

SORRY
WE MISSED YOU!

la pérdida / perdido

NEW LOW at DXIX

20 May - 10 June 2018

Steven Parrino

Exit / Dark Matter, 2002

Photographs and duct tape
12.5 x 14.75 inches

Gustave Courbet

The Stone Breakers, 1849

Oil on canvas
65 x 94 inches

Julie Becker

Suburban Legend, 1999

Video with stereo audio - 120 minutes
Beta master tape and VHS viewing copy, VCR, headphones,
home movie screen, wood console unit, bench, Xeroxed
manuals, edition of 3
Dimensions variable

John Boskovich

*Electric Fan: Only unclaimed item from the
Stephen Earabino estate*, 1997

Electric fan encased in Plexiglas with vinyl faux etching.
Plexiglas base with casters
56 7/8 x 22 3/4 x 12 1/2 in. (144.5 x 57.8 x 31.8 cm)
(Top Vitrine w/holes): 24 x 22 3/4 x 12 1/2 in. (60.96 x 57.79 x
31.75 cm)
(Fan): 24 1/2 x 19 7/8 x 4 1/2 in. (62.23 x 50.48 x 11.43 cm)
(Base w/casters): 33 1/8 x 22 7/8 x 12 1/2

Lee Lozano

No title, not dated

Graphite and crayon on paper
9 x 9.5 inches

Lee Lozano

No title, not dated

Graphite and crayon on paper
9 x 9.5 inches

Laurie Parsons

from *Laurie Parsons*, 1988

Materials and dimensions variable

Fernweh:

literal "farsickness"
the longing for far off places
antonym: *Heimweh* - "homesickness"

or, the desire to go
somewhere imagined;
travel to a fantasy or dream space

Verizon LTE

7:41 AM
artforum.com

72%

ARTFORUM



NEWS

January 03, 2005 at 2:43pm

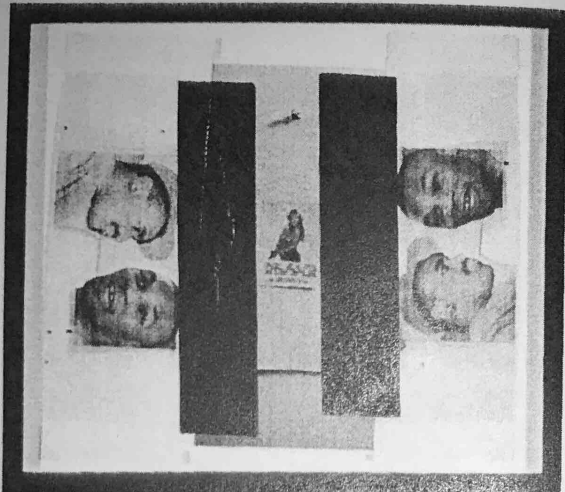
STEVEN PARRINO, FORTY-SIX, DIES AFTER MOTORCYCLE ACCIDENT

Artist Steven Parrino has died after a motorcycle accident, *Newsday* reports. Parrino, forty-six, died at Bellevue Hospital in Manhattan early Saturday. He was returning from a New Year's Eve party when he lost control and fell off his red Harley Davidson motorcycle in Greenpoint, Brooklyn, not far from his home. According to the web site of Team Gallery in Chelsea, which launched Parrino's fourth solo exhibit in late 2004, "Parrino's oeuvre has been enthusiastically supported by the European museum and gallery system while remaining relatively unknown here. A critical reappraisal of the work is already underway, however, brought about by his growing sphere of influence, particularly on the work of a number of significant younger artists."

SHARE

TOUCH
OF
EVIL

Henry Mancini (1958)



Bruce told me this story once about Steven Parrino - when a European gallery asked where to send his paintings after an exhibition closed, he replied: just throw them away.

I know I've actually read this account somewhere, but researching this show, I can't find it in my Parrino archives... not in *NO TEXTS*, not in any Nickas, no where.

Nevertheless, true or otherwise, this story struck me as a huge relief - get real and don't be so precious. To live is to hurt and I want my work to really live. Beyond exhibition and storage, the objects I make may be used - abused even - and should never be treated better than people. They support and carry, serve and host, fall, holiday, retire, and die.

I chose a Parrino from the *Exit / Dark Matter* series because I like the punk work better than the dead paintings. This small collage encapsulates his interests in American obsessions: violence, controversy, strength, extremism. "Extremists are shadow figures, or maybe they are forced to be, in order to maintain a severe, uncompromising, free position." More than an absence, I hope this may be a shadow exhibition.

Parrino, the realist, gives it to us raw, uncompromised, uncensored, but always carefully selected.

"Realism has been redefined since Courbet, from representing the reality of the day to defining the object in the real world, real time. Subjectivity is selection (the clean edit) and does not deal with the melodramas of fantasy, just the facts."

This show is equal parts selection and fantasy.



My man is a white
racist. If yours is
a whimp, dump him and
get a real white man
and screw the system

White Aryan Resistance
P.O. Box 55 Fallbrook, Ca.-92028



The death of painting, as practice, was a major concern for Parrino. I want to take a moment to address the physical death of one painting, as object. Destroyed in an allied bombing at the end of World War II, *The Stone Breakers* (1849) by Gustave Courbet, met an "action death." According to Cady Noland, an action death requires the "total skewing of the physical properties of the world for the person [culture?] in question." While Parrino's motorcycle crash would be called an "action-glamour death," *The Stone Breakers'* fate might be more of an "action-designer death," non-personal, but highlighting the "trashing of appealing supplies." Here I stray from Noland's definitions - I consider both deaths to be "heroic."

Could this painting be more revolutionary in its death than when it debuted to controversy at the Salon of 1850? The scene showed something his contemporaries did not want to see, much like a Parrino might, but then this painting was murdered, and by the "good guys"! As I sit here writing in May 2018, the relevance of *The Stone Breakers'* absence strikes me as a profoundly foreboding, an "accident-on-purpose" - a harbinger of our endless *June '68*.

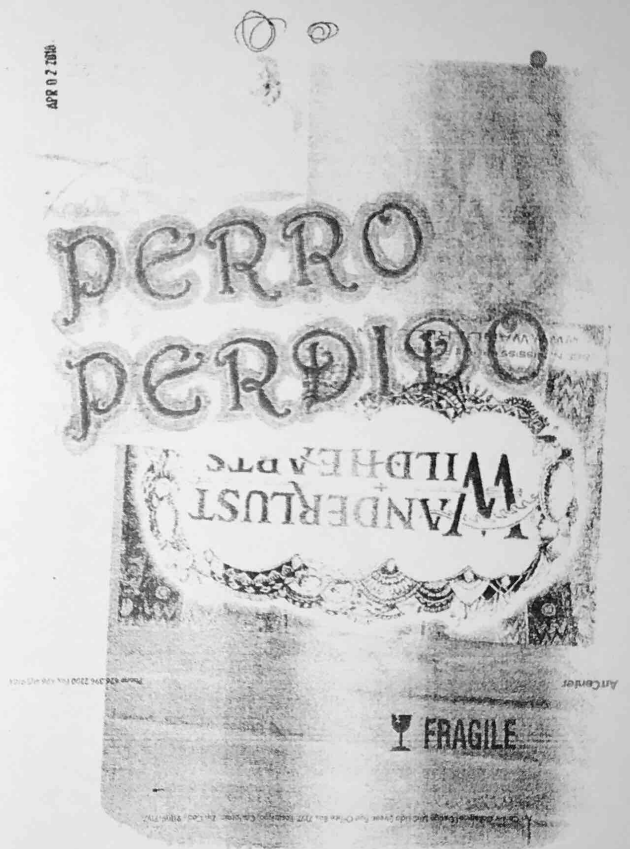
I fear that if this painting existed today, in "generation alienation," its depiction of physical, rural labor might risk falling into the realm of nostalgia. In order to stay safe from that fate, perhaps it is better off dead.



A note on nostalgia:

Complaining to Marta about how cynical so much art feels, she reminds me yet again that I am a romantic.

During our first studio visit, she paused for a long time and looked at me the way she does when she's trying to decide if she loves or hates something. Then she said, "Adam, this work is very nostalgic – do you know the Greek etymology of nostalgia? *Nostos* means 'return home' and *algos* means 'pain' – literally it is a return home to pain."



Everyone I've talked to who knew Julie Becker says that she spent a lot of time at home. The very first party I went to in Los Angeles was for Gary Wilson on the rooftop next to the California Federal Bank building in Echo Park. That means that my first day living in Los Angeles, I was across the street from Becker's apartment -- I put a lot of stock into coincidence.

But I never did meet Julie Becker. In fact, I hardly even knew about her when she was alive. I went to the opening of *Nine Lives* at the Hammer, but I was likely too wrapped up in the newness of my position in the art world to pay much attention to her work there: twenty three year old me was reconciling simultaneously being obscured in the shadow of and babysitting Patrick's persona.

Scott tells me that he's seen her work many times, but never paid much attention. It seems fitting that her work, even to perceptive parties, could go unnoticed. Despite the difficulty I have placing it contextually, in time, place, and relationship to other work, I feel a strong sense of kinship.



While I wish I could have known JB personally, there is a part of me that is relieved that I did not. I tend to attract and be attracted to difficult people. I probably couldn't afford to lose any more time. But, I do wish I could experience more of the work first hand; I guess this show is an announcement of intention and a scream for attention (hers or mine?).

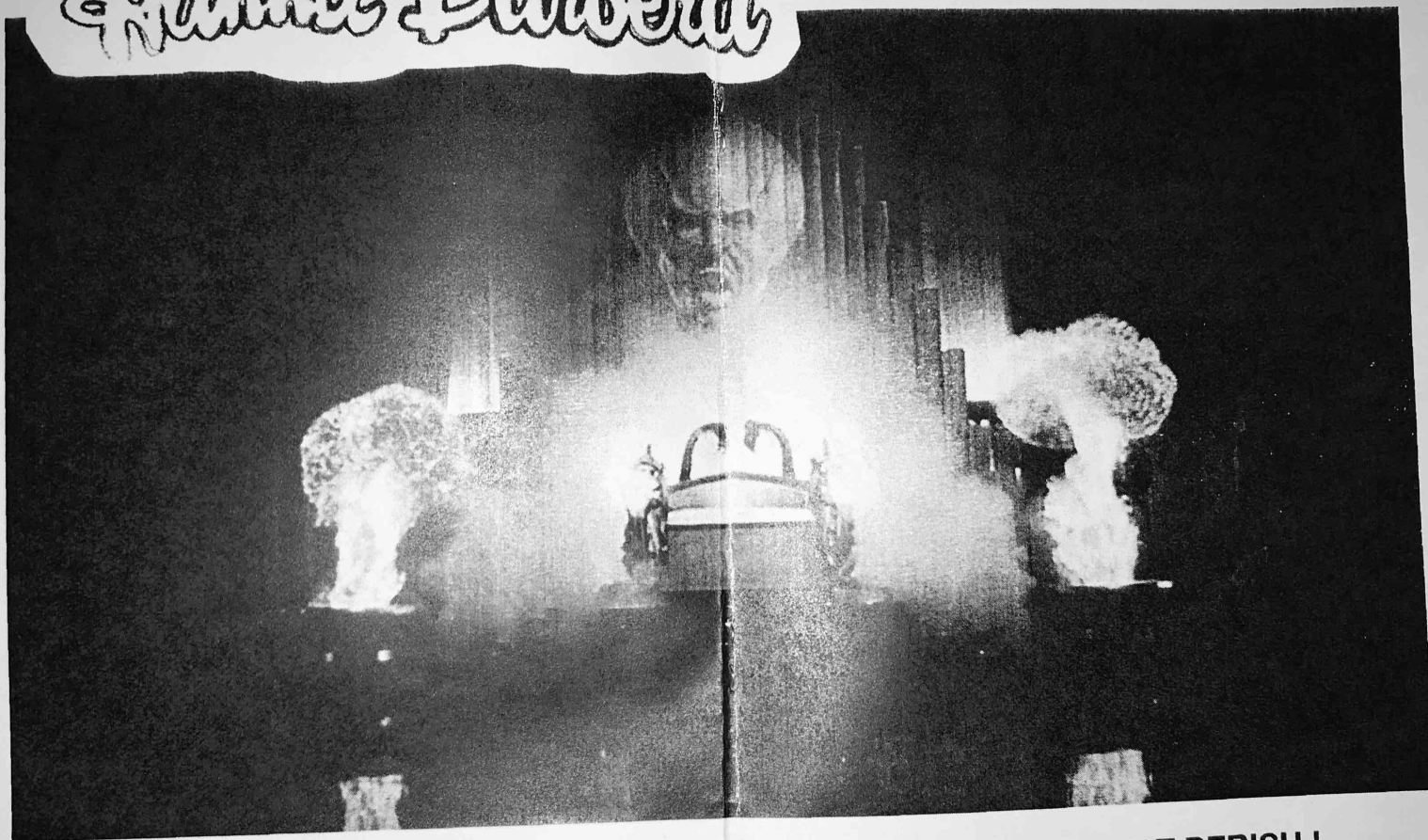
I know almost nothing about *Suburban Legend* (1999). All I know is that it's two hours long and has something to do with that storied mashup of *The Wizard of Oz* and Pink Floyd's *Dark Side of the Moon*. But I heard they're off, like the album doesn't start at the third lion's roar, or whatever, so I imagine it creates this doubly layered dislocation, forcing even more instances of coincidence.

"I think the goal of installation art should be to create an experience between objects so that viewers are transported outside themselves to recognize a larger more complex world. Dislocation, an uneasy coexistence between reason and intuition..."

My rosy imagination of this work is that it hits all the right notes - right parts classic, druggy, faggy, familiar. It's large-ish in scope and scale, but not compared to *Researchers, Residents, a Place to Rest* (1997). At least I have the catalogue for that work; I could probably write something more meaningful about that here, but I'm trying to connect to things which are out of reach.

I wrote to Greene Naftali months ago and never got a response.

Hanna-Barbera



EMAIL MUST PERISH !

I've heard all these stories about this electric fan, this John Boskovich artwork. It's been described as one of the most touching found objects people have ever seen. Larry told me about it first. Then Bruce mentioned it. When I asked Jason if he remembered it, he replied, "There were several. No conditioning of any consequence." Diana said she knew about it from when she adopted John's cat after he died. Apparently, it sat in his home, covered in dust like everything else. It now lives in MOCA storage.

Electric fans, like many of my interests, provide subtle relief. I run hot and need circulation and sound to sleep. Whenever German friends stay at my place, they switch off the ceiling fan – *why the fuck would anyone ever turn off the fan?*

While I cannot find an image of this work, the listing on MOCA's website reads: *Electric Fan: Only unclaimed item from the Stephen Earabino estate, 1997*

Who was Stephen Earabino? imdb.com lists him as a costume designer. I read an opinion column to which he contributed: he said bell bottoms are *always out*. I imagine he was fabulous. How pathetic was this fan to be the only item left behind? An orphan object from an exquisite estate...

From the little information available about Earabino, I've found that he worked on Farrah Fawcett's PLAY-BOY film. I have a deep interest in Farrah - icon, sculptor, and my first, repetitive encounter with sexuality. Coincidence again? More likely another example of trying desperately to connect.

I don't remember who, but someone even told me that this fan was originally from Fassbinder's *Chinese Roulette* (1976), but that is unsubstantiated and seems too good to be true.

MOCA

NO IMAGE AVAILABLE

1997

**Electric Fan: Only unclaimed item
from the Stephen Earabino estate.**

WITHO

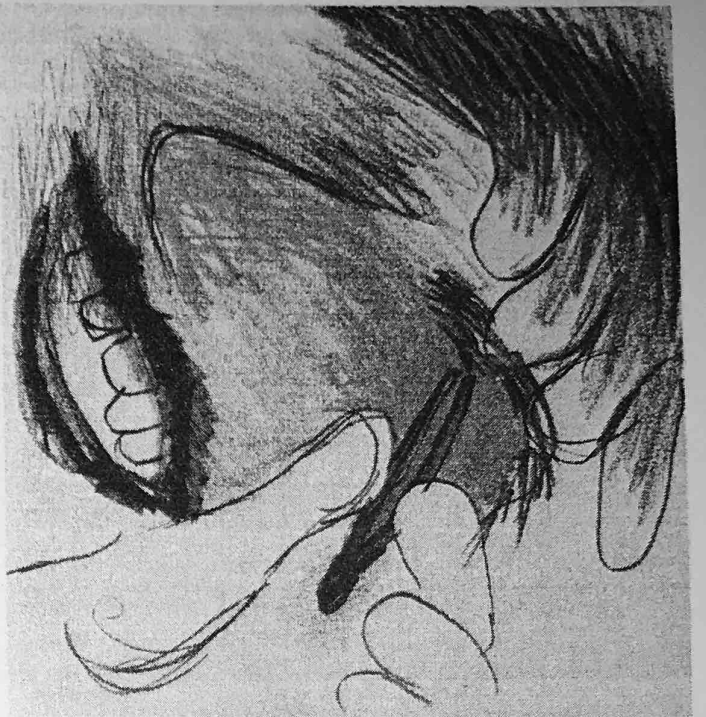
"You're a very special audience tonight. No, really! Rock stars rarely talk to their audiences except in throwaway lines...In nightclubs...performers are talking all the time. They're relating to their audience with a mixture of confession, autobiography, and facile sincerity. The typical act in such a place is the same night after night and year after year, and interchangeable with other acts. It's canned; it's been fixed... And yet there is a great emphasis on insisting that tonight is different."

YOU

"...working in the ancient nightclub tradition of 'emulation,' in which obscure performers try to wrap the mantle of greatness around themselves. Having no hits of their own, they draw applause by singing the greatest hits of other people...when the applause comes, it is usually for the original, not the copy..."

I'M NOTHING

"They say 'love ya' but they mean 'I wish you loved me but I know you don't.' Their pattern is based on wishes, not realities."



While there is not much that I could add about Lee Lozano that hasn't already been said, either by E herself or someone much smarter than me, I couldn't very well organize this show without her.

Choosing two of her untitled, undated drawings, I like that before you know what I'm thinking, you can plug in your own images of what these might be: tools and screws, tits and teeth, cocks and mouths and cigarettes, or even lips smoking dicks.

The two I choose depict bathroom banalities: plucking an eyebrow and popping a pimple.

There's no denying that self-care is big right now – maybe no bigger than it ever was, just the phrase *self-care*, and its subsequent branding, are more ubiquitous. Despite my participation (I see a therapist, I feel better when I exercise, I like eating well, I drink expensive juice, and I recently started meditating -using an app of course), I can't completely commit. I've long held this opinion that self-care, practiced by the uncritical, is code for selfishness...

Yet, as I dive deeper into my own brand of self-care, I gain a new perspective on Lozano. Thinking about these drawings in relationship to her masterpiece, I reconsider the role of removal. While I have few hesitations towards removing in my professional practice, personally, I hold on to everything. I refuse to let go of objects, ideas, behaviors, and people, despite the psychic and physical benefits.



I paid two hundred dollars for the Smithsonian to digitize all files relating to Laurie Parsons from the Lorence-Monk Gallery archives. Here I quote one of the highlights, an excerpt from a 1988 letter between the gallery and a shipping company:

Dear Arthur,

The work is of an artist we represent, Laurie Parsons. Her work is "found objects"—various objects that she finds and brings to her studio, so the objects, as you'll see from the list range from a rock to a coil of nautical rope to a broken bed frame. Please see the inventory listed below to know what we would like sent.

umbrella, 1987
plastic, nylon, metal
34 1/4 x 7 3/4 x 7 3/4 inches
This is a battered umbrella

[27 other works listed and similarly described]

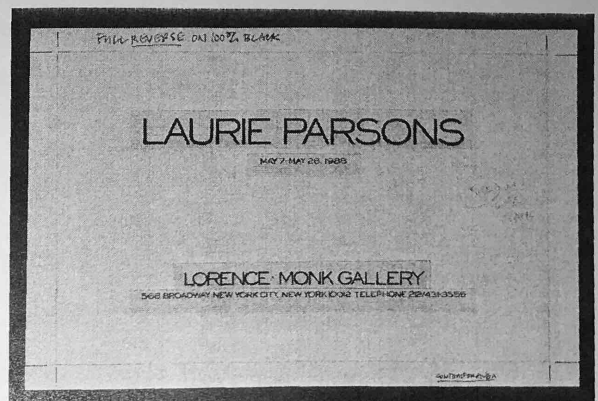
As you can see from this list, this assortment is very strange to describe. Perhaps we will have to speak more extensively on the phone and I will clarify even further for you the way things are stored and the way that they are configured when not on display.

I will try as well as possible to give you an idea of the nature of this work.

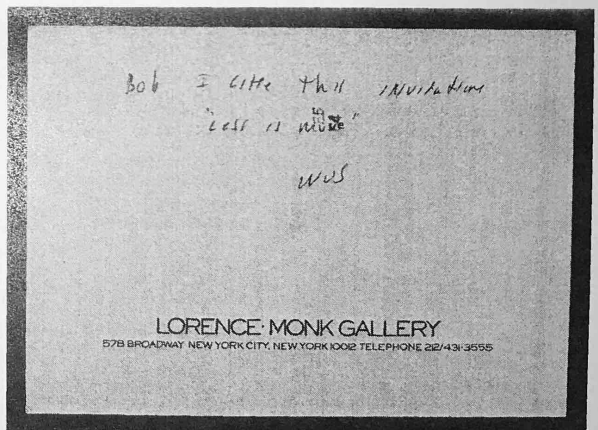
I was so excited waiting for these files to be delivered, expecting they'd uncover all this new, enlightening insight into her work. But what I received didn't really tell me much more than what I already knew...

So instead of choosing one work, I choose them all, or I choose none. Could this entire show be a Laurie Parsons solo? Or is this our (unauthorized) collaboration?

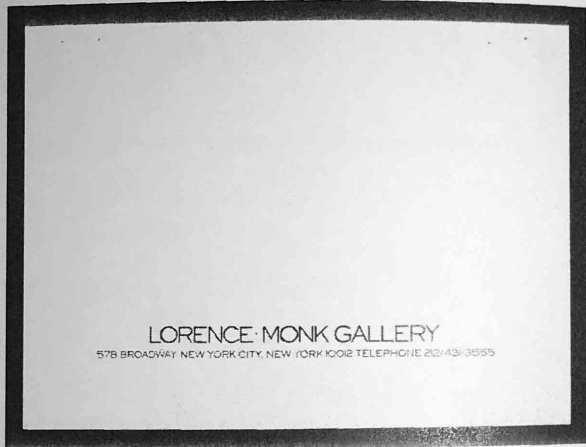
She's still alive. Maybe I can find her. Maybe I can ask.



Original design for Laurie Parsons solo show invitation.



Note from Parsons to Bob Monk regarding invitation design.



Final version of invitation.

Check out these local favorites:

Capri - PERMANENTLY CLOSED
1616 Abbot Kinney Boulevard, Venice, CA 90291

Witzend - PERMANENTLY CLOSED
1717 Lincoln Boulevard, Venice, CA 90291

3 Square Café - PERMANENTLY CLOSED
1121 Abbot Kinney Boulevard, Venice CA 90291

Venice Beach Freakshow - PERMANENTLY CLOSED
909 Ocean Front Walk, Venice, CA 90291

Venice Bistro - PERMANENTLY CLOSED
323 Ocean Front Walk, Venice, CA 90291

Roosterfish - PERMANENTLY CLOSED
1302 Abbot Kinney Boulevard, Venice, CA 90291

Abbot's Habit - PERMANENTLY CLOSED
1401 Abbot Kinney Boulevard, Venice, CA 90291

La Isla Bonita - Closed Tuesdays
400 Rose Avenue, Venice, CA 90291

I quoted: Wikipedia entry - Fernweh; Steven Parrino, *The NO TEXTS* (2003); Cady Noland *Towards a Metalanguage of Evil* (1991); Bob Nickas *Steven Parrino, New York Painter Who Died in 2005, Has Died Again* (2001); Julie Becker, *Reseach, Residents, a Place to Rest* (1997); Bruce Hainley with TSC, and Jason Yates *Fugue State* (2016); Julie Becker email (2016); Roger Ebert *Without You I'm Nothing* review (1990).

I've been listening to: Sarah Vaughan *Perdido* (1955); Sarah Vaughan *Sings the Mancini Songbook* (1965); James Brown *Living in America*, *The Magnetic Fields Get Lost* (1994); *The Magnetic Fields Holiday* (1995); Henry Mancini *Touch of Evil* (1958); John Maus *Screen Memories* (2017); Jeremih *Late Nights with Jeremih* (2012); Smog *Knock Knock* (1999).

I am also thinking about: Andy Bennett *Lost* (2017); Caitlin Ducey *Cleaving In Too* (2018); Jack Goldstein *The Pull* (1976); Mona Varichon *No, I Was Thinking of Life* (2018).

I've recently watched: *Bosch* (2014 - present); *Without You I'm Nothing* (1990) John Boskovich (director), Sandra Bernhard (writer); *Red Hollywood* (1996) Thom Anderson, Noël Burch (writers/directors).

I've been eating lots of Village Pizza (Larchmont).

*For Cady, Eas, and every thing and every one that's lost.
And Mom.*

*Thanks to Shahryar, Marta, and Scott.
Special thanks to Morgan and Caitlin, for eyes and ears.
Thank you Aitor and Jamie for allowing time and space for this to happen.*

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FOMO