacious work, which essentially unfolds as a series of intricate variations on a dance in three, Ms. Kopatchinskaja viscerally conveyed the improvisational quality of the piece. Listening

and with repeated visits, she keeps discovering another open window or a new space.

The Bartok sonata begins with a 10-minute movement marked "Tempo di ciaccona." Clearly, the music is to some degree in homage to Bach's chaconne. So it was fascinating to hear the pieces in succession. The dancing, formal episodes of Bartok's chaconne are broken up by fleeting, frenetic

Festi

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Louis Lang
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Bartok's daunting

Songs without Words (Sekou Sundiata), 2012
 framed digital pigment print
 90 x 76 cm / frame 83,34 x 98,58 cm
 Edition 1/3

"That expression came from a speech by Cornel West at Pasadena City College," Mr. Sundiata explained. "He joined what happened on 9/11 to the history of African-Americans through slavery, through desegregation." Excerpts from that speech by Mr. West, a professor of religion and African-American studies at Princeton, can be heard on-stage during the performance, too.

Mr. Sundiata's aspirations to open up a dialogue on the multiple meanings of the American experience led to something he called "The American Project." It took him to workshops to sharpen what became "State" at Harlem Stage/Aaron Da-

(dream) State.'

turned on the camera. He is continuing to look for ideas this weekend, with discussions at Harlem Stage's new facility, the Gatehouse.

In what it called "a companion" to Mr. Sundiata's show, the Gatehouse at Harlem Stage/Aaron Davis Hall was scheduled to present a reading of "The Trojan Women," last night and a cabaret and discussion with Mr. Sundiata tonight on what it means to be an American citizen. WeDaPeoples Cabaret, organized and presided over by Mr. Sundiata, is

dancing onstage at the end of shows, said Reggie Prim, the center's community programs manager. "It's such a compelling way to link citizenship to art," Mr. Prim said. "The idea is to seed a movement."

Mr. Sundiata also took his show to Melbourne, Australia, last month. He had discovered the work of Dennis Altman, an Australian professor of politics whose new book "51st State?" explores the idea that Australia's identification with America makes it a de facto 51st state. It is his hope, Mr. Sundiata said, that people leave "State" with a lot of voices in their head and enough questions for their own nuanced dialogues.



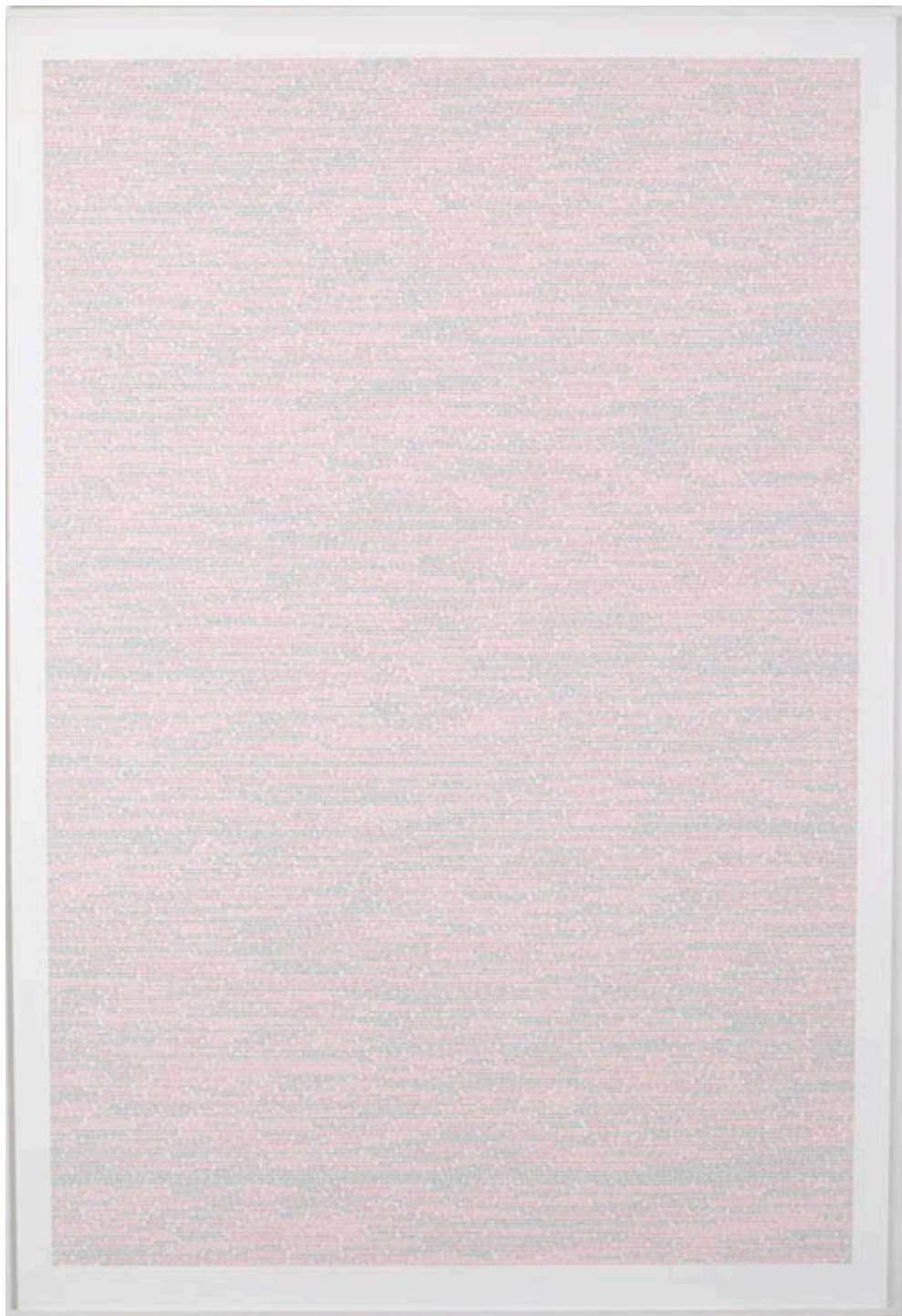
Richard Termine for The New York Times

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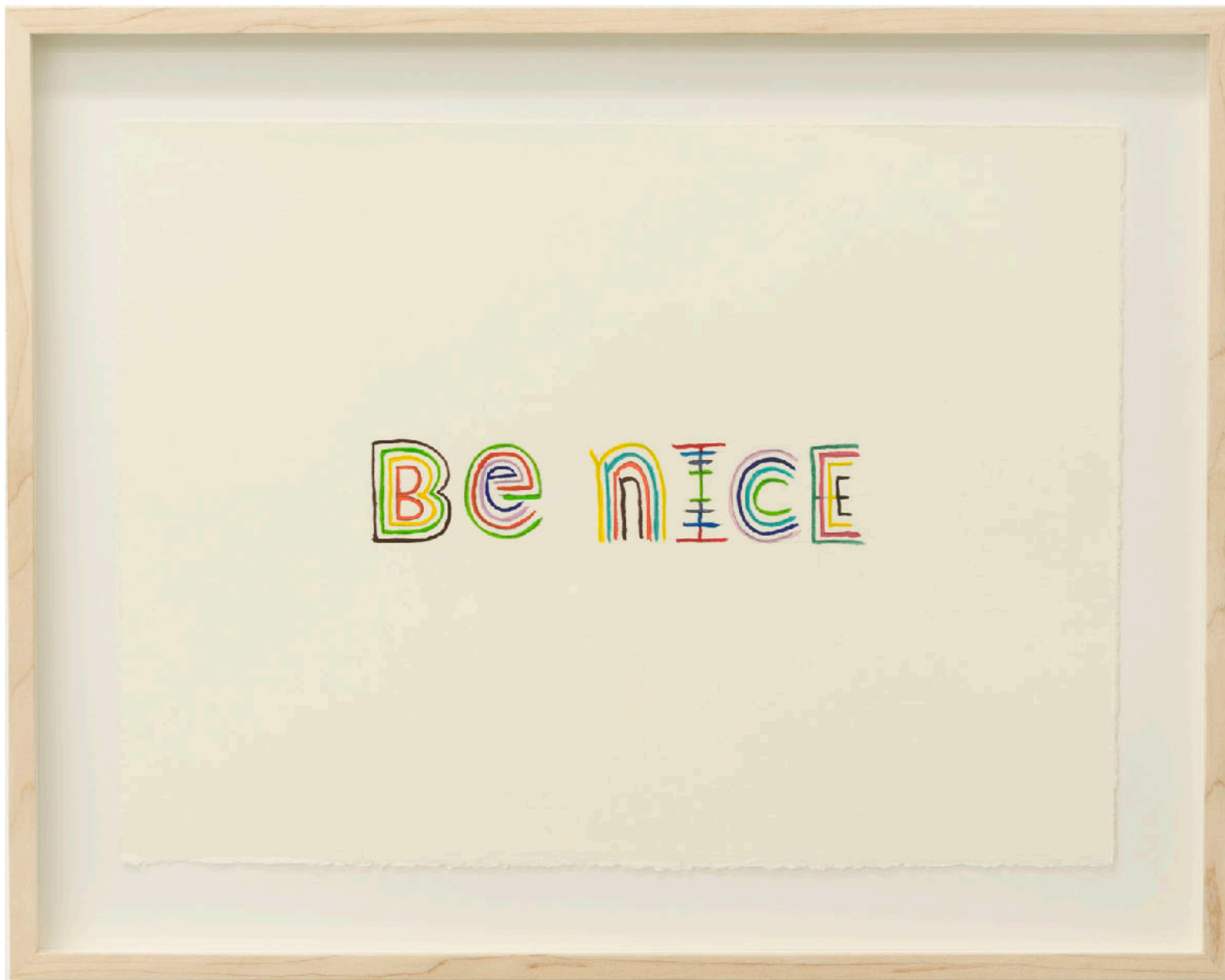
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leaving tomorrow afternoon, 15 hours to Zurich by car and by dog. Smoking either
someone read about it in an OLD college newspaper. It's supposed to be buried under
n blew my head off. James Joyce used to color code his text, it looks amazingly beauti
cats of history. What's "nice, subtle clothing"? did he tell you about my windows?
scare her away nothing will. I broke it off though. He was Aztec Mexican. Really Be
translating the menu for us. I don't eat fish but this place is known for it. Reef fish I
I think there's a rooftop access. How about getting married in Toledo? This really
cles. I got to go & change my two flat tires it's a long story involving police two truck
people, culture, scene, weather, it's all so beautiful, I've never been in a place I enjoyed
use, but I don't know how to care for them—but pruning? They're growing all crazy. I
mbiguity. Either I totally pass out or I drink coffee immediately. We're back to talkin
She was a pumpkin. Squirrel almost. I just want you to know I am sensitive to your
looping. my accent—I have a lisp. Fondue is a mythological dish. I'm telling them a
s. Do you need an ambulance? The police will be here shortly. It's always a pleasure
West Virginia—I still haven't been to one. little onions. green beans. guacamole. al
eirdest experience tonight—everyone got so mushy, I am touched. Jeremy gave me a h
d the description of each different chocolate. Then they waited for them to warm up
r anything? OK, I believe you. Do you want to go back in time? Is that a couch or a
red. He says—"hey, hey—I know it's a scam but but but". I said—"you give people who st
he proposed to make entire mountainsides filled with crystal buildings. A psychic
yourself breathe inside? I sprayed her perfume on myself in an extreme way—and f
otional. I'm infested with him. That Venetian bedroom is so inspiring. Complex as I
ed out. I build bombs. This is Minetta Lane—this is where my apartment is—there is o
t fainted today! I was sitting thinking—I got up—I hit my head on the stove. Do I look
I. There's still time. he was reading a book called 'Mating'. Do you mind if I take a 5-
ultaneously was, is, and will be. We just only remember 'was'—and it all seems so sp
—I was walking down Wooster Street and I saw this. I just bought my camera. I took a
how you a picture. I cried! The cows & flowers—nothing could be better. I went acro
fuck me or something? Yeh, well, I'm flirting with your mind. I'm a wench remember.
rbate anymore, but I love dictionaries. I brought you pictures of my gardens! Tibuch
hair for spells—or you could clone me. While you were away there was a bad helicopt
it if it's bothering you. You don't produce garbage? Everyone is stuck. Now she's fli
hink. Makes me feel so horrible—I can't take it—I mean the softness, liquid nature of th
A serious feminine edge intense and tantalizing. I want London. Provincetown Chat
er, but now they're okay. This is Elisa. This is my daughter Abigail. When do you start
not able to be blown. The important thing is arousal. It's new. I've never been with y
y with much secrecy and intrigue. Now he has to get a little out of control once in a wh
e. And coordinated eyebrows. Well, I am going the other way. It's only me. Faith is t
heater pilot goes out. Don't know what it is. No more of that. Cookies? it's such
like me. Tell me about it. Did you get hurt? Did glass spray around? Was it cold? Cou
a murderer? You are just in a fighting mode—some kind of sexual ambivalence. I don
you like fat skin? I love fat on people—fun. It is ancient to show the mother—the cord
we move to the country? The snow and the minds. A bird. OK, maybe a bat. I am a
no? Kitty? You know smurfs? It's really a drag not being 'beautiful' because that's v
while others were trying to eat. Do you know how funny she is? Do you 'hear' poet
come an auto mechanic. Comes from living in Jersey. I wish I could become a new tir
liever in sitting through a film to experience the sense of time elapsing even when it's

Blueberry Surprise, 2003
framed pigment print
185 x 130 cm
Edition 8/12



Be Nice v.1, 2010/2017
framed watercolor on paper
28 x 38 cm / 36,6 x 46,1 x 2,6 cm
Unique



Be Nice v.2, 2010/2017
framed watercolor on paper
28 x 38 cm / 36,6 x 46,1 x 2,6 cm
Unique



Joseph Grigely and Amy Vogel
Horizontal Storage Rack (Madrid version), 2014/2017
with Carlos Fernandez-Pello
wood, Crystal Urethane, and Polyurethane
366 x 87 x 112 cm
Unique



Joseph Grigely and Amy Vogel
Inside the Outside, 2013
Blown glass, signed on cardboard box
height 15 cm, diameter 8 cm ; box 15 x 20 x 13 cm
Edition 2/10



Joseph Grigely and Amy Vogel
Something Say, 1999
Super 8 and 16mm film transferred onto DVD
7'33», looped
Edition of 3

vimeo: <https://vimeo.com/242976863>
password: JGVIDEO



Pierre Joseph Grigely, 2017
16mm film transferred to digital video,
sound 9.35 min, looped
Edition of 3

vimeo: <https://vimeo.com/243088760>
password: JGVIDEO



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