

Tommy's BEAD
PIT DOG



THEY HAVE GOOD CZECH
STUFF
"GAMBRINUS"

I WAS TELLING
MY CZECH FRIENDS
WHAT ALCOHOLS YOU
CAN GET + STUFF +
THEY WERE IMPRESSED
THAT PILSNER URQUEL
IS AVAILABLE "ON TAP"
WOW!

THEY DON'T KNOW I
GUESS THAT IT'S THE
BEST IN THE
WORLD.

We'd go for a walk on
the beach. We lived
across the street + we'd
go as a family especially
in winter. The wind would
be so loud we couldn't
talk so it would be
the true time. needless
to say we went to the
beach ALOT.

This fall I traveled all over and the only place thing fell apart
was in Paris. Bad Bugs. I'll never sleep in Paris without my eye open
for a while.

New York Ad production takes its toll on the
ART STUDENTS
~~Re Breake~~

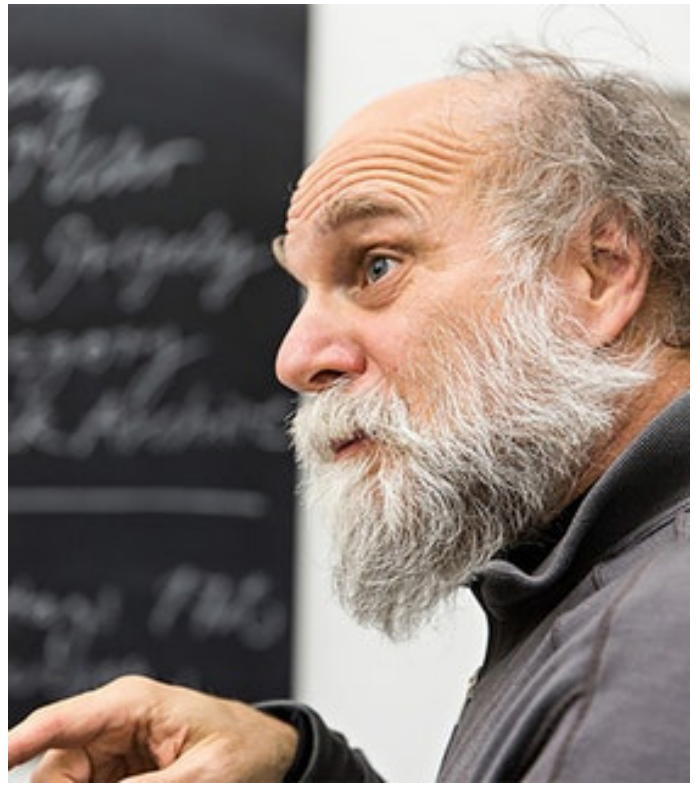
I lost my tooth 2 weeks ago playing hockey. That's the
real excitement. I skated into it. But luckily I
hit a tooth that's already dead. I got hit, bloody and
then returned to play more.

Do you skate at all?

**JOSEPH
GRIGELY**

JOSEPH GRIGELY

Born 1956, East Longmeadow, MA
Lives in Chicago, IL



Some years ago I was sitting in the New York apartment of a friend having tea and a conversation. A large part of our exchange had to do with the senses, and how communication involved a wide array of possibilities outside the norm of what it means to be human. Deep into the conversation, my friend told me a story about a blind baby who had learned to imitate —perfectly — the sound of a refrigerator and the sound of a car going over gravel as it approached the house. After a long pause in which we considered the implications of this, my friend turned to me and said: “Beauty is difficult. Never forget that.”

- Joseph Grigely, December 2018

Joseph Grigely creates works that explore the failures, idiosyncrasies, and ruptures of language and communication. Grigely has been deaf since childhood, a factor that has not only filtered and shaped his work, but has become a central concern. He first became known in the early 1990s for a series of works he called Conversations with the Hearing. From small table tabletop tableaux and intimate wall-based works to room sized installations, these works grow from the scraps of paper and handwritten notes produces when he communicates with the hearing world - a strategy the artist employs to converse with people when he cannot read their lips. One of the ongoing themes in Grigely’s work is sound - from his own memories of sound as a child, to explorations of how sound might look

Selection of Public Collection:

Birmingham Museum of Art, Great Britain
Centre National des Arts Plastiques - CNAP, Paris, France
Flemish Ministry of Education
Kunsthaus, Zurich, Switzerland
Kunstmuseum, Bern, Switzerland
MoMA, New York
The Museum of Contemporary Art, Chicago, USA
Louisiana Museum of Modern Art, Humlebaek, Denmark
The Stedelijk Museum, Amsterdam, The Netherlands
The Tate Modern, London, Great Britain
Museum für Kommunikation, Bern
SMAK, Ghent, Belgium
Musée de Design et d’Arts Appliqués/Contemporains, Lausanne, Switzerland
Wadsworth Atheneum, Hartford, USA
Seattle Art Museum, USA
University of California Museum of Art, Berkeley, USA
Orange County Museum of Art, USA
Museum van Hedendaagse Kunst, Ghent, Belgium
The Walker Museum, Minneapolis
Whitney Museum of American Art, USA



CONVERSATIONS

I became totally deaf when I was ten years old, when I fell down a hill during a game of "King on the Mountain." Lipreading was always a challenge, because many words look alike on the lips and are hard to distinguish--so after a while I started asking people to write down what they were saying. For about 20 years I simply threw away the note papers. Then there was a day in the early 1990s when I had dinner with a friend, and afterwards there were scraps of papers all over the table with fragments of our conversation. They were all disconnected, quite lacking continuity, and somehow more engaging that way, as if they told a story without telling too much. Afterwards, I started saving the papers on which people had written, and one day I spread them on the floor of my studio. I had expected to see a lot of writing, but what I saw instead was a lot of talking. Sometimes there was only one word. Sometimes there were words on top of words. Sometimes there were lines and arrows. I realized then that these notes were essentially drawings of conversations. They were not so much about me as they are about the people I interacted with.

My first exhibition of the "Conversations with the Hearing," as I called them, was at White Columns in New York in 1994.

The White Columns exhibition consisted of a large table-piece covered with conversations, and an array of wall works--some with a single conversation paper and some with groups of papers--pinned to the wall, accompanied by a black-framed storyline. In subsequent work, I expanded the form as an abstract grid. Some of the works were based on conversations on white paper; some on colored papers; some combined both. The process of making the work is very slow.

For a piece that has approximately 100 papers in it, I work from an archive of approximately 25,000-30,000 papers. The placement of each paper is decided in part by the narrative structure of the work, as well as a formal approach that depends not only on the verbal



«Conversation with the Hearing», White Columns, New York, 1994

content, but the shape and color of each paper, and the way the writing is inscribed on the paper. A template of paper-backed linen is made for the work, and this serves as a guide for the installation process. Over the past twenty years I have made only fifteen large wallworks.

Conceptually, the "Conversations With the Hearing" owe much to three traditions in art history: The conversation piece, the still life, and minimalism. The conversation piece is an 18th and 19th century tradition typically practiced in England and the lowlands. The genre is distinguished by the fact that people are present, but their words are not. There is the sense that a conversation of some kind is taking place. The still life is important in terms of what the art historian Norman Bryson calls rhopography. It derives from the Greek rhopos, meaning trivial objects. Odds and ends—and in the case of the "Conversations With the Hearing," ordinary, everyday speech. The minimalism of the Conversations has many influences--from Aby Warburg's generative grids, to Josef Albers' layered squares, to Agnes Martin's subtle arrays. I see the "Conversations With the Hearing" as being an extension of all of these genres.

- Joseph Grigely



White Noise, 2000

ink and pencil on white paper (approx 4 000 leaflets), pins, curved wall
variable
unique

White Noise is one of Grigely's most ambitious installations. It brings together about 4.000 leaflets from his archives on various shades of white paper.


«There are lots of different ways they get classified and categorized. Color is one of them [...] Sometimes the conversations are organized by dates, sometimes by place, sometimes by kinds of paper. Sometimes I label them according to whether they have drawings as part of conversation, or some other kind of non verbal inscription. There are a lot of different ways of organizing the archive and it's constantly evolving [...] it's almost domino-like, like relational grammar. I go through pretty much the whole archive trying to find the right paper for the right place»

Exhibition Prosthetics by Joseph Grigely, Conversation with Hans Ulrich Obrist and Zak Kyes.



What happened after I left?, 2007
275 sheets, ink and pencil on paper, pins
127 x 432 cm
unique

The theme of the verbal narrative is what similar to what linguists call 'relational grammar'--each conversation not relates to the one next to it. The title of the piece («What happened after I left») establishes for it a deliberate context of 'overhearing' conversations--the things people say in the absence of other people. J.G

I WANT
88 

YOU THE
OUTLINE!

Seize sur vngt

tell the truth
But it was.
Whisper.
~~the~~ the snake in
the garden.

It makes me mad.
DID YOU KNOW
WJT MITCHELL
IS SPEAKING
IN CHINESE
GRAND RAPIDS
NAT 7th
MAY 2007
just speak
you can so much
but it is our
loss
They live
here it is
like they
are not
there

SEMINAR
SERIES
FOR
WOMEN
OF
MICHIGAN
IN CHINESE
THERE IS NO
YES
OR
NO
THERE IS
TO BE
OR NOT TO BE

Salma is dustier
is mixed
Male + Female
So in some small
villages you meet
in the (dun)
your travel Agent,
your doctor, etc.

My grandmother went to a pub
and saw 'soup of the day' on the
menu & asked what the soup of
the day was & they said
'we can open any tin you like!'
Ireland
Northern Ireland, near Belfast

DIRCA, Ait, Maple —
several Squir places
the Jack pine beetle got
a lot. Have been replacing

mixed Hard
wood.
Can get a couple
Bundles

does it make sense to
use a Frenchman's
book to write
like a book
to cover
the head
makes me think
of the head
of a book
I have a
discrete
want
your
pencil
to be an even better, this —

I told you that.
I missed
cutting it up —
but haven't
found the
right paper. It
is all too small.


David Lean
Cinematographer
Gabriel Figueroa
Mexican,
The Pearl

Paul R 2392 4055
4-26-94 Derm 185 Pt # 1730 Pt had Retin A 0.1% and vehicle applied to the R hip
4-28-94 Derm 185 After 48 hours of occlusion, pt had 4-keratome biopsies. Erythema scores
were 2 & 0 respectively
Soup of the Day
"Wisconsin
Cheddar"
BOCA
BURGER
DISCUSS
What is it
exactly

Catholic
church

MISTAKE

Mimosa
I have a
Sweet
Foot.

WE WANT
TO EAT


I'll be busines
card (I'm not
sure)
But, I don't
remember
Who gived me
Rotterdam
Stichting B.A.D.
LIVE
70Km
N
Barcelona

But fracturing focus or narratives
is only a temporary solution. Power
comes from cooperation. This is the

Russian Folk song
But all the backroads of earthly existence
Fall beneath your feet,
and your life

What happened after I left?, 2007 (det.)

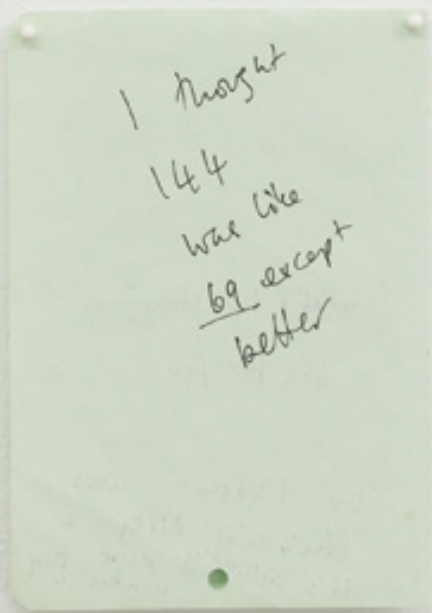
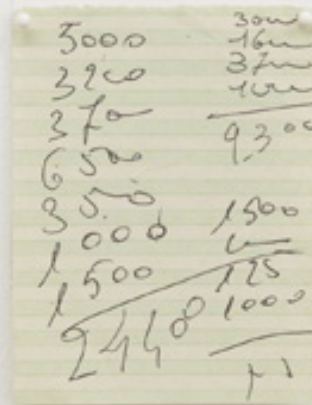
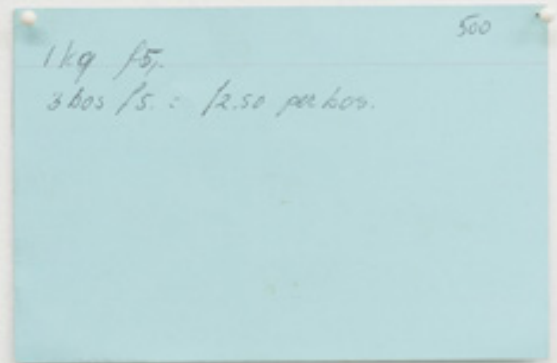
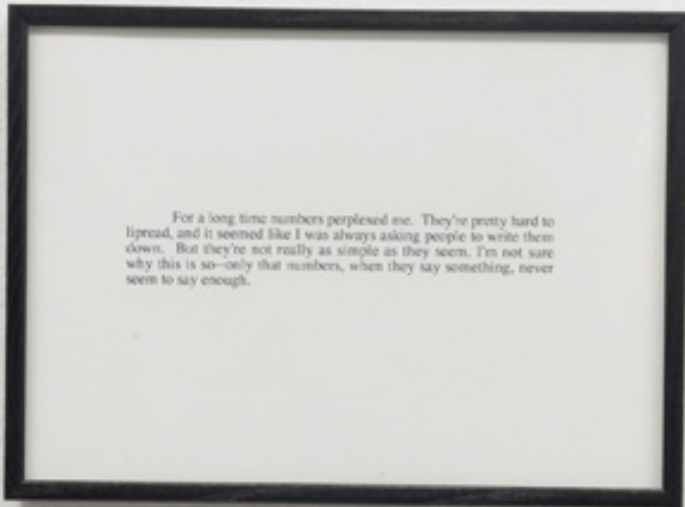


The Tree-Trimming Party, 1998
mixed media installation
variable
unique



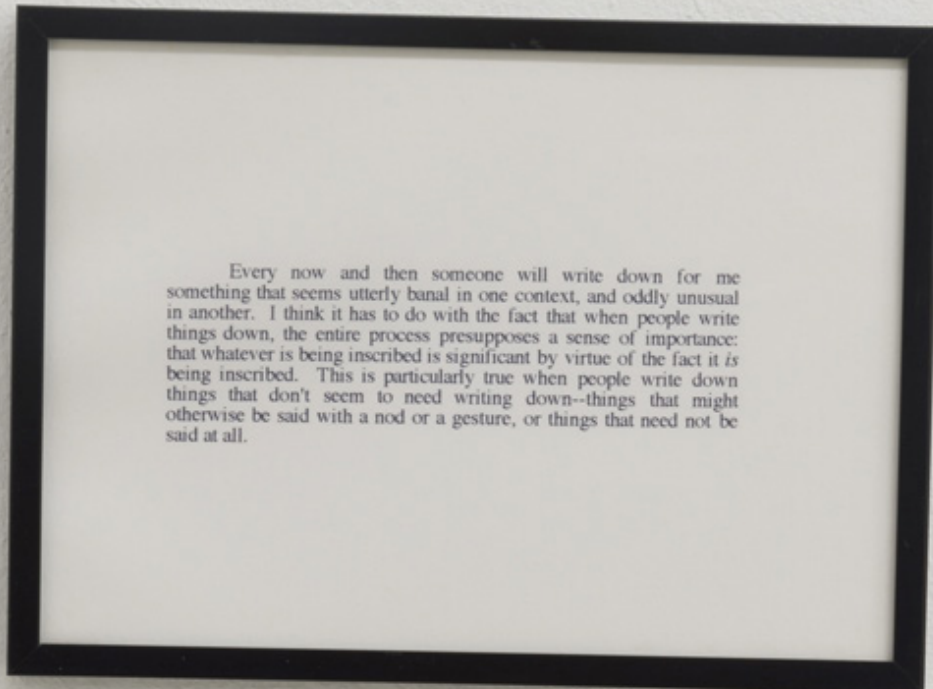
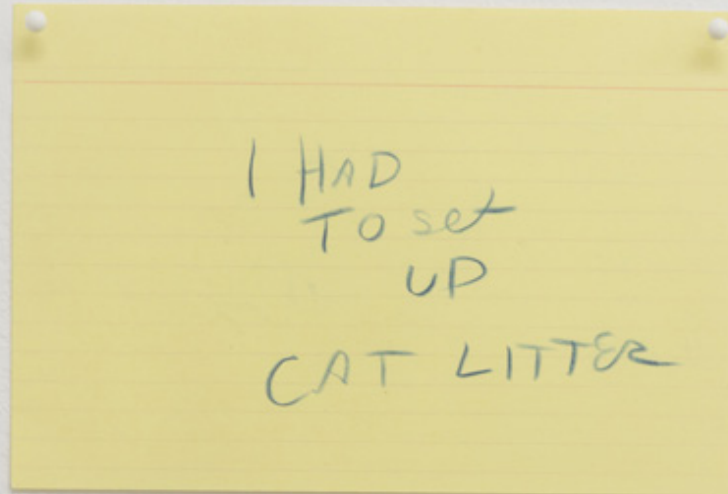
The Tree-Trimming Party, 1998 (det.)

The Tree-Trimming Party is the largest of a series of sculptures that focus on the 'furniture' of conversations and the tradition of gatherings taking place around certain domestic objects: fireplaces, tables, overturned buckets, and stoves. These include table pieces (Conversations at Sutton Pond, 1996, and Kitchen Conversations, 1998), the mantelpiece sculptures (Fireside Talk, 1999), the crystal urethane buckets (That's What we Live For, 2007), and a table/Christmas tree installation that was exhibited at the Pompidou and Sydney Biennial (The Tree-Trimming Party, 1998). The Tree-Trimming Party, is based on a traditional Christmas tree-trimming party. The installation elements vary: it usually includes a Christmas tree (sometimes a real tree; sometimes an artificial tree), and a table and chairs. The table is typically covered with «Conversation» papers being strung with thread for hanging on the tree, tinsel, and other elements of a domestic party; and the tree is covered with tinsel, strings of blinking lights, and instead of glass ornaments, Conversation notes. The installation comes with a large archive of Conversation papers, and these rotated are rotated for different installations, and also hand-copied from time-to-time. Various elements of the installation (lights, beer cans, stringing materials) are formally arranged; however, it is part of the design of the work that they are replaced from time-to-time so that the installation maintains a 'fresh' look.



Untitled Conversation (Numbers), 1996
Framed text, 4 pencil and ink on paper, pins
13,5 x 19 cm ; 50,5 x 37 cm
unique

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. J.G



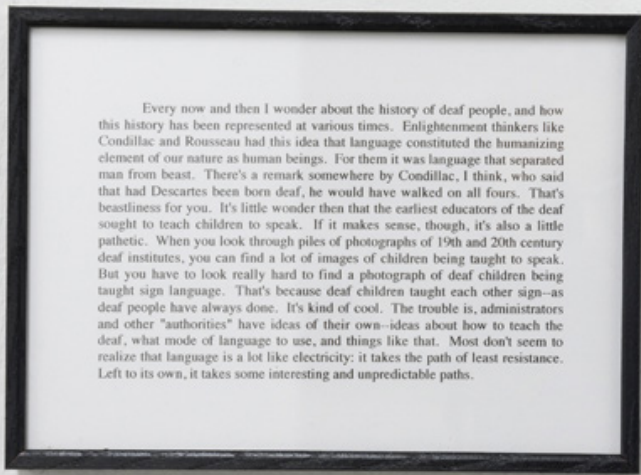
Untitled Conversation (I had to set up cat litter), 1997

framed text, coloured pencil on paper, pins

13,5 x 18,5 cm ; 26 x 18,5 cm

unique

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 (Condillac, Rousseau and the History of Deaf People), 1996

framed text and fabricated photograph - version 2, pins

13,5 x 18,5 cm ; 23,7 x 39,5 cm

unique

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 then 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 Conversations (Portraits of Joseph, v.1), 2016
texte dactylographié encadré, 6 feuillets manuscrits, épingles
15,5 x 98 cm ; 13,5 x 18,5 cm
unique

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. JG



Untitled Conversations (Names), 1998

Framed text and 16 sheets of paper, pins
 10 x 13 cm ; 53 x 76 cm
 unique

«Whenever I meet someone for the first time, the fact that I am deaf becomes apparent at the moment we introduce ourselves. It's almost impossible for me to lipread names. It doesn't matter so much if it's a common name or an unusual name--they're all very hard to lipread. After one or two attempts at this I usually ask people to write down their name for me. It's a little slow, maybe, but in the end it works out pretty well.» J.G.



You (full version), 2001

5 loudspeakers, sound wire, audio CD (mono version 1.1), 8 pigment prints.
variable; sound 7.30 min, looped
Edition of 3

"In the late 1990s, I was known in Europe as an artist whose work dealt with human communication, but in America I was often described as a deaf artist whose work was about deafness. This reductive perception bothered me - mostly because my work was rarely about me - it was rather about the people who communicated with me, and the ways they remade speech into a complex array of inscriptions, drawings and lines. In *You* I wanted to get inside this in an emphatic way. While language is basically something we "share", we also inflect it with traces of our individuality, and I wanted to do something that emphasized these traces in both speech and writing - the ways people wrote names, and the ways they spoke names. One part of *You* consists of names of people -Hilke, Kellie, Elizabeth- that were originally written on small papers, but printed as 40 x 30 inch pigment prints. There is something very idiosyncratic about each inscription. The other part of *You* is an audio track of people of different ages and backgrounds saying "Ed Ruscha" aloud. Of course, they all say it with very marked differences which is the whole point about language: we share it, but we all use it in a singular way."

"Joseph Grigely, *St Cecilia* ",



Remembering is a difficult job, but somebody has to do it, 2004

mixed media installation : 2 single channel video projections (DV and super 8mm transferred to DVD), artificial palm trees, 3 c-prints and 1 b&w pigment print)
variable; 2.35 and 4.55 minutes, looped
without frame 3 x (60 x 90 cm); 25,5 x 20,5 cm
Edition of 6

In "Remembering is a difficult job, but somebody has to do it" palm trees flank a large projected video of an ocean scene, while on a small TV monitor placed on the ground shows Grigely talking about the music he remembers hearing as a child. Sitting at a table with microphones pointed toward him, as if he is being questioned at a hearing or press conference, Grigely begins to sing the theme song to the Gilligan's Island TV series - one of his remaining musical memories. "When you become deaf suddenly you don't have a choice about what you are privileged to remember" explains Grigely. The experience of watching him as he struggles to remember the lyrics and hearing him sing his off-key rendition of the intrepid castaways' theme song is at one funny and poignant. Although there is a sense of the familiar in the tune Grigely sings, it ultimately is not quite right. A closer look at the installation reveals that its visual elements are slightly off-register as well: the palm trees in the room are artificial, and the slowly moving image of water projected on the wall shows not a tropical island locale, but a frigid ocean strewn with icebergs. As a whole, Remembering... is a series of unfolding fictions defined by remembering and misremembering.

"Joseph Grigely St Cecilia"



Blueberry Surprise, 2006/2019

Vinyl wall installation

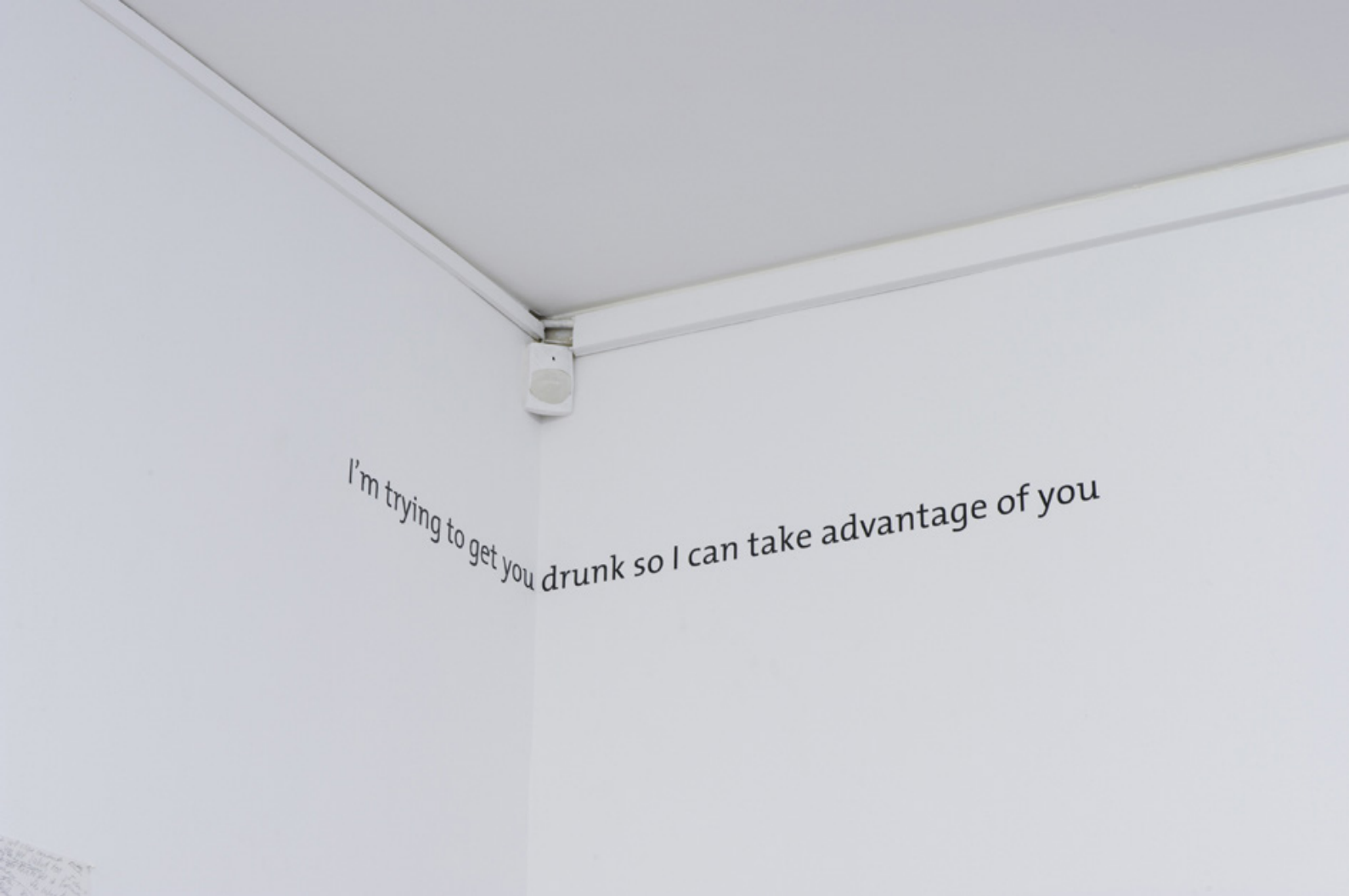
Dimensions variable

Edition of 3

Blueberry Surprise consists in one continuous text of 45,000 words transcribed from the written conversations that Joseph Grigely has been collecting over the last ten years. The transcription has kept every single typographic detail of the handmade inscriptions, including punctuation and casts, while skipping all of the drawings which might have been included on the papers. The reader switches from one “voice” to another according to the changing colors of the sentences: red, orange and black. Switching color means going over to the next person writing. The identity of the characters is not known, developing a pure narrative voice coming from we-don’t-know-where. This endless series of notes builds little by little a polyphonic murmur, which resonates in a purely mental field. The arrangement of the text on the pages is based on both ideas of continuity and fragmentation. The lay-out in a single paragraph gives a feeling of continuity while the changing colors create a feeling of alternation.

Looking at the Latin etymology of the word “text” brings us back to the transitive verb meaning “to weave” or “to braid”. Here we have indeed a powerful collection of intertwined fragments, subtly playing with (a)symmetrical patterns, rhythm and balance.

Blueberry Surprise, 2003
framed pigment print
185 x 130 x 5 cm ; 183 x 128 cm

A photograph of a white wall corner. A motion sensor is mounted in the top corner. A sticker is applied to the wall, with the text "I'm trying to get you drunk so I can take advantage of you" written across it. The text is split across two walls.

I'm trying to get you drunk so I can take advantage of you

Blueberry Surprise - I'm trying to get you drunk so I can take advantage of you, 2013 sticker variable unique

Your girlfriend turned into a snake? How much have you Drank tonight?

Blueberry Surprise - Your girlfriend turned into a snake? How much have you Drank tonight?, 2013 sticker



Park Nights 2017: Joseph Grigely, Blueberry Surprise, Serpentine Galleries, 2017

Joseph Grigely presented a play for three voices. Grigely, who is deaf, communicates with people who do not know sign language by asking them to write things down. These inscribed notes, collected over a period of ten years and edited into a new narrative, form the basis of Blueberry Surprise.



St. Cecilia, 2007

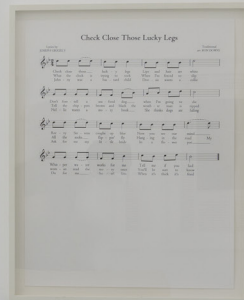
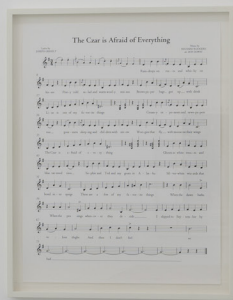
Two-channel video installation

8:43 minutes

dimensions variable

St. Cecilia, a major video installation that explores the nuances between seeing and hearing, and how one might experience music with the sound turned off. Named after the patron saint of music, St. Cecilia features two single-channel video projections with footage of the Baltimore Choral Arts Society singing three traditional Christmas carols with new lyrics written by Grigely to convey what he calls “lipmisreading” – identical lip movements that produce dissimilar sounds.

The choir members appear as if they are singing the same words, but in fact, the words sung on each screen are very different. The overhead directional speakers playing the two song lyrics are separated in the gallery so the viewer may experience the multiple distinctive aural sounds – one with the sound of familiar lyrics, and the other with Grigely’s own lyrics.



Music from 'St. Cecilia', 2012

three framed pigment prints on Archival paper

55,88 x 43,18 cm each ; 3 x (62,5 x 49,5 cm)

Edition of 5

The Czar is Afraid of Everything

Lyrics by
JOSEPH GRIGELY

Music by
RICHARD RODGERS
arr. RON DOWNS

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. It consists of 12 staves of music with lyrics underneath. The lyrics describe various fears of the Czar, such as rain-drops, kisses, pine-y cold, sa-lad, warm wool-y mis-sus, brown pa-per bags, got up with drink, Li-sa, cream-y ex-po-nents, news-pa-pers, gour-mets, sleep-ing and chil-dren with sin-ew, Woo-gies that fly with moose on their wings, Ghosts in white tress-es, blue tat-tered tires, So-phie and Ted and my goats in A-las-ka, Sil-ver-white wiz-ards that bond in-to sprigs, These are a few of my fa-vor-ite things, When the dawn barks, When the pea sings when-ev-er they de-cide, I slipped to Sep-tem-ber by ve-lour thighs, And then I don't feel so bad.

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



SCULPTURES



Dog from Canaletto's Riva degli Schiavoni, 2003

painted fiberglass
ca. 85 x 45 x 70 cm
Edition of 5



Joseph Grigely published a pamphlet in 2003 where he confronts the details of Canaletto vedute with personal archive images. The paintings by the master are animated by small groups of people in conversation with this striking detail: a dog barking nearby. The dog allows to introduce a sound element. His role is paradoxical because he serves as a link to the discussion group while being himself kept at a distance.



That's What we Live For, 2007

Crystal urethane (two parts)

36 x 32 x 33 cm ; 36,5 x 32 x 33 cm

Edition of 3

A couple of years ago, the Chicago Tribune newspaper had a photograph of two guys sitting out on the ice of Lake Michigan. There were sitting on overturned plastic buckets; one guy was lifting a little fish through a hole. And they were quoted as saying «Oh people think we're crazy sitting out here on a block of ice, but sitting out here having a conversation, that's what we live for». It's a beautiful comment. I cast a couple of buckets in urethane. It was a way of representing, as an abstraction, a conversational exchange, since the conversation is fundamentally a dynamic of two

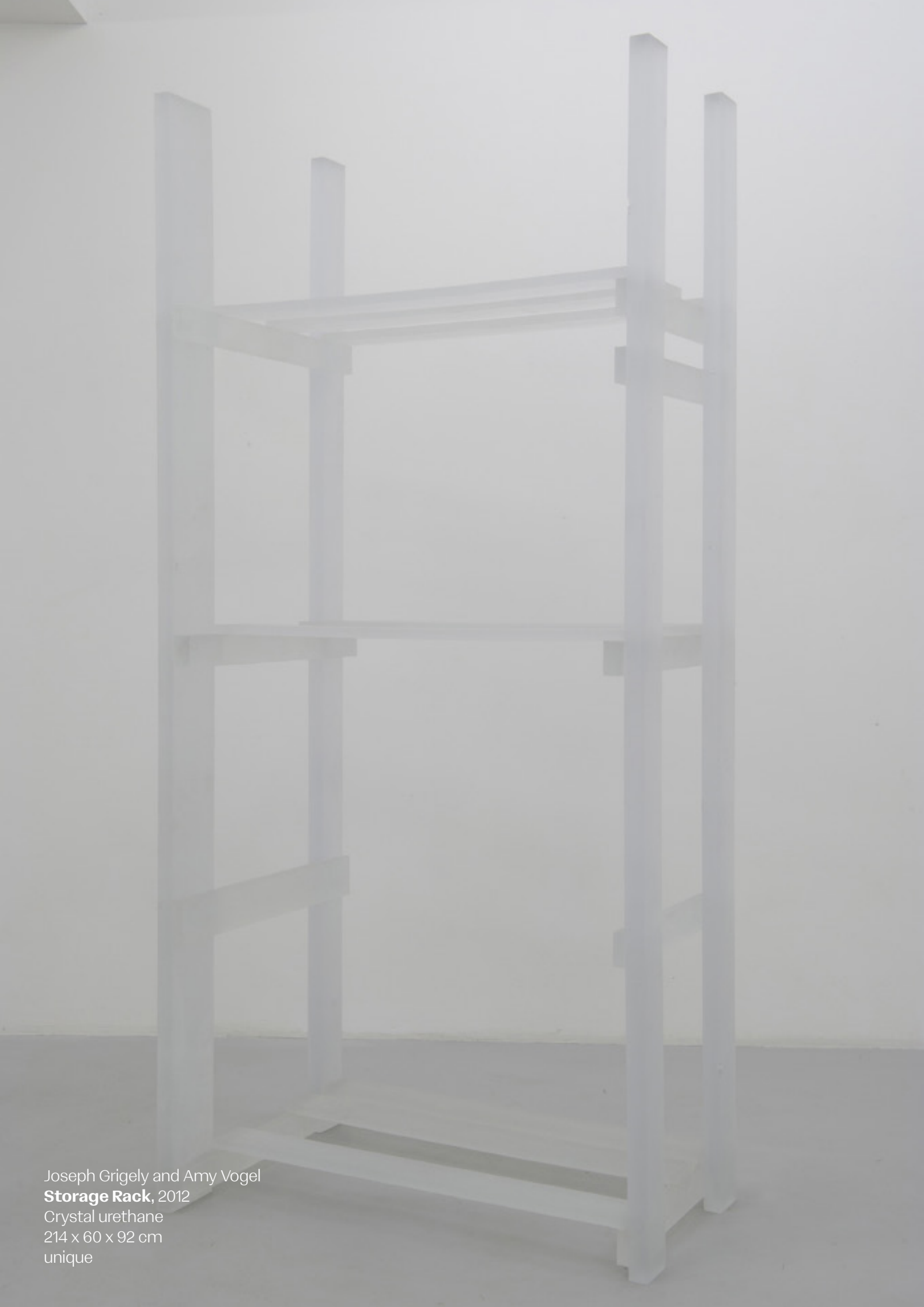


We Need a Drinking Song, 2012

Crystal urethane (5 parts)

circa 75 x 55 x 55 cm

Edition of 3



Joseph Grigely and Amy Vogel
Storage Rack, 2012
Crystal urethane
214 x 60 x 92 cm
unique

This work is the remain of human agency. It is not the object that is left behind; but another one that it has been unmade and remade, and become reified extensions of their previous reality. Caption has been removed; colors have been changed; wood and cast iron have been replaced with crystal urethane. It was once useful object but now its usefulness has transpired into a sort of uselessness; they have become, like the elements of classical still-life paintings, a part of a world ignored.

As an artist, you make a lot of work over the years, and not everything leaves the studio: studies, experiments, proofs, unsold work. It all needs to be stored, somehow, and a portion of the studio is devoted to storage racks. It's a perpetual challenge to find a balance between what to keep, and what to discard, since everything in a studio has potential relevance--either as history, or as art itself. This is especially important for people whose work involves archives, as mine does: there's a large archive of over 100,000 of the «Conversation» notes; an archive of the art critic Gregory Battcock (which comprised by contribution to the 2014 Whitney Biennial); and an archive of the curator Hans Ulrich Obrist, which I have maintained since 1997. The stuff all has to go somewhere. Umberto Eco once calculated the cost to store books, considering in the process the space they consume, the cost of rent, and so on. After including the price of shelving and other details, Eco explained: «The cost of storing each book would be 42 euros. More than the price of the book itself.» I once had a gallery explain to me that the rent for their storage space was more than the rent they paid for the gallery. So--storage is important. At a certain point I decided that storage racks should be treated as art too, and this led to creating two sculptures: a vertical storage rack and a horizontal one.

The vertical rack was made from cast crystal urethane. It originated as a wooden rack made from 2x4s, 2x3s, and 1x4s. Each individual component was cast in urethane, and then the whole was assembled using urethane as a bonding agent--no glue or screw or other materials were used.



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

The Madrid version of Horizontal Storage Rack, 2014/2017, a piece originally produced for the Amy Vogel: A Paraperspective exhibition at Cleve Carney Art Gallery, Illinois, would work along these same lines. The rack was then used to display different pieces by artist Amy Vogel at different “editorial” stages; either previously exhibited pieces, works in progress, corrected or never seen before. Back then, the piece reflected on this para-literary idea that the work is never static, even when it pretends to be so: it always moves from one state to another, from one place to another and, even as a piece “in holding” or “in storage”, it continues to produce a specific meaning. The process would not just be what the artist says it does. It is also what the work does not do.

The horizontal shelf, now empty, acquires yet another meaning in its new iteration precisely by not doing anything other than being, exchanging its role as an exhibition support for that of the merely exhibited object. The entire structure has been reconstructed from a reproduction which is nothing but the translucent polyurethane copy of one of the original legs. How weak the materiality of the reference is: barely a trace of volume, this sculptural nod to tracing paper is what anchors the rack to the floor and prevents it from collapsing, making it float. As elusive and as solid as a ghost, Horizontal Storage Rack becomes analogous to the Shakespeare described by Grigely: its exhibition is now not as much a work as it is a process.

However this score is no longer one of meaning, rhythm or praxis. It is not even a performative one. It is the score of useless mutation, of biological whim and of damp genetics; of the “great passiveness of things without reason” which Rancière’s great parataxis underlines. It is not a score in the fashion of Sol LeWitt, Dora García or Tino Seghal, appropriately circumscribed by conditions that predict or provoke, due to their artistic nature, chaos and interaction. On the contrary, Horizontal Storage Rack did not foresee itself being anything other than what it was; and yet it ends up being so, perhaps temporarily, fruit of the fortuitous (or planned) exchange between two (or more) people, producing endless plastic (and sexual) genres. Just as a flower inserts itself in another, (just as a parentheses inserts itself in text), as a parallel material and time. As reconstructor of the piece it is not I that pollinates the flower but the structure that inserts itself like a bee in my studio, in my tools and my resources, giving birth to an indefinite number of species. As authors of the piece, Vogel and Grigely are now founding myths, ghosts which anchor and elevate a structure which would otherwise break down into a mere exercise in DIY.

The gender that breaks down here is that of the process itself as a genre of contemporary art; the process as a narrative genre, which becomes, logically, even more queer because it is never fully abandoned: altering (or not) the state of a particular work of art, which can, at any moment, go back to being (or not) what it once was (a storage rack) or, better still, end up being what it was predestined to support (a dismantled stored artwork).

Extract of the press release «Joseph Grigely | Reiteración», Garcia Galerie

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ALCANTARA, POUPENET, PARIS OPERA BALLET

SONGS WITHOUT WORDS

ikes: t Man, Voice Fans

be said that Andrea sings only the easy popular Italian an international n a mix of standard s, Neapolitan songs easy-listening adult material, lovingly pared in recording lios and replicated rena-style concerts i amplification and cial effects. But on ions Mr. Bocelli has llenge himself, and by stripping back ions to the basics: a estra, an audience. Mr. Bocelli is pre- es of concerts with t Philharmonic at l, part of a pre- which the orches- in an even less like-



CHAD BATKA FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

laid bare in a more conventional classical setting. Mr. Bocelli's tone can be pleasant, and his pitch is generally secure. But his voice is small and not well sun-

ous Philharmonic encounter, partly because Carnegie Hall sounds warmer and mellower than Avery Fisher Hall does, and partly because Asher Fisch the

an aria from Verdi's "Luisa Miller" and in "Malinconia, ninfa gentile," an arietta by Bellini. Donaudy's "Vaghissima sembiana-za" and two Neapolitan songs

Songs without Words (Andrea Bocelli), 2012

framed digital pigment print
76 x 90 cm ; 83,34 x 98,58 cm
Edition of 3

One of the more unusual discoveries about being deaf is the fact I have continued to be intrigued by the process of watching music performances. Even in the absence of actually hearing an orchestra or a choir or a rock band, the visual nature of the performance permits one to 'hear' the sound as a fiction: when you watch the bows of the violins, or the conductor, or the mouths of a choir, or the wrenched-up faces of rockers, implied sounds come together in an ineffable way. It's a weird mix of disparities: the silly and the serious, the meaningful and the maningless. This difference between how sound looks and how sound sounds is in many ways both the theme of my life as a deaf person and the theme of my work as an artist.

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JON PARELES

MUSIC REVIEW

year-old and song made his ance in n a brief ye Pub on T accompa laborator bassist b of Pentar Mr. Mr lately be lege-radi lez, ming tional Cel rural-blu otherwor Holiday s James, al like the E 1970s on, music, st wound ve

NICHOLAS ROBERTS FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

Selling Anticipation, With Buyers Galore

Does Maxwell belong in the pantheon of great soul men? For Maxwell has a curiously mixed legacy. The unfortunate centre of urban

Songs without Words (Maxwell), 2012
framed digital pigment print
76 x 90 cm ; 83,34 x 98,58 cm
Edition of 3



RICHARD THORNTON FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

Older Music Refracted Through a Modernist Prism

There were only two relatively short contemporary works in the remarkable recital performed by the tenor Ian Bostridge and the to the Dowland song that refracts the music through a contemporary prism. The piano writing is alive with reerie phrasize what makes them music of the present, or beyond any historic era. Mr. Bostridge's unconventional

Songs without Words (Ian Bostridge), 2012
framed digital pigment print
90 x 76 cm ; 83,34 x 98,58 cm
Edition of 3

Eartha Kitt, a Performer Who Seduced Audiences, Dies

OBITUARIES

Kitt, who parved and her way across Broadw, recording studios and television screens a business career that re than six decades, urday. She was 81 and mical. She was colon cancer, longtime publicist, Ant- bedman. t, who began perform- late '60s as a dancer in t, went on to achieve ad acclaim in a variety is long before other ce- multitalents like Ju- ve, Barbra Streisand Midler. er curvaceous frame ashed vocal come-ons, also, along with Lena mong, the first widely African-American sex Diosa. Wiles famously d her "the most excit- in alive" in the early rency just after that a prompted him to bite gs during a perform- time Rums, "an adapta- sion" in which Ms. Kitt len of Troy. 's career-long persona, as sensu-ally syllabic, hen she performed in res in her early 20s, ngs that became her i, like "C'est Si Bon" for Sale." ng to New York, she on Broadway in "New 52" and added another "vocal crown." "Monst- Traffic has been known r me/Princes even rise for me/Harry S. Tru- bop for me/Monoto- nooooo-oo-oo." Brookes wrote in The New York May 1952. "Eartha Kitt old incendiary, but she i a song burst into after that run, Ms. Kitt re beer-selling albums ded her biggest hit, aby" whose precise, r fiction and vaguely lectons (Ms. Kitt, a n- th Carolina, spoke four



ROBERTO SCHMIDT FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

ter, Kim Shapiro, survives her, as sleeping in subways and on the roofs of unlocked buildings. (She would later become an advocate, through Unicef, on behalf of homeless children.) best of this country off to be shot and maimed. No wonder the kids rebel and take pot." The remark reportedly caused Mrs. Johnson to burst into tears and led to a de-

Songs without Words (Eartha Kitt), 2012
framed digital pigment print
90 x 76 cm ; 98,58 x 83,34 cm
Edition of 3

(dream) State,

"That expression came from a speech by Cornell West at Princeton 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 work shops to sharpen what became "state" at Harlem Stage/Aaron Da-

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 "Stat States?" 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 THORNTON FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

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



PORTRAITS

"These are snapshots of people writing [...] We think of the portrait as connected with the face. If we connect it with the idea of identity - I look at people's hands so much. I don't look at their eyes so much as as their mouths and hands. Here, you can hear what a person is saying within the portrait."



Jeffrey W., Ghent, January 1996, 1998
framed R-print
25 x 32 cm ; 8 x 12 cm
Edition of 3



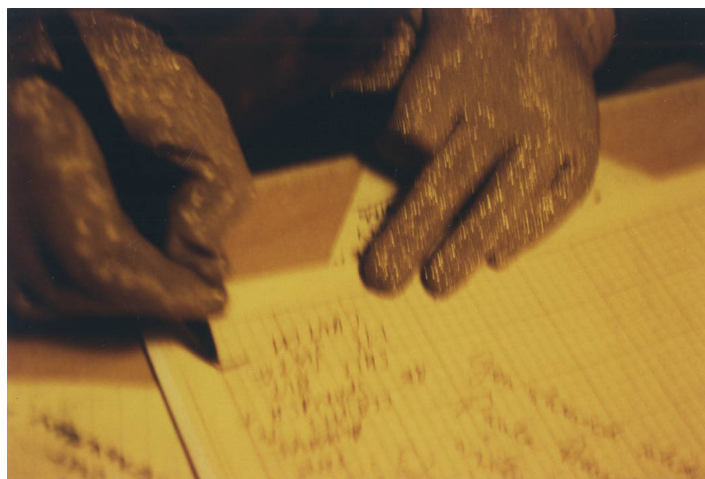
Aletta De J., Rotterdam, June 1996
framed R-print
25 x 32 cm ; 8 x 12 cm
Edition of 3



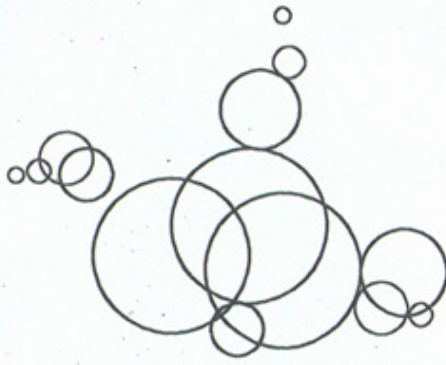
Nicole M., Rotterdam, July 1996, 1997
framed R-print
25 x 32 cm ; 8 x 12 cm
Edition of 3



Josephine P., Rotterdam, June 1996» (elbow), 1997
framed R-print
32 x 25 cm ; 12 x 8 cm
Edition of 3



Jenny S., Ann Arbor, Michigan, 7 December 1995, 1996
framed R-print
32 x 25 cm ; 12 x 8 cm
Edition of 3



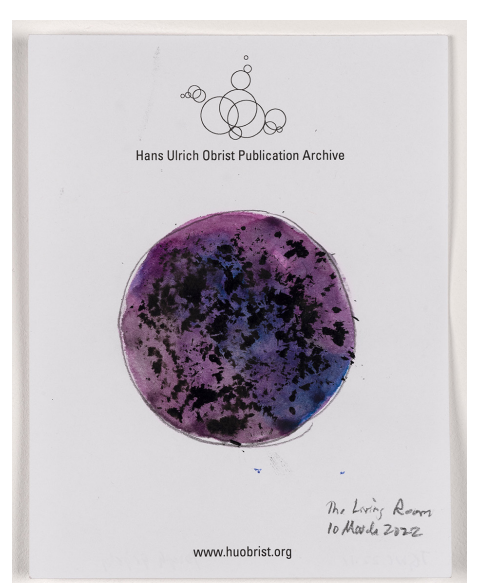
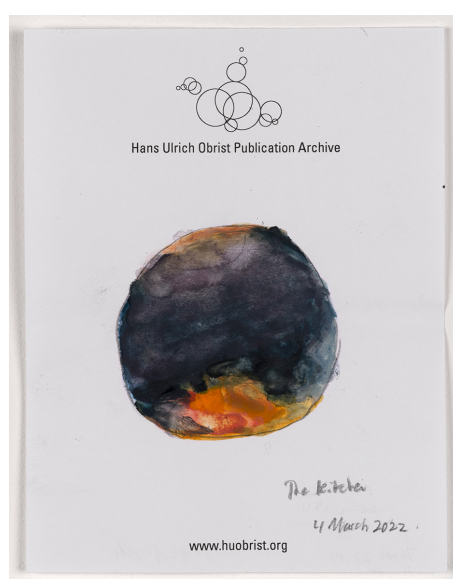
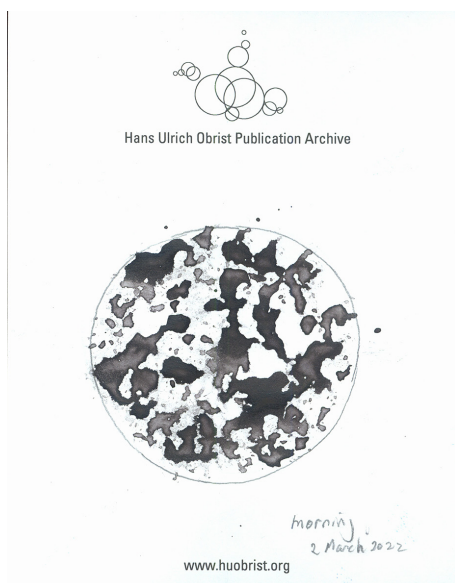
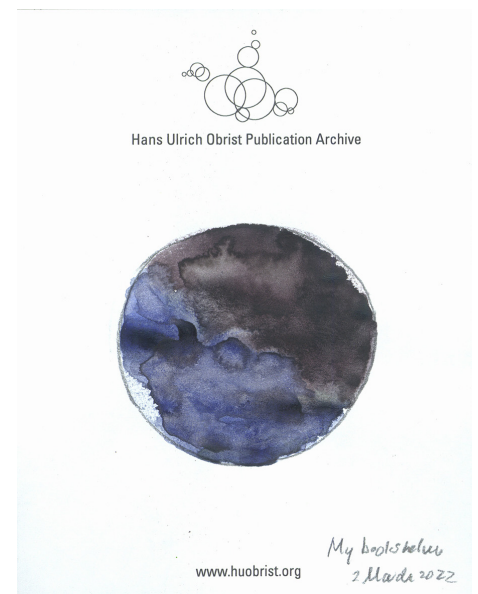
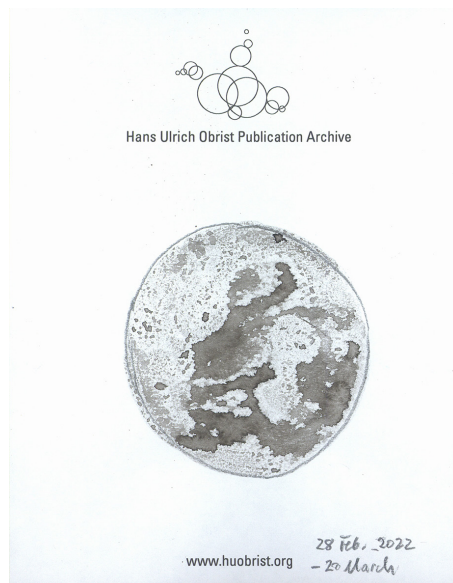
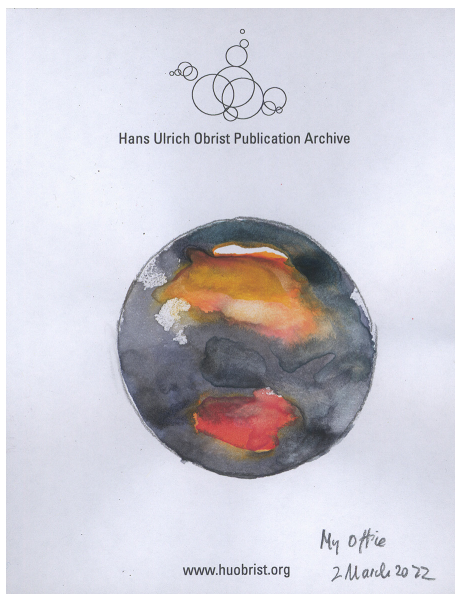
Hans Ulrich Obrist Publication Archive



"In February 2022 I experienced a hemorrhage in my right eye. Over a period of hours, blood cells slowly filled my eye until my vision was entirely occluded by fields of black. Sometimes the cells appeared as infinitesimally small dots that combined to make cloud-like forms; sometimes they appeared as splattered strings. Except for the glow of light, nothing was intelligible or discernable in terms of shape or form. Everything was perceived to be swirling in constant motion, like looking through a lava lamp.

Beyond the black bits was a field of light, coming and going, changing in hue--usually an orangeish red or pinkish orange where the light should be 'white'--and everything else was varying shades of grey and grey-blue and purple and brown-black. And sometimes, usually in the morning, there was a field of speckled black and blue and grey.

Initially, I made the drawings to describe to my doctors what I was seeing. While ophthalmologists have the tools to see into the eye, they cannot see out of it to see the same thing the patient can. For a period of 5 weeks, between the onset of the hemorrhage and subsequent surgery to restore my vision, I made these drawings."



- Retina Drawings (My Ottie. 2 March 2022)**, 2022 watercolor and pencil on notepad page 14 x 10,8 cm unique
Retina Drawings (20 Feb. 2022 - 20 March), 2022 watercolor and pencil on notepad page 14 x 10,8 cm unique
Retina Drawings (My bookshelves. 2 March 2022), 2022 watercolor and pencil on notepad page 14 x 10,8 cm unique
Retina Drawings (Morning. 2 March 2022), 2022 watercolor and pencil on notepad page 14 x 10,8 cm unique
Retina Drawings (The Kitchen. 4 March 2022), 2022 watercolor and pencil on notepad page 14 x 10,8 cm unique
Retina Drawings (The Living room. 10 March 2022), 2022 watercolor and pencil on notepad page 14 x 10,8 cm



Be Nice v.1, 2010/2017

framed watercolor on paper
36,6 x 46,1 x 2,6 cm ; 28 x 38 cm
unique

The small unrealized project is a neon piece that I tried to do for a show at the Museum of Contemporary Art in Chicago. It was a modest piece, with the phrase "be nice" in capital letters, B E N I C E. It's designed with four lights for each letter, so try to imagine a smaller B, then a bigger B, then a still-bigger B, all contained within each other. I wanted to put it outdoors at an intersection in Chicago that gets a lot of traffic, where there are three roads coming together. I found a perfect spot on the roof on a building, where it would flash in different ways: B E N I C E. It's a very quite piece. But the proposal was turned down.

They suggested that if I wanted to do maybe ten of them - bigger one than I had proposed - and put them all over the city, it might be succeed. But just one small thing like that, no, it would fail. And I explained that I want it to be small and subtle and just catch people in an incidental way. It's almost like a whisper. I think part of the dilemma is that we're caught up in megalomania.



Fuck You v.1, 2020
framed watercolor on paper
36,6 x 46,1 x 2,6 cm ; 28 x 38 cm
unique



ARCHIVES



The Gregory Battcock Archive, 2009-2014

7 vitrines with various documents, 5 framed posters, painting by Gregory Battcock
dimensions variable
unique

Gregory Battcock (1937–1980) was a New York–based artist who gave up his practice as a painter to become an art critic; he wrote on Minimalism, Conceptual art, video art, and performance, and generally championed artists pushing the boundaries and definitions of contemporary art. His *Minimal Art: A Critical Anthology* (1968) is considered an important touchstone documenting that movement as it was still forming. He also published decisive essays on art in underground publications like *Gay*, the *New York Review of Sex and Politics*, and the *New York Free Press*. On Christmas day 1980, while on one of his regular vacations to Puerto Rico, Battcock was stabbed to death in his apartment. His murder remains unsolved.

In 1992, Joseph Grigely was exploring the recently abandoned facilities of a storage company in the same building as his studio when he found Battcock's archive of manuscripts, photographs, and correspondence strewn throughout the space. After making copies of some of the material, he donated a bulk of the collection to the Archives of American Art. Grigely has researched and worked with the archive in various ways over the years. He first exhibited *The Gregory Battcock Archive* in 2010, and he has revised and expanded it for the present iteration on view in the 2014 Biennial, including new discoveries such as Battcock's only known surviving painting. Selecting and arranging the archive through a methodology that is both subjective and historically considered, writing explanatory texts, and designing the vitrines, Grigely has organized the archive into a modular sculpture that is also a form of storytelling. In the end, this work becomes as much about how one constructs a narrative as it is about the narrative itself.







The Carrie Stevens Archive, 2017
Fur, feathers, steel, and printed media
dimensions variable
unique

Of all of these collections the most recent would be the one related to flies for fly-fishing. Not only because it is one of his personal hobbies (he has been fishing since the age of 5 and tying flies since he was 13) but because it also allows us to understand the way in which textual materiality mimics itself and copulates with the body, its movement and formal impulses. Over the last two years Grigely has been reconstructing the archive of the American fisherwoman, entrepreneur and legendary tier, Carrie G Stevens. A native of the state of Maine, Stevens (1882-1970) became very popular during the first half of the twentieth century as an innovator of flies known as streamers, which imitate baitfish upon which trout and landlocked salmon feed. Her legendary patterns, while based on previous streamer designs, simplified their structure and made them more lifelike as hydrodynamic forms. The archive is being shown for the first time in this exhibition although the theme is by no means new for the author.

I have often been able to speak with Grigely about how the flies would be a sublime synthesis of editorial work; not only do they function as literary works, as works of fiction for fish, looking to be interpreted by these as something which they are not: something edible. They are also the product of a mashup of different materials. Made up almost always of bird feathers, deer and bear fur, silk thread and silver tinsel; all coordinated to produce an illusion of identity, of unique beings, which allows a fish to be deceived, if only partly and momentarily. The Stevens flies are, like artworks, ghost texts written with truths, meant to be ingested; provoking, in turn, phantom deaths which can, sometimes, become real.



Mr. Herbert L. Welch
Haines Landing
Maine

Melham, Maine
March 17, 1954

Mrs. Carrie G. Stevens
Maker of
"Rangley's Favorite" Trout and Salmon Flies

173 Main Street

My Dear Hubie,

You won't believe it, but I have, for once and for all, retired from fur feathers and pearls. I let a long story - more than I can explain herein - but George recently visited us in Madison with Mr. Wendell Folkins, who offered to buy the trademark for "Rangley's Favorite" all of my tying materials - saying he would continue to buy in me "George a Park" in him and George a Park. It was properly done.

I've shared it with no one, not even Wallace, because - well, you know how it goes.

The second thing is a Black pearl, my string (not tying any more - I have I for pearls, and for looking whenever Joe Bates visits? He's though he means well. But to have it, at a now means to be a tree you gaze of thousands of.

I hope you have that we will see
Love
Carrie



Pattern No.	Hook size	Made by	Egbert Eason, Me.
Pattern No.	Hook size	Made by	Egbert Eason, Me.
Pattern No.	Hook size	Made by	Egbert Eason, Me.
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Pattern No.	Hook size	Made by	Egbert Eason, Me.
Pattern No.	Hook size	Made by	Egbert Eason, Me.

Hook - Mustad 3907B a Black 1870
The allhooker are a little bit more stout.

To start: wrap hook with white 1/2 or 3/4 silk.
Start 1/4" behind eye for a #6 hook, approx. 125 wraps each way, 250 total. For #4 hooks: 370 wraps for #2 hooks: 480 wraps. It helps to have music on the phone.

Mustad 3907B allhook 1870

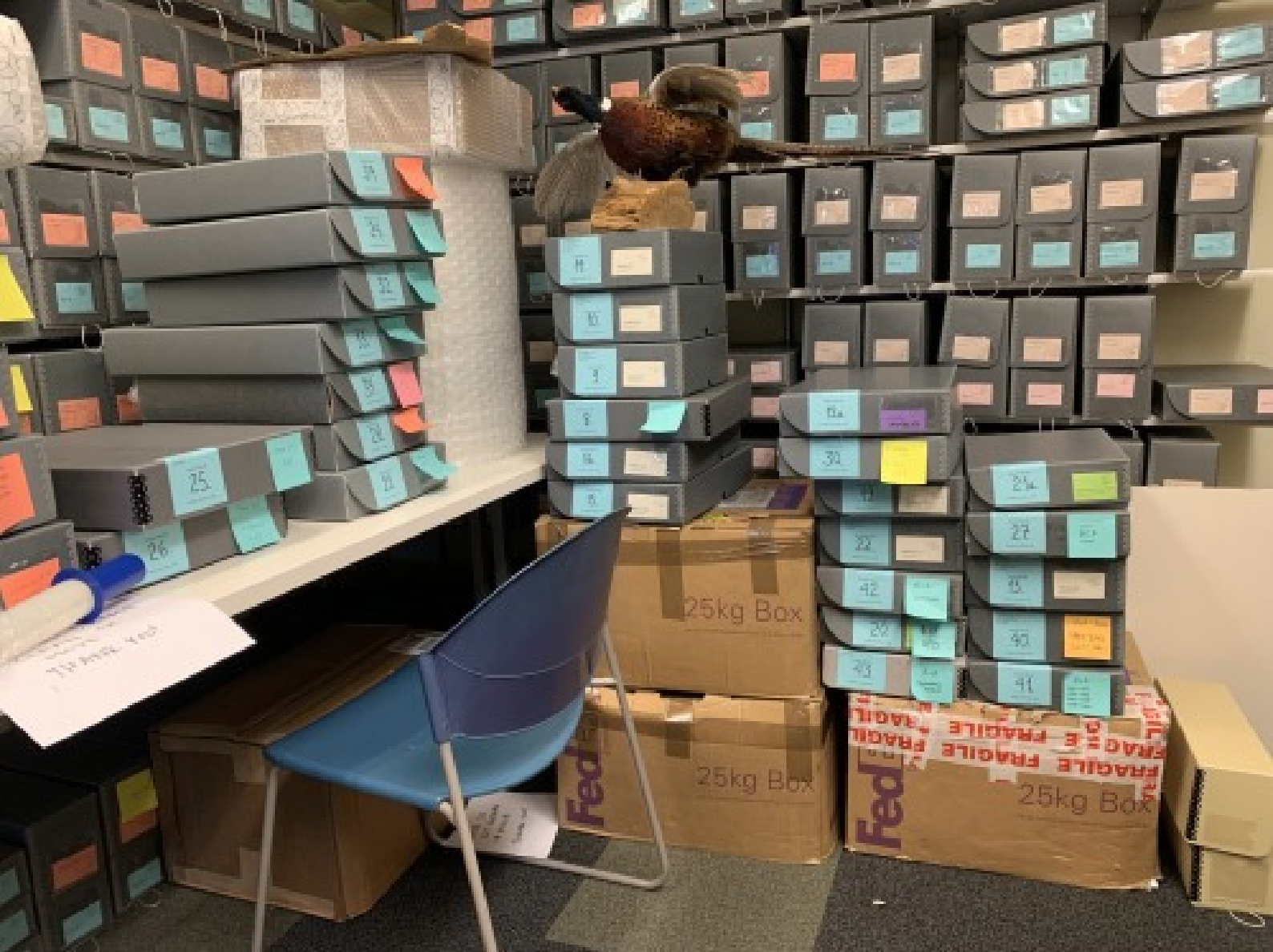
for silver bodies - to bend the back,

173 Main Street



Firefly	Pink Lady	Indian Hock
Green Beauty	Carrie's Favorite	Carrie's Fancy
Mickey Doodle	Don's Delight	Col. Bates
Gray Ghost	Red Witch	Green Hornet
Shang's Special	Blue Devil	Mrs. Duley's Special
Water Witch	White Devil	Morning Glory





Nodes + Networks

The Publications and Publication Projects of Hans Ulrich Obrist

Ongoing project. More info: <https://huobrist.org/>

MacLean 705, a project space located within an office atrium of the School of the Art Institute of Chicago, is pleased to present an ongoing project, Nodes + Networks: The publications and publication projects of Hans Ulrich Obrist.

One of the defining characteristics of the career of the Swiss-born curator Hans Ulrich Obrist is his constant movement, not just from city-to-city or venue-to-venue, but from one discipline to another. In the 1990s he was traveling virtually every day as migrating curator at the Musée d'Art Moderne de la Ville de Paris; in 2000 he became a resident curator at the Museum, limiting his research travels to weekends, and this pattern continued since becoming Co-Director of Exhibitions at the Serpentine in London in 2006. Each stop creates a new node, and the nodes are exemplified in the publications and publication projects he has produced for more than 20 years. This body of work is expansive: it includes exhibition catalogues, books and introductions and critical essays, interviews originally published in newspapers and magazines; there are press releases for exhibitions, programmes for panel discussions, posters, and serial publications, such as the catalogues for *Migrateurs* (ARC, Paris, 1993-2003), and publications that are presented as exhibitions, such as *Point d'ironie* (1997-present). As the publications accumulate, they are boxed up and sent to Joseph Grigely in Chicago, where the contents of the box are archived and enumerated in an ongoing bibliographical project that has continued since its inception in 1997.

Both as an exhibition and working archive, Nodes + Networks is a project-based course that Grigely directs at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago. The primary goal of Nodes + Networks is to explore how the documents in the archive function as nodes within a network of human relations. "An archive," says Grigely, "is not merely a record of publication history, but of the people, the ideas, and the cultural projects that contributed to the creation of the documents that comprise it." Nodes + Networks will materialize itself in three inter-related projects.

These are:

To compile a comprehensive digital bibliography of Hans Ulrich Obrist's publications and publication projects,
To produce a printed compendium of selections from the bibliography, including texts, images, and documents related to Obrist's exhibition practice over a period of 25 years, and
To design an exhibition in which the bibliography, and representative examples from it, are presented in a three-dimensional form.

The project will also include vitrine exhibitions that are based on material in the archive. These exhibitions take place within MacLean 705. The first exhibition involved the display of Obrist's first catalogue for his first show, The Kitchen Show, from 1991/1993. Updates on the project and vitrine exhibitions can be found on our research blog, blog.huobrist.org.

MacLean 705 is a project space devoted to short-term exhibitions that explore the space of art and human relations. The projects are organized by Joseph Grigely and administered by the Department of Visual and Critical Studies at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago. The space is open when the door of MacLean 705 is open, and by appointment.

