

« Untitled Conversation (Speech is Shaped Breath) »

One of the most interesting people I have ever known is Franck G. There's this slightly professorial air about him that I like--how he dresses, how he combs his hair, how he gestures as he speaks. In other respects he's a little hard to describe: smart in a slightly provincial way; eclectic, yet unmoved by the eclecticism of others; remarkably skilled as an artist, yet one is never quite sure in what medium or genre this skill is. He's sort of a mystery man. On one afternoon when he visited me in my studio, we had a long discussion about nature, about entomology, about language, and about fifty other things--. There isn't much that Frank doesn't have an opinion about--and some of his opinions, idiosyncratic though they may be, have in them a lingering feel of something that's both casual and profound.

« Untitled Conversations (Portraits of Joseph, v.1) »

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.

« Pierre Joseph Grigely »

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.

« Untitled Conversations (Fishing Conversations) »

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.

« Be Nice v.3 »

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 »

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