



Photograph: Joe Kramm / Courtesy Fort Makers

Step into the pages of Goodnight Moon at this vibrant life-sized exhibition

"Goodnight House" is like living inside the book itself.

Written by Shaye Weaver

Goodnight Moon, that dreamy book that's been lulling children to sleep since 1947, has come to life in a new Manhattan exhibition.

"Goodnight House" at Fort Makers, a design studio and artist collective on Orchard Street, contains reimaginings of the objects found in the book's bedroom setting. Standing in this exhibit is like stepping into the book itself.

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The brightly colored, whimsical exhibit specifically includes an upholstered bed and handwoven textiles by Liz Collins; ceramic table lamps by Samuel Harvey; a rocking chair, stools, and a cloud-shaped bedside table and storage unit by CHIAOZZA (Adam Frezza & Terri Chiao); paintings by Marcel Alcalá; picture frames and hand-carved wooden spoons by Nick DeMarco; Goodnight Moon character-inspired candles by Janie Korn; candles in the Goodnight Moon colorway by Crying Clover (Sara Gernsbacher & JPW3); a ceramic mantelpiece clock by Keith Simpson; ceramic bowls by Lauren Elder; ceramic mugs and bowls by Shino Takeda; a bedside rug and ottoman by Tamika Rivera; painted silk curtains and pillows by Fort Makers Co-Founder Naomi S. Clark; and a dollhouse light, a black balloon scone, and etched wooden cubes by Fort Makers Co-Founders Nana Spears & Noah Spencer, among other works.



Photograph: Joe Kramm / Courtesy Fort Makers

The pieces have been created with a child's perspective in mind.

"We asked each artist to further rekindle their childlike understanding of the world around them,

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and create objects uninhibited by the horrors of adulthood. What better remedy than comfort and play?" said Fort Makers co-founder and creative director Nana Spears.

The story, written by Margaret Wise Brown and illustrated by Clement Hurd, is a short rhyming poem that follows a bunny's bedtime ritual, where he says goodnight wishes to everything in his room, including a red balloon, a pair of socks, a toy house, a bowl of mush, as well as to the air, the stars, the moon and a house.



Photograph: Joe Kramm / Courtesy Fort Makers

Interesting enough, the book wasn't in the New York Public Library for two decades because the library's then-chief children's [librarian disliked the book so much](#). But now there's an exhibit dedicated to it, that explores how the book has been "woven into a collective, American cultural understanding of comfort, sleep, compassion, and imagination."

"Despite the librarian's opposition to a progressive wave of children's literature, and even though the book had poor sales in its first year, *Goodnight Moon* eventually gained universal affection and

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became one of the most famous childrens' books of all time," Spears said. "While subtly subversive, *Goodnight Moon* allows us to see through the eyes of a child and instills in us essential tools for innovation. That's something worth celebrating."

Today, you can borrow the book from the NYPL and even [buy it](#) and a [baby onesie](#) from its store.

"Goodnight House" will be at Fort Makers (38 Orchard St.) now through May 27, from noon to 6pm on Saturdays. Appointments to see it can be made for Thursday through Sundays.

Price Check! Here's What Sold—and for How Much—at the 2020 Untitled and FOG Art Fairs in San Francisco

Here's what dealers say they sold (though watch out for number-fudging and other kinds of general sneakiness).

Caroline Goldstein



JPW3's moveable sculptures, presented by Night Gallery at Untitled. Courtesy of Night Gallery.

The past weekend was a bustling one in San Francisco, as dealers gathered in the city to present their wares at the Untitled and FOG Design+Art fairs.

Some 60 galleries from 12 countries gathered for the fourth edition of Untitled, where the Los Angeles-based [Night Gallery](#) was awarded an inaugural eBay-sponsored \$10,000 booth prize. The gallery won accolades for its presentation of works by JPW3, whose multimedia objects made from repurposed materials evoke the climate crisis. The fair—which tends to attract smaller dealers and markets itself as a site for discovery—also featured Artnet contributor [Brian Boucher](#) as a writer-in-residence, penning updates on the fair each day.

Apr 14, 2018.

Artists Reimagine The American Flag At The Dallas Art Fair

Ann Binlot

They say that everything is bigger in Texas, and that also includes pride for the United States of America. For a handful or so of the 100 art dealers that exhibited at the 10th edition of the [Dallas Art Fair](#), which runs through April 15th at the Fashion Industry Gallery, the American flag also served as a work of art that carried a form of social commentary on the state of the Trump's America.

Wet Rag, 2018, by JPW3 at Night Gallery



Wet Rag, 2018, by JPW3 oil pastel and wax on canvas 84 x 60 in.

JPW3 coated a blank canvas with wax before drawing a faint red and blue outline of the American flag's stars and stripes. The flag is devoid of any color, and in a way, comments on the depleting sense of American pride, reflecting the current crisis in the United States through an absence of vibrant hues.

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The New York Times

Aug. 18, 2017

A New Hologram of Serena Williams at Martos Gallery



JPW3's "Serena Hologram, 2015." JPW3 and Martos Gallery

By Robin Pogrebin

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The artist JPW3 (J. Patrick Walsh) has described his materials — wax, tuning forks, car engines, doorways, popcorn — as “an excess of fuel,” which he directs toward his various experiments in painting, installation, performance and holography. Now, in a show called “Figure Ascending a Return,” which opened Aug. 17 at Martos Gallery’s new Elizabeth Street location, he has created another version of his Serena Williams hologram, [“Serena Hologram xl, 2017.”](#)



JPW3’s “Figure Ascendant, 2017.” JPW3 and Martos Gallery

A former skateboarder born in 1981 in Tallahassee, Fla., JPW3 lives in Los Angeles, where a 2014 article in KCET Artbound online [described](#) his studio as “a calamitous auto repair shop run by a surrealist philosopher.” The new exhibition includes a wall of ribbons and a two-sided projection screen accompanied by Chedda da Connect’s 2015 song [“Flicka Da Wrist.”](#) And a pro shop sells custom-designed tennis gear, featuring Ms. Williams. (Through Sept. 9, martosgallery.com.)

9 Art Events to Attend in the New York Area This Week

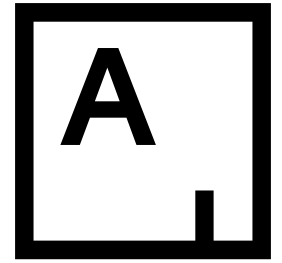
BY THE EDITORS OF ARTNEWS 

THURSDAY, AUGUST 17

Opening: JPW3 at Martos Gallery

JPW3, the artist persona of J. Patrick Walsh, is best known for wax works he makes with layered pictures and impressions of found objects, but for this show at Martos Gallery, he will revisit a hologram of Serena Williams that he made last year. First shown at the Museum of Contemporary Art, Tucson, that work, titled *Serena Hologram xl* (2017), features a projection of the tennis player swinging her racket. JPW3's new version of the piece will also include the two-sided projection, as well as a soundtrack courtesy of the rapper Chedda Da Connect. Alongside the projection will be shirts and tennis gear with Williams's image printed and embroidered on it.

Martos Gallery, 41 Elizabeth Street, 6–8 p.m.

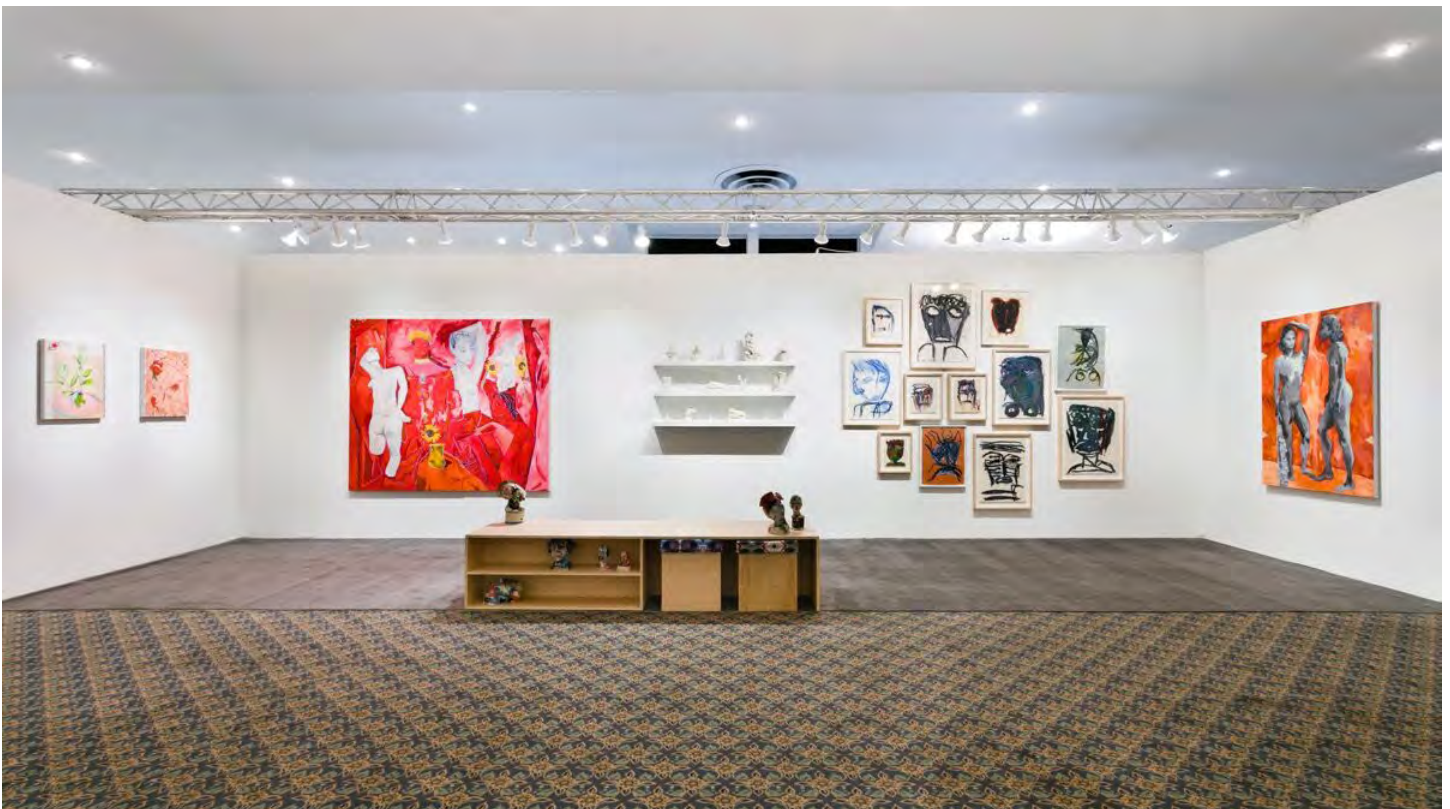


Dec 1, 2016

Art Market

NADA's Emerging Art Community Thrives amid Turbulent Times

Alexxa Gotthardt



Installation view of Martos Gallery's booth at NADA Miami Beach, 2016. Photo courtesy of the gallery.

The 14th edition of NADA opened its doors on Thursday morning with buoyant energy and significant sales, gathering 110 galleries from 17 countries. As is tradition for the emerging art fair—a perennial foil to Art Basel in Miami Beach's more formal atmosphere—the ambiance felt communal, even familial as the day kicked off. Dealers, collectors, and

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artists filing into the halls of the Deauville Beach Resort could be overheard discussing the power of art and coming together in moments of political and social turmoil, the likes of which we've seen of late. Indeed, never before has NADA's warm environment been more welcome. And that atmosphere encouraged interest in a strong, wide-ranging selection of work—from sought-after figurative paintings by Alex Chaves and Mira Dancy, to a politically pointed installation from Terence Koh, to the spellbinding works of self-taught artists Derrick Alexis Coard and Karen May, which could be taken home for a little as \$200.

Just an hour after the fair kicked off, the owner and director of Martos Gallery rubbed elbows with exhibiting artists Alex Chaves and JPW3, along with a throng of collectors. By that point, all four of Chaves's paintings in the booth—which ranged from \$5,000 to \$14,000—had sold or were on hold. And while the young, Los Angeles-based artist's canvases could certainly be considered part of the thriving figuration trend, they're also loaded with weighty social and art historical content.

“His work really responds to his community,” said the gallery's Ebony Haynes, as she looked at the booth's centerpiece, a painting brimming with fractured figures—several nudes, a prince, and a classical bust. She went on to explain that the piece fused likenesses of Chaves's friends with his interest in the late downtown New York artist Dan Asher's work, which also hung in booth. “They both approach portraiture almost anthropologically, through close interaction with the people that surround them,” she continued. “And people really seem to be responding to that sense of human connection right now.” Asher's series of loose, gestural portraits on paper, made with heavy scribbles, were a talk of the fair. Priced from \$7,000 to \$15,000, several had sold by the afternoon.

DEC. 4, 2015

PICKS

Susan and Michael Hort's Picks From Miami Art Week 2015

By Artspace Editors

NADA

JPW3

Martos Gallery



It took us a while to love his work, but now we are believers. His pieces have tended towards the digital, but these are far more painterly.

December 3, 2015

'Did I Sell It?': Frenzied Collectors Storm Opening of NADA

BY NATE FREEMAN



At the **opening** of NADA.

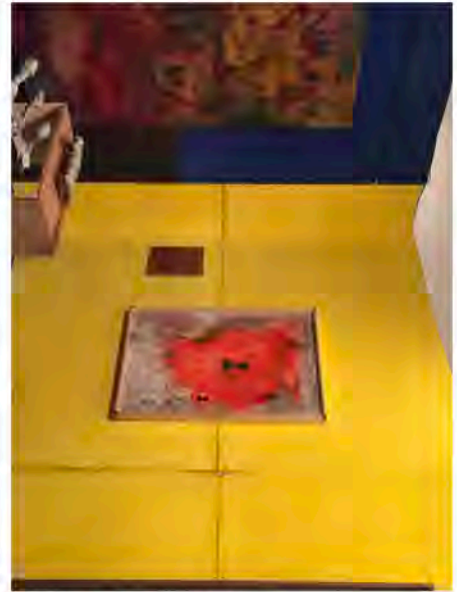
ARTNEWS

The New Art Dealers Alliance fair, which opened Thursday morning to VIP collectors, is the much more modest counterpart to the behemoth that is Art Basel Miami Beach, but it is not immune to displays of outlandish wealth. For instance, take the scene at the coffee stand next to the fair minutes before it opened: a Swiss collector got in a scuffle with the barista who didn't want to break a one hundred dollar bill, when all the dealer had was a stack of one hundred dollar bills. Then there was the inside of the fair itself, with work selling out within minutes of opening.

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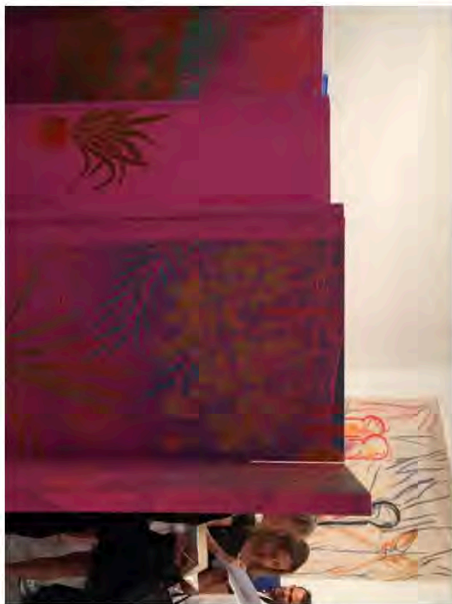
“If I could freeze time, I would have done four rehangs by now,” said James Michael Schaffer, a dealer at **James Fuentes**, which was showing work by John McCallister, Noam Rappaport, and Tamuna Sirbiladze. He estimated the booth had sold \$200,000 worth of art at a fair where the average price of a work hovers around \$10,000. It was 11:00 in the morning.

In Miami each year, collectors who might balk at a high price tag at Art Basel think nothing of dropping \$20,000 on a canvas here at NADA (perhaps hoping it could be resold for ten times that at a later date). It’s always been the best-received of all the satellite fairs, and a change of locations to the **Fontainebleau** instead of the Deauville in North Beach can only help. And unlike Art Basel, where collectors show up a little after the champagne reception and then like to take a lap or two before perhaps putting something on reserve, collectors arrived at NADA at 10:00 on the dot, ready to buy.



JPW3 at **Martos** Gallery.

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John McCalliste at James Fuentes.

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“Did I sell it? There was a fight,” said dealer **Rachel Uffner**, after being asked if she had sold a Sam Moyer work that was going for \$32,000. “Two people said, ‘I’ll take it,’ at almost the exact same time. Which is like a nightmare and a dream.”

Olivier Babin, owner of **Clearing**, said he had no problem off-loading works by Calvin Marcus (\$22,000) and Harold Ancart (\$35,000), both of whom turned heads with pieces in David Kordansky’s booth at Art Basel. An enormous abstract work by the talented Flora Hauser at Ibid. Projects, which has galleries in Los Angeles and London, was a steal at \$12,000. “A great deal for a young painter,” said a dealer there, as Hauser is 21 years old.

Speaking of deals: at one point someone explained the difference between Art Basel and NADA by saying, of the latter, “It’s like Target.”

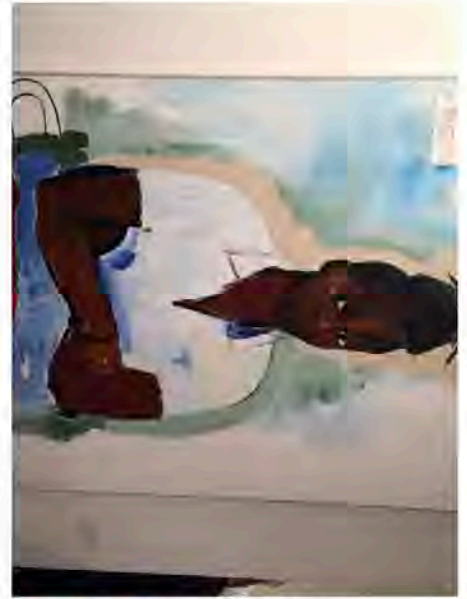
The only contingent that may suffer in what’s otherwise a boon for dealers and collectors are the artists. One dealer lamented that the curatorial element once encouraged at NADA has been tossed aside in favor of a more market-driven grab-bag approach: show the best two works of your best artists to encourage the booth to sell out quicker. But that line of thinking overlooks the many pleasures of this fair, from the vibrant Katherine Bernhardt paintings at Canada to the full-booth makeover of luscious red works that the artist known as JPW3 provided Martos Gallery.

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Plus, there's a chance you might actually see an artist at NADA, an unthinkable scenario at Art Basel, as an artist coming to that fair would be akin to a cow taking in the entertainment of a slaughterhouse. At one point at the Feuer/Mesler Mesler/Feuer booth—which sold two paintings by Henry Taylor, one for \$70,000 and one for \$55,000—a collector inquired about a work by **Jon Rafman**, just as Jon Rafman was walking into the booth.

“This is very rare that you get to do this!” said dealer **Joel Mesler**, as he introduced the collector and the artist. Rafman then started talking to the collector about his work, *You are now standing in an open field (Roman ruins)*, explaining that the collage of crushed grape soda cans and chip bags and plastic takeout utensils set against a backdrop of crumbling Roman antiquity was “very Miami.” The collector nodded.

Not that any of this mattered, though. The painting had already sold a while ago.



Henry Taylor at Feuer/Mesler.

ARTNEWS

ENTERTAINMENT & ARTS

Review: Rough and tumble rambunctiousness at The Pit Gallery

BY DAVID PAGEL

Right now, there are two kinds of art getting made: carefully researched pieces cooked up by schemers who have surveyed art's pecking order and want a seat at the table, and far less logical works made by artists who would do what they do even if they were the last persons on Earth.

That go-it-alone ethos and just-want-to-see-it spirit are the only features that unite the works in "When the Sun Hits," a loose group of seven pieces by five artists at the Pit.

All are scrappy. Many are raw. Most are made from repurposed materials. Not one is a traditional painting, sculpture, print, piece of furniture, article of clothing or ceramic vessel.

Nevertheless, a sense of necessity drives each piece.

Such can't-live-without-it resolve burbles up, as if out of primal soup, in Jennie Jieun Lee's queasy masterpiece, "Sherbert in Emerson." It drifts, like a desert wind, from Erin Morrison's fossilized palm frond and post-apocalyptic mirage. Both suggest that Southern California is its own version of Pompeii.

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Channing Hansen's inside-out paintings lure viewers into a netherworld where things are just what they seem, only different. JPW3's homemade, half-scale, orange-felt craps table delivers a similar sense of Alice in Wonderland weirdness. The same goes for his ghostly transfer print depicting folded hands. And it's true of Miyoshi Barosh's multicolor wall sculpture, which makes kindred spirits of Mike Kelley and Yayoi Kusama.

The rough-and-tumble rambunctiousness of "When the Sun Hits" makes you feel that you are in the presence of dyed-in-the-wool outsiders — willful misfits congenitally predisposed to do their own thing. That's where all art starts, despite the preponderance of evidence to the contrary.

The Pit, 918 Ruberta Ave., Glendale, (916) 849-2126, through Sept. 20.
Open Sat. and Sun. www.the-pit.la

CRITICS' PICKS



JPW3, *Marco Polio Portfolio*, 2014, wax and ink on canvas, 81" x 12'.

LOS ANGELES

JPW3

NIGHT GALLERY SOUTH
2276 East 16th Street
October 10–November 15, 2014

“32 Leaves, I don’t, The Face of Smoke,” artist and writer JPW3’s solo debut, is premised on the presence and absence of sound. The exhibition is split into two areas: Outside the gallery, the artist has created a Japanese-style teahouse in which he has placed a sculpture with the egg-carton texture of anechoic foam. The “foam” has been made in popcorn kernels and then cast in aluminum, a material choice that reverses the chamber’s function from absorbing sound to reverberating it. Within the gallery, a loud sound track sends a racket of bangs and scrapes, a cartoonish whoosh

through a space filled with five monolithic sculptures that approximate the form of an abstracted race car. To make these, the artist began with aluminum frames and then dipped each in colorful wax. On the walls are several large-scale works on canvas that have been painted with a thick wax and embedded with layers of receipts, tuning forks, rolling papers, and detritus from his studio.

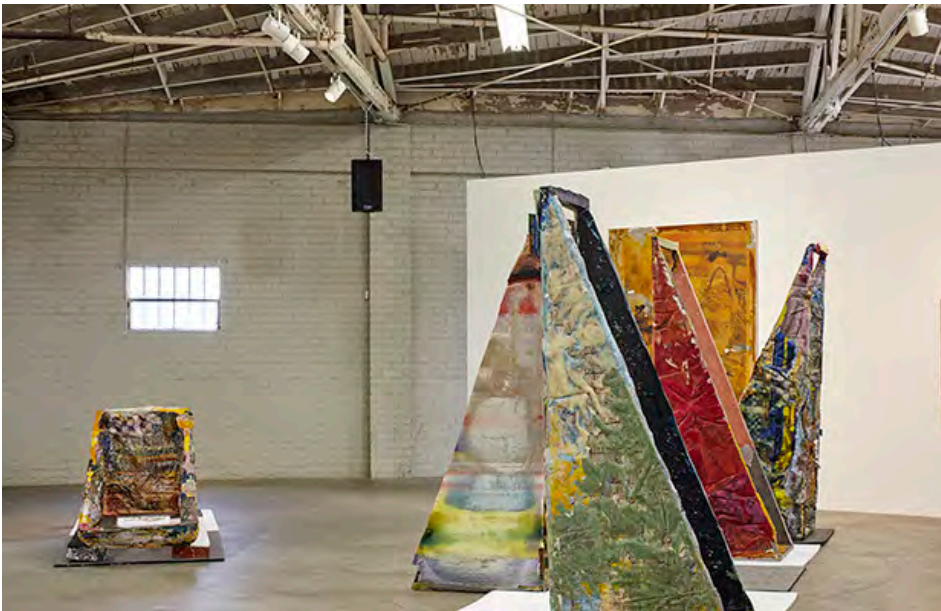
The artist makes much of his work out of wax, which has formal and conceptual resonance: It’s known for its plasticity—the substance molds to temperature as definitely as sound defines itself against ambient noise—and as recording medium, the material out of which early vinyl records were pressed. In fact, JPW3’s vocabulary here is almost entirely rooted in sound and heat, getting at the connective friction between those two elements. Race-car driver Ayrton Senna, popcorn, and Zig-Zag rolling papers are recurring motifs. In the back of the gallery, a large electric cooker has been filled with wax and then popcorn and a tire rim. It’s heated during the day and then turned off to harden each night. JPW3 lays his work out like an arrangement of notes and rests, individual pieces reverberating off each other to reach a harmonic whole.

— *Summer Guthery*

November 10, 2014

Sayre Gomez's "I'm Different" and JPW3's "32 Leaves, I Don't The Face of Smoke"

by Jonathan Griffin

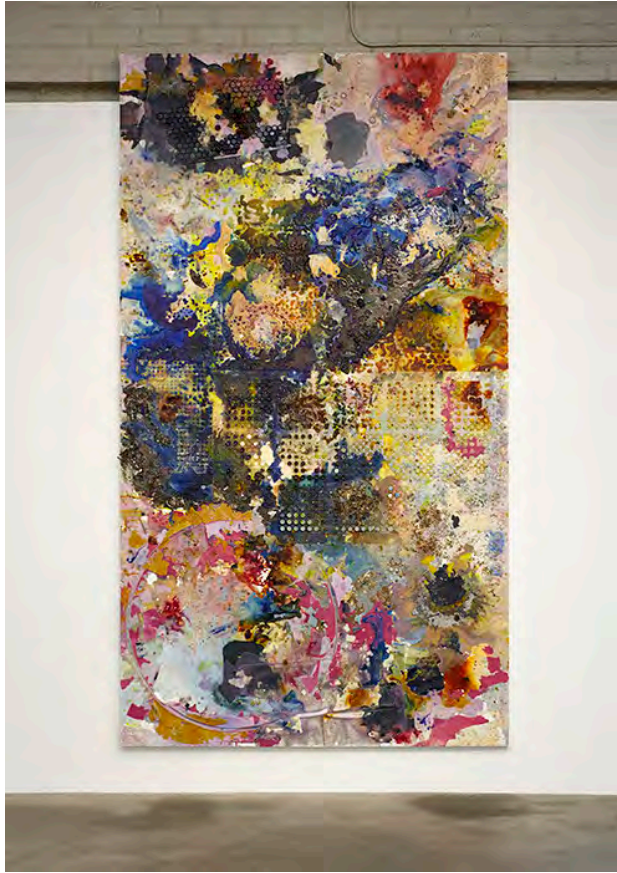


View of JPW3's "32 Leaves, I Don't the Face of Smoke," Night Gallery, Los Angeles, 2014. Image courtesy of Night Gallery, Los Angeles. Photo by Lee Thompson.

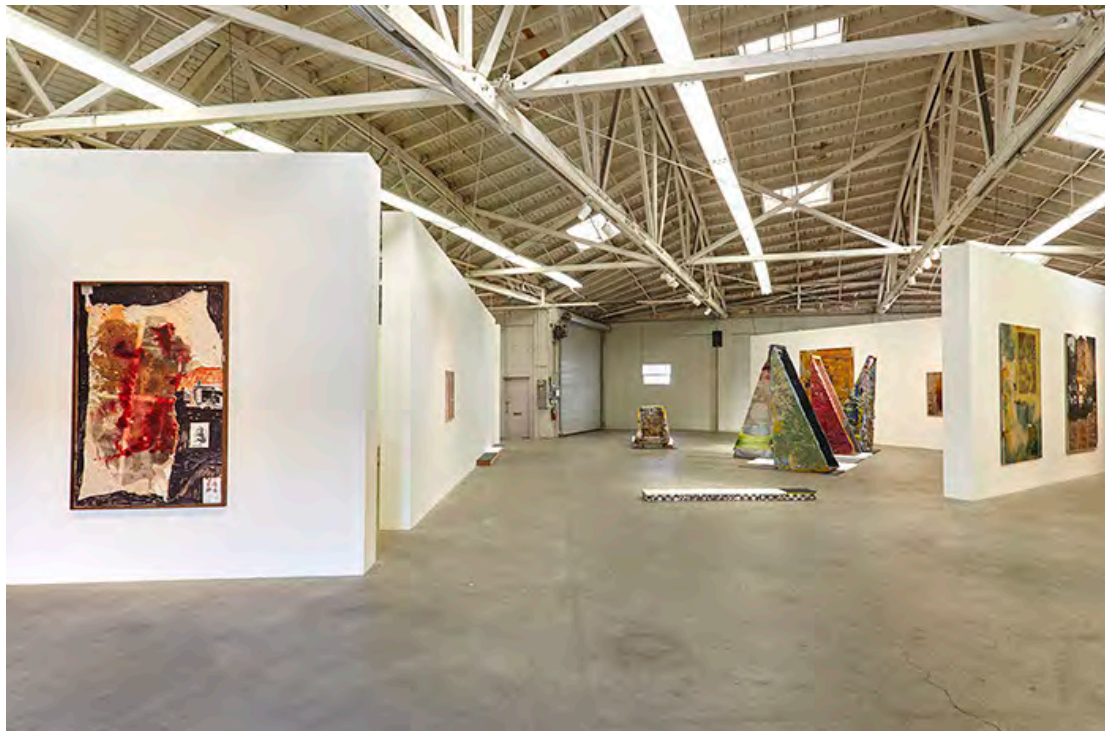


JPW3, *ZZ Craps*, 2014. Wood, felt, and ink, 43 1/4 x 79 1/2 x 41 1/2 inches. Image courtesy of Night Gallery, Los Angeles. Photo by Lee Thompson.

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JPW3, *Marco Polio Portfolio*, 2014. Wax and ink on canvas, 81 x 144 inches. Image courtesy of Night Gallery, Los Angeles. Photo by Lee Thompson.



View of JPW3's "32 Leaves, I Don't the Face of Smoke," Night Gallery, Los Angeles, 2014. Image courtesy of Night Gallery, Los Angeles. Photo by Lee Thompson.



JPW3, A. *Senna O/G 1*, 2014. Wax and ink on canvas, 72 x 108 inches. Image courtesy of Night Gallery, Los Angeles. Photo by Lee Thompson.

Someone has cut a large hole in the chain-link fence that separates Los Angeles's François Ghebaly Gallery and Night Gallery. Perhaps eight feet in diameter, it is large enough to drive a car through and at the opening of concurrent recent exhibitions by Sayre Gomez (at Ghebaly) and JPW3 (at Night), the circumference of the hole was dressed with burning incense sticks, like a low-fi ceremonial portal from one dimension to another.

The hole is *#4* (2014), an intervention by John Connor, the fictional artist invented by Gomez and JPW3 (a.k.a. Patrick Walsh) to whom they attribute their collaborative projects. The pair also run a project space in the studio building that they used to share, named Patrick Gomez 4 Sheriff. While it is obvious that both artists enjoy making mischief around issues of individual authorship (John Connor, of course, is played by different actors throughout the *Terminator* franchise), their solo exhibitions are distinct entities, and any

resemblance between the two is, as they say in the movies, purely coincidental.

Which is remarkable because the parallels between the exhibitions are numerous. Both artists could be described primarily as painters, although they both situate their paintings here in a broader material context, which includes sculptures, installations, and sound works. In Gomez's exhibition, a line of tightly hung paintings presides over a carpet of dark, trash-flecked mulch; fake plastic rocks hide speakers quietly emitting songs by Eminem and Jay-Z. On an immaculate blue bench, a blue mannequin sits and gazes facelessly into space. At Night Gallery, JPW3's soundscape (made in collaboration with Daniel Pineda of music groups Nguzunguzu and Future Brown) is the opposite of Gomez's aural wallpaper. Large speakers brood ominously, then suddenly erupt in a cacophony that seems to include crashes and squealing tires. He too has benches, although his are little more than planks covered in thin foam, and rise only five inches off the ground. Unlike at Gomez's show, visitors are permitted to sit on them.

Both artists produce work that calls attention not so much to a finished result than to the process that generated it: in Gomez's case, that process is a signature marbling effect that he achieves by dripping paint wet-in-wet on a horizontal surface; for JPW3, melted wax is a binding agent that incorporates found images and objects, as with the magnificent painting *Marco Polio Portfolio* (all works 2014) which rises 12 feet toward the ceiling but was clearly made on the floor, catching the run-off from other wax sculptures.

Gomez and JPW3 are both prolific, and in light of the varying quality of their output in these well-stocked exhibitions, could justifiably be accused of over-production. This is all the more troublesome considering that they are amongst a class of young male artists reaping the rewards of an inflated market for large abstract paintings. For many of these artists, however, the market is not only a fact of life but a connecting node in their conceptual frameworks. Making large

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paintings quickly and with relative ease—a well-worn provocation—is only the most obvious, and least interesting, manifestation of its influence. JPW3 has often appropriated the Ferrari stallion logo—a symbol of wealth, but also a signifier of technical or physical perfection, one that he deliberately undermines in his unkempt art. Instead of the cool lines of the Ferrari bodywork, it is the heat, noise, and speed of the engine that informs his practice. At the back of the gallery, a craps table (*ZZ Craps*), ready for gambling, is an ambivalent nod to the current speculative art market.

Gomez's exhibition is titled, sardonically, "I'm Different." Although his paintings (unlike JPW3's) might be described as tasteful, the notion of individual taste seems everywhere to be under interrogation. The rock speakers—the kind installed in outdoor malls—are collectively titled *Hypnotic Presence of Popular Music in Southern California* and broadcast a Spotify playlist compiled by Mark Zuckerberg. The photographs incorporated into Gomez's paintings, including mountain landscapes and windows, are mostly appropriated from social media, and have no special aesthetic merit. Two adjacent paintings, *Untitled Painting* and *Untitled Painting, II*, show a particularly dreary landscape, identically rendered in soft airbrush but with the latter canvas extended downwards to include a strip of marbled purple and black abstraction. It is a neat but cynical trick—a kind of either/or conundrum that implies that ultimately neither is necessarily superior to the other. In *Generation Gap*, the Beatles's 1967 song title *All You Need is Love* is stenciled above Kurt Cobain's 1994 Bb-side *I Hate Myself and I Want to Die*. It is a yin-yang of positivity and nihilism, each side processed beyond recognition by the commercial culture industry. Ambivalence wins the day. These two exhibitions, separated by a chain-link fence, also seem like two sides of the same cultural coin.

June 18, 2014

ON VIEW

'My Old Friend, My New Friend, My Girlfriend, My Cousin and My Mentor' at Shoot the Lobster

By Will Heinrich



A work by John Ingiaimo.
(Courtesy the artist and Shoot
the Lobster)

After the kegger as *après le déluge*. An untitled, seven foot high transparent Chinese screen of hollow steel girders by Carol Bove snakes through the middle of Shoot the Lobster's basement space on Eldridge Street, around a drain in the concrete floor, between two duffel bags fabricated by JPW3, the young painter who also organized the show, and Sara Gernsbacher, working together under the name "Patches," from discarded canvases of his, almost scraping the ceiling. Next to it is *RPT1*, a debauched popcorn maker installation by JPW3.

Ms. Gernsbacher's *2 Minor, Adrenaline Mother*, and *Eraser Dice*, all mixed media on canvases about a foot high, are murky visions, in blue, blood-streaked, and green, respectively, of the pre-creation void, alien death chambers, or the bottom of a sneaker. *The Big Sleep*, also by Ms. Gernsbacher, is a lovely little window into somewhere else: an orange silhouette, on silver foil, under a mostly transparent honeycomb silicone scrim. On the walls are intense blue street-scene Polaroids by John Ingiaimo; on the floor at the end of Ms. Bove's snake is a stand of eccentric wooden walking sticks, some with carved snakeheads and all marked JEB, by Bruce

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Asch, JPW3's cousin; and around the room are three couture-DIY chairs by Jessica Reaves. *Maraschino Fairy* is a wooden chair with wicker seat, masked in fuchsia silk; *If you want to know what will bring you back to life, it's nothing*, irregular pieces of foam covered in embroidered nylons; and *Lay on your friend's hand*, a mass-market Eames upholstered with the lining of a shearling coat.

On the back wall is a photo of Mr. Ingiaimo's father posing between a phone with the wrong color handset and a kitchen door, pointing two heavy pistols jauntily against his own head. On the floor at the side, some of Mr. Asch's handmade wooden candlesticks.

(Through June 29, 2014)

MARTOS GALLERY

KCET

June 8, 2014

JPW3: The Alchemy of New School Pop Art

By Nikki Darling



"Blue Dreams," 2013 | Courtesy of the artist and Night Gallery, Los Angeles

MARTOS GALLERY

Patrick Walsh, the artist otherwise known as JPW3, looks like he should be in a cologne ad or modeling Speedos. He's the kind of good looking that makes you check your breath or admire your shoelaces when he glances your way. All long limbs, dark hair, dark eyes, scruff and symmetrical angles. Then he opens his mouth. What emerges is a mellow, good-natured, sensitive dude. The kind of dude that vocalizes apprehension about walking through the community mural garden of a nearby housing project, happily accepts a purple button that reads "Capitalism is Fucking the Queer Out of Us," and pins it to his shirt, admits that he first wanted to be a writer, and still writes, and offers to buy a reporter lunch, because he is generous and polite. A bit like, a high school guidance counselor hoping to meet you at your level. His musings are soft-spoken, goofy and uniquely elaborate, all the while still sounding off the cuff. Much like his art. But that's where Walsh the Sweet Dude and Walsh the Artist, break. "One major misconception about the work is that because I seem easygoing, the process is less thought out"

That work is expansive. It dips into the interdisciplinary and rotates around many imagistic themes. Some of his conceptually reoccurring symbols: Tuning forks, car engines, popcorn, stove burners, wax, wheels or doorways. Although his performance pieces, paintings, and sculptures take different outlets there is a consistency of vision, which keeps them theoretically in sync.

Walsh's studio resembles a calamitous auto repair shop run by a surrealist philosopher. It's a cavernous two-room mess of toxic chemicals. Popcorn (in all its various stages), wax drippings, auto parts, tiny Bali Shag rollers and strange literary and zine ephemera, cling to every surface and crunch beneath the feet.

MARTOS GALLERY



"RP SWAP," 2014 | Courtesy of the artist and Night Gallery, Los Angeles

MARTOS GALLERY

Raised in rural Pennsylvania on his grandfather's land, Walsh spent much of his early childhood in nature. "There were ponds and I could run around and jump on rocks. I grew up around trees but always wanted to be in the city. My friends went to a way better school than I did in Scranton, an art high school. I was a country guy but I hung with the dudes in town. The skater guys, they were my homies."

Echoes of Walsh's time in nature still permeate small sections of the work and can be seen in the conceptual details. "I think wax is this amazing recording material. It can capture sound, whatever detail you can think of, it's a great recording device. Sediment, build up of rock, the time these layers take." He says, looking at one of eventually five towering doorways made of layers of rainbow wax. Even the colored buildup is reminiscent of a tree ring. "This one's a Sawtooth Wave, like a sound wave. Eventually I want them all in a row, so you can visualize a soundwave, one channel on a sound program, something like that."

Like other oddball, creative or not-quite-jock, young men of his generation, Walsh turned to skateboarding as a hobby and outlet. In the process discovering what is for many teenagers, their first introduction to challenging modes of convention and public space and repurposing existing structures for new meaning. It is through these fellow skate friends that he was first introduced to the world of art.



"Polarized PH" 2014 | Courtesy of the artist and Night Gallery, Los Angeles

MARTOS GALLERY

"I went to Keystone College first, in Pennsylvania and got an associates degree. It was really small but really great. It was rigorous in this way that wasn't conceptual. I did this wood piece that I got really obsessed with, sort of OCD and then I realized I didn't want to decide what to do. I wanted to be interdisciplinary and that led me to the Art Institute of Chicago and there I did video and some sculpture and everything just sort of came together."

During the walk through the mural garden, Walsh happens upon a large work illustrating the twelve signs of the zodiac and reveals that he is a Leo, but isn't sure what that means. What it means, astrologically at least is that Walsh is not a man of happenstance. There is the sense of being in the company of a contented lion, someone who has worked hard and with diligence, to get where he is today, perched on the brink of something big. This year and half alone, he has co-curated the group show, "Culm," at Night Gallery with friend and sometime collaborator, artist Sayer Gomez, participated in the group show "t,o,u,c,h,i,n,g" at Robert Blumenthal gallery in New York, a solo exhibition, "Solid Single Burner" at Michael Jon Gallery in Miami, Z2 again with Gomez, at Samuel Freeman, "SumpPump," with Ryan Foerster at David Petersen Gallery in Minneapolis, the Inaugural Group Show at Loudhailer, the group show "Nackt Glaubigen," at Infernoesque in Berlin, "IT-THOU" at Micheal Thibault Gallery. And of course an upcoming solo show at Night Gallery, where he is now also on the roster.

Nothing happening to Patrick Walsh at this stage of his career is happening by accident. Being driven is something that becomes apparent as he talks about his process and work, interweaving narrative themes within the pieces that he's been toying with for years and are now coming to fruition.

There is a psychic order to the studio, one that isn't obvious to the visitor eye. As Walsh ambles about his debris, grabbing things from small hidden pockets,

it becomes clear that he knows where everything is. It's this inner compass through the mess of his studio and the art world that serves him well, an ease of self that inspires confidence. In a 2013 interview with writer, Yanhan Huang for the site "Do Easy Art," Walsh, when asked about the difference between working in New York and L.A., hints at this drive, "In L.A., the whole city feels stuck in molasses. There's no choice but to get into it and work on your patience. Staying out until 4 am isn't an option because everyone thinks you're crazy if you do and every bar closes at 1:30. NYC runs on high-functioning alcoholics and drug addicts while L.A. runs on spas and champagne. The downside is I feel like young artists in L.A. don't have the same amount of exposure or access to the incredible rush of the intravenous drip of art that you find in New York."

The mechanical has long been a favorite of the abstract. Engines, parts, systems of order have all come undone beneath the microscope of art, a utopian investigation into a Fritz Lang nightmare or dreamscape, depending who you ask. But for Walsh, this dilemma is more exciting than the work it produces. Cars are fascinating but the point where the ethereal meets the mechanical is what flips the switch, so to speak, in the work itself. Popcorn, for instance, is something that has a moment of ignition, a place of transformation brought on by heat and pressure. It's the philosophy behind that moment that is affixed to the work, not so much the popcorn itself, even as it stands in as philosophical metaphor.

As a performance artist Walsh has often delved into sound pieces revolving around a metaphysical movement through time brought on by a song-sense memory, or through literal time, as he pushes a wheel around the interior of a cave, evoking the hollow bell of what sounds like a child's toy. Think Futurism as a Carpenters song, beauty in the detritus, or rainbows in an oil-spill. Oil, always a remaining element, is one of both separation and saturation, a source of wealth and death, excess and greed. First, however, it was the property of

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invention. That is the symbolic oil Walsh uses, and much like the popcorn, the pieces reflect this philosophical enthusiasm. Walsh's art straddles the inventor's narrative, the old-fashioned tinkerer, but also the stargazer and existential ponderer, the cosmos as a place of fascination, a source of explosion and power.



"White Four Door" 2013 | Courtesy of the artist and Night Gallery, Los Angeles

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The work's most obvious aesthetic influence is German painter and sculptor Anselm Kiefer, whose mixture of rough materials created a multi-textual study of layering and helped usher in the New Symbolism, which Walsh, as a collector of mediated ephemera also falls in line with. "The popcorn came along with my interest in sound and performance. Also, in relationship to the car there is the relative scale of objects. A piece of popcorn is a performative sculpture, like a car is. One piece of popcorn is one spark, one original shape." At USC, where he received his MFA in 2012, "I put popcorn into this old hat," he says, motioning to a brown fedora, "and each piece, was its own shape, its own thought."

In the works, "RP SWAP" and "R Charm," Kiefer's stamp is especially present. "SWAP's" landscape is both celestial and automotive. Displaying a textured ominous palette of browns, purples and rust, a soft assuagement of tempered colors against chaotic strokes. The tools implemented to create these diversions have left visible residue on the canvas, articulating the process of labor. "R Charm's" surface, although similar, carries many of Walsh's repeating symbols: racing stripes and oven burners. Creating the effect that the work itself might have been burned and bubbled upon, driven on or thrashed. Working out a process of creation is another point of contextuality for Walsh, the process of making and its residue on the work.

"I've been using these panels," he says, pointing to wooden planks leaned against the wall, rainbow colored wax thick on their surfaces, "to make these wax wheels and then I was thinking, I really like these things, I like them here, what they say or might mean. So now I've been thinking about displaying them. I think in relationship to my work, sculptures have been leading into performance and performance has been leading into sculpture in different ways, and then it becomes a painting." Having started in video and performance work, Walsh's need or desire to 'work things out' and the fluidity with how that happens is one of the ties that keep the pieces speaking across genre and form, creating this overlap of narrative.



"W3F" 2014 | Courtesy of the artist and Night Gallery, Los Angeles

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"Maybe because of skateboarding I'm always interested in how things move and it's not a competition," he says, speaking to his work and interest in cars and what it is referred to by observers and participants as "Arab Drifting," an activity in which a car is driven at top speed into a curve then over-steered in order to correct itself, "it's just the adaptability, but also the pure physical enjoyment of doing something that interests me."

Symbols, achievement, and success also play a role in Walsh's work. A boyhood preoccupation with manhood projected against echoes of a Jasper John's first-wave, Warhol 1960's aesthetic. As well, there are bits of Walsh's other early influences peeking from within -- a touch of Basqiat, a sprinkle of Pollack. The artists referenced by Walsh are all individuals who broke form from an existing artistic moment and helped forge a new era. Walsh's work very deliberately seems to toy with the edges of artistic and philosophical rebirth.

There is something both comforting about Walsh's work to anyone who has spent time in museums discovering pop art. The moment formalism was replaced by conceptualism the rules as a viewer were turned upside down. Staring for instance at Jasper John's "Flag" at the Met, one wondered what new and exciting things the world of culture had to offer. It's this feeling that the work strikes to invoke, a new sense of wonder. It's as if Walsh references each moment the pop world transformed, bringing them together on his own terms, mapping a twenty-first century crash course in radical moments of conceptual rupture. The moment the kernel alchemizes into something new.

In an untitled piece which was shown at Loudhailer gallery in their inaugural show, nature and the ethereal call reclusively from the background of what appears to be a stove burner, purple and blue stains curling as the eye turns lazy, wandering its moon like surface. Shapes made using small smudges and scrapes create tiny Rorschach portraits of curiosity.

There is a hunger for meaning in the abstract, a beginner's enthusiasm for knowing and creating that leap from the canvas, a young man's entryway to self expression contained within an acknowledgment and burial of the failed. Like visiting Disneyland's Tomorrowland today, and witnessing the 1960's optimistic view of the future and mourning its lack of fruition.

Pushed against our current consumerist and patriarchal hegemony, in their exact familiarity there is also a melancholic sadness, a youthful spontaneity, a brief window in life, and now history, to remember an aperture of hope and eulogize our belief that there ever was any. And yet, Walsh's referential spattering of different ruptures in art history, work as a continuous reminder that hope for transformation, never goes out, it only lays dormant, waiting for something or someone, to ignite it.

Speaking to Huang, in the "Do Easy Art" interview, Walsh speaks to this lust of invention. This grown man's lament for a youthful desire to see what the world has to offer. "Progress needs vibration. In my view, silence is a place where sound can start. That's how the universe started: it was really quiet... then, bang!"



"R Charm," 2014 | Courtesy of the artist and Night Gallery, Los Angeles

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MIAMI RAIL

March 6, 2014

JPW3, SOLID SINGLE BURNER

Amanda Sanfilippo



JPW3, Installation View.

Stepping into the coral-like trove of *Solid Single Burner*, the LA-based artist JPW3's solo at Michael Jon Gallery, is like entering a process grotto. There is strong physical and poetic cohesiveness throughout—a transfer of imagery, materials and ideas coupled with literal changes of state as elements dematerialize and incorporate into one another in a self-referential cycle.

The visual foundation of the show is a collage of black-and-white newsprint lining the walls of the dramatically vertical gallery space, depicting full-bleed images of popcorn and the saw-toothed ridges of anechoic foam (the spiky interiors used to block sound in recording studios). This wallpaper, held intact with shiny flecks of electrical tape, seamlessly wraps the space including the backside of the anterior door. The newsprint represents a selection of the many-image tabloids of the artists' design, and when combined with another essential material in his practice, hot wax, they become a transfer medium depositing the printed image from the sooty paper onto canvas and other surfaces.

This alchemy is displayed in four of the wall works combined with melted sunbursts of richly pigmented ink. One of these, "Ferrari Schematic with Single Solid Burner" (2014), which displays enigmatic images of both, worships the prowess of a Ferrari engine—the burning of fuel resulting in multitudes of synchronized explosions, like the frenetic popping of popcorn. A kernel of popped corn is just that, a tiny explosion as form and a manifestation of energy. Real popcorn encrusts the tabloid walls, and forms a luscious gunk ring around the interior of a large

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aluminum stew pot filled with periwinkle-colored opaque wax. Chains and rope and various wax-coated matter shoot up to the 20-foot ceiling in “Flamingo” (2014). A sculpture, it is also the source of energy and material for the other works, save for the cast aluminum “Silencer” (2013). The hot pot and coil of the single burner it rests upon is a reminder of the piece’s own making and the sweet burnt smell of liquid wax churning hot and translucent.



JPW3, Installation View of Solid Single Burner. Left to right: RailRari, 2014. Ink, wax with ink transfer on canvas. 36 x 24". 4P2F, 2014. Ink, wax with ink transfer on canvas. 84 x 60". Plain Jane Chain Gang, 2014. Ink, wax with ink transfer on canvas, popcorn, aluminum foil on plywood. 96 x 96".

Most invested in this last idea is “Plain Jane Chain Gang” (2014), produced flat on the floor in the center of the gallery just feet away from where it hangs horizontal for the exhibition. Like a Daniel Spoerri snare picture from the 1960s, which forever captured the beautiful mess of dinner tables, the piece is a record of the passage of time, and chance manifestations of a process. The 96” x 96” plywood surface is a wonderland of casual gestures, in this case the texture and relief of sunken popcorn and the fossil-like imprints of chain links (destined for “Flamingo’s” pot). Different colored batches of wax collide in gentle curves like the meeting of oceans. As in the Spoerri works, the piece was both produced and made itself ambivalently over the course of the installation, at times functioning as not much more than a surface for yet-to-be used materials, tools, and beer cans. The work’s final form is a delicious reminder that some good things can’t be rushed.

CRITICS' PICKS



Sayre Gomez, *1, 2, 3, 4 Thiefs (Part 1-4)*, 2011, acrylic on canvas, each 62 x 72".

LOS ANGELES

Sayre Gomez and J. Patrick Walsh III

LAS CIENEGAS PROJECTS
2045 South La Cienega Boulevard
June 18–July 16, 2011

Like the bare frame of a building, the angular name of Zzyzx, California, serves as a kind of linguistic scaffold for this exhibition. A mixture of sculpture, painting, collage, and video articulates a loose imaginary corollary to the town at the end of the alphabet through a series of correspondences that are formally clear yet logically tenuous and, ultimately, charged with unnamed fears. Sayre Gomez's use of bold primary colors and J. Patrick Walsh III's muddled yet ecstatic palette provide easy links between the individual pieces. For example, a chunk of sunny yellow foam beneath the flat-screen television in Walsh's *Knife's Sun* (all works 2011) seems to exist only to match the hue of Gomez's *The Charismatic Object*. Similarly, nonsensical text in a serif font featured in many of the works—most notably Gomez's *Lorem Ipsum Painting (Citations of Thirst)*—appears to have a compositional rather than signifying function. Yet, if read, these phrases, like garbled news, suggest vague and poetic dangers.

This paranoia reaches a chilling intensity in the dreamlike image of a burglar that appears in several of Gomez's paintings wherein a pair of white gloves, stark in blue darkness, lift the sash of a window from the inside. The image wraps around the sculptural *Thief Plynth* and is also faintly visible in the background of *Lorem Ipsum Painting*. But its repetition across the row of four large, seductive canvases in *1, 2, 3, 4 Thiefs (Part 1-4)* looms over the exhibition. In the second iteration, a black rectangle with a black border obscures most of the canvas. In the third, the image melts upward, the white cotton fingers spilling out of the building like smoke. Through the *Thief* paintings—indeed, through painting, that most classic of pictorial windows—threatening contingencies enter the gallery. Each piece then seems to tell a version of the same story, with the details, like the silhouetted roses beneath the windowsill, at once obvious and inexplicable.

— Travis Diehl