



A horse walks into a bar.
Christoph Meier



A horse walks into a bar. The barman says ‘Why the long face?’
The horse says: ‘Because you tell that same joke every time I come here.’



A horse walks into a bar. The bartender says 'Hey.'
The horse says 'Sure.'



A horse walks into a bar and the barman says 'Why the wide face?'
The horse says 'This joke is available in portrait as well as landscape.'



A bar walks into a bartender.
The horse says 'You're not good at telling jokes, are you?'



A horse walks into a bar and the bartender says ‘Why the long face?’
And the horse says ‘I’ve just realized I’m a metaphysical construct within a
fictional narrative and will cease to exist at the end of this sentence.’



A horse walks into a bar. A horse walks into a bar again.
A horse keeps walking into a bar. He hopes if he does it enough, it will be funny.



My friend quit a stable job.
He was tired of seeing the long faces.



A square, a triangle, and a hexagon walk into a bar.
The bartender says 'Looks like you guys could use a round.'



A horse walks into a bar.
Causing a major safety issue.



A Priest, A Rabbi, and a Minister walk into a bar and the bartender exclaims
'What is this, a joke?'



A blind man walks into a bar.
It hit him square in the face and I felt a little bad, but it's still funny.



A blind man walks into a bar. And a table. And a door. And a staircase.

Christoph Meier
Kunstverein Ve.Sch, Vienna
6.8. - 10.9.2020

untitled (Christoph), 2011-2020
mirror
various dimensions

untitled (Cavalli), 2020
refractory clay, glazed
series of 12

untitled (Piano), 2020
wood, steel, copper, varnish
118 x 9 x 76 cm

text by Laura Amann

