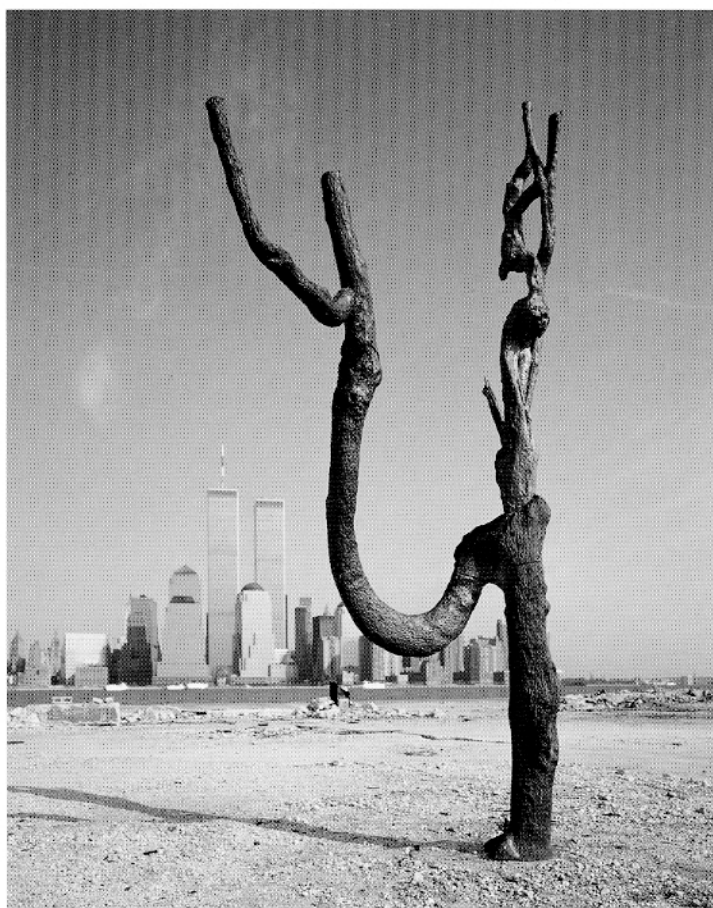
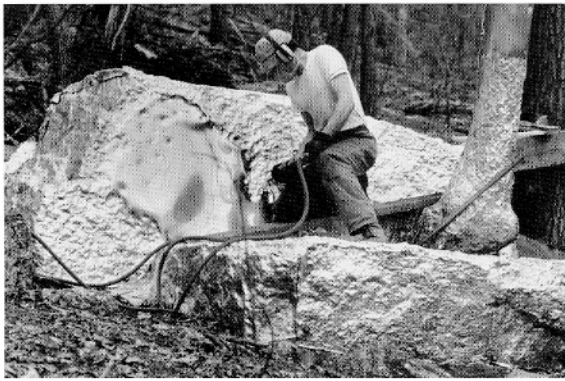


Robert Lobe



City Gallery of Contemporary Art, Raleigh
July 25 – September 27, 1992



Robert Lobe
&
Joseph Grigely

Iconotopography: Sculpture and the ~~Land~~Mindscape

An Exchange

Bob,

About the catalogue for your show in Raleigh: instead of an essay, instead of an interview, perhaps we could do something different? Since we're always writing notes to each other, why don't we write back and forth our thoughts about making sculpture? It seems to me there's much to be said about the margins of our work, because it is at the margins where one moves about to find a way towards the center. That's partly why much critical explication (what usually gets reduced to monotheological interpretation) is so baffling: there's no context. And contexts mean an enormous amount when we look at, and think about art, or any other cultural activity. I mean: the locus of art is not in the art itself, or the artist, but in the field of cultural assimilations through which the artist moves — what Wallace Stevens called 'the palm at the end of the mind'. Shall we poke around there?

Joe

J,

I guess we all fall into each other's gravity and beat down old paths. Art should be tailored to life; the reality we encounter in our everyday lives. When the locus of art is only in the mind, it becomes too self-referential and barren. It has to be an invention of our desires: something that says, now we're a bit closer. 'The palm at the end of the mind' covers a lot of ground and that's what I try to do too.

B



B,

Well, here's a bit of ground perhaps worth covering: I was just at the Whitney Museum for the Terry Winters retrospective, and it struck me how the biomorphic, fungi-like forms of his paintings from the early 1980s reveal certain qualities that are emphatically marked in your tree-and-rock pieces. What holds everything together in your texts is the manifestation of a natural and necessary tension: tension between the organic and inorganic, between nature and industry, between permanence and impermanence. And it is tension—a different kind of tension, understandably—that seems critical to art's ability to evolve. The works I am drawn to closely reveal disquietude and edginess: they're caught up in the angst of their making, and never quite resolved about it, never quite conscious of where they are going. A work like this succeeds best when it just barely fails to be everything it wants to be. This is evident in Winters' early paintings, but within a few years he became conscious of what was

working for him, and the tension was lost. Self-consciousness seems to be the artist's perpetual enemy: the moment a work has become resolved is the moment it has gone too far.

And that's what's so engaging about the last couple of trees you've done, particularly *Walking Tree* and *Frank and Martha Lee*: they're the very opposite of archetypes. They rediscover themselves as trees, and the tension within them is of a new kind: not between organic and the inorganic—tree and stone—but 'between' the tree and itself, direction and gravity, fiction and truth. The only thing that's resolved about these trees is their irresolution: they do not give themselves away as models of nature. One could instead read them as a dissertation on the vicissitudes of nature. I've always had an admiration for Robert Smithson's *Upside-down Trees*, but their reconfiguration (or remaking) of nature seems to me obtusely pointed, almost mocking, rather than coy and playful. That's where he perhaps went too far. The subtlety of art's transformations is perhaps best measured by the element of surprise and our concomitant inability to be decisive about what we are seeing: steadfast irresolution reinforced—yes, reinforced—by the absence of knowing.

J

J,

Smithson had a really sly and scrappy quality about him that I liked when I met him. I also liked his non-art attitude, not avant-garde or radical or anti, just non. As a New York artist twenty five years ago he was into New Jersey, a locale totally alien to the art scene. New Jersey used to convey the image of the wild west, a place where you could do whatever you wanted. Today it's a very concentrated and complex space beneficial for my art. Smithson helped discover New Jersey as a context for art making, leaving Manhattan to work on projects in his native state at a time when talent left the hinterlands seldom to return. As a young artist, in that same art world, it occurred to me that I might be better off doing something that didn't look like art, and, more importantly, wasn't called art. Pounding on rocks and watching people scratch their heads made me feel light-headed and slightly intoxicated. There seemed to be a lot of truth to my fake rocks. Being a practical sort, I added trees to get out of the hot sun.

Walking Tree and *Frank and Martha Lee* were possible because trees have roots which are not normally seen. They grow not in just the right landscape, but in any scape: take them indoors, a gallery perhaps, and the roots might turn into electrical conduit, plumbing lines, your nervous system. And since we know that they become part of something, it's reasonable to assume that where the branches appear to stop, they actually continue, joining other branches and other trees. Branches help us find our way around and tell us which direction is which. Their rootedness is doubly exposed with ours. Have their ice-coated, sap-chilling days seasoned them well enough for the critic's lashes and the consumer's boredom? Skyscrapers grow anywhere, if we say so.

B

B,

You're right about how 'rootedness' is an illusion of sorts, a kind of spatial stasis that is subject to unending transformation and displacement.

Think of the dynamic rootedness of trees: there are seasons to reconfigure them, days to frame them: it's not like you can yank a tree out of the ground, drag it from the woods, and shake the sky out of its leaves. Yet, as artists, we must do this, and in the process go on to create a new tree.

What I'm getting at here is that sculptures, like trees, are an extension of their topographical contexts: we look at them not as abstract entities, but as environmental confluents. It is not the perfectly 'natural' setting that is most engaging, but environments where something is slightly amiss, where a certain unsettled and unsettling ugliness prevents us from becoming too complacent about a work. That is partly why we photographed your recent sculptures on that huge abandoned concrete pier that juts out into the Hudson River: it is a setting at the furthest remove from the Appalachian woodlands, a setting that juxtaposes the horizontal with the vertical, nature and technocracy, decrepitude and revitalization. This is the sort of setting that can be described in only one way: natural unnaturalism. Everything is wrong about it, and only because everything is wrong is everything right.

It is becoming increasingly difficult to look at artworks as autonomous objects, and in the end this will be healthy for our cultural consciousness, for it will open us up more to the sense of semantic play that is possible in changing contexts. When you get off the elevator on the first floor of the Brooklyn Museum, the first thing you see (if only because it's right there in the foyer across from the elevator door) is one of Gaston Lachaise's ponderous nude women—she almost makes you feel you perhaps pushed the wrong elevator button. She's got her hands on her hips and this proudly intimidating air of resolve. To the left of her, close to the foyer windows, amid a long row of potted palms, is another sculpture. Not Lachaise's, but Robert Lobe's: two rocks, one tree. It's a terrifically disarming juxtapositioning: two representational traditions playing off each other, two industrial texts (one cast, one relief) which people must walk *between* in order to pass through the foyer. The tension is not just aesthetic; it's sexual too. The rocks, the tree: unashamedly phallic. And Lachaise's nude seems *so* happy with the arrangement. But . . . those tacky potted palms that line the passageway near the Lachaise and your sculpture. Really now—*palms*. Miami-in-Brooklyn. It seems just too contrived—like a bikini on Lachaise's lady. Am I missing something? Am I being unfair? Should we let the lawyers live and shoot all the curators instead?

J

J,

Those insidious potted plants certainly do soften the interplay with Lachaise, but there's something more than just an institutional cop-out about them, something I like. Perhaps, as an anomaly, they convey an aspect of the sculpture's original home, which is a favorite tryst, a superstudio outside cranial confines, beyond the pale. Harmony Ridge (Farm and Campground), the namesake for many of my pieces, is a tangle of steep, wooded, bouldered, acreage, spilling down from the Appalachian Trail. Levelling out, there was an old farm years back which today could be described as a picturesque recreational community: geraniums poke their heads out of white tire planters, paddle boats lie idle in ponds, classic Airstreams sparkle in formation with other RVs. This is a social diorama: human nature is the subject. My worksite is discreetly tucked away up the wooded hillside, along with my gonging, clattering, echoing presence. This too is a social diorama: another angle of human nature is the subject. I am their artist in residence, a rooting pig, a dung beetle rolling globs of shit, a madman scurrying around some hapless clump with unintelligible frenzy.

B

B,

Yes, yes, there's a lot to be said about that unintelligible frenzy. When we were having lunch in the woods yesterday, empty aluminum sardine cans from past lunches lying beside us, it occurred to me that part of the beauty of an artwork, and, understandably, part of its ugliness, is in its making.

It is a chaotic idea, born out of chaos itself: this isn't Harmony Ridge, but, for the moment, Disharmony Ridge. Out here in the woods we're surrounded by contradictions. At the foot of a massive rock outcropping we've got an eleven horsepower gas-powered compressor commingling the song of warblers and the song of pneumatic tools. It's a perverse beauty that our presence brings to the woods: rubberized air hoses, aluminum shards, steel scaffolding, wooden planks, and our sardine cans. It's almost—almost, but not quite—irreverent. It is, however, unforgiving in a way that a poet's crossed-out manuscripts are unforgiving: a mysterious kind of compositional angst is revealed, an angst that is, I think, germane, indeed necessary, to making art. This is that 'unintelligible frenzy', yes? We're not really aware of what is outside the text because everything important to us at the moment is a part of the process of creating it. Even those sardine cans, which—now anyway—we're too unconcerned about to pick up.



But what sustains a work of art, in the end, is not its making, but precisely the opposite: its ability to efface its making—to detach itself from the past and exist in a continually expanding present. Your 'iconotopography' (a variation of 'iconography': reference to a landscape instead of a historical text) is not a prerequisite for reading your work, for the title, which is a signature of the landscape, is transformed by time and dislocation into a fiction. Think of your work entitled *Mother Maple*: how many people will know, or care, it was really an ash tree? We all know that art lies; what we don't know is when it is lying, and when it is telling the truth. These aluminum trees and rocks do not belong to a place called Harmony Ridge, but to a fictional landscape—or is it 'mindscape'?—of those who walk among them.

J

J,

Excuse me while I grope, between city and forest, for a few thoughts that must have fallen off the pick-up while we were barreling down the freeway. Now they're just more debris in the breakdown lane.

B

B,

I'm becoming more and more comfortable with describing your work as iconotopographic; maybe we should get a plastic bug guard for the hood of your pick-up, and paint on it your byline: iconotopographer.

I'm serious too—about the iconotopography, particularly, maybe just a little less so about the bug guard. You know how it is with iconographic traditions—Uccello, say, or Poussin, or even Titian: there is this literary, or 'textual' point of reference from which most interpretations of the paintings begin. Panofsky's written a lot about this. It's like saying you can't 'look' at a Poussin but must instead 'read' it, as one would read *Lempriere's Classical Dictionary*. But, of course, *Lempriere's* offers only one starting point for the Poussin—the hermeneutic, or 'monotheological' interpretation I told you about earlier—and does not preclude others. My point, I guess, is that art is always undergoing some kind of effacement: origins, contexts, and ideologies are continually lost, ignored, or misunderstood. This is a necessary condition of art's existence, and this partly explains why your work is not as well known in Europe as it should be: it is an American art, more particularly an industrial art, that has as its loci both images of the promised land and an image of technology—aluminum trees, aluminum rocks. These are not images of the Old World, but the New, more particularly the New merging with the preternatural. Aluminum is the 'miracle' metal of the century: its monuments (the tip of the Washington Monument, Wallace Byam's pill-shaped Airstream trailer, and the omnipresent American Budweiser can) are ineffable. These are not real trees, but fictions; not real rocks, but creations. They are not even relics of a site. They are often romanticized as relics, but they are not limited to being read as representations of New Jersey's woodlands any more than Poussin's *Triumph of Pan* is limited to being read as a representation of Ovid or Lucian. Unlike language, art marks itself by being legible beyond being readable. And the fact that art is legible even when it is not readable is what makes it so appealing—even if it means you must bear the inevitable misreadings your art will instigate. There's not much you can do about that, however: art will be looked at, and discussed, in startlingly different ways, and it is hardly the artist's job to go about telling people how to 'read' art. I don't suppose it's anyone's job to do so. If art could not survive the vicissitudes of its audience it would not be art.

J

J,

People look for a nature in my work that really isn't there, even though it may seem like a 3-D reincarnation of nineteenth-century landscape painting. The issue is not that. My intentions are not to expand the genre. Plugging into that pigeon hole just leads to a dead end. As fantastic and precious as it is, nature to me is like talking about the weather when there's really something else on your mind. It's a salutary gesture. I have an easier time thinking about my work as architecture or as racing car shells: machines for looking, or a home for eyeballs. My program is set up so that the nature reading can be routinely set aside. I want people to be aware of the position which parallels the image they're getting. What is literal about my work really isn't literal: it tells a different story that is both there and not there. The pace of recognition is deferred or delayed, like seeing the light from a star which no longer exists. The hammered aluminum surface packs in a lot of information. Perhaps Warhol and

Chamberlain work off light years. Warhol for the enormous current of *human nature* which floats away our fairy tales and Chamberlain for those damn car parts which never are quite abstract and always leave you with their residue.

B

B,

I'm glad you mention Chamberlain. I had almost forgotten that, like you, he is a maker of fictions; and his sculptures, as you say, are never quite abstract, but only inasmuch as yours are never quite representational. Touché.

Chamberlain's work brings to mind another important aspect of your own: the co-dependence between delicacy and force. Seeing the final sculpture alone we do not see—or hear, or feel—the force at work, but only traces of its former existence. Sometimes we do not even see those traces. I've noticed that critics frequently describe the process of making your work by remarking that you wrap a site with sheets of aluminum, which you then hammer. It's the right verb: wrap. But of course, it's the wrong kind of wrapping that gets connoted here: not 'wrap' as in 'wrap the vegetables with aluminum foil', but 'wrap' as in 'wrap the family car around a telephone pole.' What's missing is the brutality of force: delicacy wins.

What's important, I think, is how this tension between delicacy and force nonetheless survives in a work, and how it seems germane to sculptors as diverse as Michelangelo and Richard Serra. I'm thinking here of Serra's prop pieces, and how their delicate sense of balance plays off both the history of their making and the tension sustained by their precarious balancing act. For Serra what is 'delicate' is something mathematical: tolerances, gravity, weight. It's different for Michelangelo, to whom 'delicacy' is frequently a property of scale and surface, or for you, to whom it is largely a property of mass and surface. However, these are merely formal considerations. Like most criticism, they are *considerations*—gestures of thought—but do not presume to be abstract representations of truth. Feelings, you might say, in the guise of language.

J

J,

A kind of delicacy and detail which is vital to cognition and a key to the visual puzzle, is achieved, as you note, by way of an ironic process:



violence. I'm certainly not proposing any work ethic. If I seem like a bull in a china shop, it's because Nature (Art, for that matter) takes you as its victim unless you make Nature your victim. I nibbled on this issue in my earlier wood pieces, from 1970 to 1976, before finally coming to blows with pneumatic hammers. Two thousand smacks a minute and enough force from these tools, unfortunately, splits granite boulders and eviscerates the sap layer of trees. No wonder those trees talk to each other about me and plot ways for revenge. But the death of the tree teaches us something, as you mentioned in the truck yesterday, of what Shakespeare's plays teach us: there can be no romanticism without pain. This is the essence of tragedy, and an art that is hypocritical about life can not be real. And what is real is often painful.

Thus, when I go into the woods, I bring along my bag full of notions. That is what it means to be an artist: my event, as an intruder, mingles with an established context. I wouldn't want to say that Nature becomes portable because I really believe in new entities. Maybe that's what art should be, an unstable element or compound that can and will combine with other ingredients. The necessity of liberation in the creative process is seen here as a release only to enter into new forms.

B

B,

That's it, that's precisely it: art isn't about objects, or even ideas, but about transformations, translocations. It is true that objects and ideas constitute the media of work, but these objects (tree, rock, aluminum, and so on) and ideas (about nature, about evolution, about representation) are transformed into something new. And new contexts (studio, gallery, courtyard) will continue to transform the work, as will the ideological flux that characterizes human culture.

Perhaps I'm wrong, but it seems to me when art is at its best it takes us closer to a world which we complacently take for granted, at once shaking us away from our own indolence and celebrating—I think that's the right word—the very idea of life itself. The irony is that this involves reassessing our ideas about death and regeneration—what, in philosophical discourse, might be described under a number of headings: transfiguration, transmigration, ontological displacement, and so on. It is a dynamic conception of life, but life itself is our most ideal representation of dynamism. The biggest challenge that art faces is to find a way to continually re-invent itself as art—precisely the sort of thing people like Robert Mapplethorpe and Kiki Smith emphatically have done. Their work disconcerts people because it is, among other things, an art of mimesis. In its reflection of the world we are startled to find a reflection of *our* world—a world that is, we suddenly realize, not ours to possess, but ours to share. Their art is thus a necessary art; otherwise we'd all be hanging paint-by-numbers seascapes on our walls.

Another topic now: I'm thinking of doing something out at Harmony Ridge with that big oak that was downed two years ago. A cigar-shaped morpheme, maybe? What do you think?

J

J,

Something exciting is locked up in that fallen tree and it would be fascinating to think of its possibilities as a morpheme (didn't you count over 130 rings?). The best way I can describe a morpheme is fundamental,

universal, unique. That tells us nothing, really, about what it looks like, but about the mental routes we travel looking at it. I like the way the morphemes' contours search and explore, save and destroy the density and shapes of what they are as logs. Guiseppe Penone made an incredible piece when he carved a very old, very long twisted beam, over 20 feet, tracing all its knots down to the heartwood. The ends were left untouched. A tree, reborn, revealed itself. Your idea of working with such a long slender shape is poignant and eloquent also. It is even more so if left in the woods on the rock where it fell, next to the tree that guided its path down. Lots of people would go out of their way to see it plus the few who stumble by. Suddenly, it's a beautiful 40-foot object on a rocky hill in the middle of nowhere: an unpossessed object that has been borrowed, transformed and returned. My sculptures are both like and unlike this: they involve an interrupted, sacrificed Nature that is not just borrowed, but violated. I wish that I could simply borrow Nature and return it untampered, but that's not the case.

B

B,

I like this idea of making the 40-foot morpheme, but I'm thinking now of making a square-sided beam that continues for 35 feet before suddenly stopping so that the tree takes over again. The context, however, will remain the same; I plan to leave it in the woods. No institutional protocols, no admission fee, no pesky guards telling you not to touch it, no label on the wall: people will be able to approach it in a way that engages, and questions, their preconceptions about art and nature. Well, I'm being a bit idealist here: it could very well end up in someone's fireplace toasting marshmallows. But what it will do, even if in the end it does find its way into a fireplace, is get people thinking: what is this thing? Who made it, and why? These are precisely the questions we want people to ask about art anyway—the germs of critical inquiry.

I've done work like this before. Back in the 1980s, I made what I call site-reflexive installations: sculptures that were built of materials found on a site. The goal here is to move beyond mere site specificity to create work that is less conscious of itself as art-in-a-space and more conscious of itself as a space-in-history. What, after all, is art if it is not also a reflection on history—even the history of its own making? The woods comprise not one history, but many histories: the natural, the human, and the products of their making—industrial history, cultural history, and so on. Thus, for my unrealized morpheme these woodlands are more than mere woodlands: they're also a gallery that provides the raw materials, the conceptual locus, and the exhibition site. Slowly the sculpture will change color, and eventually it will rot, becoming, in its own way, a ruin. This epitomizes the necessary transience that all art must undergo—the 'beauty that must die', as Keats phrases it. But it doesn't really die, of course—it merely takes on a new apparition, reinventing itself, as art will do.

J

J,

Allowing that huge oak to sit on your brain for a few weeks has produced a really good idea. Hewing a 35-foot beam which then turns back into the tree for 7 more feet retaining the crotch where the limbs begin and even a rotten side, makes a morpheme which resolves itself back into Nature. And in this context, fallen as it has in the woods, it

is more than a poetic object. But what if we have an overwhelming urge to bring this back home? What we think now is not necessarily how we're going to feel later. Better leave it to me to have a forest of trees which screw apart, turning them into metal toys for the conceptual sandbox in which the mind forever plays.



I looked at the idea of leaving my sculptures clinging permanently to the landscape when I made pieces like *Land's End at Mushaboom* in 1978. They would have endured the ravages of everything out there on the edge of a vicious ocean except the price of scrap metal, proceeds of which also warm the hearth. A joyful feeling it is, indeed, when our efforts seem to be aligned with Nature's. Art without guilt? Those earlier pieces had to be detached, however, from the landscape. They had to be portable. I didn't want them to find their real site in documentation and it seemed like a colossal and well-deserved insult to install a chunk of Nova Scotia coast in a stuffy gallery. If we want such an entity as sculpture, its terms have to be continuously challenged. I prefer to see my sculpture in Nature, tree to tree and rock to rock, reminding us that anything can be art and more importantly there is a richer and deeper beauty when it is not art, resting for a moment, as you say, on that edge of not knowing.

B

Robert Lobe

Born 1945: Detroit, Michigan

Education

- 1963-67 BA, Oberlin College, Ohio
1967-68 Hunter College, New York

Awards

- 1979 National Endowment for the Arts Fellowship
1981-82 Creative Artists Public Service Award
1984-85 National Endowment for the Arts Fellowship
1985 Guggenheim Sculptor in Residence, Chesterwood

Selected One-Person Exhibitions

- 1974 Zabriskie Gallery, New York *Wood Sculpture*
1980 Willard Gallery, New York *Robert Lobe*
1982 Texas Gallery, Houston *Robert Lobe*
1984 Willard Gallery, New York *Robert Lobe*
1986 Marian Locks Gallery, Philadelphia
Robert Lobe: Recent Work
1989 Blum Helman Gallery, New York
Robert Lobe: New Work
Blum Helman Warehouse, New York
Robert Lobe: New Work
1990 The Cleveland Museum of Art, Cleveland, Ohio
Lobe
1991 Blum Helman Warehouse, New York
New Work

Selected Group Exhibitions

- 1969 Whitney Museum of American Art, New York
Anti-Illusion: Procedures/Materials
1971 Bykert Gallery, New York
Recent Acquisitions
1973 Whitney Museum of American Art, New York
Biennial Exhibition: Contemporary American Art
1976 Institute for Art and Urban Resources, P.S.1,
Long Island City, New York
A Month of Sundays
1978 Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, New York
Young American Artists, Exxon National Exhibition
1979 Albright-Knox Art Gallery, Buffalo, New York
Eight Sculptors (exhibition catalog by Douglas Schultz)
1981 Contemporary Arts Museum, Houston
The Americans, the Landscape
1983 High Museum of Art, Atlanta
Directions in Abstraction: The Uses of Nature
1986 Institute for Art and Urban Resources, P.S.1,
Long Island City, New York
About Place: Contemporary American Landscape
1987 Whitney Museum of American Art, New York
1987 Whitney Biennial Exhibition
1988 Blum Helman, Los Angeles
Duff, Lobe, Saret; Working in Metal
Walker Art Center, Minneapolis, Minnesota
Sculpture Inside Outside
Whitney Museum of Art at the Equitable Center,
New York *Endosing the Void - Eight Contemporary*
Sculptors (exhibition catalog by Susan Lobowsky)
1989 The Brooklyn Museum, New York
4 Americans: Aspects of Current Sculpture
(exhibition catalog by Charlotta Kotik)
Dayton Art Institute, Ohio
A Certain Slant of Light: The Contemporary American
Landscape (exhibition catalog by Naomi Vine and Peter
Bacon Hales)
1990 Blum Helman Gallery, 8th Floor
Robert Lobe, Giuseppe Penone, Hamish Fulton
1991 Neuberger Museum, Purchase, New York
Five Artists Redefine Nature
Katonah Museum of Art, New York, New York
Sticks and Stones and Artists with nature
1992 Locks Gallery, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Issues in Sculpture 1960-90
1993 Philips Collection, Washington, D.C.
Dialogue with Nature: Ten Contemporary Sculptors

Selected Bibliography

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1983 Baker, Kenneth. "Hammering the Landscape." *The Christian Science Monitor* (August 20), p. 20.
1984 Baker, Kenneth. "Robert Lobe." *Art In America* (May).
1986 Brenson, Michael. "The Landscape Maintains It's Hold On American Artists." *The New York Times* (March 9).
1987 Hughes, Robert. "Navigating a Cultural Trough." *Time Magazine* (May 11), pp. 81-82.
1988 Kotik, Charlotta. *4 American Aspects of Current Sculpture* (exhibition catalogue) Brooklyn, New York: The Brooklyn Museum, 1989.
Lubowsky, Susan. *Endosing the Void Eight Contemporary Sculptors* (exhibition catalogue). The Whitney Museum of American Art at Equitable Center, New York.
1989 Brenson, Michael. "Works from Nature." *The New York Times* (February 17), p. C32.
Vine, Naomi and Peter Bacon Hales. *A Certain Slant of Light* (exhibition catalogue). Dayton, Ohio: The Dayton Art Institute.

Selected Collections

- Albright-Knox Art Gallery, Buffalo, New York
Brooklyn Museum, Brooklyn, New York
The Cleveland Museum of Art
The Contemporary Museum, Honolulu Hawaii
DeCordova Museum and Sculpture Park, Lincoln, Massachusetts
Detroit Institute of Arts, Michigan
Indianapolis Museum of Art
J. Patrick Lannan Foundation, Los Angeles
Mihama-cho International Outdoor Sculpture Garden, Mihama-cho, Japan
Milwaukee Art Museum, Wisconsin
National Gallery, Washington, D.C.
Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, New York
Storm King Art Center, Mountainville, New York
Walker Art Center, Minneapolis, Minnesota
Whitney Museum of American Art, New York

Joseph Grigely
is an artist who lives and works in
Jersey City, New Jersey

Checklist

Dimensions are in inches, height precedes width precedes depth.

Kings's Bluff #32 1991
anodized hammered aluminum
50" x 23" x 43 1/2"

Kings's Bluff #25-34 1991
anodized hammered aluminum
44 1/2" x 27" x 8 1/2"

Land's End at Mushaboom 1978
hammered aluminum with steel support
98" x 101" x 108"

Acropolis 1981
hammered aluminum
34" x 36" x 20"

Harmony Ridge #32 1990
hammered aluminum
60 1/4" x 139 1/4" x 48"

Facial Structure #2 1986
anodized hammered aluminum
87" x 124" x 16"

Walking Tree 1991-92
anodized hammered aluminum
133" x 70" x 89"

Frank and Martha Lee 1991-92
anodized hammered aluminum
146 1/2" x 87" x 42"

Harmony Ridge #35 1991
anodized hammered aluminum
51" x 29" x 187"

Harmony Ridge #36 work in progress
heat treated hammered aluminum and fabricated aluminum
approx 144" x 102" x 184"

All works in the exhibition have been lent courtesy of the artist.

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Gallery hours: Tuesday-Saturday 10:00am-5:00pm
Sunday 1:00pm-5:00pm

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BlumHelman Gallery and the artist.