



IMPERSONATIONS

Scott Grieger

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SCOTT GRIEGER

Essay by Dave Hickey

Illustrations by Scott Grieger

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©Dave Hickey, introduction, 2007

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Acknowledgements

With the publication of this book and the exhibition, *Impersonations: Work By Scott Grieger*, the Nora Eccles Harrison Museum of Art begins a series of scholarly examinations of a select group of artists whose work is represented in the Museum's important collection of innovative art produced in the western United States, from 1930 to the present. The work of these artists reflects unique contributions to the rich and complex history of American 20th century art. With this exhibition—a follow-up to *Alternate Realities* of 1999 and the recent *Semina Culture: Wallace Berman and His Circle* of 2006, curated by Michael Duncan and Kristine McKenna and organized by the Santa Monica Museum of Art—the Museum confirms the need to reflect upon the history of artmaking in the West.

I would like to extend my thanks and gratitude to: Dave Hickey for his witty and perceptive analysis of Scott Grieger's seminal photographs, *Impersonations*; Scott Grieger for the innumerable hours he devoted to the development of the exhibition and this book; Walt Morton for the book's design; and the Museum staff whose efforts made this overall endeavor possible. I cannot conclude this acknowledgement without expressing my appreciation to George Wanlass and also my gratitude for the support of the Marie Eccles Caine Foundation. This exhibition and so many others have been made possible through the Foundation's generous support of the arts in northern Utah.

Victoria Rowe
Director
Nora Eccles Harrison Museum of Art
Utah State University

Out of the closets and into the museums, libraries, architectural monuments, concert halls, bookstores, recording studios and film studios of the world. Everything belongs to the inspired and dedicated thief... Words, colors, light, sounds, stone, wood, bronze belong to the living artist. They belong to anyone who can use them... Originality, the sterile and assertive ego that imprisons us as it creates. Vive le vol—pure, shameless, total. We are not responsible. Steal anything in sight.

William S. Burroughs

Les Voleurs/The Adding Machine

SCOTT GRIEGER: FOR ONE NIGHT ONLY

by Dave Hickey

During the 1960's, when I was introducing myself to the art world, I encountered a lot of art that was mostly new to me, but not to everyone else. Then, in 1969, at a picnic table outside the Orange Julius stand in Pasadena, California, Scott Grieger showed me the proofs for his *Impersonations*, the first works of art I had ever seen that were absolutely new—that I knew would be absolutely new to everyone—the kind of art that nobody was doing at the moment but that everyone, eventually, would be doing, everyone except for Scott who lost interest when the word got out. I was an art dealer at that time, looking for cool things to show and sell in my gallery in Austin. I had come to see Scott at the behest of Peter Plagens, Karen Carson and Bruce Nauman, who also had studios in Pasadena. Since Plagens, Carson and Nauman were, at that time, young artists notoriously disinclined to suffer fools gladly, I figured if they thought I should go see “the kid,” I should probably go see “the kid.”

Scott, at that time, was the Scott you see in the photographs: the wiry, hairy, hippy dude whose aura of feral dyspepsia was leavened by a tinge of wry amusement. He handed me the *Impersonations* photographs with this weird little smile on his lips, as if daring me not to be cool. Fortunately, at that time, I was cool. The *Impersonations* was a suite of fifteen black and white photographs of the artist doing his “impressions” of various works of contemporary art. I thought they were great and offered Scott a show at my gallery in Texas. I also called everyone I knew, as, I'm sure, did everyone else who saw the suite. It is a testament to the quality of Scott's work and to the efficient art world network of the time, that within a year, in addition to being shown at my little gallery in Austin, the *Impersonations* were shown in a Whitney Annual and in the *Information* show at the Museum of Modern Art. Soon thereafter, they appeared in the *Los Angeles '72* show at Sidney Janis Gallery on the upper East Side and in a one-man show I mounted for Scott at Reese Palley in Soho. By late 1972, nearly everyone in the art world had shared Scott's joke with varying degrees of enthusiasm and learned from it. Scott, himself, was heartily sick of the whole affair and generally distraught at the awful solemnity of art world success.

Back in Pasadena, out by the Orange Julius, on that afternoon in 1969, however, I laughed out loud at the photograph on top of the pile Scott handed me. It was Grieger's impersonation of a Robert Irwin floating, shadowed disc. In Grieger's impression, he had photographed his shaggy head, poked through a wall spotlighted from proper minimalist angles to make the handsome shadows. Primarily, Grieger's impersonation of Irwin's piece highlighted the figurative residue that underpins all abstract sculpture of that period and connects it to the deeper history of sculpture. At the same time, it made a

sly and not unfriendly nudge at Robert Irwin's extremely well-developed sense of self-esteem. (*That's me in the spotlight!*) I laughed all the way through the suite of photographs. The low-tech, comic economy of the images was giggle-worthy in and of itself, since it ruthlessly exploited the "trademark" status of contemporary sculptural formats, which made it easy for a snarky, scruffy hippie kid to impersonate the pristine, Augustan icons of contemporary American art and to invest them with swooning bathos.

Which is easy enough to say today, of course, after three decades of "conceptual photography." In 1969, however, this kind of image-making was an unknown genre. There were precedents in Ruscha, Rauschenberg and Warhol for the interplay of photo, text and image, but a photograph, at this time, was generally presumed to be a picture we should look at. Photographs were narrative, documentary or formal, and Grieger's were none of these.

The *Impersonations* juxtaposed words and images to comment on the sources of formality in sculpture and to demonstrate the ease with which the "low" may mimic the "high." They were jokes, in other words. Our sudden, serendipitous, seemingly inappropriate connection of the image to the text, made us laugh. Unfortunately, it was exactly this suddenness and serendipity that would be purged from the conceptual photography that followed in the wake of the *Impersonations*, so it is easy enough to see why Grieger would regard the consequences of his innovation with some dismay. He set out to lighten the tone of a frivolous activity (art) and only, inadvertently, contributed to making it heavier.

None of this makes the *Impersonations* any less funny, of course, but the fact remains that they would not have been nearly so funny, if it weren't for the good-natured and coherent critique of contemporary practice that Grieger's photos offered. One of the new things about the *Impersonations* was their postmodern insistence that contemporary sculpture wasn't really all that new—that all sculpture throughout the history of art addressed the relationship of bodies in space and that the human body was the keystone of that relationship. The debt of contemporary sculpture to traditional sculpture, therefore, was unavoidable and usually legible. At its heart, sculpture is about the scale of the object relative to the body, whether it's standing (*Newman, Trova, Oldenburg, LeWitt*), leaning (*Bladen, McCracken, Serra, Grosvenor*), sprawling (*Morris, Smithson*) or crawling (*Rauschenberg*). As a consequence, our laughter at the *Impersonations* is not just laughter at the high brow brought low; it is also the laughter of enlightenment, of being shown how the trick is done.

In the years that followed, artists like Bruce Nauman, Chris Burden, Paul McCarthy and Vito Acconci would exploit this idea of the body as the primal site of sculpture to stunning effect, and, eventually, figurative sculpture itself would reappear as a viable practice in the hands of Kiki Smith and Katerina Fritch. The use of the photograph as a mode of critique would proliferate beyond all reasonable boundaries, as

well, but something was lost in this process. The photographs became less elegant, economical and self-conscious. The friendliness of Grieger's critique would be replaced with political hostility. Like Warhol, who only sent up Rothko and Pollock as a kind of homage, because he loved them, Grieger loved the sculpture that provided the subject of his speculations, as a collector loves his favorite things or a professor loves his subject.

This pedagogical instinct, which Grieger has exercised in the classroom for many years, is similarly at play in the other works he was making at the end of the 1960's: the *Combinations*. The *Combinations* do blatantly what most other artists of that time were doing covertly, combining attributes from extant works to create new works of art. Thus, the *Combinations*, like the *Impersonations*, are a form of truth telling. Grieger simply did what was being done and named his sources. He created a *Judd/Stella* (a Donald Judd box in the shape of a Frank Stella canvas), a *Judd/Johns* (a Donald Judd serial wall piece with Jasper Johns plaster masks marking intervals), a *Stella/Newman* (a Frank Stella parallelogram canvas with a Barnett Newman zip). All of these pieces, over and above their shrewd serendipity, had the dark humor of the truth. They were each, in and of themselves, persuasive works of contemporary art, and as such, each identified exactly the mechanics of formal decadence at the very moment of its cynosure. Like Grieger's *Impersonations*, the *Combinations* offered a shrewd critique of the myths of "history" and also "originality," and, not surprisingly, sold briskly, for reasons that proved Grieger's point about what we really want. Like Andy's Marilyns and soup cans, the *Combinations* offered us something we recognized, tailored to our personal taste. Thank you very much.

Even so, if the lessons to be learned about the fate of Grieger's innovative manner are sad, the lessons to be learned from the history of their creation are heartening. They remind us once again that innovation in the arts usually arises from the eccentric cultural milieu that the artist brings into the practice from without. Andy Warhol brought the culture of advertising; Richard Serra brought the culture of the steel mill; Lari Pittman brought the chirp and flutter of the decorator's shop; and Scott Grieger brought the happy chatter over dinner at Norman Lear's, amidst great comedians.

It happened like this: by the time Grieger was in his teens, he was already pretty much on his own, living in his uncle's garage and attending Birmingham High School in the San Fernando Valley, on the border of upscale Encino and downscale Van Nuys. On one afternoon, Van Nuys Scott met a girl from Encino named Ellen Lear, who became his girlfriend. Under Ellen's aegis, Grieger began hanging out at the Lears' with Hollywood funny men like Sid Caesar, Carl Reiner, Mel Brooks, Tony Bill and that whole group. He took it all in, and, since he was virtually living on the street, the funny guys took Grieger under their wing, even after he and Ellen Lear were no longer an item. When he won a scholarship to Chouinard Art Institute and still couldn't afford to go, they pooled money for his living

expenses. At Chouinard, he would make friends with Chuck Arnoldi, Allen Ruppertsberg, Terry Allen, and Jack Goldstein, whose sensibilities were not that dissimilar from the guys at Norman Lear's, and out of this synergy, an idea arose—an idea that art, which was already wasteful, silly and frivolous, might be as funny to consume as it was joyful to create.

Over dinner at the Lears', all the funnymen would do "impressions" of Sinatra, of Cagney, of each other. They would spin jokes, making one out of the other and this process, in Grieger's view, was no less rigorous and intellectual than the discourse at Chouinard, only faster and much funnier. So he decided to do impressions and combinations of art, to apply the standards of bravura and ruthless economy he had learned from Mel Brooks to the creation of high art, as Andy had applied the discipline of magazine illustration. Thus the *Combinations* and *Impersonations* arose and were instantly found funny and credible. Their ludic sensibility, however, would not survive Richard Nixon, Watergate, Vietnam and the New Left. The works, however, survive, and the torch that burns in this little book remains to be lifted again, so I am happy that, after all these years, this book finally exists.

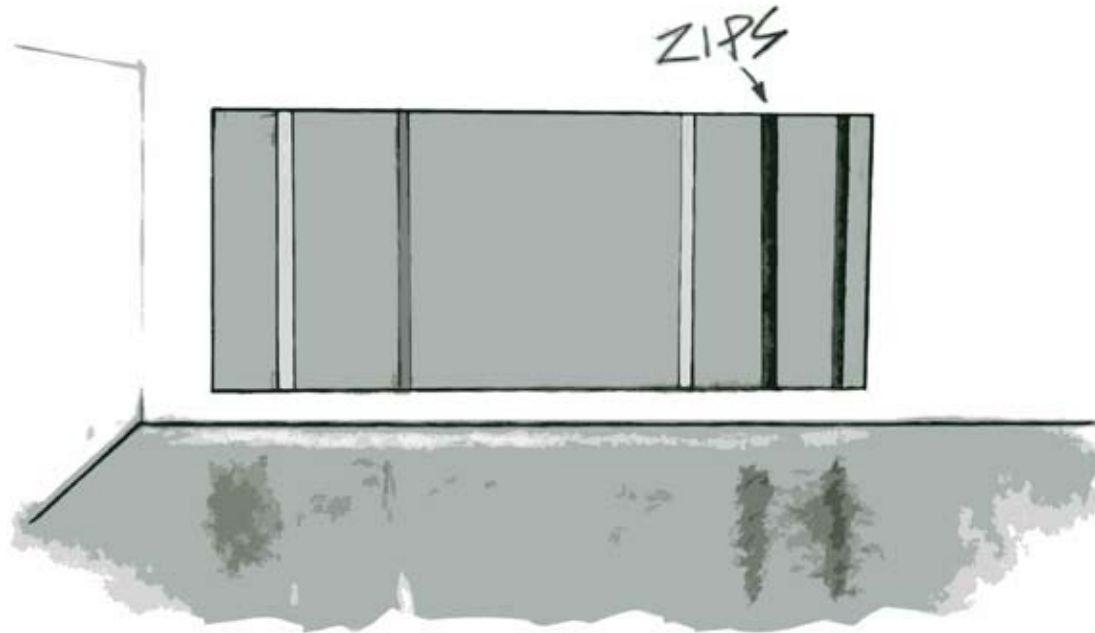






IMPERSONATIONS

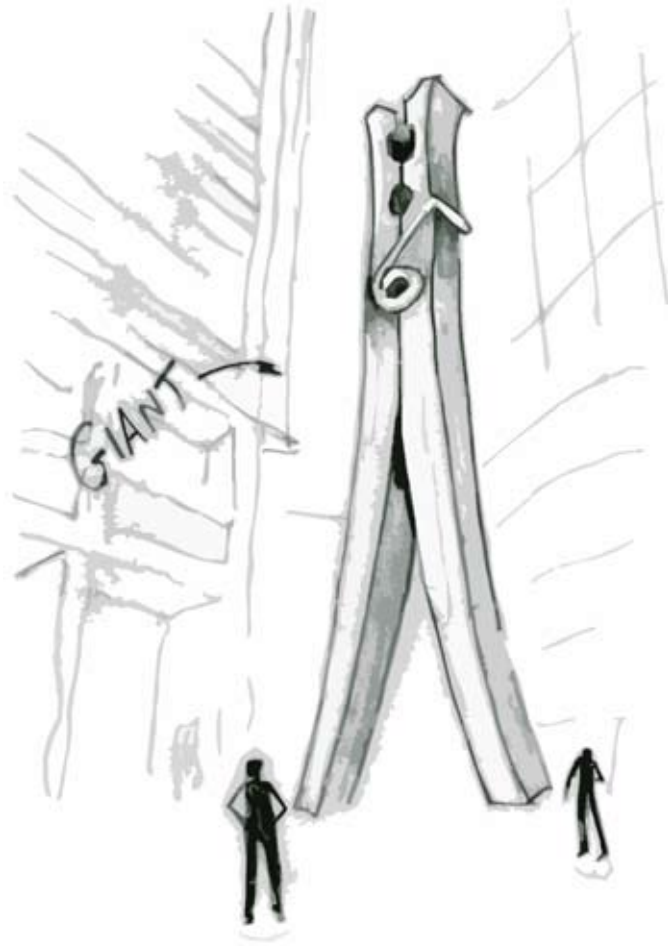
In the 1960's and early 1970's, **Barnett Newman** was a dominant figure in the art world and, in some people's opinion, the purest painter since Jackson Pollock. His paintings were considered to be very serious and of the highest pedigree. In a surprising turn for an abstract artist, he even tried religious themes in a series of works called *The Stations of the Cross*. He was a very prominent color field painter whose paintings were characterized by areas of color separated by thin vertical lines that he called "zips." Being skeptical of anything which purported to be more pure or spiritual than most, I thought of Newman as a perfect artist to impersonate. I just love sacred cows. It seemed appropriate that I hang myself on a wall like a painting and put a strip of electrical tape down the center of my tee shirt in "zip" fashion to make myself into a Barnett Newman. It didn't hurt that the impersonation had a sort of religious overtone to it as well.





Barnett Newman

Claes Oldenburg is one of the best-known and most memorable artists of the Pop Art movement. The most striking aspect of Oldenburg's work was his interest in colossal scale. He made many sculptures and public art proposals, which incorporated monumental everyday objects. One of his main notions was that his monuments should loom over and dwarf the viewer. I thought that making some small-size paper doll cutouts of myself and placing them here and there, looking up at my regular-size self, which seemed gigantic by comparison, made for a good Oldenburg.





Claes Oldenburg

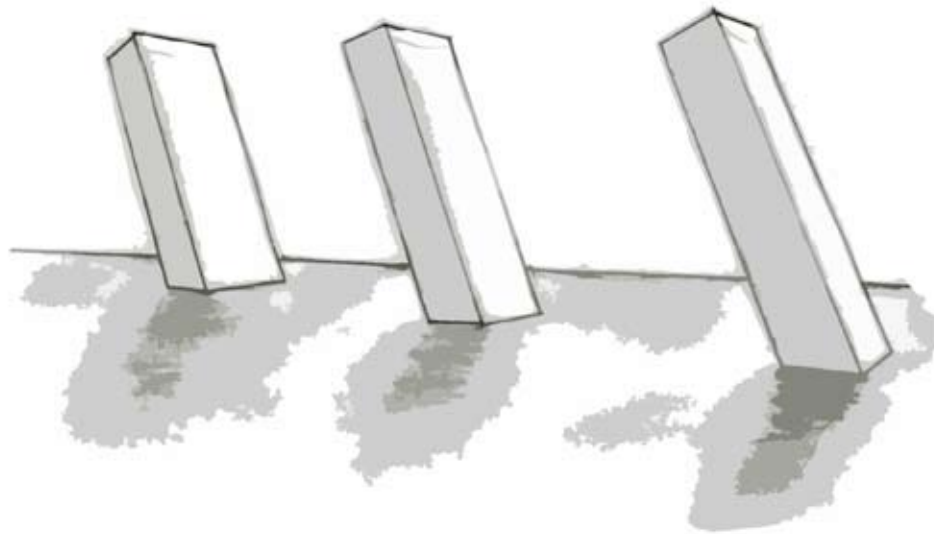
Robert Irwin pushed the boundaries of art and perception. At one point, he made large floating disc paintings that hovered in front of the wall. He directed spotlights at the disc from the four corners of the wall, creating shadows behind it that increased perceptual confusion about just where the painting was in space. The disc paintings were considered to be very high on the art scale of things; they were actually humbling because they were so good. With my curious form of respect, I thought that I just had to try an impersonation of Irwin. I went about it by sticking my head through a hole in the wall and lighting it with spotlights, just like Irwin did to get those cool shadows; I figured that trick would make my head float like one of his discs. The lighting worked to make a convincing floating head that looked similar to an Irwin. It was a funny coincidence that the impersonation had the quasi-religious feel of a lot of hippie art of the time. When I finally had the *Impersonations* printed up, I took a copy over to Bob who was hanging out at Larry Bell's studio in Venice. I must say that Bob was a kind and generous fellow, who laughed heartily at my impersonation of his work and took this raggedy, broke young artist out to a nice Mexican dinner that I remember fondly.





Robert Irwin

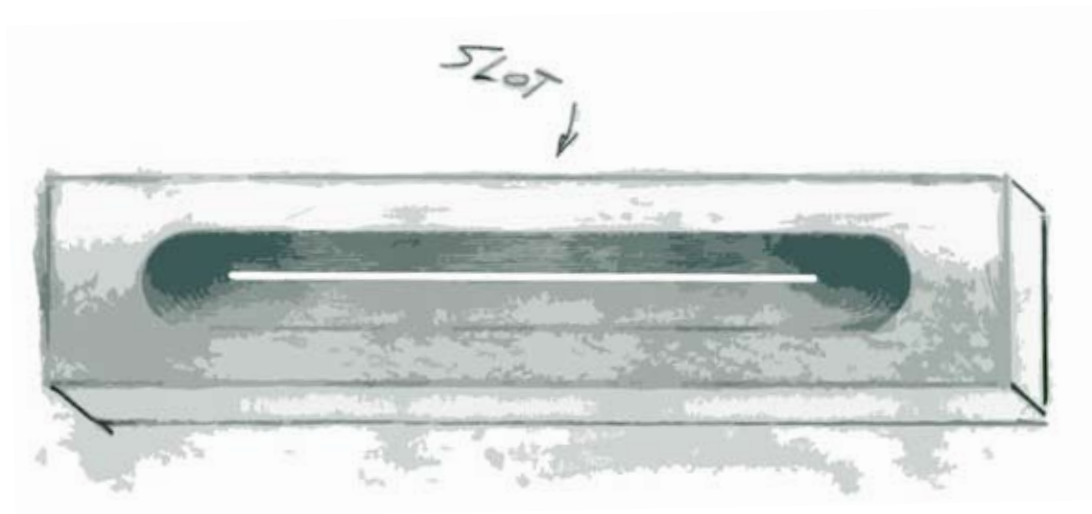
Ronald Bladen was one of the “big movers” in contemporary art, and he was also considered one of the “fathers of Minimalism.” His signature sculpture was composed of three large upright geometric shapes, spaced apart from each other. One conspicuous feature of this sculpture was that all the geometric shapes leaned very noticeably to one side. This particular sculpture was heavily touted and became an emblem of the Minimal movement. For a time, you couldn’t open an art magazine without seeing it reproduced or mentioned; it seemed to be everywhere. It was the perfect Minimal sculpture, and I had to take a crack at it. In order for an impersonation to be right, it needed to look simple and flat-footed, and that was the major problem to solve. To make a convincing Bladen, I nailed my shoes to the floor and leaned forward as far as I could.





Ronald Bladen

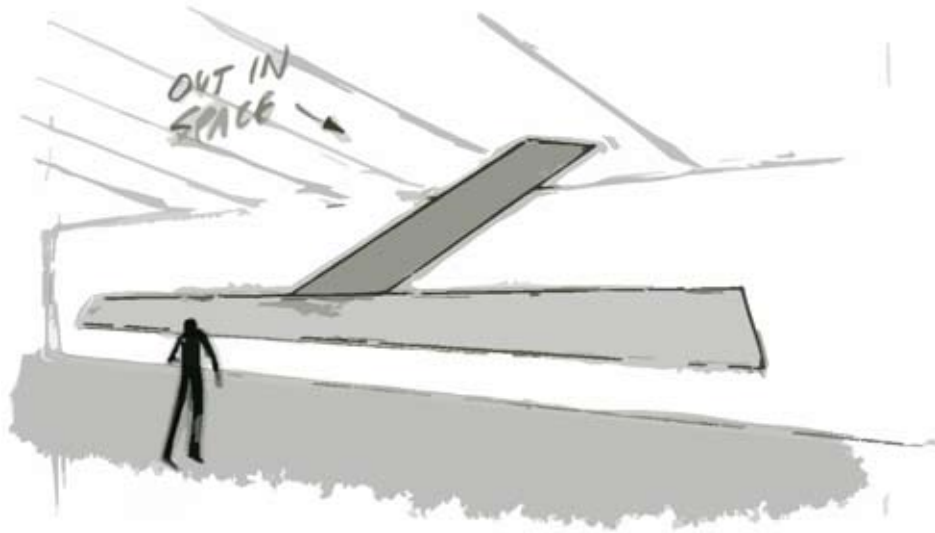
Tony DeLap is a great craftsman, as well as an amateur magician. He was associated in the 1960's with the "Fetish Finish" movement in California. Many of his popular sculptures from that time were simple geometric structures pierced by a slot that looked similar to the slot in a mailbox. The slot identified or "branded" his geometric sculptures and distinguished his work from the herd of artists working in a similar vein. I figured the best way to be a DeLap was to pull my lips apart like I did when I was a kid, and make my mouth into a slot.





Tony DeLap

During the heyday of Minimalism, **Robert Grosvenor** made large geometric sculptures that were radically cantilevered at weird angles from the walls or ceilings. Thanks to some clever engineering, they seemed to defy gravity and had an impossible look to them. To do a good impersonation of his sculpture took some doing. The main problem was how to cantilever myself dramatically off a wall. The way I did it was to rig up a false wall with a strong bracket behind it that held in place a long wooden 2" x 4". I then faked the appearance of a gallery by painting the false wall white and the floor gray, which is essentially how almost all modern art galleries look. The next hardest thing was to practice a kind of meditative concentration, so that I could relax enough to lie down on a 2" x 4" suspended above the floor, and not immediately fall off before a photograph could be taken. I eventually mastered the trick of staying in place; in fact, I'm still good at this unusual skill.





Robert Grosvenor

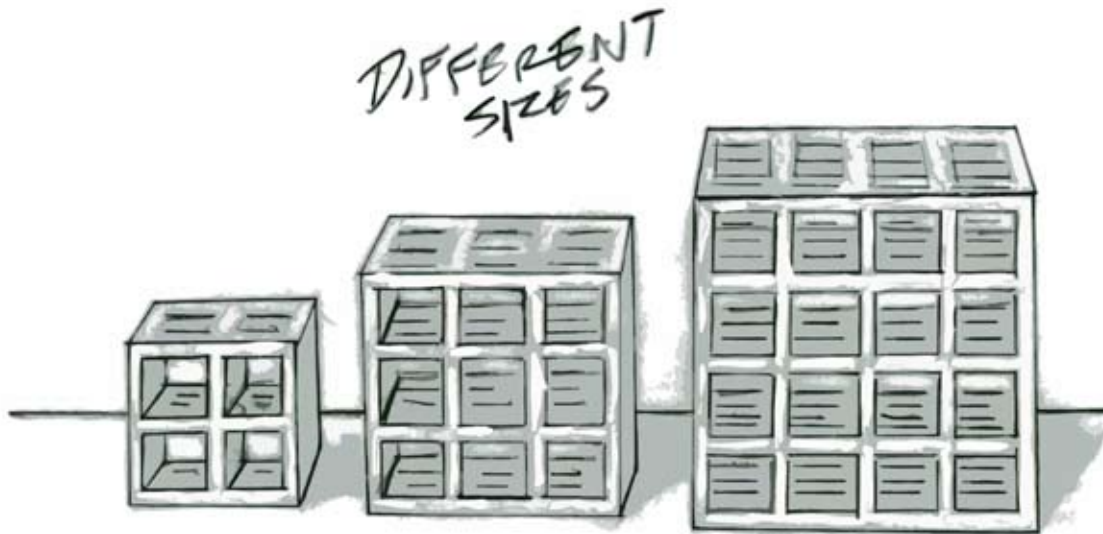
Les Levine did groundbreaking conceptual projects in the 1960's and 1970's that pushed the boundaries of what was acceptable as art. His projects tested the realm of what could be considered an art product or gesture. One of his notions was to manufacture a series of simple blow-formed plastic shapes that were meant to be discarded. He called them *Disposables*, and their reason for being was to be thrown away. It was fitting that I sit in a trashcan to become disposable like a Levine.





Les Levine

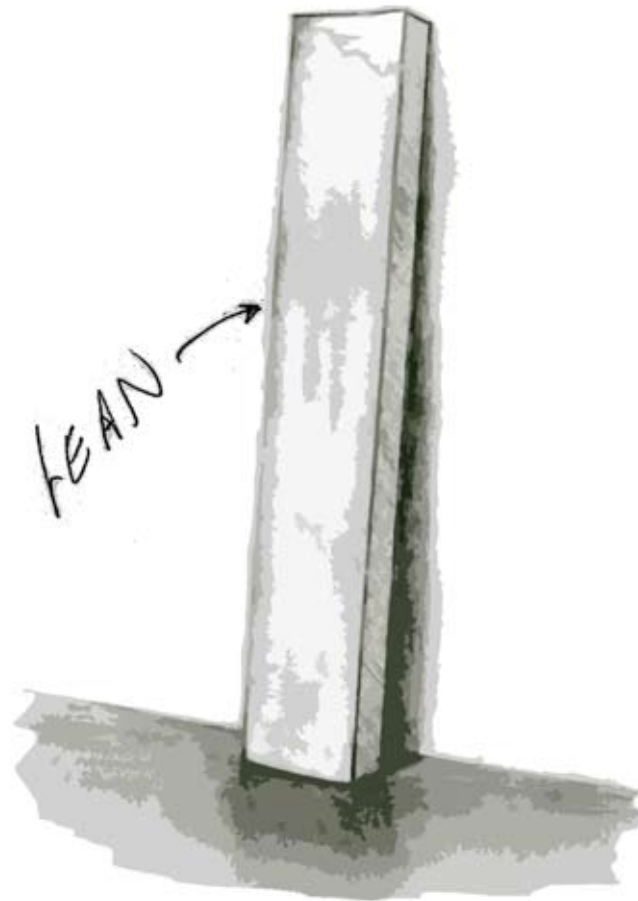
During the 1960's and 1970's, **Sol LeWitt** concerned himself with advanced thinking about art. I remember learning that he thought of art as a form of visual philosophy. While I certainly agreed with this idea, I wasn't sure that everything had to look so minimal. My ideas tended more toward things that could be funny. To me, humor is a philosophy as well. For a while, LeWitt favored simple, modular geometric shapes in mathematical progressions. Often these sculptures would be the same shape repeated in different sizes. They would range in scale from large to small, repeating the same motif. It only seemed logical to have myself reproduced in the same pose a few times—large, medium and small—and then put myself together as a progression. In this way, I channeled myself into a Lewitt sculpture.





Sol LeWitt

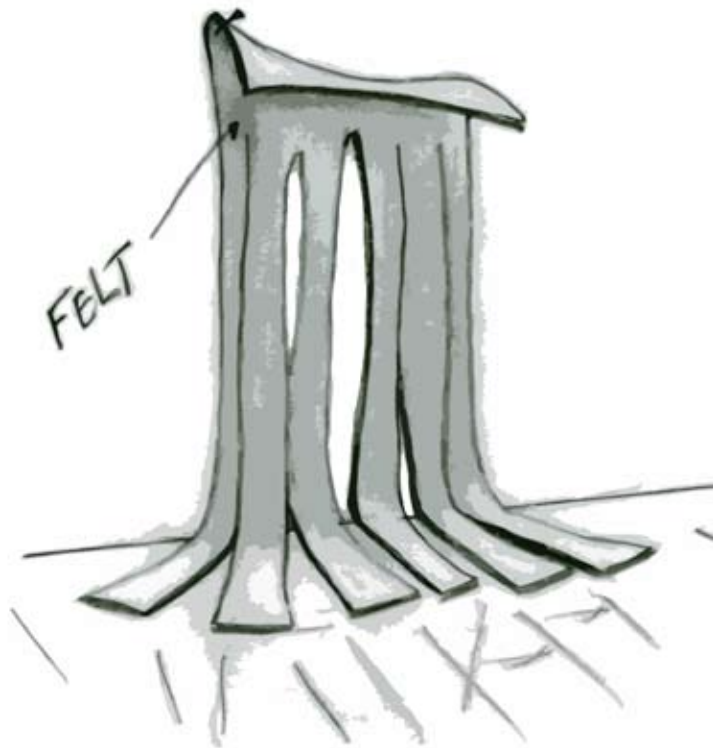
John McCracken still makes beautifully minimal, brightly colored plank-like sculptures. They are big, vertical plastic boards that are not too dissimilar in appearance from the monolith that was a featured prop in Stanley Kubrick's classic movie *2001: A Space Odyssey*. McCracken's planks usually don't stand upright like the monolith in the movie, but rather lean against a wall. I really liked his leaning planks, and it was a brainteaser to come up with an adequate impersonation of his sculpture. After ruminating about what to do for some time, the idea for this impersonation came to me in a flash. The idea was so simple and direct that, in retrospect, it's a wonder it took so long to think it up. When it finally came to me, I thought, "That's really funny." It eventually became clear to me that becoming stiff as a board and simply leaning against a wall made perfect sense for a McCracken.





John McCracken

Robert Morris was a powerhouse of Minimalism in the 1960's and 1970's. He explored many industrial materials and processes for his sculpture. One of his better-known experiments, often reproduced in the art media, was his use of soft materials such as industrial felt. The felt was cut in some way and hung from a wall, thereby showing the effects of gravity and stress on these ordinary materials. To accomplish my impersonation of his work, I nailed my jeans to a wall, flopped down on the floor, and let gravity take over.





Robert Morris

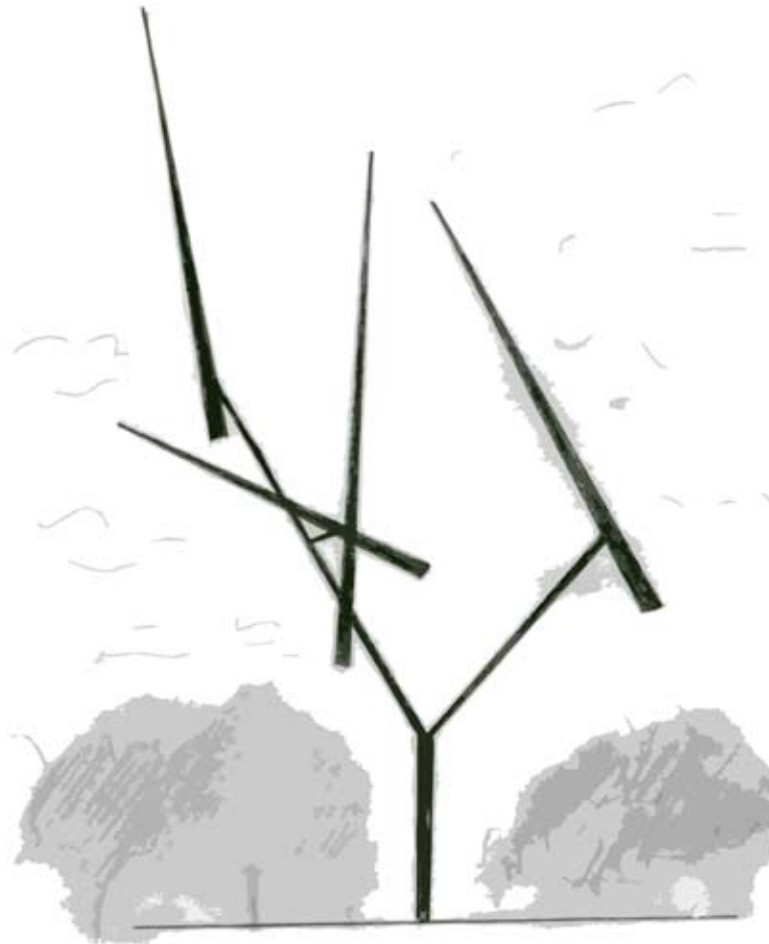
Robert Rauschenberg has always had a knack for making artwork that summed up a huge swath of aesthetic concerns that stymied other artists. His ability to break through barriers has given other artists permission to think more creatively. One of his great *Combine Paintings*, titled *Monogram*, included an unpainterly stuffed Angora goat with a car tire wrapped around its middle. I think *Monogram* is one of the great works of art. I found an old car tire in a vacant lot and immediately thought of Rauschenberg. It was simple to get on all fours with the tire around my waist and make a convincing *Monogram*. Like a lot of good impersonations, the simpler it is, the better. At some point, collectors Elyse and Stanley Grinstein introduced me to Rauschenberg, and I gave him a copy of the *Impersonations*. He laughed out loud at my work, and said, “You’re a funny guy.” To my mind, this was high praise.





Robert Rauschenberg

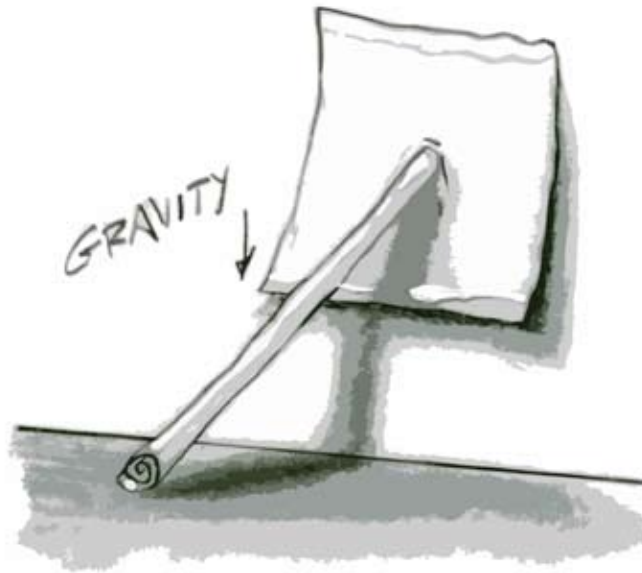
George Rickey combined engineering and mechanics to make kinetic sculpture. His mobiles often had large metal arms and elongated, scissor-like parts that would sway and move with the slightest air currents. There were a few of Rickey's sculptures around Los Angeles. I thought they were interesting because the wind moved the parts, and they didn't just sit there like most sculpture. I think a good sculpture and a good impersonation have one thing in common; they work best when they have some sort of strikingly obvious element. Getting down on my back and doing a scissor exercise like I used to do in gym class made for a good George Rickey.





George Rickey

Richard Serra has always made large-scale assemblies of various industrial metals. Even in the 1960's and 1970's, he was a "heavy hitter" in the art world and in the eye of the media. When I was thinking up *Impersonations*, Serra was making sculptures that he called *Prop Pieces*. They were simply constructed by leaning and juxtaposing heavy metal sheets, rolls, and bars against one another, so that gravity was the only force joining them or holding them upright. His sculpture *House of Cards* was literally a house of cards made by leaning thousand pound sheets of metal together in place of playing cards. I lay down on my trusty 2" x 4", folded my arms like a roll of metal, and leaned myself against a wall at a precarious angle in order to become a Richard Serra.





Richard Serra

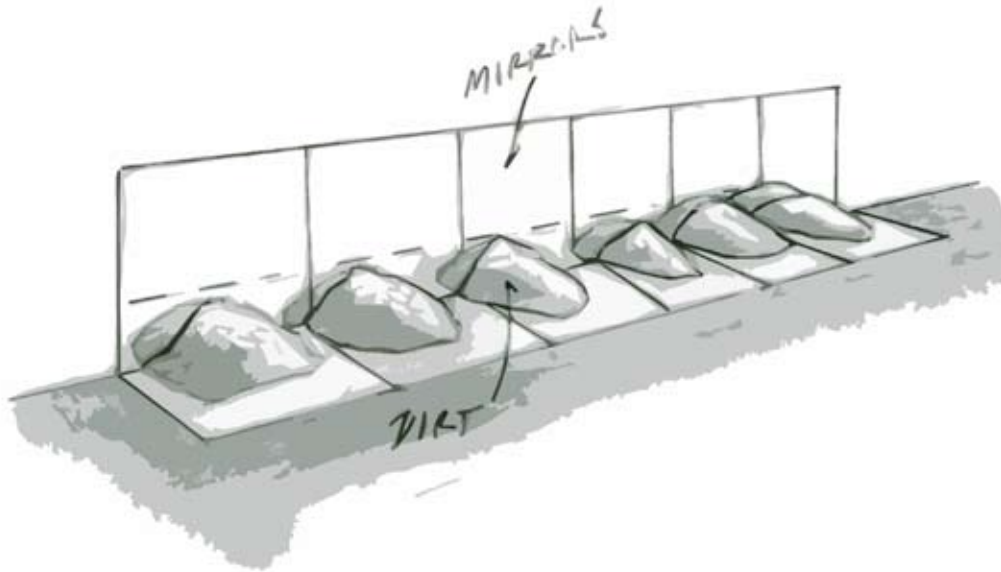
Ernest Trova created one of the defining artistic images of his time. That signature image was called the *Falling Man*. His *Falling Man* sculptures were stripped-down and humanoid in appearance with the main distinguishing characteristic that they had no arms. They depicted Trova's view of the dilemma of trying to be human in a machine age. I guess the reason they didn't need arms anymore was because machines were doing all the work. Trova's opinion was kind of apocalyptic to my way of thinking, and I thought that a little dose of humor was in order. After thinking about it for a while, I tucked my arms inside my tee shirt and my hands into my jeans pockets and assumed the posture of Trova's famous figure, only now the *Falling Man* was funny.





Ernest Trova

Robert Smithson was one of the best-known artists of the 1960's and early 70's. He cast a long shadow in the art world of the time by innovating a variety of ways to make art. At one point in his short career, he explored industrial areas around New Jersey. He was fascinated by the excavation of tons of earth and rock that he described as equivalent to the monuments of antiquity. A result of Smithson's observations was a series of *Non-Sites* in which earth and rocks collected from a specific place were later installed in art galleries as sculpture. Often these piles of rocks or dirt were combined with mirrors. The mirrors would be wedged into the dirt to create a reflection. I got the full-length mirror off my bedroom wall and played like I was "earth," making myself into a *Non-Site* Smithson.





Robert Smithson

Gratitude

This exhibition and the reprinting of *Impersonations* as a book gives me an opportunity to thank those who helped me in a variety of ways, both when the work was first published and recently. Grateful thanks to: Dave Hickey who has been a lifelong, loyal and true friend through very good times and very bad times, for his skill and concentration in writing the essay for this book; Susan Singer who shot the original photographs; Ed Ruscha who told me about his printer many years ago; Patricia Faure, Margo Leavin, and Riko Mizuno who have been believers in my work all along; Heather Harmon and Sam Freeman for being recent converts; Karen Carson who whispered in George Wanlass' ear about the *Impersonations* chapter of my long and checkered history; Walt Morton for his Zen-like patience on the design and layout of this book; Sam Watters for his sage advice; Victoria Rowe for her support of this exhibition and book; my wife Alexis Smith who has been a stalwart throughout all the years of our marriage and my best advisor; and all the artists "sent up" in *Impersonations* for their good humor and generosity.

Scott Grieger
Venice, California

SCOTT GRIEGER

Born: 1946, Biloxi, Mississippi **Resides:** Venice, California
Education: Chouinard Art Institute, Los Angeles, California
 B.F.A., California State University, Northridge, California, 1971

SOLO EXHIBITIONS

- 2007 *Scott Grieger: As Far As The Eye Can See*, Patricia Faure Gallery,
 Santa Monica, California
- 2002 *Scott Grieger: The New Paintings*, Patricia Faure Gallery
 Santa Monica, California
- 2000 *Scott Grieger: Unamerican Activities*, Patricia Faure Gallery,
 Santa Monica, California
- 1998 *Scott Grieger: Let Freedumb Ring*, Patricia Faure Gallery,
 Santa Monica, California
- 1994 *Scott Grieger: Impersonations and Combinations 1968-1973*,
 Margo Leavin Gallery, Los Angeles
- 1993 *Scott Grieger: Impersonations and Combinations 1968-1973*,
 Donna Beam Fine Art Gallery, University of Nevada, Las Vegas
Scott Grieger, Crossroads School, Santa Monica, California
- 1988 Marc Richards Gallery, Los Angeles
- 1984 *Vivid*, Wilshire Boulevard Display Case, Otis Art Institute of Parsons School of Design, Los Angeles
 Karl Bornstein Gallery, Santa Monica, California
- 1983 *Scott Grieger*, Los Angeles Institute of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles
- 1982 *Burning Spine*, Art Dock, Los Angeles
- 1980 Mizuno Gallery, Los Angeles
- 1979 *Recent Drawings*, Los Angeles Institute of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles
- 1977 *Scott Grieger: Paintings 1974-1977*, L.A. Louver Gallery, Venice, California
 Los Angeles Institute of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles
- 1975 Edward Thorp Gallery, New York
 Mizuno Gallery, Los Angeles
- 1974 Mizuno Gallery, Los Angeles
 Cusack Gallery, Houston
- 1973 Mizuno Gallery, Los Angeles
- 1971 Los Angeles County Museum of Art, Los Angeles
 Reese Palley Gallery, New York

SELECTED GROUP EXHIBITIONS

- 2004 *The Real Thing, Appropriations from 1965 to the Present*, Steven Wolf Fine Arts, San Francisco
One Hundred Artists See God, Independent Curators International, New York;
 Traveling Exhibition: The Jewish Museum, San Francisco, Laguna Art Museum,
 Laguna Beach, California, Contemporary Art Center of Virginia, Virginia Beach
 Virginia, Institute of Contemporary Arts, The Mall, London, England
One Hundred Artists See Satan, Grand Central Art Center, Santa Ana, California
Paper, Patricia Faure Gallery, Santa Monica, California
- 2001 *New Prints*, International Print Center, New York
 Sixth National Print Biennial, Los Angeles Printmaking Society, Los Angeles
- 1998 *Drawings*, Second Annual National Invitational, Meyerson & Nowinski, Seattle
- 1998 *LA Current: The Canvas Is Paper*, UCLA Armand Hammer Museum and
 Cultural Center, Los Angeles
Recycling Art History, Pittsburgh Center for the Arts, Pittsburgh (catalogue)
- 1996 *Bugs, Beasts, Birds and creatures of the water*, Bobbie Greenfield Gallery,
 Santa Monica, California
- 1995 *It's Only Rock and Roll*;
 Traveling Exhibition: The Contemporary Arts Center, Cincinnati, 17 November 1995 - 14 January
 1996; Lakeview Museum of Arts and Sciences, Peoria, 17 February - 14 April 1996; Virginia Beach
 Center for the Arts, 3 May - 29 June 1996; Tacoma Art Museum, Washington, 12 July - 8 Septem-
 ber 1996; Jacksonville Museum of Art, 26 September - 20 November 1996; Bedford Gallery at The
 Regional Center for the Arts, Walnut Creek, California, 12 December - 1 February 1996; The Phoenix
 Art Museum, 26 March - 15 June 1997; Rock and Roll Hall of Fame and Museum, 17 September - 15
 November 1997; Lowe Art Museum, University of Miami, 11 December 1997 - 8 February 1998;
 Milwaukee Art Museum, 20 March - 24 May 1998
25 Years: An Exhibition of Selected Works, Margo Leavin Gallery, Los Angeles
Untitled (Reading Room), Margo Leavin Gallery, Los Angeles
Go Figure, Patricia Faure Gallery, Santa Monica, California
Grieger, Preston, Wudl, Jerold Burchman Contemporary Art, Santa Barbara, California
- 1992 *Go Figure: New Paintings of the Human Image*, Pasadena City College Art Gallery,
 Pasadena, California
- 1991 *Addictions*, Santa Barbara Contemporary Arts Forum, Santa Barbara, CA
- 1989 *Pasadena Armory Show*, Armory Center for the Arts, Pasadena, California
20 Artists/Los Angeles, The City Gallery of Contemporary Art, Raleigh, North Carolina
Particular/Peculiar (Modern Portraits), Santa Barbara Contemporary Arts Forum,
 Santa Barbara, California
- 1988 *Continuum*, Art Store (Beverly Boulevard), Los Angeles
- 1986 *Pasadena Collects*, Art Center College of Design, Pasadena, California

- 1985 *New Directions/California Painting 1985*, Visual Art Center of Alaska, Anchorage; Fairbanks Art Association, Fairbanks, Alaska; Alaska State Miniatures, Fine Arts Gallery, Long Beach City College, Long Beach, California
The Designer as Diner, Otis Art Institute of Parsons School of Design, Los Angeles
- 1982 *Founders Exhibition*, Exile Gallery, Los Angeles
- 1981 *Decade: Paintings of the Seventies*, Art Center College of Design, Pasadena, California
Portraits, Art Gallery, University of California, Irvine
Humor in Art, Los Angeles Institute of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles
- 1978 *Art about Art*, Whitney Museum of American Art, New York, traveled to Frederick S. Wright Gallery, University of California, Los Angeles
- 1977 *Toys by Artists*, Security Pacific Plaza, Plaza Gallery, Los Angeles
- 1976 L.A. Louver Gallery, Venice, California
- 1975 *Los Angeles Artists*, Bakersfield State College, Bakersfield, California
Current Concerns: 2, Los Angeles Institute of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles
Stretching It, Pasadena Artists' Concern Gallery, Pasadena, California
- 1974 *Recent Work*, Mount San Antonio College, Los Angeles
- 1973 *Kurt Schwitters and After*, La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, La Jolla, California
Market Street/Nine Artists, San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, San Francisco
New Prints, Brand Library Arts Center, Glendale, California
- 1972 *6 Major Pieces - 6 Young Sculptors*, A Clean Well-Lighted Place, Austin, Texas
Publications by Artists, Newport Harbor Museum, Newport Beach, California
Los Angeles '72, Sidney Janis Gallery, New York
Whitney Annual, Whitney Museum of American Art, New York
- 1971 *National Drawing Competition*, Southern Illinois University, Carbondale
24 Young Los Angeles Artists, Los Angeles County Museum of Art, Los Angeles
- 1970 *Information*, Museum of Modern Art, New York
Nine L.A. Artists, University of California, Irvine
- 1969 *Six Attitudes*, Montgomery Art Gallery, Pomona College, Claremont, California

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- Cooper, Bernard, "Holy Cow", Los Angeles Magazine August 2004, pg.150 with color illustration
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PUBLIC COLLECTIONS

Museum of Modern Art, New York

Whitney Museum of Art, New York

Los Angeles County Museum of Art

San Francisco Museum of Modern Art

Nora Eccles Harrison Museum of Art

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