

## JOSEPH GRIGELY

## Songs Without Words

Atteint de surdité depuis l'âge de dix ans, Joseph Grigely déploie une œuvre multimédia où se conjuguent imagination et souvenir en tant que modes de projection de ce qui a « disparu ». Afin de ne pas oublier, l'artiste américain consigne les conversations qui l'entourent sur des bouts de papiers composant certaines de ses installations comme *White Noise* (2000) ou *People Are Overhearing Us* (2012). Transformés et dès lors vidés de leur fonctionnalité initiale, les objets qu'il expose constituent autant de « restes » de l'activité humaine, traces de nos faits et paroles évanouis.

Pour VOLUME, Joseph Grigely fait dialoguer trois paires d'images issues de la série en cours « Songs Without Words », composée de coupures de presse du quotidien américain *The New York Times* représentant des personnes en train de chanter. Si tout ou partie des éléments textuels gravitant autour de chaque photographie (nom du journal, date, titre, article, crédit) sont apparents, la légende – élément secondaire et pourtant fondamental – a quant à elle été effacée, laissant l'image – et son auteur – parler pour – et en quelque sorte se défendre – elle-même. Suspendus et dépourvus de son comme de motif, ces chants, incarnés physiquement, ne sont pas sans suggérer haut et fort quelque parole.

Joseph Grigely, who became deaf at the age of ten, is developing a multimedia oeuvre which combines imagination and memory as methods of projecting what has “disappeared”.

So as not to forget, the artist puts conversations around him onto scraps of paper which form some of his installations, like *White Noise* (2000) and *People Are Overhearing Us* (2012). Transformed and then emptied of their initial functionality, the objects he exhibits represent so many “remains” of human activity, traces of our vanished deeds and words.

For VOLUME, Joseph Grigely creates a dialogue between three pairs of images from the series in progress, “Songs Without Words”, made up of press clippings from the American daily newspaper *The New York Times*, depicting people singing. If all or part of the textual elements gravitating around each photograph (name of the newspaper, date, title, article, credit) are apparent, the caption – a secondary yet quintessential factor – has for its part been erased, leaving the image – and its author – to speak for – and in a way defend – itself. Suspended and devoid of sound and motif, these songs which are incarnated physically, also suggest some word, loud and clear.

*And the Cold Night Air the Devil Dares to Tread*

as so unseasonable as if hell had broken loose during the concert performance of "Faust," which he had announced as his annual series. The series was to begin on a Central Park "Matinee," but the event was postponed because of heavy rain. Given the weather, it was only about 100 people, according to the program, provided by Metropolitan Opera, more than the *La Traviata* had in its last performance. A hardy group, they were anyway, wrapped in blankets, and covered over

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formance featured a young cast alongside the veteran bass James Morris, who portrayed Méphistophélès with chilling conviction and naughty menace.

In the title role, David Pomeroy sang with a powerful, agile tenor and commendable French diction, although his voice sometimes sounded forced in the upper register. His "Salut demeure" was heartfelt, but his portrayal was often rather bland, especially next to the dramatically

Faust  
Central Park

convincing Marguerite of Katie Van Kooten whose warm, gracefully expressive soprano was lively in the "Jewel" song and vulnerable in "Anges Purs! Anges Radieux!"

The able baritone Hung Yun was admirable as Valentin, her protective brother. The mezzo-soprano

Kate Lindsey sang with an attractive voice and was effective as Siébel. Keith Miller as Wagner and Jane Bunnell as Marthe were also strong.

The musicians and singers must have been almost as frozen as the audience, which predictably, given the plummeting temperature, appeared to have thinned significantly by the end. But a sprinkling of determined listeners braved Faustian frostbite and stayed around for Marguerite's salvation.

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Jennifer Taylor for The New York Times

K TIMES, MONDAY, OCTOBER 26, 2009

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## Music in Review

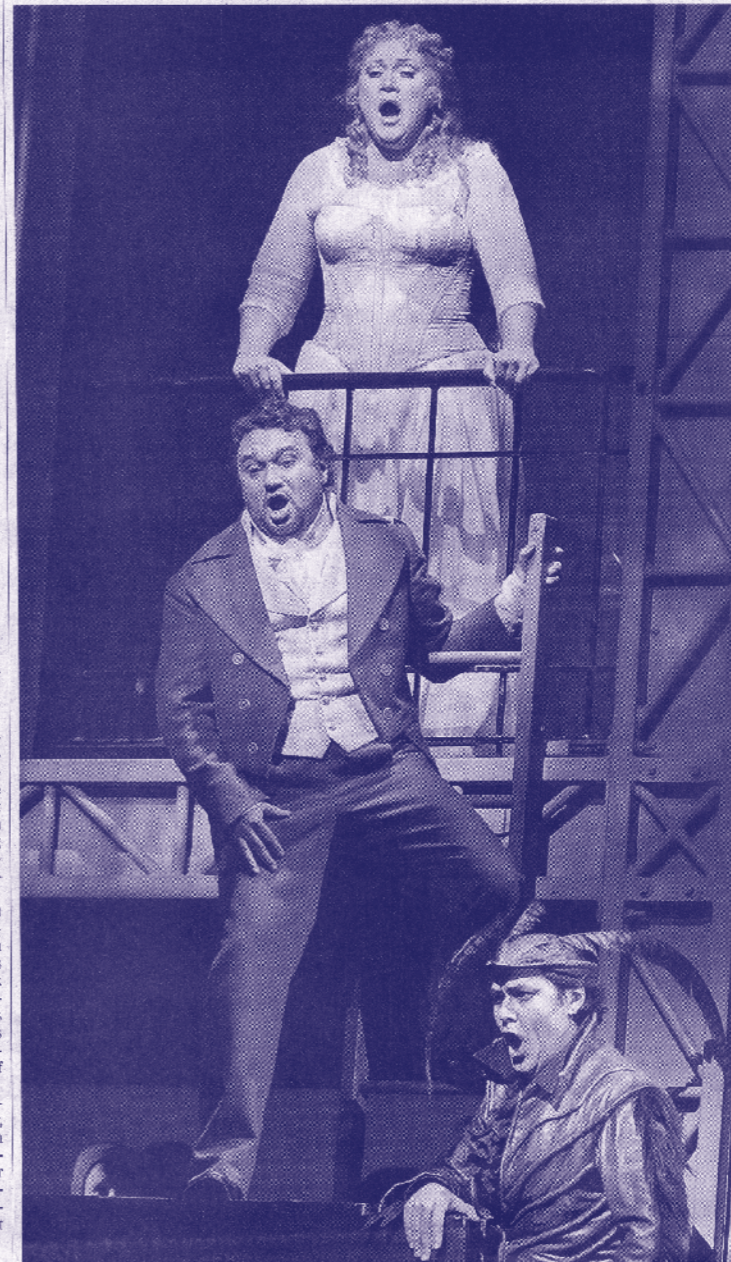
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episode featuring December 1964 and Garfield's attempts to get out of the hospital bed. The episode, aired by a first-week run, catches up with the series. Ms. Tuffy as a paragon of virtue can easily become a last-week-of-a-town-holding-the-tyranny-show-basket.

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ANDREA MOHIN; THE NEW YORK TIMES

# Eartha Kitt, a Performer Who Seduced Audiences, Dies

By HOERBURGER

Eartha Kitt, who purred and sauntered her way across Broadway, recording studios and television screens in a show-business career that spanned more than six decades, died on Friday. She was 81 and lived in Connecticut.

She died of colon cancer, her longtime publicist, Andrew Freedman, said.

Eartha, who began performing in the late '40s as a dancer in nightclubs, went on to achieve international acclaim in a variety of roles long before other famous African-American multitaskers like Julie Andrews, Barbra Streisand and Meryl Streep.

Eartha's curvaceous frame and husky, husky-voiced vocal come-ons, also, along with Lena Horne, made her the first widely known African-American sex symbol. Orson Welles famously called her "the most exciting woman alive" in the early 1940s, just after that time when he prompted her to bite the bullet during a performance of "Run, Run, Run," an adaptation of "The Trojan Women" in which Ms. Kitt played Helen of Troy.

Eartha's career-long persona, the sexy, seen-it-all sybarite, was then she performed in nightclubs in her early 20s, singing songs that became her signature, like "C'est Si Bon" and "For Sale."

When she moved to New York, she sang on Broadway in "New Broadway" and added another vocal crown, "Monotone Traffic," which has been known for its me/Prices even rise for me/Harry S. Tru- hop for me/Monotone-ous"). Brooks wrote in The New York Times May 1952, "Eartha Kitt sings incendiary, but she has a song burst into

after that run, Ms. Kitt's first best-selling album, "Eartha Kitt," whose precise, er diction and vaguely lection (Ms. Kitt, a native Carolina, spoke four



POPPERFOTO/GETTY IMAGES

ter, Kitt Shapiro, survives her, as do two grandchildren.

From practically the beginning of her career, as critics gushed over Ms. Kitt, they also began to

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-

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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 genre of urban

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In the far-reaching guitar and Eng the harm

JON PARELES

MUSIC REVIEW

year-old and song made his name in a brief year. Pub on T accompa laborator bassist b of Pentar

Mr. Maxwell lately been a lege-radi lez, ming tional Cel rural-blus otherwor Holiday a James, al like the E 1970s on, music, st wound ve

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be said that Andrea  
ings only the easy  
s popular Italian  
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a mix of standard  
s, Neapolitan songs  
easy-listening adult  
material, lovingly  
pared in recording  
fios and replicated  
rena-style concerts  
amplification and  
cial effects. But on  
ions Mr. Bocelli has  
llenge himself, and  
by stripping back  
ions to the basics: a  
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Mr. Bocelli is pre-  
es of concerts with  
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CHAU RATKA 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 sup-

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 Mill-  
er" and in "Malinconia, ninfa  
gentile," an arietta by Bellini. Do-  
naudy's "Vaghissima sembian-  
za" and two Neapolitan songs

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RICHARD TERMINE 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 re-  
fracts the music through a con-  
temporary prism. The piano  
writing is alive with eerie repeat-

phasize what makes them music  
of the present, or beyond any his-  
toric era.

Mr. Bostridge's unconvention-

still.

Some pianists may find it al-  
most unfair that Mr. Adès, who is  
first and foremost a composer,