

A.I.R.

Across this really tall field again in the dark **Phoebe Osborne**

September 10–October 9, 2022

Opening reception: Saturday, September 10 from 6–8pm

A Rocky Road, a silent walk with artist: September 22 from 6–8pm

Closing reception, with performances by invited artists: October 9 from 6–8pm

GALLERY III

The birds buoyed the branches until they made a choice to leave, separately together

Biological, without origin, inexhaustibly so

You are someone else

Sharp rate

Of change, We upheaves

Disparately, rocky

Road, a repeated true thing

Talking to the mark

You insist on being

The road is neon in daylight

Is our rigor of trespass

Of Our

Our our unowned, where

Does the water perceive its own

Position in space, devoted, public

Unaffiliated, crustaceous

Your voice deletes, you repeat

The message, this time in limestone

Near it but never close enough

To be confused with it

A red line tracks

Time, insisting, one

Inch per one hundred

Years, you're tracing, you're obsessive, you're careful, laborious, you're zealous, you're overwhelm,

you're cavernous, isolated, gathered, you're repulsed, attracted, pulling and drawing

You're ill and alive

If a void of space, then full

Then telling

telling salinity

You searched for "horses at night"

You wrote it in charcoal on black

Brackish in its blurry state Like lad, vocal

If swallowing silence, then sounding

You put them in your own mouth, you mouthed their words

In salinity

You say them again, you graph your devotion

To absence, you dance it

This really tall field again in the dark

Carolyn Ferrucci, 2022

"I like to stand near it, but never close enough to be confused with it." – Renee Gladman, on truth, in *Am I a Fiction? // Three Lectures on Invisibility, Fictional Knowing and Writing-Drawing*, an Arizona State University lecture moderated by Natalie Diaz

Inexhaustibly so, rocky road, void of space, brackish in its blurry state, swallowing silence, all pulled from *A True Love's Kiss*, 2022 essay by artist Phoebe Osborne



Phoebe Osborne, "Their voices were sheer music, so spirit-like that no human ear could detect the sound, just as no eye on earth could see their forms." (05:12:00), 2021, colored pencil on paper, 11 x 14 inches.

In recent years, 2021–2022 A.I.R. Fellow **Phoebe Osborne** has generated distinctive works that follow the incommensurable currents of transing and the care it generates. As the latest outcome of this practice, *Across this really tall field again in the dark* brings drawing, lip syncing, and vibratory residue to act as storytellers, gathering seemingly fragmented details and lacing them together as a stealth walk in the night. Osborne holds an MFA in Visual Arts from Columbia University and an MA in Choreography from DAS Graduate School at the Amsterdam University of Arts. Osborne's works have been presented at venues including Transmediale Berlin, Bar Laika by e-flux, Southern Exposure, and The Boiler | Pierogi Gallery, and have been commissioned by SFMoMA, Oakland Museum of California, and Lenfest Center for the Arts, among others.

Special Thanks to Carolyn Ferrucci, Wibke Tiarks, Sher Doruff, Charlie Monlouis-Anderle, Ariel, Ursula, and Lisa.

True Love's Kiss is a listening essay by Phoebe Osborne
1 hour, 16 minutes
Sound design: Wibke Tiarks



The artist suggests listening to this as one would with a podcast episode; as you go about your day, in transit, paused to rest or in an act of domestic care - within a choreography of mundane living.

In observing ontological dances of suspension, transition, merging, and moving-through that occur in corridors and caverns, this essay investigates these environmental spaces as active architectures of transness on an expansive level. Leaning into three distinct areas; the geological realms of underwater limestone halocline caves, the physiology of the human throat and the voice that arrives from it, and the Disney animation *The Little Mermaid*, this thinking-through speculates on transness as an embodied mode of loving suspended in a continual state of change that can be found not just in human gender but expands to species, geology, elements, and time. The intimate relationality of these worlds and the trans-becoming they include argues for trans-becoming-ancient as a mode of true love.

A.I.R. Gallery is wheelchair accessible via ramp. There are accessible toilets in the venue. There is comfortable seating with backs. Free tap water is available. The venue is nearest to the F train at York St (0.2 miles) and the A train at High St (0.5 miles). The nearest wheelchair accessible trains is the B, Q, R at Dekalb Av (1.1 miles) and the 2, 3 at Borough Hall (0.8 miles). The roads immediately surrounding the gallery are cobblestone. The nearest accessible parking garage (for an hourly fee) is two blocks away at 100 Jay St. No ID necessary for entry. Please contact info@airgallery.org for more information.

